

Escapade

JULY 1956 50 CENTS



EXCLUSIVE:
MAURICE CHEVALIER
DEBUNKS L'AMOUR FOR ESCAPADE

TRAVEL:
LOVERS' HOLIDAY



LEWIS



PRATT



WEXLER



GRAHAM

TALENT AT WORK

The monthly publication of a magazine such as *Escapade* creates a heavy demand on the talent market. New ideas and their execution never come easy, and freshness is the essence of quality in this highly specialized field.

Fortunately for *Escapades*, top writers, artists, cartoonists and photographers have found great satisfaction in putting forth their best efforts for this publication. In the ten months of its existence, *Escapade* has become recognized as a prestige outlet for the finest talents in this field.

The current issue is a case in point. In "The Ambassador's Bathing," Theodore Pratt has created a minor masterpiece of humor. Pratt is a celebrated author whose first published article appeared in H. L. Mencken's *American Mercury*. It was a piece on Spain, and Pratt became something of a diplomatic storm center because of it. He was, among other things, expelled from Spain for being undiplomatically truthful about goings on there. Since then, he has authored a successful New York play, "Big Blonde," three Hollywood movies, and a number of novels. His books in paperback editions have sold over eight million copies.

One of the most amusing satires to cross the Editor's Desk in many a moon is "Call Me Papa," by David Lewis. Lewis is an *Escapade* "discovery," this being his first major publication. We predict that there will be many more for this talented twenty-one-year-old junior at Louisiana State University, where he majors in English. Lewis is putting himself through school through a variety of jobs, including one as a weekend disc jockey.

Story illustration is a demanding career, in which artistic requirements and illustrative function must be brought into harmony. Among the best in this difficult field is Harry Garo, who is gifted with the ability to capture a complex mood with a stroke of the brush. His illustrations for "East Is Lonely," in this issue, and for the earlier "Flight From Love" (*Escapade* for April) are examples of this talent. Leaving the Army after World War II, Garo, like many other young artists, served an apprenticeship in an advertising agency in New York.

One of *Escapade's* most sensitive artistic talents is possessed by George Wexler, whose work has appeared in many issues. This month, he illustrates Baldwin's satirical piece, and he was also responsible for the illustrations for the recent "Adultery In Suburbia" and "A Neighborhood Scandal." One of the many artists to get a start during WPA days, Wexler has also worked in ad agencies and is at present an art instructor at a large Midwest university. He has been extensively exhibited and is represented in several important collections.

Photography, in our opinion and in the opinion of many who write us letters, is one of the most important aspects of *Escapade*. Of the many outstanding lensmen who have contributed material to this magazine, none is more accomplished than Bill Graham, whose beautiful "Lovers' Holiday," in color and black-and-white, graces this issue. Graham is a native Californian who married a lovely model and became interested in photography.



GARO

escapade

DAVID ZENTNER, Editor and Publisher

WALTER CHAFFEE, Art Director

JOE KNEFLER, Associate Editor

GERALD BUNCE, Assistant Art Director



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barbs and balm...

DEAR ESCAPADE:

Your March issue included an article on jazz, "Jazz Climate: Cooler" by Joe Knefler which made an implication concerning my band that I would like very much to have clarified for your readers, and jazz fans in particular.

The author stated that two concerts were released on Pacific Jazz Records by a group led "nominally" by myself. The implication in saying "led nominally" is that this was not a regularly organized band or was not my regular band.

In fact, the personnel of the Quartet on these dates had been the same for at least a year at that time. For the second of these two dates we brought along Bob Brookmeyer and Zoot Sims. This was the unveiling, so to speak, of the Sextet with which I have toured America and Europe.

During this time, there have been but two changes in personnel, Bob, Zoot and Earley having, happily, remained with the band. Red Mitchell succumbed to the beauties of California and Chito Hamilton left to form his own startlingly new band, which recently opened successfully in New York.

Further, we would have been delighted to have Dave Brubeck sit in with us at the Stockton concert, but, alas, it was not he playing the piano; just me.

All in all, I found the article interesting and well written . . . Knefler is to be congratulated for an honest portrayal of his own enthusiasms for jazz. Thanks.

GERRY MULLIGAN
New York City, New York

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Thank you, Gerry Mulligan, for setting the record straight for Escapade's many jazz lovers. Joe Knefler assures us that he is an ardent admirer of yours and certainly had no derogatory intention in his use of the adverb "nominally." And our best wishes for your continued success.)

ESCAPADE'S GIRLS

DEAR ESCAPADE:

Enclosed is a photo copy of the girl appearing on Page 11 of Escapade for April. The boys and I here at A.P.I. have been wondering who she could be,



none of us ever having seen her before.

Is she a newcomer to the modeling profession? Will you be printing more pictures of her soon? She has been unanimously elected the "Sweetheart" of our

dormitory. We would all like to know when we can expect more pictures of her.

ARNOLD L. FLEISHER
Alabama Polytechnic Institute
Auburn, Alabama

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The girl was photographed by peregrinating Andre De Diogenes on a trip to Europe. We'd like to know more about her, too.)

DEAR ESCAPADE:

I just finished your April issue and it is in keeping with the great volumes of the past. However, I feel it necessary to pass along a little helpful criticism concerning your centerfolds. This is the way they stack up (no pun intended) with me:

OCTOBER: Suzanne was really a classic, the best I've seen.

NOVEMBER: This was a miserable letdown; miserable drapings, poor color.

DECEMBER: Nice girl, poorly treated.

JANUARY: Another immortal.

FEBRUARY: The costume does nothing for the girl and the color work less.

MARCH: Back on the beam this time.

APRIL: Imaginative, but costume and background in poor taste.

I hope there's enough room to print this, because I'd like to hear the opinions of others on the same subject. Just hoping to make a good magazine a little better.

VIN PIERINE
Hillside, New Jersey

(EDITOR'S NOTE: For one opinion, see below.)

DEAR ESCAPADE:

Your magazine is good. Your two-page color reproductions in the middle of each issue are consistently the poorest ever printed.

ROGER ROWLAND
Austin, Texas

DEAR ESCAPADE:

Let's have more of Vivian Maledy (Escapade for March). She's great!

If I were the art director, I would have selected all the photos of Miss Maledy to be printed in Escapade!

FRANK M. PATTERSON
Chicago

DEAR ESCAPADE:

I am not an ardent reader of Escapade. In fact, your March issue was the first I had read. I was very disappointed by "Come Into My Parlor." The girl is very pretty but the dark costume and dark background give her a look of disfigurement . . .

Your articles, "The Teaser" and "Mademoiselle Claude" were very good.

ROBERT T. McDONALD
Corvallis, Oregon

NEW READERS

Just browsing, I happened to flip open the April issue of Escapade at my book store and found myself zestfully intrigued. I didn't realize how hungry I was for genuine satire until I devoured "The Liars" and "Infansution."

All in all, Escapade proved to be my

most delightful find in years. The high quality of your fiction is inspiring.

RIC ROCKNE
Hondo, California

DEAR ESCAPADE:

I have just finished reading your April issue, and believe me, there is not one page of the sixty-two that I did not cover thoroughly.

I must admit that this is the first issue I have read, although I have seen it in my favorite drugstore for several months. Until my druggist tipped me off about what good reading material Escapade offers, I had regarded it as just another magazine.

Boy, how wrong I was — you have something not only different, but really very good!

Good luck, and I hope Escapade will have great success.

JIM LOVAN
San Antonio, Texas

DEAR ESCAPADE:

Mind if I put my two cents worth in on the mag? I'd just like to point out that yours is the only one of these in your class that still isn't afraid to publish the true man-type stories and pictures. I happen to subscribe to two others and you can believe me, I intend to let them lapse when they expire. I know of several other fellows who are planning the same. Please keep the good stories and pix coming. We fellows need at least one good mag.

Once again, please don't let the girls start getting modest and hiding behind shadows, books, cards or what have you. Let's see 'em!

MAJ. L. E. MOSES
New York City, New York

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Welcome to the Escapade gang. We'll try to merit your continued good wishes.)

SEASONED READERS

DEAR ESCAPADE:

Escapade is one of my favorites among the sophisticated men's magazines: clever format, well-written stories and striking illustrations and cartoons . . .

My chief reason for writing concerns a fiction piece you printed . . . I thought there was something familiar about the title and several lead-in paragraphs. You see, this story, "Infansution," by Curtis W. Casewit, was first published in an amateur magazine called "Fanfiction," which I edited and published. I'm glad it found a professional market . . .

Right now I edit an avant garde poetry magazine, "Whimsy."

RONALD VOIGT
St. Louis Missouri

(EDITOR'S NOTE: We liked the story so much, even if it did first appear elsewhere, that we decided to give it a wider audience anyway. Good luck with "Whimsy.")

DEAR ESCAPADE:

Let's have more art by George Grosz, whose sophisticated sketches in January Escapade are a perfect match for a dozen highballs.

GEORGE ARCHCHAMBER
Oakland, California

(EDITOR'S QUESTION: A dozen highballs?)

ESCAPADES IN WAX

By JOEY SASSO



POPULAR:

Al Hibbler, he of the sand-paper-velvet tonsils, who did some happy poll-vaulting into public acclaim via his disc, "Unchained," a few months back, is out with some more electrifying stuff on a new Verve Album called "Al Hibbler Sings Love Songs." It's his initial 12-inch LP here and his frantic following should grab it quick for many reasons. Many of the sides ("I Let A Song Go Out Of My Heart," "Don't You Know I Care?" "Solitude," "As Time Goes By") are associated with his formative years when he was doing time with Duke Ellington in the '40s. He gets benevolent backing on different tunes from such orks as Count Basie, Johnny Hodges and Leroy Lovett. The fervently intense style of Hibbler, coupled with his socko instrumentalized pop-jazz voice, is etched here faithfully. Pick up on this while it's still available.



The "singing strings" of Victor Young's Orchestra are usually productive of unusual sound textures. Such is the case with his newest pressing, "April In Paris" (Decca). It's our top recommendation for those who have Seine on the brain and a bit of springtime larking in their souls. Everything traditionally Parisian (well, almost everything) is conjured up here musically and the feelings evoked create the desire for many things ranging from a saucy brunette to an order of frogs legs depending, of course, on

how hungry you are. Anyway, the set ambles through a brace of lush instrumentals ("The River Seine," "Autumn Leaves," "Under Paris Skies") that impressed us for their uninhibited and relaxed mood. Even if she has a tin ear, she'll get a pleasurable message from this package. The rest is up to you.

We have it on good authority, "Serenade For Love," by Richard Hayman and his orchestra on Mercury, that a harmonica, backed by a sensuous string-section, can conceivably do more for your cause than a fifth of 90-proof Scotch. Hayman serves up a glowing-mood program of such tranquilizers as "Winter Wonderland," "It Had To Be You," "Dancers" and one of his own cogent compositions, "Shipping Along." Here it's sonorous, embracing music replete with low, limpid and lucid sounds that show much ingenuity of instrumentation. The orb-catching cover shows what we presume to be a typical *Escapade* and his gal struggling playfully on a white shag rug.

JAZZ:

Billy Taylor has those special attributes that set him apart from the tribe of jazzmen about. He plays with strength, emotion and a beat second to none, and is warmly welcomed by practically every strata of piano-disc buyer. His newest album "Evergreens," on ABC-Paramount, rises to the tide-mark set earlier in other releases. Slicings which caught our fancy particularly are "Cheek To Cheek," "Too Late Now" and "All The Things You Are." The trio plays with collective vitality and expansiveness and Taylor's happy, congenial sound is transmitted to his rhythm section. The album advances some strikingly original ideas and recommends itself to anyone who likes piano in the modern jazz idiom. Taylor's influence has taken on seven-league boots of late, and his market should broaden considerably on the basis of his evidence in this session.

An outstanding new jazz group, the Jazz Messengers, recently cut a few sessions right on location in New York's Cafe Bohemia. The first volume of the clambake has just been released by Blue Note and titled simply "The Jazz Messengers." Personnel of this swinging unit includes Kenny Dorham, tenor-men Hank Mobley, Art Blakey and Horace Silver,

especially, is a stickout on "Winds" and bass plucker Doug Watkins. Mobley, a nice ballad vehicle, "Alone Together," Dorham, a tested veteran, swings powerfully and suavely (witness his "Minor Holiday"), as do Blakey and Silver. There is continuous excitement here, both in ensemble and solos. The program shows mature imagination, high individual conception, excellent beat and authority. The Jazz Messengers, with a propulsive, intensely-alive forcefulness, have much to say. We suggest you listen.

Most all the loyal subjects of the "cool" kingdom have long paid tribute to one of their hottest horn noblemen, Miles Davis, as one of the best in the dynasty. He's heard once again here on the Prestige label, on a blowing item called "Miles Davis With Horns." And while this may not be his best command performance, it does deliver a wallop. Horning in nicely with Davis are such notables as Sonny Rollins, Al Cohn and Zoot Sims on tenors, and Bernie Green and Sonny Tritt on trombones. There is also some fancy fingerwork on piano by John Lewis, who shines on "Morpheus," a pop-progressive bit. All solos are charmingly convincing and hotly functional. A neo-progressive stream runs nourishingly through most of the good works here, and if you have that taste and temperament, spindle this one for sure.

Jazzophiles will flip for this one, for it features ten perky performances by two of the best artists in their particular fields, Kay Starr and Erroll Garner. Titled "Swingin' Kay Starr, Swingin' Erroll Garner" on the Modern label, the sides were picked up live during an old clambake at the Shrine Auditorium in Los Angeles. The appreciative and vocal applause of that moment gives the set just about all the electricity of a live performance. Kay's tone is full, her ideas personal and imaginative and her instinctive feel for the beat is equal to that of the rhythm section. Garner's esoteric and unpredictable piano flits in and out of a honeycomb of tunes including "Ain't Misbehavin'," "Lover," "Good For Nothing Joe," and "Them There Eyes." Both these talents are adventurers in conception and good sounds. And both produce good things aplenty here to commend themselves to all the smart-money boys in the jazz orchard.

"The Jazz Giants '56" (Norgram) features a stadium-full of major league material and talent. Leading off in the belting order are Lester Young, tenor sax; Vic Dickerson, trombone; Roy Eldridge, trumpet; Teddy Wilson, piano; Freddie Greene, guitar; Gene Ramey, bass; and Jo Jones, drums. In this context, the boys are more concerned with bunting a soft melody rather than swinging for the fences and come up with a delectable jazz entry. Lester, Roy and Vic blow warm, clean and clear, without too much ornamentation. The distinguished tunes include "I Guess I'll Have To Change My Plans," "I Didn't Know What Time It Was," "This Year's Kisses," and "You Can Depend on Me." A pleasant musical melange here for the jazz fans of all schools.



"... not with a bang, but a whimper..."



TASTE FOR OUTRAGE

By ROBERT GRINDELL

"Nonsense, George, you'll make a perfectly marvelous monkey." Vanya's voice went hoarse and she stopped to clear her throat and pass a rouge-stained silk handkerchief over her face and neck. The little carnival tent was like a hothouse. "Ciudad Juarez, huh? Ciudad Hotter'n Hell, I call it. George, throw me a cigarette. No, George, a filter, for Christ's sake."

George sat up on the cot, wearily stuffing a box of Mexican cigarettes back into his shirt pocket, and reached for the package of Viceroys on top of the open traveling-trunk at the foot of the cot. His hand shook. He took out a cigarette and tossed it to his wife, who was loading her new silver cigarette-holder with a fresh mineral filter. She did not look up when the cigarette fell on her lap. Her green eyes watched her own hands intently as she watched the filter into place.

"Really, lover," she said. "Sometimes I think you have no more taste than a dog." She snapped a silver lighter, inhaling deeply, then with her hand pushed the straight, bleach-blonde hair off the back of her neck as she blew

(Continued on next page)

TASTE FOR OUTRAGE (Continued from Page 7)

out the first puff appreciatively. "Smoking those dirty things."

A man's shadow passed along the back wall of the tent.

"Benny," Vanya called. "Come in here."

A red-haired man with stupid eyes appeared at the open front of the tent.

Vanya tapped a long green-painted fingernail against the cigarette-holder in her mouth. "Thanks, Benny. George can't buy me things any more, you know. It's the liquor, you see. Poor George. It costs, doesn't it, George?" She gazed at George, lying back on the cot again for a moment, then said, "Benny. Is it okay about the cage?"

"Sure," Benny said. "Dan don't mind, least till he gets a new cat, and that won't be for an age, if I know anything. So if George —"

"Of course George will do it," Vanya said.

George lay still on the cot, one arm covering his face. He did not speak.

Vanya said, "Just get the tent ready for this afternoon, Benny. Phillips said we could have the second slot."

Benny grinned and stepped out of the tent.

George moved his arm from his face and looked at Vanya with his vague alcoholic eyes. "You're crazy," he pronounced.

"Nonsense, George, they'll love it, you know that. In the States it'd be illegal, but not here. They'll love it!" "You'll love it," George said.

At three o'clock the second tent on the left side of the midway was filled with sweating Mexicans, men and boys. Phillips, who spoke Spanish, had done a good job. At three minutes after three the hand-clapping and whistling started, and two minutes later the curtain went up.

Vanya, dressed in a pair of khaki shorts and a white shirt, stood at one side of the cage, beside the gate. Benny

was at the other side, holding a rifle. And inside the cage was George, huddled in a corner with his back to the crowd, naked except for the fake brown hair that hung plastered to his body and arms and legs.

Phillips stood up and read the speech telling how Vanya, on an exploring expedition in Rhodesia, had found the ape-man when he was less than a year old, an orphan in the jungle, the offspring of a male gorilla and a white woman. She had named him Bombo and raised him as her pet.

Phillips sat down. Benny walked around behind the cage and poked at George with the rifle, and Vanya called to him from the front. "Bombo, Bombo," until he turned around. He didn't stand up, but waddled about on his haunches, blinking his eyes. Vanya threw a banana into the cage, and George tore the skin off and ate it. Some of the Mexicans laughed.

Vanya signaled to Phillips with her hand, then turned back to look at George inside the cage. Phillips stood up again, requested silence, and now explained that the ape-man had fallen in love with his mistress several months ago, and that Vanya, for the first time in public, was going to dare to enter the cage with the ape-man so that all could see how he was in love with her. The crowd, perspiring and fanning newspapers, suddenly hushed.

Vanya, smiling, saluted to the crowd, blew a kiss to Benny, and then opened the gate of the cage and climbed in. Stepping daintily in her high-heeled shoes, she walked across the floor of the cage and stood beside George, still on his haunches, and began talking to him quietly at first: "Bombo, Bombo, sweet hubby-baby. Ha!" George sat still, blinking quickly. Vanya stroked his head, tugged at the brown hair glued to his chest. "Bombo, Bombo, come on boy, what's the matter, you love me, you love me —" and then George jumped to his feet yelling, "Damn you, God damn you!" and threw Vanya down on the floor of the cage and begin ripping her shirt off, then her brassiere. She sat, her breasts bobbing as George jerked with both hands at her belt, trying to break it; he was whimpering. Vanya's eyes looked out at the crowd—as if she was counting the house, or searching for someone. Then suddenly she screamed, "Benny, now!" and threw herself flat on the floor. One single shot exploded; George let go of Vanya's belt, reared back and fell.



"Miss Weldon, what in hell do you suppose our comparison test proved?"





MOVIES ARE BETTER THAN EVER

He wasn't a mogul, but he spoke the language

By **BILL MAJESKI**

"Guess what we got," said the wife as she skipped into the living room holding a batch of letters, courtesy of the Post Office Department.

"An all-expense tour to the Bering Sea for two? A letter from a high Government official seeking advice?" said I, peering cautiously from behind a cool glass.

"It's an invitation from Tommy Gorton. He wants us to drop over and see him next Wednesday. He's going to show movies."

"Movies? Of what, his rest cure in Arizona? The doctor told him to let his nerves get off the adrenalin kick or he'd be writing those advertising jingles from a laughing academy. What's he doing making movies?"

The wife held up a glistening white card with gold script that looked like an invitation to Sir Walter Raleigh's beheading.

"Get this," the wife said, "Thomas Gorton, producer, director and writer of Tomanita Films, invites you to attend a special preview showing of films made by this new company. Time: 8 p.m. Wednesday. Place: Mezzanine of the Gorton Little Theater."

"Tommy must have gone Hollywood in Tucson," I said. "But with his money, I guess he can get away with it." The wife again studied the card as she plopped down on the sofa, which, like the entire house, was done in Early Installment Plan.

I'm not much for home movies, as I told the wife (I place them along with snake fights and bus explosions), but it would be good to see Old Tommy again. Let's see, it was four months ago his doctor told him to lay off

worrying and hustling. Tommy's nerves were playing a fast game of tennis with his body and they were winning quite handsly. Tommy had moved up fast in advertising and, for a while, began seeing himself as the Santayana of Rhetoric, the Hemingway of Jingles. He started making grand statements and wearing clothes that were cut from rainbows. All the drive and energy which moved him up so fast in the business had backfired, and Tommy hit the psycho ward one night when he blew higher than a debutante's eyebrow at a burlesque show.

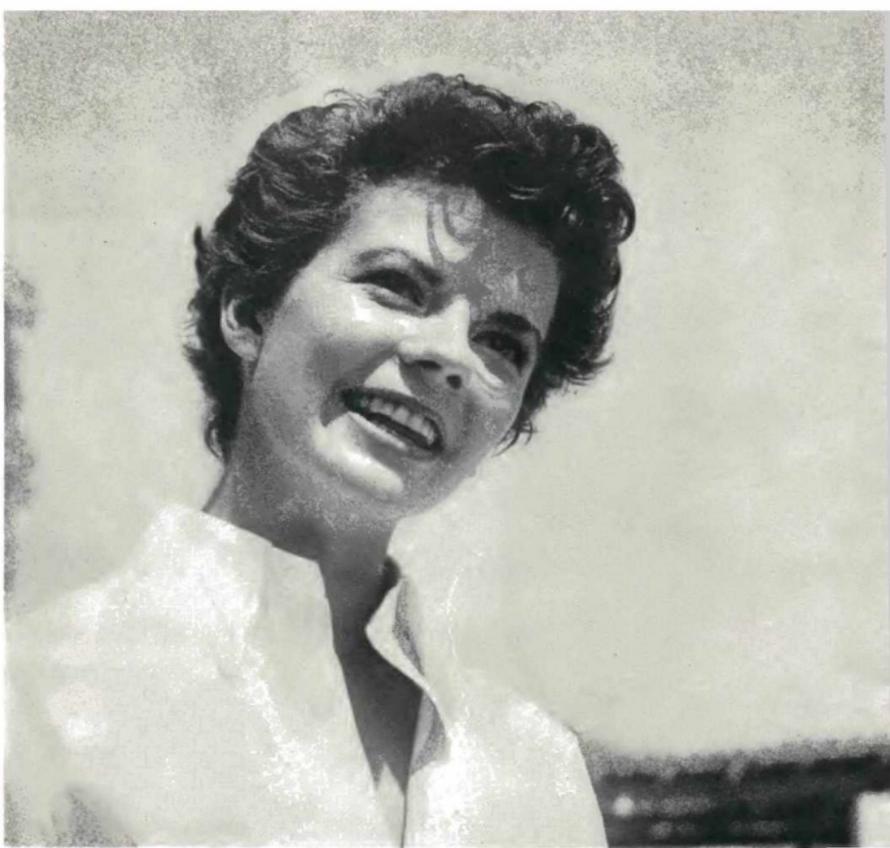
Take it easy, the doc told him after they got him home and in bed. They gave him a few drugs and Tommy finally came around and remembered who he was. It took him three days to recognize his wife, that's how hard it hit him. Forget work, the doc told him. You're a success. Don't try to make a million overnight. Forgetting work for Tommy was like telling him to forget breathing. He couldn't stop.

The doc finally shoved Tommy and his wife, Anita on a westbound train. Arizona's the place, the doc had said. We got a card two months ago from Anita saying Tommy had slowed down to an easy trot, but had heard nothing further since then until this invitation.

"Home movies must be part of the therapy," the wife suggested. "Something to get his mind off his troubles."

"Yeah, like hitting punching bags or rolling in the snow in your summer clothes. It will take your mind off your worries, but what will your friends say? He'd better have some stacked chorus girls in those movies, that's what I have to say about it."

(Continued on Page 60)



The normally rather stolid Yankee mind has some difficulty in comprehending the motives that impel a pretty girl like Bette Ford, former New York model and television star, to embrace a career whose sombre motif is constant peril of pain and death. In this revealing article, the mystery surrounding her decision to become a torera, a killer of fighting bulls, is explained. In the large photo above, the camera has caught Bette in a relaxed moment; in the lower photos, she practices her dangerous art.



TV TO TOROS

By **DICK HAYMAN**

Bette has caught the enthusiastic fancy of Latin America's bullfight aficionados. Her courage in facing her ferocious foes (top photo); her charm and beauty (lower left), and her adaptability to her new life and friends (lower right), all have contributed to her popularity.



American girl bullfighters are still a novelty down Mexico way, but if many more begin taking up the art of the sword and cape, the normally passive Mexican will no longer even raise a dark eyebrow.

The latest and most glamorous entry into Latin bullring circles is former TV actress and model Bette Ford. Behind her she has Broadway appearances in such hits as "Pal Joey," with Vivien Segal, and "First Lady," with Helen Gahagan. And before that she spent four bathing-suited years as a shapely Jantzen Girl, displaying her 115 pounds and five feet, four inches, by fancy poolsides and sandy beaches.

Her audience these days is made up of the quick-silver idolatry of the fickle *aficionados*, bullfight fans south-of-the-border.

How could such a luscious young lady want to mix her blood with the bull's on the sands of *plazas de toros*? That's the question, of course, Bette faces all the time. But her answer comes quickly and easily and, what's more important, sincerely.

A few years ago she was sent on a modeling assignment to Bogota, Colombia. During a free Sunday afternoon she was taken to the bull-fights, as in New York she would have been dated off to Yankee Stadium. As fate would have it, the great Dominguin brothers were starring in that Sunday's *cartel*. Their elegant style, their flowing, graceful artistry, captured more than just the fancy of the front-row spellbound beauty. To top off the afternoon's momentous spectacle, Bette later met all three Dominguin matadors and succumbed completely to the magic of *los toros*.

Back in New York, but still "in another world," she loaded her apartment walls and bookshelves with mementos of the *fiesta brava*. Posters, pictures and other paraphernalia never allowed her to forget for a minute

(Continued on next page)



the magnificence of the matador.

Then, a few months later, she had to make her mind up one way or another. An MGM screen contract was offered to Bette on the strength of her Broadway appearances and popular TV emoting. Either it had to be Hollywood or the bulls. The bulls won.

It was goodbye to such shows as the Somerset Maugham and Texaco Star Theatres. It meant giving up her understudy to Geraldine Brooks in "Time of the Cuckoo." But the decision was well thought out.

Her New York commitments cleared away, Bette headed straight for Mexico City. After settling in a comfortable suburban apartment (incidentally, close to the Plaza Mexico, where year 'round the bull is fought in the world's largest ring), she found herself an able *maestro* in Eduardo del Arenal, a *novillero* (apprentice matador) of three years' experience, fighting in the provinces.

The same age as Bette, twenty-three, del Arenal was able to imbue in her the further love and understanding of *la fiesta* that seems to be born into the Latin character. At El Gondado, practice ring on the outskirts of town, from nine-thirty every morning, except Sunday, until one-thirty in the afternoon, Bette trained beneath Mexico City's grilling sunlight, constantly learning more about the intricate footwork, wrist-motion and body movements, which go into the suave cape and *muleta* passes and the sword thrust's moment-of-the-kill which make up the matador's time-honored art.

All this meant a drastic change in style of living for the pert Bette. From four packs a day, she cut down at first to four cigarettes. Now she's cut out smoking altogether. A *torera* needs much wind, perfect breath control.

From New York's sophisticated night life to a ten o'clock bedtime became a

routine relieved only by an infrequent evening out, making with the bullfight talk, recalling the past's greats, and comparing notes on current favorites and their specialties. A *torera* needs lots of sleep for clear thinking, maximum strength.

Afternoons, her first year in Mexico, were taken up three times a week with Spanish lessons. "If I'm going to live in Spanish-speaking countries now," she told friends, "I'm certainly going to 'talk the lingo.'" She was quick to catch on to bullfight terms, but her general vocabulary took longer. Her favorite trick was to painfully go through a five to ten minute telephone conversation completely in halting Spanish — then with a soulful sigh of relief, end it with, "Okay, thanks a lot. G'bye!"

From her first *maestro*, Bette graduated to more professional matadors, and finally to Antonio Rangel, one of the best *toro*-teachers in Mexico. Rangel still gives the trim *torera* pointers in her style of "working the bulls" and using the *estoque*, killing sword.

The Ford phenomenon first "tasted blood" the summer of '53 on a *tienta* (testing of the cows) at the bull-breeding ranch of Xajay. Working out with fighting cows is one of the *novilleros'* most important steps on the way to public appearances and, finally, full matadorship. Even more dangerous than bulls, since they are quicker to distinguish between *muleta* (heavy red cloth used to draw the animal's attention) and human enemy waving it, the fighting cows are formidable opponents.

At Xajay Bette was observed by some of the most influential figures in Mexico's bullfight world. They were impressed by her style and courage. Now that she has proved herself in formal fights across the breadth of Mexico, they solemnly nod these days at newspaper accounts of Bette's triumphs and tell each other, "See, I told you so!"

"And how, I was scared!" she admits in answer to how she felt at this first training fight. "And I suppose I'd still be *frasco* to the spot if Paco Gorraez hadn't given me a friendly push that first time I came face-to-face with the animal. When I felt myself going, I just told me, 'This is it!'"

"I asked the horned steam engine for a beautiful pass, and he gave it to me. I loved it!"

She called the three ugly black bruises her thighs and leg carried away from that first *tienta* her "marks of initial glory."

The second work-out on another ranch near Mexico City proved to be as exciting, but a bit less nerve-wracking. *La guapa torera*, as she's often called (it means "beautiful woman bullfighter"), found herself shaping up as one of those matadors whose fear recedes a bit further each time he confronts the horned enemy.

Fright never disappears completely, though, and when Bette made her debut before a large Fourth of July crowd in Matamoros, across the Rio Grande from Brownsville, Texas, in 1954, fear naturally made its own little dark cloud over the arena for the overly excited ex-actress.

Nothing went right for her. Both bulls were hard to manage and they picked up and tossed about the pert package of female fighter until the crowd was hoarse from screaming with fear for her life. But Bette emerged from the "baptism of horns" only superficially battered, her spirits quashed only temporarily.

Just one week later the Juarez bullring featured Bette Ford on its Sunday *cartel*, and the crowds of El Paso, Texas, *aficionados* mingled with those from the Mexican communities along the border, all eager to see if the American *torera* had learned from her first fight.

She had, they quickly found. Bette did herself proud in this second public appearance, taking two *vueltas* (turns of the ring demanded by the public's applause), deciding the while that she had chosen the right profession after all.

Subsequent fights and successes have backed her up. She has been "cutting ears" up and down the Rio Grande border, in Monterey, Acapulco, Mexico City and Panama City. No one entertains doubts about this girl's intentions any longer. Crowds flock to see her face large beasts on the plaza sands, confident that growing skill and immense courage will make the afternoon a memorable experience.

Real Ford triumphs in the Plaza Mexico, world's largest bullring and Mexico City's pride, have firmly established Bette as Mexico's pet female matador. Well on her way to becoming the greatest *torera* of all time, when Bette Ford becomes the first Yankee to take her *alternativa* for full matadorship in the huge Plaza Mexico, she will be making proud and unique bullfight history.





- 1 pound spaghetti
- 1 chopped onion
- 2 tablespoons chopped parsley
- 1 pound chopped beef
- 1 small can mushrooms

- ¼ cup olive oil
- 1 large can tomatoes
- 1 cup grated Parmesan Cheese
- 1 clove garlic
- salt and pepper

There are times when even the most sparkling of girls needs a bit of starch in her bustle, and spaghetti is just the thing to put it there. So sit your dreamboat down in your favorite easy chair, light her a cigaret, hand her an *Escapade* and turn on the hi-fi.

Then retire to the kitchen and, before she can say, "Where's another *Escapade*?" you'll be back with

SPAGHETTI CON CARNE

Heat the oil and fry beef until lightly browned. Add garlic, onion, mushrooms and parsley. Continue cooking at low heat, stirring continuously, for about ten minutes. Add the tomatoes, season with salt and pepper, and simmer until thick. Allow an hour, over all, for the sauce. The spaghetti cooks in 20 minutes in one gallon of salted water. Drain the spaghetti, arrange in a mound on a heated dish, and cover with the hot sauce, sprinkling the cheese on top just before serving.

An unusual salad accompaniment is a chilled mixture of lettuce, sliced oranges, sliced lemons, with a light dressing of olive oil, salt, and paprika.

THESE GO WITH IT

Chianti wine is a natural accompaniment with this meal, and a bottle of Strega (The Witch) will cast a spell after coffee time. Strega, an Italian liqueur, deserves to be better known here.



AND FOR LAUGHS

A doting mother was extolling to a guest the excellent taste in movies she thought she discerned in her buck-toothed brat.

"She always chooses the fine Italian films with the graceful gondolas, the lovely bridges and villas, the famous cathedrals."

"To clinch the point she asked, "What is it, in particular, Dear, that draws you to those pictures?"

"I'll level with you, Ma," replied the small house monster, "I go for the way those guys spread the pollen!"



the conquest

By BILL HUNTER

Sometimes, it isn't worth a trip to the next county

At dusk the hound emerges stiffly from under the house, stretches, rids himself of dust and lethargy and then bays plaintively at the insignificant figure plodding the road homeward. The sound trumpets across the deep rain-washed gullies, hangs low as it crosses through the scrub oaks on the hillside and then echoes itself into oblivion amidst the deep shadowed thickets of the river bottom.

Sundown! The signal for life to begin. The day is consumed sleeping or working and cursing the wilting, savagely cruel heat. But at dusk the drama commences. The vast intangible that has been defined as the urge is awakened and it is strong, demanding. There's life itself out there among the hardwood floors and sobbing juke boxes. Search closely, for it may be subtly hidden or possibly crudely camouflaged in the conglomeration of empty bottles, cigarette butts, drive-in movies and cheap perfume. But it is there. Now predominantly effervescent; now dormant, wrathful, lurking. And sundown is the signal. But like all precludes it is preliminary and it is the night itself that makes up the main event.

I was loafing around Thursday night. You know the way guys do. Drinking a little beer, making all the joints and not talking much to anybody. No plans to speak of but wide open for suggestions. I stopped at a gin mill out on the Old State Highway and ran into a couple of boys I know from over in Jay County. We sat around and talked for a while but at the same time eyeballing the four or five girls who were sitting together in one of the booths. Finally one of the guys goes over and dances with a blonde with the group of girls. That started the ball.

In a little while all five of the girls were over at our table and we were all dancing and living it up a little.



About eleven o'clock I decided I'd try to score since I was buying most of the beer. And that bunch sure could hide the booze. Seemed like after every

dance, the waitress would be waiting at the table for me to pay for the beer. That went on until I'd run through a ten spot and I decided I couldn't go that route much longer. I picked out the best looking of the five. I say picked; actually there wasn't too much variety, as I could have done as well by spinning the bottle. I asked her to dance and we started wrestling out on the floor, and I made my play.

"What about me taking you home?" "I'll think about it." She hummed the tune we were dancing for a while and then looked at me, in what I'm sure she thought was an antagonizing manner.

"What kind of car have you got?" she asked.

"A convertible." She snuggled up a little closer and started singing in a rakish, off-key kind of voice.

"What kind of convertible is it?" You've got to be independently rich to make out around here these days.

"Cad," I answered.

"What kind?" she exclaimed and stepped back stiffly.

"Cadillac," I answered again and she socked in close, took over the lead and started backing me around the floor.

We stayed molded together for a while and then she smiled up at me.

"You're cute." She burped when she sid it but I knew she meant well, so I winked at her. She tightened her arm around my neck.

"You're quite a doll, yourself, baby," I replied cunningly. She tightened her arm around my neck again.

"I ain't seen you around here before," she said.

"I didn't know I'd find you here, cutie. Just try and keep me away from now on." You start dealing with me,

you automatically get the benefit of my sharp repartee. We danced on for a while and I nibbled on her ear a couple of times. She tightened her arm around my neck and by this time I'm practically in the prone position. The music speeds up and she gets inspired. All of a sudden she discovers she can belly dance like they do in burlesque. I'm supporting about ninety per cent of her weight around my neck and she's belly dancing. Gads, what a gay blade I've turned out to be.

The dance is finally over and I walk stoop shouldered back to the table. I rested for a while and killed the rest of my beer. I caught her eye and made motions toward the door. She came over and sat in my lap. From indications, she's the affectionate type.

"Let's go," I told her.
"Aw, honey, not now. Let's drink another beer." So, I ordered another round. Naturally, I paid. I nose boys had their trips to the men's room timed to the second. It was an art the way they played it.

"Look, I want to show you a trick," she says brightly. Since she doesn't do this too well, speak brightly. I mean, I watch closely. She reached across the table and picked up a full bottle of beer.

"You believe I can kill it?"
"Not without stopping. I don't." She got a death grip on the bottle and breathed deeply a couple of times. Then she put her arm around my neck, for dramatic effect, I guess. She up-ended the bottle and drained it without too much visible effort.

"Didn't think I could do it, did you?" She belched when she said it and I got a face full of foam and fumes.

"No, I certainly didn't think you could do it," I answered, reaching for my handkerchief.

"Good trick, ain't it?"

"Oh, yes, a very good trick."

"I can really do it, can't I?"

"Amazing."

"You ever see a trick like that before?"

"Never have I seen such an outstanding trick. You're a regular Houdini."

"Didn't think I could do it, did you?"

"No, I'm afraid not. No, I surely didn't."

"Good trick, though, wasn't it?"

"Very good."

"You like to see me do tricks?"

"Sure, have you got any more?"

"Buy me a beer."

"You do all your tricks with beer?"

"You want to see me do a trick or don't you?"

"Yes, I want to see another trick."

"Well, buy me a beer then. I can't do no tricks without beer." I ordered another round. She ought to write a song — a lament for all the honky-tonk queens — "I Can't Do No Tricks Without Beer."

We got up to dance and she forgot about the trick. I watched the Rover boys get tagged for the beer and then turned my attention to the little woman. This is not being a literal term at all because, actually, she was somewhere in the neighborhood of one hundred-fifty pounds. The neighborhood must have been pretty rough too, because she had a knife scar on one side of her neck and a couple of her lower teeth were missing. Strange how booze will affect a man's qualifying requirements.

My tender approach was, by now, paying dividends. She developed a few new twists and bumps that really had me walking the dog. One thing was pretty certain. Arthur Murray never taught her dancing in a hurry. Or leisurely. Or otherwise.

From then on the party got rougher and the talk louder. The beer was flowing a little faster after the Legree twins finally loosened up. By the time the owner decided to close the joint, I was strictly in rare form. I was actually glowing. Whether passionately or alcoholically I don't know, but glowing, nevertheless.

I helped my true love into the convertible after the usual round of hand shaking and good luck and those things that go with the breaking up of a mellow party. It was at this ritual that I learned her name. Verdie Mae. Disappointing, isn't it? I was sure it was Chloe. I wheeled the Cad out on the highway with my usual flourish. It always impresses the girls and I wasn't missing a trick tonight.

"Which way do you live?" I asked as she eased across the seat toward me.

"You ain't gonna take me home now, are you?" she asked. I leered at her.

"What would you like to do?"

"Let's drink some beer."

"Splendid, splendid. I'll get a couple of cans and we'll go out to the lake.

I stopped at a package store and bought six cans, figuring that three apiece would do the trick. When I came out with the beer, she handed me the knob that she'd twisted off the radio.

"I was trying to get some music and the knob fell off," she told me, poutingly. I looked at the battered and

bent stem on the dash and refrained myself from bruising her somewhat disfigured nose. I smiled sweetly at her and explained how to punch the button to turn on the radio.

She had a beer opened by the time I started the motor and finished it before I could get on the highway to the lake. She opened another one immediately and then eased over against me. She nipped at my ear a couple of times and then put her left arm around my neck.

"Give me a cigarette."

"Shirt pocket," I told her and pushed the dash lighter. She got the cigarette going and then messed with the radio until she picked up that hillbilly station that stays on all night. She stopped the volume just barely below its maximum and then pushed herself against me.

The position she took up then is a difficult one to describe and I call it, for want of a better name, the Swamp Woman's Death Lock. The right hand held the open beer can. The left arm was around my neck and the left hand, located over my heart, grasped the lighted cigarette. For some reason, she apparently was unable to remove the left arm from around my neck when she wanted to get at the cigarette, and instead would lean across in front of me, fasten her lips on the cigarette, pull furiously for several seconds and then without any irregularities in movement, would glide her head back to the beer can and drink thirstily from it. From the beer can, her next move was to my ear where she would gnaw tenderly and passionately while regaining her breath and composure for her next attack.

At first she wasn't consistently perfect but practice makes perfect, you know, and before long she moved like a machine from ear to cigarette to beer to ear. Smooch-Drage-Slurp-Smooch. Poetry in motion, I believe someone has called it. After a while she started adding a bit here and a bit there and eventually ended up with a rather remarkable feat of coordination. Between the cigarette drag and the beer slurp she sang a couple of bars of any song that happened to be playing on the radio. And for a while the act went something like this. Smooch-Drage-Hey Joe - Slurp - Smooch - Drage-Jolly-Dolly - Slurp - Smooch - Drage - I - Wish - Was - Mine-Slurp.

And then Mother Nature herself, with the cooperation of a very healthy stomach and approximately two gallons of beer, ad libbed a few sound effects into the routine. Amidst the belching, the slurping and sighing I

(Continued on Page 53)

BEN POLLACK: from new orleans to bop



Maestro Ben and Teen-ager Judy Garland.

In the Chicago of the early Twenties, there was a lot of excitement for a musically inclined youth, and Ben Pollack made the most of it. After working his own nightly job with the high-flying New Orleans Rhythm Kings, he went with other like-minded white musicians to the black-and-tans where King Oliver, Louie Armstrong and other great colored instrumentalists were playing and sat in with them in sessions that lasted all night. Ben could never get enough music in those cager days.

There were times when Ben visited Armstrong and his wife, Lil, at their home and went through crazy duets, with Louie playing his cornet while Ben hummed along on a kazoo. The kazoo was a tin tube with an inserted piece of tissue paper which vibrated with a trumpet-like sound when anyone sang into the business end. It was used by several bandsmen as a novelty, and was made famous about that time by the Mound City Blue Blowers, a recording group which featured the 15-cent instrument, along with jazz whistles and other "illegitimate" devices, such as the "sweet potato," or ocarina.

Around the nightspots where the bands played, the sports of the era, including famous personages of the gangster underworld, carried on their feuds and frolics. Gold Coast young

(Continued on next page)



Here's the great Pollack band of around 1928, taken during a run at Atlantic City. Art lovers all, including the maestro (right center, with his foot on the marble). Spotted in the group are Benny Goodman, Glenn Miller, Jack Teagarden and other luminaries.



In 1930, bands and "sports cars" rode a bit higher than those of today. The collegiate sports here, all members of the Pollack band, are (left to right) Ray Banduc, Babe Rassin, Alex Beller, Gil Rodin, an unidentified musician and Charley Teagarden.



Rivalry between bands extended to the baseball diamond back in 1930. Here team captains Paul Whiteinan and Ben Pollack square off before a game in Saratoga Springs, New York, where both bands were playing. Note the stylish "plus fours" worn by Ben.

bloods divided their time between vacation palaces at Lake Geneva and the jazz-age dives, mingling freely with such characters as O'Banion, Frankie Yale, the Capones and others of their ilk. Chicago was on a great binge, highlighted with orgies sparked by illicit booze and bloody mob wars. The machine-gun was good as gold to a gang sheik, and it payed his way wherever he went.

Although Ben was a "wheel" in this colorful *milieu*, being on speaking terms with flappers from the Edgewater Beach Hotel as well as with mobsters from Cicero, his family was not content. The family fur business needed him and, they felt, provided a much more wholesome environment for a boy just out of his teens. Then, one night in 1923, a sax player named Maurie Hicks and a trumpeter man named Fred Ferguson came into the spot where Ben and the Kings were working and offered him a deal to go to California. Ben, never having been west of Chicago, was intrigued. Erd King, a banjo player, had a job open at the Sunset Ballroom in Venice, then the Coney Island of Los Angeles, located on the shores of the Pacific.

Ben decided to go. But he had reckoned without Mama. There was a big family row, full of love and loud talk. The upshot was that the family decided Ben could go to Venice (Calif.) if he would promise to come back to Chicago in three months and go into the fur business.

In California, Ben found a kindred spirit in the band, a clarinet player from the original Dixieland Jazz Band named Larry Shields. They, as the saying is, "dug" each other's music. The band jelled, and Ben found the old New Orleans style coming through. The *cognoscenti* among the fans of the day were appreciative. But there weren't many of them. The job lasted a week. The crisis was aggravated when nobody got paid by an unappreciative management.

Ben was stranded. His birthday came along a few days later and his brother sent him a hundred dollars as a present, on which he and all the other members of the band lived for awhile, jammed together in a small apartment and subsisting on hamburgers. Then the money gave out and the musicians, hungry as only musicians can be, went two days without eating.

That did it. Jail was preferable. So the band, *en masse*, descended upon a small hamburger joint near the ballroom and ate themselves sick. There wasn't a dime between them to pay

the check, and they were reconciled to jail.

Ben approached the manager. "We got a problem —" he began. "Yeah, I know," the manager broke in, "no money for the check. I could tell by the way you guys were eating." "So?" Ben said. "Pay me when you get some dough," said the manager, grinning. "There ain't enough dishes in the joint to make the check." Ben grinned back, and they shook hands. "We'll pay you," Ben promised. "Sure you will," the manager said. The manager's name was Curly, Ben recalls, and he was a big Texan. On their subsequent, and more successful, visits to Venice, Ben's orchestras made the place a kangout, not only for musicians but for the fans, and Curly waxed rich.

Individually, the bandsmen's fortunes slowly improved. Ferguson went to work at Mike Lyman's downtown spot. Ben filled in with Harry Baisden's band at the Bon Ton Ballroom for awhile, and then went to work as the steady drummer for ninety dollars a week. The band moved over for a six-month job at the Venice Ballroom, and Ben went with it. Time passed, and he woke up one morning with the realization he had been gone from Chicago for eleven months.

A few days later, Ben returned to the apartment to find two burly men waiting for him. It turned out they were private detectives, sent by his family to bring him home to Chicago. Ben went peacefully enough, only to find that he was expected to fill a vacancy in the fur business at twenty-five dollars a week.

Ben hated it. He fought with his father's customers and in general fluffed off. Nothing went right. Even the family could see that Ben was no asset to the business. So one day, with no very strong deterrents from any quarter, Ben took off for New York.

His chief reason for going there was to dig a band that was gaining national attention. This was the Memphis Five, whose personnel at that time included Frank Signorelli, Phil Napoleon and Eddie Roth. They had a good drive and a fine sound and Ben discovered that they were playing authentic jazz that was arranged. The Five played from music. This was revolutionary in those days. He introduced himself to the group and they invited him to sit in.

"This was a real good kick," Ben recalls. "I was sure glad I'd learned to read drum parts, at least. And it proved to me that my concept of arranged jazz was right."

Ben worked briefly with Ray Miller's

big band, which featured Rube Bloom on piano and Miff Mole on trombone. Then his first real break came. Jack Garrity, boss of the Venice Ballroom, wired him that Baisden had suffered a nervous breakdown and offered him the leader's job. Tenor man Max Sturges (he's now a prominent Beverly Hills attorney) met Ben in Chicago and went with him to see Ben's parents. At first, they were reluctant to let Ben go to the Coast again.

"We were having dinner," Ben relates. "Things had come to an impasse. Mama was adamant. Dad was going along with her. Then Dad asked Max what my salary would be: 'Jack'll pay him a hundred and sixty-five.' Max told him. 'So, poeey,' my old man says. 'What's a hundred-sixty-five a month? 'Not a month — a week,' Max says. My old man tossed his soup into the air and started beaming. 'So my boy's a musician?' he yells. That ended that, and Max and I left for Venice."

When Ben got to Venice, he immediately started to put some sock into the Baisden band. He sent for Benny Goodman and Harry Greenberg. Gil Rodin happened to be in Venice on a vacation, and he found a seat for him, too. Other members of that 1924 band were Hal Chanslor, piano; Jess Russ, tuba; Al Gifford, banjo, and Harold Peppie and Ross Dugat, brass. Ben, of course, played drums.

This band stayed together more than a year. In 1925, Venice was annexed to Los Angeles City, where Sunday dancing was taboo. This was a body blow to the Venice Ballroom, where dancing had started at noon on Sundays and continued until after midnight. The nut was too big without the Sunday gravy, so Ben took the band to Chicago.

There, Ben replaced Dugat with Glenn Miller and signed Al Harris to replace Peppie. Subsequently, Harry Goodman moved in on bass, Reggie Byleth took over on tenor, and Louie Kastler replaced Gifford on banjo.

The band rehearsed from December of 1925 until March, 1926. The members gigged around to earn a living but were faithful about rehearsals, except for Benny Goodman, who was working with Isham Jones at the Rainbow Gardens and wouldn't leave when the Pollack group finally got a hotel job through the auspices of music publisher Marty Bloom. But in two or three weeks, when it appeared that Pollack had a steady job at the Southmore Hotel, Goodman returned. Livingston also came back to the band, this time as an arranger and tenor sax. (Continued on Page 62)



Sporting
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living jeans

Along the bar, a line of seated people. All staring into the big bright mirrors. Staring at the rows of upturned, sparkling glasses. At the bottles of wine: sherry, burgandy, muscatel. At the little cellophaned bags of fish: "It can't smell — we cut off its nose."

The girl looked into the mirror. A whole row of people looked back of her. Lights shone. Neons cast a rainbow glare. For a moment movement and color caught her. Almost is if this were life (and then the cynical afterthought caught her) instead of just reaching out for life.

I don't even reach out for life any more. I don't care.

Her eyes dwelt on a sailor down the bar. A face flushed with youth. Dark hair. A sweep of eyelashes over boyish eyes. Youth still feasting on life.

He caught her looking at him. He grinned and winked. The fool thinks I'm on the make for him.

He moved down the bar, took a stool next to hers. "You were making eyes at me," he said.

"Was I?"

"You sure were. But I don't object. Have a beer?"

"I guess so."

"What are you doing here?"

"Hating people."

That set him back a few notches. He was silent for some moments, then answered in a bantering tone. "Hating people — on a Saturday night? What you need is a good time! I'll show you a good time."

She stared into her beer glass. All the little bubbles had melted and left a white scum. The lights were garish; nothing was real. She was small and far away; so far away that nothing reached her.

"For me there is no good time."

He shoved a playful elbow into her ribs. "Oh, can the sour stuff," he said. "Does your husband beat you? Do your kids wet the bed? Who the hell will know it a hundred years from now? Snap out of it! Let's go out and paint the town red!"

She picked up her glass and finished her beer in one gulp. "All right," she said, "let's."

They came out of the dance hall arm in arm. "That wasn't so hard to take, was it?" he asked.

"No, that was fun." As if life were a dance under crepe-paper streamers — as if fun could reach you —

"Let's stop for a sandwich," he suggested.

"Okay."

Over a hamburger he asked, "May I take you home?"

It was no casual sentence; the payoff had arrived. She knew the tag line when she heard it.

"No," she said.

"Yes, I'm going to!" His boyish chin set determinedly.

"Why should you? — a bus ride for nothing."

"Where you live — isn't there some place where we could make a little love?"

"My landlady is a bear-cat," she said. She sleeps with both cars open."

"I'll get a hotel room," he said.

"For Christ's sake!"

"Why do you say that? Don't you want to?"

"No, I don't want to."

"Why not? Don't you like me?"

"Yes, I like you. So what?"

"What's wrong with it? Isn't it natural for a man and a woman—"

"Oh, My God, that old line! Can't you think up a newer one than—"

He reached across the table. His strong hand grabbed her arm, gripped it until she winced. His dark eyes were above her, pleading, his mouth turned (Continued on Page 22)

LUST IS LONELY

*nothing can deter a man
with a point to prove*

By RUBY EL HULT

LUST IS LONELY (Continued from Page 20)

in desperation.

"It's no line. I want you! I want this! Tonight."

Shock went through her. No desire. No softness of feeling. Just shock which said, my God, how much this means to him. He can want things — want them so much it hurts. God, I used to be young like that. I used to think I'd die if I didn't get the things I wanted.

He released her arm. "Why do you look like that?" he asked.

"Because I don't care any more. About anything."

"Don't be like that. Care for me. Just for tonight."

The wonderment was still in her — the wonder that it meant so much to him. The wonder that she didn't care a damn, not one way or the other.

"You couldn't get a room anyway. Not with the Seafair celebration going on. Not with so much of the fleet in town."

"If I could get one — would you go?"

She shrugged. "I don't care."
Streets bright with lights and colored air. Sailors and girls. Soldiers and girls. Other guys with girls. Drunks staggering. People surging in and out of restaurants. In and out of cocktail lounges.

All up and down First Avenue, hotels with signs on the doors:

ALL ROOMS TAKEN
NO VACANCIES
NO ROOMS

"Goddam it all to hell!" he said.

She laughed at his anger. "I told you there wouldn't be any rooms — not tonight."

"I'll find one. There's got to be one

some place."

In and out of hotels with no signs on the doors. Desk clerks shaking their heads. "Filled up hours ago. Not a room in town."

Out on the street she took his arm with a tender gesture. "Why don't you forget it? It's not worth all this effort."

An angry, frustrated frown appeared between his eyes. "I won't forget it!" His jaw set stubbornly. "I know what I want and I'm going to get it."

"Not if you don't get a room you won't."

He looked at her sharply. "You hope I won't find one! You're scared!"

She laughed harshly. "Scared? I got over that years ago. But why don't you forget it? Why should you care so much?"

His chin set in a straight line again. "I'll find a room if it's the last thing I do."

She waited for him while he climbed long flights of steps into upstairs rooming houses. "What a persistent fool he is," she thought.

He came back into the street with a jaunty step. "You can't keep a good man down! The navy always wins! I found one, Gal. A sublet deal. This buddy I ran into's got a room he isn't going to use for awhile. I rented it for a couple hours. How's that for outsmarting the old world?"

He paused, took a step closer to her. "You aren't going to back out, are you?"

"No, I won't back out. I'll be all right."

As they climbed the steps he held her hand, squeezing it tightly. He's

probably the one who's scared, she thought.

She could feel her dress wrinkled up around her thighs where it had been pushed. In nakedness there was a kind of purity, but this being in a hurry, this grappling with each other with clothing pushed askew . . .

When his breathing stilled, she said out of the silence, "Is it really any fun, finding some girl like me, some girl you don't know, some girl you probably wouldn't like if you did know her, bringing her up here like this, going through with it? Is it worth it? Did it mean anything?"

His arm which lay over her body tensed. "No, it didn't mean anything."

"Then why did you care so damn much?"

"I don't know. Sometimes it looks like there'll be war and you think . . . God, I don't know what you think. But you've got to have something. You think maybe this will help." He rolled over on his back, away from her, and said, "Christ, I wish I were home!"

Staring at the ceiling he went on almost as if talking to himself. "Hell, no, this isn't what I want. At home I've got a honey of a girl. Irene. Irene Sylvester. We've known each other years, went to high school together. Next time I get home I'm going to marry that gal — but fast! My Dad's already building us a house. My Dad, he's one swell guy. When I was home last summer—" and he began telling her all about his last leave.

Suddenly the shell of her not caring split right down the center and her whole being was exposed to the awfulness of life.

Sure, he's lost and homesick, but it's only temporary. He's got all those things — a home, a girl, a dad, a house being built. One of these days he'll get paid off and he'll go back to them, be a part of them. I have nothing to go back to, ever; nothing to go ahead to . . . nothing, nothing, nothing . . .

She could feel the tears running down her face.

He leaned over her, propped on one elbow. "You're crying! 'What's the matter?'"

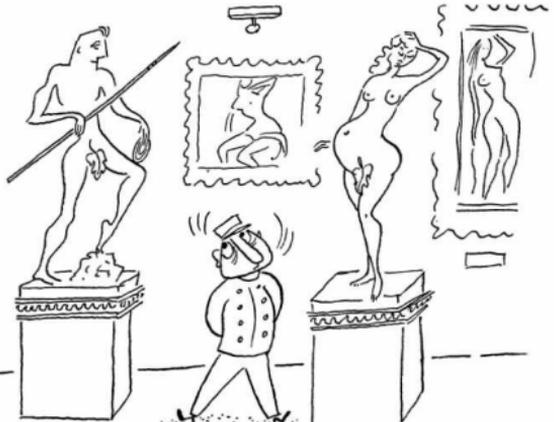
"I'm not."

"You are. Tell me what's wrong."

Another tear escaped, ran down her face with a tickle and dissolved in her hairline. "You wouldn't understand. Leave me alone."

"I would understand. Please tell me — what's the matter?"

Suddenly she flung both arms around him, clung to him desperately and sobbed. "I'm lonely, God, I'm so lonely!"



Shakespeare

by Cliff MacKay



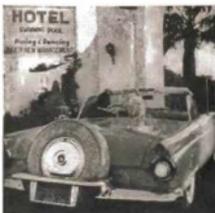
at the beach

- O, let me look!
Pericles. Act 5, Sc. 2
- Full of nimble, fiery and delectable
 shapes.
Henry IV. 2nd Pt. Act 4, Sc. 3
- O place! O form!
Measure For Measure. Act 2, Sc. 3
- I'll disrobe me.
Cymbeline. Act 5, Sc. 1
- Such an immodest raiment.
Two Gent. of Verona. Act 5, Sc. 4
- Let her not walk in the sun.
Hamlet. Act 2, Sc. 2
- O, the difference of man and man!
King Lear. Act 5, Sc. 2
- No eye hath seen such scarecrows.
Henry IV. 1st Pt. Act 4, Sc. 2



runs a stoplight

- Look you, these are the stops!
Hamlet. Act 3, Sc. 2
- Come, the full stop!
Merchant of Venice. Act 3, Sc. 1
- Stir not until the signal.
Julius Caesar. Act 5, Sc. 1
- It is an offense to stay a man against
 his will.
Much Ado About Nothing. Act 3, Sc. 3
- Enforce a thievish living on the
 common road.
As You Like It. Act 2, Sc. 3
- He heard the carmen whistle.
Henry IV. Pt. 2, Act 3, Sc. 2
- I do arrest you, sir.
Comedy of Errors. Act 4, Sc. 1
- I cry bail!
Measure For Measure. Act 3, Sc. 2



LOVERS' HOLIDAY

One aspect of United States foreign relations that no one quarrels with is the Good Neighbor Policy as applied to romantic Latin America. Blue skies and balmy temperatures, a warm and friendly people who are virtually all poets and musicians and who have developed to the highest degree an attitude of "live and let live," and vistas of scenic and architectural splendor make for a happy and carefree region which is an idyllic Paradise for a boy and a girl in love. Nowhere in the world does the grand passion arouse the sympathy and understanding that it inspires in the Latin-American breast, and all Mexico loves a lover. About eighteen miles south of the border, on the picturesque Pacific sea-coast, lies the ultimate Paradise, the Rosarita Beach resort which boasts miles of clean, white sand, gently rolling surf, graceful palms, a magnificent hotel and the proper isolation. At this heaven-on-earth, after a lazy T-Bird drive down the California coast, our hoppy lovers arrive in the golden dusk, in time for a dip in the ornately tiled pool, after which She becomes engrossed in the talent of a mural painter. Cocktails in a picture-windowed room lighted only by the setting sun, sweet music by a band of *marichis*, a wonderful steak dinner. Then sleep,



on a soft and two-foot thick mattress. A wonderful day — and *mañana* will be another!

To start it perfectly, a light continental breakfast in bed, then a shower. Abetted by such modern conveniences as electricity and running water, in a setting of almost barbaric splendor, even a prosaic shower takes on overtones of romance and luxury. Setting-up exercises, as a soft breeze from the ocean offers a discreet caress, tone the body for the active hours ahead. Then, off to a carefree day on the beach.

So the lovely blonde *Yanqui* chooses to wear a bit less than conventional beach attire? Well, this is Mexico, *señor*, the land of romance and discretion and good manners. Who would be so rude as to question the beautiful *señorita* from the land of our good neighbors, *Las Estadas Unidas*? Not we, *señor*. Let the *señorita* play in the sun and be happy.

And so the long and happy day wanes, and the time draws near when our young lovers must abandon the hedonism of Old Mexico and assume once more the sterner *mores* of the *Yanqui*. With the beneficent sun still high in the blue sky, before it descends in crimson glory behind the

(Continued on Page 28)



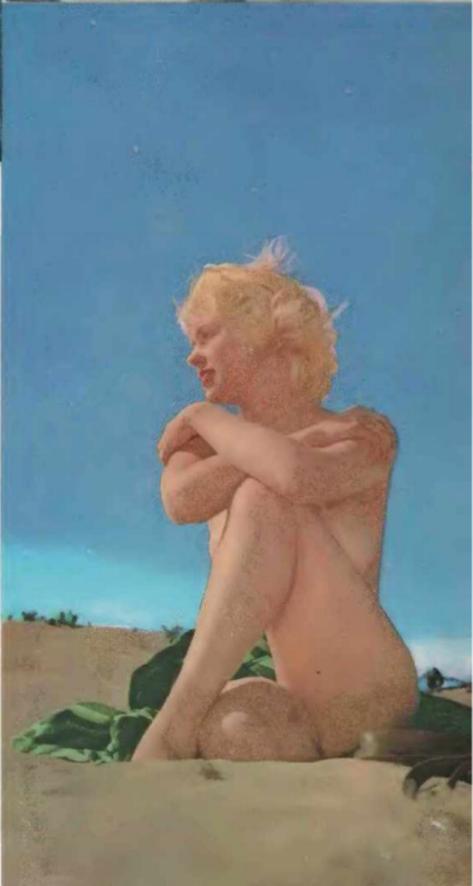


south of the border, romance is





properly appreciated



Pacific horizon, our content and dreaming lovers begin the lazy drive back to the northern, and more humdrum, side of the border.

As long as they live, he and she will remember with blissful nostalgia their short but happy sojourn in the land of *caballeros*, *campañeros* and *señoritas*; the land of music and song and romance, the land of happy *mañanas* and *vistas hermosas*, of *fiesta* and *siesta*.

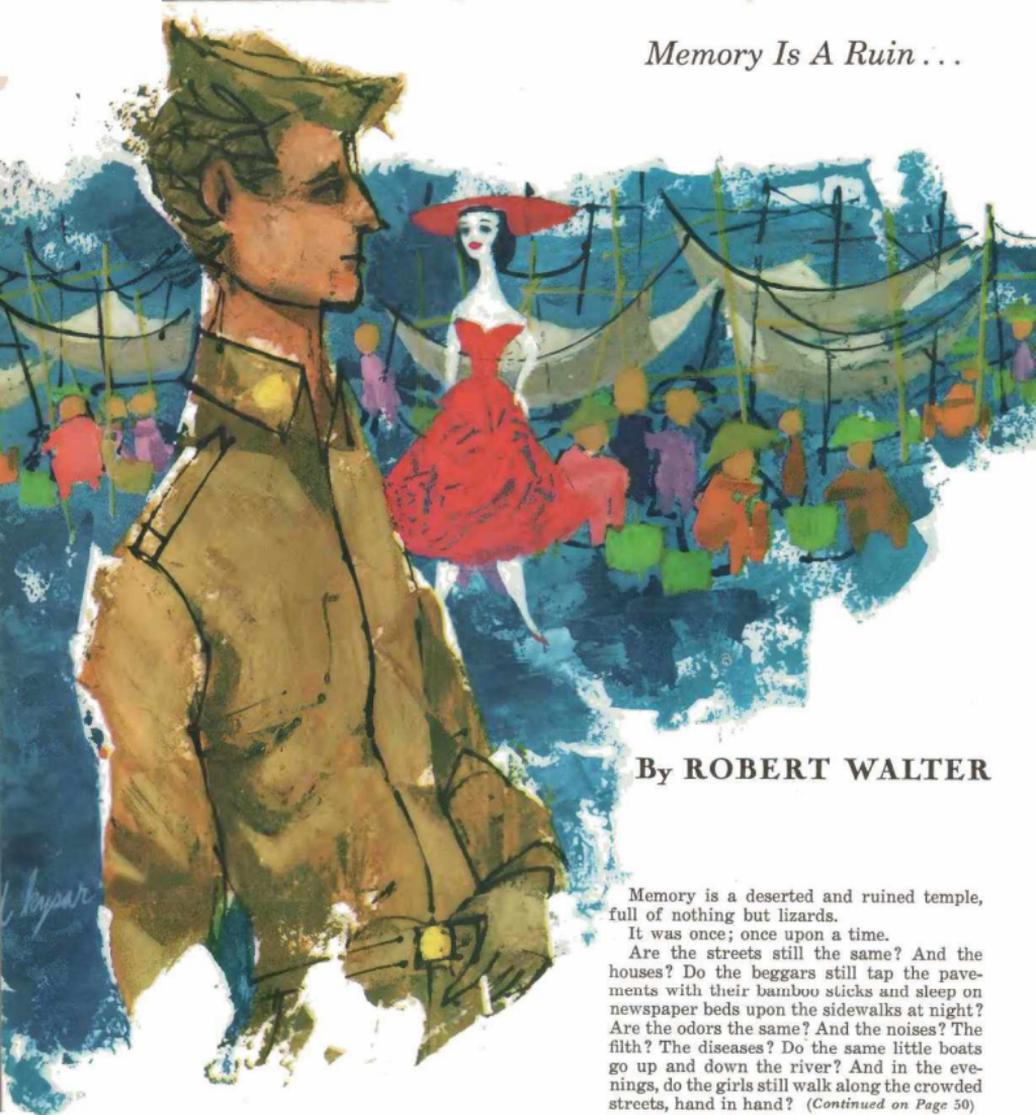
Yanqui-land is a great and wonderful land; but Mexico is the place for lovers.





"Now, panel, I want to caution you against jumping to conclusions on this one."

Memory Is A Ruin . . .



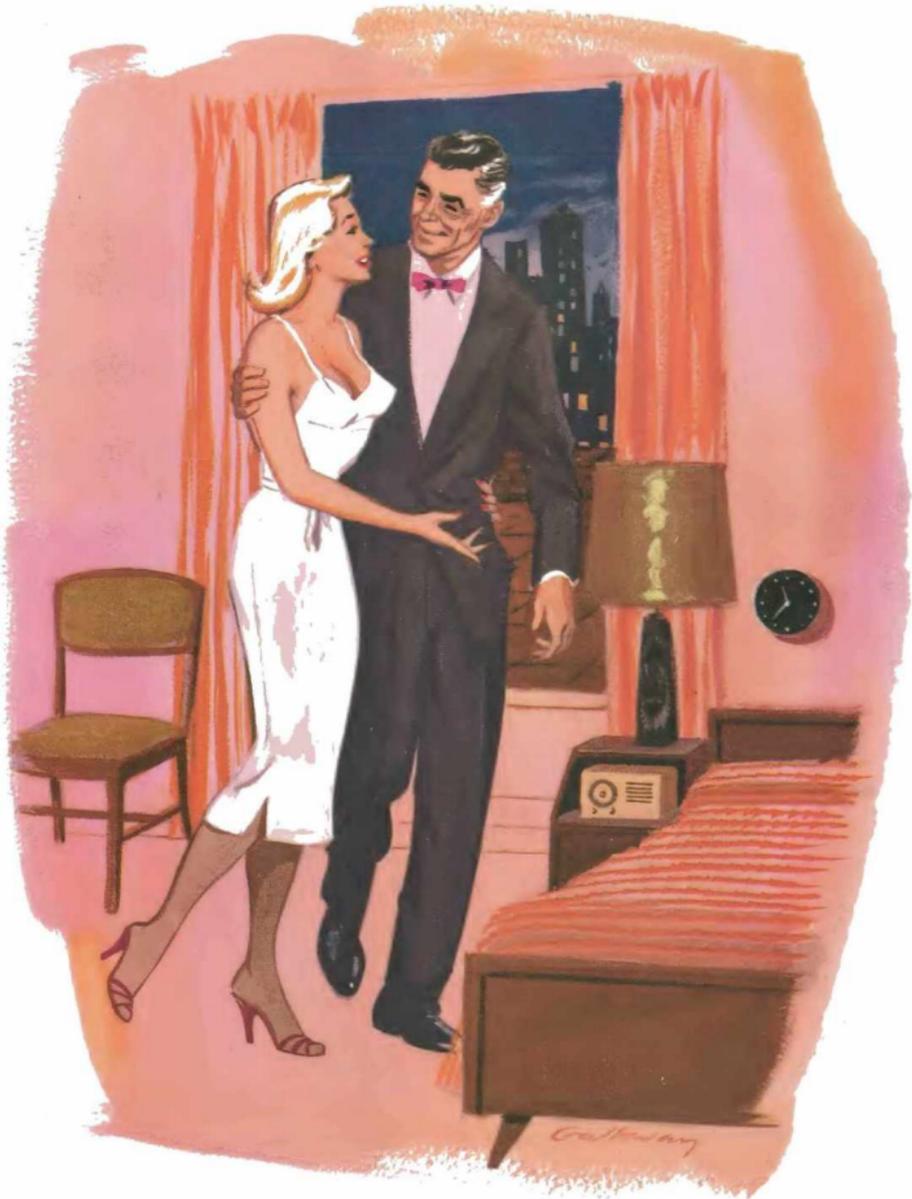
By **ROBERT WALTER**

Memory is a deserted and ruined temple, full of nothing but lizards.

It was once; once upon a time.

Are the streets still the same? And the houses? Do the beggars still tap the pavements with their bamboo sticks and sleep on newspaper beds upon the sidewalks at night? Are the odors the same? And the noises? The filth? The diseases? Do the same little boats go up and down the river? And in the evenings, do the girls still walk along the crowded streets, hand in hand? *(Continued on Page 50)*

TEMPLE FULL OF LIZARDS



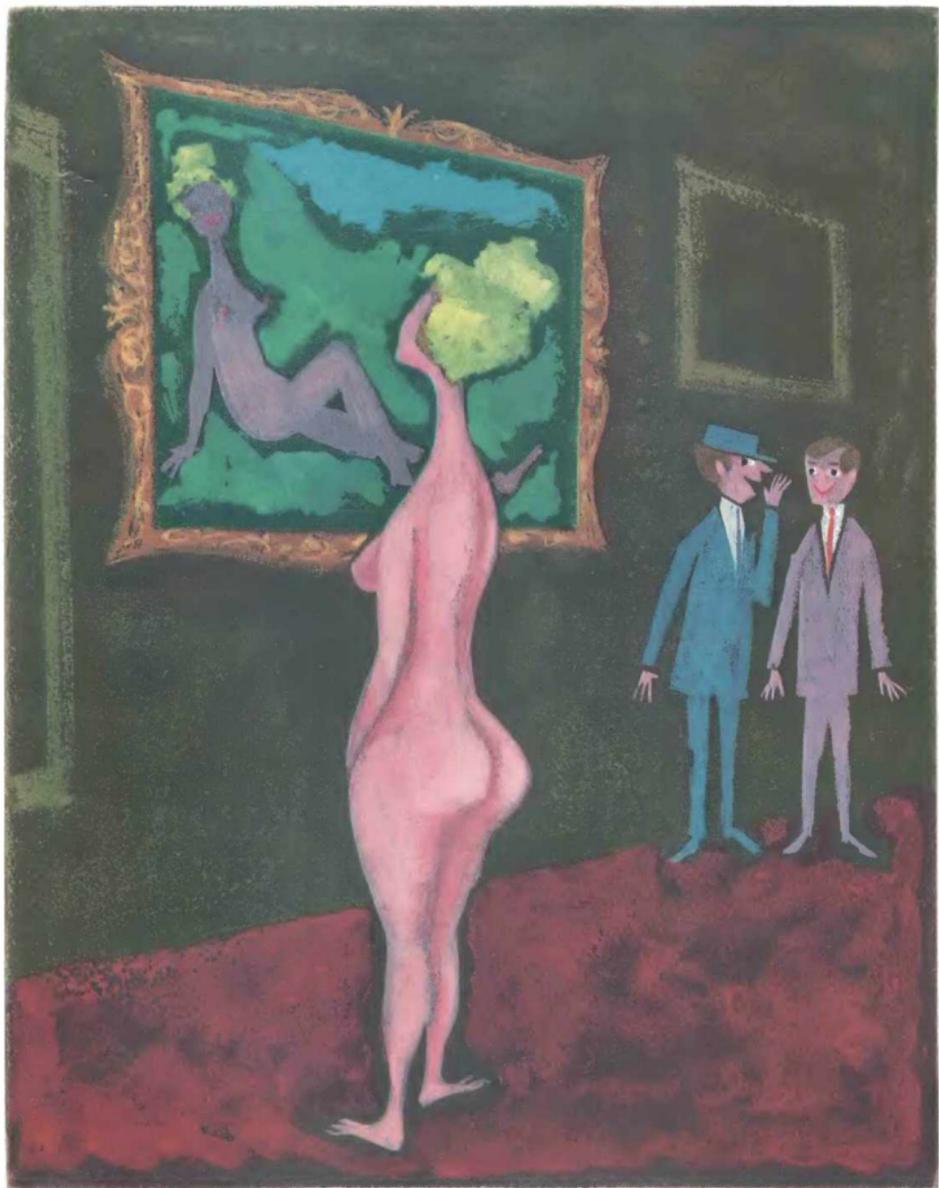
"Why not? I promised mother I'd be in bed by twelve."



From the Bordeaux district of sunny France comes this light, dry wine, a perfect complement to deliciously delicate pompano and ocean-fresh oysters. A touch of lemon for the oysters; a dab of lemon butter for the pompano—and the all important wine. Such simple pleasures make every man a king! For more sound advice on the use of wines with fish, fowl, game or steak, turn to Page 52.

viands

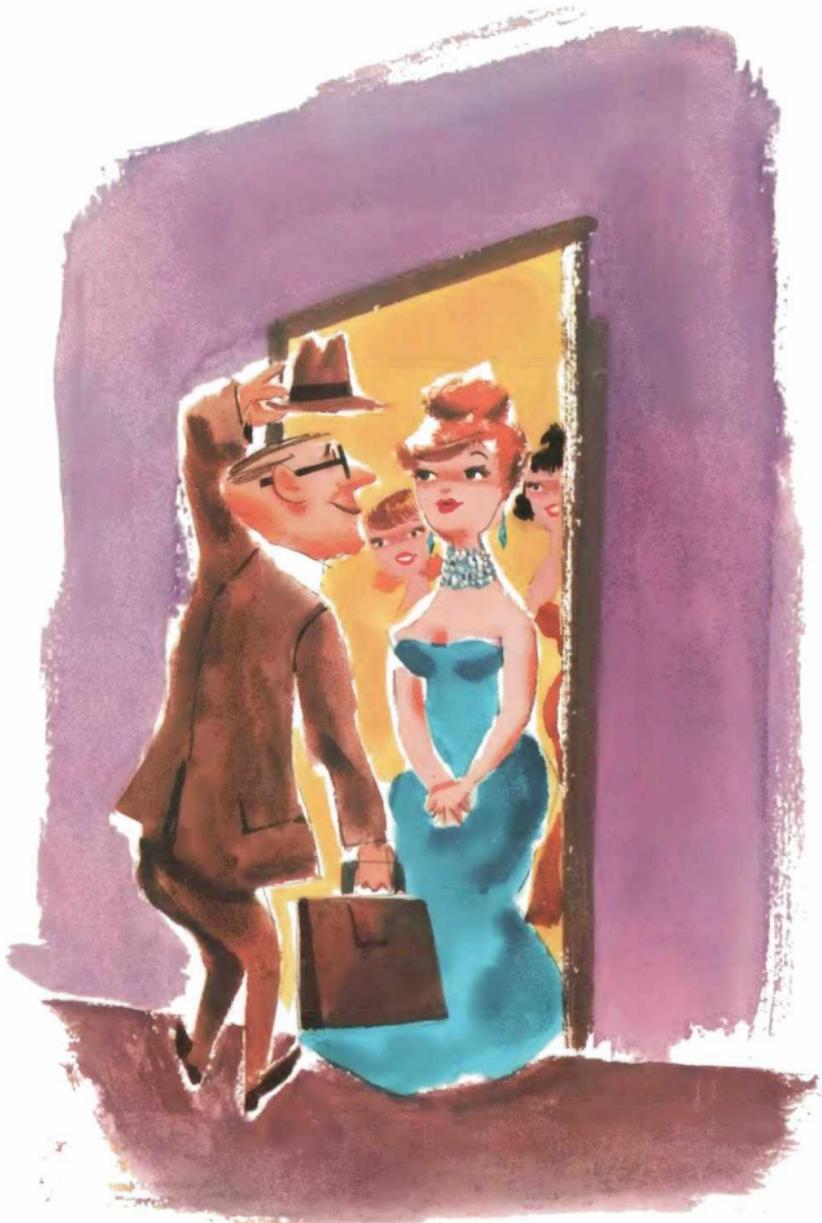
ON FOOD AND WINE.



"It's okay. She posed for the picture."







"Good afternoon, madam. Would your organization be interested in an employee group health plan?"

SONGS MY

*A Chicago nympho named Gloria,
On a kick of real zany euphoria,
Took to her bed
An atomic war-head.
Bits of Gloria were seen o'er Peoria.*



*A sadist, slyly making like kind,
Flipped a masochist out of her mind
With kisses instead
Of his fists on her head
Or the boots to her battered behind*



*A dankly neurotic old virgin
Had a frankly erotical urgin:
"Better get yourself wed,"
Her analyst said,
"To a gynecological surgeon"*

PSYCHIATRIST

TAUGHT ME



*A mixed-up young pixie from Texas
Had a set of real tricky complexes.
They sent him to college
In search of pure knowledge
To locate himself in the sexes.*



*An impotent robot called Jack
Had a brain like a cool UNIVAC;
But nothing bandy for sex,
Just this dandy cortex:
He hadn't been tooled for dual-sack.*

THE HOLLYWOOD NIGHT

other on the fabulous Sunset Strip; or it may be a flashy bistro in Beverly Hills, or a burlesque house like Strip City or the Pink Pony.

Pay no attention to that talk about smog; the stars *do* come out at night in Hollywood. The stars, along with a parade of directors, assistant directors, cameramen, producers, gamblers, ladies of the evening (and very fancy ones, too)—and the usual swarm of well-heeled tourists. The Hollywood cats frequent the many jazz spots where the entertainment is very hot or very cool; in Hollywood, name it and you can have it.

When the ballet comes to town, Hollywood puts on its white ties and theater gowns and goes *en masse*; the opera also gets its share of the famous who go to see and be seen.

On these pages, *Escapade's* color camera visits some of the spots where the stars shine nightly and get involved in romances, brawls and other colorful activities.

The myth of Hollywood as a sleepy little village is hereby exploded—officially.



Biggest and most lavish revues are staged at the famous Moulin Rouge (above).

By WAYNE CARTER

Filmland's fabulous press agents have been trying for years to sell to the rest of the country a picture of Hollywood as a quiet village where the sidewalks are rolled in at nine o'clock and where movie stars are homebodies who spend most of their time in the kitchen and nursery.

Don't you believe it! There are more big and gaudy nightclubs in Hollywood *per capita* than in any American city outside of, perhaps, Las Vegas. And their customers are the glamour gals and sex boats who pose for the fan mags with their children against cozy backgrounds.

If it isn't *Ciro's*, it's the *Mocambo* or *Crescendo* or the *Moulin Rouge*, all located within a few blocks of each



Julie London sings to a smart crowd at the Sunset Strip's Interlude (above).

Bobby Troup goes progressive at the highly regarded Interlude (left).



The French can-can is a popular feature of the Moulin Rouge shows (left).



SCENE

Candy Barr's an uncorny stripper.
Here she is at Larry Potter's



And the Four Jokers, featured
at Larry Potter's
in the same show.

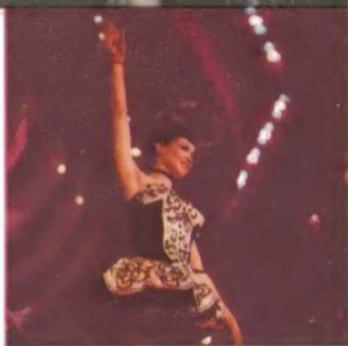


Hollywood goes for corn, too.
Here's a stripper at the
Colony Club (right).



"Take it off!" is the theme
song of uninhibited funsters
at the Colony (left).

One of the delightful
delovelies at the Moulin Rouge
takes the spotlight (right).



The silk-hat-and-sable set travels
downtown only for the opera
or ballet.

A GIRL



AND

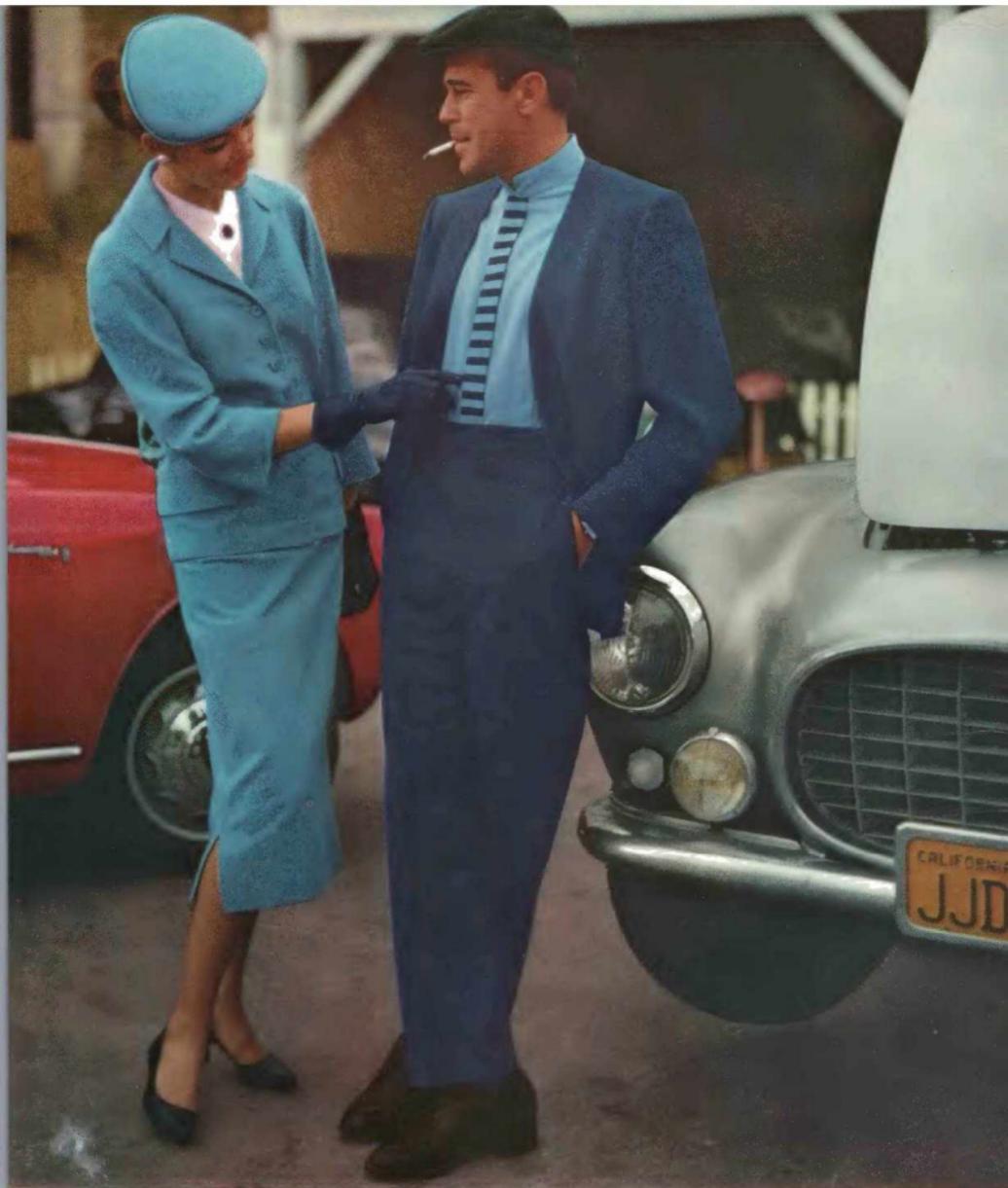
A BARN

Warm sunshine, a balmy breeze and the scent of new-mown hay all add up to the kind of lazy day which stirs the senses in a pleasant and not-too-active way. A pretty girl fits into this picture as perfectly as film into a camera, a simile that strikes us as the right one for this particular page.





"What on earth do you see in that tattoo artist?"



ESCAPADE unveils a daring new concept in
F A S H I O N

fashion designer sy devore creates a suit for today exclusively for ESCAPADERS

Figuring that it's about time men came to their fashion senses, *Escapade*, with the aid of Hollywood's famed designer Sy Devore, herewith presents its version of a suit conceived for the streamlined world of today.

This is no suit designed for the brave new world of tomorrow, or travel garb suitable for a trip to Mars. It is a practical functional, good-looking suit for today's world of sleek jets, low-lined autos, steel-and-glass buildings and casual approach.

It has been designed with appearance, comfort and ease of maintenance in mind.

Let's face it. Women have been much smarter than men in their approach to fashion ever since they dropped, once and for all, the foibles of the Victorian era. Even the feminine styles men refer to as "silly" have the merits of simplicity and comfort. The average women's outfit, including underclothing and shoes, will weigh under six pounds; the man carries a clothing burden more than twice that heavy.

Much of the weight that adds to the discomfort of man can be eliminated by the simple abandonment of such anachronistic features as jacket lapels, trouser cuffs, sleeve linings and so on, which serve no present-day purpose and present problems of maintenance.

The *Escapade* suit jacket has no lapels; its trousers are cuffless. The jacket has no bulging outside pockets. There are no buttons at the jacket cuffs. It is made of an advanced synthetic, a Swiss wood-pulp fiber woven into a light and porous material with a silk-like finish. Its lining is held to a minimum. This makes the suit washable, and it falls into its neat press without ironing.

The suit consists of a one-piece shirt-and-trouser combination of pleasingly contrasting colors, and a jacket which matches the trousers. The combination garment is so constructed that there is no uncomfortable binding at the waist, and neither belt nor suspenders are needed. The slim-lined, pleatless trousers, in the present case a deep royal blue, fall neatly to cuffless bottoms, and the white shirt, with its self-patterned box pleat down the front to give the appearance of a necktie, is

(Continued on next page)



fashions by
REGINALD VAN TRIPPE III

(Continued from Page 43)

short-sleeved and open collared. The gracefully styled jacket has no lapels and no exterior pockets. There is lining only around the natural, easy shoulders, and no padding. Commodious pockets to accommodate wallets, cigars, etc., are suspended from the inside lining. The jacket is somewhat shorter than the current models. To avoid bulkiness.

There is no reason why, in warm summer months, the suit jacket, as well as the shirt, should not have half-sleeves. And the trousers, too, may be of comfortable Bermuda-short length, worn with light hose and lightweight, ventilated shoes.

As tailored by Devore, the suit could be worn on any main street today without drawing more than casual glances. And yet, the differences between it and the ordinary suit are dramatic.

Escapade, with Devore's aid, arrived at the design after considering today's tailoring carefully and tracing its evolution from the prehistoric time when the first man to wear clothing of any kind took a giant step forward by creating a belt of hide which provided a convenient method of carrying weapons and left his hands free for other uses.

It is doubtful if the early clothing worn by humans was inspired either by modesty or fashion-consciousness. The hides of animals were worn for warmth in winter, and light mats of grass shielded the body from the direct rays of the sun in hot weather. Such refinements of the psyche as modesty and fashion-consciousness (snobbery) came much, much later.

On all continents of the world, the process of evolution went on through the eons. The silk-worms of China contributed their efforts. The cotton bolls of ancient Egypt were the basis of one of the most splendid economies in history (as they are today in the Southern States). The fur of animals and the wool of sheep found their ways to the weaver's looms. The esthetic Greeks of the Golden Age, with their roots in a warm and friendly climate, created clothing whose function was beauty. Then the Dark Ages came, and clothes were appreciated for their stark ugliness; garments of penance.

The concept of modesty kept pace



with the concept of utility. The lapels which have been discarded in *Escapade's* suit once had a useful purpose; they were designed to button about the throats of 16th Century gentlemen in cold weather. Similarly, the small row of buttons at the jacket cuffs once were "practical"; they enabled the soldier, duellist, or working man to button back his sleeves. Today's dust-catching trouser cuffs stemmed from the practice of rolling up the trouser legs to keep them clear of dust and mud of early unpaved streets.

There was a time when shirts separate from trousers possessed a practical advantage. The shirt, being of light material, could be laundered cheaply, but the trousers, of wool, had to be expensively dry-cleaned. With today's synthetics, however, this situation does not exist. Shirt and trousers can be dumped into the same washing machine with equally satisfactory results. Therefore, one-piece construction is at last practicable.

Bulky pockets opening outside the jacket also evolved in a logical manner. At first, jackets had no pockets whatever, and men carried pouches. This unhandy arrangement finally gave way to the practice of fastening the pouches to the jacket with pins or thread, and eventually they were incorporated into the jacket itself. But there is no reason why they shouldn't be moved inside, out of the way and where valuables are safer. This design is much neater, as well.

Then, there is the matter of cost to consider. The estimated cost of the new *Escapade* suit, made with synthetics, is about one-fourth that of the better (\$100) conventional suit. Thus, the jet-age gentleman can have four suits of the *Escapade* type for the same cost as one conventional suit, and the expense of maintaining it (no dry-cleaning) is also much less. And he would gain tremendously in comfort, convenience and, we believe, appearance.

Escapade takes pride and pleasure in presenting its idea of a sensible, comfortable and good-looking suit for the active man of today. Sy Devore, renowned as the tailor to Hollywood's top stars and VIPs, has created the pilot model illustrated on these pages.

We like what he has done. What do you *Escapaders* think of it?

THE AMBASSADOR'S BATHTUB

by THEODORE PRATT

There should be a plumbers' esperanto

My Aunt Belle, a very proper and quite straightlaced lady, was staying with friends in Paris. Her friends were the ambassador to France of a leading country, and his wife. It wouldn't be fair, as anyone without a hole in his head will see from the disreputable events of the following account, to give their name and country. Their house was large and formal and located on the gracious and fashionable Avenue du Bois. I, newly arrived in Paris, was invited to dinner. It was a full-dress affair with eighteen people present, many quite important on the international scene, and a tall-stony-faced French footman in striped dickey passing *aperitifs*.

After the third drink, the second frown from Aunt Belle, and the realization that there would be additional stimulating alcohol in the form of wines at the meal, I had need to visit the bathroom. Instead of asking my aunt, or Mr. Ambassador himself, the directions for reaching this chamber, I made inquiry, I thought very properly to fit the diplomatic atmosphere, of the footman.

It seemed to me that a peculiar look briefly visited the footman's otherwise set face when I made my request, but I took little notice of it at the time. I was distracted by having spoken at an accidentally odd moment. Just before I spoke, the butler appeared behind my back to announce that dinner was served. My question, in the slight silence following his announcement, became a public address heard by most, if not by all.

There were curious stares. Aunt Belle looked quite shocked. Mrs. Ambassador said nothing about passing into the dining-room; that must await my being escorted to a more intimate chamber. Under the eyes of seventeen people, and in great embarrassment, I was glad to follow the footman, who led the way.

A thoughtful expression now came to the footman's face as he led me a short distance down the hall. He peered at me as though about to speak, and then seemed to give a slight shrug of his shoulders and decide against it. The discreet, stiff Gallic servant politely obeying all the wishes of a guest without question, he opened a door and stood aside to let me pass in. I passed in, he closed the door after me, and I could hear the sound of his footsteps as he went away.

I stood in a large square room containing, at one side, an enormous bathtub. Outside of a few chairs and a cabinet containing towels, that was all there was in the room.

It took me a moment to realize what had happened. Dimly, I remembered having heard that it is sometimes

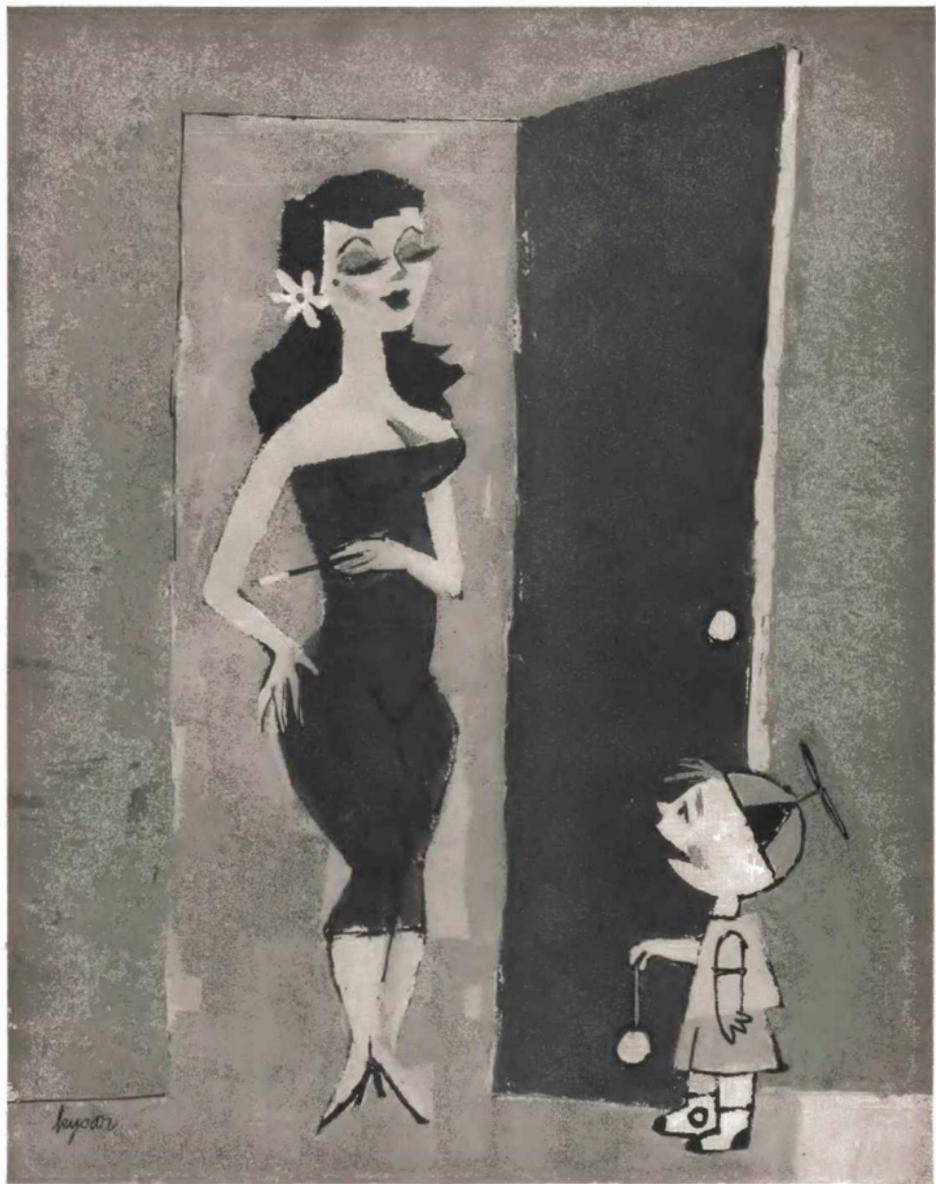


a continental plumbing practice to separate a bathtub in a room all by itself. The other appurtenances of a bathroom are in a room of their own, usually in another part of the house, often on a different floor. I was in the *salle de bains* department. Following the American custom of asking for the bathroom, I had got this version of it, which did me no good at the moment.

Never will I forgive that French footman for being so literal-minded as to give me exactly what I had asked him for, and no more. I suppose he must have had a background of having dealt long with crazy Americans and not questioning their insane habits. Possibly cruel domestic matters of his own made him absent-minded. I lean more to the theory that he was a sadist and did it on purpose.

Next I blamed Aunt Belle for not stepping into the breach and saving the horrible day. She should have realized. Following that I cursed Mr. and Mrs. Ambassador, whose diplomacy had failed me miserably. I excused them slightly because of the possibility that in their many high duties they had not been fully aware of the fearful predicament into which one of their guests was being plunged. And perhaps both Aunt Belle and Mr. and Mrs.

(Continued on Page 64)



"Mommy said to say that Daddy couldn't make it."

'arf 'n' 'arf 'n' 'istory

article **by harry roskolenko**

ESCAPEE'S ROVING CORRESPONDENT

To an Englishman, the pub is a kind of mellowing place to thaw out England's climate and his own ingrown personality; a beery, cheery castle of godly spirits, where he meets his friends after work and uninhibitedly downs pots of ale and bitters. What the more exotic and intimate Parisian cafe is to a Frenchman, the English pub, with its traditional conservatism, is to the Anglo Saxon breed of men and women.

A contrast between a Parisian cafe and a London pub offers up two violent images of social and cultural divergencies: for the more flamboyant Frenchman and the understating Englishman are separated by more than the forty miles of the English Channel. For how a man drinks and what he talks about when he relaxes suggest the real nature of his public personality as well as his more private habits. It is, for instance, impossible to conceive of an Englishman discussing the difficulties he is having with his new mistress, providing he's arranged to have one, which is rather rarified for his emotional climate. To a Parisian, however, it is as natural as flirting at a cafe and as normal as his usual sally fifteen minutes after he's been introduced to a girl, when he's likely to say, with Gallic charm, "Would you like to sleep with me?"

An Englishman, instead, plays with his darts in his favorite pub, shooting for another target. He talks football and cricket by the hour and he talks very well. For he has a great language even if he does not use it to make love or to suggest a rendezvous. Also, unlike French, English is extremely exact as a language, with the Englishman even more so. In the confines of his cheery pub he enlarges his

(Continued on Page 55)





Chevalier



No troubador has ever sung before knowingly of *le grande passion* than Maurice Chevalier, that scintillating international star whose tongue-in-cheek approach to the frailties of amorous man has been the keynote of his enthusiastic reception by audiences over three decades of stardom.

"Love is a wonderful thing," says Chevalier, understating a truism, "but it has its disillusionments. A complete lover is also a philosopher, who is capable of finding amusement even in disappointment. Laughter is the only antidote for heartbreak."

The mark of Chevalier's genius is that he is able to express this philosophy through subtle inflections of a primarily unmelodious voice, and facial expressions and gestures which, in less gifted hands, would be considered broad to the point of slapstick. This artist has several distinctions which set him

above and apart, among them the jutting underlip so beloved of nightclub imitators, the jaunty straw hat and a song which sums up his engaging approach to *Famour* with great eloquence.

The song, of course, is his famous theme, "*Valentine*," which he pronounces as though it were spelled "Valentina." For *Escapaders*, the formidable Chevalier presents, through a series of remarkable photographs by Bruno Bernard of Hollywood, this well-loved spoof of a lamenting lover, just as he offers it on the stage. We think it is one of Chevalier's best performances. And it will bring fond memories to those fortunate enough to have heard and seen this great performer step from between the curtains and announce, in his attractively "fractured" English:

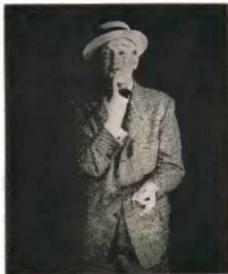
"Ladies and gentlemen. Some songs, like some classic books, never die. In this category

A SUPURB ARTIST SINGS A CLASSIC

on *L'Amour*

Picture Story by BRUNO BERNARD

(Posed exclusively for Escapade)



we must find a spot for that song of rare vintage, "Valentine."

As he finishes speaking, the orchestra comes to the end of the muted introduction, and Chevalier begins to sing. He sings in French, but so facile and graphic is his delivery that an audience completely ignorant of the language has no trouble in following his meaning. Roughly translated, the lyrics of "Valentine" tell the following story:

"Valentine was a young French girl; not too bright, perhaps, but awfully, awfully cute. She had the tiniest feet, and the prettiest "eyes," and such a sweet little dimpled chin. Her hair was as silken and curly as that of a little lamb. In short, Valentine was an irresistible bundle of femininity. No wonder I fell madly in love with her.

"Well, as these things go, we drifted apart

"Thirty years later, on the Grand Boulevard, a rotund, unprepossessing (to say the least!) lady stopped me: "Hello, darling . . . Don't you recognize me?" (*After a double-take:*) "Pardon, Madame, but I can't quite connect you." "But, darling, I am Valentine! Don't you remember?" "Do I remember. . .!" (*And, at this point, Chevalier sings another chorus, describing the latter-day Valentine in highly amusing, but unflattering, terms, using a new set of sly gestures and expressions which comprise a universal language.*)

This is the sort of thing that only Chevalier can do well. A lesser artist could never put such ephemeral material across to audiences reared on the comedy of Skelton and Hope and Jerry Lewis. But for three generations, Chevalier has been bringing laughter, touched with poignancy, to sophisticated audiences on both sides of the Atlantic.

Vive, Chevalier!



hand in hand?

The faces? Are the living still the living?

There were nights when he never slept and he would lie within the four close walls and hear the early morning streetcars passing under the window. He would lie there beside Evelyn, feeling her warmth in the bed, hearing her breathing in the darkness; and suddenly it was there; like an old love that beckons and tempts and will not let him forget; an old love to which he can never return.

He sees the barefooted coolies with their long-handled rickshaws lined up in front of the hotel. And the crowd at the Flower Circle in Kunning with an occasional car toot-tooting its way through the mob. And the Chinese whores at Billie's Cafe, the whores who had never slept with a Chinese man. They had probably gone on to Canton or Shanghai. There would be nothing for them at Billie's anymore.

Nice girl, Joe.

Hey, Joe. Pretty girl. Short time.

Ding hao.

Six thousand for girl, Joe.

Six thousand no too much, Joe.

Five thousand, Joe.

You say how much.

In Chungking the houses along the Yangtze stand on tall, slender bamboo poles in the water and it looks as if the city is wading out into the river.

Do the girls sometimes remember, too? Do they remember you as you? Or were there too many? Do they just remember you as the United States Army?

"I'm coming back sometime," he had said. "I like it here." But even as he said it, he knew that it would never happen. There would always be something. The mother; Evelyn; the kid. There were times when he even wished that they did not exist, that there was nothing or no one to take him away. He would feel wrong and ashamed thinking it but the thought was there and he could not help it.

He had found something in China. He could not explain it; he had never experienced it before. He had felt it from the very beginning and he did not want to lose it. It was feeling of release, of contentment, of self-satisfaction. He had no desire to go back. Back to what? Work, worry, responsibility. To a mother who was always dying, year after year. To a wife who despised sex and froze at his slightest touch. To a son, frail, spoiled and sickly. No, thanks.

"I'm coming back sometime," he

kept saying.

The streets, crowded and narrow, dirty and noisy, like no other streets in the world. The public writers with their tables and papers and inks and brushes. The flocks of ducks and droves of sheep holding up traffic. The feather-duster salesmen, like huge brown birds in the distance. The kids picking up cigarette butts with chopsticks and dropping them into paper bags. The walking restaurants. The sickening, greasy smells of cooking. The outdoor barber shops. The huge, leaking buckets of blood being pulled along on carts, leaving a never-ending red dotted line, block after block after block. The little boys selling soiled paper bound copies of "*The Life and Loves of Frank Harris*" and "*The Autobiography of A Flea*." The old women with doll feet, attempting to walk with the aid of canes. The calls of peddlers. A cat with a rope round its neck, tied to the counter of a meat shop. The sailors in rickshaws on their way back to the Customs Jetty on the Bund, drunk and sick, their heads hanging over the sides, vomiting down Nanking Road.

So many things.

The Public Gardens on the Bund in Shanghai, where Russians and Germans and British and French and Portuguese and Chinese went to sit and walk and watch the sampans and junks and the large foreign ships out on the Whangpoo, and the Russian and German kids played on the grass, and the benches were filled, and you could have tea while you looked at the little boats with their cargoes of cotton and coal and chickens and goats and cabbages coming up Soochow Creek for the night, with the children and women at the oars and pulling on the ropes.

And now the streetcars pass beneath the window and the nights are long and she moves in her sleep beside him in the bed.

As many times as he tried, he could not forget the hurt and abjection of his last night with his wife, the last night of his furlough before leaving the States. They had gone to bed and she had said "good night" and turned away from him. He reached toward her but she pulled away with an annoyed, "Don't. Not tonight." Their last night. He had lain there in the darkness, on his pillow, alone. It was only something that had gone on for years and years, but now you'd think, the last night Tears had come into his eyes.

"Evelyn," he said.

"What?"

"What's wrong? Why don't you want me anymore?"

She did not answer at once. "I don't know," she said. "I don't know." Then she began to cry. "There's nothing wrong. I still love you. I don't know what it is. It's just I don't know."

They did not talk any more. She cried for a long while; then she was quiet and he knew that she was asleep.

He had lain there, still and awake, unable to sleep, careful when he moved so as not to awaken her, wishing that it were morning and they were up and they would have forgotten about tonight and would talk and smile; and he would be leaving; saying good-bye to the kid; the mother crying (*I won't be here when you get back, Charles*); kissing Evelyn, seeing tears in her eyes, and being sad on the train and knowing they still loved each other . . .

"I like China. I'm coming back sometime," he always said.

Once, on a hot night in July at a cafe in Kunning, a Chinese girl was sitting on his lap, rubbing her hands over his face and talking to him in Chinese, when the band started to play "*White Christmas*" and another Chinese girl got up and sang it in a high, strange voice. He was drunk and suddenly he thought of Evelyn and the boy and he pushed the girl off his lap, onto the floor, and he went outside and leaned against a tree. He could still hear the music and the Chinese girl repeating the sounds that had no meaning to her. ". . . . *anh may aw yore Christmas sa be why*." He began to cry. He got sick then and threw up. He only wanted to go, get away from all this, be sent home, see Evelyn again. The band began playing something fast then, and through the open door he could see the soldiers and the Chinese girls jitterbugging. He started to leave and the Chinese girl appeared. She came over and put her arms around him and held him close against her.

And the time sitting on the porch of the Red Cross Club in Chungking with the one he called Surz. "This last time I can see you," she said, "or they kill me." He knew what she meant. She had told him the whole story earlier of how the Chinese boys had stoned her after she had got out of his jeep a couple nights before. They had called her names and spit at her and one of the stones had cut her cheek, right below the eye. "Maybe sometime we see again. I go away before long time. Hongkong. Maybe Shanghai. Maybe we meet. You look for me."

And he thought of all the others. I'll ones that could not speak English

(Continued on Page 58)

Eve stretched out her long, golden-tanned bare legs in the sand and glanced critically at her husband, lying on his side a few yards away.

"There's something the matter with you," she said in a wife's proprietary voice.

He laughed. "That, I'm afraid, will always be the sorry lot of new husbands — to discover they have not quite attained perfection in their wife's eyes." He sighed in mock ruefulness. "Tell me, darling — what's the matter with me now?"

"Oh. . . something, but I don't know what," she said, wrinkling her lovely smooth forehead in what, for her, was deep thought. Until very recently, she had led a quiet, sheltered and idyllic life, and problems of any kind were definitely not her *forte*. "I don't know exactly what. . . Oh, well —" she flashed him a smile— "let's forget about it now, whatever it was. I'm so happy to have you laugh again — even if it is at me."

He looked at the blue sky above, cloudless, calm, and at the white,

white, large-winged birds wheeling in tremendous arcs. "Haven't I been jocular lately?" he asked idly. ("Gulls," he said to himself, "that's what they are — gulls. The word was on the tip of my tongue all the time.")

"You haven't been gay at all!" she said, her dark eyes clouding up with tears. "Ever since we were evicted from our nice place, you've been grouchy, moody — sometimes downright mean!" She began to cry very softly, so quietly that at first he did not know she was weeping.

"Oh. . . here we go again," he muttered, but he was instantly ashamed of his impatience. Maybe he hadn't been too considerate, after all. Just because things had gone against them lately, he had probably been taking it out on her.

"Sweetheart!" he said, getting up and going over to her. He put his arms around her shoulders, enjoying the satin skin under his caressing hands. "Please don't cry, you know I can't stand it. . . I've never meant to be cruel. I love you more than anything else in the world."

"It's silly of me," she said, sniffing, and smiling at him at the same time. "It's just that I've been so nervous since we've been this way."

After he had quieted her completely, he flung himself lazily down again in the sun-warm sand. "Everything's going to be all right, darling," he said firmly. "Really it is! We'll have some tough times, sure, because we're so absolutely new at this sort of thing. In lots of ways, I guess, things will get worse instead of better. But we'll sweat it out somehow — we'll make a go of it!"

"I just now realized," she said in a hesitant, embarrassed voice, "what it is that's so odd about you."

"Oh. . . so?" he said indulgently, humoring her. "What is it then?"

"It just occurred to me," said Eve, "that you've forgotten your clothes again. You are quite naked."

Her husband raised his head quickly and stared straight at her. Then his eyes widened and he blushed to his hairline. "Well, for that matter, my dear," said Adam defensively, "so are you."

INNOCENCE LOST



If you run around without clothes these days, you get a code in the head

A short story complete
on this page by

LOU WESTON



KING OF FISH AND QUEEN OF WINES

Pompano and Circumstance

(See color picture on Page 32)

Without wines, the joyous art of dining languishes and dies. Ancient rhymster Ovid says of the fermented juice of the grape:

*"It warms the blood, adds luster to the eyes;
"Ah, wine and love have ever been allies!"*

Pompano, that aristocrat of sea-food fishes, comes to the gourmet's table "*en papillote*," in little contrived envelopes of cooking paper. Fresh from the oven, the individual parcels are opened by the diner himself, and he is first to inhale the aroma of the delicate white fillets, daintily veined in black, and the succulent sauce sealed into the cooking packets.

A chilled white Bordeaux is the complement to this, and a compliment to the lady who shares his board. Honey blond in color, medium dry and light-bodied, the 1950 vintage is a nice choice with shell fish and marine chowders, too. It is abundant in America, not expensive, and the girls like it.

*Three draughts of wine true lovers wisely take:
The first sipped slow for constitution's sake,
Second, a spur-cup to what they love best,
The third and last, to lull them to their rest.*

The lemon butter for oysters is made by melting a cube of butter, skimming off the foam, adding the juice of two lemons, and a quarter cup of capers. These capers are not for cutting, being simply spiced nasturtium seeds available at condiment counters in the grocery stores.

Leaving parchment cooking to the experts, fillets of pompano, lightly browned and immersed in a casserole of sauce make a wonderful meal. Fresh French bread and a green salad, that does it.

The sauce:

Melt a half cup of butter over low heat. Add one cup chopped cooked mushrooms, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon powdered mace, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, and the well-beaten yolks of four eggs. Stir until slightly thickened, and finish cooking in the oven.

*The goblet sings the songs of sun-
ny days,
So here's to friendly wines and
jolly lays.*

sat there practically dumbfounded by the spectacle being enacted before my very eyes. Her mind went dull at a critical moment and she poured the can of beer down the front of my shirt. My eyes flamed for a second but I forced myself to count to ten very slowly and I then spoke to her gently.

"Darling, why don't you sit on your side of the car?" She threw both arms around my neck and kissed me feverishly around the mouth and neck, nose and lips, shoulders and arms, and chest.

"I'm sorry, honey, I didn't mean to do it, baby."

"O.K."

"Really, sugar, I didn't mean to pour beer on you."

"O.K."

"Honest, darling, I'm sorry."

"O.K."

"Baby, I wouldn't pour beer on you on purpose, you know."

"O.K."

"All right, get mad then, I don't give a damn."

"O.K."

"You think I'm gonna beg you not to get mad, you're crazy."

"O.K."

"I just ain't that kind of girl. I don't go around begging boys to like me."

"O.K."

"Get mad if you want to, I don't give a damn."

"O.K."

"You know I didn't mean to, don't you?"

"O.K."

"Answer me. You think I meant to pour beer on you?"

"No, of course not."

"Well, don't be mad at me, then."

"I'm not mad." She kissed me some more, around the neck and eyes and chest, I mean.

"Please, honey, don't be mad."

"O.K."

"You know I love you and I'd do anything in the world for you. Just don't be mad at me."

"O.K."

"Anyway, you can wash your damned old shirt."

She slid over to the sack of beer and took out a can. She dropped it a couple of times before she stabbed it with the opener. The beer spewed and foamed while she tried to fasten it down with her mouth. She finally gave it up and let it run its course. Some

of it spilled in the floor and the rest spread out over the hundred dollar set of seat covers. That girl really had talent for opening beers.

My passion started waning at this point, and I decided on a little booster.

"What about a beer?" I asked her.

"Huh?"

"I said, what about a beer?"

"I've got one, honey." A regular quiz kid, this gal. Her age and her I.Q. together wouldn't total a hundred. And that's really on the dense side, because in spite of my constant usage of the term "girl", I doubt very seriously her ever being picked up by the juvenile authorities.

"Really, now sweetheart, you wouldn't pull my leg?"

"What are you talking about?"

"Right now, I'm talking about beer.

Would you please open me one?"

"Well, whyncha say so. I can't understand all that mumbling."

"Forget it, just open me a beer."

"Don't get snooty about it, I just

didn't understand you, that's all."

"O.K., O.K., just open me up one, all right?"

"You just haul off and get mad at nothing, don't you? I can't help it if I don't understand everything you say."

"It might help matters if you'd turn that damn radio down about fifteen octaves, before somebody's eardrums start bursting."

"Don't holler at me, damn it! I got just as good ears as you got."

"That wasn't what I said."

"Whaddycha say?"

"About ten minutes ago, I said open me a beer."

"We ain't got no more." When my time comes, boys, let me down gently and lay the green sod over me. And please play that ever popular favorite,

"I Am Thinking of My Darling."

"No more?"

"That's right. No more."

"You mean to sit there with your

(Continued next page)



"You're wrong, dear. Today will be seven years since I was shipwrecked here — one year we had twins."

THE CONQUEST (Continued from Page 53)

little pointed head pointed up and tell me that you've drank all of those beers."

"All? What the hell you mean all? There wasn't but six."

"And you drank em?"

"Hell, yes, I drank 'em. You didn't get any, did you?"

I gripped the steering wheel tightly for a few long moments while I thought of stiff penalties the courts dish out for first-degree murder. I loosened up after a while and reached over and turned the radio off.

"Whattcha turning the music off for?"

"Let the twangy-voiced son-of-a-bitch rest for a while. He sounds like he's in worse shape than me."

"I like that kind of music."

"I don't."

"I do though. I like to hear him sing."

"What else do you like?", I asked slyly.

"Oh, lots of things. I like to drink beer." She answered, also slyly.

"Ha!"

"Don't you like beer?"

"Ha!"

"Whattcha gonna do?"

"Don't give me any hints, sweetheart. What I am gonna do is about the most potent thing you could ask me."

"Are you mad at me again?"

"Mad! Mad! My God, whatever gave you that idea?"

"Well, you certainly act like it."

"Ha!"

She slid over and put her arms around my neck and leaned against me heavily. She sat still for a little while and then eased her hands inside my shirt and started pinching me just above the belt.

"My good idea," she whispered in my ear.

"I doubt it very seriously."

"See, you're mad at me."

"I'm not mad."

"Whyancha talk to me, then?"

"O.K., I'll talk to you."

"Don't be mad at me. I ain't done nothing to you."

"What do you want to talk about?"

"My idea."

"O.K., what about it?"

"My good idea."

"What is it?"

"Let's go get some beer." I'm game. Give out but don't give up. That's my motto. So I drove the few odd miles back to the package store and stopped outside. I climbed out of the

car and then stuck my head back inside.

"How many beers you want?"

"What?" She's got the radio going again.

"I said, how many beers you want?"

"Beers?"

"Yea, beers, that stuff you do all your tricks with."

"How much money you got?"

The hell with it. I went inside and bought twelve cans. In two packages. Six for me. Six for her. *His* and *Hers*. I climbed back in the car and gave her one of the sacks.

"This is for me?", she asked breathlessly.

"Yes."

"Really mine?" I nodded my head and she clutched the package tenderly against her chest and looked over at me with big adoring eyes.

"Son-of-bitching stuff ain't very cold."

I opened a couple of cans and we killed them quick-like. I felt a slight touch of the old glow returning, so I opened another pair. Then another and soon did away with the entire batch. By this time, I'm about in the hootin' and hollerin' stage and very anxious for the show to get on the road. I eased over to her and planted several pretty damn suggestive kisses at various points about her neck and face. She warmed up to the idea and I started thinking about the lake.

"You wanna go out to the lake?", I asked her.

"Sure, honey, anything you say." I rearranged myself under the wheel and started to pull away from the curb. She grabbed my hand away from the gear knob.

"No beer."

"What the hell are you talking about?"

"Beer, honey. We ain't got no beer."

"You mean you want some more beer?"

"Yea, beer. We get some beer and go out to the lake, O.K.?"

So, I wobbled back inside the package store and argue with the man behind the counter about who's drunk and who isn't. He finally sells me twelve cans and I lurch back to the car and my dipsy-doodle sweatheart. She drinks about three cans while I'm driving out to the lake and I'm beginning to think I've discovered why beer companies can own baseball teams and sponsor boxing matches on television.

I pulled the car off on a side road

that led down to the water's edge. She slid over next to me and said:

"Kiss me." I did and we stayed close for a while and then the kisses started getting longer, the clinches tighter, and the breathing a little faster. She suddenly pushed away from me and slid over toward the door.

"Gotta get out," she mumbled.

"What's the matter?"

Sick. Gittin' sick."

"My God! At this stage of the game?"

"Go on, get mad."

"Who?"

"You. I get sick and you get mad."

"I'm not mad."

"Yes, you are."

"Forget it."

"Can't forget it, I'm sick."

"Well, get out then."

"No, I'm not gittin' out. I'll git out when I git damn good and ready."

"O.K. Stay in here then."

"Can't. Gotta git out. Sick."

"O.K."

"I know all about guys like you. Know all about em."

"What the hell you mean — guys like me?"

"I know the kind of feller you are."

"Is that right?"

"Cheap. That's all, cheap."

"Cheap!"

"Go ahead, holler at me. I don't care. Know all about you."

"Cheap!"

"At's right, sheap. I mean cheap. Take a girl out and spend a few dollars, think she do anything you want."

"Ha!"

"At's right. Think she do anything you want, just cause you spend a coupla dollars."

"Ha!"

"I'm a good girl."

"Girl!"

"Damn right, girl! Say. . .", she said cunningly. "I know kind of feller you are. Take a good girl out and git her drunk. Make her drunk old beer and whiskey. Git her drunk. At's kind of guy you are."

"Ha!"

"Gotta git out. Sick."

She finally managed to get the door open and get outside. She stood holding to the car for a minutes and then staggered across the road and sat down. About ten seconds later a Cadillac convertible was seen departing the scene at a rapid pace with a somewhat embittered and drunken young man at the wheel.

Oh yes, I saw her downtown the other day. She waved. I thumbed my nose and waved right back at her.

ARF 'N' ARF

(Continued from Page 47)

range of understatement, giving off, with superb literary flavors, his very human views about the condition of the world and man, but seldom if ever about England's lovely ladies.

The English pub still has a grand, gracious air about it, though it reached its zenith during the coaching days when it housed and fed travelers as well as regal personages. The pub, however, was born during the Roman conquest of England, when an earlier version of "this great breed of men" went in for boar-sparing, and Robin Hood's men made merry with lusty dames and damsels. For Norman England had an excellent cuisine in food, frolic and femininity, apparently stemming from the Gallic infusions and before inbreeding conquered England's lesser merry gentlemen.

The pub is where today's Englishman manages to let down his hair and where he displays the manner of the cultured man that he is. And, to me, he is most cultured and most democratically entangled, still confined to his regal past, yet activated by the raciest of rhetoric. Oddly, no other man does as well as an Englishman with flavorsome expletives. In the pub he escapes from his ambivalent Puritanical codes of conduct, from entangling alliances, finding refuge within the precincts of his understating personality.

But where are some of these famous pubs that "mellow" an Englishman? And what do they look like?

I shall start my brief canvas of English pubs with a typical if simple meeting place called the Nelthorpe Arms, in Ferriby, Lincolnshire. It is the only pub for ten miles around and is therefore very important to the farmers and the local population. Situated on Colonel Nelthorpe's estate, the pub plays host on yearly Rent Day to the farmers and the cottagers when they come bearing their yearly rent. It is a ritual day and a gala night, with drinks, dinner, cigars and liquor on the house; and when an Englishman is high, he manages to circumvent some of his latter-day Puritanism, entering into aspects of his 10th century heritage with quite an explosive style.

For dry wit, the English take all the prizes. When I asked the owner of the Nelthorpe Arms how old the pub was, he said, "Oh, I don't much know. It was here before the flood-out."

"You mean, before the famous flood of 1900?" I asked, knowing my local

history.

"No, Noah's flood out, sir . . ."

Every pub has a special identity: for pub place-names distill much of England's past and heraldry. For instance, one of the finest and oldest pubs is "Ye Olde Trip To Jerusalem Inn," at Nottingham. It is a very colorful edifice, having been hewn from the towering rocks that once made up Nottingham Castle, where famous Roger Mortimer, the Earl of March, used to keep his rendezvous with an English queen. There is a tunnel leading from the pub directly to the castle, and through it Mortimer crawled to play the lover to neglected Queen Isabella. Eventually, Mortimer was caught and killed for this and other noble deeds.

The pub, stemming from the 10th century, was originally called "Tryppe," which is old English for "halt." When the Crusaders returned from Jerusalem, the pub was used as an eating and brewing house for the castle and its occupants. The pub is still one of the finest examples of rustic conviviality and derring-do, for nature and man did much to give it a zestful reputation.

A small opening in the rocks, running from the beer cellar to the top

of the castle, was used as a speaking tube. The rooms are a series of caverns scooped out of the porous rock, with an atmosphere as quaint as its bloody history; for it was here that Robin Hood and many bold nobles, knaves and vagabonds found a home, especially after the castle was neglected. Today, instead of tunnel-crawling Roger Mortimer, there is a museum containing all the folk-lore of its celebrated past. And, according to Doctor Thornton, a historian who wrote a book called "Antiquities of Nottinghamshire" in 1667, the pub and the castle became infamous for "fanatics and other like people, who could not live comfortable under law . . ." During the good doctor's day, a free-love cult, called "The Family of Love," used to have orgies on the grounds.

Though inns, pubs and taverns have extremely colorful names, these have been garbled through the centuries and have become almost unrecognizable. A pub once called "The Bacchanals" by some British followers of Bacchus, eventually got twisted into "Bag O' Nails". Another called the "Two Necks" came from "two nicks" or notches. And what is probably the most extreme example of pub-name

(Continued on Page 65)



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Across the drawbridge and into the sea

It was a rare thing.

My magazine had chosen me to interview the noted novelist, Mr. Ernest Hummingbird.

You can imagine my excitement. He was spending the summer at Grand Isle, Louisiana, on the Gulf of Mexico.

I found him on the piazza of a small but wonderful hotel overlooking the gulf. I approached the table fearlessly. We were alone on the piazza.

"You are Mr. Hummingbird?"

"Truly," he said, sipping from a tall glass, genuine sherry which was not the colored, sour, grape juice you buy in drug stores, but came from that splendid old town of Jerez in the province of Andalusia. "Will you join me in the wine?"

"Delighted," I said, getting out my pad and pencil.

"Tell me that of the trip."

"Formidable," I said. "The business of the draw-bridges filled me with disgust, and the mosquitoes were quite bad. The Louisiana mosquitoes are the only real mosquitoes in the world."

"The William Faulkner of mosquitoes," he said, producing a round of cheese from under the table, which he cut into large wedges with a sharp stiletto.

"You know why I have come?"

"I know."

"And you don't mind?"

"No. I don't mind."

"Then we must speak the truth, for that is all that matters."

"We will speak only the truth," he assured me, "but first, the cheese and wine."

"Yes," I said, throwing my pad and pencil into the gulf with careless abandon, "the cheese and wine."

There came a voice from below, and looking over the piazza we could see an old man coming in a small boat with the skeleton of a giant fish lashed to the side. He called up to us.

"You up there, see what an old man has caught out in the gulf."

"It is of no value," said Mr. Hummingbird, "for the sharks have torn the flesh away from the bone and taken it into the sea forever."

"But I caught the fish all the same," the old man said.

"Yes, old man, you caught the fish that you might sell the head for bait

and hang the bill on your shanty wall."

"What more could an old man desire?" asked the old man, dipping his hands into the salt water.

"Nada," said Mr. Hummingbird, "nada, old man."

"Is it not truly a large fish?" asked the old man.

"It is the Joe DiMaggio of fish," he said.

"Complete with bone spurs," said the old man, moving on down the shore. "I must hurry," he said. "The boy will be waiting with fresh coffee, shark oil, and news of the baseball." He left.

Mr. Hummingbird turned to me and produced a banana from beneath his jungle hat. Eating it, he said:

"Perhaps I will write a story about that old man."

"Would it be a good story?"

"I cannot say, but it would be printed on paper with black ink, and I would receive very much money from the royalties, and perhaps get the Nobel prize. Is that not enough?"

"That is more than enough," I said.

"He was a nice old man."

"Were you too rough with him?" I asked Mr. Hummingbird.

"Yes, I was. But I am not sorry, for he is a tough old man and can take it, and to him it was nothing, and a joke."

"You should not be hard or bitter or rough, even in a joke."

"You are right, and I am wrong, and truly sorry, and I will not be rough anymore, even in a joke. Let's try to be better and call the waiter for gin to wash down the banana and cheese."

The waiter came. He was tall, and with a pointed nose.

"Bring us a bottle of Gordon's gin and two girls from up-stairs."

"I shall do my best, my captain," said the waiter.

"See that you do," said Mr. Hummingbird. Then the waiter was gone.

"You don't mind the business of the girls," he asked me.

"Are they to be real and true girls, and not partly made of wire and sponge rubber?"

"Clearly," he said, "they are real girls, whatever that means."

"Whatever that means," I said.

The waiter brought the bottle of

gin with cracked ice in a yellow bowl.

"Can you produce any smells from your kitchen?" Mr. Hummingbird asked him.

"No, my captain, the wind is from the wrong direction."

"Is that actually and genuinely the reason?"

"Yes, my captain."

"And you can produce no smells?"

"No, my captain."

"Then we shall have to get along without the shells, but tell us, what have you to eat in the plastered-walled, white and beautiful kitchen?"

"We have sole, my captain."

"And how is the lobster?"

"Excellent, my captain."

"Is it fresh?"

"I saw it this morning, alive in the market, biting the hand from the man who caught him."

"How formidable," I said.

"Truly wonder-claws," said the waiter.

"The great-grand-daddy of all claws," said Mr. Hummingbird. "You may bring us the lobster later, but where are the girls? You are slow with the girls."

"I am sorry, my captain, but I have ulcers."

"I am sorry."

"It is all right, my captain, you couldn't know." He turned and left.

"He is not a very good waiter," I said.

"I think he knows my profession and is bitter. But there are other reasons to explain it. The Fascists burned his home, hung his wife upside down in a pear tree, staked his daughter out in the sun, and got his grandmother pregnant."

"Because of this, we can forgive him."

"Yes, he has a right to be bitter. But damn his ulcers, he speaks of them only to get our sympathy."

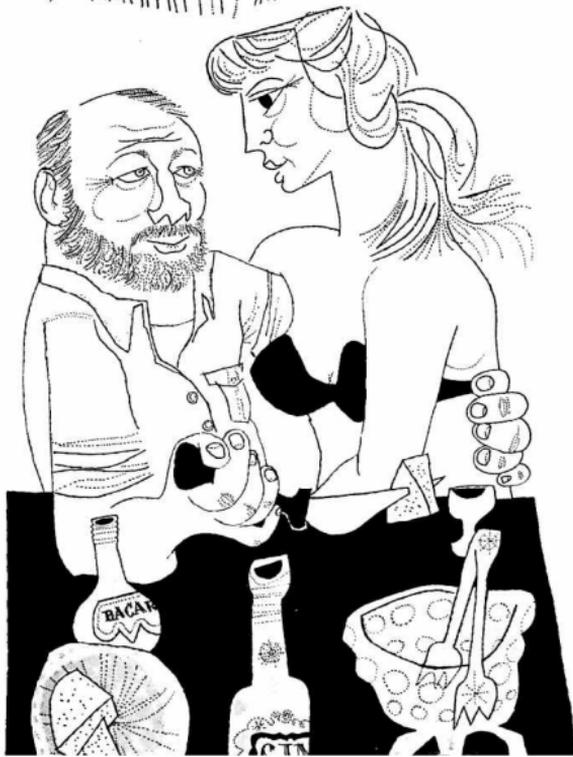
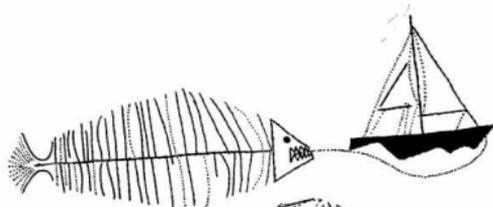
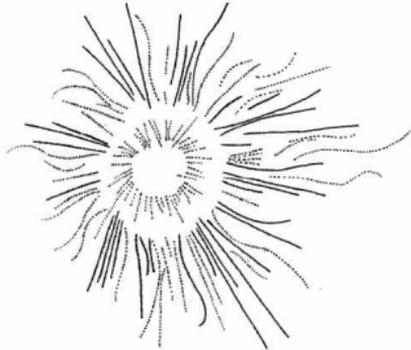
"I am learning much from you, maestro."

"We must drink to that, my friend." We drank. Like men.

"This is a wonderful interview," I lied.

"The Bernard Baruch of interviews," he lied. "I like you more than anyone I have ever met," he lied again, "and with your permission, I would like to make you a member of the order."

(Continued on Page 64)



Call
Me
Papa

TEMPLE (Continued from Page 50)

at all. A wink, a nod, a gesture, a smile. They would go to a room. It was that, nothing more. Neither of them talked. Words would have been lost. It was fast and brutal; like two animals. Sometimes they would laugh about nothing; they would just laugh. Their laughter was the same. It's funny, he thought, laughter is the same everywhere.

Wandering in the courtyards of the Summer Palace near Peiping was the closest he had ever been to absolute peace and beauty. A white silence of emptiness and age was there, and he forgot the war and the soldiers and the reality of living.

Here, where once life had been so important and serious and full of meaning, there was now no life at all. The palace itself remained like an exquisite shell.

He walked through the stone-paved courtyards. There was no sound, no one in sight, no sound but the soft rattling of the cypress branches in the wind. The sky was clear. Nothing moved. The white stone fences stood cold. The stream winding through the courtyard and under the bridge was frozen and still. The sun shone without heat upon the yellow tile roofs. The huge green stone lions stood out

side the throne room and guarded nothing.

Sometimes he wanted to hate her, lying there beside him; hate her and the boy and the mother, too. Sometimes when he closed his eyes, the three of them would have their hands joined, forming a circle around him, like in the children's game, and he would keep running against them, time after time, trying to break through the joined hands. And once there were four of them. Once Tanya had joined hands with them in the circle. Tanya . . .

He raised his glass.

"To Paris."

"To Paris."

They sat, face to face, and observed each other for the last time.

"Say it again," she said. "Paris. I like to hear you say it."

"Paris. Paris. Paris," he said.

"Ah . . . I hope it is soon. I cannot stand it here longer. I hate it. I hate China. I hate Chinese. I can never go back to Russia. My father was an officer. They promise us if we come back we will be safe. Everything will be all right. It is a lie. They would kill us. I wish I go to America with you. But . . ." She smiled. "My husband, he was a citizen of France, so I go there. There is nowhere else to go. I never been to France. I wish it could be soon."

They were silent for a moment. She sipped her vermouth.

"I'm coming back some day," he said.

She shook her head sadly. "It would not be the same. You can never leave a place and you can never return."

Their eyes met, bright and sad with the wine.

"To Paris."

"To Paris."

Then one day it all ended. The ships came and the soldiers all laughed and got drunk and were very happy. They packed their bags and waved goodbye and sailed away.

A million women cried and were sad remembering a love that should have been, a life they could have known.

The soldiers stood on the decks and watched the faces, the streets and the buildings turn into a lifeless city; saw the city slowly disappear into the land; saw the land become a spot of color on the horizon and then vanish forever.

There were two letters:

Shanghai 20 3 1946

Dear Charles

How are you? I think you get home already and see your wife and boy.

I am still working at the Cafe and

very successfully, but rains every day such a bad weather and I have also bad mood.

Still, I am in Shanghai. I don't know how long and when I will go to France.

What are you going to do. Write me Charles. I want to have news from you.

I am waiting for a stockings and perfume and bracelet.

Wish to see you very much again, but — I think it must not be. It will be better, don't you think so Charles?

I would like to kiss you.

Tanya

Angers 25 Avril 1947

How are you Charles?

Long time I did not have news from you. No word since you leave Shanghai. Did you received my letter?

Just now I am in France and I like this country, but here are not much food. Already seven months I stay in Paris, it is wonderful city, but just now for a short time I am in province, but I hope soon come back again in Paris, as I dance there.

Charles, what are you doing

Write me:

Mme. R. Le Souris.

Poste Restante

64. Boulevard Rochechouart

Paris 18 France

Sincerely Tanya

Night after night they lie there together; and the streetcars pass beneath the window; and he smokes quietly in the darkness, careful not to awaken her; knowing the pain that is part of all desire; remembering, remembering. In the darknesses of other nights . . .

The boy coughs in the other room.

Does the piece of yellow tile look better in the attic than on the Temple of Heaven in Peiping?

Yee sheep, erh sheep, sahn sheep. sz sheep, woo, liu, chee, ba. It comes of itself and goes. Nice girl Joe one time nice girl Joe all night hey Joe hey Joe massage Joe richshaw Joe real jade Joe pretty vase Joe Ming vase for Lucky Strike Joe real silk Joe hey Joe nice girl hey Joe hey Joe hey Joe . . .

Awake; asleep; real; unreal; am; was. Are the living still the living? I won't be here when you get back, Charles.

The lizards lie motionless on top of one another in the warm yellow haze that leaks through the roof. Pale green weeds grow on the floor. And on rainy days, the acrid, musty smell of old incense seeps from the crumbling walls.

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Crew Cut
neat all
year with
Contour Wax**



Today's trend toward a youthful appearance—and the millions of crew cuts you see everywhere—demand a product that makes a crew cut practical. With Contour Wax you can enjoy a trim, natural-looking crew cut. Because Contour Wax is made to give you the contour you prefer. Never greasy, never messy, Contour Wax grooms burs, crew cuts and flat tops—keeps 'em neat even when growing out.

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"... an' she had th' nerve to call me a rummy. You don't think I'm a rummy, do you?"



"It's just that you bring out the beast in me . . ."

MOVIES ARE BETTER

(Continued from Page 9)

"Well, I guess a chorus girl or two never hurt anyone," she said.

"Right. When's that invite for?"

"Next Wednesday. Why?"

"Just wanted to know if I have time for another drink. I do."

Tommy's home was smaller than the Radio City Music Hall and didn't have quite the carpeting, but it was something you could live in.

We were greeted at the door by a shapely miss who wore an abbreviated costume, a pert smile and carried a two-cell flashlight in a well-manicured hand. "Right this way," she said. We followed her.

"Tommy's got his sense of humor back," said the wife.

"And his sense of beauty," I added, as I followed the trail of the flashlight.

"She's about the nudest usherette I've ever seen," said the wife.

The girl flashlighted us along a dimly-lighted corridor which was filled with statuesques of Samuel Goldwyn,

Daryl Zanuck and other Hollywood big shots. Moguls, I think they are called.

"Tommy's going Hollywood in a big way," I said, spotting an elaborate drinking fountain that could have been designed by the Warner Brothers.

We stopped and were wallowing ankle deep in rug when Anita came over. She had become a bit wrinkled, it seemed, and if she was happy about being co-partner in a movie firm she was hiding it pretty well. She looked a half-dozen years older than her 38.

"Oh," she said as she ran over quickly to us. "I'm glad I saw you before you went in. Tommy has been rather excited lately. We only stayed six weeks in Tucson and then we went to Hollywood. He's —"

The door opened and Tommy strode into the room. He bowed low and kissed the wife's hand.

"You're more beautiful than ever, my dear," he pronounced, beaming expansively. He stuck out a ring-covered

hand. "Billy boy, you're looking good. How's the ball bouncing for you?"

"Pretty good, Tommy. You're looking tan and healthy."

"In the pink, buddy, in the pink. What do you think of this layout. Copied it from one of the studios in Movieville. Not bad, eh? Say, those movie men really know their stuff. That's the business to be in. Money and women. What a way to make a buck. Can't beat it."

Tommy looked like the head caterer at the Waldorf, except that his eyes were a little too bright. He was always smiling too, and caterers never do that. I looked at him closely. He seemed in too much of a hurry to get his words out. I had known Tommy five years, having met him at a party out on the island, and knew him just before his crackup. His eyes were bright then, too.

He motioned toward the usherette, who was standing nearby and smiling that patented smile of all movie starlets. "I picked up Venus here from

20th Century. They were shooting out there and some wise guy director had it in for her and cut her out. I brought her back and put her in a couple of my little numbers. I'm getting in this film business, Billy. It's dog-eat-dog and you have to have it here and here." He pointed to his heart and head. "Venus is acting the role of an usherette for experience. Doing a good job of it too, wouldn't you say?"

"She makes a fine usherette," I said. "Looks just like an usherette I knew in Yonkers." Venus seemed pleased.

"Well," said Tommy, "playing an usherette isn't a meaty role but you learn something from every part, no matter how small. An old director out there told me that. And Venus has an awful lot of stage presence."

"Yes, I noticed it when I came in," I said.

Tommy grabbed Anita and the wife and followed Venus into a room which Tommy had named "Flicker Haven."

"That's my own title, 'Flicker Haven'. That's what a lot of those film guys call movies, flickers. It's just amazing what a medium we have out there in Screendom. We take it for granted. But just imagine. You take a person, photograph her and put her right up there on that silver screen. It's a great game. And don't let anyone kid you, Billy, you can produce fine films. Epics. You have to have it in you, but you can turn out real art. True, you have to knock out a quickie once in a while for the morons with the loose 50-cent pieces to burn, but if you've got any heart at all you can sock them with an epic. And I mean epic."

He turned to a table where a man was submerging olives in gin and the wife shot me a glance. She was thinking the same thing.

"Don't get me wrong," Tommy continued, "I've got nothing against sex. You know that. But some boys out there just throw in a sex scene to keep the yokels happy. I wouldn't do that, although I have nothing against sex. Remind me to tell you a few gags I picked up out there. Sex has its place but you have to keep it there. I say give the public quality, and you'll come out all right."

I nodded as I reached for a handful of drinks.

"These films I got for you tonight aren't sagas by any means. They aren't barn-burners. But it's my first fling and I'm just getting the technique down pat. Got some big cameras due here next week. Going to buy some

space upstate and really get rolling. Got a good adventure story in mind.

There's this broad and this fireman sex — but I'll tell you about it later. I'm not apologizing for these films you know; they're my first. Goldwyn had a first film too, you know. He came over here without a nickel in his pockets. A foreigner. I got plenty of nickels and I'm no foreigner. I've got everything on my side. If this movie fling pans out we'll have more nickels than we know what to do with. Right, baby?" He put his arm around Anita. Anita somehow squeezed out a smile and quickly reached for a drink.

"George," called Tommy to a wizened little man of around 50, "skip on up to the booth and let 'em roll." He turned to us. "George had trouble with some small studio out in Hollywood and I picked him up. He's got lots of ideas. You have to know all the angles in this racket, buddy."

I grabbed a drink in each hand as the lights went out and the flashlight showed the way to our seats. I look at Tommy who was immaculate and beaming in his tuxedo. His wife was biting her lip.

The whirring began and "American Landscape" hit a large screen.

"My own title," called out Tommy. The music accompanying the film was deafening and Tommy had to yell to be heard. "Got the music from an old record collection of Theresa Granger, the old silent star. Very valuable. It fits right along with this. Very proper. You have to be right or the public spots you as a phony."

My wife held my arm tightly and I felt her looking up at me.

We saw hundreds of feet of film recording the activities of Los Angeles shoppers, a bunch of kids who constantly roamed out of focus on the beach, a Spanish-American rumba band and some forests. Soon the lights were on again.

"Not bad for a beginner, eh? Hit us with the other one, George."

Again the lights dimmed and "American Pleasures" wavered and danced before us. The camera followed an attractive girl, whom we recognized as Venus, as she walked across the living room of what probably was the Gorton apartment in Los Angeles. Later we saw her remove her shoes and stockings and sprawl out on the couch with a magazine.

"She really comes at you, doesn't she, Billy boy?" Tommy called. "Got plenty of what it takes. Right, baby?" He turned and gave a big wave to

Venus who was sitting in the back of the room.

Then the camera showed us Venus jumping on a swing. She kept going higher and higher until she exposed her thighs in a rather ungainly manner. The film cut for a second then we saw her again in sweater and skirt. She did a complete somersault and then did a series of knee-bends, designed, apparently, to display her well-constructed legs. I guess it was Tommy's idea of getting sex into the film.

"The girl's a natural," Tommy boomed. "They'll be kicking themselves when this girl develops into a star." He laughed loudly. "I asked Anita to do little dance for me in this reel, but she said she was getting too old. The older the better, I always say. Nothing like experience, right, Billy boy? There's still life in the old lady yet. Right, baby? Got plenty of the old s. a. Can't see it, but it's there." His laughter filled the room as the light limped to a close.

We talked for a while after the lights came on and Tommy monopolized the conversation with his loud and uneven voice. He told us the latest Hollywood gossip about a certain actress whose figure wasn't her own, about a leading man who wore elevator shoes and how another star's virility was the source of many backfence jokes.

He and Anita walked us to the door.

"It's been colossal seeing you both again. Must get together again. I've scheduled another shooting sometime next week. Venus is going to wear tights and spiked heels and wrestle a girl friend from 65th Street. Maybe you two can get in as extras. I'll give you a buzz." Anita was holding Tommy's arm tightly.

"Watch out for the bottom step. It's a nasty fall if you miss. Just like the ladder of success. You meet the same people going up as you do coming down. But that's show business. There's no business like it, Billy boy. About next week now, don't call us, we'll call you."

We stepped down and Tommy went inside. Anita grabbed the wife's arm. "Yes," she whispered, "don't call us, please. We'll call you."

Then she turned and hurried inside.



The band, with all that talent, was a natural. Although the arranging was divided three ways, with Miller and Livingston handling the special chores and Wayne Allen handling the stocks, it was a haphazard operation by today's demanding standards. The typical arrangement in those days consisted of an four-bar introduction, an "open" chorus, a solo chorus featuring one of the band's *virtuosi*, a transition into another key, a "phrase" chorus and a final "unison" chorus, the whole thing winding up with a tricky ending, four or eight bars long. Trying for variation in this pattern, Ben recalls, he would hum a phrase: "off" the melody, with wild rhythm licks; Miller would write it down, and Livingston would smooth it all out. The band began to develop, by this method, a sound of its own.

The lean days were over for a time. The band went into the Southmore and was a smash hit. Jean Goldkette, a top commercial leader of the time, tried to "raid" the band, but he was unsuccessful and there were no hard feelings. A Victor Records representative, looking for a small combo, led Ben to organize a "band-within-a-band" group composed of Livingston on "foot organ," Goodman on clarinet, Louis Kastler on guitar and banjo and Ben on drums. This group, as well as the full band, with a girl vocalist named Ida Mae Bailey and, later, the Williams Sisters (one of the sisters was Hannah, Jack Dempsey's ex-wife) made several sides for Victor.

"But I always outsmarted myself," Ben says, ruefully. "They offered me a royalty deal and I turned it down for cash. As a result, I never made much money out of recording."

Among the records he cut around that time, which were big hits and, had they been made on a royalty basis, would still be paying Ben off, included "He's the Last Word" and "Sam, the Old Accordion Man." The latter was revived recently by Doris Day and was well received.

In 1927, the band riding high, Pollack reached the Chicago Mecca of jazz musicians, the Blackhawk. They packed the house during an engagement that lasted several months, and the Chicago cats were wild about the Pollack sound.

Then they went out to fill a one-month engagement at Ben's old stomping ground, the Venice Ballroom. There, the reception was different.

"We laid an egg," Ben says.

The band's option was dropped by the Venice Ballroom management and the boys were a couple of thousand miles from home and jobless. For-

tunately, the Blackhawk was waiting with open arms and they re-opened there the night before the first Dempsey-Tunney fight. Chicago was a happy madhouse and the boys were glad to be home.

In 1928, they opened at the Little Club and in 1929 moved on to the Silver Slipper, a happy-go-lucky speakeasy owned by the Mob and patronized largely by its personnel. They were tough to work for and tough to play for, but the pay was good. "There wasn't any legal closing hour, because the joint itself wasn't legal," Ben says. "So the late stayer-uppers would bounce a few C-notes on the bandstand to keep us going. There wasn't much the union could do about it, and we sure as hell weren't going to argue with those guys."

By this time the band personnel was at its peak. The rhythm section was composed of Vic Bradies on piano, Dick Morgan on guitar, Harry Goodman on bass and Ben on drums. Al Harris and Jimmy McPartland were on trumpet and Miller on trombone. The reeds were Gil Rodin, Benny Goodman and Bud Freeman. This was an all-star outfit in anybody's book. The band made a lot of records during this period, sometimes with Victor Young or Raderman on violin. Among them was the Pollack classic, "Sweet Sue."

"It was a swinging band," Ben says, "but hell, we always swung."

The Silver Slipper job gave out after three months, and the band was again without work. The musicians scattered to their homes to wait developments. They were not long in coming. Ben received a wire from Ed Schuerling, head of NBC's artists' department: "Come to New York. Park Central job open."

Ben hastily summoned his bandsmen to a New York rendezvous, in the belief that the hotel job, one of the prize spots in the nation, was theirs. But he was soon disillusioned. The job was open, all right, but no one had been hired for it.

"There were about two-hundred bands there for the audition," Ben says. "We were standing around with our teeth in our silly mouths wondering what next." The Pollack band auditioned along with the others, and waited. For a week or so, there was no word of any kind. Then it came. "You open Park Central Sept. 15." That was three weeks away.

At the suggestion of the Park Central management, Ben added two violins and a cello to the personnel and was all set. The opening was big, and the band was big all the time it played

the famous Grill Room.

Then, one memorable night, Dorothy Fields, daughter of famed old-time comic Lew Fields, came into the Grill Room and approached Ben. "Would you be interested in doubling between this job and a Broadway musical?" she asked. Ben was interested.

There began a busy time for the band. The musical was "Hello, Daddy," for which Dorothy had written the lyrics, her brother, Herbie, the book and Jimmy McHugh the music. Papa Lew was the star. The band rehearsed all day and played all night until the show opened, and then, with consent of the Park Central management, played the nightly shows before coming to work in the Grill Room.

"My God, how the money rolled in," Ben recalls, wistfully.

By this time, the business affairs of the band, plus the front job, were full-time occupations and Ben brought in Ray Bauduc to handle the regular drum chores.

"What a ball!" Ben says. "We were real big time now. The band wore full dress suits. Benny Goodman and Rodin were afraid the show wouldn't last, so they bought cheap outfits, with dikes instead of shirts. The management complained that we looked better than the customers. I was a big shot. I'd come in late just to give the crowd a break."

Later, Ben and McPartland split. Ben's version is that Jimmy appeared on the bandstand looking sloppy one night and, when he bawled him out, Jimmy quit, taking Benny Goodman with him. But Ben was only momentarily discommoded. He was in a good spot, with all that work and record dates besides, and he replaced Goodman and McPartland with Matty Matlock and Charlie Teagarden.

The good times rolled until the advent of the depression in 1929. Then things began to get tough. After leaving the Park Central and with the close of "Hello, Daddy," Ben had to take the band on the road, playing short dates and one-nighters. This tour didn't pay off. In fact, it cost Ben twenty thousand dollars. And there had been further changes in the band, whose lineup now was Gil Bowers, piano; Dick Morgan, guitar; Harry Goodman, bass; Ray Bauduc, drums; Gil Rodin, Matty Matlock and Eddie Miller, saxes, and Jack Teagarden, Sterling ("Bozo") Bose and Charlie Spivak, brass. Alex Geller, Ben's cousin, was the lone violinist.

Radio saved the day for a while. Rudy Vallee was in Hollywood making "The Vagabond Lover" and his sponsors, Fleiselman's Yeast, were looking

(Continued on Page 66)

nothin' hopen

An eighty-year-old playboy married a girl of twenty-three, and more than anything else, he wanted a son. After a short discussion with his youthful bride, he went to his physician and explained his ambition.

"I'm sorry," said the doctor. "You may be heir-minded, but you're definitely not heir-conditioned."



A N E C D O T E S F O R A D U L T S

mistaken identity



George was rowing down the River Thames one sunny afternoon when he suddenly lost one of his oars. Unable to paddle fast enough with only one oar to catch the missing implement, he could only sit and watch it float away from him. Looking around for someone to aid his predicament, he noticed a larger rowboat coming down-stream, manned by an elderly man and two women, all rowing.

"I say," he called. "Can you lend me one of your oars?"

The man in the other boat looked up angrily. Then he protested loudly, "They're not 'oars. They're me wife and daughter!"

f r o m t h e e s c a p a d e c o l l e c t i o n

no stoolie, she!

A New England mission worker had set about to do her best among the mountaineers of her state. In a gathering of teen-age girls, the missionary quizzed them in Bible lore.

"Sarah," she asked, "Tell us please, who was the first man?"

The mountain girl flushed as she defiantly answered, "Ah'd druther die first!"



AMBASSADOR'S BATHTUB (Continued from Page 45)

Ambassador had taken it for granted that the footman would show me to the proper place in spite of my incorrect wording.

Dimly, I could hear voices from the drawing-room, where distinguished personages waited for me to appear again. I became certain that people there wondered why I was doing, asking themselves why I wanted to take a bath at this inconvenient time, inquiring in whispers what evil fetish I was indulging, what strange vice. In the kitchen regions a chef and serving people stood ready. All attended me. The fate of nations, I felt, perhaps war itself, hinged on my necessity and being in the wrong place for it.

After only slight consideration, I decided that I could not possibly return to the drawing-room, clear up the mistake, and be shown to the proper place. Yet I could not retire beaten from the field. I played with the idea of opening the door and making a dash for the street, never to see Aunt Belle or these people again. Instead, I opened the door a crack and peered down the hall. I hoped to catch the footman and murder him after exacting true information from him. He was not in sight. I looked for the butler, for Mr. Ambassador, for anyone who might know the local terrain. The hall was empty.

I closed the door. I eyed the Ambassador's formidable bathtub. It was worthy of the desperate and daring plan that was forming in my mind. Experimentally I turned on one of the water taps. To my consternation a fountain of water gushed out with a noise that to me made Niagara sound like a dripping tap. Frantically, I shut it off. The plumbing boomed, announcing my aberrated activity throughout the house. In the scullery I could see heads jerk up in wonder. I tried not to think of the heads in the drawing-room and what dark suspicions must be going through them.

I thought of doing without the assistance of running water, but it seemed hardly decent. I tried to ease out a gentle stream from the tap. There was nothing gentle about this plumbing. It gushed, or flowed not at all. Certain that the noise of the roaring water was clearly audible in the drawing-room, I let it gush. I needed such cooperation.

I shut off the tap gingerly, hoping it would make no noise this time. The plumbing boomed louder than before, as though to commemorate my feat and boast of it to the world.

Putting on a bold outward front, I

returned to the drawing-room. Many eyes, with accusation in them, turned on me as I made my entrance. Peculiar looks were given me wholesale; the Ambassador gave me a penetrating one. Aunt Belle looked horrified, clearly wishing I were not her relative.

Now that I was again present, after my strange ablutions, Mrs. Ambassador, gracefully pretending that evil had not appeared at her dinner-party, offered her arm to her escort and led the way into the dining-room. I joined the procession with Aunt Belle on my arm. She held herself distinctly apart from me, and kept looking straight ahead, silently. At the table she kept glancing at me with mortification, but I paid the creature little attention. I could not keep my eyes off Mr. Ambassador, resplendent and dignified and important at one end. The sight of him made me realize I had achieved a certain distinction.

I claim to be the one and only human being who has ever had such a bizarre association with an Ambassador's bathtub. If there is another, let him come forward, bravely, as I have done.



CALL ME PAPA

(Continued from Page 56)

"What must I do," I asked him.

"All but lay tile in a communist bathroom," he said in Russian.

"I will gladly do it if it pleases you," I said in French.

"Bravo," he said in Italian.

"And it will not change our relationship?" I asked in American Indian.

"No, it will strengthen it," he said in Spanish.

"Let's switch to Bacardi," I said in Chinese, throwing the empty sherry bottle into the gulf.

"Let's do that," he said, "whatever that means."

"Whatever that means," I said.

"With handles," he said.

When the waiter came back, Mr. Hummingbird ordered two bottles of Bacardi that had been chilled by the snows of Kilimanjaro which are the truest snows there are and, as Mr. Hummingbird put it:

"The Gregory Peck of all snods."

Later on we talked of the kudu.

"Ah, the kudu, the big, black, wonder-horned, low-bellied, marvellous kudu," he said when I mentioned the animal.

"Are they as beautiful as they say?"

I asked him.

"Much more," he said, trying not to be rough. "You have not lived until you have stood in front of an iron-horned, furious, wild, charging kudu."

"Someday," I said, swigging the Bacardi, "I shall know that thrill, but not just yet."

"You may call me 'Papa,'" he said.

"Very well, Papa, I know what this means, and I do it only because you ask me to, and not out of disrespect or because you are too damn drunk to know what you are talking about."

"I hate the French," he said suddenly, "but they are wonderful people, even if they shoot their own in war."

"Yes."

It was two minutes before the first girl hit us. She came out on the piazza wearing a Bikini bathing suit with her long unbleached hair hanging on her shoulders, which were golden in the best light.

She could easily run B. F. Goodrich out of business, I thought.

"I'm Elise," she said simply.

"What's in a name," I said, feeling that feeling which comes to a man only twice in his life.

"You may call me P.O.M.," she said simply.

"Where is the friend?" I asked her.

"She left with an ambulance driver from Morocco," Elise said simply.

"I think I'll go shoot hyenas and watch them eat their insides out." I said, not wanting to leave.

"You do that," said Papa.

"It was truly a wonderful interview," I said.

"Goodbye," he said.

"Let's go to South America and watch a revolution," said Elise simply.

"Later, *mono*," said Papa Hummingbird.

"I'll see you in Spain next season and you can teach me how to drink from the wine skins without letting the wine touch my throat."

"Yes," he said, inspecting the Bikini.

"We will hunt ducks," I yelled from the door.

"Yes, and fish and eat cheese and bananas, and drink gin and wine and insult nationalists and old men, and go skiing in the dark, and goodbye."

"Adios," I said, trying to be continental.

All I heard as I went out of the door were the low and true voices of genuine lovers, and I blushed to think of the matter.

Whatever that means.



'ARF 'N' 'ARF

(Continued from Page 55)

distortion is the now commonly used "Goat and Compasses" name. Originally it was a pub with a somewhat more religious feeling, going by the sacred name of "God Encompass Us", for the pub was run by monks who offered hospitality to God-fearing, weary travelers. But to top it all, however, there is a tavern in England called "The Good Woman", which uses an illustration of a headless woman in event the satire is missed.

At Lincolnshire, in the north of England, there is another famous pub called "The Saracen's Head". Beginning as a coaching house, centuries ago, it still retains most of its architecture and its rustic charm. The Elizabethan courtyard as well as the stables are still there; but instead of horses and coaches, men and women drink and dine where once English horses neighed over oats. A few weeks ago,

Henry Treece, the well-known English novelist and poet, and I sat within its ancient portals drinking fortified Bass Ale by the hour. When we emerged from the convivial setting and our poetic spree, we were almost as heady as the drunken Saracen, grinning wickedly at us from his perch on the inn's sign.

Another example of a great inn and pub, though with more regal antecedents, is "The Angel And Royal" at Grantham, in the same Lincolnshire. The first Queen Elizabeth slept there, though earlier royal guests who caroused there were King John in 1213 and Richard the Third in 1483. It was here that Richard the Third signed the death warrant that purged the Duke of Buckingham. Obviously, there was more than sleeping and drinking going on in those kingly days, for pubs and inns often provided the major setting for divesting kings and queens of their royal heads. At the picturesque Red Lion Inn at Henley-on-Thames,

Charles the First, to cite another example of regal mayhem, received the first suspicion that he was soon to lose his head. Actually, the papers for his execution were prepared in one of the smoke-filled rooms of the Star Inn, at Great Yarmouth.

Smugglers and murderers had their own pubs and inns, with attendant wenches furnishing ribald entertainment between odd jobs of mayhem and robbery. A famous rendezvous for fugitives from justice was the Star Inn at Allfriston, in Sussex, which was built during Tudor times. Today the Star Inn flourishes with more legality, offering its non-sacred past to visitors who carry Kodak cameras instead of murderer's marlin spikes.

But where did the actors, playwrights, poets and politicians of yore go? Shakespeare and his actors often did a weekend of playing at the Rose and Crown, in Saffron Walden. And it is alleged that Shakespeare once stole a deer and was accused of thievery at the Stag Inn at Redhill-in-Arden, which must have been a wonderful setting for many forms of sin and sinning, being nigh on the Forest of Arden. Our own revolutionary hero, Thomas Paine, did frequent the White Hart, at Lewes, which was infamous for its mystery, conspiracy and political intrigue. Robert Burns, the Scottish poet, wrote on the wooden tables of Tibbie Shiel's Inn at Dumfries; and Southey and Wordsworth made literary history at the George Inn, Keswick, in the Lake District.

In its own way, the pub has been the rallying place for a peculiar triumph over the British personality; for engrained within the pubs of England is the wonderful English character of its conservative citizens. They stand and sip from mugs in the same fashion that ancient Englishmen did but without the cuisine their forebears had and with less exoticism.



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BEN POLLACK (Continued from Page 62)

for a replacement. Ben tried out and was hired. On this job, he displayed his flair for showmanship by inaugurating the "guest star" gimmick that has been the mainstay of many a network show since. Among those who appeared on his program were Walter Winchell, Gene Autry, Welcome Lewis, Jessica Dragonet, Graham MacNamee and Grace Hayes. The format was so successful that J. Walter Thompson, the sponsor's agency, wanted to fire Vallee and keep Pollack. But Ben, in a weak moment, consented to one appearance by Vallee "to see what he has."

He had enough — another gimmick. Vallee, then riding the crest of his popularity, initiated radio's first "give-away" program. What he offered was an autographed picture of himself to anyone who wrote in.

"The guy got more mail on that one program than we'd received during the seven weeks we replaced him," Ben says. "We were out, and Vallee was in."

But seven weeks on a national network hadn't done Ben any harm, either. Offers poured in. They opened at the Forest Club in New Orleans, following Waring's Pennsylvanians, and broke all house records. Then followed a series of engagements at resorts, hotels, theaters and nightspots around the country.

While playing an engagement at the White Bear Lake resort a pretty girl named Doris Robbins went over to the stand and introduced herself to Ben. She was a singer, it turned out, and a good one, who had replaced Ruth Etting as the singing star of Ziegfeld's "Whoopie," opposite Eddie Cantor. She went to work

for the band over the objections of most of the sidemen, who had no quarrel with Doris in particular but cared nothing for band canaries in general. Ben was adamant. He fell in love and he and his "canary" were married in Indianapolis in 1932.

That was the beginning of a long marriage, but also the start of a lot of professional trouble. The temperamental musicians got the idea that Doris was running the band, although Ben says this is not so. The close camaraderie that had existed between the members and made for spirited performances vanished. Playing became sloppy and Ben, irritated by constant "fluffs," got into a lot of arguments over what was wrong.

"When things start going that way, you can't do much about it," Ben says.

Then, to top it off, the band opened an engagement in New York that lasted for eleven months — until one of the owners, a member of the Mob, started making a play for Doris. Ben got fired.

This caused more dissatisfaction in the band. It had been a well-paying, easy job; much better, they felt, than the one-nighter not-so-merry-go-round they had been on earlier. And again, the band blamed Doris, and Ben's romance with her, for the trouble.

The band went along with Ben to fill an engagement at Sebastian's Cotton Club in Los Angeles, but when that date was over, there were no jobs. The boys scattered. By the time Ben had found work for the band, they had all gone to New York to join Benny Goodman. All, that is, except Joe Harris.

Ben was too big a talent to ignore, and he was mad. With Wingy Manone

on trumpet, he made a good stab at a comeback, and played some successful dates. But it wasn't like it had been when his band had been at the top.

The former Pollack bandmen went into a cooperative deal with Bob Crosby, and Ben organized another band. This was a good one, too, from a money-making standpoint. But Ben wasn't pleased with it, despite a good name lineup. This outfit included Freddie Slack, piano; Dick Morgan, guitar; Thurman Teague, bass; Opic Gates, Dave Matthews, George Hill and Irving ("Faz") Fazzola, reeds, and Harry James, Shorty Shrock and Joe Harris, brass. Stan Wrightman later replaced Slack, and Eddie LaRue took over for Teague.

"I dunno," Ben says, regretfully. "That *should* have been a great band."

They played a lot of dates on the West Coast. James finally left the band, to be succeeded by Muggsy Spanier. They worked the Joe ("Wanna By A Duck?") Penner radio show. They cut a few records.

"Frankly, my heart wasn't in it much," Ben says.

In 1941, the William Morris Agency approached Ben with a proposition. Chico Marx was going on the road and needed a band. "You got a band," the graysuits pointed out. "Can we deal?" "Sure," Ben said. So the Pollack band went on a theater-nightclub tour with Chico, who fronted the band and called it his. Ben took fifty percent of Chico's net.

About this time, Glenn Miller and Ben were working on a project to start up their own cooperative band booking agency. "It looked real sweet," Ben says. "I came out to Hollywood to study the business and get ready to set it up. Then, the war came along. You know what happened?" Of course, what happened was that Miller was killed in the service.

Ben half-heartedly went back into the band business. He got together a good, driving group and opened in war-booming San Diego, California. But it wasn't the same, and he wanted out. After a few more desultory years, he put away his drums and went into the restaurant business, where he remains to this day.

"You know, it's a crazy thing," he says. "I loved that music business, and I worked hard at it. I even think I was pretty good at it." After a reflective pause, he continues: "But you know, the biggest income tax I ever paid as a musician was twelve dollars!"



"Has it ever occurred to you that you waste a lot of creative energy?"



* ON THE COUCH

PSYCHIATRIST: You say you've always felt socially insecure?

PATIENT: Uh-huh.

PSYCHIATRIST: And you feel inadequate with women?

PATIENT: Uh-huh. Inadequate.

PSYCHIATRIST: Perhaps your reading habits have something to do with your condition. Do you read?

PATIENT: Uh-huh. Kafka, Pedersohn, Plato.

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PATIENT: Uh-huh.

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