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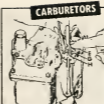




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March  
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NUMBER 4

VOLUME I

**MR.**

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# WILL YOU SPEND \$2 TO SAVE YOUR HAIR?

How many hard-earned dollars have you spent to save your hair? How many hair tonics, gadgets, restorers, electrical devices, have you tried in the last few years—with no success? How many, times after an unsuccessful hair-growing attempt have you sworn not to spend another cent on another hair treatment?

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## CAN YOU GROW HAIR?

Doctors who have spent a lifetime studying hair and hair growth have concluded that nothing now known can grow hair on a bald head. So, if you are bald, prepare to spend the rest of your life that way. Accept it philosophically and quit spending hard-earned dollars on hair growers.

If you can't grow hair—what can you do? Can you stop excessive hair loss? Can you save the hair you still have? Can you increase the life expectancy of your hair? Probably. Please read every word in the rest of this statement carefully, since it may mean the difference to you between saving your hair and losing the rest of it to eventual BALDNESS.

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Seborrhea is believed caused by three parasitic germ organisms (staphylococcus albus, pityrosporum ovale, microbacillus). These germs first infect the sebaceous glands and later spread to the hair follicles. The hair follicles atrophy, no longer can produce new hairs. The result is "thinning" hair and baldness.

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# HOW TO DRINK BEER



The malt brews are not only good for love and fit for kings but also lots more complicated than you think . . .

By MACK REYNOLDS

**W**ED hate to get a reputation for continually harping but we sometimes wonder if American beer lovers are putting their hearts and souls into the project. Frankly, there's more to beer than just lining up at the corner tavern and guzzling a few schooners. Brewing, gentlemen, is an art and should be treated with respect.

We know, we know. You're familiar with the basic rules and regulations observed by all but squares among beer tipplers. You never use soap when washing a beer glass, and you serve lager at about 45 degrees, no colder, for fear of killing the taste. You never frost your glass, but use one at the same temperature as the beer. And when you pour beer you don't try to retain the carbonation, that just gives with a lot of gas on the stomach.

All these things you realize. But, gentlemen, there is more.

Its origins lost in the mists of antiquity, beer is by far the oldest alcoholic beverage known. Archaeologists have found evidence in Neolithic caves that primitive man might not have had a brass rail upon which to rest a weary foot, but he did have malted brew.

Beer was known in the Tigris and Euphrates area before 4000 B.C. and there are references in the *Ani* and *Nu paphyri Book of the Dead* of Egypt showing that a form of barley brew was popular before 3000 B.C. in the land of the Pharaohs.

Hammurabi, of the first Babylonian dynasty (2300 B.C.) set out penalties for brewers and inns. 'Beer sellers giving short measure were to be thrown into the water. A reasonable law, it's to be wondered why America's forefathers left it out of the Constitution.

Since then the use of beer has spread throughout the world and to areas where vintners have never trod and distillers remain unknown. For beer is made

by the Kaffirs of South Africa and by the natives of the Congo, the Peruvian Incas knew it well and in far Bhutan *murwa*, a beer made of millet flavored with saffron, is the national drink. Custom among the Bhutanese is to leave a cup of *murwa* by the grave of anyone known to have been a heavy tippler. A noble gesture.

Very simply, gentlemen, there are three operations involved in the production of beer.

**Malting.** The barley is so modified that the starch will more easily convert to sugar.

**Extracting.** The starch is changed to sugar and put into liquid form, somewhat akin to making coffee.

**Fermenting.** Yeast converts the sugar to carbon dioxide and alcohol.

The endless different types of brew we enjoy today are brought about by variations in this basic malting, extracting and fermenting.

For instance, there are two principal types of fermentation. Bottom fermentation produces lager beer during which process the yeast gathers in the bottom of the tank. Top fermentation produces ales, stouts and porters and is so called because the yeast rises to the top.

Lager—the German word for storing gives this beer its name—is largely what we consume in the United States. Ales, stouts and porters, all but unknown in some sections of our country, are put away in England, Germany, Scandinavia and other blessed lands with great appreciation.

And it's here we make one of our big mistakes. Mind you, there's nothing wrong with the products of Milwaukee, St. Louis, New York and other American brewing centers, but, gentlemen, you haven't lived until you've slung a lip over a glass containing, for instance, *Guinness Stout*, of Ireland.

(Continued on page 54)

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IT all happened last October at Frank Dalley's Meadowbrook club in Cedar Grove, New Jersey. The costumed guests thronged in, but the uninitiated might not, at first, have realized that a masquerade was going on. For all those who were masquerading were simply men dressed as women.

Some were professional female impersonators, well-equipped to fool the most astute observer. Others were gagsters, just out for a Halloween ball. But all were good enough to take in, at first glance, any unsuspecting spectator.

Inside "couples" danced, clown-ed, and indulged in spontaneous mimicry of the poses, gestures and actions of the opposite sex. "It was fascinating," our photographer reported. "I guess, in an adult way, it represented the feelings all children have when they get into the attic and Tommy tries on mother's wedding dress and Jane gets into dad's old GI coat. It's just fun to find out how looking like your opposite number feels."

Anyway, take a close look at our pictures. Which of the gals are gals? That one? Are you sure?

# MAN OR

# Woman?



"Different" is the word  
for this Halloween  
masquerade party



# The SALESGIRL

"I hope my story won't embarrass you," Milly said. "It's kind of intimate . . ."

By HERB OXSTEIN

I STOPPED at my local lingerie emporium for a bit of froth for the girl friend, whose feelings needed a bit of soothing following my abominable conduct of the previous night. I was no newcomer to these be-girdled mannikin jungles, so this one didn't scare me. In fact, I felt downright friendly toward it, since the products it dispensed had often proven themselves nearest a woman's heart, and consequently in the best position to soften same.

A salesgirl emerged from behind an all-white number, and my calmness was destroyed. The fairness of her skin brought to my mind thoughts of fresh fruit and rich dairy products, and pointed up the darkness of her hair and eyes. But that wasn't what got me. It was the way she was stacked that took my breath.

"Can I help you, sir?" she asked, smiling prettily. "Yeah," I answered, struggling for breath. "I'd like to see something in negligees. About your size, only—" "Only smaller in the bust?" she said. "I understand. Step this way, please."

From opposite sides of a showcase, we discussed my problem in detail. She held up some of the negligees in front of her, and I had to admit to myself that she would do a lot more justice to any of them than the girl I was buying one for. Finally I settled on one the salesgirl looked best behind. As she was wrapping it, I struggled for an opening, but as time was running short, I came out with the oldest one in the world. "Is it possible that I know you? Your face . . ."

"Yes, it's possible," she said. "I'm Milly Nobra." From the way she said her name, I assumed it was

supposed to mean something special to me. It didn't. I took a stab.

"Did you swim a channel or something?"

The girl was slightly ruffled. "You mean the name really doesn't ring a bell? Think back a couple of years."

"That would put me in the heart of darkest Germany," I said. "On khaki-coated government business. I just got back."

"Ah, that explains why my name means nothing to you. Well, a couple of years ago, I was famous. I was on the top of the heap. But it's a long story—"

"Perhaps you could tell it to me tonight?" I put in brightly. "It's been years since I've heard a good story in the cheery surroundings of a bar. Me and those Germans never did get to speaking the same language."

With becoming reticence, she agreed.

SHE sipped her cocktail and snuggled down comfortably in the leather of the booth before starting her story.

"I hope this doesn't embarrass you," she began. "It's kind of intimate."

"I'm a big boy now."

"Well, not so many years ago, I had what you might call a bosom problem. I was too fully developed for my muscular capacity."

"It doesn't seem like a problem to me," I said appreciatively.

"This was a few years ago. I found that the conventional method of uplift

(Continued on page 64)



JOHN  
Nobra

# A Brunette FOR THE Peeper

The thing that would have had most men drooling  
was just what Madge's hubby feared . . .

By JIM HARMON

I WATCHED through the dirty window as she took off her dress. The dress was a summer nylon print and she didn't have on a slip. She was wearing a bra and pants with a girdle holding up gunmetal hose. The open-toed shoes had very high heels.

The bushes rustled a little as I got nearer but in a more concealed position. She was leaning over, taking down the girdle, having to wiggle her hips to get the elastic past them. Her breath filled her chest nearly forcing her large breasts out of the confines of the bra. I could clearly see the white, untanned crescents against the sun-bronzed flesh. The girdle dropped to the floor.

I wiped the perspiration out of my palms with my handkerchief and leaned closer to the glass. She was kicking off her shoes energetically. One went halfway across the bedroom and the other went two thirds of the distance to meet it.

I watched as she sat down on the faded bedspread, crossed her long, full legs, and started rolling down her left nylon. She had a deep vaccination scar on that thigh. She pulled the stocking off her foot. It was a nice foot, small, without the heavy veins that spoil so many feet. I like feet.

She extended the other leg the way they do in the advertisements and rolled the hose up and off that foot. She put the stockings on the bed and stood up in just bra and pants, a nice-looking brunette of medium-height without the extremely high heels. She reached around behind her.

I WATCHED for another moment but I didn't stay for all of it. I just couldn't. I couldn't stand it. That would have been too good. I had to leave. I just had to.

I got out of the bushes as quietly as I could and hurried across the lawn. The trees kept out the light from the street lamp pretty well but you never can tell when nasty neighbors will be looking.

The sidewalk stretched out like a gray ribbon towards my house five blocks away but I didn't feel like going home just yet. I turned the other way and started walking towards the business district up the street.

I went into Charlie's Bar under the neon sign that just showed—AR in faded pink. I always wonder why people bother to turn on half-burned out signs like that. Of course, it does show that they are open for business, I guess. Except banks. About the only time a bank has on its neon sign is after it's closed.

There weren't many people inside at the tables and only two at the bar. I don't like talking to strangers much so I went down to the other end of the bar. Ed was on duty. He owned the place. Charlie had died two years before.

Ed came over with a big smile on his fat face. "Hi, Vince. A beer?"

"Yeah," I said.

He opened one and set it down before me with a freshly polished glass. I poured the beer out, against the side of the glass so it wouldn't foam over. It tasted cold and good.

Ed leaned on the bar. "Say, Vince. . ."

"Yeah?"

"A guy had some pictures in here this afternoon. They was some pretty good ones." He polished the bar with a soiled cloth. "I know you like that kind. I asked him if he'd sell them."

I wiped the cool foam off my lips. "How much did you pay him?"

(Continued on page 55)



A "yalla" gal finds plenty of booby traps along the road to true love—and some of them aren't what you might expect . . .

By "Buzz" Crane

**E**ARTHA KITT was 14 when she discovered she was attractive to men. As she walked to and from her high school classes, her gay face and graceful, almost feline, body always drew whistles from the boys standing on the corners watching the girls go by. And at the neighborhood dance halls, where she seemed born to the Afro-Cuban rhythms, she was quickly tagged as the best partner by the hep boys.

That was some 15 years ago and Kitt has sung and danced and acted her way across Europe and America to the tune of thousands of wolf whistles. Men have followed her from city to city and country to country, pleading for her favors. Yet the enticing and provocative entertainer with the sexy voice and the even more sexy figure has still to find a marriage partner. Her fabulous house on New York's 92nd Street—the original of that in the movie, "The House on 92nd Street"—still boasts no master. Love may enter here—but marriage, it seems, cannot.

I saw her most recently at the floozy Persian Room in New York's equally floozy Plaza Hotel. In her floor-length mink coat, said to have cost a cool \$17,000, and in her elegant gowns, designed



The lucky led is Eartha's dancing partner in her El Rancho show in Las Vegas. The Kitt, of course, is a trained dancer as well as a gone sexy singer.



Above, Eartha belts one on stage in "Mrs. Patterson." Below, she looks sadly over mess left by burglars who lifted jewels and furs to the tune of a cool \$32,000.



## WHY SEXY EARTHA

by Balmain, one of Paris's top-flight designers, she sparkled with gaudy, charm—and plain, old, every-day sex. But now and then I thought I detected a certain sadness. Kitt's face in repose is not a happy one. Is it, I wondered, because despite her fabulous success, she still has been unable to find a husband with whom to share it?

**I**N the tight little world of show business, where rumors were breaking through the sound barrier long before jet planes were heard of, it is sometimes said that Kitt doesn't care for men. That within that exotically feminine body is a shrewd, driving, masculine mind. But her autobiography, "Thursday's Child," published last fall, should put such rumors to rest for good. It is filled with stories of her conquests and her romances—none of which have wound up at the altar.

There is the man she speaks of only as "paleface," her constant companion for months in California. They laughed together, played together, and were so desperately unhappy when Eartha's engagements separated them that she was willing to let her career languish while she partook of the delights of love. But when, one night, he called to tell her he loved her, and she said, "What do we do now?" he answered, as she tells it, "I love you but I will never be able to marry you," and another romance went down the drain.

The pattern had begun long before, when the then young and inexperienced dancer was a member of Katherine Dunham's troupe. It was an electrician who struck the first spark of love in the 17-year-old girl. "Charlie" and Eartha became inseparable during the months they toured together and the girl who had yearned for love gave it freely. Until the day he announced to her, out of the blue, that he had to go to the airport—"to meet my fiancée."

To any 17-year-old girl the crash of a love affair is world-shaking. To a girl who had reached out for love to her mother, to her aunt, to anyone, and had been rejected, it was calamitous. Eartha accepted the tragedy in her mind—but not in her heart. It wasn't until later, when Charlie suggested they see each other only privately, and not in public, that she realized she could be, to him, only a back-street wife, without benefits of clergy.

It has been Eartha's fortune—or misfortune—to have attracted the wealthy and famous. She has been wooed by maharajahs, tycoons and socialites all the way across Europe and America. Her dressing room has been crowded with flowers and perfume and champagne and far costlier gifts. Her name has been coupled in the gossip columns with some of the best known names in the nation. And the result has been, not only blasts in the white press for crossing the color line even for a brief and innocent fling, but in the Negro press as well, for disloyalty to her race.

Her color, that warm and vibrant beige which is a blend of white and black, may have prevented her marriage to a white man. Though she doesn't say so in so many words, it seems obvious in her life story that Eartha believes this.

Yet in show business, where she has become a shining light, associations between whites and blacks are

## STAYS SINGLE

frequent and comfortable. When the lovely and luscious Lena Horne became the wife of music arranger Lenny Hayton some years ago, only a few eyebrows were raised, and despite their difference in color they have lived together happily ever since. Singer Billy Daniels has numbered white girls among his wives without bringing down the wrath of either Negroes or whites.

No, Eartha's color alone cannot have made it impossible for her to find a suitable mate.

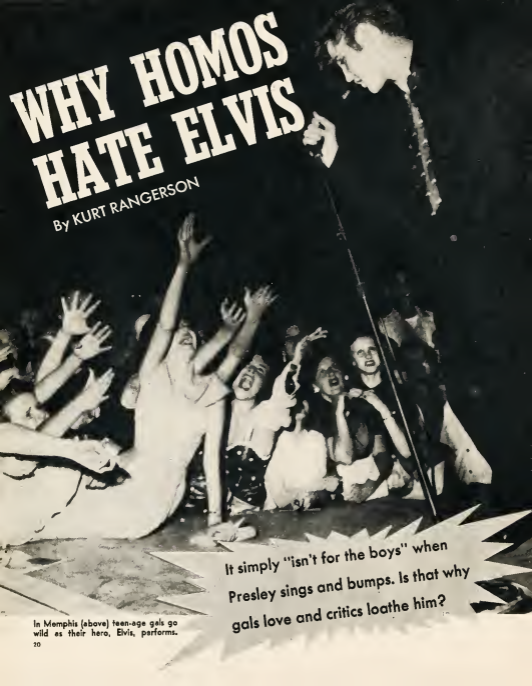
**I** LOOKED at her as she stood spotlighted in the Persian Room, slim, elegant, and overwhelmingly desirable. It was impossible to believe that the fascinating creature had been taunted and rejected for as far back as she can remember. "I don't want that yalla gal in my house," she overheard an uncle say to her mother—and the words (Continued on page 59)



Above, in a London club; left, Las Vegas.

# WHY HOMOS HATE ELVIS

By KURT RANGERSON



It simply "isn't for the boys" when Presley sings and bumps. Is that why gals love and critics loathe him?

In Memphis (above) teen-age gals go wild as their hero, Elvis, performs.



Elvis is cornered by an eager reporter (above) in an NBC dressing room. Below, he makes a record for RCA Victor.

*Error's Note: The interesting idea developed below by Mr. Rangerson does not necessarily reflect the point of view of either the editors or the publisher of this magazine.*

**H**AS it ever struck you how just a little old-fashioned man-woman type sex on TV makes critics and audiences mad, but that other forms of sex play get by and nobody—or almost nobody—raises an eyebrow?

Remember, for instance, when James Melton, back when he had a musical show, put his arm tight around the waist of his leading lady as they bowed together at the end of the program? The next day the network had a bushel of mail protesting this "obscene" gesture!

But what happens when Lewis jumps all over Martin and ends up in a leg clinch that can have only one meaning to anybody who knows what's what in this world we live in? Nothing happens, that's what; and this reporter has even gotten dirty looks when he's said that this comedy duo usually has something in its act to appeal to the sexually off-beat. (Don't get us wrong—it's well known that there's nothing odd about these lads personally—it's just the act we're talking about.)

And how about sadism, for our money about the ugliest device for sexual release? Half the time nobody says a word. In fact, lots of people won't admit what they're seeing is sadistic. (Continued on page 50)



# WHY ENGLISHMEN MAKE BETTER WOLVES

By ALICE (who likes England)

**I**N the movies, Englishmen are depicted as a cold and rather sexless lot, the kind of men you'd willingly trust your best gal with. But on their home grounds they're hospitable, generous, and as interested in the activities of the bedroom as their American cousins.

And their interest—believe me—comes with variations that would startle the average American playboy right out of his charcoal-gray suit! Under those tweed jackets burn romantic fires. And a proposition is still a proposition, even when it's made with a broad A.

Their approach, at first, may seem a bit leisurely to a girl used to the scouped-up how-about-it-kid tactics of the American male, but that makes it even more deadly.

My first hand-to-hand encounter with a genuine, dyed-in-the-wool Englishman was an eye-opener. I had met him, properly enough, at a dinner party given by some American friends, and when he suggested driving me down to Cambridge I had hastily scratched the Tower of London and Madame Tussaud's to accept.

The English countryside was as lovely as advertised and, after several stops at roadside pubs, my date looked as handsome as Laurence Olivier. And funnier. Parlor jokes at first and then, as the gin and bitters took hold, Chaucer. Now English as it was spoken in Chaucer's day comes near being a foreign language. But not quite. With practically no translation difficulty, I was able to follow the quotes right out of the parlor and into the bedroom.

There was a long and involved tale about a man and his friend's wife who were engaged in an intimate moment when they heard friend approaching. Frantically they looked for a hiding place and, at the last moment, popped into a huge chest. Crouched there in fright, they were stunned when they discovered that the husband was not alone. With him was the wife of the man-in-the-chest. And it was on the well-upholstered top of the same chest in which their mates were hidden that they chose to conduct their tete-a-tete.

The story even had a happy ending. Discovering that their spouses were that way about each other, the hidden couple made themselves known, and one of the happiest foursomes in old England was formed.

The significance of this merry old tale escaped me at the time. When we got back to my hotel, John suggested that I might like to see something of the lake country, too. He'd ring me up about it next day, he said, as he kissed my hand and took off.

Hand kissing, yet! But after I discovered that the lake country trip—I consulted my guide book—would involve several days' travel, wild horses couldn't have kept me from meeting John when he suggested lunch next day, to talk over plans and to meet his wife!

Wondering where all this would end, and whether English wives were in the habit of carrying deadly weapons, I was a bit nervous as I took off. But Deldre was charming—and so was her

(Continued on page 48)

When a British beau takes his date to meet  
papa, mama, sister and best friend—three  
bedrooms are not far ahead!



# OPERATION *Pin up*



**R**EADERS, meet Miss Rita Grable, 35-23-34. Miss Grable, meet our readers. And now, dear, that you are properly introduced, have you got a word to say?

"Dear MR. Readers:  
I'm happy to be a part of MR.'s first 'Operation Pinup.' I hope you'll like my pictures—and if you do, would you write and tell me so? I think that might help me get a dancing part on Broadway, which I'm just dying to get.  
And now—all my best to all of you.

Rita Grable."



Rita in her sensational "Black" costume that kept our photog bug-eyed.



Burlesque queen Grable displays her charms on bedside phone and in black "filmy negligee."





**MAKE YOUR OWN**

# SEX SURVEY

Would you like to know more about dames? And would you like a FREE copy of the next MR.? Then read below!

By B. F. SHELTON

**YOU'RE** probably a hep lad who's read everything in Kinsey, and even done a little spade work on your own in an effort to learn about women. If so, the more power to you.

The catch—and if you've already gone this far, you'll be the first to admit it—is that you still don't know half enough. Somehow the gal you meet never seems to be like anybody in Kinsey; and what's more, she doesn't seem to behave much like the last gal you dated, either.

Don't worry, pal; the guy next door has the same problem. All that's happened is that you've grown up enough to realize that the myth about women being hard to understand isn't any myth. They're mighty hard to understand, and for one simple reason: the one who loves you today is different from all those who've lavished their affection on you in the past.

Here are two absolutely true stories that will show you what you're up against.

**A** COUPLE of years ago the author had a friend, a concert pianist, who moved up to the Bronx in New York City because that was the only spot he could find a sound-proof room where he could practice a lot without having the neighbors call the cops. Charlie—we'll call him—lived alone, and stayed home most days studying sheet music and banging the ivories.

Now the Bronx, in case you don't know, is inhabited almost entirely by married couples in the lower to middle middle class. The men take a subway about eight a.m. and ride off somewhere to work, and most of the wives spend the day keeping house and

getting the kids—the Bronx is swarming with kids—off to school.

To begin with, Charlie had no idea how this was going to work out for his love life. However, being of a scientific bent of mind, as well as suffering sometimes from a strange restlessness after a long bout with a Beethoven concerto, he decided to do a little research on the subject.

First he met a couple of the wives next door—no doubt by borrowing a little sugar for his coffee, though he never said. Then he joined an afternoon canasta club in which, apart from the teacher, he was the only man!

That sounds like jumping into the lion cage at the zoo for a quiet afternoon snack, doesn't it? But he was well resolved. The dolls loved to have him at their table, and lots of them thought of little things they could do for an unattached bachelor—like sew a button on his shirt, or bring him some left-over pudding.

And that brings us to the important part of his research: how many of these motherly, wedded babes happened to think of the thing that might reasonably be expected to appeal to a lonely bachelor far, far more than pudding for supper?

Charlie's answer: so close to exactly one in ten that only a statistician could tell the difference.

Since he met a good sixty during his two years in this setup, you can figure out for yourself how many liked to come to his apartment for a spot of music and other recreational activities during the long afternoons. Charlie was surprised, and a good deal happier in his new surroundings than he'd anticipated.

(Continued on page 40)



Miss Palmer backstage (right) and on floor of El Paso club.

**THIS** is Vicki Palmer, a lively number from Brooklyn who paints, sings, dances and models. "Men seem to admire me," she says, "so I just feel I'm a very lucky girl. I thrive on admiration. As a matter of fact, tell me the truth: what gal wouldn't?"



  
**OPERATION**  
*Pin up*

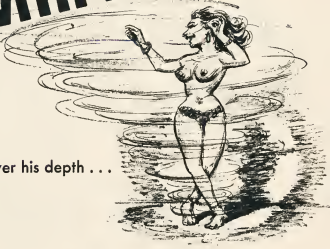




Vicki slips into a Chinese red bed jacket (opposite page) and poses demurely by couch in her apartment.



# DAME WITH A TWIST



When a playboy gets in over his depth . . .  
can he still find a way out?

By JAMES GLENN

ARGUS is a flesh peddler; he calls himself an "artists' representative" and that's his way of saying flesh peddler. He's a fat slob too, and I don't know why I like him except that when I audit his books and figure his tax, he just comes through with a check and no complaints.

I never had any trouble with his tax returns either until this year when the State Revenue boys got smart and bounced the return that I had prepared for him. So that's why Argus and I were working late that night in his office. When the State got smart, I got a little smarter and worked out a way to swindle them out of a few more dollars. Maybe I'll teach them not to bounce one that I sign.

We finished about nine and Argus said, "Come on. I'll buy you a sandwich." To him that was the fatted calf. "I gotta look at a beast anyway," he said.

"A stripper?" I asked him and he nodded. Now I am a guy who can get bored stiff with strip artists—the minute they quit—so I got my hat and we took Argus' car and drove out to the Pink Door to catch the floor show that he wanted to see. I didn't offer to use my car. I don't have one.

Nicko, who runs the club, is a compatriot of Argus, so they had to fall on each other's necks when we got there. We got a good table even if Nicko did know that Argus won't put for more than a sliced chicken sandwich and a beer. Nicko wouldn't give me the sweat off his brow.

"What's the sex you want to case?" I asked Argus as we munched the sandwiches—sliced chicken.

"Mama and the Willow the Wish."

"Will o' the Wisp," I corrected.

"That's what I said. Willow the Wish."

WE sat through a comedian in a funny hat and the hat wasn't funny enough for both of them. Then there were some jugglers, but they always remind me of work, even if mine is just juggling numbers in somebody's business records. Then the comedian came back with his chrome-plated mike stand.

"And now Lays and Gemen," he shouted triumphantly. "MANA! AND THE WISP OF THE WISP!"

He made a run for it, wagging his microphone behind him.

As he got off the stage, every light in the house went out, leaving darkness heavy enough to cut. It was pretty effective. The orchestra started the stripper's score.

A tiny spotlight probed the dance floor, a spot of light no bigger than a half dollar; it searched, sought, brushed past white flesh and returned to it. The whiteness twisted away from the glow. The light followed, and, again catching a glimpse, enlarged itself and caressed Mana briefly as she twisted sinuously away.

It continued, the girl wheeling and turning, the spot enlarging and diminishing, but always catching tantalizing glimpses of the whiteness, the rounded lush fullness. And the score that the orchestra played was pure sex, rising and falling with the thrill of pursuit as the stalking brightness sought contact with the dancer's body with fervent persistence, and Mana recoiled from its lustful beam.

Then she was caught by the tiny spot and it crawled sinuously over her as the music shuddered with her before she whirled away. But it was not to be denied and it pursued furiously and her body was a wildly gyrating thing of terror as

(Continued on page 52)



A propeller-driven boat cooperates with a plane in Florida Everglades during a search for smugglers of illegal aliens, rum and dope—the chief “twilight” traffic across the Gulf.



Miami (above)—Inspectors check boats, left, and workers, The authorities haven't yet licked smugglers who love fast cars, easy dough and plush nightspots with lively shows (as below).

# WHAT'S UNDER THE

By AL JAMES

The Coast Guard says the Gulf of Mexico has been swept clean of smugglers. But a hep traveler, in this special report for MR., paints a different picture

THE broad expanse of the Gulf of Mexico is a striking body of water, 450,000 square miles of sapphire blue reflecting the sun's rays from its glittering surface in a rainbow of a thousand different colors.

It serves as an oversized swimming hole for the tourist who likes his water the temperature of warm beer. Within its tepid confines swim a thousand different varieties of fish, tempting the commercial fishermen who slave to supply a good meal for those unable to afford steak. And in the black of night the Gulf becomes a broad highway for the smuggler.

Smuggling is one of the world's oldest known professions, yielding only, as a gentleman should, to the ladies who have a good grip on the oldest. To China goes the dubious distinction of catching the first professional at his trade, the penalty being the loss of both hands by the sword. This careless Mongolian was thus forever handicapped in his efforts to pass a snapper drink through the China Wall to a Chinaman tired of home brew.

The Gulf is a good bet for the night rider. It washes the face of Mexico, embraces Cuba and laps on the shores of four of the United States. Haiti, the Ba-

hamas and Jamaica are all easily reached over its choppy surface. For the cagey men who man the boats there are a thousand inlets to run for if detected.

Smuggling isn't new on the Gulf. It began long before America became the land of the free and the home of the high income tax. First by pirates burying their bloody treasures on Florida's sand. Then wind-driven schooners bringing in slaves and finally arms for the confederacy so the 'south could keep these slaves.

SMUGGLING has progressed right in step with the automatic dishwasher, the atomic bomb and the two-dollar hair cut. The boys have gone modern. They use steak, fast, forty to sixty foot cruisers, equipped with radar, powerful engines and high speed coffee warmers. The money is big, the Gulf wide and they want to cash in.

The Coast Guard and Customs officials are smug. "There is no more smuggling. We have wiped the Gulf clean." So they say, pointing with pride to their hundred thousand dollar whirly-birds, their powerful ships and amphibious aircraft. These were

# RUG?

the brooms they used to wipe up the Gulf.

The trouble is that these brooms are missing a couple of straws. Rum sells for two dollars a gallon in Cuba, seventy cents back on the empty bottle. The best buy in the legal boozehouse in the States is close to four dollars a fifth. To the boys with big car and blonde fever this is like buying dollar bills for fifty cents, too good a bet to miss.

Within a half mile of one of Florida's Coast Guard stations is anchored a pretty miserable looking boat. The paint is peeling, its sides gouged. On deck dead fish lie in the hot sun smothering the air with the stench. It looks about as seaworthy as a lead raft.

Late in the afternoon a couple of guys skid up to the dock in a Caddy, hop aboard and fiddle with the rusty controls. The motor struggles to life and the floating wreck staggers out of its dock towards the open sea. Once out of sight of land the men crank up the other engine and the boat leaps forward like a frightened gazelle chased by a lion.

Under the deck of that "wreck" two gleaming five hundred horse



# WHAT'S UNDER THE RUG?

grays shoot power to the double screws churning through the water at better than thirty knots. Clever camouflage to fool the Coast Guard. A couple of nights later she will come limping back to port and unload from the trip to Cuba, the guys hop in the Caddy and go hunting up a place to spend their money. The Coast Guard's broom missed this one.

Cuba is a natural for picking up rum. Miles of its beaches are as barren as Coney Island in a blizzard. Its smooth coast is easily landed on. Rum is plentiful, enough stored on the island to flatten every sailor in our Navy. A few words here, a peso there and a truck, loaded with the amber liquid, bumps down the road towards one of the deserted beaches. Quickly the illicit beverage is transferred and with a roar the smuggler is away with his cargo.

He has nothing much to worry about until the next night when he begins his approach to the Keys. Sometimes the crew members get a little careless and are caught with their britches at half mast. A glaring light will leap out of the darkness and splash across the decks. The guy at the wheel damns the Coast Guard, spills his coffee and shoves the throttle wide.

The chase is on. The smart operators know the waters and head for one of the bridges beneath the over sea highway, tracer bullets whistling over the boat like deadly hornets. Both of the racing boats churn through the bridge and then the smuggler begins twisting and turning like a belly dancer, dodging around the thousands of shallows that could slice the bottom out of the sturdiest boat.

The Coast Guard damn the smuggler and give up the chase. They draw too much water to enter the flats and have to radio for a helicopter. But by the time it sweeps into the area the boat filled to the gills with cheap rum is safely hidden in one of the small Everglade harbors beneath the twisted branches of the mangrove trees.

The next day they enter port and a waiting truck hustles the cargo away. It's easier, and more profitable, than hauling stinking fish.

**S**MUGGLING isn't all a bed of roses. Once in a while luck steps out for a short beer as in the case of the Captain who misjudged a bridge gap. At better than thirty knots he tried to move a concrete piling. In seconds his boat was small toothpicks, the Captain decapitated and both of the crew smashed beyond recognition, their guts ripped loose and bobbing on the Gulf.

An old timer sunning his aged body on the wharf had some interesting comments. "These guys in the Coast Guard stations are blind. They do a damn fine job of pulling out half drowned fishermen and such but they should sit here with me about three in the morning when the moon ain't out. The boats coming in are thick as a king fish run.

"Some are legal, hauling in shrimp off Campeche, others ain't. They slither like snakes into their docks and are unloaded before you could haul a lobster pot. These are rummies. Hell, I can buy all the stuff I want down here for three bucks a gallon." He spit into the foam topping the running tide and scratch-

ed his whiskers. "I don't mind the smuggling of liquor. None of my business. But those guys who smuggle live ones . . ." The beach tramp spit again in disgust.

'Live ones' are illegal entrants. Cubans, Chinese, anyone with a yen to get into the states had enough to put a sizeable chunk of dough on the line.

The United States is still the land of milk and honey and gold-lined outhouses to many. They want in. Immigration is strict, properly so. The Gulf is the perfect wire to short circuit the quota system. The run from Cuba and other foreign shores is short and the landing field big. Money is the passport. A thousand bucks waved in the right places is a pretty good inducement to a guy used to making nine cents a pound hauling fish.

The trip is rough. Live cargoes stuffed in the depths of the holds and false decking laid down. Scummy bilge water lapping around the passengers until they half drown. If the boat sinks they haven't a prayer and wind up shark bait, if they aren't scraped in half on the way down.

**O**NE day a Coast Guard on normal patrol duty stopped a suspicious ship near Key West. She was checked from stem to stern with negative results. Giving up the search the sailors started to leave when one of the swabs noticed the anchor was down. This didn't jibe, ships don't drop anchor unless in or near a port—never on the open sea. It took a little persuasion to get the anchor hauled. Tied to the anchor were three men, all thoroughly wet and all thoroughly dead. The Captain's look of 'how did those guys get there' wasn't enough. He's now stuffing ships into bottles at a federal penitentiary.

The biggest risk of being smuggled in is that of being dumped overboard like a dead beer can. The Captains who deal in this kind of work have charcoal for hearts and aren't going to the pen if they can help it. Sometimes when they fear they'll be stopped they leave the live cargoes on one of the small islands dotting the Gulf to rot in the heat, after first relieving them of their money. So they lose one load, there are plenty more.

No one state along the Gulf of Mexico has clean skirts when it comes to landing contraband. There are 1600 miles of coast from the tip of Florida to Texas, much of it perfect for the operation. Texas with its broad and lonely beaches, Louisiana and Florida with hundreds of bayous and small harbors. The piles of smuggled goods lying on the beaches and docks disappear into the interior of the country faster than ice melting in a Texas heat wave.

Even the business of smuggling has its class distinctions. Top dog are the rummers, next the livers and groveling in the dirt are the narcotic haulers. The top two drink beer together, neither will have anything to do with the junkies who drink champagne by themselves. Handling dope is a dirty, dangerous and lucrative business. One boat can bring in enough in a cigar box to supply Chicago peddlers for a week. This makes it tough to catch the boys at it. A boat has a hell of a (Continued on page 58)



"He had those new safety straps in his car—so what could I do?"



IN LIKE

*Thompson*

Linda was quite a hunk of girl—so why did Donny want to spend so much of his time with old bats?

By LARRY M. HARRIS

**T**HERE'S a lot of nice old bats with money in New York. That's what I like about it. I mean it's not only the shows and the bright lights and Broadway and all the stuff they tell you about, but a man got to make a living, isn't that right? And all these nice old bats, they're my living. You understand?

Maybe you don't. Maybe you're a nice John, a pipe and slippers type with a little blonde wife and a seventy a week job. Maybe you're happy and contented and you figure you got it made. In a case like that you might never have heard of guys like me or a job like mine.

Linda could have told you. Not that it means anything, but she could have.

See, Linda was like my outsideman, my tip-off. She would know when some rich doll was planning to slum around the Village, and then I'd make an appointment to be wherever this rich doll was going to be, and, like, we'd get acquainted and I'd start working again.

You know how it is. These old dames, they always want to help out some young deserving character, a writer, say, or a painter. All this modern stuff is very easy to fake if you're working with old ladies who don't know house paint from Rubens, and I can run a typewriter. I even play guitar a little and sometimes I can set up the play as a deserving young modern musician. Just for kicks. A misunderstood genius, is how it is. I called myself a balladeer once. I heard the word around the Village. You could hear a lot around the Village, you keep your ears open.

Anyhow, I'm this young deserving type guy, understand. And the old bats just fall all over each other trying to help me out. I'm not saying they would do it for you, even if you were young and deserving; how do I know? But me, I'm also a good looking type, a tall guy with a lot of muscles, blond hair, big clean cut face, the works, like that. You'd be surprised how that helps.

It's a fair living, maybe averages out a hundred bucks a week and there's very little work attached to it. That, I like. But there's one catch. There always is; nothing's absolutely perfect. This catch is other women. See, I'm on the job most of the time. One old bat dies or gets tired or I figure it's better off cutting out, and I pick myself up another. There's lots of them around, the way I say. And while I'm on the job, living with these bats and every once in a while knocking out some more modern type stuff for them, getting a little dough on top of the room and board setup one way or another, I can't go around with some other girl. The way I figure, the old bat wouldn't like it at all.

I don't mean there's anything big between me and the bat of the moment; there couldn't be, I mean, because these rich dolls are eighty or ninety or better most of the time. But they get jealous anyhow, the way I figure it. They want to recapture their youth, I figure, or something like that. And they do it by keeping a big handsome young guy like me on the string; they feel good about it, isn't that right?

So if I tried going out with some girl my own age, they wouldn't like it. They might get mad and make things rough, or even kick me out altogether. And a guy has to eat, after all. I mean, it's like a job and that's all there is to it.

# IN LIKE FLYNN

The way I explained it to you, it makes sense, doesn't it? I thought so. But to Linda, this whole thing was just too much. Linda was something, don't get me wrong; Linda was quite a hunk of girl, and intelligent, too. She lived down in the Village and she was some kind of artist, I don't know what. She could have been a model; I mean there's nothing the Monroes or Gina or anybody has that Linda didn't have and better. But she was a serious type artist, and that was what she wanted.

Her whole trouble was, she was in love with me. Or that's what she thought. Me, I wouldn't know.

Anyhow, this whole thing irritated her. She only stayed on as my tip-off, she said, because she was in love with me and couldn't stand not being with me. But she wanted to see me more often, and the old bats didn't mean a thing to her. She kept after me to give the whole gaff up and come get married. She strung me some fantastic story about friends of hers who were just dying to give a guy like me a good decent honest hard-working job.

I mean, how nutty can you be?

That was when Mrs. Menno first came around. This one was the end, the absolute crown. Mrs. Menno lived on Park Avenue up in the 70's somewhere, I don't remember exactly, and she had several million dollars around for small change. Linda tipped me off she was going slumming this particular night, and she'd probably be in Rlenzi's. I don't know how Linda gets her information, but I guess she has friends.

**N**OW, Rlenzi's is a funny kind of a place, and maybe you've never been there at all. In the front, they got all these tables and stuff, see, and a big kind of coffee urn or something steaming away over on a side wall, with a cashier's booth and all near it. Then you go right back and down a couple of steps and you're in the back room. The back room is just the same as the front room only no coffee urn, no booth.

A lot of the tables are full of young kids, the girls all in shirts and slacks and the guys in shirts and pants or T-shirts and slacks. Some of them wear these bright colored scarves or babushkas (the girls wear the babushkas, is what I mean) and, all for all, take it all at once, it looks pretty seedy and arty.

This particular night, the place is not too crowded, which is very good. I go to an empty little table and sit down and watch the crowd, but Mrs. Menno doesn't look to be coming immediately. I got to be ready to make the move, so I keep on looking, and when the waitress shows up I don't even know it at first.

"Yes?" she asked.

I turned around and saw her. A nice little dame with light brown hair and a faded little face. You know, a waitress type. "Yes what?" I said.

"Will you order now?" she said.

"Coffee," I said.

She looked at me very oddly. "Turkish, Armenian, Indian, Italian . . ." and she only started; she was good for another trip around the world with these crazy coffees.

"Coffee," I said.

"American," she said.

"Right," I said, and she went away to get it.

I drank a couple of cups, just waiting, and finally I got her coming in the door. Get the picture: little tiny dame, maybe seventy, white hair all curled up on her head, black dress, a couple of sparklers pinned onto it but not too many, no hat, no earrings, and a face with a real honest to God beak, a very big nose. I said to myself that this was it, and then I just waited.

I had this big sketch pad with me, all filled up with faked-up squiggles I did myself for cover. I flipped it open and started working on a new squiggle, taking my time, making sure she saw me. She was standing in the doorway looking a little bit lost, so I just kept fooling with my pencil and sketch pad and looking up towards her every so often. In maybe two or three minutes, which is par for the course the way I figure it, she saw me and started over in my direction.

Of course, right there I stopped looking at her altogether, and I stopped sketching. She came on over regardless, and she asked me if she could sit down.

"Sure," I said. "Go right ahead."

She sat down, and then I just waited for a while. This was a shy one, but I figured to let her have her way making it easier on me. Finally she started up:

"What were you sketching?"

"Nothing much," I said.

She tried to crane her neck a little, but I had the book shut in my lap by this time. "I thought I noticed you looking at me."

I shrugged, like it was too much to keep it up any more. "Well, so what?" I said. "I was sketching you. Your face. You don't like it, I'll tear the page out and that's that."

"Oh," she said. "Oh, but I do like it. May I see it?"

I backed away a little, you know, just enough, and then I surrendered and showed it to her. Just a collection of squiggles, and she looked at it like she was puzzled. "I didn't think you'd get it," I said. "People never do."

"Oh," she said, "I really think it's very interesting. This dot here: that's my eye, isn't it?"

"It's expressionistic," I said, "not representational." Those are real spaghetti-size words, brother. Like I told you, you could pick up a lot of words in the Village, you keep your ears open.

"I see," Mrs. Menno said. Only I wasn't supposed to know her name yet. "Is it finished?"

"I was still working on it," I said. "I didn't mean you to see it."

"I'd like you to finish it," she said. Then she stopped and looked at me. "I'd like to . . . I'd like to have it when it's done," she said.

The waitress was there, all of a sudden out of the smoke in the crazy room. The old bat looked up at her. "Coffee dear," she said. The waitress looked at me.

"I'll just sit here a while," I said, "if you don't mind."

"Of course I don't mind," the old bat said. The waitress smiled and went away. I waited for her to start it up again, and it wasn't a long wait either.

"I'd really like to have the sketch," she said.

"Lady," I said, "you can have that one and five others like it, for a couple of bucks."

"You . . ." She was looking very pleased, but then her expression changed and I knew she was good and hooked. Took me maybe . . . (Continued on page 44)



"Still think I was bragging?"

# A WICKED EYEFUL!

IN LIKE FLYNN

(Continued from page 42)



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seven minutes, which is a little better than average. I worked on one bat over an hour and never did get any place; it just shows you.

"That's right, lady," I said. "I'm broke."

"But your art..."

"People don't understand," I said. "I bet even you don't understand... sometimes, lady, I'd just like to give it all up. But it's stronger than I am. I got to go back to it and paint some more."

"The true artist," she said softly. "Of course I understand." That was to me, "I'd like to help you."

"Lady, a couple of bucks would last me over a week. But I can't ask you... you're only a stranger."

"Don't be silly," she said. "I want to help you. For longer than a week. Why, I have a plan..."

The waitress came back and gave the old lady her coffee. We went through another hour like that, just arranging things, and she said she'd be back with her friend the next night, and wanted to know if I'd be there.

I told her I'd be there. "At last I've found somebody who understands," and a lot more of that stuff. You know how it goes.

Finally around midnight she decided to go home and I told her I'd go back to my little Village attic and think about some more sketches for her. I told her she had an interesting face; it's the thing to tell these old bats. She had an interesting face, all right, brother. How that nose kept on sticking up in the air I don't know. I'd think it would drop right off, of its own weight.

So I went home. Not in the Village, brother. I got a very nice apartment, a little bachelor job in the West 70's, a little West of the Park but still a nice neighborhood, you know? I let myself in and snapped on the lights, and I don't have a chance to do much more than that before the phone starts in ringing.

Sure. It's Linda. "I've been calling you every half an hour," she tells me.

"I told you I'd see you," I said. "Did you just get back?"

"Just about."

Well, she wanted to know all kinds of things, about Mrs. Menno and how she acted and wouldn't I please quit and let her friends find

me a job, and a lot more of that kind of talk, and it got to be a little too much, right? I mean, some girl, no matter what she is, always hanging on to the same old idea, it would irritate anybody. Not only me; anybody.

We talked for a while, and finally I just cut it short and hung up and went to bed. Linda didn't call back. She's that smart, anyhow, where I'm concerned.

A bright girl, you know, but she could be pretty stupid about some things.

Next day was a Saturday. I got up around ten and just kind of lay around most of the day, not doing anything much. I didn't want to go after Linda if she was going to bend some more of my ear about her friends, so there wasn't a hell of a lot to do. Finally night time rolled in and I got up and headed for Rieni's.

I worked it just like I had the night before. I wore these old type clothes, and took all the money out of my pockets except about a dollar twenty for emergencies. You know, I used to get nervous about walking out with no money. I don't now, because I'm used to it if you know what I mean, but you'd be surprised, even when there's money lying around home, how nervous you could get with only a buck or so in your pocket. I mean, you never know what can come up, and there you are just as broke as you tell people you are.

Cutting a long story short, I was sitting in Rieni's long before half past nine, when she showed with her friend. This friend was a tall, bony carrot-top of maybe the same age named Mrs. Lang, and she did very little except to nod and mumble: "Whatever you think, Matilda dear," once in a while. I mean, she wasn't in it at all.

Right there we made arrangements for me to move right over to this mansion Mrs. Menno had. I made out to be surprised she was so well off, and I did a pretty good job of it. She wanted me to move in right away, and she even wanted to go up to my attic and help me pack, but I managed to stall it off. I said I had some drawings that weren't ready for public eyeing and not even for her interesting face to look at yet, and I wanted to pack up and take some time. So she was going to pick me up on MacDougal

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RICHTER'S,

and Eighth Street, which is a big lit up landmark of the Village, in an hour and a half.

I beat it home and packed up a bag of old type clothes and stuff, brushes and a stained old palette or whatever it is that I found on the street, you know, canvases and such stuff. I was back on the corner before the deadline, and she was waiting for me.

She never even got a chance to say hello.

Linda swung up from Eighth Street and butted in. "Wait a minute," she said.

THE old bat and carrot-top Lang swung around and took a look. Linda in a black sweater and one of those arty Village skirts was something to take a look at, not that I was in the mood. I didn't open my yap, thinking it might be smarter to see which way she was going to play it first of all.

"Who are you?" Mrs. Menno said. Linda didn't even look at her. "Stop it, Donny," she said. "I mean it. If I have to shock you to wake you up . . . I followed you down town."

Mrs. Lang looked at me. "Who is this?" she asked.

"I think she's out of her head,

lady," I said. "You get some queer Village types."

"Donny, stop it," Linda said again.

"She seems to know your name," the carrot-top said, looking fierce. Mrs. Menno was just staring at all of us in turn. Her mouth was open so wide I thought she was going to swallow that nose. But nothing, unfortunately.

"Look, miss," I said, "did I meet you somewhere?"

"Donny," Linda said, and sighed. And then, so help me God and His Saints in Heaven, she spilled the entire bit to the old dames. She didn't leave out a solitary little thing; she told them everything about me and the way I work and how I found out about them and when she was finished you could have cut the silence with Lizzie Borden's meat axe.

"Is this true?" Mrs. Menno finally managed to say.

Well, the show was up and what could I do about it except maybe have a little fun. So I said: "Sure, it's true, Pinocchio."

She turned all kinds of colors, white, purple and red. Finally she said: "I see," and she turned and went away, back home, I imagine, with old carrot-top Lang following her. That was the final end, en-

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tirely. The whole beautiful gaff, the whole set up that took me a lot of time and work and stuff, was up in the damn smoke like that. And maybe every other set up as well with it. Because where was I going to get any more contacts from? And if Mrs. Menno told some people, which I didn't think she would out of wanting to keep it private, I was completely dead.

After a minute or so Linda said: "You're not mad at me?"

Not much I wasn't mad, but what good was it going to do me? I just turned around and looked at her and said: "You get out and keep going and the hell with you from this point on."

"Donny," she said.

"I said, keep going." Now I was really seeing that old red and not thinking at all any more. "And just in case you decide to ever come back, try this and remember it." Well, I made up a fist and started for her but I was pretty slow, out of maybe not really wanting to hit a girl, and by the time I made a step in her direction she was gone away right down the block and that was the real finish; now there was nothing left at all for this baby, was how it looked.

SO I went right home and got to sleep. No use doing anything else, I told myself, and it worked. But the next day was pretty sad. I sat around wondering where I was going from here and how I was going to raise up the rent on the nice bachelor place, and all like that. Late in the afternoon I caught some stinker of a movie and grabbed some stuff in a deli, but even with that I was back by around eight-thirty, with nothing to do.

By around nine-fifteen I was in great shape, really great. I was going nuts all alone, believe me, so when the phone rang I grabbed it like an octopus, without even thinking it might be that Linda trying to make it up. But it wasn't Linda.

An old bat's voice on the other end said: "Hello?" and I figured this was to tell me the cops were coming to take me for misrepresenting or impersonating a painter or something. I said: "Hello, this is Donny."

"This is Mrs. Lang, Donny," she said. I remembered the carrot-top dame. Now what would she want? was what I asked myself.

"Yes? What?" I said.

"I thought you . . . Donny, I thought you might come up to my house here. For a little chat. That's all, a little chat. I'm quite alone; I live alone, you know, since my husband . . ." She just stopped, like



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she was afraid if she didn't she'd go on talking for a long time.

"This play I didn't get in the least. 'Listen, Mrs. Lang, lady,' I said. 'You were there last night. You heard what happened . . .'"

"Yes, Donny," the old bat said. "I heard what happened. I find it doesn't . . . it doesn't matter. I'm quite alone, you see, and I've been alone for some time."

She just let it lie there for me to

pick it up and after a minute I did.

The bit was fantastic. I didn't have to be a crazy deserving young character at all. I was doing it the hard way. These lonely old bats, all they wanted was me, Donny all by himself; no gaff at all. Brother, you imagine how I felt. Here was the stuff, the real stuff, and all for the taking. No muss, brother, no fuss.

"'Til be right there, Mrs. Lang," I said.

And I was thinking how Mrs. Lang must have friends, too, and I could get to know them and just move around when I felt like it. Linda was gone and what the hell did I need Linda for, tell me that? I could move in anywhere, in like Flynn with no tip-off and no fake stuff.

"You just wait for Donny, Mrs. Lang," I said, "I'm on my way."

THE END

## WHY ENGLISHMEN MAKE BETTER WOLVES

(Continued from page 23)

lover, who thought it would be jolly to see the lake country again, and why didn't we just make it a four-some?

Right out of Chaucer.

**T**HE English have a lot of such old customs going for them, because divorces are extremely hard to come by while no law has yet been devised which can control the roving eye above the old-school tie and the trim mustache. All of which produces some startling results.

It was in Paris, shortly after the war, that I met Chips, a gregarious-type little guy in his fifties who looked and acted as little like a wolf as Mary's little lamb. When I advanced him some \$8 worth of francs against a cashmere sweater, we became fast friends and on my arrival in London Chips was at the station, bowler hat, stick and all, to take me to the hotel he'd chosen for me, and out to his home for tea with his wife.

Feeling I should make some gesture in return for all this hospitality, I invited them both to dinner the next evening. They declined. But shortly before six the next night, Chips phoned me from the lobby. Armed with a couple of books to make it look good, he had dropped around to see if I'd like to dine with him at his club!

Well, I was a stranger in London, and I am that I thought he was, I didn't suspect that Chips had ideas about breakfast as well as dinner, so . . .

The snapper came next day when Geri, his wife, telephoned. As pleasantly as if she were asking for a recipe for beef stew, American style, she inquired if Chips had left his diamond tie clip in my room!

I thought I was fairly sophisticated, but this husband-wife bit continued to flabbergast me every time I encountered it, which was most of the time.

My experiences weren't unique, either. An American friend of mine is still blanching over the upper-echelon dinner party to which she was invited one night in London. It was a formal party, given in a large private home by a well known financier. The ladies were done to the teeth in those slightly unfashionable gowns English women manage to turn up in, and the men were slick as Ronald Colman in white tie and tails.

After dinner, while the men lingered over their port or whatever it is that men linger over at the dinner table, the hostess led the women guests upstairs where, after a bit of primping, each was assigned to a bedroom. There she was to be joined by one of the men. Object: a bit of boudoir exercise. After which, my friend was assured, they would all meet downstairs for an evening of, appropriately, chamber music!

It was all high class, just as was the headache which suddenly forced my friend to scam out of there.

**B**UT I found, too, that sex is a mighty refined and high class activity in England. No middle or upper-class Englishman, for example, would pick up a female companion in a bar, on a train, or . . . well, anywhere. Introductions must be made. Never in London have I encountered whistles from truck drivers, or just plain guys standing on a corner watching the girls go by. There's none of that, "Sorry, I thought you were so-and-so," or "Didn't we meet at the Whitheridges?"

Without a legitimate introduction, there's no pass. No nothing.

That may be the reason they are so generous with their introductions. If there's always going to be an England, boy and girl have to get together some way. The wolf in the old-school tie will take it from there, believe me.

My friend Chips, despite his wolfish designs on me himself, was so eager for me to meet his friend Adrian that he performed the necessary formalities by telephone. And Adrian came into town next day to buy me lunch. Lunch, it turned out, in a cosy little flat he had borrowed from a friend for the occasion. And lunch, as well as dinner, I discovered, is considered incomplete without an intimate hour in the boudoir, with or without chamber music.

But when Adrian popped around a couple of days later to take me to tea and I found myself in the midst of his wife, his wife's sisters and their husbands, and all of the men later suggested feeding me . . . well, it got confusing.

**O**NE young man whom I had met in the course of business invited me out to spend Sunday with his family in Surrey. It was a delightful and innocent outing, with his parents, his sister, and a few neighbors, and the following week I was happy to dine in town with the young man, his father and his sister. His mother, living in the country, was understandably missing. But the group dwindled rapidly. Next time it was only papa, whose intent even a naive American eventually understood.

Now I'm no Dr. Gallup, and to what extent this sort of thing goes on in merry old England—hey, there may be a reason for that "merry," what?—I have no statistics. On the other hand, I'm no Marilyn Monroe, either. In the good old sexy U.S.A. I rate no better than average. So if these things happened to me, I figure they are apt to happen to any girl who doesn't have two heads or two left feet.

I suspect they happen to men, too. One man I know, a stranger in London, met an Englishman to whom he had a letter of introduction for dinner. The Britisher arrived with a girl in tow and even

# "Hey YOU SKINNY You look like SOMETHING THE CAT DRAGGED IN!"

the boys yelled as I dragged myself into the gym, says Jowett Pupil, Gleason R. Cleveland. Then I gained 70 lbs. and made the football team.

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before dinner was ordered—but after the proper introductions were made—the Englishman made his apologies and left the visiting American and the girl together.

"What are you planning to do in England?" the girl asked, over the soup.

"I'm going to hire a car and drive around for a few days to see the country," the American explained. "Oh, you must let me drive you,"

the girl said brightly. "I'm an excellent driver."

So Bob, at least, has seen the lake country, though his wife still doesn't quite dig those hospitable English customs.

No, men of America, don't let your gals go off to England, where no man is too busy or too old or too tired for wolfing. Keep them at home and go yourselves!

THE END

## WHY HOMOS HATE ELVIS

(Continued from page 21)

We remember a typical bit of James Gleason humor, in which he played a mover who got a husband and wife trapped with an upright piano on a narrow plank stretching between two windows high above a cement courtyard. In the final scene, as Gleason departs, the plank is bending and due to crack any second.

We may, if we wish, imagine the splintering bones and timber about to pile up down below. But this is sadism? Nonsense! Just good clean humor for a good belly laugh.

Or so they say. It's clean—because there's no visible sex, no dangerous sex that might bring men and women together and result in babies!

**W**HY are the reactions so different when Elvis Presley steps on stage? You know—"Foul," "Degradation," and "Disgusting" are some of the words the critics have used. And J. P. Shanley, reviewing an Elvis TV stint last fall in the *New York Times*, listed him as one of the "non-musical participants" of the show and called him "a powerful argument in favor of compulsory military training."

We think the answer is obvious. It's not the Presley voice, which even his best friends never claimed was the greatest. Nor is it his grin, nor his physical gymnastics while singing. What makes some people mad is the meaning of his entire act.

When Presley sings, it's for the girls; when he lets loose that fleeting sly grin, that's for the girls; and when he gyrates—well, there you have it. It simply isn't for the boys.

The girls know it's all for them, and they love it. That's why they come in droves to squeal and scream and stamp and whistle. They're naive, simple minded. They think it's nice to have sex plain, the way nature intended.

The mature men and women among us, however, (maybe you call them the ossified squares) know better. They know that the ignition of such youthful enthusiasm between the sexes is wrong and dangerous. They may stumble a bit when they try to explain why it's wrong, but their conviction is unshakable.

If their motives are puzzling to you, too, then just imagine one simple change in the Presley act. When Elvis comes on stage, he's not alone. Instead he's with a young man about his own age. Together, they sing and clown. They gyrate if they want to, bounce into each others laps if they want to. They may use franker gestures than Elvis, sing worse and look sillier. The critics, however, won't get mad. At the most they'll yawn and say it was a bum show.

The reason? Simply because these two young men—together—were only behaving in the way young men behave together in every prep school and college dorm from coast to coast. Now parents, consciously, won't admit and don't want to know what goes on under such circumstances. Subconsciously, however, they know perfectly well—and they condone it.

They condone it because it has become accepted socially as the lesser of two evils.

As long as boys play with boys, and girls with girls, there won't be sudden new families around that can't support themselves, and sudden new babies around of embarrassing parentage. It's as simple as that.

And when Elvis sings "Baby, Let's Play House," "I Got A Woman," or "I Want You, I Need You," it's perfectly clear he's not singing about childish games. He's singing about a very adult game, appealing to a young audience, and giving support to a feeling of rebellion that young people feel in every generation and

probably feel especially strongly in this.

A NEWS dispatch last October from Romeo, Michigan, tells an interesting story about 52 high school seniors, boys, in the Community school. It seems these lads had been so taken by the Rock 'n' Roll craze that they adopted duck-tail haircuts and long sideburns a la Presley. The teachers complained, and the superintendent of schools commanded closer barbering for the 52.

What annoyed the teachers, however, appeared to be less the hairy appearance than what they described as the "defiant" attitude among the Presley devotees.

Now "defiance" may be mighty unpleasant around a high school, but we still want to ask a question: Isn't it true that high school seniors are around eighteen years old?

Isn't it true that, at eighteen, they will be expected to go into the armed services, become soldiers and, if the need arises, die for their country?

Isn't it also true that, if they behave the way teacher says, they may be dead soldiers before they have ever known a woman?

And all this being true, is it surprising if they get to thinking about it and begin to feel that maybe they're not getting a square deal?

We'd like to turn J. P. Shanley's remark around: maybe compulsory military training is a powerful argument for Elvis Presley.

Certainly our young men have some reason to gripe at a society that demands a large contribution from them as men at the same time that it tries to deny them the privileges of manhood.

And let's face up to it: Elvis is a lot more wholesome and human than the latent and subconscious homosexuality that underlies far too many of our feelings. Maybe it's high time for a little rebellion among the younger set!

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## HOW TO DRINK BEER

(Continued from page 8)

Lowenbrau Dunkel Munchener, of Germany, Tuborg Porter, of Denmark, Bass' Pale Ale, of England, or even the Trappist Beer of Belgium, made by monks and with a vague flavor overtone of Coca Cola.

The American beer consumer is apt to latch onto a beer that meets his taste and stick to it indefinitely, never swerving unless confronted with a situation where his favorite is not available. The more sophisticated, abroad, will have a wide selection of brews for every occasion. In fact, a true connoisseur can drink throughout a meal, never departing from the brewer's art.

FOR an aperitif, try a pale dry pilsen served at minimum temperatures in a tall glass of approximately six ounces to the serving. This instead of a cocktail.

With a main dish, roast, steak, poultry, try a strong ale. A Bass in England, or, say, a Ballantine in the United States.

For highly flavored foods, fish and egg dishes, a lager.

With cheese a well hopped stout such as Guinness.

Dessert, pies, puddings, tarts. A sweet, mild beer or sweet stout (hard to come by in the States).

Liqueurs. Ultra strong ale such as Bass' Number One Barley Wine, or Flower's Dragon Blood.

Nor, when you throw your next beer bust need you sit around drinking the stuff straight. There are few beverages that lend themselves so well to mixing as does beer. Try some of the following:

Wassail Bowl. You've been hearing about this for many years. The term comes from the Saxon "Waes hael" (your health). In the old days they drank it from a wooden bowl. Essential ingredients are roasted apples pulped with brown sugar, grated nutmeg, ginger and a quart of strong ale. This mixture should stand for three to four hours before serving and should be served warm but not boiling. You can add to its viciousness by including sherry at the proportion of about 5 ounces of sherry to each quart of ale. Eggs beaten up in a thin cream with a little whiskey or brandy to neutralize the fat of the cream will make the bowl even richer.

Ale Flip. A quart of strong ale is brought almost to the boil with nutmeg, lemon peel and ginger.

Three or four eggs beaten with 4 ounces of moist brown sugar and with a double jigger of brandy are put into a jug into which the ale is poured and the mixture then goes back and forth from jug to jug from a good height until a really frothy head is obtained. Keep the mixture warm all the time.

Buttered Beer. Set two quarts of beer, into which five egg yolks beaten lightly have been mixed, in a pot (pewter if possible) over the fire. Add half a pound of sugar, some nutmeg, cloves and ginger. When almost ready to boil, put half a pound of melted sweet butter in another jug and mix by pouring from one jug to the other.

Shandy. Beer and ginger ale, half and half.

Cooking with beer is even less understood than using it as an ingredient of mixed drinks, in the United States. The following recipes produce food for the Gods, however.

German Beer Soup. To a quart of mild beer add cloves, cinnamon and thin lemon rind. Simmer. When hot, add about an ounce of potato flour which has been mixed with some of the hot liquid. Add sugar or salt to taste. Stir very well.

Borsch. To whatever recipe you are using substitute beer for up to half the quantity of stock.

Pancakes. Use beer for about a quarter of the liquid in your usual recipe.

Weish Rarebit. The dish must not boil and can best be cooked in a double boiler. Melt a tablespoon of butter and put into it a pound of Cheddar or similar cheese well shredded, with two tablespoons of salt and of mustard, a little paprika and tabasco and a half bottle of beer. Have toast ready. When hot pour the mixture over toast and place under grill to brown.

Stews and Casseroles. A matter of taste. Add a dash of ale for each 2 lbs. of meat, or substitute draught beer for as much of the stock or other liquids as you wish.

Rabbit. Cut the rabbit in pieces, seethe them in salt and water, add pepper, saffron and bread crumbs and moisten the whole well with beer and simmer until the rabbit is done. Cut onions in small pieces, blend with minced parsley, seethe by themselves until onion is cooked, dress in vinegar. Serve with the

rabbit. (This is an old English recipe)

Trout in beer. Cover the fish with beer to which about a third as much vinegar has been added. Add bay leaves, and some lemon juice and rind and bring to a boil. When cooked, skim.

There is a whole new foaming world before you, gentlemen. Let down some of your beer-bibbing prejudices and notions, spread out, and let the brewer prove what he can do for you.

THE END

## THE PEEPER

(Continued from page 15)

He hesitated. "Four dollars."

That meant it had probably been three. I took out my billfold and put a five on the bar. "That worth your trouble?"

"Sure! It's Hell, I didn't want anything extra."

But he scooped up the bill. He slid a smudged brown envelope over to me.

I was going to have to eat hamburgers for lunch the rest of the week. I hoped they were worth it. Ed had got me some good stuff in the past, though.

I took out the photographs. There were seven of them, of slightly different size. One of them I had at home, but the other six were new to me. They were pretty good. I felt a single drop of sweat edge down the bridge of my nose and roll off the end. I finished up my beer and put down a quarter. I wanted to get home where I could study these in privacy.

There weren't many people on the street after I got away from the downtown district. Once, I stopped and looked at the pictures under a street lamp but you couldn't see all the details there.

I opened the door of my house and stepped inside. I was glad we had got that air-conditioner. The TV wasn't on. I knew that meant trouble.

Madge came in from the kitchen and looked at me mean. She was a nice little redhead and she kind of looked cute mad but she was irritating as hell.

"What woman have you been with?" she asked. "I can tell you've been with a woman by just looking at you."

I glanced at myself in the round mirror across the living room. And she was right! I did look that way. "Now, Honey," I said, "you know

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I haven't been out with any woman."

She gave a short laugh. "I didn't say you'd been out. You've been in with some woman."

"Now, Honey, you know that isn't true."

Her green eyes misted. "I don't know, Vince. I don't know. I never believed you'd do anything like that. Until—I found these."

She had some of my collection in her hands. Some booklets in one hand, a sheaf of photographs in the other.

All of a sudden I was mad. "What are you doing with those?"

"I found them in your desk," she said. "I'll show you what I'm doing with them."

She tried to rip them in two but the heavy photographic paper and the handful of booklets were too strong for her. But she wrinkled them all up and cracked the surfaces of the photographs.

I grabbed them away from her. "Those are mine! You let them alone!"

She gave a little moan as I pulled the things out of her hands. "They are filthy—filthy."

I felt my face flush. "They aren't any worse than those cheap confession magazines you read. You have your fun and I'll have mine."

She stood before me, panting. "Any man who liked things like that would do anything."

"I don't do a damn thing," I yelled. "All I want to do is look! Is that so bad? Is that so terrible?"

"Yes!" she yelled back at me and tried to get the things back from me.

I hit her.

She put her hand to her mouth and screamed more in surprise

than pain. She ran out of the room.

I sat down on the couch, lit a cigaret and tried to smooth out some of the photographs on the coffee table, but it was no use. Most of them were ruined. Hell, I had paid fifty or sixty dollars for that stuff all told. I got up and walked around the room, smoking one cigaret after another and getting madder and madder.

I could hear Madge moving around upstairs in the bedroom. I rubbed out my cigaret in the ash tray and headed for the door.

I wondered what I could see at that brunette's place.

**I** LOOKED through the window, being careful not to rustle the bushes. It wasn't completely dark inside. She had left the bathroom light on so that the bedroom was in a soft, diffused glow. In spite of the hot weather she had the sheet pulled up around her throat. I speculated on whether she slept in the raw.

She answered that question for me then. She stirred, lay quiet for a second, then threw aside the sheet and got out of bed. She had on a wispy gown of some sort.

I watched her hips rotate towards the bathroom. When she got in the light from the bath, I stopped having to use my imagination.

From inside the bathroom I heard the sound of water running in a glass. After a moment, she came back into the bedroom and I got the same good look as she was in the doorway. This time it was even better—front view.

Then she was looking straight at me!

I could tell she could see me clearly. Blindly I turned to run and

got my coat caught on the bushes.

I suppose I should have just tore loose but it was the coat to my best summer suit so I stopped and worked the branches loose from it as fast as I could. Behind me, I heard the window slide up.

"Don't run off like that, Honey," a soft, low syrupy voice said.

I turned very slowly.

She was framed in the window, a very pretty woman with a lot of loose brown hair. The generous curves of her big, tilted breasts showed through the smoke-like material of her gown.

"Don't run away," she said again, smiling. "I've seen you before. If you liked what you saw, why didn't you come in and . . . say hello."

I looked at this woman closely. Something was wrong with her. She must either be a prostitute or a nymphomaniac. I didn't know that. I just thought she was a nice looking girl.

"Well, don't just stand out there in the bushes," she went on. "I can't seem to get to sleep tonight. Why don't you come in and have a nightcap with me?" She disappeared inside.

I stood there trying to decide what to do.

She put her head back in the window. "You know, you're kinda cute. . . ."

She was gone again.

I wiped the sweat out of my hands with my handkerchief. I would have to string along with her. Otherwise she might report me to the police. And she had seen me clearly. The police questioned me once about peeping but they could not prove it against me. I didn't want a record like that. I've heard they pick you up then when something monstrous like a man attacking some child happens.

I walked around to the front of the house and knocked.

In a few moments, she opened the door. "Come in," she said.

She still had on only the transparent gown.

**I** FOLLOWED her down a short hallway into a room. It was the bedroom I had been looking into. There was a bottle of bourbon on the chest of drawers with two glasses. There was no sign of any soda or mixers.

"There's not much choice as to what you can have," the brunette told me.

"No," I said. "That will be fine."

She poured the two drinks out and came over to hand me mine. She pressed her warm body against mine all the way up and all the way down. She smiled right into my face.



"Come on Mr. Boomer—wake up! Remember, you promised to take me home if I let you kiss me goodnight. . . ."

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I was getting mad. I can't stand immoral women. That was the way my own mother was. I hated her. She had always been bringing some strange man home with her.

I was mad but I remembered the police, so I tried being nice. "Look, you're a very beautiful girl—but I've got a wife and," I lied, "kids."

She turned and pressed her side against me. I felt her wiggle her hip. Her eyebrows arched. "Is that why you've been watching me through that window for weeks? Just to tell your family all about me?"

My palms were running with perspiration and I kept getting madder. This woman was complete-

ly immoral, worse than my mother. "Look, all I wanted to do was look. That's all."

Her crimsoned mouth twisted. "What kind of a queer are you?"

That's all I needed. For a woman like that to accuse me of being some kind of pervert.

I hit her hard.

And I hit her again and kept hitting her. Then my hands were on her throat and I tried choking all that evil and immorality out of her.

I really couldn't believe she was dead. I kept feeling for her pulse and heartbeat. I even got a mirror from her vanity and put it to her lips. But she was dead all right. I

didn't want to do that. All I had wanted to do was look.

Even dead, she was pretty. I sat down on the bed to have one last look at her lush body stretched out there on the floor.

I sat there longer than I had intended because I was still there when the fat policeman came cautiously through the door with the little man with glasses.

There was something familiar about the little man. It was the look on his face. I saw the same look sometimes when I looked into a mirror.

"I saw it, Officer," the little man said. "He killed her. I saw it all through the window. I saw it!"

THE END

## WHAT'S UNDER THE RUG?

(Continued from page 38)

lot of difficult hiding places.

Far out in the Gulf a fishing boat retrieves its nets and spills the freshly caught fish into the holds. A Coast Guard plane swoops in low, checking their registry number, and then wags its wings and roars off. The Captain smiles, hauls anchor and heads for home. It is dark by the time he spots the Tampa light marking the deep water channel. He winds his way between the flats and ties up at the dock.

Several loitering fishermen remark at his good catch. As soon as the pier is clear the Captain digs beneath the fish and hauls out a small steel box. Later this box is passed to a man who saunters onto the dock—in exchange for ten thousand dollars. To avoid suspicion the Captain sells the fish. A good economical reason why some men turn to smuggling.

WHAT turns men to smuggling?

A good example is Bill Slender. Today Bill is a beachcomber opening oysters for a living and sleeping in a shack on the beach. Yesterday he was a fisherman with a good future. He has some good answers.

"The sea is in the joints of every man who works the Gulf, whether he's a fisherman, dockhand or smuggler. I guess I'm a good example. I was born ten feet off the Gulf and all my life it's been a mother, father and playmate to me. After a lot of odd jobs I finally scraped up enough to pay down on my own boat, the dream of every kid around here. She was a pretty good one. Twin diesels, sixty feet

with a twelve foot beam—fast.

"I made damn good money fishing the banks and then the red tide hit. With no fish my boat gathered barnacles. Insurance, upkeep and payments came high on a big boat and she has to work. I was near losing her when one night this guy comes to me in Chico's where I'm worrying in my beer. He likes my boat and knows she's fast. He offers me five hundred bucks a run to bring in rum. I don't like the idea much but then I didn't like the idea of losing my boat.

"I made six trips, picking up the stuff on the beaches in Cuba and bringing it here. The Coast Guard know me and don't figure me for a contraband runner so they lay off. I smuggled some diamonds and other stuff—but no junk. The pay off was fast—when I docked. I paid off the boat and felt pretty good about everything. What I was doing was illegal but it didn't hurt anybody.

"One day I had a hell of a time crossing the straights. That stretch is always mean but it was really wicked that day. We bounced around like a damned cork and shipped some water so I had to pull into Key West. The Coast Guard came aboard to check me out but I wasn't particularly worried. The rum was hidden under a double deck in the bilge.

"The boys were satisfied until one of the fuzz checked swabbles started sniffing. I sniffed and damn near died. The joint smelt of rum. They found the false bottom and I was caught cold. The bottles had broken during the run.

They threw me in the federal pen and confiscated my boat. When I got out I came back to the beach to be near the water. I'm broke and will probably stay that way. It's a tough lesson. Most of the guys do it for the same reasons. Their back is up against a wall, wife troubles and so on."

THE pirate is the romantic legend of the sea. Souvenir shops thrive on the dimes they take in selling treasure maps to gullible tourists. However, the only piracy left on the Gulf of Mexico is that committed on smugglers by other smugglers. On land it's called hijacking.

A darkened boat riding low in the water will suddenly discover it's being chased by another night rider. When the shooting begins the heavier boat full of contraband is forced to stop. They are boarded and the smuggled goods transferred.

As a good-will gesture the hijacker tosses a couple of sticks of dynamite into the cockpit as they roar away. Before anybody can get rid of it the stuff lets go, plastering most of the crew to the splintered remains of the wreck. It sinks like a lead plumb line and nothing is left but a couple of split carcasses for the sharks to lunch on. The boat is listed as lost and the guys at the bar drink to their health. It's not a very healthy business.

So this is the Gulf of Mexico. A beautiful tranquil body of water filling the valley between the states and Mexico. By day, a setting for dime postcards. By night, a funnel into the states.

Those who don't make it; the live cargoes shoved overboard; the splintered remains of boats caught short on luck; the bloody victims of hijackers; all float in the river of the Gulf Stream and are pushed into the cold Atlantic to make way for the next batch of unfortunates. And the Coast Guard says it's been swept clean.

But what's under the rug?

THE END

## SEXY EARTHA

(Continued from page 19)

"yalla gal" struck her like a left to the jaw.

A psychiatrist could no doubt find, in Eartha's early life, the seeds which have grown to her present solitude. If, as is rumored on Broadway, she dislikes men, who could blame her?

She never knew her father. Her earliest memories are of being dragged, footsore and afraid, from place to place seeking even the humblest refuge. She was often hungry, always poorly clothed, and the phrase "cotton pickin'" is no gag to her.

Eartha was not yet of school age when her mother, having found a new romance, was up and away, leaving the child and her younger sister behind.

No, her earliest years gave her no reason to be fond of men. And her first encounters with boys, when she grew old enough to notice them and be noticed by them, must have done little to help the situation.

Eartha was seven when her aunt, who had run away from their native South Carolina to New York, sent for her. The little girl who arrived at Pennsylvania Station is one she can laugh about today. Eartha Mae was attired in every piece of clothing her aunt had sent with the ticket: three suits of long underwear, three pairs of long cotton stockings, three petticoats. Her dark hair was tightly braided in three braids, and under her arm she carried a lunch of catfish sandwiches. It was the first time in her life she had been given enough white bread to satisfy her, and she's never forgotten it.

In the uptown section of New York, where she lived and went to school, her color was no bar. Among the mixture of races in that crowded neighborhood was every shade of skin and, as she reached adolescence, Eartha was a voluptuous, sexy-looking bit. Too sexy looking,

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The young man ripped off a branch of a tree and advanced on the girl's pursuers. But the horseman cried out, "Keep away! She's got this coming to her." As he spoke, the dogs caught the woman and brought her to a stop.

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perhaps, for by the time she reached her teens she was being pursued relentlessly and often frighteningly by the neighborhood boys.

**T**HERE were some, of course, who wanted only to date her for the week-end dances, where she picked up the rhythms and the insinuating pelvic movements which later got her a scholarship to the Dunham school. But there were others. There was the leader of a gang who marked her for his own and whose minions, after waylaying her almost daily on her way to and from school, finally succeeded in kidnapping her. There was another who, feeling she was legitimate prey for his sexual desires, forced his way into her room.

No, life in the jungle of teen-age Harlem was not conducive to trust in the opposite sex. Full of the de-

sires of their budding manhood, the boys Eartha met, and so often fled from, could have done nothing to arouse the love she so desperately wanted.

For, throughout her life story, Eartha is eternally reaching out for love. Though her mother left her so casually for a new mate, Eartha longed for her even after her death. And though the aunt with whom she later lived turned her out on the New York streets even before she had finished high school, Eartha fought doggedly to regain her affection.

Yes, even an amateur psychiatrist could find much in Kitt's background to account for her state of spinsterhood.

I looked at her there in the Persian Room, surrounded by an audience that was as expensive as it

was eager. Yet Eartha seemed sadder than when I last saw her at Ciro's. I remembered the English gentleman who had followed her from London to Paris, where he turned out to be not such a gentleman. The maharajah in London . . . who felt that his hospitality deserved a reward. . . The titled Britisher. . . And I knew as surely as I was sitting there that in the audience was a man who would have flowers sent to the house on 92nd Street next morning, and champagne to the dressing room that night. Who would scrounge an introduction and begin an ardent courtship of the intoxicating Kitt.

The pattern would repeat itself once more, and once more the luscious young entertainer would reach out for love—only to have it stop short of marriage?

THE END

## MAKE YOUR OWN SURVEY!

(Continued from page 29)

He was protected, too, by the utmost in discretion among this little coterie of feminine admirers who liked to "slip into something more comfortable" for his benefit. He is convinced that not one of them ever mentioned their escapade to another soul—not even their most intimate girl friend. As a consequence nothing leaked, and no enraged husband ever dropped by to argue for his point of view on Bronx morality.

So Charlie—the unscrupulous cad—was content. Although his research actually revealed a lower percentage of wandering wives than did Kinsey's, it was ample for the satisfaction of his private needs.

**O**UR second true story involves a group of just nine women. Though only a small number, they reveal some startling differences when compared to Charlie's Bronx housewives.

The nine were all wives of prosperous, upper middle class doctors practicing outside New York City in the rapidly expanding New Jersey suburbs. Most lived in new ranch-style homes costing from \$25,000 to \$35,000 dollars. All had two cars in the family, and most had from one to three young children.

Our informant was an ex-Bronx girl, the wife of an immediately successful ear-and-nose man who had recently moved into Jersey. She acquired her information at a party given at the house of an eye man, during which the husbands re-

mained in the living room to talk shop while the gals followed their hostess upstairs to inspect her new bedroom curtains.

There the conversation quickly veered to sex, and from an angle our friend had never dreamed existed—not, that is, among people whom she considered of her own class and indeed her friends.

It started when their hostess turned to Helen, the wife of a gynecologist. "Tell me," she said, "how's Hal these days?"

The murmur of conversation around the room stopped, as though this was what everyone had been waiting for.

Helen smiled happily. "He's a doll," she said. "We haven't missed our luncheon date for months now."

A more timid looking girl near the window spoke up. "How do you manage it, Helen? I mean, in the afternoon, where . . ."

"There's nothing to it," Helen said brightly. "He has a hotel room only a block from his office. Sometimes we have lunch sent up, too. It's very cozy."

The blonde wife of a psychiatrist smiled condescendingly. "These steady things are all right, I guess, if you want them," she said. "But it seems to me rather silly. After all, the idea is a little variety, isn't it? I like to go into town not knowing what's going to happen. Like Thursday, I got to talking to an advertising guy on the Fifth Avenue bus. It all turned out very sudden and exciting. But I don't know whether I'll see him again or not."

By this time what was being discussed was crystal clear, and our friend was sitting in stunned and embarrassed silence.

No one else was embarrassed, however. It developed that all eight of these respectable doctors' wives were either engaged in an affair, or planning their next one. They spoke openly, and took what appeared to our friend to be erotic delight in the exchange of confidences. There was no chance, she quickly perceived, that this was "just talk." The wealth of practical detail revealed in the discussion of "arrangements" made it clear that it was the real thing.

Our friend came to us the next day to relieve her disturbed feelings by talk. She'd been afraid, she explained, to tell her husband because he had daily contacts with most of the husbands. "How can those wives feel like that?" she asked us. "I couldn't behave that way, I wouldn't want to. How can they?"

Since we're a man, we admit that for one fleeting moment of weakness we had the notion that we should meet some of the eight—privately—to check up on the alleged facts. All we said, however, was that perhaps new moral standards were developing in the suburbs.

Certainly the big differences from the Bronx stand out clearly. The most remarkable, we'd say, is the absence of secrecy—the open discussion for kicks of what is tradi-



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tionally condemned and considered highly dangerous conduct.

**THESE** two contrasting stories set us to thinking. If we went to a small town in Iowa, for instance, what would the women be like? Would they be the same as those in another town in Arizona?

Is there a community somewhere where all the wives are honest and all the maidens virgins? What is happening to the world's oldest profession among groups—like our Jersey gals—where 80 per cent of the wives appear to be available?

Well, our lifetime wouldn't be long enough to get all the answers even if we had nothing else to do. But why, we asked, couldn't we get together with the readers of MR. and assemble a lot of facts from all over the country?

The editors okayed the idea, so here's what we're going to do:

Every issue, we'll run a column of the most interesting reports we get from our readers on their own knowledge of how women behave in their community. We'll also compile all the information that comes in each month, revise it each issue and print it in a table. As a special inducement, we'll also send a FREE copy of the next issue of MR. to the FIRST TWENTY-FIVE readers who write in.

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2—DO fill out the form below completely. This is essential for your information to count in the survey, and EACH person who contributes must attach this form to his letter. Women may contribute as well as men. The information you give may be about one woman or many, but be sure to state the number.

To: SEX SURVEY EDITOR

MR. Magazine, 21 W. 26 St.  
New York City 10

I am a (man) (woman), \_\_\_\_\_ years of age and (married) (single). I live in \_\_\_\_\_ (name of state only). I pledge that the information that is attached to this form is true to my own positive knowledge. I also understand that if my letter is among the first twenty-five (25) you receive, you will send me a free copy of the next issue of MR. Magazine. The article or story which I liked best in this issue was \_\_\_\_\_ Signed \_\_\_\_\_ (initials only).

## DAME WITH A TWIST

(Continued from page 35)

the ray of the spotlight touched here and there on gleaming flesh.

Then she was caught by the throat by the beam and dragged relentlessly toward it. It lengthened itself to a diagonal ellipse, slipping down to touch and caress a full rounded breast, held it in sensuous clasp as it widened to include the other and show the heaving of both. Then the spotlight expanded, grew upward to show her face filled with horror, her arms extended to repel, and the light grew downward to grasp her waist and feel the smooth curve of her belly.

The music screamed madness as they wrestled. Then locked together in that obscene embrace, it thrust her downward and to the floor. Spotlight and Mana were united in an orgy of writhing flesh and light as it swept wildly over and over her, revealing in one moment fierce-

ly thrashing white legs, madly grinding hips, frenzied arms clapping and unclaspings over quivering breasts; it moved to her face for a moment and stopped, finding her sensual lips curled in a depraved smile of unanticipated joyful lust.

A shrieking crescendo of music and it flashed in carnal hysteria up and down the squirming flesh. Then dead, satisfied silence and the spotlight was again reduced to the size of a half dollar. It crept languorously the length of her body, now a still shadow of whiteness; it touched and lingered upon Mana's full red lips. Her lips pursed slowly, then opened in a profane hiss.

The small spotlight crept away and for an instant the crowd was silent. Then a huge blazing spotlight flared for a mere fraction of a second to reveal Mana, now standing, head hung, shoulders

drooping, spent.

Then darkness again and the house lights came up while the mob applauded and while I finally realized that the gal had been almost bare the whole time.

MY eyes felt hazy, like glasses that need wiping, but my handkerchief was dirty, so I just pushed them back in their sockets. They were still hazy. I noticed Argus, the flesh peddler, was slobbering a little too, so I didn't feel so bad.

"I wouldn't mind handling her," he muttered.

"I would handle that anytime," I told him, drooling just slightly.

"I mean for ten per cent," he said.

"Yeah, I'd even go for ten per cent if I get the choice of what ten per cent I get."

Argus sent a note back to her on the back of his professional "artists' representative" card and she was willing to talk to him so I followed along.

She still looked good to me even in a faded terry dressing gown.

And she was even agreeable in talking business with Argus but she insisted that any decision about hiring an agent would depend on Donohoo, her partner who handled the lights.

"He's an electronics genius," she said. "He's rigged some kind of infrared screen that he can watch me through even in the dark and follow with the lights. He built a control console that he operates the spots with."

Argus agreed that the lights were a vital part of the act.

"Come back after the late show," she told him, "and I'll get Donohoo in."

"We'll come back before the late show," I leered.

As we went back to the club, I asked Argus: "If she can do that with a spotlight on her, think what it would be like in the dark."

"You think about it," he grunted.

"I got a weak heart."

AFTER we sat down at the table, Krazy Kat Koontz, the used car dealer, and another of my accounting clients, came in and joined us and we lapped up a few beers while I panted and waited for the last show.

After the last show, I wiped my chin before Mana came to the table with Donohoo, the lighting genius who was her partner. He was surly as hell and made it clear what he thought of agents in general and Argus in particular, but all the time Argus was arguing with him, I was

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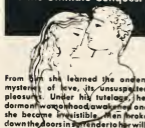
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playing fiddle with Mana and damn if I didn't talk her into letting me take her home. I still didn't have a car, but she did.

Then I had to go up to her apartment for a nightcap before "bedtime."

Bedtime! Oh, brother! I found out how it was in the dark and it was just as wild as the dance in the spotlight.

But the trouble with this dancing business is the bit about paying the fiddler. And Donohoo was right. He

don't need an agent; he'll be able to retire in a few years.

Of course, Argus and Koonz and the other clients will scream when I raise their accounting fees to double, but I can't help that.

Donohoo had that apartment bugged with infrared light and he turned out to be an expert on motion picture photography as well as electronics. I'll have to buy the films from him; I can't have that kind of stuff floating around.

And besides I want to see them.

## THE SALESGIRL

(Continued from page 13)

was too restraining and binding, and so unnatural. It occurred to me that a lot of women were in the same boat.

"I was in lingerie then, too. In my off-hours I began giving this problem a lot of thought. Finally I came up with the answer."

I edged in closer, my interest rising.

"My invention was so marvelously simple, it couldn't miss. It revolutionized the ladies' underwear business. Women were calling me the greatest female scientist since Madam Curie. For a while they were, anyway..."

Her voice caught, and she sipped her drink before continuing.

"I called it the 'BUZ-M-UP,' and it made all the ordinary brassieres obsolete overnight. Here's how it worked: Two small pieces of iron were taped under... well, they were taped where they wouldn't show. Then two extremely powerful magnets were taped to the shoulder straps of the woman's slip. In the neighborhood of the clavicles.

"Nature did the rest. The magnets tried their darndest to pull the bits of iron to them. They couldn't quite do it, but in trying they sure uplifted the bosom to

heights that would put a brassiere to shame. And the droopier the bosom was to start with, the more thrillingly high my BUZ-M-UP lifted it. Simple mathematics."

"Sounds sure-fire to me," I had to admit.

"WAS sure-fire," she corrected. "Men approved, too. Their wives and girls looked better than ever, and without a harness."

"And I suppose there was enough play so that a woman jiggled ever so slightly when she walked," I put in devilishly.

SHE twinkled in agreement. "Bad boy. Anyway, the only direction for using my kit was that the bosom be unrestrained, so that it could easily answer the magnetic call of the shoulder straps. Any undue pressures on the bust would tax the attractive powers of the magnets and probably keep the bust from rising to its fullest potential."

"That figures," I said.

"The BUZ-M-UP sold for two dollars, three dollars and four dollars. The price depended on the size of the magnets. The small kit handled most girls up to college age, the middle set took care of women with average problems, and the heavy-duty outfit was for those with extreme burdens. All sets included rhinestone-studded magnets."

She downed the last of her cocktail and ate the olive reflectively. I ordered refills.

"Within days after the BUZ-M-UP was introduced," she went on, "sales were in the thousands. Women were gobbling them up as fast as stores stocked them. My income tax that year was in five well-rounded figures."

Her eyes went a little moist, and she reached into her purse. I expected her to pull out a handkerchief to dab at this optic mist. Instead she extracted a tattered piece



of paper and began unfolding it. "This was from one of those news magazines," she said. "My picture was on the cover, and there was a whole story about me. They called it 'The Cinderplift Story.' It had a lot of testimonials from women. Here, read some of them."

I took the paper and began reading the portion that was underlined in red pencil.

*... never felt so buoyant before in my life ... now they're like two feathers in the breeze ... no more itching and binding for me ... better defiance of gravity than the Indian rope trick ... magnetism is doing what muscle power can't ... they feel like escapees from Devil's Island ... Milly Nobra freed the slaves ...*

They went on and on. I looked up at Milly with new respect. "They really sang your praises, didn't they?"

"Wonderfully," she enthused. Then her smile lines disappeared. "But the manufacturers of brassieres were singing something else—the blues. Their sales were way, way down. From A cups to D cups, from Memphis to St. Joe, trash cans were becoming filled with brassieres that women were shucking in favor of BUZ-M-UPS. Brassiere makers were beginning to panic."

"Which was the way the Village smithy stood when automobiles came in," I said. She ignored my remark and continued.

"Some evil so-and-so in the brassiere business finally cooked up a way to fight this threat to his livelihood. His idea was old, but still effective—a whispering campaign."

"Women under hair driers and over coffee cups began repeating a scurrilous lie. They were saying that the magnetic force in my BUZ-M-UP kit caused bosoms to shrink. Some even went so far as to say that it would make a woman's bust disappear completely in 10 years."

I ts-k-taked, since it was apparent that she wanted me to be sympathetic to her cause. And I was.

"A pack of lies, huh?" I asked.

"You bet they were!" she shot back. People in nearby booths turned at the sound of her raised voice. Milly noticed it and remained silent until I urged her to continue.

OF course, the BUZ-M-UP really did have one bad feature. The magnets often attracted pens, tie clips and things like that from a woman's companion. That was embarrassing. And a BUZ-M-UP wearer had to be careful in the kitchen, or she'd be pelted by tin can tops that were attracted to her.

"Well, what with the lies and the one teeny-weensy flaw of the BUZ-M-UP, sales dropped off to nothing almost overnight. They became the forgotten item on the shelves of women's stores. Women quickly returned to the old-fashioned method of support. I lost everything trying to make a comeback with my invention."

She tilted the glass in her hand, moodily contemplating the liquid in it.

"And now you're back selling the old-time stuff," I said. "Boy, that must be tough on you."

"I sell the stuff, but I don't believe in it," she said. "Someday I'll be back at the top."

"How will you manage that?"

"I've been wearing a BUZ-M-UP every day for four years now, with no harmful effects. At the very start I had a few eminent medical authorities measure me down to the last millimeter. In six more years, I'll have them measure me again. My bust will be undiminished and unaffected in any way. I'm sure of that. Then I can go back to the American woman with proof that my device is harmless."

"I'll drink to that," I said.

"What's more, I've been working on an improvement."

"What's that?" I asked.

"If you have time," Milly said dreamily, "I'd like to show you. It's at my apartment."

When we got there, she put on what looked like a broad rhinestone collar. "This," she explained, leaning toward me somewhat unsteadily, "is an electro-magnet. I can turn it on or off with this little button."

She pressed the button, and something really extraordinary happened. I don't know how to explain it, unless the current was too strong.

"Let me help," I said, really breathless now.

"You," said Milly—just before I kissed her—"are a doll."

THE END



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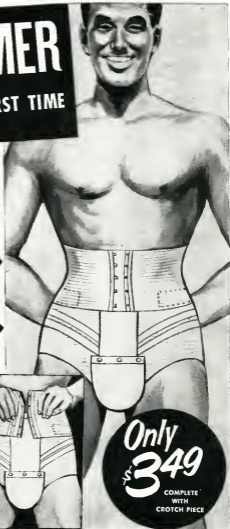
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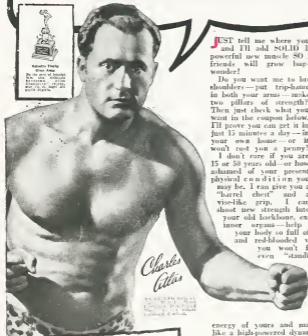
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NAME ..... AGE.....  
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