

Escapade

MAY 1956 50 CENTS



BY JOHN HUNTER

SEMINAR ON VIRGINITY

**PHOTOGRAPHER'S
PRIVATE FILE**

So You Want A Girl In The Palm Of Your Hand . . . ?

Every well-blooded American male, whether he be an inhabitant of Al Capp's no-tions country or a denizen of sophisticated Urbana, wants a girl in the palm of his hand. The achievement of this desirable condition demands a certain amount of love, a certain knowledge, a certain amount of ingenuity, a certain amount of persistence. For these things, girls go.

ESCAPEE would like to see a girl in the palm of every well-blooded American male, and toward this end offers each month a compendium of literary and artistic selections which, taken in whole or in part, may be used as an authentic guide to a girl's heart. We know, because girls write and tell us so.

For example, take this issue, based in a cover which actually pictures an ESCAPEE who has reached the state of grace aspired to by all worthy males. In answer to uncounted requests, we offer another *Photographer's Private File*, this time featuring the Millers' charming daughter, Mona, as photographed by that sly lensman, Max Meyer. We also invite your attention to a phenomenal aspect of Hollywoodian life called "What's So Unusual About These Pictures?", which is a pleasantly stir-

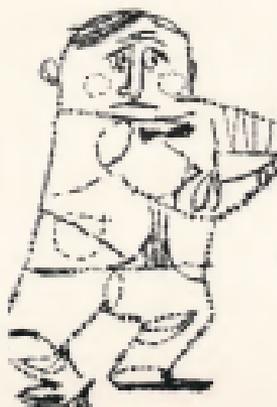
ringing sort of perceptiveness and certainly more fun than a crossword puzzle.

In the humor department, we not only present a number of very funny articles and departments, such as *Alan Beck's* hilarious debunking of the sports car, titled "Four-Wheeled Deceit," but also tell you how to create jabs on your own back in "Being Funny's No Joke," by Dr. Marvin Klein.

This month's fiction is widely varied in subject matter and style. There is, for example, *Frederick Plotkin's* sensitive study of an adulterous relationship as seen through the eyes of a small boy; "Mother's Day At The Red Park," by upstartling author Marley Colington, which examines the human side of a baseball umpire, a side hitherto thought by many fans to be non-existent; "Dance, America!" by Leo Zimberg, a probing look into the depths of frustration, and other stories of equal interest.

And we announce, with appropriate fanfare, ESCAPEE's Creative Writing Contest for College-ians, one of our most impressive projects.

You've probably got a girl in the palm of your hand already. So you've got two hands, hasn't you?



barbs and balm...

WHAT IS A "SHE-SCAPADER"?

DEAR ESCAPADE:

A She-scapader is female, fellow and fellow. A woman of substance, she knows how to live, how and how long you do want your bang — preferably long. She is slender, efficient, capable and without the in-curve-a-kind-of-neck, although she can be beautiful. Her price is high, but it is always paid. In the old days her name was Aphrodite or Helen or Cleopatra. She is never a shame Diana, but a chaste Diana. And she is caught in her own time, in her own way, in her own place. This may be money or marriage — perhaps both. She looks best in Minnie, on the arm of an Escapader. She makes love with charm and finesse, you do not! The place may be a polished breakfast or the back seat of a Peugeot or perhaps even, but even better place, Volkswagen, also there and the glass, take-out motor. She knows how to hold her whiskey and sometimes, later to get the most out of her Peter Muller in their white socks, socially suitable in their lovely limited. In short, she is precious like platinum or carmine or amethyst, and every bit is expensive. Her hair is spun gold, her eyes are sapphires, her lips a crimson, her hands powdered lilac, her fingernails, hot (high-shine) ivory. Her diamonds turn roses sprinkled with diamonds.

YVETTE M. COBB

Huntington Park, California

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Some girl, the "She-scapader" of Jewish myth, or think, or should say, for the Escapader (see Feb. 1965 issue). Thank you, Mrs. Cobb.)

CRY FOR HELP

DEAR ESCAPADE:

If you can find my kind soul who can loan to part with back copies of Escapade (I have loaned them to you several times from now) I'll pay \$2 for one copy of each issue.

THEODORE M. BLANKINS
New Brighton Beach
San Luis Obispo 2, Calif.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: We create many requests for back issues, and Mr. Blankins' generosity was most helpful. We hope that readers can help these Escapaders who are trying to build complete files but have had the misfortune to miss early issues.)

YOU'VE GOT US

DEAR ESCAPADE:

(Editorial Reference, 1964, What's a wonder?)
She says in "Machinists' Choice," fourth line, last sentence, I quote:

"Sometimes, when we lie together and share some those long, burning silences, she says to me: 'She Jews are some motherfucker!' And I always answer, 'Ain't!' End quote.

Now, tell me there for mean that for in thinking about thinking, or of his kidneys? In French, "nothing" is "rien." "Kidney" is "reins."

Excuse me for Escapade? Quel' comment?

M. RUINI

Bloomington, New Jersey

NOTE AND COMMENT

DEAR ESCAPADE:

I have all of your magazines on file, and I plan to get the rest. Your magazine is very enjoyable, but there are a few things which I think could be improved.

Your initial issue was great but the next issue wasn't quite as good, except for your "Catholics Escapade" (this was the best pleasure story I have ever read and the cover was beautiful with art). The December issue was flat, the pleasure story on Margaret Remy was disappointing, but the rest of the magazine was a highlight. Your cartoons didn't seem to have the punch of previous issues and the stories weren't nearly as interesting. Now, I am glad to say that, in my opinion, your January issue improved nearly to the level of the initial issue, and your February issue topped them.

In short, you have a great magazine and I hope that you will keep improving it, although it is impossible to say much.

BOB REED

University of Florida

DEAR ESCAPADE:

Your March issue is just great. Escapade is getting better all the time. All the stories and pictures are excellent. Keep up the good work.

DONALD M. MANNIN

Chicago, Illinois

DEAR ESCAPADE:

I have just finished your February issue. The poems of Marie Perle were terrific. How about getting her into that slot, like Howard, but feature Escapade girls?

By the way, who were the November, January and February Escapade girls? We Escapaders would appreciate being in in on this secret.

JACK HARDING

Chicago, Illinois

(EDITOR'S NOTE: In November, the contemporary girl was Lee Wilens; in January, Lynn Turner.)



We thank Mr. Harding for writing the letter that gives us in return to see another picture of the very lovely Marie Perle (above).

JAIL FORECAST

DEAR ESCAPADE:

The guy who writes your pieces almost just does a lot of talking, but he doesn't say anything. I don't think he's been anywhere, either. At least not in the South. I would like a real Yankee to talk about Southern music as being "good."

Everybody knows that real jazz begins in the South and the school people down here can still pull you out.

What about (you don't) know is that jazz is black music, and it all comes from the hillbilly songs that our colored folks and poor white people sing.

My white people hillbilly music became a come from the brass. Marine banders are too smart to feel sentimental, but here in the South that's the best part of living.

BILLY LEE TERNEY

Chattanooga, Tennessee

DEAR ESCAPADE:

The cover of State College read the "Just Forecast 1966" article with one alteration (except for an appearance, as far as we're concerned, for KENNY (not done) oh, just now).

In one place, he says "There are plenty of hillbilly songs that make musical distinctions in rock-and-roll, rhythm-and-blues and (ugh!) western swing (or on their way out)."

That's plain silly. It's blague and so on. And there's a reason for it. Rock-and-roll and rhythm-and-blues have about the biggest ball there is, and it's not reaching out.

If KENNY thinks it's on the way out, he ought to get down there to see of our shores. It would open his eyes.

A BRUCE OF CADO

San Diego, California

DEAR ESCAPADE:

Read for Knutler's "Jane Fonda: 1966" and thought to myself "I wish I had written that." Here's the kind of intelligence approach to progressive jazz that I wish there was a lot more of.

I have only one complaint, and that is that he did not mention more fully on the New York musicians who are doing such a great job. But I gathered from the article that he would rather speak from his own experience and that he has spent more of his time on the West Coast and, perhaps, didn't feel qualified to speak about the recent wonderful happenings here.

Obviously, the article was great, right on. I fully agree that "this is definitely the era of the cool man."

One of the things I liked most about it, I guess is that Knutler doesn't fall off other good types of jazz, like hard bop, and cold swing, but has the guts to blow down rhythm-and-blues and hillbilly junk, along with the holy paper for that.

Let's have more of Knutler. I'd read anything he would write.

ALLEN ARNDT

New York City, New York

(EDITOR'S NOTE: ESCAPADE, no editorial office, has a favorite style of its own, and that is, KENNY. "By Edna We Know.")



Lyster

100

escapade

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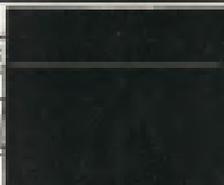
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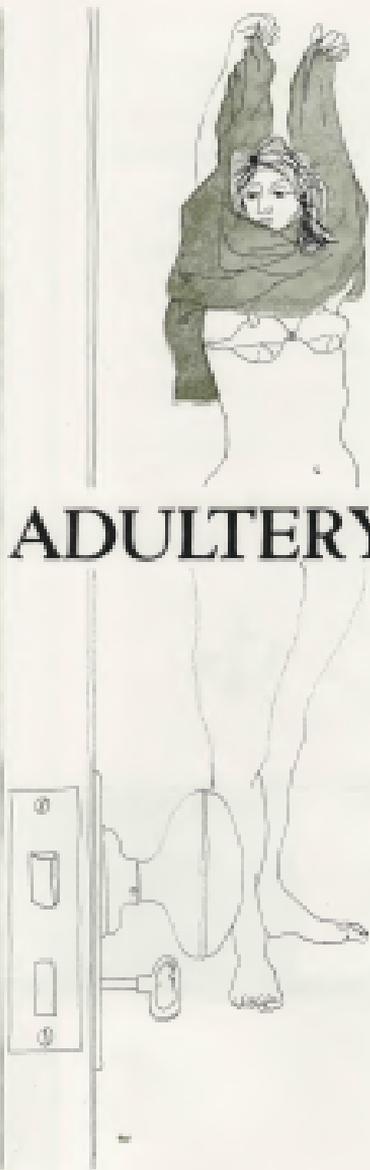
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Archival Collection

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APPOLOGY

Incidentally, the following article was not listed in the April issue: "The American Beauty," by Betty Collier, was later "The American Beauty of British Island," published by Louis Brown and Company and Book, Mass and Paris. "The American Beauty," by Tennessee Williams, was from "The Day and After Tomorrow," copyright 1954 by Tennessee Williams, and was reprinted by permission of the publisher, New Directions.



ADULTERY

inferno.

"... (whisper, hush)"

"... tell us somebody, son. People call them informers, squealers, snitches. You're old enough to tell them informers, Tommy."

Tommy promised that he would never again inform.

Informing. He considered the word, and he wasn't sure it applied, because he knew the man who came to see his mother was bad. It was easy for him to tell that, just as in the movies, when a man with black teeth is around his mouth for his horse, he could always tell that man was going to be the villain. He thought about the time he first knew of the man, how they had gone to the great, high-ceilinged railroad station to see his father off, how they had huddled by the cross-gabled train gate and the hurry of it all to hear the train call's voice, and how his father had told him to take good care of his mother while he was away.

"You're the man of the house while I'm gone, Tommy. You take good care of your mother."

"Yes, sir"

His father kissed his mother and ruffled his hair.

"Oh, Tom!" His mother sounded like someone else's mother sometimes. "He looked so nice! Come here, Tom-

my!"

She thrust a comb through his hair. "Hold still! There!"

His father picked up the shiny yellow bag, and the brief case, his shiny and wet yellow.

"You're a group of nervous honey," his father said. "Don't take it any while I'm away. Give a good rest." He kissed her again and was gone through the gate.

In his bed that night, the boy felt his father's absence, and he wondered if the doors were locked, and he thought how easily a burglar could cut through a screen. It was a long time before he fell asleep, and even later, in his sleep, he was restless, because his pillow was hot and his shoes were hot, and the way there were voices. The heat and the voices prodded him, stirred him and prodded until he was suddenly awake, listening, upright in bed, eyes wide against the darkness, watching. The breeze stopped the curtain against the screen of the open window, and there was the silhouette of his chair with his clothes hanging over it and the glint of reflected moonlight on the porcelain Egg Bunny that sat on the top of the dresser. He scanned the rooming of rigidity, and only his eyes moved, side to side, up and down, daring. His very stiffed his silence, straining to catch the cracking of a

board on the branch of a mantelpiece against a wall, that shone were only the voices. He moved his head to listen. They were close. They were from his mother's room. He dove, head deep into the pillow and clucked the covers over him and lay very still, his heart beating through his chest against his huddled arms. He imagined men with masks and guns creeping closer, but he couldn't say remembering what his father had said him.

"You're the man of the house while I'm gone, Tommy. Take good care of your mother . . ."

He would need something to fight with, but his handball bat was in the cellar in the corner against the white-washed wall, and his father's gun was in the bathroom where the voices were, under the bath of socks in the drawer second from the top and the buttons were in the jewel box. Anyway, he didn't know how it worked. All he knew was that the gun broke open in the middle. But there was the tele phone . . . on the Chinese stool on the downstairs hall table, and he wondered if he could get to it on all the poles.

"... take good care of your mother . . ."

"Yes, sir"

But his mother warned him to

"... take good care . . ."

He peeked from beneath the covers slowly, just his eyes, waiting for something to grab him, like a wormtail or some other movie monster. But there was nothing, and more bravely, he sat up. He heard the voices, and as long as he could hear them in the distance, he felt safe. He decided to try to go on the phone, and once he decided, he didn't let himself think about it because it was too frightening, and he just moved his body without thinking about it. The bed squeaked, and he heaved his body against a bed cot against when you try to get out of one quickly, but he could still hear the voices, so it was all right. Under his feet the rug was wool-warm, and then the wood of the floor was hard and cool. The voices were louder at the doorway, and he stopped. Even snuffed, he knew his mother's voice. There was no red patch or pore to it. It was coming like stopped into the hallway, and it was her voice, and a man's.

A laugh.

"Who, darling! Not so loud . . ."

Hand over the mouth laughing.

For a while, he stood there. And he heard. And then, back in his bed, the sofa rocked on him like vomit, and in the morning, the voices when he

(Continued on Page 28)



"Just one more for my collection before we head it up."

I was already on my way out of the Benetton lingerie & Gilda Shoppe with a small bag containing the tubes of stockings for my mistress under my arm, when my thought (some so dumb of it, she was I think larger in the top size than Margaret) said, "Well, thank God for men as would never get rid of the junk!"

Great answer! "You mean to tell me a woman would never buy a Gilly black-and-white-beige-trimmed sock-frustrated-undershoe Gilda-Tantalus . . . ?"

Yes, could I had been hit on the head with Newton's apple while standing on the deck of Darwin's Raft. Did only men buy the black and shiny stuff, while women themselves invested in the sensible practical white replacement? A significant research project was under way.

Two pieces of underwear do not add up to a Kinky Report, but a couple of thousand might — so, first, in the lingerie stores.

Tuesday mathematicians were questioned. Ninety-nine and eight-tenths percent, surprisingly, didn't think much of black—honey. White was definitely their baby — it suits the non-55-55 percent, and multi-ple is unusual, but only slightly more than 5 percent of total output was black. White's more. Black was almost entirely Christmas seasonal. Even then, black didn't stay sold. Furthermore, literally speaking, although we were in a big town as reported, we were also in a black lingerie department.

The significance in these findings?

A spokesman for the hundreds of Lingerie Shops "I believe may give the male buyer an excuse, but after the holidays a good 80 to 75 percent of the black comes back for exchange. Whether it has served any purpose in the interim, we cannot say. Maybe just buying the stuff is enough."

James (New York Fashion) News: "We were making more black 18 years ago because the boys, just fresh out of the barracks, marched into the stores and created the demand for black panties."

Henry (Peter Pan Foundation) Pleas: "Even today, we still make as much black as we do only because men wear it on their head, or in the case of a really good panty-girdle, attempt to head in only men."

The few seven male shoppers encountered in women's shops were asked: "What color lingerie do you prefer to buy?" Increasingly even different attitudes showed up.

EPANON: "Never buy any at all." (Business somewhat weakened by the fact subject held lingerie package and sales slip in hand). FORTYFIVE: "Black, of course. I was like something delirious!" (Subject emphasized statement by hanging a pair into a cupped hand). SEVENTEEN: Personally, I don't care what color the underwear is." EARNST-MEN: "Me and a buddy, a real suggest, marched all the hell over France looking for the wall. Never did buy any, because only pink was left and, somehow, that didn't seem like underwear." TRADITIONALISM IN MAINTAINING A DISTINCTION BETWEEN PROFFANE AND SACRED WOMEN: "I used to buy black for a girl I was being with, somehow I would have seemed too forward to buy her white, just like it wouldn't seem right to buy black for the wife." PRACTICALITY: "It just happens I bought my wife some white and why I

(Continued on Page 59)

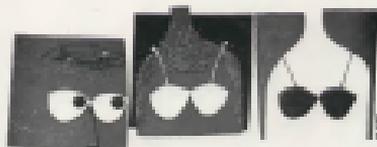
MEN,

WOMEN

AND LINGERIE

*Buy her black and
she'll probably exchange it*

BY DOLPH SOLARI





By DR. MARTIN KLEIN

When you turn on your favorite TV comic or celebrate your anniversary on the neighborhood nightclub, and sit there thinking, "O.K. Make me laugh," anywhere up to half-a-dozen men are growing silent. In doubt, they'd afraid you won't laugh. Not only is this comic on the spot, but four or five men whose names you probably never heard of are sweating it out with him. They're the men that have to get funny for money, the comic writers. When you consider the average thirty-minute television show grinds up sixty to seventy gags, and this pitiable commodity, usable only

in general situations. The comic is to be involved in an income tax situation, say. Naturally, there, the material must fit in with income tax, the people connected with income tax, and the problems of paying it. For the three years on your tax. How do you go about thinking up thirty or forty jokes about income tax, remembering that if you don't, you won't have any to pay yourself next year?

Most gag writers consciously or unconsciously work on basic formulas. There are more or less tried and true general situations that make people laugh. The principle one, for example,

BEING FUNNY'S NO

try a formula and you may get



once, must be ground out with regularity, you can see somebody's got a job on his hands. That is, if he can stay funny enough to keep it.

I don't think anybody is naive enough to believe that the humor that pours forth weekly, week in and week out, is the spontaneous offspring of the comic. For that matter, I don't think anybody even believes anymore, that comedians even write their own material that landed with the way of Fred Allen, the greatest of them all, in my opinion. The truth is that behind each humorous situation, gag line or ad lib is the thinking of from four to half a dozen men and they have to turn the stuff out like a freshener in college writers weekly those papers.

Did you ever try to sit down and write an original joke? It ain't easy. In fact, it's about as serious a business as you can get yourself into. I know, I have to do it day after day and week after week. There's no sitting around waiting for humorous inspirations. They usually don't come by four o'clock Tuesday afternoon, the way the producer wants them to. And they don't come in bundles of forty or fifty, the quantity you have to turn in to hold up your end. You can't even use an old joke bank. It seems everybody comes one and knows every gag in it. I tried this and it didn't work. You finally face the fact that you gotta be funny.

About all there is to go on is the general subject or theme about which the material is to be written, the

is exaggeration. For some reason, and thank heaven we don't worry why, when you exaggerate things enough, it makes people laugh. Suppose we say the comic is complaining about how much money he owes the government. To exaggerate a great debt we think of who really owes the government a lot of money. This is pretty obviously, with the Marshall Plan and the old lend-lease, any foreign government. Here's the making of an exaggeration gag. We'll let the comic say:

"I owe the government so much money, they don't know whether to throw me in jail, or declare me a foreign power."

To exaggerate things some more, we could get into the thickness of the concrete on corners here and let the comic carry one out on stage and say:

"This is the Individual Income Tax Actives."

"This is the short pass. We also have the long pass, it's out in a trailer track in the parking lot."

Another type of situation that it was got a laugh — and only when a chuck of applause — is the statement of an obvious truth. For example we might have the comic say:

"I say here if you are kind or ever anything, check here. Let's just it, after talking this out, who wouldn't be?"

or an another obvious truth would be:

"I say here, estimate your income for the next year and write it here. I did, but I left my name and address off the top. It they want me to guess how much I'm

going to make, let them guess who mailed it in."

I was later told, incidentally, that somebody did this last for some reason they wouldn't give me his name and address. Another favorite formula involves creating a funny picture about something. My favorite gag, and I didn't write it, along these lines is:

"His mailbox is long for her ship to come in that has just collapsed."

This brings us to a technique which is widely used and is considered big:

JOKE

pabulum

mean. This is called "gag switching," in which, you create part of a known gag and change the other part, or you keep the idea in general and rewrite it. The "collapsed ship" bit could be written in rewritten form as:

"I told them I'd pay my tax as soon as my ship came in, but just then my pig collapsed."

or another idea which suggests itself:

"I told them I couldn't finish filling this out because my pen collapsed."

The most subtle type of humor formula is a "trap." Some people just don't go with this and they're hard on gag writers, even though gag men will laugh louder at these. There's always a meaning or relationship in the strange structure itself and that's what makes it funny — except when a kid's — and that's about:

"I got so frustrated filling out this thing, I threw myself into my favorite pen and committed suicide."
"I got so confused on this form, I threw myself into the inkwell and blackened to death."

When all else fails, material is compared up using what is called a "line-up." In this type of gag, two lines are written and set as a building for the third line which is the punch for the gag. If properly delivered, these almost always get a strong response.

"My neighbor Charlie Adams went in and got a \$100 reward, my line went in and got a \$100 reward. He, they gave mine."

All of the material listed so far is suitable in either monologue form or

indicated above or in dialogue where the stage reverses back and sets up the gag line. Monologues are the most difficult to write and, to hold audience interest, a strong laugh must come every two or fifteen seconds. This again, isn't easy. If you think back to your favorite comic, you'll probably remember that his monologues come at the beginning of the show and last about 200 minutes. You can go through a pile of material to get funny wrong gags for a monologue. The worst part is, there's no dialogue to hold the interest of the audience, and if a gag line is just like there looking miserable. If two of three in a row do, so does the comedian. That's why I start calling up my old boss at Sears-Roebuck. The result is, more comedy situations are developed in dialogue so if the gag line, the continuity of the story runs your work. This gives rise to dialogue gags, the ones that go best in conversation rather than in straight monologue delivery. A favorite here is the "biologic" type, in which a long argument is developed and the punch line then is complete reversal on what the talking is building to:

Comic: I'm going to beat every window in the joint, knock up the desk, poke you in the nose and get a gun and point it straight at your head.

Clad: . . . and pull the trigger
Comic: Whatever no, I'd go to jail.

or:

Comic: I've dedicated for my neighbor's kids, my children, our three cats and my father's second wife.

Clad: . . . are you claiming your son?

Comic: He's over eighteen. That would be cheating.

There are some other formulas and new and then, but I think it may be pretty evident that you can build up a pretty good quantity of material just from these alone. Needless to say, you can always get a laugh containing a famous person's name. Right now, Marilyn Monroe works best. Any twist on George Costello is also sure fire. This one killed them:

"That's an old joke. In fact it's so old, I remember it back in the time when George Costello could still get things."

Mr. Costello, incidentally, covered the market on the "poor English" gag. When I say it, it just makes me sound illiterate. When he says it, with complete confidence (probably) they fall into their TV sets. Some of the best look

better than any.

Let's see how we take this collection of formulas and actually sit down on a blank Monday morning with the kids pulling the paper from under you and the wife with placards and the whole situation generally demanding, and come out a batch of material. All the formulas in the world won't be worth a cent, if first of all you don't see the funny side of things. You'd be amazed how you get to see the funny side if, like me, you live with two kids, three cats, two dogs, a brother-in-law, and an ex-dancer for a wife. I mean only that my wife is an ex-dancer — well, you get what I mean.

To start things off, you get a cup of coffee. That always helps, especially if you happen to drink coffee. Next you start a pointless word game in which you write down everything and anything that comes to mind about the subject to be gagged. It doesn't have to be funny. It almost never is. Then, people involved, possible situations — in fact anything will do for the start. This is known as free-flowing. Let's say, for instance, the speaker's wife had a dream about insurance. Being a very creative-type person, she got up on the "write-side" of bed and said, "John, wouldn't it be funny if Helmut Schickler did a program about life insurance?" John, who is nobody's fool, says, "Leen," because it's on my shoulders and into Helmut's mouth and this is on my small problem because Helmut can't even read. So, here we go:

LIFE INSURANCE. Live a long time . . . company not dependable . . . is dependable . . . if it's company . . . End of Schickler . . . pabulum . . . complicated wording . . . brevity . . . rather when you die . . . policy good for wallpaper . . . good for wrapping paper . . . company president doesn't have life insurance . . . live it with another company . . . how to die a complicated way to collect . . . Let's stop here and see what formula we can apply. Sometimes they come fast, in writing down . . . good for wrapping paper . . . a "trick gag" suggested itself:

"I loved the pabulum this company hasn't even made good wrapping for fish."

A second one came pretty easy, too. This is about having to die in a new planned way and suggests a three-way gag:

"Why don't think it's a good deal. How much chance is there I'd die

(Continued on Page 15)



*Among discarded memories,
he roamed like a scavenger*

By **LEN ZINBERG**

I was lingering over a signpost in this small bar next to the theater, waiting for someone in particular, when he came in. He looked familiar, the sort of person you know you've seen before — but where? He didn't fidget; he downed three fine whiskeys in a hurry and stared for the door. If I didn't remember his face, I knew the heavy fur. He was a joker who lived a few streets away from my house, and I usually walked behind him every morning as we rushed for our common train.

"When I finally finished my drink I walked slowly over to the station and all of a sudden he was waiting for the 11:15 train. We glanced at each other, nodded vaguely. I said, 'I saw you in the bar next to the ballet theater. See the show?'"

He nodded.

"Hardly call myself a lover of the ballet," I went on, "but I enjoyed it. From it, this is the first ballet I've seen in years. Usually can't stand all that silly posing and prancing, the poetry gawking. Same with opera, only I can't take opera in any form. But this foreign dance company, they're smart, mixing ballet and sex."

He didn't say anything; I wasn't sure he was even listening. Our seats pulled in and we sat together and I tried once more, although I was sure I'd covered the conversation. "The poster outside the theater, the picture of the ballerina, she Maria Amara, got me. Never saw anything so lively, so supple and lithe, and those marvelous breasts. Young too, can't be over 18."

"She's 25," he said, his voice thick and almost sultry.

"Most of these ballet girls are too muscular, haven't much up in the breast department, but this Maria, why . . ."

"Why the hell don't you stop talking about her?" he asked suddenly, his voice drunk-hard.

He was a bit too soft and then he talk that rough. I asked, "Why shouldn't I talk about her? What's the matter?"

"Nothing. Excuse me. I'm wound up pretty tight . . . a little high. Or I wish I was. Forget it."

We didn't talk for awhile and I glanced at my paper and he stared at the floor. Then he said, "The dancing was a little rough; they were better last night."

"I'm an authority on . . . last night? You a ballet fan?"

"Not for a club that doesn't know what it's all about. But I've seen every show since they opened last week. And I'll be there every night till they close."

"Connected with the 180340?"

He shook his head. "You a just ball of martial curiosity. I don't know, with a name like Amara — and that's her real name — she could hardly miss during the war."

"Name . . . what?"

He raised and stared at me for a moment, his eyes heavy. "You curious, serve in Europe?"

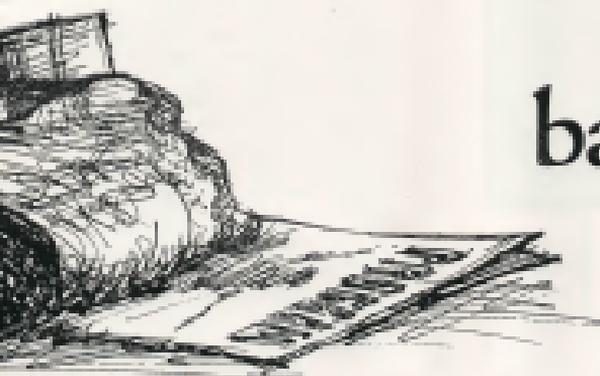
"I was a lieutenant, stuck in Ohio all during the war," I said with the polite smile I reserved for such explanations.

"An officer — oh, hell, know how it was with me? I know Maria over in Italy."

"You see her there?" I asked.

"I never saw her there — there, I was a man of great influence there, a man who certainly deserved to keep a fancy ballerina. I was a big company corporal who worked in the PX, had a tremendous supply of Crutons, candy, and cigarettes. Oh, I was a very, very big wheel, you understand."

(Continued on Page 17)



dance,
ballerina!



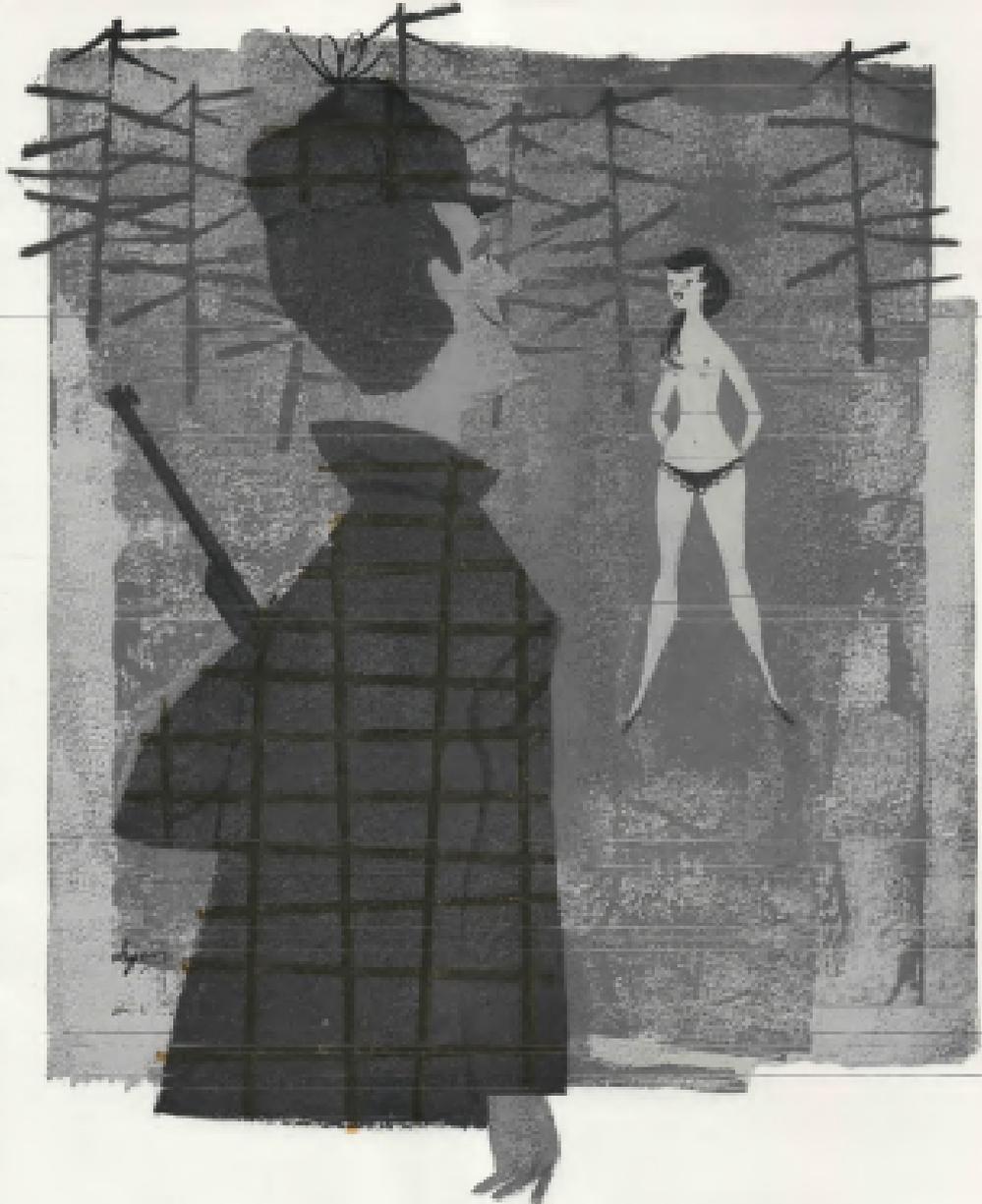
While McCaffery, the husky team captain, had a splendid conceit for the crowd. No one had ever heard him say a good word about fans in a ball park. Not only were they worse than abusive and heartless children, he had decided long ago, but they had no sense of natural justice. They were incapable of appreciating that beautiful coordination of mind and eye that were lines one of his decisions. They were always successful at his superior ingenuity. On and off the ball field he avoided people, but he didn't feel lonely. He was proud of his work.

Around the circuit regular fans who hated his imperiousness doubtless would try and side him, and he would show his contempt in the way he stood on the baseline, his massive blue-veined body motionless, his big arms folded, his shoulders hunched up, his cap pulled down over his eyes. He might as well have been deaf. Indeed, some fans believed that he actually was deaf, for when they tried kidding him before a game, with a laughing scorn friendliness, he wouldn't even raise and smile. He despised their loud-mouthed familiarity as much as he did their loud-mouthed insults, and the crowd knew it, and when he was occupying after a routine, concluded, that was his line, and yelled, "Yerrr out!" The line remained held was like a quivering spring, quivering with the crowd's angry roar, and they hated it. But they wouldn't touch him with their insults. He had trained himself so thoroughly that words addressed to him had no meaning. They were just sounds.

One Saturday afternoon he was working the second game of a double header between Buffalo and Toronto

(Continued on Page 28)





"Are you sure this is the way to attract moose?"

There's something to be said for roll-up windows



FOUR

WHEELED

BRONCO

I bought a sports car. It was my money. I went for it, saved for it, gave up smoking for it, switched from Scotch to dollar wine, and I bought it. If Alan couldn't see it, I was sorry. It was my money.

There are some things a man does because he cannot help himself — dressing in an inside straight, throwing tigers, becoming a fisher, and buying a sports car. All of a sudden, he without a sports car is just a bowl of goat.

The first thing that happened was that I was arrested on general principles before I even got the thing home. Officers of the law are sensitive about sports cars. There is something about chrome tailpipes that makes policemen see stop-light red. Dual exhausts irritate them; a custom Indianapolis design; a straight pipe causes suspicion on the spot. As I say, I was arrested on the way home from the dealer.

Alan thought it was cute and for a moment I thought I had gained some ground. "Well, let's go out for a spin in the Green Hammer," I suggested, "and I'll show you what a real car will do." Two blocks later her hair was blowing straight out ahead and she looked like the Witch of Endor. How could I have assumed that?

"Turn it around and take it home," said the stop-light of my life. "You ride your way and I'll ride mine."

"But I needed in the old car," I pointed out. "You don't have anything else to ride in."

"I will have something," she threatened, and she did. She withdrew all \$150 from her savings account and bought a quonset, windbreak 120 miles with wall over 100,000 miles on it. (You can wear an American car down, but you have to kill its cofessor with a stick.) And Alan hasn't set foot in the sports car since. Why sports cars do this to a woman's hair, only the foreign designers know and they aren't talking. In all other kinds of transportation, including the bus, the hair blows back away from the head. Not in a sports car — it has to be different.

Intoxicated as I was with the idea that all moving such a little, sleek craft, I was not so tremendously drunk that I couldn't notice that the thing rode like the Old Oklahoma B Wagon R.R. It was rougher than an Arkansas cob. Ran over a slight bump and the shock would travel right on up the steering column, into the arms, and land with a thud at the base of the brain. Either they forget the springs in my sports car or else it's supposed to be driven standing up.

"This," said the dealer, when I went back to ask if springs were optional, "makes the sports car to hold the road better and improve the covering." Covering, it seems, is what happens when you take a corner or curve fast. Subsequent tests proved the dealer to be correct. The roaring Green Hammer would corner like all get-out. I'll never forget the thrill of taking a sharp corner on a country road at 80 miles an hour, head-on into a herd of sheep. My grill was replaced for \$10, but the shabby were beyond repair. The man with the sheep said he was going to see me and he was right.

But don't misunderstand. I like the Green Hammer. I like it even though the man it is so low that I have to look up to see the bottom of a Greyhound Bus. I like it even though I can't see over

By **ALAN BECK**

the top of the steering wheel. There is a good two inches to look through under the wheel. And I don't mind the rough ride too much. While an invalid cushion probably would soften the shock, I am sure I will tougher up in time.

I hadn't been driving the Green Hornet long before I discovered that sports car society will not even have distantly to do with a speedy American van. The rugged sports car, it seems, has a long pedigree and will stand on continents which simply cannot be crated by an abundance of cushions and dinky horsepans. I heard the very automobile boasting of roll-up windows instead of manmade, hood-or-plastic side-panels is to be observed with a raised eyebrow. Windows indeed! What do they want in the Keep-where-is-where?

I learned that a sports car should have nice wheels of the type held on by a single, big wingnut; not the hollow style seen on the expensive sports car. My best-wishing has been so complete that today I would rather be driven to the cemetery in a Model T hearse than own wire wheels which are belted on.

An important generic difference between the hood is in the sound of the exhaust note. A true sports car will always make a noise whether the sports car will be stricken dumb, poor thing. This cheerful exhaust note is not the rumble blast of the hooded, but the throaty sound of a tiger purring into a microphone as your grandmaster roars in the rear room. My own boy-like fingers have installed a special muffler on the Green Hornet so, that while idling, the engine sounds like a complex motor boat — "bubbel-de-boop, bubbel-de-boop."

Being rather simple in mind, I had no trouble in adapting myself to the simplicity of the Green Hornet. Lack of gadget is the very essence of its design. A Confederate would sneer at "Marking Through Goggles" than a sports car driver would speak such dirty words as power steering, power brakes, automatic transmission, all of which are the sports car's arch-enemy. The strict purist even develops an aversion to windshield, windshield wipers, floor boards and tops. This is probably something like pigs and requires long practice.

The Green Hornet, of course, has an old-fashioned, floor-mounted gear-shift, since a sports car driver would rather have thumbs on his stomach than have a gear-shift on the steering post. If all this makes sense, then I am J.

Fred Magge, but have me fast and I am making a clean house of everything.

Finally, the sports cars are big and fat, whereas the sports car must be small and light. Why must it be small and light? What are you, anyway? A wheel teacher? All sports cars are small and light! Must you have a name, then?

Of course I expected space to be a little tight in my two-wheeled browser. After all, it was worn carrying exactly one car always has a 2-ton truck. But what I laughingly refer to as my luggage compartment would scarcely accommodate more than the shoelace I now carry along for emergency use if I should suddenly decide to test the car's phenomenal steering characteristics again. After you put in the spare tire and spare parts, there is room for either a light lunch or your shaving kit. Unshaven and well fed, or smooth and hungry. You were so sure you can make your choice.

When the Green Hornet's engine is in perfect case it is a mechanic's dream. It would make a toilet watch-maker weep with ecstatic jealousy. The trouble is that it goes out of tune quicker than a 25 violin and sounds worse. American cars are covered to

have one carburetor which is adjusted for idle in the factory and says adjusted until 1939, when the junk man owns the back again. The Green Hornet, the big show-off, has to have two carburetors with more adjustments than a compiler has legs. I sometimes suspect that the adjustments have little adjustments on them. Extra books have been written on what the inventor may have had in mind. I once heard of a fellow who spent the entire week adjusting his carburetors and when he finally got everything just right, soldered up all the connections. His sports car club kicked him out and took all his badges away.

The acceleration of a sports car is terrific. By revving the engine to around 4800 r.p.m. and suddenly letting in the clutch you can bust yourself into the house almost before the police car can catch you. It has a mind, a stupid little mind, all its own. As soon as the car is released it must get between here and there instantly. It acts as though any time spent between two given points is a blamish on the honor of England (or wherever it comes from). I decide to run down to the corner for a package of cigarettes and the Green Hornet drives down halfway. (Continued on Page 51)



"Do you realize what this does to your steering wheel?"

DANCE, BALLERINA! (Continued from Page 11)

"Of course," I said, not really knowing what he was grasping at.

"And she was fourteen, with a hard, wonderful body — even then — although not so well developed as now. She was hungry then. You can see the picture."

"A child I don't."

"That's right, you remained in that in Ohio," he said. "It's simple: she was hungry and I had food, so I became her first lover. Fantastic love! Harry Williams, a two-bit salesman from Jackson Heights she first met in love the progress following all New York — maybe all the world — is talking about."

"You serious?" I asked, sounding stupid.

"With I wasn't, it's true — at the time she said she was a dancer but I didn't understand or believe half of what she said. When I looked like we'd found Rome, her folks sent her down to her grandmother in Foggia, who was doing me hardy. That's the blueprint. Great love story, isn't it. What remains?"

I thought about it a moment, seeing Marie in my mind, sure he was lying. "Sure she's the same girl?"

He gave me a bitter bit smile.

"Think I'd ever forget anything like that? Would you?"

"No."

"You haven't heard the low part yet," he said. "This dream, this beauty, begged me to marry her. Isn't that

comical? Me, rabby Harry Williams, married that dove! I liked her a lot, but . . . hell, she was just another kid, wanting to go to the Bronx . . . you know. No, I guess you don't — I won't like that in Ohio. Anyway, one light wing moved up from Foggia, and that was the end of that."

"Sure but again — here?"

He spun around in his seat, and in that hard voice, "Hey, what kind of a fool do you think I am? Of course I haven't seen her. Hell no."

I didn't say anything and he turned around again and I read my paper. We got off at our station, walked along the dark street. He finally stopped in front of one of the apartment houses and, as I was about to try good night, he said, "Sure I'd like to see her. I'm leaving a post with wanting to see her. Sometimes I think, suppose she's looking for me! She was pretty fond of me over there and . . . But that's strictly movie stuff. I haven't been backstage."

"Guess you're right, she'd be ashamed to see you now and . . ."

"I'm the one that's ashamed!" he said loudly. "I try to tell myself it was all something she was forced upon me, but when I see her dancing on that stage, I hate myself so damn much I almost head. I feel like a goose who has raped her — maybe rape is all it adds up to. And there's something else that makes me feel loose . . . Come on up for a drink."

"It's pretty late and . . ."

"Let's do something," he said, taking my arm. We walked into the lobby, stepped into the elevator and down and he pressed the fifth-floor button. The apartment house was a modern priced one, about the same as mine. He asked, "What's your name?"

"Eddie, Eddie Hayes."

He nodded, grunted, "Okay, Eddie."

He unlocked the door of his apartment and switched on the light as I stood there, feeling a little shy and suspicious. He walked into a living room that was too neat and walled, the furniture fairly new and modern . . . reminding like my place. He said, "Take off your hat," and went into the kitchen, returning a moment later with a bottle and two glasses.

A sloppy woman's voice called out, "Harry?"

He nudged me, said, "Yeah, baby. Having a quick one."

"Now, Harry," the voice said, turning shrill. "I told you about swilling too damn much lately. I don't know what's got into you the way you stay out and then come back smelling like a . . ."

A woman in her early thirties stepped into the hallway. She wore a wrinkled nightgown which showed off a plump body that was on the verge of sagging and going fat and sloppy. She had curlers in her once-blonde hair and her face still had part of her make-up on. It looked okay. She was pretty in an average sort of way, with a little full mouth, a large nose and sleepy eyes. When she saw me, she pulled the nightgown around her with a little drink, dashed back into the bedroom. "Harry! Why didn't you call me . . . ?"

"Forgot, Edna, and you didn't give me time. This is a neighbor, Eddie. My wife Julia, the so-called brain ball," he said to me.

I was embarrassed, I said, "Sorry to bump in on you this way, Mrs. Williams."

"That Harry?" she called out.

He poured out two drinks and as I held up my glass he said quietly, "The God's wife don't say, here's to you. You see what I got."

"When you talking about, Harry?" he wily asked.

"A little deal Eddie and I were making over in the subway," he told her. "A crummy deal."

"Now you know we haven't any money to . . ."

"Sure, Honeybunch, I know, I know," Harry said. "This is a deal some dope looked himself with."

(Continued on Page 12)



"Who's calling, darling?"



THE WAY IT HAPPENED

The inquisitive youngster asked his father, "How did you propose to Mamma?"

"Well, son," replied the father, "as near as I can remember, it was like this: We were sitting on the sofa one evening in your Ma's house and she leaned over to me and whispered in my ear. I said 'The hell you are!' And the next day we got married."

A NECDOTES FOR ADULTS

OF WHAT IS MAN MADE

Sea never had been recognized as a legitimate item to list on expense accounts, but that didn't stop Meyers from listing it on his weekly reports: "A man's not made of wood - \$5.00."

Finally, after several weeks of such reports, the salesman revised his report to read: "A man's not made of wood - \$25.00."

His employer rejected the item with the notation: "A man's not made of steel, either!"



from the escapade collection



MAUTE MINDER

At a very smart dinner party, a young lady gave her eyes and her nose a hot sexual reconnaissance out of her fervid dressing gown. An attendant walked immediately back of her to her, checked the young lady with a napkin, and tucked her neatly back into place. The waiter *d'hotel* commenced the waltz as his date and neatly informed him that he was dead.

"But why?" demanded the waiter. "This is a clean and dignified establishment," came the ready explanation. "Whenever such things happen, we put a worm upon instead of the sugar!"

in the Toronto ball park. Willie was having a difficult day. His wasn't himself. Last night he had got a wire from his only brother, out on the Coast, asking for money for an operation on his sick wife. Willie had wired some money, and then had felt considerable writhen he hadn't wired enough. And on the table he hadn't sleep. During the first game of the double header he had been feeling restless and impatient, then the man got better; the second game dragged on with the fielding ragged and the home team unable to do anything right, and Willie was disgusted.

In the sixth the home team, three runs behind, lifted the fans with one out; then Watkins hit sharply on the left of second. It could have been a single, but the Red Sox shortstop made one of his fantastic stops, half spinning on his ear and three or four, where the second baseman, pitching beautifully, got the ball over to first. Right on the play, Willie jerked up his hat and cheered, "Fire out!"

Hooley, the Toronto manager, jumped out of his dugout and cheered around, but Willie met his eyes and Hooley looked away. Willie had the respect of every manager in the league and knew it.

Scouring over to the grass behind the line base line, Willie took out his handkerchief and mopped his forehead. "Hey, McCaffery, you never . . ." came at him, and he not only heard the voice, he heard the words and found himself repeating them, and was so accustomed that this had happened that he tried to figure out why. Of course it was a familiar voice, coming right from the rail behind him. A few other day he would have heard that voice, but he wouldn't have done so automatically as the words; it would have been just another familiar word having no meaning for him. But today he was himself, his mind had been wandering from the game. Hunching up his big shoulders, he kicked at the grass and tried to connect from himself that the voice had reached him.

Looking near the foul line at the end of the next inning he heard the voice again. "Hey, you blind man, McCaffery, when's your white cane?" the stumped and picked up a blade of grass, placed himself solidly on his feet and reflected. He was really worried, for this one familiar voice was breaking through his years of impenetrable blindness; and, when Smiley, the first baser up, hit from left and

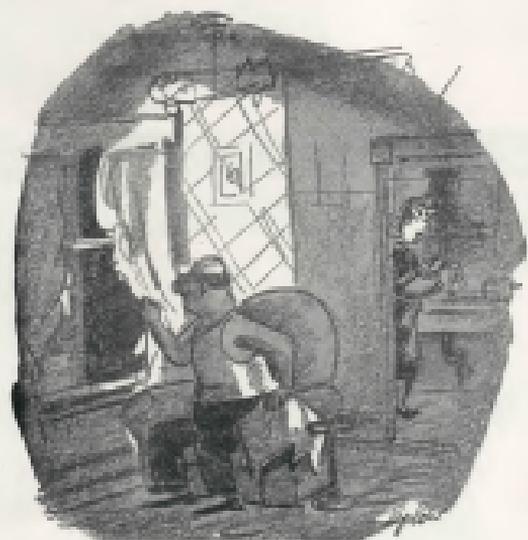
tried to stretch it into a double, Willie, calling him out, half tumbled in lines: "You middle-headed, bow-legged blind man!" the big voice roared. And as Willie moved into position behind him, it came again, "What a cheap-heat you are, McCaffery. You've got two leads on this game. I leave you looking. He told me."

Willie was disgusted with himself, but the more he tried to concentrate on the hearing, the more he became aware of the noise, and it shook him. He began to worry about what was the matter with him, and yet he had a fainter curiosity about the source of the voice. And when he was stationed with folded arms near first and he heard, "Wasn't that crack, your partner it is over ropes" gallery in the stands," he was so impressed with what was happening that he turned, in spite of himself, looked at the first row of seats behind the rail and picked out his companion, a fiddling, pink, middle-aged man with a bow tie. As soon as he had turned he realized how he was cheapening himself. He jerked his head away. The regular fan behind him, who had never seen him take the slightest interest in them, looked with delight. The man with the bow tie took a bow and roared out more words.

Willie tried to tell himself he had merely looked up over the stands to see if the bank of clouds would soon hide the sun and throw a shadow over the lot behind, but he heard himself. It was all the fault of the ragged, and too game and the loss and his lack of sleep. He tried to show his impenetrable blindness of the crowd with an even greater atmosphere of style when he called them. He kept moving around. If he had turned and looked at the bleaker again he would have despised himself forever. He hit, sure he had become himself again. The he asking vainly seemed to recede.

In the last of the ninth, the home team called and scored two runs, and with Spencer, the fastest catcher on first with the living was, legitimate, came in to pinch hit. He rapped one between first and second. The second baseman got his glove on it, tossed it to the shortstop, who had no trouble tagging the slow moving Spencer, and Willie called it and the game was con-jacking off his cap. Willie sighed and came walking off the diamond.

At the rail the fat, pink-cheeked bookie stood up something. He hit his big and important from the triumph he had had as the one who had provoked Willie. Passing only a few feet



"How do you know Mrs. Marshall is losing tonight?"

(Continued on Page 17)

photographer's private life no. 5: rose meyers

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER

Rose Meyers, veteran photographer whose beautiful pictures of beautiful women have long been familiar to connoisseurs of the subject, has, with this series of photographs, discovered a charming new talent in the person of Mona Miller. Szapoda takes pleasure in presenting his "private life" on the fresh young newcomer to the modeling profession.

for the "FORWARD LOOK", turn page...



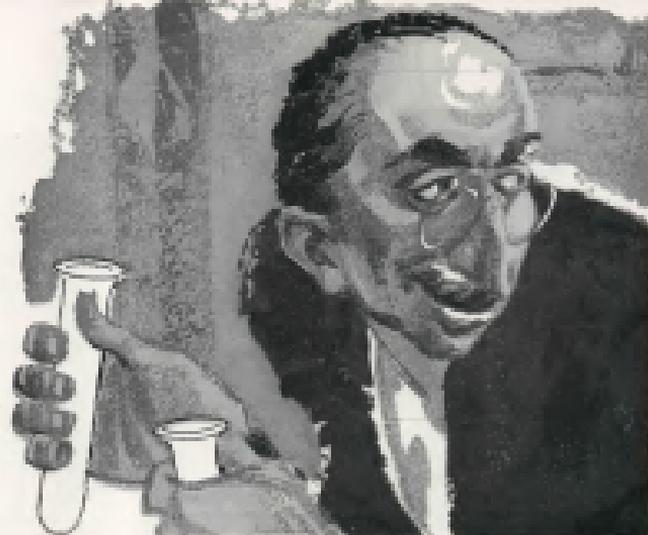
The sweeping lines of the "forward look" are a sensation throughout the country, and the sweeping lines of Mona Miller are destined to have the same effect, at least on the male population. Mona's own "forward look" is toward Hollywood and a career in movies and TV. A talented dancer, she views modeling as a stepping stone on the way to a Bel Air mansion, a pink mink and a Chrysler Imperial. A girl of parts, is Mona.





A busy, but typical, day in Mann's life is pictured on these pages. Hours of hard in practice, followed by periods of dreamy relaxation. Not a bad routine for a pretty and ambitious girl.

THE ALMOST PERFECT WOMAN



"But what in the hell will you do with a mechanical woman?" I asked Uncle Casper innocently.

Casper looked up at me through wire-rimmed glasses. "Obviously, stock-breaking hasn't made you any smarter, Albee. I shall do the same thing I would with — them — shall we say, a human woman." He poured some pinky goo into a test tube.

"Oh come now, Uncle Casper," I protested.

"Don't call me Uncle," he bellowed, "until you can prove that some fool-like rule that ridiculously large body of yours, I want no one to know you are even vaguely related to me!"

"All right, Casper, then. But surely you aren't trying to tell me this creation will be able to hold a conversation, or cook, or play the piano, or . . ."

"Oh dear Albee," Casper interrupted me. "I think you have forgotten that I am one of this era's most famous unknown inventors and as such have always been able to make anything."

I winced at that anything. Ever since Casper had invented a stink bomb that had caused a powerful Illinois town of some 150,000 souls to had been living on this small island all alone, dominated by his machine. To Uncle Casper, I was merely a stomp, someone to brag to.

"Give me the details," I said cheerfully. "All you do is make me so fly to this horrible pollution hole because you say you have a mechanical woman. Why all the fuss? What makes you think she'll be any better than, say, your portable head bomb-maker?"

"Look, Albee, and listen closely. Plastics have been perfected. One can do anything with them. It is now possible to make a plastic substance so similar to human skin that it would fool anyone at first glance — or feel. All it takes is research and brainswork to get the proper mixture. I assure you no one can tell the difference between my plastic and real human skin."

"Oh," I said. "You mean you're building a plastic model of a woman. Well, that's O.K. For a minute I thought you were . . ."

"No no no!" he screamed. "A run-of-the-mill woman with her own individual thoughts and reflexes and vocal chords to charm anyone. Rather, to charm me. And don't tell me it isn't possible. Here. Look at this mechanical one I built for a trial."

He hurried over to a box and lifted the lid. I peered cautiously inside and there, so help me, was a living breathing cat that blinked green eyes at me and meowed sweetly. But it wasn't really a cat; the tail was merely a wire skeleton, one hair and flesh!

"I ran out of cashkin," Casper ex-

plained mildly.

The tail twitched.

I switched. Violently.

"It isn't very complicated, really," he claimed in his incoherent-never-comes-out-right, raising a hand over his bushy white hair.

"But the body . . . how . . . what did you . . . ?"

"Merely a matter of understanding the basic principles of psychology. A first, of course, I took a live cat, probed around in its brain a bit to find certain areas responsive to stimuli, and just built a mechanical one with a brain similar to the live one's!"

"Oh," I said. "There didn't seem to be much more to say, so I repeated it. 'Th'."

Casper threw a cunning glance at the thing. The cat meowed twice, like "thank you." I looked away while Casper hastily pinned the animal; it was too much like a Freudianist's work.

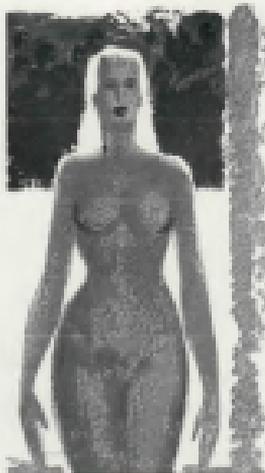
"My God, like this cat, has flexible metal instead of bones. I used wires instead of tendons and nerves. It'll have to learn, though, it was a bit difficult to make a mechanical thing that would move with any grace."

I nodded eagerly and followed him across the room to a huge diagram.

"Here," he said, "I've charted a human's complex nervous system." He waved a hand at red and pink lines.

"Certain nerves are not important to

(Continued on next page)



Casper forgot one small but important thing

greatest man in the world? Eve's a pretty smart gal."

I was beginning to think Casper was the greatest man in the world myself. "Will she be able to cook?"

"She will surely have the cooking abilities of every great chef in the world who has written anything about his work. I've built in all domestic gains."

"Well, how about singing, or painting, or playing the piano?"

"Listen," Casper commanded.

It was Peggy Lee singing. Only a man's, because the feminine voice was coming from that same mouth that had produced Jane Allyson's voice. And she was singing a song concerning the greatness of Casper. The song ended. The voice laughed; a gay little laugh; a wicked laugh that blended of moonlight and perfume and silk.

"Where . . ." My voice was hoarse. I cleared my throat and tried again. "Where will you have the body finished?"

"I was waiting for you to ask," he grinned. "We're hanging over there in the corner."

I did a double-take. Suspended gay wires held a headless woman, modestly dressed in a one-piece red-and-white checked one suit. A mass of rubies erupted from her neck, but from the shoulder down, she was completely featureless, soft and desirable.

"Pretty, isn't she?" Casper asked. "I used various statistics from those girls." He pointed to a pile of pin-up pictures. Anita Elbergh's was on top.

He had done an excellent job. Her body was delicately tanned; her shoulders round and smooth with a little muscle where the shoulder bones ended. Firm breasts peaked against the cloth and her dainty waist looked just the right size for two hands to hold. The curve of her hips flowed into long, slim legs with tiny feet. The top button of the suit suit was suggestively unbuttoned; the skin was probably white as the cleavage part as though she had been sunbathing recently. Casper's perfectionist!

"And her head?" I asked.

"It's here in the drawer. As soon as I finish this group of more relaps, I'll be ready to attach it."

Some days warning shrank in my mind as I turned back to Casper. He said he had finished the mind of a live cat to make his mechanical one. Oh, my!

"Casper? Surely you didn't dis-

sect a real woman's head?"

He shook his head sadly. "No, unfortunately, I couldn't do that . . . not even in the name of science. No, Al here, I had to rely on charts."

"Charts?"

He held his pipe, repeating the role of Great Scientist, Explaining Myriads To Ninnylegs. "Remember when I visited you in New York last summer?"

I nodded. How could I forget the had arrived without warning and acted like a subtle smoking screen. Analytical Casper had gone through my back door's back door with meticulous care. The girls told me later he had asked odd questions, then marked their answers down on a complicated graph.

"Each of your girls had a certain personality leak," Casper said. "For example Louise was sophisticated; Jane was deeply religious; Nancy, a conventionalist; Ann-Pat was intelligent; and Linda, witty. As I remember, Charlotte was an outgoing type girl and Elizabeth was rather passive."

I checked. I had had a certain malicious intent when I had arranged a date between Casper and Elizabeth. "Yeah," I said. "You're right all the way, especially about Elizabeth. I never told you, but Liz really is a . . ."

Casper rapidly interrupted my knowledge. "Please, Albert, don't bother to explain her characteristics to a trained psychologist," he settled. "I simply charted the various behavior patterns of all your girls. Nothing is so, if one knows what one is doing. Those with the traits I find desirable in women, I incorporated in Eve."

"You mean you sorta liked the girls' heads?"

"You might put it that way, Albert. Actually, Eve is a composite of all that's heavenly to me."

I turned to look at Eve. "Casper, I suppose this is a stupid question, but let me ask it anyhow. Why?"

He sighed. "I'm a lonely man. I'm all by myself out here on this desolate island."

"Will, why don't you get married? Or move to New York?"

"I hate people. Paradoxically, I'd rather be alone."

"But you got lonely."

"But I got lonely, Casper. So what could I do? Ever since you ate last evening four months! I don't want to hurt your feelings, please Albert, because I risk or like you . . . but you're stupid."

"Thanks," I mumbled.

(Continued on Page 49)

me for my mechanical woman, such as performing ones, for example, so I left them out. Then I added an automatic pump to simulate breathing. . ."

I had to interrupt him to stop this fantastic talk. "Why must a mechanical woman breathe?"

He looked gravely at his pipe. "Have you ever noticed a woman's breasts rising and falling with respiration as the other rapid breaths? And Eve will come well-equipped with respiration, to be sure you."

I corrected my question.

"Oh, excuse," Casper went on. "Eve using most human motor nerves. Eve has to be able to walk and curve and swing and dance."

"Casper," I asked in a noncommittal voice, "will she be able to . . . talk?"

"Naturally," he beamed. "We'll have a voice like Jane Allyson's, Linda's." He pushed a miniature button on a tiny, unbuttoned breast.

"Casper, darling, I love you, I adore you. You are the greatest man in the whole world." It was a husky, warm voice, like Jane Allyson's.

I sat down abruptly.

"Oh, excuse," Casper said. "Installed in the model, I won't have to push a button. She will instead respond automatically to certain key words, although I'm not trying to build the world's greatest brain. For example, if I try to say, 'Exc, I love you,' she'll reply in the same vein. Or if you were to say, 'Casper, you aren't so smart,' Eve would immediately say, 'Casper is the

MOTHER'S DAY (Continued from Page 20)

away from him Willie didn't look up. And, as if he felt slighted, the fat man, leaning over the rail, said so quietly and intimately that none of the other men heard him, "McCallery, I just want you to know I think you're a cheap son of . . ."

As Willie's head jerked up he felt himself go blind and all his muscles began to quiver. He was running at the rail, but he didn't know what he was doing. He swung himself over the rail. He lurched among the lines in the aisle who blocked his way, gazing at him stupidly. He charged through at his tormentor who was wiping his pink forehead . . .

Dropping his handkerchief, the fat man got up his pudgy face and with his short, heavy arms he tried to make effective halting gestures. Willie punched him on the nose, and then closed with him. Someone shouted. Those in the aisle jumped at Willie and tried to drag him off. Seven men policemen had Willie by the arms. Excited fans who had come leaping over the seats tried to push Willie. A small boy got in a poke at the back of his neck.

The fat man, also restrained by a cop, held his nose and cursed loudly and begged everybody to let him at Willie.

Still staggering, Willie suddenly became aware of the cops' attitudes and his mind cleared, he realized that he had jumped into the stands and so calmed a bit. In a panic he kept shaking his head in some kind of a desperate protest. Not only had he lost his self respect, he would lose his job, for crossing toward them in a rush through the crowd, was Collins, the home team's tall, weary faced business manager, who yelled, "That of the way! What is this?"

All the fans came crowding close to Willie and he felt very lonely. In his rage and remorse and fear he stared at their faces, and for the first time felt he had to justify himself to a crowd, and he cried out blindly, "He's not going to say that about my number."

A big fellow, who looked like a truck driver, turned to the fans behind him. "What did the guy say about McCallery's mother?"

"I don't know," said the little guy thoughtfully.

Those who were harassing Willie drove away stubbornly. "What is it? What happened?" They asked each other. "The guy insulted McCallery's mother," someone said. "O, I see." And

the two tough little guys who were encouraging the fat man looked at each other awkwardly.

The angry business manager was now standing beside Willie and the two cops. "What's the cause of that?" he shouted. "What are you trying to do, McCallery?" He asked, but Willie, breathing hard, only shook his head.

"The guy had been riding McCallery about his mother," one of the cops said.

"Yeah, and when the guy insulted his mother McCallery took a poke at him," said the other cop.

"Oh, I see," said the business manager, huffed and embarrassed. Suddenly he swung around on the man with the long tin. "Going after his mother, isn't that pretty cheap, mister? You're way out of line, I think." Then he turned impatiently to the cops. "I know this guy. He's in here on a pass anyway, we don't need him in the park. Take him out and I'll see he doesn't get back."

Raising his stubby arms, the fat man expostulated angrily, but no one answered him. Everybody was a little embarrassed.

While the two cops were talking the fat man grew Willie waited for the crowd to part at him, but nobody said anything, and, as he looked around blindly, he felt bewildered, for he saw a kind of apologetic sympathy in their faces.

"Come on, McCallery, I'll walk you to the dressing room," the business manager said, and when they fell in step he added, "You don't have to worry about this at all. Not with your record. As far as I'm concerned, nothing will be said about it."

"Thanks," Willie said, still trembling and all mixed up, he tried to smile when he had crept out to the crowd that had made them feel he had so much in common with them. He kept going over it, but he couldn't remember.

♠



"Exc. or wonder you again?"



DESIGNING MALE



A direct descendant of George Bryan Brummell, known to his cronies and posterity as "Beau," has pulled a complete switch on his fabled forbear. Whereas Beau was instrumental in making males of the 18th Century fashion conscious, Elger Bosé, the latest of his line, is concerned with glamorizing today's woman.

It's nice work, if you can get it. And young Bosé (he's not yet 30) can, as the pictures on these pages prove.

For ESCAPADE, Bosé, who has rocketed to the top among America's fashion designers, herewith creates, directly on a lovely model, one of his high-styled and elegant creations. The camera of New York photographer Len Kovars, loaded with color film, follows the creative process step by step as a guide to Escapaders intent upon a similar career.

In blazing new trails, the talented Bosé has succeeded in permanently destroying the myth that "beauty is only skin deep."







With all this success (and he's not old enough to vote, yet!) Elgee has taken time out to challenge his rival, France's Dior, to a duel over the latter's "flat-bust" edict. Dior declined, through a lawyer who cited a section of the New York penal code, and Elgee went back to his delightful career, honor intact. The draperies are going into place nicely (above and top right) and here's the finished product (lower right).





"What kind of living would we make if I stayed in bed all day?"

"HE'S THE WILDEST KIND OF JOCKER —
"SPECIALLY WHEN HE'S PLAYING POOR!
"HE'S WINNING PILE UP, HEAPS ON HEAPS
"AND, BOTTLE ME BALLY PATRI FOR KERRY!"







"...and when he started to get freak, I stopped him clear out of bed!"



"In the six weeks we have before the mail comes up, do you think you could teach him to say, 'Da-Da'?"

PORTRAIT



She was what she was, but no one knew why

OF JOAN

By HERMAN ROVNER

I first met Joan Havenly, the subject of this somewhat exotic essay, in a cafe. I was sitting alone at a table, sipping a beer and absorbing the atmosphere. The cafe was full of men and women, in various stages of exhilaration. The lights were dimly lit and a cloud of tobacco smoke hung discreetly over the cooing couples. There was a continuous murmur of easy conversations, punctuated now and then by sudden bursts of laughter. On the walls were painted fringe pictures of scantily clad women in semi-reclining positions. Almost invariably attired and possessed were some of the women at the tables. It was amusing to watch the fair sippers. How proudly and bravely they imitated the drinking habits of their male companions, and how frequently they had to undertake a pious pilgrimage to the lavatory. Liquor, I remarked to myself, was a stimulant in more senses than one.

My gaze in its travels about the room generally encountered the gaze of a casual acquaintance. On the street he would have greeted me with a brief hello or a curt nod of the head, but now, in a cafe, he felt himself under a compulsion to hail me like a long-lost brother. He came over, full of smiles and salutations. With him was a young lady. Later, I was not to be sorry for this.

"This is Joan," he said.

When I made an effort to stand up, Joan placed a dainty hand upon my elbow.

"Don't bother," she said.

"But I was taught always to get up to greet a lady."

"Who told you I was a lady?"

She smiled and sat down. The mutual acquaintance followed suit and, so naive conversation, mentioned the fact that I now and then wrote something.

"You must write something about me," Joan said.

"It would be a pleasure."

"Seriously," she said.

"After I get to know you better."

"You will get to know me better?"

"That shouldn't be too hard," I said.

"And then you'll write something about me? A pretty piece, is it a promise?"

I grinned and we ordered a round of drinks, in proper commemoration of the occasion.

It is only now, after many months' acquaintance with Joan and after many reminders from her, that I am attempting to write that "pretty piece." It is not an easy matter to write in a complimentary vein about a woman who displays a pronounced predilection for that profession which is known, euphemistically, as the oldest in the world. True it is that Joan is very beautiful, that her form is

(Continued on next page)



PORTRAIT OF JOAN

(Continued from Page 57)

divine and her apparatus angelic. True it is also, that Joan is very full faced. She has a good assortment of opinions and a well-thumbed vocabulary. Books are not alien to her, although she discounts them, as a source of enjoyment, with a wave of the hand and an airy quotation from Robert Louis Stevenson, that "books are a bloodless substitute for life." But, also, it is likewise quite true that in Joan's lexicon there is no such word as sin and that her morals are on a par with those elements of the alley who cry to clear clouds my thoughts with their noisy amorous avocations and comestible vapors.

For my second meeting with Joan the scene shifts in the living room of

her apartment and the time is the evening following our introduction. As the scene opens, I am sitting on the couch, awaiting the emergence of Joan from her boudoir. In the meantime I am always alert and restless eye-penetrators about the chamber. On the wall is a portrait of a girl, in scanty attire and with a waxy complexion, who seems to have a much thought for the morrow as her hair coosers. On a small table beside the couch is a row of books. These I perused to my surprise, and my interest for their posterior increases by leaps and bounds. Here, for instance, is a volume of essays by Ralph Waldo Emerson. I always admire people who read this type of literature. It indicates strength of character. One must have a certain amount of courage and stamina to read essays, especially those by Emerson, who has the tendency to

compress within a sentence the substance of a paragraph.

My browsing at this point, is interrupted by the entrance of Joan. She passes in the doorway for a moment, like a lovely vision, like a Goddess come to earth. It is possible she is conscious of the fact that she is producing a superb esthetic effect. Every woman is a born actress. Having just completed her toilet, she appears extraordinarily fresh and dainty. Joans arising from the sofa never looked any brighter or lovelier. Satisfied with the effect of her pose, she now walks across the room, with swinging hips, as though the room were a stage, and greets me with a great show of affection. She bestows upon my unappreciating, though not unfeeling, lips a full and fervid kiss. I am agonizingly surprised. Never before have I been so effusively welcomed by a young lady, especially one of such brief acquaintance. Some out of such inconspicuous charms, I receive her insidiously seductive, which, mind you, was entirely unasked and on my part, with strongly agitated feelings. It strips her latent colors of friendship with mounting candor, but with the hope half-forgotten in the back of my mind that upon her lovely lips there lurk no loathsome germs. I reflect, with misgiving, that after Venus, the Goddess of beauty, it seemed a faculty of ugly diseases.

My heart is wearing a single, cheery garment, though which is visible the shape of her breasts.

"That is a pretty gown," I remark, lamely.

"Thank you. You like it?"

"Very much."

"I would feel more flattered if you complimented me upon the amount of the gown."

"Certainly. That is a pretty figure you have."

"Oh, thank you, sir."

Without much ado, she sinks the point herself in my lap and drapes her arms around my humble neck. What kiss I had such a beautiful pair of feminine arms around my humble neck! She looks smilingly, like into me and then into the mirror of my eyes. Her possessive feet sink and warm against my thighs. I expire a little casually. I am, I must confess, not used to this sort of thing, to this manner of camaraderie. A subtle perfume emanates from her person, causing a tickle in my nostrils and a palpitation in my heart.

"Do you want a drink?" she asks. There is a bottle of liquor and several glasses on the table.

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"Nice of you to ask, but I'm afraid you'd have to spend your allowance elsewhere else."



What's everybody looking at?

WHAT'S SO UNUSUAL ABOUT THESE PICTURES?

*test your powers
of observation:
is anything out of
place here?*

The Hollywoodian prides himself on being so blasé that he will not turn his head to gaze at the most bizarre of happenings. That's because the town is full of people concerned with the manufacture of motion pictures and TV films, and those who are not with their stars. The Hollywoodian is afraid to stop at the scene of an auto wreck, not because of blood and tragedy, but because of his awareness that the wreck may have been staged by a movie company, and he'd rather be the victims of a real accident than to be the victims of a staged one.

This attitude of staid spectators is often carried to extreme lengths. Someone, commenting on it recently, asserted: "Why, a pretty girl could walk nude down Sunset Boulevard and no Hollywoodian would turn to look. If anyone did look, you could be sure he was a visiting tourist."

Well, in ESCAPEE's great astonishment, a pretty girl did walk nude down Sunset Boulevard a few days later and, in pursuit of its usual scientific method, ESCAPEE's camera recorded her progress as

(Continued on next page)

Beautiful day on the Sunset Strip.



she slipped, lunched, loafed and hitched a motorcycle ride home, clad all the while in leather gloves, shoes and handbag.

Hollywood traffic is temperamental, eye-stinging smog often obscures the sun — but life in the entertainment capital has certain compensations. Among them are the endless opportunities to record for posterity happenings that would strike caricaturists of less-favored communities as outlandish. As, for example, this potential record of a pretty girl strolling nude along the Sunset Strip.

ESCAPADE's ordinarily alert photographer *knows* there was something odd about the girl the moment he laid eyes on her, but it took him a few minutes to discover what it was. Luckily for us, he woke up in time to take these pictures.

It's hard to catch
the eye of a
Hollywood waitress.





Grapefruit are always in season in Southern California.



It costs a lot of money to run these days.



Parks are for relaxing.



Everybody likes a parade.



That's called a "buddy son."



*"Love is like a beautiful edifice, Miss Cartwright — it must
be built up a little piece at a time."*



SEMINAR ON VIRGINITY

By JIM BAILEY

In which exceptions fail to prove the rule

Instead of the usual poker or blackjack game, the boys were sitting around having a hell session in the police station parlor room this particular night. Someone had brought in a few cold six-packs of beer, it was warm and it was quiet. There were three or four cigarettes there, the number varying as one or more men lit or snuffed the candles and check news sources in the building, and a couple of live lines, the likes of which hang out in every such room. All of us were hoping there'd be no business it was just too pleasant a Spring evening for any heavy work.

"The hell with this idle chatter, let's talk about virginity," said Bud, a big, easy-going guy who had been admitted to the bar but preferred the certainty of a reporter's modest salary to gambling on the much larger fees he might snag as a practicing attorney. He was always caught in an argument, as well he might be; he'd trained for it.

"There yet? How yet? Blackstone is all his sector again," chided Pete, a sly-tempered news hound who could write the most of rags that is read in English classes at the "Times in journalism" but generally talked in the choice language of the barbers or docks. "What the hell do you know about virginity, my learned friend, except that it's something every girl is born with?"

"Lay off him, Pete, and let's hear his proposition," suggested Wallie, a sensitive blunderer who had a beautiful supply of blarney in his make-up even after half a dozen years of newspapering.

All eyes turned toward Bud, who recounted his soap box and began, "In simple terms, the proposition is that no pretty girl of 22 can be a virgin."

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"No you don't, give me back and you take a taste!"

ADULTERY IN SUBURBIA

(Continued from Page 24)

met Your old lady's bitch. A dirty bitch!"

He had heard the word before, on news corners and in the school yard courtesies. He knew the word was dirty, and he sensed it was worse than the school had taught, like soap. He didn't know why he could tell that, except perhaps from the way it sounded and the way people said it.

"Whassa matter? Scared?"

Dan was bigger and more of his strength. He threw Tommy's arm free and put his hands on his hips, and his one was very close to Tommy's. It looked very large. Tommy glanced about to see if anyone was watching. There was no one, and he was glad. He wouldn't mind being beaten if there were no one to see it. And he knew he had to fight.

His breath came fast and a muscle in the end of his leg twitched. His teeth were clamped, and he talked with his lips. "I'm not scared of you!" And he stepped into him.

Dan was at him, pounding, in close, pounding, and he shut his eyes and pinched back, and Dan was on him, gripping, and Dan's arms were quickly

under his arms and he opened his eyes to see the trees and houses upside-down and his back stopped against the curb and he scrambled backward, trying to get up, and Dan was at him, gripping, starting, always pounding. The blows didn't hurt as much as he had expected. They jacked on his cheeks and forehead and chin and eyes, but he felt a numbness to them. Somehow, he was apart from it, and he thought about it. Maybe he should just give up, but he had stood it this long and he could stand it an instant longer, and after that for another instant, and then for just one more, and pretty soon it would have to be over and then he would be glad he hadn't given up. He had to remember how glad he would be later so that he wouldn't give up now, and still Dan kept pounding, and he was surprised that he had lasted this long. He knew he had hit Dan, and he wondered if he had hurt him, but he doubted it, and he knew Dan was beating him and that he was going to be beaten badly, but he was pleased that Dan hadn't beaten him sooner. Maybe, he told himself, Dan would respect him for lasting

so long, and Dan and he would become great friends after this, like Robin Hood and Little John . . .

His breath was shot from him by a kick, and he lay on the ground, gasping, hunching his stomach, knees up. He thought only of getting breath back into him and that he would die if he didn't. He heard Dan grating on his bicycle and rolling away. He wanted to cry out for help, but he couldn't make the sounds. His stomach was all pain, and he felt as if he had run for a much longer time than he should have, all emptiness and ache. But the breath came, quick breaths, little sucking sobs of air. He got up. His stomach was sore, his joints were torn at the knees and his knees were green and brown from grass and dirt. His hands were scraped raw where he had fallen on them, and he coughed about his eye and it was tender and beginning to swell. He walked slowly, down the hill at the end of the street, across the parking, and along the cinder path by the river.

When he came back to his street much later, the houses had stopped screeching and the vendor was gone. The commuters, hot from the effort of the hill, their cars packed close, were running into their yards, waving to the running-to-school children, packing them up and flinging them, all yelling into the air. And the paper boy was snapping his square folded papers from his bicycle and they fell clumping against the doors and porch steps. His father's car was in the driveway, and he walked up to the front steps, picked up the paper, and went around to the back of the house. His father was sleeping over the dandelions on the lawn. The dandelion digger was over, and the pail beside him was nearly full.

"Hi, Dad." He tossed the paper onto the lawn chair. "New dandelion digger, huh?"

His father raised up and stretched, looked at the pail of weeds, then at the new tool, turning it slowly in his hand. "It makes it a lot easier." He smiled. "What do you say?" He tilted the tool to the boy. "As one sees a dandelion, every hundred would be a dot . . ."

Tommy saw that his father was looking at his own pail. He rubbed his hand over his eye, and he could feel that it was swollen. He wondered if it were black, but he guessed his father would have noticed it sooner if it were.

"A light, eh?"

The boy was understanding in his father's face. "Yes."

"You don't look so hot." His father coughed the first under the eye,

"Hush!"

"No, No, no."

His father laughed his teeth. "I guess you'll be all right. Did you treasure him?"

"No," he said. "He lost me." He wanted to say that Dan Leslie was bigger and older and that Dan had kicked him in the stomach. Somehow he hoped his father would know that.

"Well, if the fight was about something that was important . . . worth fighting for . . . it's no disgrace to be beaten."

He knew his father didn't want to ask any more questions, but he knew he was expected to tell about it, and he didn't want to hurt his father's feelings and he didn't want to lie.

His father was grinning. "A girl, eh?"

The boy remembered that sometimes when his father would put his arm around his mother and hug her to him, he would call her "old girl." He looked down at the pair of dandelions and nodded, and made marks on the grass with the toe of his shoe and hoped his father wouldn't ask any more about it.

The screen door on the back porch opened. They heard the spring stretch, and the door swung shut. They looked up. His mother was standing there, peered, head cocked and smiling.

"Well, what are my two men discussing so intimately?" she said and walked over to them.

"Our son had a fight over a girl this afternoon," his father said.

"Tommy! Your eye! Oh, hit me, too." She moved before him, holding him by the arm, studying the bruise. "Oh, that's simply awful. Come on in and we'll see if we can take the swelling down."

"The boy should himself first. 'Not let it show!'"

"Well!" His mother looked at his father.

"Better go in with your mother, Tommy," his father said. "We'll fix it up for you."

"Please, Dad, I'm okay."

"Let him say, Elmo. He's all right. Besides, it's a kind of badge of honor. I imagine . . ."

She glanced at him.

" . . . oh, you know. Like a silver star on a President officer's hat."

"No it isn't!" the boy cried. "It isn't like that at all."

"Very well, Tommy," his mother laughed. "So it isn't like that at all. We'll forget all about it." She took her husband's hand. "Come, darling,

you can make me a sandwich before dinner."

His father picked the paper from the chair. "Cleaning, Tommy?"

"In a minute."

"All right, but better hurry. Your mother'll have dinner ready shortly, and you've got to wash. You don't want to keep her waiting."

The boy watched his mother as she walked with his father down the path. Her legs made him think of the legs of a woman he had seen dancing on a table top in a movie show.

"Bash," he said.

He drove the dandelion digger deep into the earth.

"Bury bash."

BALLERINA

(Continued from Page 18)

I gulped my drink, didn't know what to say. Julie was a lot like my wife and I loved my wife. But then I'd never lived with my Marie Antoinette. Harry said, "Have another shot?"

I took my hat, headed for the door. "No thanks. See you on the subway tomorrow."

"Bash."

I said good night to his wife and went out. I really wanted another drink, but all mixed up, but I knew Harry was going to need all the whiskey he could get.



CONJUGAL CATECHISM

BY
HONORE DE BALZAC

(CELEBRATED 19TH CENTURY FRENCH WRITER)

AND INTERPRETED BY
W. D. LANSFORD

(IMPOVERISHED 20TH CENTURY LOAFER)

B

Never begin a marriage by a rape.

L

Unless it is someone else's marriage.



B

The fate of a married couple depends on the first night.

L

That the husband's away.



B

To skillfully note the shades of a pleasure, to develop them, to give them a new turn, constitutes the genius of a husband.

L

Or a damned contentionsist.



B

Each night should have its menu.

L

Ah! That sly Frenchman!

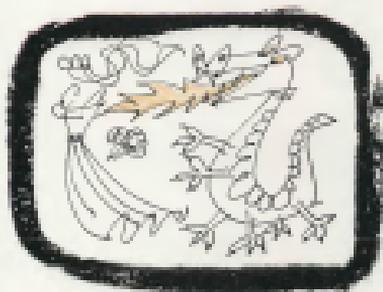


B

Marriage must constantly combat a devouring monster: habit.

L

Each monster must constantly combat a devouring habit: marriage.



B

A husband should never be the first to go to sleep or the last to waken.

L

Right! Especially when his best pal is house-guesting.



B

The husband who leaves nothing to be desired is a lost man

L

Or is keeping a chick somewhere.



SEMINAR

(Continued from Page 42)

Pete, who was the dean of police reporters and had a daughter in her late teens, spit out a choice bit of advice, ending up with "They'll sure as hell get you with a net one of these days!" "All right, then, your girl and your wife are exceptions, just like my daughter and mother are," Bud conceded. "As educational professors of the Fourth Estate, let's grant that our daughters and wives, if any, are exceptions. We should include in that category those admirable souls who have an, ever though there be bright-headed journalists who think that hard-learned journalistic smarts as we were spawned like procreants on the scene of a report. Albeit, let us bear in mind that there is no rule in which there aren't a few exceptions.

"Now then, here we are out and you may stir your skepticism, if any there may be, as we proceed. This is my theory: Many pretty kids start dating when they are in their early teens, but we will be conservative and take 17 as the average age, so by the time they reach 22 they have been dating five years.

"The number of previous lovers who are not among my eight or eight might well amount half a bushel like some of us are fast becoming, but, for the sake of argument, we will settle for an average of three dates a week. So in the five-year period in which I covered our charming operations will forsake her virginal state, she has had 780 dates, perhaps with a great many different Lutharians but more likely with a small succession of 'studies'.

"Some unprincipled rules are on the make every time they go out with a girl, as we all know, while others of us who do not look upon sex as some sort of sport would be less strict in our standards so we may suppose that various boys (friends, or her steady, will try for the big award about half the time."

Bud's theme was entirely new to all of us, apparently, so he had an attentive audience, even including Pete, which was unusual because he was much more at wandering off than at listening. Bud reached upon another tin of beer, gulped some down and continued:

"By simple mathematics, based on our absolutely arbitrary assumptions, we have the figure 588 as the number of occasions on which our lovely young man will be called upon to defend that which is allegedly sweeter than life itself. Chances are she has been

"over-man gird" at least two or three times in this five-year period, so she has probably had terrific affairs waged repeatedly by her various studiers in addition to the adventures pursued by the occasional strays she has shared in between the times she was going steady. Personally, I dislike that expression but I understand that's what the young folks call it.

"We come now to the nub of my conviction, which is that on at least one of those 588 occasions in a five-year period, our handsome specimen will be caught at unrequited love one of these situations: She is romantic, feeling that he's my man and I love him so; she is caught on the rebound after a love affair breaks up and she just plain doesn't give a damn; she is in an experimental frame of mind, wondering what this matter of sex is all about, or she is weary from imbibing too freely.

"Remember, dearless the primary cause of the type of grand larceny we are now considering, can be summed up in that order: If the right man gets a girl at the right time and place, she'll submit." Whether the locale is on a college campus, on a drive back from Coney Island or down on the farm, the result is likely to be the same. If our girl thinks she is really in love and expects to marry the guy as soon as he finishes school, gets out of service, receives a raise or some such thing.

At this point I can hear Bud's monologues, observing, "At least she might say 'maybe.' Which reminds me of one you guys may not have heard on the difference between a diplomat and a lady: If a diplomat says 'you' he means 'maybe' if he says 'maybe' he means 'no' and if he says 'no,' he's no diplomat, while if a lady says 'no' she means 'maybe' if she says 'maybe' she means 'yes' and if she says 'yes,' she's no lady."

My ears didn't get the response I wanted, I figured, so I dismissed up and Wallie said:

"You have just described a picture, Bud, in which I see myself as perhaps an average one of those 'studies' you had in mind. This particular girl and I started going together when she was 16 and I was 18 and we were mighty fond of each other. That affair continued for four years and broke up. I'll always regret, when the learned that I had a couple of dates with another girl. This honey and I had some rather striking sessions, so to speak, but I had a lot of respect for her; we both had high ideals, I guess, and we both wanted to see something big — something fine and noble, as we both

looked upon it — but after we were married. Those who figure that any girl is fair game may think I was a sucker but she was such a fine, down-kid that I'm sure I would do the same if I could relive that period, knowing what I know now. Her married number follows about a year after breaking off with me and and I'm certain, pal, that you'd better to leave a place for her among your exceptions."

We all knew Wallie was a high-principled fellow, undoubtedly far above the average, so his easy come to me surprise. Bud concluded to make his exception "for the record" and went on:

"Let us proceed to the issue of the rebound and never mind what happened to you on your rebound, Wallie. Our specimen was a party to a 'one and only love' that turned sour; the legs barely part and meet because at instantly distant standards and then, girl — the guy eloped with some other girl, left town but no forwarding address — ditched her in some other manner. It was all so unrequited, that a walk between the eyes an ideal love one day, utter disillusion, an aching void, total anguish, seeing the remnants of a shattered heart, continuing for days. Then a new and friendly lass shows up and the odds blend. "Why should I try to be decent for what I got and fellows apparently don't appreciate vicious girls, so I might as well have my fill."

Several guys started to sound off but Jack, a young reporter who talked like and behaved like, combated them:

"Whee, these boys, let me field this one. Bud has just described a girl I met about a year ago and dated quite a bit. Some of Bud's points about 'rebounds' over appreciating divorce girls' sounds just like what she told me many times. She was living that pass romance so much of the time, I preferred, that it gave me a pain in the neck, but we had our gay times, too. I'll admit I was on the make, with no matrimony in mind, and a couple of times I was sure I was about to score. Never did, though. One night we were something on the doorstep when her parents came in earlier than we had expected; another time that we were in my car, parked at a secluded spot near the beach when a couple of cops from a patrol car flashed a light on us and told us to move on, and a third time — wow! I'll never forget that — was one summer evening at a picnic. We'd gone out with two other couples and

(Continued on Page 58)

"Then one day I decided to make myself something to keep me company. A cat. A dog. But that wasn't enough. I wanted someone to talk to me."

"To tell you how great you are?" I asked curiously.

"Quite right," he agreed. "Someone also to cook my meals, to smile at me, to come to pump me and to provide at my dinner table with grace and charm. I wanted a very special kind of a woman, free from disappointing sides and demands, and completely unselfish and loyal. There are no live women like that. So I just made myself an Eve."

A grainy draft made Eve wince slightly. "Well, I asked myself, 'Why create?' For the first time in my life, I respected Uncle Casper. I walked over to Eve and touched her arm. It was silky and warm and tender, not at all like plastic.

Casper looked at his watch and groaned. "Getting late. You go on to bed. Tomorrow you can help me make the final adjustments as we can look her up."

I obediently started up the stairs. Then I turned to look at Eve in the hallway corner. "Casper, one last question. Will the . . . I mean, can she . . . uh, tell if she really is complete woman?"

Casper slowly straightened from his work bench to glare at me. "You blooming idiot," he said icily. "Just why in the hell do you think I made an Eve instead of an Adam?"

I went on up to bed, thinking about Elizabeth and Casper and Eve. Then I changed my thoughts. Casper knew what he was doing. I fell asleep to dream of a perfect woman with very interesting attachments. Casper shook me awake right at a crucial moment.

"Tch, tch," he said reproachfully. "You were dreaming. Come, let's go to work."

After a hasty breakfast, we went to the basement. By now we had assembled all the wires — Casper giving instructions, me hurrying myself up the chain collecting them. In my spare time I studied the blueprint. Well, Eve wasn't so complicated.

"Hey, Casper," I called, "what's this series here?"

He came over and traced a complicated series of lines. "That's the dancing set of relays, Albert. You'll note that the lines lead into a sort of control panel, down to the electric hallway."

I nodded my head.

"Well, this control panel is a regulator. For this dancing series, for example, I can control Eve's dancing abilities by merely turning a small air screw. All that does is decrease the

amount of electricity going into her brain in that one channel, so she doesn't have as much power or energy to think with. Simple, isn't it?"

I had no answer. Uncle Casper. Not only had he built a perfect woman to order, but he had left an escape route in case he didn't like some of her traits. Eve had a brain that exceeded a human's, a body that surpassed any I had ever seen, and a set of controls that made her a reliable slave.

"Well, we're all set," Casper said, opening a drawer. I could see long blond hair and a well-kempt head. Casper carried it to the torso in the corner, fixed it carefully on top, then spread some sticky stuff around the joint. He stepped back, checked a couple of toggle switches, and released the ETV wires.

She moved. She opened her eyes. She smiled. "Hello, darling," she murmured cooingly to Casper, "and how are you?"

The next ten minutes were the worst I've ever spent. Casper and Eve talked quite naturally for a few minutes before he introduced her to me.

"This is my nephew Albert."

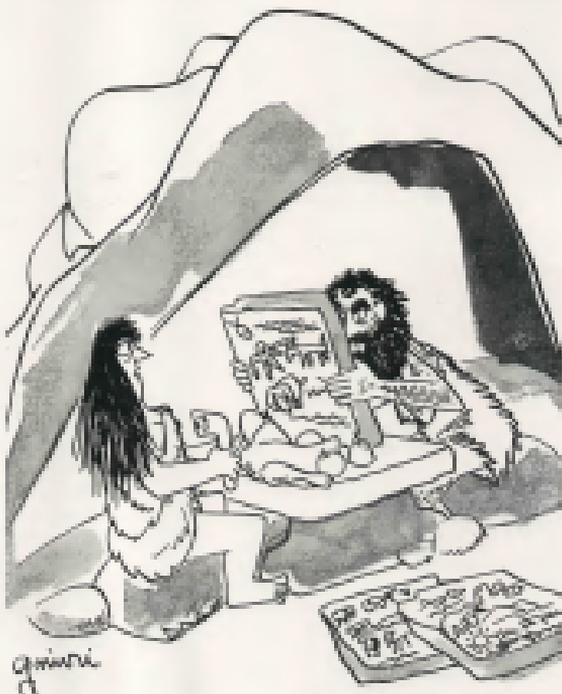
Visitor eyes surveyed me curiously. "Hello, Albert."

Casper smiled. "Eve, don't make fun of Albert. He plays a good game of chess."

The visitor eyes looked at me greedily. "But I won't be going to make fun of Albert, Casper." She turned from me gracefully. "I'll go make lunch for my two men. I imagine you're very hungry." She walked seductively over her shoulder as she walked up the stairs.

I don't remember what I said during lunch. I remember I was amazed to see Eve eating with us until I remembered the small removable wires can built into her. She ate chatting glibly about the weather, new clothes, home-decor-

(Continued on Page 28)



"Married just two weeks — and already you're more interested in the news than you are in me!"

the sailing time as hell was ideal — reasonable means, radio playing softly, Marlene to entertain in a relaxed spot after we had broken up into two-covers. To my way of thinking, I'm really making time when, whenever — she stays on in the liner. "How come this unique show of affection? I ask and she gives me that old routine she must have learned at her mother's knee: "You don't really care about me. There's only one thing you've got on your mind and you're not going to get me on your list of conquests. Thanks so very much for the offer of a continental meal, but I'd rather keep my self respect." And then, gentlemen, was one picnic from which I went home alone."

So far on major hitchhikes, the bear was holding out and the Bull made reminiscences of college days, made him to continue like a revival meeting at which always stand up to give "testimonies."

"It's a lousy shame you can't get a few guys to back up your weary story, Bud, instead of only exceptions," growls Pete.

"That certainly isn't surprising, Pete, because we are all gentlemen and everyone knows that no gentleman will lie and tell." Bud replied. "If the teachers will bear with us for a while longer, we will consider the case of the expert normally inclined by of Bud's wife has the outlook of the true scientist, a series of facts and reality who cannot be satisfied with theory and fantasy."

"This says the first-hand knowledge would be likely to occur in the latter stages of the five-year period, after we get has probably rejected a couple of hundred propositions. After all, they have helped to please her curiosity. Aside from the ventures into the realm of sex that have been offered to her, one girl has found a great deal about it, read about it and even it depicted as the main theme of movies. So she's naturally curious and wonders what it's all about, thinks it must be overrated — but when it's over on a vacation trip to the seashore or in the mountains, far from the old home town so no one back home can possibly hear of it, she meets a nice fellow and decides the time has come to satisfy her curiosity. So it, forsooth, a game if the guy has any sense about him: in fact, she might even be the aggressor."

I opened by yep and amendment. "Wings, Bud! You've called my attention, but it wasn't as the moments or earlier; it was on a cruise ship out

of New York when I was stopping both after I got out of school. The girl was 21 and a beauty. I was 22. In a way, my experience was sort of like Jack's — no one but you so far. There's something romantic about those cruise ships but it often happens that there are a lot more girls than men. There were on this trip, which may help account for the fact that this lady wants talking around with me. We got kind of clumsy and one afternoon she started me, nice like, by suggesting that I drop around to her stateroom a bit later when her roommate had a heavy date for the after-board.

"While it was against regulations, I showed up and found her to be a delightfully warm and affectionate sort of person. She said enough to indicate that she had some curiosity about boy and girl relationships but before I could determine how willing she might be to satisfy said curiosity, the gong sounded for tea and I had to stoopable to get to my post; on time. It was almost like picking up where we left off another afternoon when her roommate popped in and I had to make up some lie about being done. That was saved me off for a few days. She was remarkably sweet, though, didn't see about being a 'body out' and dared me to drop around the last day out, when her roommate had an appointment in the beauty salon.

"I was there and there was some of fantastic thinking but before anything serious occurred we heard the cry 'Land ahoy!' and she wanted to get out on deck to watch the diploma of Manhattan build up as we approached. I'll never forget what that beautiful devil whispered to me a couple of hours later as she was debarking: "Don't feel too badly, Pete; at the last moment, the answer really would have been 'no.' Since I'm just a weary old man, as one fellow told me."

For Bud had one point left and he claimed that some women considered it the strongest; namely, that the forward to virginity is most often accompanied by an abundance of tears. Being somewhat squiffed, the ironic implications of the claim would be less compelling, he pointed out, and the fear of "being number in the morning" would be less serious.

Pete, who had been surprisingly quiet through this long dissertation, was meaningfully anxious to withdraw the camp de grace because the last word was mainly one of Bud's mouth when he piped up, quite ungram-

matically, "We and Shakespeare can both give the lie to that one. Your theme ain't going to be drinking alone, I hope, and if you'll read your Marlowe, you'll find a line that will apply to her guy. It says there that drink 'provokes the desire but it takes away the performance.' Will we have more than he was writing about?"

Bud did get in the last word: "Theologically, oh, my arguments is still sound."

Then it was time to go home; to visit, the beer was gone.



EXCITATIONS, we have discovered, have things in common with the long-preserved remainder of the human race.

For example, they like to eat. Lots of EXCITATIONS are excellent, and among these are a lot of appetizing dishes we see only like to eat, but also like to cook. Many of them possess a real culinary talent, while others look helpfully at a pot of boiling-over rice.

No, the EXCITATIONS interested in the preparation of food, as well as in its consumption, to meet herewith a new monthly feature, SHARPE'S GOURMET, which will offer recipes for the home-cooked, helpful kitchen hints and an occasional challenge.

We'll bend every effort to make this specifically a man's department, so don't anticipate recipes for finger-ambitious snacks and multi-layer cakes. Or even salads.

Food to satisfy the taste of the most demanding gourmet is not necessarily difficult to prepare and, far as we're concerned, the simpler the dish, the better.

We suggest that you begin saving time monthly recipes. In the very near future, EXCITATIONS plans to make available a very attractive binder for them, and you can hand them down to your children and they to their children.

What are we saying? What children are we talking about? Well, perhaps there will be more non-bachelors among those who are certain to treasure SHARPE'S GOURMET recipes.



YOU ME CHOW MEIN

Here and in your flatter papers try to cook up the top dish, for you'll doze when she can see everything, and give her a refill of China Boy Cocktail (recipe below).

Later as you dishing and dishing show before show time, also, open the canned ingredients and shanghai the man. You may get unusual credit for spreading your net.

- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 ground raw boneless chicken
- 1 large green pepper, chopped fine
- 1 cup chopped onion
- 1 cup chopped celery
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup pepper
- 1/2 cup chicken lard
- 1 cup ground mushrooms, drained
- 1 can drained tomatoes
- 1 tsp. chili water
- 1 tsp. cornstarch
- 1 tsp. soy sauce
- 1 tsp. soybean
- 1 cup toasted almonds

Melt the butter. Add green pepper and onion. Cook one by one for five minutes, stirring constantly. Add chicken, mushrooms, celery, lard, salt and pepper. Cover and cook for five minutes. Add bone sauce, and heat through. Mix chili water, cornstarch, soy sauce and soybean and add. Heat until thickened. Mix in toasted almonds.

CHINA BOY COCKTAIL

- 1/2 ounce orange juice
- 1/2 ounce dry gin
- 1/2 ounce yellow Chartreuse

Shake well in cocktail tin and strain into cocktail glass.

The Chinese drink champagne dry wine with their show, but outside you'll do better to serve a California white wine, a well chilled dry liqueur, for bottom.

Wine comes ready-bottled in case wine, and crisp apples can be had in case, too. When in emergency serving dish, and your minute meal is ready, chop chop, to eat before this New Year, new shopping day.



TEE HEE WITH SOLOING FOR TWO



There once were three nice Mandarins
 who set out to study men's ways
 wearing red silk slippers,
 Kimonos with tippers
 And anticipatory grins.

MEN, WOMEN AND LINGERIE (Continued from Page 9)

really got it was I got tired of seeing her go around with ladies in her pants. As for the sex in it, I'm the simple kind of a guy who thinks nothing at all is sacred." **AVAILABILITY (L&GM):** "White is original, pink is good homewifely, but black is original. We prefer black to keep our Keds from being. It's an aphrodisiac and makes our good women seem more than they are."

Jack (Stand Out Your Husband): "The pleasing reflection of a body coming through the rip man, strikes men as eroticism. Anyway, black is what men consider sexy and anything men consider sexy is hot as!"

Clare, (In most of the black lingerie made is made with men in mind, what do men have in mind when they buy black lingerie?)

No scientific study could be complete without an exposition of preference from the partners for whom the lingerie is, in the real, intended. What

do the well-matched movie women prefer to wear underneath their spandex? How would the boutique swimmers Fanni Magglio, Nancy Brown and Lili St. Cyr respond to the question: "Is that a black G-string you're wearing? Ever wear an E?"

But it was more significant to interview the one kind of woman whose opinion really matters — the woman everybody likes with. And she talked, all right.

Mrs. A., housewife: "As a matter of fact, I do love some black lingerie . . . Oh, I almost forgot, it's P.T.A. dinner tonight and I'm supposed to bring some ravioli so I'll sleep easy . . . Actually, I have lots and lots of black, and I bought it myself sometimes I need it to go with a dress, but actually I don't do anything like my husband. Personally, I don't really like the feel of nylon on my skin, but before going to bed I put it on for a short duration . . . did you see what

that man in Pittsburgh did? . . . He silly but I like to please my husband because in the long run it pleases me. My whole feeling about it is that a wife should never stop being . . . True that, it's an old recipe but I understand some cottage cheese for . . ."

Anthropologists have found that there was no increase in black lingerie as such in the lower animals. Four striped snakes simply split, split and split again. In each case of evolution before the chimpanzee brought his intended lady a measly banana and then indulged in several tin-picking. Sex had started the climb down from to take us set up a crater in the brain. In terms of present-day nomenclature, the business was being discontinued.

By the time we got to the human Loni and Doloreses tribes, dolphinness exposure of herself by a woman had become established as an institution, and soon, in the Trifoglio tribe, the entire young tribe made a radical step forward with the assumption — comparable to the conceptualization of a fourth dimension — that, if they could trick the women into exposing themselves, the women would be demoted to lionsess.

It is only in our very highly civilized and efficient society that one item maintains the gift (homage), the inherent exposure (Trifoglio) and the strategy (tin-picking) in a single tickle package.

That package is black lingerie. Dr. Donald S. Laird, Ph. D., Sc. D., lecturer, professor at Calgano, North-western and Yale; behavioral consultant in applied psychology, and author of more than a dozen learned books in the field, answers. His statement:

"Girls who wear black lingerie can sleep like on Mondays."

Dr. David Harold Pink, Beverly Hills anthropologist and author of the recently forthcoming *Release From Nervous Possession*, believes, on the other hand, that men who have an erroneous interest in feminine underlings may be living with an unconscious fixation and working still; usually, including in a form of mass psychosis.

"An increase in women's underwear brights at about the age of 6 or 8 and groups their boys to investigate their girls and vice versa. Now, if a boy is hindered from examining his interests may be halted at this point, leaving him, in extreme cases, a Peeping Tom; in milder cases, a husband buyer of black lace panties. In either case, he never gets any place — much."



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BARBARA HOWARD

But does the buying of black lingerie always indicate that a man is arrested?

No, necessarily, says Dr. Rank. "Firstly and suggestively black items, worn as intended, without other clothes, do emphasize nudity the more. Looking — if it doesn't stop there — is a positive and brightening stimulus, an integral part of the satisfactory total act, a device that can extend a moment of pleasure into a full lifetime."

"That's why the women who put on black under for their men — well, they may think Daddy is just a big boy, but they also know you can get the fly."

So, if some day soon, some of you gals find yourselves at a lingerie counter and the salesgirl asks, "Would you like something to please your man, or would he prefer...?" consider, if you would, the answer, the moment-to-moment life of the wayward streak, the Titkopic situation, and the adolescent fixation, ha, brother, you know what's up.



BEING FUNNY

(Continued from Page 11)

while I'm reading "Come With Me, Friend!" kissing my girl, and changing my hair color all at the same time!"

Another truth gag suggests itself about the irresponsibility of the company:

"I know I may not die for a long time, but what about the company?"

This in turn suggested another truth gag about the president of the company:

"If your company's is good, how come the president carries the job over with *you* himself?"

Let's see what we can do with some exaggeration of the facts. These are always pretty easy to cook up. Both of Gilman's and piddles the together real well:

"I had a friend with a policy in a company as strong as the flock of Gilman's. They paid up in *pebbles*."

Let's also exaggerate the legal word in some policies or contracts:

"This thing makes more sense"

(Continued on next page)

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PORTRAIT OF JOAN

(Continued from Page 58)

"No, thank you; your beauty affords me sufficient stimulation."

"Oh, thank you again. Be won at ways say such pretty things?"

"Always, provided the woman is at least once called as beautiful as you are."

"How deceives a lion for that," she said, putting her lips into a pout.

There is a knock outside. Joan rises quietly from my lap. She unlocks the door and admits a visitor, a young man with a ruddy face and bright eyes. She embraces him fondly and gives him a long-drawn kiss. They exchange a few whispered words. Then, begging pardon of me, the waitress with the intelligence into the next room, and it is now, I think, for a game of hide-and-seek.

I think I am now fully acquainted with Joan's thoughts and habits. On innumerable occasions I have sat in her apartment as invited her in various social functions. And many have been our conversations, over a glass of beer or a game of cards. My aim of sedulous observation and silent questioning, I have gathered a large fund of knowledge about Joan. Her life is an open book to me, but I must be careful when parts of it I read aloud.

Joan lives alone in her apartment. The apartment is both her residence and her place of business. Here she shops and eats, and here she sells conjugal favors. Here, for an hour or more, she grants a private interview to a professor and lectures upon his shortcomings, with an order that is sometimes gracious and sometimes provoked. Her discourse is large but so chaotic. She will have nothing to do with a man unless he has been properly introduced and highly recommended to us as character, health and financial condition. Unless her less laudable claims, she is always having trouble with workaholic strangers from the street.

Joan often changes her abode. She has found it wise to move frequently, in order to escape the suspicions of her neighbors and the surveillance of the constabulary. Frequent migration is one of the cardinal principles of those who live as vandals with the law. As present she resides in one of the most refined sections of the city — making it too good for my Joan — in the vicinity of a college. Not a few of her patrons, nowadays, are also patrons of higher learning. Her rooms have become an unofficial annex to the college. Miss Joan Haverly is an instructor too. And the knowledge she imparts to her scholastic friends cannot be obtained from any lecture or book, however readable.

Joan's philosophy of life is rather curious. It is her belief, for instance, that there is no sin in the world. Sin, she declares, is an erroneous conception, a pernicious invention of mankind. She maintains that there is nothing sinful or obscure in sex, and that mating is not more innocent than smoking or eating. And she sees no difference between mating with a friend and mating without a friend. The act is always the same.

The pursuit of happiness is Joan's chief preoccupation. Our young lady is a confirmed hedonist. She holds, with Epicurus, that the purpose of life is happiness. She believes wholeheartedly in the doctrine that we are placed on this planet solely for the purpose of enjoying ourselves. With some, the purpose of life is the seeking of fame, or the spreading of a gospel, the winning of wealth, or the subjugation of the nations, or the preparation for death. Not so with Joan. With her, the object of life is the gratification of our senses and desires, and the fullest enjoyment of the world in which we live. The song of the bird, the beauty of blossoms, the fragrance of flowers, the succulence of fruit, the softness of lips, the tingling of nerves were all created, she contends, for us, for our special enjoyment.

Joan allows nothing to turn her aside in her quest for happiness. She refuses to worry or to take anything seriously. "What is the use of fret and worry, of hopes and plans, of fasting and fasting," my pretty pages demands with devastating precision. "When in a hole while we shall all be dead? People are fools. They live as if they are going to live forever."

Thought for the moment occupies but very little space in her petty head. She lives incessantly in the present. "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may" is more than a line of poetry to her. It is a guiding principle of life. I often contemplate my pleasure-loving friend and wonder when the future has in store for her. I often wonder if in the years to come she will be one of those old, broken women you sometimes see scurrying across in public buildings or asking gentile on street corners. I wonder, really. Life, I know, has such a seductive store of horror.

I am rapidly approaching the end of this paper. I am not a Plover Laysan. I am quite incapable of writing voluminously on the subject of a demi-monde. I am rapidly approaching the end and I realize regretfully that I have not achieved what I had on

out to do. I have not written that pretty poem. As this I am deeply agrieved. Be assured, dear Joan, I am deeply aggrieved at my failure to produce the promised review. However, this can be said in extenuation: It is not an easy matter to read a woman who displays an utter disregard for moral questions and a fond devotion to that profanity which is known, through the courtesy of a euphemism, as the sillon in the world that allows me to pay you this parting compliment, Joan: Of all the women of your rank that I have ever met not so many, you were by far the most beautiful and the most talented.



FUNNY

(Continued from Page 58)

when you said it backwards."

"I know a fellow that died of old age before he finished reading the policy."

He can also work up a real lake logic out about the policy.

"I like the idea of protection."

I like the idea of saving money.

I like the idea of insurance. I

just don't have any place to keep the policy."

So here, in an hour or so, we've cooked up eight pieces of material. You by then said, take them out again the next day, discard some of them and start over.

In the weeks of almost every night this comic I could go on like this for hours, but it'd only make you laugh. So what I'll do is let it go as this for that, as the case may be, depending upon the status of the thing.

If you write jokes, they're better if they're funny.



BRONCO

(Continued from Page 17)

to Chinaman.

Something is all up. I would say the buying a sports car is somewhat. It's getting married — you is all until you can stand it no longer and then you will be the happiest man in town. Don't expect your spouse or your friend to share your peculiar enthusiasm. They probably are sensible persons who think the purpose of a automobile is to provide transportation. And finally, buying a sports car is rather like kissing a strange colored — it just isn't done, but wouldn't it be had!



"I got it working from 8 to 12 — p.m., that is."

MEN PAST 40

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ESCAPADES IN WAX

by JOE SIZEM



POPULAR

Gene Verble, the waxy musical comedy star, nevertheless has total ways to express advantage when she can dream size them vividly with understating body English. If you had the good fortune to catch her in the Broadway hit "Can-Can" and more recently in "Honey Younger," you know what we're going about. RCA/Verve has just released the redoubtable reissued in number of their series of "Moon The Girls" albums. Miss Verble's old attempt is titled, "The Girl I Left Behind For." One thing about this girl is her vocal flexibility: When she sings such ballads as "Send In My Blues" and "The One That Would Be A King," she frames them with a sweet, unaccompanied voice. But on the rhythm and melody material, the sprightly staff starts to adopt it, she comes on like a hawk in a tailwind and gives us with a buoy and provocative performance. "Buddy," "Jenny," and "Send Me A Pinkie Man" are good



ones in price. One of the strongest songs on this set is its cover — a hip-swinging golden phrase of carnivorous fusion, just daring you to pick her up.

A song with every hint of greatness as because just another cliché if the medium of expression — the singer — for example, lacks feeling or understanding for the tune. That's one reason why many composers and lyricists realize their creative for particular types of vocalists. (Let's face it: one such singer who has always done masterfully well by a song and the lyric writer. Take her latest Doors Album, "Now Better Go Now." Her warm, down-pouring, intimate style always keeps the melody on track and she vibrantly lives the lyrics. On some of these tunes she sings with a power to her throat, as when she smooches with and produced

and maybe just a bit cynical, however she's covered and, in the best touch, with the atmospheric quality with which only a few women can release, she's a seductive star. As usual, the Beatles supply her good material in walk along, including "Dancing On The Ceiling," "The Man That Got Away," "When I Fall In Love" and a few, though under-promoted Keys melody, "Braniff Me." The number vividly and witty in this package deserves the widest exposure — a Southern exposure, if you will.

• • •

Julie London's New York debut as a singer was made made of it. Her own way she captured up several dimensions among the large and vocal quality of males in the audience. And her experience remains. It's not only that she's delectably attractive, wearing long, light hair that cascades luxuriously over her shoulders, she has the wit and presence that elevates each song's image. When she sings, she uses a minimum of gestures, letting her voice and face do the explaining. The voice is small, but because she knows how to phrase it naturally, and has good material to connect with, Julie's voice becomes an activating instrument. Her latest album, "Julie Is Her Name" (Liberty), gives plain evidence of her true skills with every song she sings. For some of singing throughout the set, is greatly poorer and she couples this with a range of dynamics and emotions that makes her singing remarkably persuasive. Outstanding among them and Ray LaRocca accompany the towering London with subtle good taste. The serious cover of this LP preceeded a Billie Holiday recording to coincide. "No woman has voice sounds as intimate as it does — but where it's best."

• • •

"Western Music From Chicago" (Mercury) is the first recording in a long while from trumpeter Bud Badley, a star pupil from the Erupa, Lawrence, York and Herman tradition. Melding with Bud in this set is the Sullivan on sax and trumpeter; pianist Steve Hancock, bassist Victor Gramey and drummer Roy Haynes. Add the talents up and you get a remarkably fluid, well-balanced portion of this thing called Pop, which swings with exciting abandon all the

way. Badley has several incredibly impressive moments and reminds us of Miles Davis at times. The hard-core swinging nature of the Sullivan group is complemented the crew. Most all the soloists bring patterns with artistic authority and technical fluidity, especially on "Taking A Chance On Love," "Dig This," "Red Is Blue" and "On Miles." There is modern jazz made here with taste, integrity and personality and well worth the price of admission.

JAZZ

In 20 words or less, could you sell someone the difference between the Jazz and Good Jazz? Between Christian and Baroque? Traditional and Modern? Whether you're hip or those workers, you'll find the answer in a new MCA album titled, "Hot as Coal: A Barrel of Jazz." To illustrate the difference between two very special schools of jazz, two bands were assembled as featured, the sort of Broadway jazz culture, and both very good after gathered on the same live stage. Handling the good jazz line is "Kasey" Gilmore, with Jimmy McPhee, lead field members the Dixielanders. The rock is quite impressive along with the respective areas, the big names featured here include Buddy DeFranco, Edmond Hall, Don Elliott, Bobby Byrum and Kai Windling. The high spot of the album, by no means, just to "Fidelity." Here Buddy DeFranco and the New Orleans' pro, Edmond Hall do musical battle with the album. DeFranco fingers his talent in a series of jargon-filled choruses, while Hall, usually defined, gives a spirited and moving performance. Other big show-up members in this series include the inimitable "How High The Moon," "Makin' Money," "Fidelity," and "Hot and Good Jazz." No matter what your major, you'll find the subject matter in this last outbreak of intelligent interest.

• • •

If you like jazz just mixed with instrumentation, then here's an album you should pick up on — "Trade Names: Meet Quarters," on the Bellphone label. Once you get to a spin, you'll find the interesting two-facet nature of Miles and Monk to be perceived somewhat along the lines of that successful transcendence episode of J. J. Johnson and Kai Windling. The final, of course, is captured in a restrained color stage when compared to the handsome but Miles and Monk, one fluid and masterfully intense, prove their instrument to be a lightning just vehicle. To heat up the their parade, Joe Pass comes in his exciting solo on guitar and is especially outstanding on a freewheeling "It's Only Monday." "It's Remember April" is another provocative phrase in this set, sampled from time to time, especially when you want a change of mood, there's a shower of links to be had in this swinging, swaying set.

THE ALMOST PERFECT WOMAN

(Continued from Page 85)

ing, the hole is Casper's work, and even less than she had been in the house for years.

While she was washing the dishes, Casper in his pipe and smiled. "Well, Albert, what do you think about your Uncle Casper now?"

I put in my order for a mechanical woman.

The next few days were perfect. Eve could do anything. The three of us went horseback riding and swimming on the small island. One night we took a picnic lunch and a portable photograph to the beach and dined; Eve was able and capable she cleaned like she was born to the job.

She cooked wonderfully. She could play an endless game of them. She mixed excellent drinks. She sang to us in the evenings with that lovely, husky voice. Casper constantly wore a contented, happy smile.

I had to go back to New York all too soon. As the small package that arrived in a handbag field, I again asked Casper to make another mechanical woman.

"Why?"

"For me, you old fool. Why else?"

A husky voice gravely corrected me. "Casper isn't an old fool, Albert. Casper is the greatest man in the world." I got from my little plane and took

off. As I circled the island, I saw Eve chasing Casper into the water. They were both nude. I couldn't keep my mind on my work the next few weeks. I kept hearing that husky voice and remembering the last time I saw Eve. I couldn't tell my friends about Casper's invention. No one would have believed it possible to make a mechanical woman so human that she thought and loved and had the brain of a college graduate.

Five weeks later I received a telegram from Casper's secretary. He had died; I was his sole heir. Eve met me when I landed on the island and tearfully led me to the library.

"He left an envelope for you," she said. "You're supposed to read it carefully. I'll fix you a drink while you read it."

I watched her walk out the door. Even in black mourning clothes, even though I realized she was a mechanical woman, she still looked so lovely. Carefully I picked up Casper's letter. "Albert," it began. "I have made a grave error. I don't know what it is. I'm too embarrassed to write the full explanation, so you should read my diary first."

I picked up the small book and hurriedly scanned the pages: "Eve is everything I've ever wanted. She has the uncanny ability to anticipate my every desire." Then, two days later: "Eve and I have discovered eternal paradise. Casper, you are indeed a genius." Four weeks after Eve's creation: "Apparently

I have made some mistake in Eve's construction."

The last entry was the one he wrote before he died. "I know now I should have instructed Eve to control the atom, but I was too much in love with her. It is too late now; I am sunk."

Uncle Casper's letter continued: "As you can see, nephew Albert, I made a mistake. I don't know what it was. Eve has no idea, of course, for I haven't told her there is something the matter with her."

That was all. I picked up the blueprints as Eve entered the room with two drinks. She didn't look at me.

"I read Casper's letter," she said solemnly. Then she raised her lovely silver eyes, shiny with tears. "Humbly, Albert, I had no idea that . . ." her voice faded away.

I sat in the chair, holding Casper's letter, thinking back to Eve's creation. What secret wrong? Sure, she was a mechanical woman, but ever capable of crying, of feeling emotion. Suddenly I had a brainwave. Of course!

I walked over to her and gently took her hand. "Come on," I said. "Let's go check those blueprints."

The plans were clear. Uncle Casper had been precise, clearly indicating what each motor relay and group of wires were supposed to do. "For darling," I smiled. "I'm going to have to instruct you temporarily."

There was nothing to it. I had no trouble dismantling the small plate in the back of her head. I found the condition was correct, turned it just a little, then activated her.

While the electric battery was warming up, I grinned. Uncle Casper was a genius, there was no doubt of that. He just didn't know enough about people, and he hadn't let me tell him. His model, the girl he claimed for love, the New York girl named Elizabeth that he called "mechanate". . . she was a replacement!

Voices eyes opened languidly. A husky voice purred, "Albert is the greatest man in the world."



SEASONAL NOTE

Friendships indissoluble

Now turn around.



"It's usual to show home - I can feel the ocean mounting!"



NICHOLS FROM HEAVEN



*Once A Cheerleader,
She Now Has Her Own
Rooting Section*





That in Hollywood, everything new and for a long time past has run in cycles. Somebody makes a successful gangster picture, then everybody makes a gangster picture, and you have the "gangster cycle." Or "summer cycle," or "historical cycle," or what have you. And with the advent of Marilyn Monroe, girls began to run in cycles, too.

For quite a while now, all aspiring blonde actresses have been hailed by their press agents as "the new Marilyn Monroe." Among others, for example, there have been Sherry North and Joyce Mansfield. The "Monroe cycle."

The newest entry in the M.M. field is dragging her feet, though. She doesn't want to be "the new Marilyn Monroe."

She wants to be Barbara Nichols. And that's who she is.

In common with Marilyn, Barbara is blonde, sort of a silverish blonde, at the moment. She's also sexy. She's also in pictures and TV.

But, Barbara believes, that's drawing the parallel far enough.

"If a casting director wants Marilyn Monroe, let him get her," she says. "If he wants Barbara Nichols, I'm always ready to lure."

Long before Marilyn Monroe was even heard of (well, not too long before) Barbara was winning beauty contests on her own hook while still a 16-year-old student at Woodrow Wilson High School in Jenetta, Long Island, New, as a teacher 23, she's just finished an im-





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NICHOLS FROM HEAVEN (Continued from Page 85)

portant role in United Artists' "Skip Down To Terror," with Anthony Quinn and Kathryn Grayson. In the intervening seven years, a lot has happened.

Barbara was a high school cheer-leader, voted "best looking" and "classiest" by her senior class, when she wanted the luxury career that led her into a show business career. Although she was the center, her parents (her father was a carpenter) scolded at her going on ambitions.

"So you're a nice girl, so what?" their attitude seemed to be. Many discouragements came from the boys were show, such when she had been carrying on a seven-year romance. He, naturally, wanted her to stick around Jamaica.

Her Barbara's parents had given her dancing lessons in a child, and she had proved to possess talent. And with that small training, she embarked upon her career.

First, she modeled junior fashions for a local department store. This led to her discovery by photographers, and soon her picture was gracing the covers of national magazines. So Barbara, with a few months' show of it, went to New York, where her modeling career blossomed again.

Then came the break that put her into show business. The Motion Picture Agency was looking a show for the film "Jagan Hood" in the Dominican Republic, and Barbara auditioned. Because of the West Indian prettiness for blonde, the adults, rather than for any talent she might have displayed, Barbara got a featured part in the movie, and away she went.

For the Yankee blonde, the Dominican Republic proved to be a Paradise. The Dominican gentlemen preferred her, and demonstrated their preference by giving lavish parties for her and showering her with gifts, including jewelry.

"But they were really gentlemen," she says. "They didn't — or, at least, nothing, you know? They just liked to be seen in public with me, or something."

When the run ended, Barbara returned to New York, still a non-actor, and resumed her modeling profession. It was a gay and glamorous time for the pretty youngster, who was on her own and successful in her field. The big town was her object, and she eagerly dove into it.

"I was young enough so that I could get up at seven and go to bed at three, and still look okay on the

job," she recalls. "What a ball!"

Then she got a comedy role in Jerry Lewis' "Breakfast Open House" on TV, and a new world opened up. "I really began to work seriously," she says. "Comedy's a tough job. And I still had modeling commitments." All of this intertwined with Barbara's gassy mother line, in compensation, it took her into the merry comedy role of Valerie, the waitress, in the smash Broadway musical "Pal Joey." Thanks to her status in the Dominican Republic and on TV, she acquired herself with aplomb and the critics were enthusiastic. It was another "ball" for Barbara.

When "Pal Joey" closed, Barbara went back to TV, appearing on the U.S. Steel Hour in a variety of roles, and on "Kondra," the new maid of the Sid Caesar Show. In between, she posed for a widely famous calendar.

Marcus Braubert's talent scouts saw her on TV and, without so much as a screen test, put her into the comedy lead of "Miracle In The Rain," in which she played an "innocent strip-tear."

The fact that she was in Hollywood, and available, was responsible for her landing a leading role in "Joy Ride," a musical revue at the new and lovely Huntington Hartford Theater on Hollywood's faded Vine Street. The bookers, like those of "Lord An Ear" of a few seasons back, hoped to reverse the sad course of Broadway-to-Hollywood and take the show to New York. But, so far as Barbara was concerned, Hollywood was the golden end of the rainbow and before "Joy Ride" closed out, she was working in "Skip Down To Terror."

While still working in "Joy Ride," Barbara also made numerous TV guest appearances, with, among others, Fred Allen and Paul Winchell.

This Barbara Nichols is regarded as a real find, despite her seven appearances. Her part now is held in firm proximity to the Hollywood gridstone, and she takes little time out for "talk" these days. No romance. Few parties. Lots of work.

But success hasn't entangled her blonde head or whisker away her sense of humor, which is acute. Big things are predicted for her, and she hopes the predictions are right. But, in the unlikely event that they're optimistic, Barbara will survive — and enjoy every minute of it.



MEN, WOMEN AND LINGERIE
SPORT CARS DEBUNKED
CONJUGAL CATECHISM
ESCAPADE'S GOURMET

in this issue:

