

SCAMP

HOW THE FRENCH SELL SEX

ART'S CLASSIC CHEATERS

BOUDOIRS ARE BIG BUSINESS





BRUCE ARTHUR editor GEORGE SHUTE

executive editor

MARVIN GREIFINGER
art director

MIRIAM BENEDICT



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All Pat wanted was a place to get out of the driving rain. He hadn't counted on a pretty, frightened 19-year-old who could make him feel this way...

A LITTLE BEFORE midnight the thick fog that had been falling over the city became rain, and walking along Sixth Street, Max stepped out of the rain into a doorway, wiping the rain from his face with a handkerchief. We can get out of the rain here, he said to his friend Pat Ferraro. We can go upstairs and sit down until the rain stops.

O. K., said Pat, but no fooling around.

Max pressed the button, and promptly, a bit too prompily, the door swung open. Business must be rotten, Pat thought. At the top of the stairs they saw a plump, middle-aged colored maid. She was smiling, trying to seem pleased to see them.

Good evening, Pat said to her. How are

you, anyway? Good evening, boys, said the maid. Right up front.

Take the front room.

Take the front room.

Take the front room. closed the door, and sat down. The maid went down the hall to get the girls. The place was very quiet, and they could hear the maid going down the hall. There were three chairs in the room, and a low tea table with a colored tile surface and an artray on it. On two of the walls were amateur oils tray on it. On two of the walls were amateur oils

of nudes. The nudes looked unhappy, a bit lopsided. On the lower shelf of the tea table were three copies of a pulp paper magazine called Love. The room overlooked the street, but the blinds of the two windows were drawn- Looking out the window, Pat watched the rain falling to the street.

It's coming down pretty heavy now, he said. Good
thing we got out of it.
He sat down again. Do you know

He sat down again. Do you know these girls? he asked.

No, said Max. This is the first time I ever came to this place. All the small hotels along this street are like this. You can stop anywhere along this street when it rains. These hotels don't

rent out rooms. No fooling around, though, said Pat.

Sure, said Max. We'll just talk till the rain stops. They heard the girls coming up the hall. The girls weren't talking, they weren't laughing, and somehow their coming sounded a bit sad to Pat. He lit a cigarette. (continued on next page)

From: "THE DARING YOUNG MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE"
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I hope they don't make me feel sorry for them, he thought. I hope I don't go away from here worrying about them.

The door opened, and the girls entered, three of them, in the usual sort of clothes. At first it was their bodies that he noticed, but after a while this bored him and he began to look into their faces, watching their eyes and their lips, wanting to know how they felt.

Each of the girls uttered the usual invitation, to which neither Pat nor Max made any reply. Instead, they remained silent, smiling. Then the girls seemed to forget the business they were in, and stopped using

trade language.

Raining, isn't it? said the smallest of the girls. She was about nineteen, and she looked about as frightened as anyone Pat had ever seen. He began immediately to want to destroy the fear in her, to give her the sort of support she could never get in such a place, to get himself inside of her, simply by being in her presence, extend his strength to her.

Yes, he replied simply. Come here, I want to talk to you.

He saw her amazement. Defensively, she made another trade remark. and sat on his knees. He did not touch her, but held her hand. It was cold and the nails were long and ugly, tinted red.

What's your name? he said. He knew she would not tell him her name, but he wanted to find out what name she had made up for herself, and he wanted more than anything to talk with her.

Martha, she replied. Come on, she said, let's go to a room and have a party. Let's have some fun.

Martha what? he said. You look Jewish.

Martha Blum, she replied. Come on, honey, let's go make whoopee.

Cut it, he said. How've you been? All right, I guess.

Max entertained the other two girls. The largest, who was very large, actually fat, sat in his lap, and Max began to touch her. She liked it very much because she imagined that after a while Max would go with her to a room and it would make a good impression on the landlady.

My, said Max, what lovely features you have, and he fondled her breast. You'd make a great mother.

Come on, honey, said the fat girl, let's go get married, let's go be man and wife.

Sure, said the third girl, why don't you two go to a room and enjoy yourselves? Apparently, Pat thought, business

had been terribly bad, and it had gotten the girls down. Maybe they were going to lose their jobs. They looked worried. They sounded very worried. It was pathetic the way they were wanting to seem desirable.

My, said Max, what solid thighs you have.

He got up suddenly, lifting the fat girl with him, and went to the window. He became suddenly severe, ignoring the fat girl, and when he sat down again she was afraid to sit in his lap. She looked a bit dazed, a bit bewildered. Her big body, her thick lips, the sensuousness of her, and these fellows sitting around as if she was made of wood or something. Pat could see that she was deeply hurt, and when she began trying again to interest Max, Pat felt rotten.

This is wrong, he felt; this is low-

down and rotten, a dirty trick. This will make these girls feel rotten for weeks. They'll never get over this.

He looked across the room at Max. Come on, he said. Let's scram.

Don't talk nonsense, said Max. It's raining outside. It's not every night these girls can be touched by a couple of handsome young fellows like

Each of the girls tried to laugh, but their laughter sounded fake and pathetic.

Besides, said Max, if you girls are busy, you can run along. You don't have to stay with us. We won't mind sitting here without you.

Now is that nice? said the third girl. She sat in his lap, and Max put his arms around her.

Do you know, he said, you're not at all bad. There's something about you.

Then he made a sour face, as if he was smelling something unclean.

The fat girl stood in a corner, looking miserable. She was amazed. For Christ's sake, she said suddenly, you fellows ain't bulls, are you?

Don't excite yourself, said Max. Take it easy. My name is Max Kamm. I fight in the ring. Maybe you've heard of me. My friend's name is Pat Ferraro. He doesn't do anything. He plays the ponies and he cheats at poker. And it's raining outside. We're here to be out of the rain. Now if you want to run along, run along. If you want to stay and be sociable, stay.

Oh, said the girls.

Are you staying? said Max. None of the girls got up to go. They

seemed a bit relieved, but disap-Fine, said Max. Now what shall we talk about? (continued on page 70)



number is aways the regular or very ow how loday. The top banana no longer retes for billings gats like this eve main effrection.

Notes on a ...

G

A FEW months ago, on the occasion of the publishing of her autobiography "Gypsy," the golden girl of the G-string, Gypsy Rose Lee, was being interviewed by a reporter for a national magazine.

"Nowadays," she said, "I sit back and wait for the royalties to roll in." She was referring, of course, to her successful career as a writer of fiction, articles, and books. "But if the royalties ever stop," she added, "I can always go back to shaking the beads."

No one can deny that there will always be a place in burlesque for the incomparable (Continued on next page)



A sizzling, streamlined, exotic number is always the highlight of any burley show today. The top banana no longer rates top billing; gals like this are main attraction.

Comments—in words and pictures—on the Great American Show, the strip tease, with emphasis on such topics as the exotic dance, the future of burlesque, and the age-old question of whether it should properly be called Art with a capital A.

Burlesque isn't dying, but television has taken its share of the top bananas, and intimate night spots, such as Larry Potter's Supper Club in Los Angeles, are now featuring the cream of the teaserama crop. One of the best exotics: torrid Judy Murray.





Judy Murray, star of Larry Potter's L.A. club, is one of the triple threat gals of the torso trade. She has the talent, looks, and showmanship necessary to make her act great.

Gypsy Rose Lee. What bothers some devotees of the art—or Art (there's a question about its being capitalized and we'll come to that in a minute)—is whether or not that great American contribution to entertainment, burlesque, will stay around long enough for Gypsy to return to it if she wants to

As recently as 1953, Ann Corio, one of the greatest burlesque queens of all time, stated that burlesque wasn't dying—it was dead. This wasn't the first time the death knell had been sounded for burlesque. In 1937, when New York City banned burlesque, heads were shaking sadly and the oblituary notices (Continued on page 68)

TV's PRIVATE PEEK

IT'S frightening: the thought of what the future holds for the average guy who asks only to go through life having a good time and minding his own business.

Just the other day I was having a drink with a friend of mine who works for the American Telephone and Telepraph Company. We'd been discussing, over a soctch and soda, my work in a public relations firm. Over the second soctch we turned to his work. According to my friend, his company is toying with telephones equipped with television service. This was nothing new, I'd heard this story many times before. But now, it seems, the service is all neatly worked out in the idea stage.

In the not-too-distant future a telephone number will be given to everyone at birth. It will be yours for life. When you want to call anyone or vice versa, just push the correct buttons on the videophone.

"And if you don't see your friend," my friend said, "he's dead."

What a deadly weapon that will be to an active Scamp! After spending half your roll showing the night spots to a sveite blonde, plying her with cool drinks and warm talk, you finally coax her into coming up to your place for the night cap. Then, just as you're settled cozily on the sofa, the face of an old flame suddenly appears on your videophone.

"Baby," the voice coos, the lips smile, "what'cha doing?"

See what I mean? It's frighten-

We had our third scotch, my friend and I, in silence, contemplating the future with this 'big-plating the future with th

"I don't think that's what the company has in mind," my friend mumbled.

Maybe not, but even that day couldn't be too far off. The first steps were actually taken a long time ago with a little-known system called closed-circuit television and it's right out of the pages of George Orwells "1984" with its big - brother - is - watching - you theme.

The very mention of the name "closed-circuit" TV brings an immediate mental picture of well-dressed executives watching the company president give them a "do—or die" spiel. Closed-circuit TV is used for this, of course, just as it has been used in schools and colleges.

But the system I'm referring to is the seeing eye that produces private spectaculars far more interesting than anything produced as family-type entertainment.

As public relations consultant for an electrical engineering firm that specializes in the installation of hidden television circuits for detection purposes, I make many field trips to the locations where new monitoring systems are being installed.

My first bizarre experience with channels, ion traps and multilobe antennas of closed-circuit television occurred at a plant where ladies lingerie is manufactured. The system was installed in a last-ditch effort to discover why and how so many garments were being copped from the plant.

Engineers cleverly concealed remote cameras along the production line. This work was done at night when the plant was shut down so the employees weren't aware there were any electronic watchdogs nearer than the local television station.

The chap in charge of the installation called my hotel room at four am. the third morning. "Everything is all set," he said. "We're going to test the system when the first shift starts work at seven o'clock. Can you get here a few minutes early?"

Five minutes after the starting whistle sounded the president of the company, the engineer, and I gathered in front of the monitor screen in the president's private office. The set was snapped on and we waited for our first view of the girls at work on the production

"Marvelous," the president exclaimed when the picture appeared. "I can see everything from right here in my office."

I watched the girls at work for a few minutes then, bored, turned

SHOW

to gaze absently out the window.
"So that's how it's done!" the

president shouted.

I looked at the screen. One of the girls on the production line was calmly unsnapping her slacks. A moment later they slipped down over her hips and fell to the floor, revealing her long, well-shaped limbs. She quickly slipped on a few of the items she helped manufacture, pulled on her slacks, and went back to work. Several of the other girls nearby were busy doing the same thing, all unaware that their act had three unexpected viewers.

The president wiped his face with a handkerchief. "Well," he said, sounding apologetic, "anyway we know how they are getting the goods out of the gate with the best at the said."

without being detected." Since a closed-circuit television system can be bought for as low as \$1,000, it is possible for this electronic wonder to abuse a person's privacy illegally. Thinking of the videophone and the man calling his date at the night club. I wondered what such a system could show. For closed-circuit TV is an important tool if used legitimately. The plush Sands Hotel in Las Vegas, for example, provides a constant vigil at all gaming tables with a ten-camera installation And thus keeping temptation away from weaker-minded employees. It helps you, too, to know if you're lucky enough to beat the dice and have a roll to take back home, you should deposit it in a bank that employs closed-circuit television. (Continued on page 78)



ARTICLE by Glenn Infield

What Sam Spade's got this electronics marvel's got

more of and what it's doing to people's personal

lives is a caution. Meet the mechanical sees-all, knows-all

that has upset the world of the real private eyes

and made sleuthing a tireless pleasure!

GOOD old American ingenuity never had a more nomentous day than the one when somebody thought of putting the day of the week on a pair of black late parties. They we been the rage ever since. And, as if to give insertility an added plug, just look at what least they give the carbonats!



THREE ON A THEME











Do you feel that you are helplessly imprisoned and that there's no escape? Don't worry, it's only Tamar's irresistible charm, and who would want to escape from it?

If you see inanimate objects assuming human form when you look at this ink blot, you aren't schizophrenic. Tamar just got carried away with her paint brush.

NY SCAMP worth the name shouldn't be bothered with worries. Sometimes he wears a leer, but never a frown: occasionally he'll have a pleasant dream, but never a nightmare. So, if you can ston concentrating on Tamer Benamy, we'll give you a brief idea of what this test is all about. Psychologists say that what you "see" in an ink-blot is supposed to be a clue to what is troubling you. Lovely Tamar, whose dances have been leaving guys all shook up for years, figures she can soothe shattered nerves by injecting a little life into the ink-blot test. All it takes is naint and her writhing, sensuous body. There's some doubt. of course, as to whether or not Tamar's test won't leave a person more mixed-up than ever. One fellow exposed to the living ink-blot test hasn't been the same since. But, after all, says lovely, creamy-skinned Tamar, "that just goes to prove that my idea is a good one. If, after studying my lines a boy isn't the same, there's nothing really wrong with him." Now you may concentrate once more on Tamar's interesting designs. Her lines, incidentally, are a nest 37-25-36. All clear now?







If some lines and shapes make you think of all the things you've always wanted to do but you've been too afraid, the best advice is: let yourself gol



Not even a psychiatrist can take Tamar's ink-blot test without having a reaction. One experienced all sorts of happy hallucinations. You, too? Then Tamar's cired you!



WOMEN TO AVOID ARTICLE by Harry Gregory

HAD three friends: Artie, Ray and George. We used to play cards together. We used to bowl together. But most of all, we used to chase girls together. And that last is the reason why I don't have three friends any more.

Artie was a happy guy. He worked hard and played harder and enjoyed life tremendously. Then he met Maureen. He woode, and as the saying goes, won her. Arty isn't happy any more. He still works hard, but he plays not at all. "Life," Arty said the last time I saw him, "is what the little woman makes it." And he sighed

Ray was a more serious type than Artic He was always up on who said what to who at Geneva or London or wherever the latest international conclude was being held. He watched the fluctuations of the stock market and bought at the right time and sold at the right time. He latched onto a nice piece of change that way. Then he met Sally. He wooded her, but he didn't win her. She didn't approve of gambling. Every time he's played the market since they broke their engagement, he's lost. Today he's a down-at-the-heels ghost of his former self.

Sports were George's big kick. Baseball, football, handball, tennis—you name it and George played it and played it well. That was before he met Lily. Oh, you would have





thought they'd make an ideal couple. She loved sports as much as he did. There was only one trouble: she always beat him. George doesn't go in for sports any more. He doesn't go in for much of anything except drinking himself under the table every night. To this he devotes all the energy that's left him.

What really happened to my three friends is that they met three of what i call the "Terrible Ten." These are the ten types of females to avoid at all costs. These are the ten types of the sake men in asylums and strong ones in the French Foreign Legion. As a warning to my fellow members of the harmssed male sex, they are here listed in the order of their deadliness:

1. The Boss. This is the girl that sank Artie. She is also known as "the pusher" (she'll make him a success if it kills him—him, mind you, not her) and "the driver" (she drives him so hard that she drives him crazy).

The Boss is easily recognized. She's the girl at the party who organizes the parlor game that nobody wants to play. She's the girl who makes sure the headwaiter gives you a The how-to guide to recognizing and staying clear of the Terrible Ten. These deadly females can put weak guys in an asylum and strong guys in a foreign legion.

ringside table. (But is it worth the price?) She's the girl who tells you where to take her, how to get there and what to order.

But these are only some of the less obnoxious qualities of The Boss. Once she's got her hooks into you, she really begins to operate. She'll pick your friends, regiment your diet and arrange your time—arrange it so that every ment is spent under her supervision. Should you be sucker enough to let this dictatorial dame lead you down the bridal path, she'll letil you how to get a raise (and quite possibly get you fired), take away your checkbook ("Women always manage better than men!") and select your clothing from the skin out. And when she isn't busy running you, she'll keep occupied alienating your family. ("Our sin Julia, that's no way to talk to little Johnny. Freud says—").

There are three possible ways of dealing with The Boss. You can give in to her, marry her and spend the rest of your life as a yessing marshmallow. You can be bossier, yell louder and be more aggressive. There'll be some stormy seness at first, but when this shrew is tamed, she can turn out to be the most obedient of wives. But, this takes more intestinal fortitude than most guys have. Or, you can run like hell and the first time you see her. I strongly recommend the last?

2. Clinging Vine. This girl is just the opposite type from The Boss, but equally dangerous, if not more so. Her threat to you is most insidious because her technique is flattery. It's hard to beware of a girl when she's telling you how wonderful you are and it's particularly hard hecause the tendency is to agree with her.

The Clinging Vine works slowly, but as she leads you down the garden path, you'll find that her tendrils are choking you. Should you look for them, the signposts of her true nature are visible the first night you meet her. Say it's at a dance. You dance with her and when the music stops, you can't quite tear yourself away. It would, after all, be rude to leave while she's cooing "Why, what a wonderful dancer you are" in your ear and hanging on to your arm with the tenactify of a passionate boa constrictor. So, you find yourself dancing every dance with her and then taking her home.

But that isn't the end. The next day she calls to ask if you found the earring that she cleverly planted in your jacket pocket. You did and of course you'd be delighted to drop by and return it. You drop by and the next thing you know you're taking her out that night; and the next night and the next.

Sooner or later comes the night when you don't show up at her house. Maybe you went to a ball game. Maybe you

went out with another girl. Or maybe you just sat home and read a book. The reason doesn't matter. What does is that at last the Clinging Vine reveals her true colors.

She calls you up the next day: "Joe, where were you last night? I waited and waited and you didn't come. (About here, her voice goes throaty and you know the tears are coming.) I know I don't have any claim on you. I know I don't mean anything to you. (Niagara Falls pours through the telephone receiver.) After all, what does a handsome, intelligent, athletic fellow like you want with little ol' me. (You're beginning to wonder about the answer to that one yourself.) Oh, Joe," she sniffles, "I did think that we meant more to each other than just a date. (Now, whatever gave her that idea?) I thought we were getting to be real good friends. (She's the worst enemy you'll ever have!) Maybe even more than friends. (Hang up, brother, before it's too late.) You'll come over tonight, won't you? You will! (You're hooked.) Oh, Joe, I don't know what a good-looking, smart, muscular heman like you sees in little ol' me . . .



Some day, if you don't watch out, you may find yourself married to a Clinging Vine. You'll find yourself taking her breakfast to her bed, outfitting her with a wardrobe you can't half afford and mopping her tears off the bedroom floor every night. If you're smart, you'll look up the boat schedules to South America before that day arrives.

3. Golddigger. Unlike The Boss, the Golddigger doesn't give away free advice. Any advice she gives you, you'll pay for through the nose. She may hold on to you like the Clinging Vine, but when your coupons are all clipped, watch how fast she flits away.

She's probably the most widely known of the "Terrible Ten," yet seemingly she is the most rarely recognized. There are two varieties of Golddiggers. Those who do, and those who don't. They're both dangerous, but in the former's case, you might (Continued on next page)

It's not always easy to spot one of the Terrible Ten, especially if

get something close to ten percent of your money's worth.

The modus operandi of the Golddigger is simple. She sees. She wants. You buy. Take her to a night club. What would she like to drink? Champagne. What would she like to eat? Steak, natch. It's such a nice night, shall we walk home? you ask. Here she brings sex into play. She bats her eyelashes suggestively, adjusts a strap and sultrily suggests that you take a taxi.

As I said, maybe it pays and maybe it doesn't. Even if it does, when you reach the stage where you find yourself saving your lunch money to buy her twenty-dollar-anounce perfume, stop and think. Then put every spare cent in a trust fund that you can't touch until you've passed the age of eighty and tell her you're broke. You won't

have to ditch her. She'll ditch you.

4. Heavy Drinker. When one of the first three of the "Terrible Ten" have driven you to the local ginmill, you are in danger of being hooked by Menace No. 4, the Heavy Drinker. She is also known as "the good sport," because that's just what she seems like to you at first. She'll match you drink for drink, joke for joke and hard-luck story for hard-luck story. She's a lot of fun-but look out!

Look out for what? you'll find yourself asking yourself, Never have you met a more wonderful listener. You pour out your troubles and she listens so understandingly. (Of course, she isn't listening at all. She's in a 90 proof funk all her own.) She buys a round as often as you do. She doesn't try to monopolize your time. She doesn't try to



Watch out for The Tease. Her technique is dangerous because it's obvious. She can bat her eyelashes like windmills in a hurricane. She's difficult to resist.

run your life. And the more she drinks, the more likely it seems that you and she may come to an understanding about 'dat ole debbil sex.' What's there to beware?

It may take a while, but eventually you'll find out. Small things will show first: your name may be Harry but she calls you Al; or she can never remember what month it is, let alone what day; or she asks you to go through her purse to find her address because she forgot it.

Later will come the crying jags. Or maybe she'll try to scratch your eyes out because you said you like rye better than scotch. Perhaps she'll try to cut her throat because she drinks.

Marry her and you've really got a wagonload of trouble. She'll spend every dime you make on booze. Try to keep her from it and you'll spend your life searching under rugs, in broom closets and chandeliers for rotgut. Your nights will be filled with the screaming meemies and your days spent looking up new sanitariums.

And, most dangerous of all, remember that marrying

a lush can drive a man to drink!

5. Professional Virgin. Here's a girl that doesn't drink. She doesn't smoke, either. Or do anything else your lecherous mind may conjure up. Heaven forbid! She's virginal in all things and, as her name suggests, most professionally so.

You can spot her right off. She's the girl who's outraged at the slightly off-color joke. She's the girl who looks down her nose (and it's usually a long, cold one) at the girl in the low-cut dress (the one you've been ogling all evening) and sneers about morality. She's the girl that lets you know that sex and such is beneath loathing. And she's the girl who somehow, without ever coming out and saying it, lets you know she's a virgin and intends to maintain her status no matter what you do. (If you look closely, you may find that she's kind of hoping you'll

There's no such thing as necking, or petting, or making love to this chaste chick. Despite her forbidding mein, though, she's every bit as dangerous a mantrap as her more acquiescent sisters. She knows that nothing attracts a man as much as something he can't have and she continually and subtly stresses the fact that he can't have her. Therein lies her power.

There are only three ways to cope with the Professional Virgin. Like the rest of the "Terrible Ten," she is best forgotten. But if you can't forget her, by far the most desirable of the remaining two alternatives is to ravish her, thus depriving her of her most potent argument. Since there are laws against this sort of thing, many men are trapped by the third alternative: marriage.

When that happens, the unlucky male is in for a few shocks. After marriage, Professional Virgins fall into two categories: The frigid wives who spend their lives still protesting a status which is technically gone. And the lasses who either never were what they claimed they were, or found upon sampling that they'd been missing out on a good thing. Reasons aside, the later type is likely to make up for lost time with Tom, Dick, Harry and the she happens to be beautiful and curvy.

guy who delivers the laundry. And the unlucky husband grows horns where his optics should be.

6. The Tease. No two girls would seem to be more different than the Professional Virgin and The Tease. And vet, they are similar in many ways. Their techniques dif-

fer, but their aims are the same.

Where the Professional Virgin withholds, The Tease flaunts. Where the Professional Virgin refuses to talk about sex, The Tease talks of nothing else. And where the Professional Virgin protests that all men ever think about is sex. The Tease grumbles that they never get their minds off baseball or business. But the same thing's in the back of both their minds: marriage!

The Tease's technique is obvious and all the more dangerous because it is. She hangs over you, brushing her charms against your neck when you're sitting. She dances like she was pasted to you from the knees to the shoulders. And if she's just standing and talking to you, she bats her eyelashes like a windmill in a hurricane and adjusts her stockings flashily and fleshily.

If you're human, sooner or later her technique will land you on an overstuffed sofa or in the back of a car. Here, it may seem like the lass is about to fulfill her hot-eyed promises. Straps, snaps and clasps seem to offer no obstacles whatsoever. Her breath comes hot and fast. You're just about at the point which all this has been leading up to when The Tease calls a halt.

You're surprised and more than somewhat frustrated. She looks you straight in the eye and says, "What kind of a girl do you think I am?" (What the hell kind of a girl does she think you think she is?) "I don't mind a little wholesome petting," she says, "but there's such a thing as going to far!"

At this point, you will need no advice whatsoever. Your actions will be dictated strictly by your personality. A mild man will simply punch her in the nose. A more aggressive fellow will strangle her with glee. Have no fear,

no jury in the world will convict you.

7. The Athlete. A well-aimed punch might work with The Tease, but don't try it on The Athlete. She'll punch back and it's nine to five she'll take you. My friend George's girl Lily, if you remember, was an athlete. And even though George had a few muscles himself, The Athlete left him far behind gasping for another highball.

George's life was ruined by the playing fields of Vassar. And if the he-man type can't cope with this muscular Miss, what chance does the average guy stand? His only

defense is to avoid her in the first place.

To do this, he must be able to recognize her. This is easy. The Athlete is known not so much by the clothes she wears as by those she doesn't. You'll rarely find her in high heels, silk stockings and a dress. She prefers sneakers, knee-length socks and dungarees, riding breeches or tennis skirt.

Her energy is boundless and if you fall into her clutches, you'll find yourself getting up at dawn and going to bed at dusk, developing charley horses where those nice comfortable rolls of fat used to be and reaching for the faucet



You'll never get rid of The Athlete with a well-aimed punch. She's usually much tougher than you even if you are a he-man.

on a cold, needle shower instead of soaking in a comfortable, lukewarm tub.

Romance with The Athlete is no problem. She's sublimating and the thought never enters her mind. And you are so tired after all that exercise that you couldn't summon up the energy to make a pass at Marilyn Monroe.

Never try to run away from an athlete. She can run faster than you. When the time comes that your aching muscles scream louder than her attraction to you, stand on your own two feet (if you still can) like the weakling you are and confess that she's the better man. She'll consign you to Greenwich Village and leave you to grow flabby in peace.

8. The Reformer, As The Athlete ruined George, so did The Reformer scuttle my buddy Ray. She's the girl you find writing letters to the newspapers about the inequities of office girls' salaries. In later life, she becomes the matron who forms the Civic Committee to Abolish Prostitution. She's not happy unless she's reforming something and no object will rouse her uplifting instincts as much as an unwary male: namely, you.

She'll quote you cancer statistics until you throw away your coffin nails and bite your fingernails to the elbow. She'll upset your stomach more than liquor ever did, but she'll drive you on the wagon. And she'll make sure that you don't get into "bad company," which by her standards includes every old, tried and true pal you have.

The Reformer is not aggressive like The Boss. She doesn't order, she "suggests," this being a polite word for her policy of nagging the daylights out of you. There's (Continued on page 67) only one way to handle this

Arts Classic Cheaters

Masking feminine charms is nothing new, nor is

over this art appreciation course, assembled under

unmasking them, as you'll see if you cast your eyes



For a nude painting of his teen-age wife, Dutch painter Rubens used a modest covering. It wasn't called a G-string in those days. Above painting, as she was usually.

T'S difficult to imagine Parisians being shocked by anything, least of all an oil painting. But there was such a time. around the 1860's, and the artist who did the shocking was Manet. He exhibited a painting of a beautiful girl with reddishblonde hair and a perfect, creamy complexion. In the painting, showing her stretched on a bed, she wore a neckband, bracelet and a pair of slippers. That was all. Her beautifully nude likeness was called scandalous. Yet, this same gal, Victorine, had been painted many times before by Manet-only she wore clothes. Seeing an artist's model dressed then undressed was a shock—and a pleasure; just as it is today. Which is why we think you'll be interested in these examples of an old idea





An angry and suspicious husband nearly halted work an Gaya's painting of the Duchess of Alba. The Duke suspected that more than art was aging an, planned a raid an Gaya's studia. The aritis heard of it, and aver-night, painted a fully-clothed Duchess, the painting discovered by the Duke. With the husband's jealousy abated, Gaya then took his time finishing this famous nude.



Raphael modestly draped the nude study of his beautiful madel. She was his next-daar neighbar and he fell in love with her. After she became his mistress she pased far many af his paintings, including this classic belaw.





The only concession that Lucas Cranach made to the strict morals of his time was a transparent veil, covering the beauty of his unknown model. Considering that he painted during the time of the Protestant Reformation in Germany, his veiled girl was as during as a Marilyn Monroe calendar.



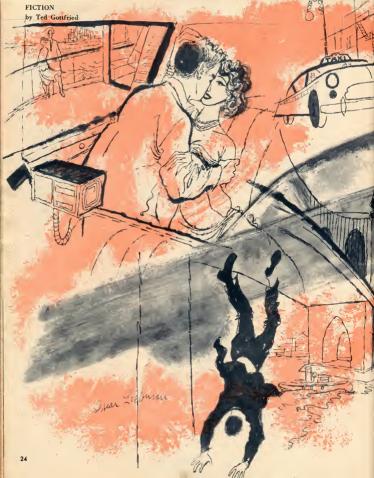






1 Keman

"I drink to forget."





Two trade marks pegged Happy as an old-time hackie around town: his talent for a quick buck, and his stories, like the one about . . .

The Crazy Cab

THERE was no work on the streets, so I pulled my taxi up on the hack line at the bus terminal. Sooner or later, I'd get a job out of there and meanwhile I could get from behind the wheel and parlez with the boys. As I rolled up, I spotted Happy pushing the cab in front of mine.

Big city hackmen fall into two categories. There are those who are only doing it temporarily, like Joe, formerly a Wall Street broker; Phil, who once played trombone with Goodman; Sam, an ex-partner in a fur business worth fifty grand; and Don, who lost the Club Tres Chic, gold dinnerware and all, in a crap game. Some of these fellows have been hacking for twenty years, but it's still "only temporary." I used to be a press agent, myself, until I picked the loser in a feud between two of the town's top 'colyumnists.' Couldn't get a client's name in the paper, now, if he married Rita Hayworth. Then there's the other kind, like Happy. He's a hackie by trade and he likes the racket. An old-timer who

knows what is was to ride booze under the floorboard during prohibition and push all day without a job during the depression-that's Happy. (Continued on page 72)

You can guess why we call him "Happy." That's right. It's because he has the

In Paris, beautiful girls can be seen strolling well-dressed along Champs Elysées or wiggling well-undressed at the Lido. Either way, the show's the thing.

HOW THE FRENCH

Paris' top showploce of beoutiful women -undressed that is-is the night club. Lido. At this expensive spot, lovely curves ore given on added touch with o swing high obove delighted customers.



SELL SEX





It takes all the color and imagination of French impresarias to stage a Lida shaw.

So a guy has ta wait a bit to get his table.... Sa the champagne is slightly expensive.... Far this Lida shaw, it's warth it, isn't it?



Glamor of the type far which gay Paree is famaus—in the person of a lavely Lido shawgirl. There are 23 others, all as beautiful af face and figure, and all as camfartably dressed.





HOW THE FRENCH

SELL SEX Continued

Between songs and dances, the gals play a tune with specially-made handbells. For this they've been dubbed the "Bluebell Girls." But it isn't what the customers come to see.

A few final touches backstage before the show begins.

The elegance, precision, coordination of this long-legged troup is a tribute to the skill used in perfecting their acts and the ability of the short and the skill used in perfecting their acts and the ability of the skill used in perfecting their acts and the ability of the skill used in perfecting their acts and the ability of the skill used in perfecting their acts and the skill used in the skill used



PARIS is a city of delectable women. Any Scamp can sit for hours on a café terrace, sipping at the cup of pleasure as the chic fashion models and dazzling office gals wiggle along the boulevards. But the true Scamp will find his Parsisian pleasure elsewhere. Champagne, not café, will touch his lips; delightful nudes, not fashion models, will parade before him. It can be found under glaring lights at 78 Champs-Elysées, and it's a nightclub called Lido. In this gayest of gay spots in the City of Light, the most exciting gals in the world perform every night in the kind of a show that has made the Lido and Paris famous.

To celebrate ten years of fabulous shows with fabulous girls, the Lido has added a new trick that even startles blasé society folk who troop nightly to the plush showplace. The new gimmick is typical of how the French can sell sex as no other people in the world can. A 24-footlong Roman pool has been installed complete with mirror, titled at a 45-feagree angle to enable patrons, without spilling a drop of expensive champagne, to watch from a comfortable vantage point the lovelles splashing around. As an added touch, two mirror bridges pass over customers' heads, providing a revealing angle for viewing.

The girls love working together and show a passionate loyalty to each other and to the Lido. And why not? After all, to repeat the truism, Paris is full of delectable women. The fashion model dresses in her expensive outfit to attract "les hommes." The office gal, in the dress short probably made herself, ditto. Paris exists to please the male. So, too, do the girls of the Lido, swimming, quite undressed, in their shiny, new Roman swimming pool.





Buyers of the Lido's purely French-style of selling sex include such a notable cosmopolite personality as Charles Chaplin, who knows a lovely dish when he sees one before him. Come on in, the water's fine!





ARE BIG BUSINESS

ARTICLE by Ruth Fowler

In New York State, where the only ground for divorce-is adultery, a gal can earn extra dough by just sitting on the bed when the photographer crashes in.

If A GIRL is smart, sexy-looking and adventurous, she can earn a tidy sum by donning nightic and negligee, appearing in a bedroom with a male and not so much as lose her virginity—which means, of course, that she is not a call girl or even headed in that direction. The lass who stays pure in these dangerous circumstances however, is far less honest if you come right down to it than the professional prostitute, even though she considers herself far more honorable.

We are speaking of the girls in New York who earn their livings by day as typists, stenographers, clerks, models, or what have you, and who have extra time on their hands at night in which to earn from \$25 to \$100 (depending on the client). What they do is supply the visual evidence for divorce in New York, where divorces are granted on one ground, adultery. So it's a cozy arrangement. The pretty girl arrives at a hotel where she meets a harassed man anxious to have this farce over and done with. She slips out of her clothes and into the alluring sleepy-time attire and sits down on the edge of the bed to await the gentleman who has slipped off his clothes and put on pajamas and a bathrobe. At this moment the man's wife arrives with a witness or two-and sometimes a photographer. When the lensman appears, the lovely hired correspondent covers her face with her hands.

The intruders look and leave and the lady dresses and goes home, richer by a sizable fee. The girls who use this means for making that extra bonus have been hired by attorneys who specialize in divores. They have been screened carefully to determine whether there's any chance of either blackmail or a conscience which might prompt them to finally tell all: that it was fake.

Usually the performance goes off as planned and everybody forgets it but the parting pair, but now and then there's a surprise switch such as happened to one girl. She told mee she got \$50 for posing with a middle-aged gentleman with a reputation for chasing pretty femmes. It was his wife who wanted the divorce, feeling that marriage to him was impossible, and he was willing to give it to her this way simply because she had agreed that she would not ask for an alimony settlement. Extremely moneyconscious, he agreed to go through with it, even to pay for the "corespondent," a most attractive young thing. All went off well, at first. When the girl arrived the pompous gent offered her a drink, saying, "We might as well have some fun out of this." She took the drink and waited for the wife and witnesses to arrive. They did, saw, left. Again the girl and the man were alone. She started to get up to put on her clothes. He grabbed her and roared, "Oh, no you don't. I'm gettin' something outs my doubt!"

There was quite a struggle, but she finally socked him and he reeled back on the bed and she got away only because he'd been hitting said bottle.

England has the same kind of divorce laws and thus some of the same things go on. But there's the case of where the man was asking for a divorce from his wife on adultery, She had been found behind a locked bedroom door with man. The wife contested the divorce. Obviously this boudoir scene was real, not staged.

The judge thought it over and shook his head. "When a young man and a young woman are discovered in a bedroom with a locked door, it is to be presumed that they are not playing chess." The husband was granted his divorce.

And then there's the one about the wife who wanted to make her discovery of her husband with a delectable redhead seem really authentic. With her witness she rushed into the hotel room. She looked at her husband and sobbed, "Ted, how could you?"

So convincing was her performance that her husband who didn't much want the divorce anyway, almost believed her and was ready to call the whole thing off. But it went through and later the husband, the redheaded co-respondent, the wife and witness repaired to the nearest gin-mill and got gloriously loaded.

All sorts of things can-and do-happen as a result of these fixed scenes. A few years ago many divorces were denied in New York because judges believed there was no real adultery. However, the situation has calmed down again and many of them are going through. Secrecy is the big thing. Who, after all, can prove it isn't the real thing unless someone talks? One young lady, a secretary on Wall Street, recalls how pleasantly and easily she made \$200. The separating couple wanted to make sure that nothing went wrong, so the girl met the husband for dinner in a restaurant where many of his friends dined. He paid ardent attention to his date. He appeared at a night club with her, dancing cheek to cheek. When they were "discovered" in the bedroom, even his best friends were convinced he'd gone off his rocker for a pretty doll. Poor injured wife! In this case it was the "poor" wife who wanted the divorce so that she might marry a (Continued on next page)

BOUDOIRS ARE BIG BUSINESS

ontinued

To convince the questioning and sometimes-doubtful New York judges, the phony adultery scene must look completely authentic.



posed by models

man with whom she had been committing adultery; she had managed to keep the fact from everybody, including her husband.

Sometimes even romance rears its lovely head. A beautiful but struggling model decided to earn more by adding this kind of work to her activities. She hated it, but the rent had to be paid. And she was dedicated to her dreams of success in her chosen field. She registered with an attorney, who was convinced she was regular. He sent her on an assignment where the husband was a handsome and exceedingly rich young man. He was getting a divorce from a wife who bored him beyond reason, a charge, incidentally, which judges even in other states might not believe sufficient for severing the sacred vows. The young man had no future bride in mind. He simply wanted out.

But when the willowy blonde model walked in, shyly, since it was her first such assignment, he was quite smitten. The act over, he suggested they go out for a drink, which they did. They continued to see each other, he exacting a promise from her that she would never take such a job again. Finally they married.

There is the question of why respectable girls and women are employed for this rather unsavory (at least unsavory appearing) employment. Why not call-girls? One attorney puts it this way: "Call-girls are accustomed to earning their living by their wits. Where an extremely rich man is concerned, they could backfire — threaten blackmail, that sort of thing. And then too, there is the chance they might want to add to the original fee of \$50 to 4300 or whatever, and really give value received. Many is the man who'd go along with them on this on the impulse and find himself with a new telephone number and a new expense he hadn't bargained for. Actually, it is very simple. Our paid corespondents are checked carefully for reliability and character."

One of the things promised the corespondent by the attorney is nonentity. Her name is never mentioned. In court she is referred to as "an unidentified blonde" (or redhead or brumette). If a picture is taken and used as evidence, her face never shows. She always covers it with her hands.

An attractive girl who makes a tidy sum with this extra activity recalls with a laugh and shudder one strange situation she encountered. She met the husband, prepared for the show. He was polite and distant. They talked activitions masculine-looking woman, barged in with her witions. When it was over she beamed at the girl, asked it she might buy her a drink in the bar downstairs. The girl couldn't see why not and joined the wife (who'd rid herself of the witness) at a table for two in a dimit corner. She had never received such ardent attention from anyone, man or woman. When she finally began to get the picture and had become vague about seeing the amorous lady again, she realized the real reason for the divorce.

In other states divorces are granted for a variety of reasons—incompatability, cruel and inhuman treatment, mental torture. In Pennsylvania the injured partner in marriage "suffers indignities," a charge which covers a multitude of sins.

But the girls who make a beautiful buck this way don't much like it. They usually have some rather urgent reason for needing that money, such as support of an aging parent, heavy debts, a child to care for single-handedly, or it may be a real obsession for having lovely clothes and living quarters. Even though they do no real sex-sinning, it still leaves a bad taste in their mouths. As one girl put it, "It's so phony. And you switch things around. You're getting credit for being real playful when you aren't. When a girl goes to bed with a man either because she wants to or because he pays her, a least there's something honest about it. But this—well, this is like (Continued on page 70)







SCAMP'S

Album of Allure

Linger awhile with the harvest of color

in this collection of enticing gals, each ready

to tempt you with her beauty.

WERE I Pygmalion or God," wrote poet Walter Benton, "I would make you exactly as yours. In all dimensions, "you would be wholly in your own image. I would change nothing, add or take away." Words about a beautiful woman ... And they apply as well to the beautiful women you see on the pages of this month's album. Each is a top beauty in her own right, and what Scamperoo would want to make a change in one of them?



A gal of many moods—and looking beautiful in every one. She's lovely Sheila Rudy, who could never put a guy in a blue mood, unless he feels blue 'cause Shelia is not on every page of Scamp's album.















Night club star Arlene Stevens has perfected an act which depicts the birth of a pearl. Nothing could be closer to the truth than to say Arlene is somewhat of a pearl herself. Blonde, curvaceous, exciting—she's a gem in any Scamp's collection,

Alluring Pearl

















Could you be her boyfriend? She likes the rugged and romontic kind of guy who also gets a kick out of ort and music.

WHEN Sheila Patrick was told that she'd been chosen as Scamp's vamp of the month, she was so happ's all could have—laughed. That's right hunded. "I always she. "That's the kind of pail am." She's also a coy gall, something pais as one of pais pays she, and an out-and-out booster of the art of playing practical jokes har practical jokes print good for the practical jokes for the practical jokes have been spirit of good fun and guite harmless. But she has her serious moments, too. One of them: when she's painting. An accomplished artist, she's also quite a picture.



Sheila's been known to play practical jokes aplenty on fotogs, but when it comes to modeling, she's a serious gal, working hard to reach the top. Any fotog will tell you thou all it takes to brighten up o studio is sensotional Sheila.







Frolicking Girlfriend

Fun-loving Sheila Patrick, Scamp's girl-friend of
the month, is a charmer in a merrymaking way.
She loves to play a practical loke, but you can't resist her.





Sheila recently had an exhibit of her paintings but more guys showed up to look at the pretty artist than to look at the art.

If there is a single Scamp left who still has the doldrums, all he need do to be perked out of 'em is turn the page and see Sheila in natural color.

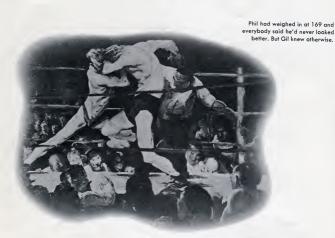




SCAMP

Vamp of the Month





1 Save us nearly a hundred bucks," Gil Haley explained. "And, with the difference, you can take Rose down for the bout too."

Phil McHugh didn't answer. He just scraped the back of his left shoe along the supporting bar of a rubbing table in the cubby-hole dressing room.

"You want to make her happy, don't you?" Haley asked.

Frankly Haley wasn't the least bit interested if McHugh's wife were happy or not. But as McHugh's manager he was interested in having a winning, money-making lighter. And for the last three months McHugh had not been either. He had fallen into a bad slump, with promoters showing less and less interest in him.

Maybe he thought, the trip with Rose would pull Phil out of his slump.

"Have her come along, it's all right with me," McHugh said finally, but without enthusiasm.

"Okay," announced Gil. "I'll turn in the two first class tickets and get three night tourist tickets. Hell, Riss Munday doesn't care how we get to his club so long as he's got a match for Billy Mandaro against tired Phil McHugh."

He accented the word "tired" heavily, hoping to get a rise out of Mc-Hugh. But Phil let it pass. He was too indifferent to everything to talk.

The fighter's lack of life embarrassed the manager: he knew he largely was responsible for it. Four years earlier, a Texas promoter first sent Phil north to Gil. The promoter had said: "He's no Benny Leonard but he's strong. If he's in shape, he'll make nothing but good fights. I'm telling you one thing, though—keep him out of the hay with that wife of his, she won't tet him stay in shape."

So when he booked fights he found ways and means to keep Phil and Rose apart. In between fights, he'd even work the boy overtime in the gym, just to leave him without too much energy.

There was no reason to complain for the better part of those four years. Television was cutting work for even quality fighters but here was Phil McHugh, never anything better than a club fighter, boxing often, taking down good dough and winning a high percentage of his fights.

Then came the torpor. Too late Gil

MAIN EVENT

FICTION by LESTER BROMBERG

realized that he had campaigned the fighrer into dullness. How deep and wide was this pit of gloom, Gil didn't know. He prided himself on not being a double-dome: "I don't know or care how the wheels go 'round in a fighter. All I worry about is: is he right or ain't he?" Now, according to his fights, he had figured it out: "I'll get him and Rose together for a while. The way he has been going, she can't make him worse. And she may wake him up."

When the manager met them at the airport, Rose bubbled: "Howdy, slave driver, you didn't really mean to give me some time with Phil, did you?"

"No mistake," he said briskly. "Tve just realized that he needs a little change of pace, he's been working too hard. You two can loaf around for a week or so before he does any training. I got you a place at the south end of the beach, nice and reasonable. You can live it up a little rjight?"

Phil nodded agreement phlegmatically but Rose accepted Gil's little speech with unchecked gratitude. She threw her arms up around the manger, reached on tip-toes for his mouth and kissed him. She held the kiss, pressing her upper body against him.

She stayed close to him a long time and finally Haley broke away with a brusque remark, "let's get the shoo on the road, we have to check in for the flight." But, though he tried to put it out of his mind, the impression lingered. After they'd boarded the plane, and found seats, the couple up ahead of him, Gil remembered the fire with which she had come to him, the ardor of the kiss, the glow of the gentle pressure of her breasts through her sweater.

As the flight winged south, he thought of the way she had acted. "What's with her?" he asked himself. "Is she on the make for me?" Then summarily he told himself: "It's stupid, she's wasting her time."

Haley had been a lifelong bachelor, a hotel resident in the Broadway district, whose company always was comprised of men of his own or adjacent interests. Fight managers, bookmakers, music publishers, they were basically lonely but, instead of ownen, a timidity limited them to each other's companionship. They gathered in restaurants to eat, drink, wrangle, tell stories.

Pretending scorn for the conventional pattern of living, Haley's crowd acknowledged awareness of occasional physical need for women but, like small boys, they tough-talked the subject. They called on professionals when they wanted it. It was their pride to get through with the experience "without fooling around," as they put it. They paid such collaborators well and the girls who didn't even suggest, by their attitude, that they wanted to be catered to were rewarded with the billing of "good fellas."

It was with a cleared mind that Haley woke after having fallen to sleep. The plane was slowing for a landing at Miami Airport. As they alighted in the cool of a sub-tropical night, he could see that Rose, grasping Phil's arm, was a-tingle with excitement.

"Okay," Gil said, "I'll get a cab and drop you two off first at your hotel. I'm going to stay up at the center of the beach."

For nearly ten minutes they sat in silence in the cab. The driver was bringing them to the heart of downtown Miami, all but deserted at the hour.

Rose looked up at Phil. "Honey," she said, "I honestly never believed you'd bring me here."

Phil stared straight ahead. His reply was cool. "You were wrong," he said. "You're here, aren't you?"

She hardly heard his retort, she was lost in the delight of the trip.

The cab coursed over the causeway and soon they were heading south on the beach. In a few minutes the cab pulled up at the curb of a three-storied stuccode building with a purple neon sign.

"Have fun," the manager advised as he helped Phil with their bags. "You'll be (Continued on page 65)

















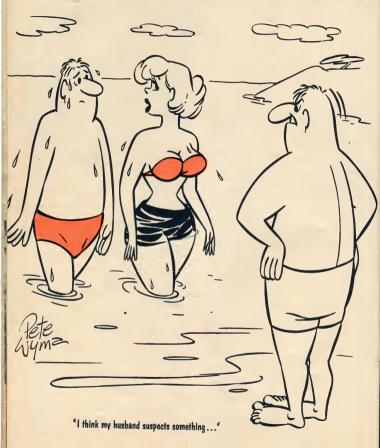
Work of Art

Blonde and beautiful Chris Starr is a classic work of art herself. A top model at hair style shows, she often must change her hair color. But blonde, brunette or redhead—Chris is always the star of the show.

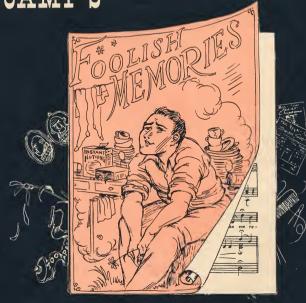




Twenty-year-old Chris is a combination of classic beauty with the sprightliness of modern youth. She's a terrific dancer, goes in for sking and swimming. In bathing suit or ski parka she's an exciting 37-24-35.



a SCAMP'S



"LOVE," says Abe Burrows, Broadway director, writer and wit, "is the backbone of the song writing business." As an amateur composer and singer, Burrows has nothing against popular love songs. Only sometimes they drive him mad—and drive him straight to his piano, where he proceeds to parody the pants off them. Occasionally he doesn't get past the title; such was the case with his "I'm So Miserable Without You That It's Almost Like Having You Around." On the other hand, he does put words and music on paper, as he did with his Laundry-List Type song, "Foolish Memories." A Laundry-List-Type song, says Burrows, itemizes all the little things that make up a guy's love for a girl. Since nobody can say it better than Abe Burrows, Scamp herewith presents, complete with music, the sentiments of many a guy. If you haven't got a piano . . . sing it in your shower!





Ten-der lit-tle fool-ish me-mo-ries. The wed-ding li-cense that I thought would start a gay ad-ven-ture, The



base-ball but you used each time you thought I need-ed cen-sure,

The lit-tle sa-tin je-wel box, where you kept your plas-tic den-ture,



Ten-der lit-tle fool-ish me-mo-ries. We could have been such a hap-py pair, but some-thing must have gone



wrong. It started with the hon-ey-moon trip, I still think I should have gone a-long. A pair of stock-ings dry-ing on the

















Tequila interpretation—Tequila being one of the top Latin bombshells.



It's the curvaceous outline of Marty Mayo that you

can see behind the transparent veil. Marty's persuasive
charms are devastating.



Adele Baker favors a more intimately-styled veil, a joy for Scamps who like program notes; Adele's happen to be a nice 39-27-36.

A placid pose marks the beginning of Rose Velez's style but her Dance of the Seven Veils ends up in a blaze of torrid glory.





Ravishing, blonde-haired Carol Swartz turns on a withering look behind her veils as she teasingly ends her dance. It takes know-how to show how a length of cloth can drape a beautiful girl and yet thrill an audience. Carol has the knowledge, as you can see.



Those

Consuming martinis en masse won't get you in the fabulous clubs on or near New York's Third Avenue. It won't, that is, unless you know how to eat the glasses! And once inside you'll discover that Society Isn't so dull around the edges after all.

ON Manhattan Island there is a street called Third Avenue, which is populated in part by a group of people known as "The Flips."

A Flip, of course, is quite different from a Character. While a person might gain himself a reputation as a Character merely by walking around with a cigaret stuck in his ear, he becomes a full-fledged Flip only when he manages to smoke it that way.

Naturally there are Flips all over the place—in Keokuk, Cedar Rapids and Upper Earlobe, Pa.—but they somehow seem to gravitate to Third Avenue, where Flipping has become a fine art. Fasten your seat belts, hold onto your hats and meet a few of the charter members of the Flip Fraternity.

We have, for example, society's Duncan McMartin, who won his system the hard way—drinking martinis and then leisurely devouring the glasses. Duncan, if you inquire, will explain that the stems are definitely the best part.

Drop into Giennon's on a clear night and you are apt to bump into Lawrence Tierney, the young man who played Dillinger in the movies and got lost in the part. When not involved in a fight, Tierney is likely to challenge you to a fortime around the block or a game of the charge you to a fortime around the block or a game of the property of the prope

Should you hear mention of "The Human Billygoat" while sipping your beer in the vicinity of 55th and Third, you may be sure that the reference is to one James



Suydam, a young man who earned his colorful monicker by ramming his head through antique shop windows while in his cups.

Paul the Plumber, you may discover in Glennon's saloon, is actually a painter who earned his appellation by attacking a man he suspected of having eyes for his wife -not with a paintbrush, but with a Stillson wrench. Paul's wife, a full-blooded Indian named Lola, is naturally referred to as "Lo, the Poor Indian."

TV producer Richard Gordon, owner of the canine TV star, Morgan, has built himself a reputation for misplacing his dog. When on the town Gordon customarily "checks" Morgan and then forgets where he has left him, Gordon habitually asks friends in the neighborhood:

"What the hell have you done with my dog?"

George Cummings, a Philadelphia socialite now employed by a newspaper syndicate, earned himself somewhat of a reputation as a Flip a year or two ago when he gained entry to dancer Kathy Kane's apartment in a rather novel manner, Miss Kane, living on the 11th floor of an East Side apartment building, awakened to see her swain dangling outside her window at the end of a length of garden hose.

Cummings, it seems, had made his way to the 12th floor penthouse apartment above hers, wrapped the garden hose on the terrace around his middle and then lowered himself to her window. Kathy called the cops, but not before George had proved that the way to a woman's heart is through her upstairs neighbor's garden hose.

Another member joined the Flip Fraternity when he gained fame through insisting that all of his girl friends join him in being tattooed.

His former wife, a southwestern heiress, revealed after their divorce that he had persuaded her to indulge in his unusual hobby. She had four roses tattooed on her derriere.

Tom Sullivan, who was instrumental in exposing the notorious "charity" gambling party at Mrs. Vivienne Woolley-Hart's Park Ave, apartment back in 1948, joined the Flips when he fell for a practical joke perpetrated by two wits who persuaded him that he was to be featured on the cover of a national magazine.

Posing for photos sitting on a horse in Central Park while attired in a polo outfit, Sullivan was questioned by police who carted him off to Bellevue for observation-

a process which took 87 days.

Seward Heaton, a young advertising executive who once staged a sitdown strike at the old Club Bali for "longer drinking hours," became a Flip through dating Marian Saunders, estranged wife of a wealthy Chinese importer. Marian, in a moment of anger, inflicted a cut on Seward's eve which left him looking like Rudy Vallee -on one side only.

Mario, a waiter at an after-hours club, flipped a year or two ago when he borrowed 27 bottles of Scotch from P. J. Clarke's famous Third Avenue pub, obstensibly for Glennon's across the street. When it was disclosed that Mario had been borrowing the Scotch, then selling it to passersby along the Avenue (Continued on page 76)







she's a

KILLER

Our firearms editor couldn't have picked a more exciting Nimrod than Laura Raymond to demonstrate the first American-made elephant rifle, Laura would brighten any safari.

ARTICLE by Howard Rushmore



That's no shotgun our little hunter is pointing at you. It's the business end of the first American-made elephant rifle. Firing this cannon prone could break a shoulder.





PROBABLY the most repeated (and apocryphal) story told around the Norfolk Hotel bar in Nairobi, after the safari dust is shaken out by the hunters, is the one concerning the grizzled old veteran who said, when saked why he persisted in shooting the .600 Nitro Express, the world's most powerful rifle:

"Sonny, if you'd ever looked a bull elephant in the eye when he's coming at you ten yards away, you'd know the answer. There's only one reason I shoot

the .600—they don't make 'em any bigger."

With this in mind, Winchester has come up with the first American elephant rifle and elsewhere on these pages Laura Raymond, quite a Nimrod in her own right, demonstrates what the white hunters of Kenya and the Congo call "the stopping gun."

Now Laura may have her mind on Margot Macomber and Mr. Wilson (after all, models do read Hemingway), but, romance aside, even the casual shooter will note that the sleek instrument in Laura's pretty little hands is quite a hunk of weapon.

Matter of fact, it is. When you touch off that Winchester .455 two and a half tons of energy goes blasting out of that muzzle as the 500-grain bullet whams its way to the target. All of which spells "power" and that's the reason this rifle came into existence.

In Kenya the .458 is used to drop the charging water buffalo, the wounded and enraged elephant or the lion leaping for your throat. That terrific striking force of 5,000 pounds is (Continued on next page)









designed for only one purpose—to save the hunter's life. But for the average American nimrod, this particular Winchester has another definite attraction. For years the English custom gun manufacturers had virtually a world monopoly on elephant rifles and such firms as folland & Holland, Rigby, Purdey and Westley-Richards delivered their 40- and 50 caliber doubles to the carriage trade at \$1200 and up. Today a British-made elephant rifle costs even more. They are beautiful guns, expertly made and undoubtedly worth that kind of cash—if you have it.

But since the majority of American hunters have to save their dough for years to make that once-in-a-life-time trek to the dark continent, \$1200 is a lot of cablage. These cannons are weapons that have little use here in the

States, so it all adds up to a costly investment.

Winchester's elephant rifle retails at \$295, a price within the reach of any hunter who can afford a safari. It doesn't take much higher math to determine that the amount saved will pay for the licenses and guide fees. And the owner has a weapon that will easily qualify under the rigid (and correct) African laws demanding a .40 caliber rifle for safety's sake.

For the gun fanatics the Winchester .458 isn't a thing of beauty. It's a factory-produced rifle with the defects found in mass production. When I first fired it, a crack developed back of the tang after five rounds and other shooters reported the same flaw. Winchester corrected this with the addition of another recoil bolt and other adjustments, so when I fired the revised .458 at the New Haven plant recently, the stock showed not the slightest crack.

How about recoil and accuracy? When you're touching off 5,000 pounds of energy, any weapon is going to have plenty of recoil and this one does. I tried alternate firing with the 458 and the .375 at the New Haven range. Plenty of hunters have trouble with the buck of the .375 and for their information, the elephant rifle has almost twice as much recoil as the .375 and for the solone. And for those who like the .30-30 and know it's recoil, the .458 has approximately seven times more foot pounds of energy pounding away at your shoulder than the little deer rifle.

But the story isn't that simple. I've always found that when the moment comes for a shot that means either your life or the animal's, recoil is forgotten. When you're trying to stop a maddened bull elephant coming at you in screaming rage, you don't worry about a bruised shoulder. And for a stopping weapon, the .458 is darned accurate.

In Africa, the life-saving shots are short range, usually thirty yards or under. My shots with the .458 at this range grouped in a two-inch circle, (Continued on page 66)

Laading the magazine of the .458, Laura holds the most pawerful rifle cartridge made in the U.S. The 510-grain expanding and the 500-grain salid bullet can stap the meanest bull elephant.



NYONE who deems it necessary A to find a moral in the latest of James Thurber's fables, THE WON-DERFUL O (Simon and Schuster, \$3.50), is welcome to his unnecessary trouble. Sensible readers will simply delight in this latest trip into the fantastical world of Thurber: a world where words have three dimensions. where the shape of language builds most palpable castles in the pure air of the spirit. Thurber's penchant for grouping words into blocks of beautiful sound doesn't prevent him from telling a most absorbing tale. It's a tale of pirates, jewels, and a terrible vengeance that backfires. The illustrations are almost as beautiful as the words.

In DEATH OF AN OLD SINNER (Charles Scribner's Sons, \$2.75) Dorothy Salisbury Davis commits her familiar legerdemain, pulling the rabbit of an entertaining novel out of the hat of a whodunnit. This time a raffish general is done to death, but not before all his nefarious and slightly scandalous plottings have woven a web of suspicion around such entertaining characters as his Scottish housekeeper, his puritanical son, his wooly-headed mistress, and a few assorted gangsters and politicians. The situation is impeccably logical, all the ends neatly tucked in, and regrettable only in that they mark the end of a giddily diverting story.

LOW'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY (Simon and Schuster, \$5.00) gently yet relentlessly sloughs off the layers of veneer with which politicans, like people, tend to obscure their motives the quiet Scottish cartoonist who came to London via Australia, wields writing pen as skillfully as drawingpen. What has made his cartoons of the past half-century so pungent is presenting things as they are Sweetly, and with malice acknowledged, he remembers the great who triggered off the upsets of the world; points out responsibility and culpability; gives word sketches as trenchant and memorable as his famous cartoons. He writes of Ghandl "exposing three of his teeth in a happy chuckle," but he had been a supposed to the state of the

Ellery Queen has always delighted in the unanswerable mystery and kept the reader puzzled till the last body has been cleared away. Contrariwise, IN THE QUEENS' PAR-LOR (Simon and Schuster, \$3.00) gives a lot of answers before the questions are asked. Useless but entertaining information, such as the day Dashiell Hammett slyl introduced the word gunsel (original meaning: a boy kept for unnatural purposes) into one of his superson, and the surpose of the superson and appeted the book-bound mystery. Invaluable for the fifteen-minute pause that relaxes.

be given a pr

In simple justice, every reader of THE ROADTO SANTIAGO, by Walter Starkie (Dutton, \$5.95) should printed warning to be read uning the book For here

(Dutton, \$0.95) should be given a printed warning to be read before opening the book. For her before opening the book. For her before the printed warning the pleasures of wandering ever to come from a devoted, religious, yet intensery joyous pilgrim since the merry monks of England. Dr. Starkie set out on the road to Compostella, in north-western Spain, as a pilgrim of the warning to the starting of the printed warning to the printed warning to the printed warning the printed warning to the printed warning to be given by the printed warning the printed warning to be given by the printed warning the printed warning

paved city of Santiago to try and avoid her millions of pilgrims! Dr. Starkie has been too long and intimately associated with the Romany brethren, and as he progressed from Lourdes to his destination, he fell continually into those astonishing little adventures that have made his life one long caravan to the unexpected. The garnerings of this and past pilgrimages have gone into THE ROAD TO SANTIAGO. Ancient ballads, folklore, both uproarious and touching, amusing personal experiences with the crotchety foibles of other pilgrims, esoteric snatches of history, are blended in Dr. Starkie's tapestry. It is a book to be read twice and thrice over, each new reading yielding little nuggets unnoticed in the rich gleanings of the last time

Our Western frontier days were not all whoopin' and hollerin' and Cimarron, and the deeper-lying heroism of the sod-bustin settlers hasn't been fully caught up with. THE HANG-ING TREE by Dorothy Johnson (Ballantine Books (\$3.50) rectifies the situation to a degree, with its stories of the settlers who worked, lived, and traded with the Indians. They had their adventures, too; the West at its best was never peaceful. The longest story in the book, "The Hanging Tree," is based on a true episode that happened in Montana, and is a summing up of the quick-witted and quick-tempered people who were never more than a step away from gold, glory, or the gallows.

Capitol couldn't have chosen a better title for the new Frank Sinatra album than A SWINGIN' AFFAIR! (W803). This LP has been arranged and conducted by Nelson Riddle in bright rhythms, against which the voice of Sinatra beats like a dark, swinging surge of emotion. Sinetra does what only a supremely confident-and right-artist can do. He ignores the music, sometimes the words, of the song he's singing, to let feeling fuse with rhythm to get across the basic sense. When he sings, "If I Had You" he means what every guy says to every gal-and seldom gets across. When he sings "I Wish I Were In Love Again" it isn't just words and music; it's the harsh yearning of a man who has loved and lost and knows it's been worth it.

ALONE (Capitol, T835) presents Judy Garland in a lonely, rainmisted mood, with "I Gotta Right to Sing The Blues" as (Continued on page 68)







Cover Doll

Modern-day Venus Doiores Reed,
the lusty brunette inviting you
into this issue, here gives a
demonstration in relaxation,
with a warm shower for a prop.





Does she sing in the shower? Of course, and she's got a great voice to do it with. This doll is loaded with talent, as you can plainly see.

Dolores, 23, has everything it takes to earn top place on Scamp's cover. Besides pretty face, she's got a 40-27-38 topography and big blue eyes.

SCANPERING TO THE MOVIES

EVITERTAINMENT in the movie houses is, mereifully, not entirely eclipsed by documentaries, social studies, or glorified travelogues. The story-telling designed to entertain in the ancient mode, is pussyfooting its delightful way back into the picture palaces. And high time, too, before the last of the movie audiences are lost to TV variety shows.

Heading up the return, as is only proper, is the sturdy Western. "High Noon" and "Shane" merely signalized what had been an unrecognized fact all along; the Western is intrinsically a work of art because art deals with human beings. And the stories of our West, and the people who made those stories, had all the intensely human values: love, passion, yearning and greed. Fancier names may be found, but those are



Glenn Ford in "3:10 to Yuma "

In a quetty undertoned key they are to be found in the picture, "3:10 To Yuma." There is a bad man, the bad man's girl, the good guys, the chase, the capture, and Justice. The surprise is in the telling; he values are shaded so that the viewer has to ludge for himself the ultimate good of every act committed in the film. And the motives, far from being open and shut, are open to question, literally up to the last minute of the film. A minor picture, but an excellent one.

Out-and-out story-telling is the avowed purpose of "The Gold Of Naples," a round-up of four delicious stories. Each is complete in itself, a vignette with beginning, end, and meaning; again-people, and what makes them tick, the recognizable essence that pervades both sides of the Atlantic, or the Pacific, for that matter. The characters here may be peculiarly Neapolitan with their electric warmth, their acid gayety, their unresigned sadness, but the American viewer can still identify with their emotions and entanglements. And that is as it should be.

A real person in a real story is "deanne Eagels." Not only is truth stranger than fiction, but far more absorbing. Kim Novak, who here looks surprisingly like the actress she depicts (a novelty, considering the capricious casting of filmed biographies) has been directed into giving a warm, sympathetic performance. As Jeanne Eagels, she wins one over to the cause of unbridled, destructive ambition that so often operates in the world of make-believe. Jeanne is not much better than she should be, but she has the yearning for greatness and willingness to sacrifice herself in its achievement. Jeanne lived—and died—by it; her story is absorbing drama.

In a different key are "The Green Man" and "The Third Key," both British imports. Like British woolens, a certain type of their picture is unspectacular, but wears well. "The Green Man" is an hour of absolute hilarity, built around some corny, but trustworthy situations. Ever hear of the disappearing body bit? Here it is expertly handled, engagingly acted by actors who know better than to take their jobs too seriously. Alistair Sim brings just the right touch of unconcerned meanness to his role of baffled murderer, and the bland good humor of George Cole as a vacuum cleaner salesman is hilarious. The whole picture is hilarious.

Sober, but highly enjoyable, is "The Third Key," with its detailed exposition of the workings of Scotland Yard.



Silvana Mangano in "Gold of Naples."

Lest this be construed as documentary, the exposition of police methods is merely added attraction to a corking good mystery. How did the safebreaker get into the absolutely impregnable safes, and why did he kill an apparently harmless young man? The charm of the whodunnit is that it keeps the brain cells occupied but not thinking; it will all come out right and be explained in the end. Here explanation is given as the picture moves along (at an absorbing clip) but there is still plenty left for an old-fashioned smash finish.

Scamp is definitely in favor of stories that tell a story!

MAIN EVENT

(Continued from page 43)

hearing from me, Phil." Rose waved a good night.

They walked into the lobby, dark except for a light at the registration desk.

"Phil McHugh! I've been waiting a long while to meet you," announced the bald man behind the counter, "I've been watching fighters 30 years and I don't know anybody I like to watch more. You're an old-fashioned club fighter."

Then he noticed Rose. "And this is the Missus," he said. "We've been expecting you two. We've got your room ready."

Rose beamed with pride, her man was popular.

"I'll help you," the clerk volunteered.

"Don't bother," Phil said absently,
"I'll take our bags. Just give me the
room key."
"We'd better unpack right away."

"We'd better unpack right away," Rose said, as soon as they were in their room. "Otherwise my dresses will get all wrinkled."

Uninspiredly Phil opened a suitcase. Out tumbled an envelope.

He picked it up and he could see that it contained some snap shots. He took one out and she leaned over his shoulder to look at it with him. He stared blankly at it for a moment. "Don't you remember these?" Rose

asked. "We took them at Corpus Christi before we were married."

Yes, he remembered. He looked at the picture. He was sitting with her at the beach, a big smile on his face.

"Don't you remember that you once were happy with me?" she said. Phil's gaze was on the wall. Ner-

vously he kneaded the first knuckle of his left hand into the palm of his right hand. Finally he spoke: "Bone, Rose, you know how Gil has kept me away from you since we came up from Texas. He meant well, I guess, he kept telling me that you've got to eat, drink and live fighting to be any good at it. I believed him and I guess it worked—for a while.

"Now I've gone into a tailspin as a fighter and there's nothing left inside of me. I'm a wornout fighter and I'm

a wornout man."

Her eyes were wet with tears. She brought her face close to his. She closed her eyes and she kissed him. Like a sunburst suddenly shatter-

ing a heavy haze the kiss melted Phil's unhappiness. He reached for her and cradled her in his arms. In the next few days all of their

oung love was back. Haley left them alone for the better part of a week. When he finally phoned, the verve with which McHugh spoke to him convinced him that his experiment was a success so far. Only the fight would give the complete answer. "Okay, Gil," Phil was saying. "I'll stay with Rose here 'til the end of the week, then I'll come up and stay with you at the place you're at until the fight."

Meanwhile Haley's late-hour prowling uncovered information that Phil's opponent, Billy Mandaro, wasn't taking the fight too seriously. A wattress in a never-closed spot had told Gil that Billy was in there late three nights in a row.

The first day that Phil boxed in the gym, he dropped two sparring partners and the hangers-on whistled with surprise. That same day Billy was over an hour late for the start of his workout. He didn't look good.

By now everybody on the beach was talking about the situation. The betting price, which had opened with Mandaro a 4-1 favorite, dropped to 2-1 when two solid gamblers each took a thousand dollars on the underdog. Even Haley caught the fever and bet \$500. The odds dipped further to 8-5.

The day before the fight, Phil, seemlingly reborn in attitude, told Gil: "I'm ready like I've never been. I want to win for Rose. We've made a lot of plans, we're going to get out of living in a suitcase, we're going to buy a house in the suburbs around New York."

He paused. "Only one thing, I hate to think of Rose being alone. Would you take her out to dinner somewhere

tonight?"

Of course, Gil answered, anything to keep Phil in this mood. He phoned Rose to say he would pick her up at

5:30. Gil decided he'd take her "some-

place different," Mother Veone's, a famous eating place 25 miles north in Hallandale. He wanted to do it in style and he borrowed a convertible. Rose was radiant when he came by. "It's been wonderful." she said. "and

you did it, you, the old slave driver." As he helped her into the car, she looked up at him. She laughed, "Why, slave driver, I'm making you blush,"

she said.

They drove on in the yet sundrenched Florida evening, Gil, for possibly the first time in his life, feeling at ease in the presence of a woman. Rose talked freely, gaily. In fact, they found each other's company pleasant to the degree that they hardtime he was beeding the instructions of the parking lot attendant as to where to leave the car.

The dinner at Mother Veone's was monumental. "I've had it," Rose gasped with a weary smile as they headed for the car. Her head was on his shoulder, his arm supporting her. They had been early arrivals and the car was at the far end of the parking space. As they continued to walk, the bright lights of the entrance re-

"You're happy?" he said.
"So much..." They were at the car

now. Gil took out his keys and opened the door.

The meal, in truth, had them both

worn out. "You ought to rest a little before driving back," Rose suggested. "And you'd be a punchy back-seat driver if you didn't get a little shut-

eye," he smiled.

ceded.

He leaned back and she leaned against him. "Thanks again for all you've done," she said softly. Quietly her head lifted up to his, her lips to his. And she pressed boldly against him.

It was a wave drawing him in, a familiar rush of feeling and then he remembered, it had been the same at the airport in New York, her forcefulness, the touch of her breasts against him.

He meant to think of Phil but the

rapture of the moment blotted out his will to do anything else. She was electricity, furious in tempo, something he never had known, or dreamed of. Soon they dozed off. An hour later, the lot attendant

An hour later, the lot attendant rapped on the window.

Gil awoke first. "What's wrong?" Gil asked.

"Your keys," the attendant said, turning his flashlight inside the car. "You must have dropped them."

"Just put them on the hood, I'll get them."

"Well, did he know us?" Rose asked, as the attendant's footsteps died

"I don't know," Gil replied.
"I don't care," she said. "I can't be a different person than I am. I love Phil, love him a great deal, but I felt a certain way about you. I couldn't stop it, any more than you could."

he last dug deeply into Gil, deep because it was the truth, but he said nothing. He got out, recovered the keys and started the car.

As they headed back towards the beach, Rose chattered on and on. When he dropped her off at the hotel, the farewell was again brimming with gratitude on her part

with gratitude on her part.
Gil headed back to his hotel, then
changed his mind and stopped at the
late spot where the gamblers gath-

ered.

"Where you been?" one of them demanded. "Everybody wants to bet your fighter. It's even money, almost. What's happening? You have Mandaro in the bag?"

(Continued on page 66)

Gil looked at him sharp-eyed. "Why, you jerk, two weeks ago you were asking me if McHugh was going

in the tank, weren't you?

Gil turned and walked out. He walked over to the hotel. But sleep would not come. He was disturbed, self-reproaching. Why had he taken Rose out? Why hadn't he offered some excuse when Phil had asked him? Sure, he couldn t stop, she was right when she said that but, to put himself on a spot like that-he'd been crazy to agree to it.

Next morning Gil dressed quickly and took the elevator downstairs.

Phil was waiting, expectant. "Did Rose have a good time? Did she really enjoy herself?" he wanted to know.

Inwardly Gil winced. "Great, great, he mumbled, "she never had a better time."

He wasn't comfortable in Phil's company and he was afraid he was betraying the fact. "Have a little breakfast," he urged him, "I'll see you at the weigh-in."

"All right," McHugh agreed. "But do me another favor, take the reserved seat Munday is holding for Rose down to her, will you?"

Gil nodded and went over to the matchmaker's office.

"Got that ticket for McHugh's

wife?" he asked. A slow, half-smile passed over

Munday's face. "What's funny?" Gil challenged.

"No, only you used to be the one who didn't want her around," said Munday, "now you're looking after her, even taking her to fancy places for dinner, I hear."

"Just give me the ticket," Gil com-

manded

Walking into the auditorium, making sure Rose got the ticket, Gil could sense the new importance of the fight. All the regulars were at the weigh-in and so were the bettors. "You know your guy has gone fa-

vorite?" a gambler asked. "What do I know about betting?"

Gil snapped as he stalked past.

Phil was waiting inside, a content, fit-looking athlete. Billy Mandaro was off to a side. He seemed peaked.

The doctors stood apart as they went on the scales. Mandaro was first. "One seventy four!" the presiding commissioner announced. "A little high," someone said. Then it was Mc-Hugh. "One sixty nine and a half!" was the official figure. "Never saw his weight better," a bystander noted.

Then came the medical men's check-up, perfunctory and hardly re-

"Okay," shouted the commissioner, "main eventers, see you tonight, eight

Gil took his fighter to their hotel. where the chef met them at the door.

"Big steak, big salad, Mr. Haley?" he said. "I want Phil should be strong, I bet he knock out Mandaro."

"Yeah, 'nino," he said "in a half hour, bring it to the room."

And Phil did the steak justice. His mood continued surgingly happy. "You watch me," he said, "this is it, it's a new start for me."

Gil said, "Phil, get a good sleep now, I'll be back later."

The afternoon hours dragged as Haley pondered the trusting belief of his fighter. Could he let it go on? Didn't he owe him the truth? Then his thoughts veered over to the other

side. Wouldn't it be worse to tell him? Finally he returned and woke Phil. "Be with you in a minute," McHugh promised.

He was down promptly and they strolled to the arena.

"Your dressing room is a flight up, over to the right," Munday shouted as they entered

They got to the room and Gil surveyed it . . . more like a theater dressing room than a fighter's room and it had a telephone . . . he'd better stop downstairs and tell the auditorium operator not to put any calls through.
"Phil," he said, "take it easy. I'll be

back." In the corridor Gil ran into Mun-

day.
"I forgot this before," Munday said. n't want the fight without a return. Here, sign it.'

"You should have said this before," Gil balked.

"Look," Munday said with a threat in his voice, "you want me to tell Mc-Hugh about you and his wife." Cold terror ran through the mana-

ger. "All right," he said, "I'll sign." Then he remembered the phone, he had to see the operator about calls. "Miss," he said, "that dressing room

up on the right, no calls to that room. please, there's a fighter in there resting. He's . . ."

'Fine," she replied. "No calls after this one." "This one?" he repeated.

"Yes," she said, "somebody is talking that room right now."

SHE'S A KILLER (Continued from page 60)

certainly were accurate enough to reach the vital area of an elephant, rhino or buffalo and drop him in his tracks. The sights on the rifle are, like all stopping rifles, open irons with the rear sight shaped in the traditional shallow British "V." It points quickly and easily. A scope could be mounted if a hunter has imperfect vision, but that tremendous recoil is apt to shake even a sturdy Alaskan to pieces and

Gil turned and fairly ran up the stairs. He approached the door to the room, prodded the door gently, listen-ing. "You're sure?" he could hear Phil saying. "You're sure? You may be lying . . . but it could be true,

Gil let the door slip shut. He paced the hall . . . had Phil been tipped off? Should he try to explain? Half an hour's pacing left him just as unde-

Finally, he went in. Phil smiled at him, an open, warm smile. "Where you been?" he asked. "It's almost time to tape my hands."

Gil rolled the tape on with a practiced hand but with tense, troubled mind. Then he fitted the gloves to Phil's fists.

"You bothered about anything, Gil?"

"No, no."

"You seem bothered," Phil said. "You shouldn't be worried, I've never been in better shape." The five-minute call to enter the

ring was heard. Phil stood up, knocked his gloves

together. "Put my robe over me," he hies Phil walked to the door and then

slowly turned, facing Gil. "Get away from me," Phil said

softly. "You're not going to be with me in the corner tonight. Never again. Parking lot attendants have got big mouths. And that wife of mine, sweet-talking lies, that's all she is. It was your idea to bring her to Miami to be happy. Now you make her happy. I'm through."

"Come on, McHugh, it's ring time." said a voice outside the room

Phil had a far away look in his eye. "Don't worry about my end of the purse," he said at last. "You take it, you'll need plenty to take care of Rose. I'll get mine from this fight. I never bet a fight in my life but Munday and I are brand-new partners for all the money he has been able to bet-and we're betting that Mandaro wins by a knockout.'



it would have to be sighted in after every few shots.

Winchester has designed two different bullets for their elephant rifie. One is the 510-grain soft-point and the other the 500-grain full-metal-jacketed bullet. The latter goes through more than thirty inches of oak planks like it was cutting through cheese. For thick-skinned dangerous game, such penetration is a "must"

and the 458 is more than adequate. The Winchester has other advantages, other than price, over the English double. The magazine holds three cartridges and, with another in the chamber, gives the hunter four shots to stop a rushing rhino or lion as contrasted to the two chances the double gives you.

Tested on actual hunting conditions in Kenya, the 648 so far has performed commendably. It has made a dozen one-shot kills on bull elephants and has brought down buffs and rhinos with a single bullet. Those two and a half tons of energy severely damages that the condition of th

sonally, I think about the only time I would use this cannon on North American game is on an Alaskan safari for the Kodiaks and even there, the .375 is plenty of rifle.

Nope, the 458 int's a deer or bear rifle. It's designed for one purpose to drop thick-skinned game with one shot and, should that bullet fail to kill, to stop charging animals intent on sending the American visitor back home in a box. For that purpose, the 438 is a welcome addition to the family of U.S. rifles and for the first lime in our firearms history, a real time in our firearms history, a real taking out a sen be obtained without taking out a sen ond mortgage on the old plantation.

10 WOMEN TO AVOID

(Continued from page 19)

tenacious chick. No matter what she says, whether you agree with her or not, say no. Say it emphatically. And keep saying it in the face of all her arguments. Eventually she'll denounce you as "totally unregenerate" and seek more rewarding endeavors to satisfy her insatiable appetite for doing good.

9. The "Mama Sez" Cirl. Now here's a type calculated to drive you to the psychoanalyst's couch in no time flat. You can hear her at parties, in the subway, at the movies, and you can tell her by her raucous cry which prefaces everything she says: "Mama

What does Mama say? Get to know The "Mama Sez" Girl and you'll find out that whatever it is, it's not what you say. If you're a Democrat, "Mama sez the Republicans are wonderful," or vice versa. If you liked a book, "Mama sez it was too smutty." If you finally lure her up to your apartment, "Mama sez nice girls don't..."

But by far, the most terrifying thing about The "Mama Sez" Girl is Mama herself. Wait till you meet her! She's built like a hippo, speaks with a voice as authoritative and every bit as loud as an atomic cannon and has the attractive personality of a vulture in the moulting season.

She's frank in telling you that she thinks you ought to marry her little girl, who will joyfully echo: "Mama sez we ought to get married." But before you even think of this, take a look at Poppa Yep, that's him, that shrinking, bent-shouldered, silent creature crouching behind the ottoman and trying to keep out of Mama's sight. That's you in five years, buddy.

10. Charlie's Girl. Last, but not least of the "Terrible Ten," is Charlie's Girl. She's like The "Mama Sez" Girl

in that she utilizes a third person to gain her ends. The difference is that she doesn't quote this third person's word. She simply reduces your ego by citing his mighty deeds.

It seems she used to go with Charley. He's a wonderful guy. He's the world's best businessman and is making more money than General Motors. He's polite, too, and always treats a lady like a lady. He's wonderful at picking out gifts and his taste is sheer perfection. Also, he's handsomer, smarter, a better dresser and a better dancer than you are.

You'll grow to hate Charley more than you thought it possible to hate anybody. But, you'll also have a sneaking admiration for him. He isn't going with Charlie's Girl any more. Now how do you suppose he managed that?

The answer is simple. Charley nev-

er did go with Charley's Girl. As a matter of fact, there is no such person as Charley! He's just the weapon she uses to keep you nice and neat in that little niche under her thumb. Crawl out and look around and you'll discover that you, not Charley, are the best she can do and a damn sight better than she ever thought of doing.

These, then, are the "Terrible Ten",
—the brain-bustin', gon-wistin', insidious lasses that every guy should
beware. Don't get too discouraged by
them, though. There are, believe it or
not, girls that don't fall in any of these
categories. Where do you find one? If
I ever find out, brother, I won't tell
you. I'll keep her all for myself. There
are some things a guy just can't be
expected to share with his fellow
man!



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NOTES ON A G STRING

(Continued from page 8)

were being prepared. It happens all

the time. But the profession of nakedness continues to bump and grind its way through the years, with nary a sign of demise-only signs of change. Decades ago the big attraction of a show was the top comedian, or "top banana." Today, the exotic dancer or strip-teaser gets the top billing. One other sign of change: the shift from theater burlesque to the small, intimate clubs. Today there are less than twenty big burlesque houses in the United States; a few years ago, New York City alone could boast of 14. One reason for this change is the high cost of taking it off. The producer of teaseramas can make ends meet a lot

So, America's Folk Art—and we mean the strip tease—has moved into the night clubs, with the exotic dancer as the number-one attraction. The exotic has also carried the strip tease a step beyond its old burlesque ways. In an exotic dance, what happens after the strip counts just as much as the strip itself. In many way, the show begins after it's all ways, the show begins after it's all the strip counts of the strip counts of the strip counts of the strip counts of the strip itself. In many the strip itself, the strip itself is the strip itself in the strip itself. In many the strip itself is the strip itself it

simpler when he can also profit from

the sale of liquor and food.

One of the most famous exotics today is the "Cat Girl," Lilly Christine. This young golden-skinned beauty rocked to stardom in a Broadway musical entitled "Peep Show." Her sensational cat dance stole the show and she's repeated it hundreds of times since in clubs across the nation. Says Lilly, of her exotic work:

"Just as painters express themselves on canvas, and writers on paper, I express myself in dancing. But there is one big difference. While dancing is an art, too, it's the art of movement of your own body to portray an emotion. All my repertory is my own choreography based on years of practice in ballet and modern of practice in ballet and modern low of Love," an exotic tall of Piestasy, which I recently did at Prima's 500 Club in New Orleans.

"It's about a girl who sings for her lover who is fighting in a far-off land. I start my act singing a song entitled, 'I dream of you as I lay my head upon my pillow.' Then I begin my dance."

That should give you an idea of the exotic. It's a far cry from the simple bumps, grinds and unrolling of a stocking that marked hey-days of the big burlesque theater.

Also, you'll note, the beautiful,

blonde Lilly couldn't resist working the word "art" into her comments. "I have yet to meet a nudist performer," wrote H. Allen Smith in his book, "Low Man on a Totem Pole," "who

doesn't believe she is guilty of Art."

Breathes there a stripper who doesn't call her act Art? No. Smith, an expert on strippers, quotes Faith Bacon:

Tprefer to dance as nude as possible. I am going to see the authorities and see if they won't make a concession in the name of Art. There should really be a committee to come around and pass on nude dances. After all, I am note dancing to be vulgar. They men, don't they should be nude worker. They men, don't they should be nude worker.

The strippers of the stri

This is the argument advanced by most strippers and rejected by the police as sternly as it is advanced by the girls. Sometimes the girls, and hence, Art, wins. The most famous case of objection vs. burlesque took place in the latter part of 1951. Lili St. Cyr, a tall, lithe, sexy blonde who has been acclaimed as "the most beautiful woman in the world" opened at Ciro's restaurant in Hollywood. Lili, the highest paid stripteuse today, made the L.A. headlines twice, once when she opened, and once when she was closed-by the cops. "Too much woman and not enough clothes," the cops said.

Lili, who had performed the act in dozens of theaters, nightclubs and even in movies, was at a loss for words. The Sheriff took her bra and panties as evidence. The judge ruled, however, that her costume proved to be no scanlier than a Bikini.

Which brings us to the question why, today, a beautiful girl in a Bi-kini would never get an admonishment on the beach, but a girl could be arrested for appearing in no less than a Bikini on a stage.

One factor, of course, is what she does in her Bikini. Most dancers appear on stage naughtily attired in large hat, high heels, blouse, skirt, etc., which are soon discarded leaving her spot-lighted in G-string and bra, perhaps covered with a transparent

skirt.

As the music plays softly in the background, she dances teasingly around the stage and takes a full minute to discard the transparent skirt. The more graceful the act of disrobing, the greater the performer. Then off comes her bra—ne of them, for she wears another beneath the "pore. In bra and G-string she dances, bumps and grinds and gyrates around the stage, or goes into her specialty the stage, or goes into her specialty

number. As in every profession, there are some performers who go beyond the limits of the law-mistaking vulgarity for talent. This type of performer has done more to discredit burlesk than all the censors in America. This is the kind of performer who works the fly-by-night bars and grills never in a reputable burlesk house or night club. Quite often such a performer will do an obscene act without the permission of her employer and then all burlesk gets in trouble. The object of the strip tease, however, is not to appear nude on the stage.

to appear nude on the stage.

Luscious Lilly Lamont, the voluptions stripper from Alaska, once tenture to the stripper from the stripper f

And that, perhaps, is proof enough that the art (with or without the capitalization) will always be around, whether it's called a strip tease or an exotic dance and whether or not it's seen in a big burlesque theater or in a small night club.

Yes, Gypsy can always go back to shaking the beads!



BOOKS AND RECORDS

(Continued from page 61)

a kind of leit-motif of the two sides. But though she sings all the selections hauntingly, sweetly, and with velvet tenderness, the final dirge-like quality is missing. The girl's voice just has too much inner vitality to ever sound dragged-out beat. She sings "I Get The Blues When It Rains" and though she sings with feeling and sadness, there is somehow the prom-

ise of sunshine. It's a special Judyquality, the promise that no matter how blue today is, tomorrow the sun will blaze bright again. Gordon Jenkins has provided a background with a judicious use of haunting strings.

At the other extreme is the very well-known Mozart. Always amenable to discovery, though, are the lesser-known and lighter works of the master. His SERENADE FOR WIND INSTRUMENTS, No. 10 in B Flat Major, K. 361 (DL9918) is full of humor and gayety. No surprise, considering that it was written for outdoor entertainment, the eighteenth-century equivalent of 'pops concerts.' Experienced band-concert listeners will recognize the high-flying swoops of clarinets and oboes, the answering tones of horns and bassoons. Entirely light-hearted, the music is still of Mozart-quality, fittingly played by the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra under Fritz Lehman.



Another light-hearted listening package of the master is provided in RITA STREICH SINGS MOZART

(Decca, DL9915). This is a double discovery; Rita Streich made the recording in Europe before her advent in America, and in it she has uncovered a practically unknown side of the composer. If he hadn't been busy composing operas and symphonies, Wolfgang Amadeus might have become the Irving Berlin of his day. Both sides of the album feature sweet and sometimes sentimental songs, all as delicate and disarmingly naive as Berlin's haunting lovers-songs. There are sad lovers and happy lovers, yearning and content lovers. Rita Streich uses her clear coloratura perfectly, as a vehicle for conveying the simple grace of Mozart's little songs. Erik Werba provides piano accompaniment.

Ferenc Fricsay has performed a coup that makes him newsworthy. In SCHEREZADE (Decca DL9908) he has taken Rimsky-Korsakov's overplayed bit of Orientalia and made it sound like the haunting evocation of sensousness it should have been all along. The balletic frenesy has been deleted, leaving the perfumed images of Arabia in the low-keyed tones proper to Eastern music. The houris of Paradise may well dance to certain passages of this LP recording. Fricsay has hewed to the original intention of Rimsky-Korsakov, which was to present simply a symphony of 'Oriental fairy-tale wonders.' He has uncovered a veritable kaleidoscope of richly-hued tones, and if the listener chooses to hear the coaxing voice of the Princess Scheherazade, or see a brightly-lit stage, that's a matter of individual impact. The Berlin Radio Symphony Orchestra abets Fricsay nobly in uncovering the formerly hidden treasures.







BOUDOIRS ARE BIG BUSINESS

(Continued from page 32)

painting a picture of a scene which doesn't exist. And you always run the chance of

people taking the wrong attitude when and if they find out. One girl quit the racket and tearfully told me why. "I was engaged to a man I loved madly," she said. "I never told him about the extra work because I was ashamed of it. Finally he found out and dropped me cold. He just didn't believe that all I did was sit quietly on that bed beside a man in a bathrobe.'

When you get right down to it, why should he? After all, the whole thing is planned to fool even the smartest judge. You've got the name for committing adultery and it becomes beside the point whether or not you actually did

But it all goes to prove that a sexy, smart lass doesn't have to starve-if she knows the ropes. She doesn't have to "give" a thing, but her presence at a certain place at a certain time, and be convincing-convincing enough to make the courts believe she doesn't give a rip about holy matrimony, moving in on another gal's husband and right into his bed.

On the brighter side, there's the money with which to buy clothes, perfume and the works, to entice a man of her own choosing and marry him. And he may in time be posing in a boudoir with a girl in negligee while his wife breaks in-and remembers.





"I've changed my mind."

TRIO

(Continued from page 6)

He began to laugh and talk with the girls, and Pat lit a cigarette for the small Jewish girl. She inhaled deeply, looking at him sadly, making him feel sorry for her. He could feel himself liking the girl a lot and wanting to mean something to her, not the way it happened in these dumps, but really liking her, the girl herself, not her body and the convenience of performing the act with her, not to lie with her a few minutes and then go away, but to know her, inwardly, to be a part of that in her which seemed so admirable to him. It was foolish, but he was afraid he even loved her, really cared for her because of the deep sadness she could not hide, a girl who had to please anybody who happened to come to the place, old men and monsters. He was a bit amazed at what was going on in him, but he knew that if he had ever really loved a girl, if he had ever really cared for one, this was the girl. He began to speak with her quietly, while Max shouted at the other two girls, laughing with them, slapping their rumps. the rain splashing against the windows, sometimes impulsively with a sudden rush, sometimes softly, like weeping.

How do you really feel? he said. She exhaled smoke, looking into his serious face, wondering if she could take him seriously, or if he was only kidding, killing time.

Oh, she said, expressing no specific emotion. I feel fine.

No, said Pat. Don't talk like a whore to me. Don't be like one with me. I really want to know. Is it driving you nuts? You look as if you were about ready to jump in the river. Is it really that bad?

She looked into his eyes again, and he could see that she thought he was simply talking, killing time like Max, waiting for the rain to stop.

I want to know, he said.

It's not so bad, she replied.

But you want to get out of it, don't

She looked toward the other girls to see if they were listening. Don't talk so loud, she said. If they tell the old woman what I've been saying, I'll lose my job.

Well, lose it, he said. To hell with It isn't so funny, she said, if you

can't get another job and you have no place to sleep and nothing to eat. How long you been here? he asked

Nine nights now, said the girl. This girl, he thought. I'll get her out of here. I'll get a job and rent a

small apartment and make her eat and sleep decently, and exercise. I won't touch her. I'll just stay with her until she gets on her feet again. I've got enough money for a week, and the first thing in the morning I'll go around to the employment agencies and look for a job. I've got to do this. I'd be a bastard not to try to help this girl.

He went on talking quietly with her, thinking about having her away from this life that was driving her nuts. He could tell now that she would go with him, anywhere. He could tell that she wanted to go with

him

He heard the doorbell ring, and someone coming up the stairs. Then he heard the maid opening and closing the door of a room, talking with a man. The maid came to the room. looking at the girls

Number Eight, Martha, she said. and the girl got up from his knees.

moving automatically.

He was stunned, and he got up with her, wanting to tell the maid to get the hell away from them, and leave them alone. He loved this girl, He didn't want her to be putting her-

self naked in front of some dirty punk with a stinking body and a putrid mind, and he would knock hell out of any bastard who tried to touch her. He would kill any man who tried to lay his dirty hands on her and drive her nuts, destroying the decency that was in her, that he alone could see in spite of the paint and in spite of the way she tried to talk. trying to be like a whore. He would break the whole God damn hotel to pieces and take this girl away with him, the bastards, making her want to die, scaring hell out of her.

He stood in front of the girl, staring at the maid.

Who wants to see her? he asked She's got to go, said the maid. There's a man out there who wants her. He was here last night,

Take me to the bastard, he said quietly. I'll kill him.

Max pushed aside the girl in his lap and grabbed Pat by the arm. What the hell you talking about? he said, laughing. Let the girl go.

What the hell's come over you, anyway? I never did see you talk this way before, and I know you're not drunk.

I'll kick the hell out of anyone who tries to lay hands on her, he said. Nobody's going to touch this girl. Jesus, said Max You're nuts. He

began to laugh at his friend. This is funny he said This is a gag

Well, said the maid, if you want to go to a room with Martha first, you can go. I'll ask the other man to wait a little.

I don't want to go to a room with anybody, he said, and I don't want anybody to fool with this girl again.

Don't talk like an idiot, said Max I'll get the landlady, said the maid Then he saw the girl, looking at him pathetically, run through the open door and down the hall. The maid left the room, closing the door,

and he sat down. Max was still laughing at him. For a minute, said Max, I thought you were serious.

The girls could think of nothing to say. Pat lit a cigarette. Well, he thought, that was funny, me acting that way over one of these girls. He began to laugh, inhaling and exhaling smoke. He went to the window and saw that rain had stopped.



Let's scram, he said. Here, he said to the girls, buy yourselves a couple of drinks; and he handed each of the girls a silver dollar. Give them something, he said to Max.

Sure, said Max. Here's something for your girl. He placed a dollar on the table, and they left the room,

Walking down the hall, Pat saw room Number Eight, and he could feel the girl in the room, holding her job. He hurried down the stairs, thinking of the girl, feeling that he had been a coward not to have done what he had wanted to do, not to have busted the joint to pieces and taken the girl away; and at the same

time he felt a little amused with himself, wondering how it had happened.

For a minute, Max said, I thought you were serious. I was ready to hit you on the chin and drag you out.

It was nothing, Pat said. These joints always depress me.

But he knew that he was lying, that it had been something, that if ever he had loved a girl, if ever he had really wanted to mean something to another person, it was the little Jewish girl, in the room, lying naked beside the man he should have knocked hell out of.



THE CRAZY CAB

(Continued from page 25)

saddest puss this side of a slow Monday night. He's a small, skinny guy with a cabbage leaf face-all wrinkles and scowls. Rimless glasses sit on his nose as he sucks a grubby pipe, "jus' because," he says, "there's a hack ord'nance against it." He could be any place between forty and sixty and offhand you can't tell whether his Pa hailed from Sicily, County Cork, or Galicia.

Two trade-marks peg Happy as an old-timer: he always has a story and he is one of the greatest 'angle boys' around. He puts more on the arm than he gives the boss. The arm? That's what hackies call it when they ride with the flag up and the top light on. The meter doesn't register and they charge the passenger a flat rate and pocket it all, instead of just their legit percentage. Not strictly kosher, but it's tough to make a buck pushing a

What happened the last time I saw Happy shows what I mean by calling

him an 'angle boy.'

Four or five of us had stopped off for coffee at Dubrow's in Brooklyn. We'd finished eating and were standing out in front, digesting and listening to the latest of Happy's theorieshow to jam a meter with a hairpinwhen one of the boys called out, "Hey, Happy, there's a body in the back of yer cab."

Happy sighed, shifted Mother Earth to a more comfortable position on his shoulders and elbowed the rest of us aside to investigate. He opened the door of his cab and stepped inside, accidentally planting one of his size tens on the body's hand, crunching out an alcohol-drenched groan.

"Aah, it's a drunk," one of the boys alertly observed. "He musta crawled in to get warm an' passed out." "Whatta you gonna do with him?"

asked another. "Dump him out," everybody yelled.

Happy surveyed us morosely. "That'sa trouble with you guys. Once a hackie, always a dimwit. Dump him out!" He repeated it with disgust.

"Well, what are you going to do with him, wise guy?" I asked "Kid, ya'll always be a two-bit,

sixty-buck-a-week cabbie," prophesied Happy. "Watch and see." He gently eased the drunk onto the

seat. Then he rubbed his wrists. When this brought no results, he slapped his face; easily, at first. The slaps got harder as Happy lost patience, until the drunk opened his eyes.

Happy stuck his face in front of the stew and said matter-of-factly,

"We're here."

"Where?" asked the body sincerely. Dubrow's, Brooklyn." Happy sounded like his heartburn was getting worse. "That's where you wanted

to go, ain't it?"
"Yeah, sure," said the drunk with conviction. "Wha' I owe you?"

"Twenny bucks."

"Twenty bucks!" said the drunk. He was sobering fast. "Where did you pick me up?"

"Newark." Happy sounded indig-"Newark!" the souse repeated and

you just knew he was going to take the pledge. "What the hell was I doing there?" "I don't know," said Happy. "But

you better fork over, or I'll call a cop," he added virtuously.

The drunk paid him. Happy shook his head at the rest of us sadly, muttered "dump him out" under his breath, and pushed off.

.. See what I mean about Happy knowing the angles? Well, this was the first time I'd seen him since, and as I said, Happy always has a story, As he got off the seat and headed my way, I noticed that his cab wasn't from the same garage he'd been working for the past few months.

"What happened, Happy?" I asked. "Did the boss wise up that you were riding the arm and give you the

"That's only the half of it," said

Happy despondently. I lit a cigarette and settled myself to listen. Happy had a story, all right:

walk in the garage one night, (Happy began) an' the boss, Hungry Joe hisself, calls me over.

"Happy" he says, "I got a special,

good car for you tonight.' Now, I know Hungry from the ol' country an' he don't give nothin' for nothin', so I'm kinda suspicious. Sure enough, there's a catch.

"This car I got for you, Happy," says Hungry, "needed a tiny, little brake adjustment and while it was in the shop, I had the boys give it a

thorough, A-one going-over. Like I said, I been hackin' a long time; long enough to know that when one of Hungry Joe's butchers gets his wrench in a cab, it's a fight in which the greasemonkey us'ally gets the decision. A car that goes in the shop for brake adjustment comes out with stripped gears, no headlight, a bum steerin' wheel an' no brakes, to boot. But, I been takin' Hungry for plenny on the arm an' he aint beefed about the extra mileage, so I pick up the

load without a squawk. Well, to my su'prise, the car drives like a dream. To make it perfect, everywhere I go, I run into work. Then, my fourth or fifth job, I drop on 71st Street. I go to shoot up 72nd Street, 'cause it's a main drag, but somehow, the car turns back into 71st an' right in the middle of the block, I pick up a job to downtown. This happens a coupla times. Once I go to pull away from the Statler an' she stalls. She starts right away, but while I'm pushin' the button, some hick hops in. He don't pay no attention to the hacks

on the line; he grabs me. No matter what I do, I get a job. It's like New Year's Eve, droppin' 'em off an' pickin' 'em up. By the time I go to eat, I already got a night's pay.

But, after supper, the trouble starts, though it don't seem like trouble at first. I pick up a call on uptown Broadway an' the guy says: "Bleeker Street off Seventh Avenue, down in the Village."

I'm pointin' down town, so I give her the gas an' we go. Well, this bozo is one of those talkative Joes; the kind that thinks all hackies wear their collars backwards. So, I cock half an ear to his jabber with an eye on the tip an' he gives.

It's the ol' story. Seems the jerk's got a lovin' wife an' kids in the Bronx. (Continued on page 74)



PARADISE FOR MALES



Read These Actual Excerpts From Paradise For Males

A few excerpts from PARADISE FOR MALES are quoted here to let you sample the exotic flavor of this book.

"I found that my memory hadn't played me any tricks. For the women of T--- are still the most beautiful and graceful in the world. In face and figure-and amorous amiability-they are what armchair adventurers hope to find some day on a languorous island in the South Seas and never do. . . .

"And it is here that the women rule the roost-and rule it in more ways than one.

in more ways than one.

"For the worren run everything, from the market place to "For the bour before dawn until long and the place with the languid grace of lithe goddesses, say and laughing and with fliratious eyes, on the lookout for something new in masculinity.

"It is a spectacle to be seen nowhere else on all this

continent. These underground rivers, or emotes, offer one of the These underground rivers, or emotes, offer one of the rivers of the continuation of the continuation of the continuation of them. An evening there goes like so: You order your dimer-make it barbeaued chicken in banana leaves, a manual continuation of the contin

awimming pool. The water is crystal clear and nicely cool. You horse pround for swhile and then dash upcool. You horse pround for swhile and then dash upflood is cocked, You might start out with a pinzeple
juice and rum cocktail. Unless you've been in the tropics
before you can't imagine how good this drink is.
Good to cocked, you wish, you can have your drinks and
mount and the property of the property of the
yourself a gal. If you wish, you can have your drinks and
meal served in individual pain leaf clash mass where you'll
be as private as you wish ocurs charge, and you might
quicker."

Guicker: "The word goes out that there's a new American in
"The word goes out that there's new American in
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stay, Something nice,

"The water sports are good eight to ten months of the year. Swimming, of course. If you get in with the boating people there!" be sailing, water skis, that sort of thing. A good many yachts hit the coast in the summer in particular and the local people have smaller craft. For some reason yachts almost always seem to be short on men, long on women. A single lad has his opportunities."

number the men. Beach and sun provide the life you want. Food is abundant, drinks cheap, the pace leisurely. For one or two dollars a day, you live like This is no dream, it's a real place-a day's trip if you're in a hurry. You

This romantic retreat is fully described in a new book PARADISE FOR MALES. Other incredible retreats, equally thrilling, equally available, are

> AN EMPEROR'S PLAYGROUND Just picture yourself in these surroundings, for example. You're living in an Emperor's Palace—the Emperor Diocletian, to be exact. Yes, this beautiful area on the sea used to he the playground for tired Roman aristocracy. Right now, it's the playground for northern blondes on two-week vacation and a hurning desire to make it count. Assuming that you're young enough to walk and you're male, you won't get very far un-attached.

> An extra bonus in this country is the drinks. The national beverage (we're talking about hard liquor, not coke) is practically free. At a bar, you get two or three shots for less than three cents American. If you spent a quarter, they'd have to carry you out! TRAVEL IS CHEAP

Got a vacation coming up? Or can you get away for some time? Lucky, lucky man! To-day, travel is easy, travel is cheap. All you have to do is part with your cares, a few dollars, some inhibitions perhaps, and HAVE

Take it from an experienced traveler, fun does not come in proportion to your bank-roll. No, my boys! Partly, fun depends on native equipment. The rest is know-how, knowing where to go, what to do, how to

manage! Frankly, you couldn't escape fun in the places described in this book. These articles were written, not hy casual travelers, but Americans who lived on the scene for extended periods. They know the ropes.

FULL PAGE PICTURES

And if you're still undecided about a projected trip to Paradise, take a peek at the pictures in this book. Full page pictures, showing types of

this book. Full page processing the first page processing and the practical information you need—how to go, where to stay, what to do, how little it costs. If you don't find a dollar's worth of excitement in text and pictures, return the book for refund.

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but there's a wallet hugger with curves an' a bleach job in the Village that keeps him workin' late nights. This Bleeker Street tomato don't have nothin' on him, see; she don't even know his right name. But, he can't resist the ol' come-on, even though he's gonna hate hisself in the mornin'

Well, I'm sympathizin' an' givin' with the "way of all flesh" routine. when alluva sudden I wake up to where I am. Somehow I get turned around an' I'm jus' comin' off the bridge into the Bronx. I'm stymied. As big a thief as I am, I never had the nerve to take nobody to Green-

wich Village this way. While I'm tryin' to think my way

outa this, the bozo notices where we're at. He looks at me sorta wonderin'ly, but he don't say nothin'. Well, we go out the Concourse an the heap pulls up in front of an apartment house. Then the guy blows somethin' like this:

"Driver, how did we get here? This is where I live, but I didn't tell you the address." He looks at me like I'm some sorta archangel or somethin'.

"Why," he says,-an' he sounds almost happy-"this is where I live. The little woman and kids are here. This is where I wanted to go. Thanks." -an', so help me, the jerk's got tears in his eyes-"Thanks a lot. I never want to go back to Bleeker Street again.

He throws me a tenner for a twoeighty-five meter an' goes inside. Well, I don't even have time to puzzle it out, because somebody comes runnin' out the house an' grabs me all the way back downtown. I get a few short ones around mid-

town an' then it happens again.

In gets a man in a monkey suit an' a dame sparklin' like the Rockefeller Center Christmas tree an' stinkin up the cab with Chennille Number Five. I aint su'prised when they give me a Park Avenue address. They're both a little drunk an' I know they're married from the way they're arguin'.

"I danced with her once," the guy is sayin'. "I then brought her a cocktail, smiled, using both dimples and rejoined you. This, even by your Puritan moral code does not constitute

adultery.'

"A lot you'd know about moral codes, you lecher," says the dame. "All you're concerned with is sneaky little affairs. You think I didn't see you rubbing knees with that,"-she swallows hard - "person. How she ever escaped being burned at Salem, I'll never know."

"Well, you're a direct descendant of Cotton Mather. Why didn't you give her a hot foot?"

And set your sock on fire?" she asks sweetly.

"Linda," he says, "I'm fed up."

"No more than I."

"Your infernal jealousy will drive me crazy."

"I? Jealous! Don't flatter yourself." "Linda," he sounds like his rich uncle cut him out the will, "what is it you want?'

A divorce," she answers with lotsa dignity. Only trouble is she spoils it

by hiccupin'. "Are you serious?"

"Quite."

"What about the children?"

"I shall have custody, naturally. I'll think about being generous. I may let you have them for a week during the summer, providing you purge yourself of your wenches during that period.'

"You'll have custody over my dead body.'

"A pleasure."

"You really want a divorce?" "Well, how long did you expect me to impersonate the wife who is the last to know?"

"Linda, vou're ridiculous." "Indeed? I want a divorce!" Her voice is way up there, like a cop's whistle.

"Don't worry, you'll get one," he

promises. They both shut up. They was like

two sides of beef hangin' side by side in a deep freeze. Just when I'm beginnin' to think riga' mortis sets in, the guy pipes up like a shanghaied sailor: "Where the hell are we?"

The dame chimes in with: "Driver, since when is Park Avenue at the Staten Island Ferry?" Her voice is sweet, like honey; only the bees are still in it.

Dure enough, the cab's just pullin up on the ferry. What's more, there's about twenny heaps backa me an' I can't get off. There's another stony silence, this time aimed at me, but the toot of the boat-whistle breaks it up an' suddenly the dame turns to the guy an' says "Harry, do you re-member . . . ?" Her voice sounds different an' you can see that way back sometime she musta been a nice kid.

"Yes." He don't sound mad no more. She laughs a little. "You were so cute, with that silly flask. I'll bet if you had gotten me drunk you never would have proposed."

I see him grin in the mirror "Seduction was my aim, Ma'am. Nobody was more surprised than I to find that a moonlight ferry ride with erotic purposes had landed me in the matrimonial fishnet.'

"Hush, you idiot," she says, pointin' the finger at me. "We're not alone." "Driver, you thief," the guy says good-naturedly, "this ride was your

(Continued on page 76)

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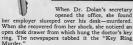
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Who was guilty? Put cross in equi Dept. 2599, 1920 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago 40, III. (Literature sent only to persons stating age.)

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idea. Why don't you go sit by the rail and enjoy it?" He slips me a fin an' I make like vanishin' cream.

Well, we take a round trip on the ferry an' then I take 'em to Park Avenue. All the way back they're askin' each other "do you remember" an' laughin' Believe me, the doorman's eyes pop when the nudnick picks the dame up an' totes her into the buildin'; the two of 'em laughin'

I've had plenny of time to think while the toffs are lovin' it up on the ferry, an' I decide that money or no, it's time to pull this load in. I'm scared. When a buggy calls the turn instead of me, it's quittin' o'clock. So, I get on the East Side Drive headin' down-river for the garage.

I don't get very far though, when I see a geezer perchin' on the safety rail over the river. He's gettin' set for a stockbroker's swandive into the briny. I pull up alongside an' let out a yet!. The bozo loses his balance, a let be seen the safety when the children is one dimensional with the same direction. We make Bellevue in nothin' flat. A guy in a white suit meets us at the door an' unloads the jumper.

But, you guess it, somebody else hops in. That's the way it goes. Every time I try to head in, the cab stops for a fare an' every so often it goes crazy and goes where it wants to go, instead of where it's supposed to go.

Take the high-school laddie who gives me Mabel's address on west sixty-six. Instead of takin' one of Mabel's low-class lessons in growin' up too fast, he ends up at a movie house in Flatbush, thanks to that crazy, stubborn taxi. The show's just breakn' an' he meets a sweet shirt-tailflappin' kid in jeans, who went to the movies with her girl friend like she said an' not out with the big shot an' convertible like he thought she would.

Or, the ma-in-law on her way to Sonny's house to spill all. Seems she'd seen wifey an' frien' George holdin' hands over cocktails in Child's fortythird street last lunchtime. That wandering hack lands this ol' bag at a

Bingo game.

Then there's the bank teller nervous as a hackie's stomach, who hails me in front of the Bank of the Bronx. He an' his overloaded satchel wind up back at the bank instead of at Pier 62. Is he ever happy! I don't know how that cab knew where to take these people, but it did.

Finally, I'm empty an' again I want to pull in. Instead, I find myself drivin' down Fifth Avenue at sixty miles an hour. Then the hack is alongside a Lincoln sedan, edgin' it further an' further over to the side, till it crashes a telegraph pole. I stop. I got no damage, but the Lincoln looks like it was sliced down the middle by Carrie Nation. A police car pulls up an' I figure it's the end my hackin' career; this'll be my license for sure.

But, what does the flatfoot do, but pat me on the back an' say, "Nice work, fellow. Recovering a stolen car. You'll get a commendation for this. Say, how'd you know about it? We just got it on the short-wave ourselves a few minutes ago."

I shrug my shoulders an' mutter somethin' about listenin' to police calls when I go to eat. The cop gives me a funny look, but he don't say

nothin'.

It gets to be about four a.m., an that screwball hack still won't let me pull in. I got forty bucks booked. Now, Hungry Joe never got that kind of money from me on a weekday or any other day, includin' New Year's Eve. I figure he's rich enough an' it's about time I make somethin' for myself. So. when a guy hops in an' says Jamaica. I flat-rate him for four bucks on the arm an' take off. That was my mistake. That crazy taxi! The next thing I know, I'm in Forest Hills, right in front of Hungry's house an' who's comin' up the street from the subway, but Hungry hisself. Hungry sees the light on an' the flag up. The passenger talks an' Hungry takes the cab right then an' there.

An' that (Happy finished) is how I get sacked, Kid.

"What happened to the cab?" I asked Happy impatiently.

"Well, now," said Happy, "I meet Hungry's dispatcher an' I ask him that very question. He tells me that Hungry takes the cab into the city next day. Mind you, he don't know that this cab goes where it wants to

gues you ever see her. If a bling was you have a see that the see that the

"Anyway, this is the day she goes to the tentmaker's for new duds. But instead of Fifth Avenue, they land in front of a brownstone way uptown. "Out come a blonde who gives Hun-

gry a big 'Joe, darling, what a wonderful surprise. What are you doing here, sweetheart? I didn't expect you until tonight.'

"Then she compounds the felony by sayin', 'And this must be your mother. I'm very happy to meet you. Joe always talks about you. He must be a good son.'

"... Well, Hungry calls the garage from the hospital and tells 'fem where to pick up that roamin' hack. But, they can't find it. When they check back with him, he tells 'em number seven-o-one. They think he must of hurt his noggin, too, because everybody knows Hungry Joo has 200 that was the number. I ought to know, I drove it.

"Well, 'scuse me, Kid," said Happy,
'T'm headin' out an' I see three rubes
over there that just miss the last bus
to Newark." He shook his head sadly.
'Through the nose they're gonna
pay." He wiped away an imaginary
tear. "Through the nose..."



THOSE FABULOUS FLIPS

(Continued from page 57)

to get beer money, he was permanently barred from both saloons. An El Morocco set lovely earned a

An El MOTOCCO set lovely earned a niche in fashion history several years ago by making the rounds of the Third Avenue spots attired only in her nightgown, only to be topped a year later by a lady who liked to tour the bars clad only in a mink coat—nothing else.

Jimmy Glennon, proprietor of the establishment which bears his name, gained the respect of the entire Avenue a few years ago when he embarked for Paris by plane after partaking too freely of the grape, carrying luggage consisting of two handkerchiefs and a carron of cigarettes.

Following a five-day stay on the Continent, Jimmy returned shamefacedly to explain that he had intended to visit his native Ireland, but had been sold on the trip to Paris when an enterprising clerk at the airline informed him that no seats were available on the morning plane to Shannon. Paree seemed a fine substitute.

Then there is the fellow who drinks shots of beer with glasses of Scotch for a chaser; the aged gentleman who passes out cards advertising that he is a dealer in only three items—evening clothes, musical instruments and skis—and the wirjy little Scot who carries goes and will bet anyone that he cannot be bound so that he cannot be bound so that he cannot be within one minute.

(Continued on page 78)

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CASH REFUND IF NOT COMPLETELY SATISFIED

There is the dog in P. J. Clarke's that got uleers from drinking beer and the woman who walks five possibles along the Avenue. There is the phony deaf mute who passes out cards explaining his predicament and then goofs, saying "Thank you" to those who contribute a quarter, and the old woman who carries three suitcases of religious medials from har to bar.

On Third you can meet a bartender who passes out literature recommending Alcoholics Anonymous and a fireman who is forever falling asleep with a cigarette in his hand. There is also a cop who has never been known to make an arrest and a cab driver who gives gardenias to his women passengers.

There are all of the Flips and more on Third Avenue any night you care to drop in. But Third Avenue or Park Avenue—don't forget they are all a part of that happy, hardly-ever land lying midway between reality and the Social Register and called Cafe Society.

A

TV'S PRIVATE PEEK SHOWS

(Continued from page 11)

Electronic private eyes are being installed in great numbers all over the country. Night clubs, super markets, banks, plush hotels, department stores, gambling establishments, beauty salons—all are taking advantage of hidden television cameras. Present in the country wides also diosed-present with the country of the country wide of the country with the country of the country with the country of the country o

Even the Army employs the mechanical private eye. The system had its first large-scale tryout during maneuvers in North Carolina last year. TV cameras watched the men of the 145th Infantry Regiment from the ground and a TV-equipped plane pered at them from the sir. Without stirring from their tent the top brass issued orders and planned all of the offensive and defensive measures. The TV-equipped planes open a realm of possibilities for observing and photographing an enemy's back-yard. And backyards loaded with objects a lot more interesting than guns and troops. I know. I've seen some of the east's most provocative backyards, rooftops, and secluded outdoor spots through the flying eyes of a pilotless drone. Focal point of aerial TV is the Aerial Reconnaissance Laboratory at the Wright Air Development Center in Ohio.

But several aircraft companies are doing individual pioneering along this line in hopes of hitting the jackpot of a large military order. The experiments I watched were accomplished in a four-place light plane. Directed by remote control, the plane has a TV camera unit which transmits a live picture back to the ground station. The purpose, of course, is to develop a pilotless drone for flights over strategic territory.

As it turned out, however, one of the most strategic spots in the testing area was a nudist camp. I won't name the place since it might embarrass some of the sun lovers but if they felt unseen eyes prying into their retreat last summer, they will now know their sixth sense was right on the ball.

A large California department store has a camera installed over the costume jewelry counter for spotting shoplifters, since they are extremely busy in this department with its many small, expensive objects. I watched this system in action one Saturday.

"You can watch it from here," the store detective told me as we entered a comfortable office. He pressed a button and a section of the knottypine paneling slipped open revealed button and a section of the knottypine paneling slipped open revealed button and section of the conbutton of the conbutton of the conbutton of the conserved watch and the conserved watch and the contended the contended

In the next few minutes I was to learn a trick of successful shoplifters. And so, too, was the store detective. Calmly, this well-dressed woman picked up a small bracelet, brushed it against her large handbag, and the bracelet disapeared. We couldn't figure it out. It was like watching a magician, trying to keep up with the act while at the same time watching to see how the trick is done. In a moment she picked up a string of pearls. Again she casually inspected them, glanced to make sure the clerk (busy at the other end of the counter) wasn't watching, and brushed them against her handbag. This time we saw the trick. She didn't have to open her large handbag -- nothing that obvious. She had a large slit in the end seam of the bag and the jewelry easily slipped into it.

The store detective quickly picked up a telephone, said a few words to an assistant elsewhere in the store and, within seconds, we watched a man quietly take the woman by the arm and walk her in the direction of the store's offices.

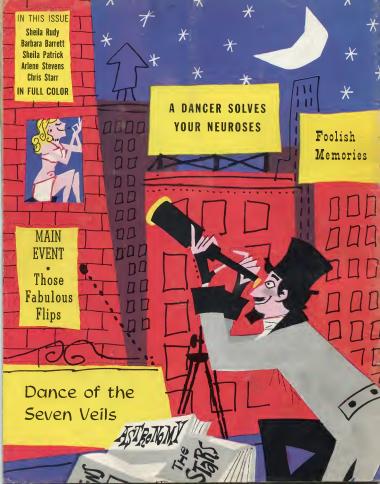
For the shop lifter, it was rough to be before the lens. But for the company, this "big brother" type of television is a deadly weapon—in the right hands.



"Shouldn't he have gone down with the ship?"



jean jani













Exotics get the name from the kind of dances they perform—usually of an exotic or unique nature. Sometimes they are take-offs on foreign movements and rhythms such as Afro-Cuban, Indian, Egyptian.



Much care goes into making-up for the act. Successful torso tossers must have the ability to project verve and vitality across the footlights.



Is it Art? Well, it's more than bumps and grinds. It's many long hours of hard practice and much imagination for new routines; and it's talent.