

Eve

VOL. 1 ISSUE 3 \$1.00


ADULTS ONLY

THE BIG CHALLENGE
ROCKY INTERLUDE
FELINE FISTICUFFS
THE 'ISN'T THAT I CAN'T
AFFORD BETTER, BUT' PLOY



all about **D** **ve**

Let's reveal it, Rosina Revelle that is. Rosina is the biggest of the bra bustin' Britains to hit these lucky shores. Ploymen attention: Another Ploy by David Hurst, in this issue "The 'It Isn't That I Can't Afford Better, But!' Ploy.", a lucky break for who don't have everything. The Big Challenge, in the form of another beautiful and bountiful Britain. A big challenge for any red-blooded American male. The Long Count, an exciting story about the fight game; the rough rugged men, their glories and their gals. On the cover is the beautiful Sheba Britt, pretty enough to launch a thousand ships (or was that Helen of Troy?). Feline Fisticuffs, a catty pair fight it out to the bitter end. Spend a rocky interlude with Jacki Hill on the sunny California coastline. Soldiers Of Fortune, fiction by Ralph Rawlings. Fortunate indeed were the soldiers that met up with Margie Haggerty. It has been said that only the French girl has that certain something to project true glamour. We don't know what that certain something is, but whatever it is Ule Mahler has "I". Meet a Casbah dream in the person of exotic Malena Montero.



Where the apple reddens
never pry—
Lest we lose our Edens,
Eve and I!



Love

VOL. 1 ISSUE #3

Let's Revel In It	6.....	Rosina Revelle
The "It Isn't That I Can't Afford Better, But!" Ploy	10.....	Satire by David Hurst
Projection Perfect	14.....	Caryl Casey
Soldiers of Fortune	18.....	Fiction by Larry Marlo
The Big Challenge	22.....	Paula Challenger
Rocky Interlude	28.....	Jacki Hill
Sheba The Queen	35.....	Sheba Britt
Color Centerfold	36.....	Sheba Britt
Feline Fisticuffs	44.....	Sports by Roy Stevens
The Long Count	48.....	Fiction by Trevor Sands
Rouge Au Blanc	50.....	Toni Winters
French Spice	58.....	Pictorial Feature
Casbah Dream	60.....	Malena Montero
Kopy Kat	66.....	Ule Mahler

EVE Vol. 1, Issue 3, October 1962, is published bi-monthly, six times a year by Sampson Publishing & Distribution Corp. with editorial offices at 44 West 37th Street, New York 18, N. Y. All rights reserved on entire contents of this issue, nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission of the publisher. Copyright Sampson Publishing & Distribution Corp., October, 1962. Manuscripts and illustrations from contributors must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope; the publisher cannot assume responsibility for the safe return of unsolicited material.



LETTERS TO EVE

CONGRATS:

Dear Eve,
Certainly enjoyed your first edition. I particularly liked seeing more pictures of Marlena Loren. Never saw any more of her after the newspaper shot when she won Miss California title. Why not a monthly follow-up on all 'Miss' winners?

George Hendricks,
Los Angeles, Calif.
Ed: Love the idea George, but with fifty winners and twelve months they'd back up on us.
Dear Eve,

...More, more, more...
Bill Winters,
Sarasota, Fla.

Ed: Like yeah.

Dear Eve,
Fabulous magazine. Put me down first on the list, when you are open for subscriptions.

Tom Caldwell,
Chicago, Ill.

DIGS:

Dear Eve,
What kind of rifle is that on cover of your first edition, with a bayonet on top?

Hal Holley,
New York City

Ed: What rifle on the cover?

Dear Eve,
Thought your first edition was very good, except the women's fashion article. I don't think most of your readers are interested in fashion. Besides some of the info you give out makes me look with suspicion at my girl friend, who I always thought had a nice figure.

Billy Grover,
Nashville, Tenn.

Ed: I guess we all have problems, Billy! We'll try to watch it in the future.

Dear Eve,
The view of Audrey Nichols (Best Five-Cents in View, Issue I) was easily worth one dollar! What I want to know is she eight feet tall or is that the smallest sofa in history?

Peter Einson,

Minneapolis, Minn.

Ed: Audrey is 5' 7 1/2". Besides rumble-seats used to be a problem, too.

DO GO NEAR THE WATER:

Dear Eve,
When do we see more pictures of Maria Clarence. I thing some shots of her on the beach, like the pretty young thing in "Robinson's Trouseau" would be great.

James Tomlinson,
Lewiston, Maine

Ed: Living in Maine you should know that it's pretty cold in London in November (when those were shot). However, we have a photog in England, we'll wire to see what he can do about it now.

WHAT? MORE?

Dear Eve,
After digging your magazine, all I can say is "it's the hippest on the scene." The stories are the wildest, the cartoons are a whiz, and the chicks come on like Diz. I'm hip that gents of all ages dig every one of your swinging pages, so like keep it up, it's like crazy.

James Black,
Reading, Pa.

Ed: Huh! Like thanks.

Dear Eve,
The girls in your book are the most, man, but the balanced diet of fiction, articles, cartoons...and delightful pics places you far above your competition. Keep it up...

Phil Roberts,
New York, N. Y.

Ed: Imagine, another cat who reads Eve.

Dear Eve,
I'm not sure I like everything about your magazine, but I must admit it sure is off-beat. You're welcome to take that as a compliment--or otherwise--
Lou Jeffery,
Piedmont, Tenn.

Ed: We didn't read any further.

Dear Eve,
Please, please use Marlena again. I think she is the best looking girl I've ever seen. Please print more of her. I would like to know about her measurements, etc.

Tony Hodges,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ed: Are you sure that's what you want?

Dear Eve,
If you ever see a blonde young lady smiling pleasantly as she peruses a copy of the Ladies' Home Journal in the I.R.T., it may be me. There's a copy of Eve hidden inside. Always checking as to what is appealing to the opposite sex.

An admiring chick,
Manhattan, N. Y.

Ed: Just love admiring chicks.

Dear Eve,
How come you don't give photo credits? Your photog must be some old coot. If he has time to take so many pictures of lovely gals he can't be thinking of spending any time doing anything else.

Larry Siegel,
Fairbanks, Alaska

Ed: Pictures is spelled pictchoors.

Dear Eve,
Where do you find all them lovely gals? I never seem to be able to find any.

Ben Marlin,
Tallahassee, Fla.

Ed: Ho-hum. I guess some of you have it and some of you don't.

let's revel in it

Gentlemen, this is it! Britain's answer to the French kitten, Brigitte Bardot. Her name is Rosina Revel, five feet three inches of pure dynamite.

Got your breath back yet? . . . Good. Now, we'll get on a little further.

It's not hard to figure out why Rosina is being heralded as Britain's Bardot.

Even though she has many inches that Bardot hasn't, at least she has them in the right places.

Rosina was an usherette in a movie house before she was spotted, **that is** by the right people, of course. With a figure like hers it is sheer waste to keep it hidden away in the dark of a cinema. Something like this has to be seen so it wasn't long before Rosina was modeling with great success. Photographers from all over the globe were clamoring for her services and her photographs were appearing in magazines all around the world.

Today Rosina Revel is quite a celebrity herself from her small suburban home to her apartment in London she is really beginning to live. She has a wardrobe that would be the envy of most women. She says she has over a hundred and fifty gowns of various descriptions. Recently she bought herself a small sports car and is fast becoming the terror of the English countryside. We say this in a humorous vein for we have driven with Rosina and she is in fact a very competent driver. Although as most young people like to do, she loves to drive fast and of course, in Britain there are many roads without any speed limits.

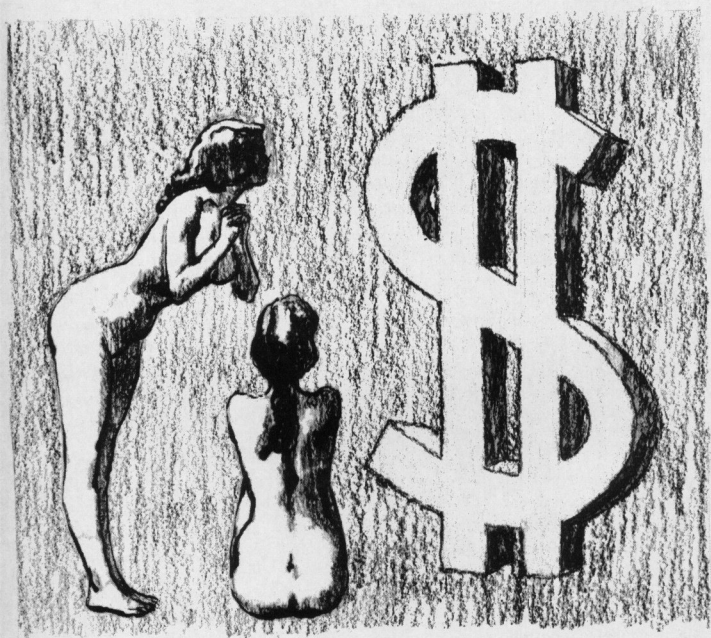
And so we have another success story, for in a few short years Rosina has progressed from an usherette to a top model, from tight suburban living to gaiety at Mayfair. She has progressed from being an unknown woman to being a celebrity. It really does our hearts good to see things going on in the world like this. So maybe there are more young contenders who will be encouraged by Rosina's success and they, too, will be able to delight the eyes of our readers in the near future.











"THE 'IT ISN'T THAT I CAN'T AFFORD BETTER, BUT' PLOY"

Gentlemen and Ploymen,

Greetings, once more, to each of you loyal and true connoisseurs of the gentle art of seduction. Your Board of Directors and the Selection Committee are proud to offer your second complete blueprint for success in the manly art of seeking and couching the wily woman. For those of you who are unfamiliar with our little organization, "The Ploy Of The Month Club," we state once more that our sole purpose for being is to gather, test, assimilate, and publish these little "ploy plots" to help you on with your amorous efforts. Ours is a noble calling, and we know that you will excuse us if we paraphrase Emerson, "When damsel whispers low, 'Thou won't' / The Ployman replies, 'I will!'"

This month's ploy might best be called the "Poor Man's Ploy". Naturally, we don't mean to infer that you should run out and arrange for destitution to overcome you immediately. You needn't even act impoverished for the ploy to function perfectly. The beauty of the entire plan is that it works especially well for the very rich and the very poor. Those who fall somewhere in between should, if possible, arrange to lodge themselves in one or the other of these categories. If you find this too difficult, then remain in your middleground of mediocrity and make the best of a good show.

The arrangement that we speak of in the preceding paragraph need not be a physical reapportionment of your fortune. A man driving a '52 Chevy who whispers of an upcoming Bugatti, is as close to wealth as is the man who habitually drives a T Bird. Remember that it is no more an untruth to speak of a never to be realized Rolls Royce than it is to speak of a never to be realized Vespa. When the time comes to fabricate, do it well! Do it wisely! Go all the way, it costs no more to lie first class!

Now, we would like to re-appraise that last statement. We do not mean to encourage you to deliberately prevaricate. The effect is the same if you accomplish your end by leaving unsaid certain salient points that would negate the issue. It serves the immediate purpose as well to say, "I've been looking at a 36 foot Chris Craft Sea Skiff . . . Sleeps six," as it does to say, "I'm buying a etc." The inference will be believed for a simple reason indeed. Women want to believe that the man they are with at the moment has tremendous potential. They are all too willing to wait until after they have tied the nuptial knot to be disappointed.

We have herewith departmentalized this ploy into six primary ployagories. They are not necessarily in order of their importance or indeed, of logic. They are placed at random for they serve in random situations.

1. THE APARTMENT PLOY:

If your digs are not as ostentatious as you think they might be, there are several convenient ways to cover their little inadequacies.

A. They are convenient. No need to stress where and what they are convenient to. Truthfully, if you can afford them and the roof doesn't leak, that's convenience enough. For some, ignore the leaking roof.

B. You enjoy a gypsy or Bohemian atmosphere. Why not "live" in a home?

C. The surroundings are conducive toward creating an atmosphere of relaxation. You can create better in unposh surroundings. Women love creativity. Show her the chair you painted, or the poem you wrote, or the candles you dripped over the chianti bottle.

D. You don't want to waste money on better digs. Better save it for the apartment you want *after* you're married. Then there will be someone to share it with. Naturally, you don't mind making the sacrifice now if it will help "later."

E. The apartment needs a feminine touch. Prey upon every woman's natural desire to mother you. She'll love it. Ask her advice about decor and furniture. Make notes, it'll impress the hell out of her.

F. *I'm thinking about getting a better place, NEXT WEEK. Maybe we'll look together, huh?*

G. This is a final gambit. "It doesn't look like much but how about this atmosphere with the lights off? Notice how rich the hi-fi sounds. Can't get sound like that in new apartments. The bed is comfortable, come on and try it."

2. THE SPORTS CAR PLOY

A. If you happen to be driving a bucket, you can save the day with as simple a gambit as a spec sheet proclaiming the qualities of the new Zinchausen XB 375. When she asks if you're going to get it, a simple wink and a warm grin will set her little heart aflutter. From that moment on, the clinker rides like the Zinchausen. If need be, mentioning how long the wait for Zinchausens is will keep her at bay for many a moon. If luck is with you, a Trans-Atlantic maritime disaster will come along in time to delay your delivery for as much as half a year. Since "everyone" knows how long you used to wait for a Volkswagen, the longer wait for the Zinch is completely logical. A bit of credibility can be added here with the following line. "Do you know that a three minute call to Germany costs almost twenty bucks with tax? I don't know why Zinchausen doesn't have representatives here. I wrote a letter." All truths. 1. The call does cost the loot. 2. You *don't* know why they don't have an office here. 3. The letter was to Wildroot asking for double your money back on a tube of Cream Oil.

B. The bucket is sensible. Rides well. Why show off, this car gets you where you want to go. Time enough for a Lincoln after you're married.

C. This car is a "lender." Yours is being repaired. Look out for this one. Any traffic problem and you're liable to have to show the police your registration and the cat will be out of the bag. We'd use this only in emergencies since it involves an absolute untruth that, even worse, is fairly easily checkable.

D. "I rent cars. No sense owning a car in the city. By the time you pay insurance, etc., it costs too much . . . uh . . . er . . . but I've been thinking that maybe it's time I broke down and bought that convertible. What do you think?"

3. THE CLOTHES PLOY

A. "I don't know what you think of a sweatshirt and blue denims, but I think they're, well, sort of manly looking, baby. No sense in a guy with my virile outlook on life and love going around dressed in the pretty, dainty things that the boys with "tendencies" wear. You do enjoy being with a man who "thinks" like a man, don't you?"

B. People accept me for what I am. The clothes don't make any difference. I have nothing to hide. When the right occasion comes along, I have the right clothes to wear for it. No sense making a big thing out of nothing.

C. "Look, dear, I am what I am. Clothes are nothing at all but a fop to fashion. You know how I feel? Holmes said it perfectly. 'Age, like distance lends a double charm.' It's a paraphrase of absence makes the heart grow fonder. Why should I give up this jacket because it has wide lapels. I like the jacket. Giving it up would be as stupid as throwing away my wide brimmed fedora. That hat's a Barbisio. How many fellows do you know that own Barbisios?" This grouping may best be changed to suit your own inadequacies in fashionable attire.

D. Your clothes are at:

- (1) Cleaner
- (2) Tailor
- (3) Lost in transit (I wish they'd pay that freight claim)
- (4) MGM (They borrowed them for wardrobe)

4. The "Gift For Her" Ploy

A. "I would have bought something a little wilder but I know that you're the sensible type. None of that glitter and garishness clings to your wholesomeness. That's one of the things that I like about you . . . baby."

B. "I'm glad that you're not a gold digger. So many girls around today think only of the amount of money that's been spent on a gift. After all, we'll be able to use this ash tray for years. Think of it, every time you snuff out a butt, you'll think of me."

C. "It isn't that I mind spending money on gifts, but somehow, angel, I feel it is more important to save a little extra for the important things. Like an engagement ring. (Say no more, the inference is enough. Do not take a chance on having her believe that this is a proposal.)

5. The Date Ploy

A. "Honey, how would you go for burgers and a coke? I'm sick and tired of all that rich French food. Besides, I feel awfully American today. My favorite cousin's reserve unit has just been called up.

B. "Do you mind if we eat in a health food bar? I'm trying to get into shape. You'd be surprised what it'll do for you, too." (Yogurt is low caloric, low priced, and filling as all hell.)

C. "Do you mind if we don't go to a night club or *anyplace* where they serve liquor? I'm trying to break the

habit. It's really for you that I'm doing it. I'm such a bore when I drink too much."

D. "A drive-in gives you all of the comforts of your living room with all of the advantages of Cinerama. I can't stand the pseudo-intelligent phonies who say that they can't stand them. After all, if you're selective, you can find a million movies that are well done, esthetic and entertaining. Come on, let's see "The Son of Hercules Kills Them All" and "I Was A Teen Aged Narcissus." One of them is historical and the other is a study in psychology. One of the great benefactors of mankind, Joseph Levine, produced them for the education of the great American public."

6. The Marriage Ploy

A. "Why be garish. When I get married, all that I want is a simple two dollar wedding at City Hall. After all . . . who knows if it'll last."

B. "You're not ready for marriage; Look at all that you'll be missing. Here you are, lovely, desirable, flush in the bud of your finest years. Why throw it all away in marriage before you've had a chance to fully enjoy it?"

C. "I'm looking for a girl with special qualifications".

1. She must be willing to live as I live. Happy in a

hovel or a castle, but at the start, the former.

2. She must be willing to disregard her mother and all of her mother's advice. I hate women who want either separate or joint bank accounts. I want to be the man of the house and I want to hold onto the purse strings. *Of course*, if my wife works, and I think it only fair that she does, *then*, I think she should have some kind of allowance for things like . . . a soda to go along with the sandwiches she carries for lunch . . . or perhaps an occasional home permanent kit.
3. "I must be absolutely sure that we are sexually convivial. By this I mean not only an occasional one night stand but a continuous relationship so that we will know before marriage whether we will tire of each other."

We trust that you will find enough in these few brief notes to help you to cope with momentary financial insecurity and further to handle a female who refuses to admit that there is such an answer as . . . "Not now, baby."

That should do it. Remember this month's motto . . . In Hoc Signo Brokus . . .



"Can't you relax and forget the job for five minutes?"

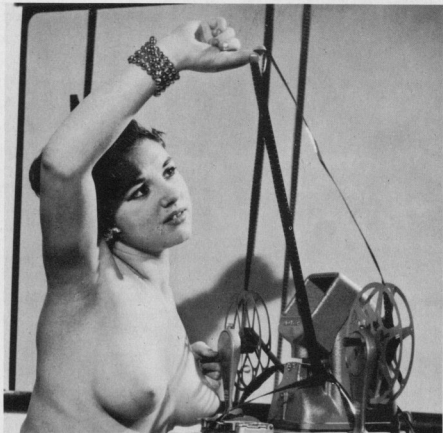
PROJECTION PROJECT



Hi . . . my name is Caryl Casey, and I'm having one heck of a time trying to figure some stuff out. You see, most of my professional life has been as a model and suddenly I've been thrust into a very technical type of work. It is still a mystery to me how I even got this job. I was at a studio, modeling, when one of the photographer's rich movie friends stopped by. After watching us work for about twenty minutes he suggested that I should go to work for him. Thinking that he was a photographer I accepted. Particularly since he asked me to bring my working clothes.

I arrived at his offices on Ninth Avenue and was completely surprised when he told me that he did not hire me to model, but to be a film editor. He told me that he was sure that I was a very bright girl and would learn very quickly. He told me to get into my working clothes and he would show me around the film lab before he started teaching me. I undressed myself into the costume that you see pictured here and prepared for my first day's work.

Our tour around the lab was a bit chaotic. For example; when we went into the dark room some one turned on the lights and ruined several thousand feet of film. Finally I was taken to the editing room and my instruction in film editing began. I was given a movieola and several other pieces of equipment that I have never been able to get the hang of. I have been here for six months and I still don't know just what I am doing. I'm sure that they are not going to keep me working here. As you can see in these pictures, which they are constantly taking, I only ruin every piece of film that they give me. Another thing that is beginning to bother



me is that I am the only girl in the place who wears this kind of work clothes. Well . . . the one thing that I was smart in doing was that I did not give up my modeling career. I'm sure that I will have to go back to it full time very soon. I won't regret it either as it is very chilly walking through the halls here at lunch time. They won't let me wear a coat.





"Ooo, now you're speaking my language!"

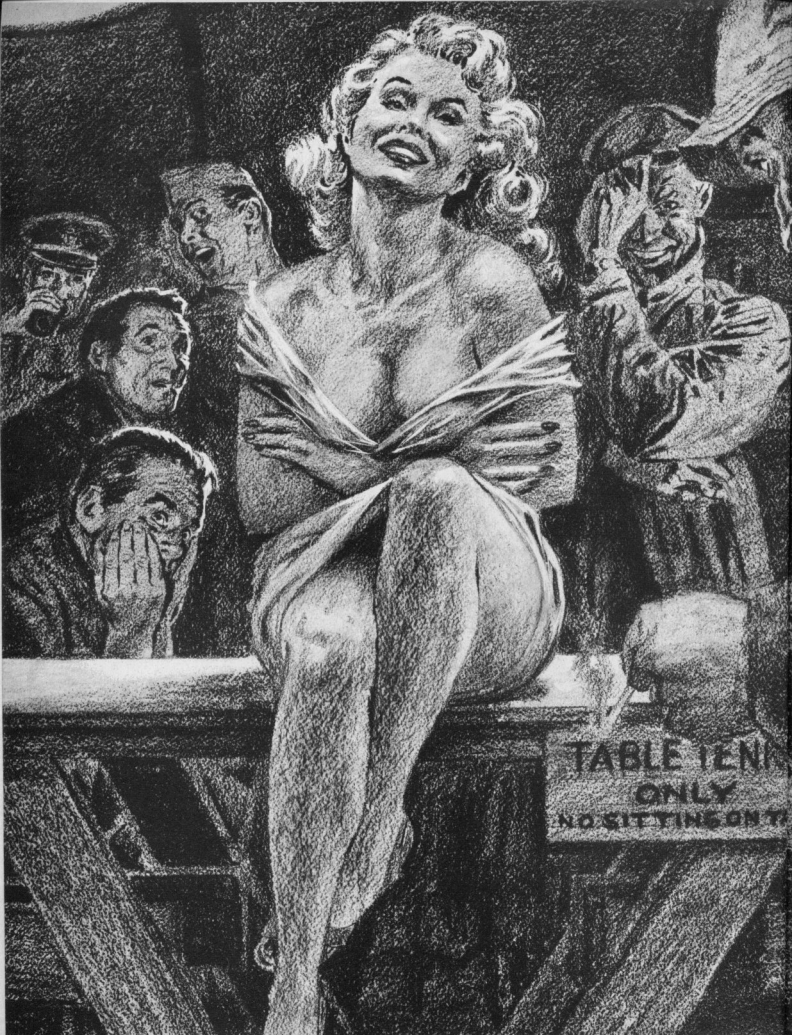
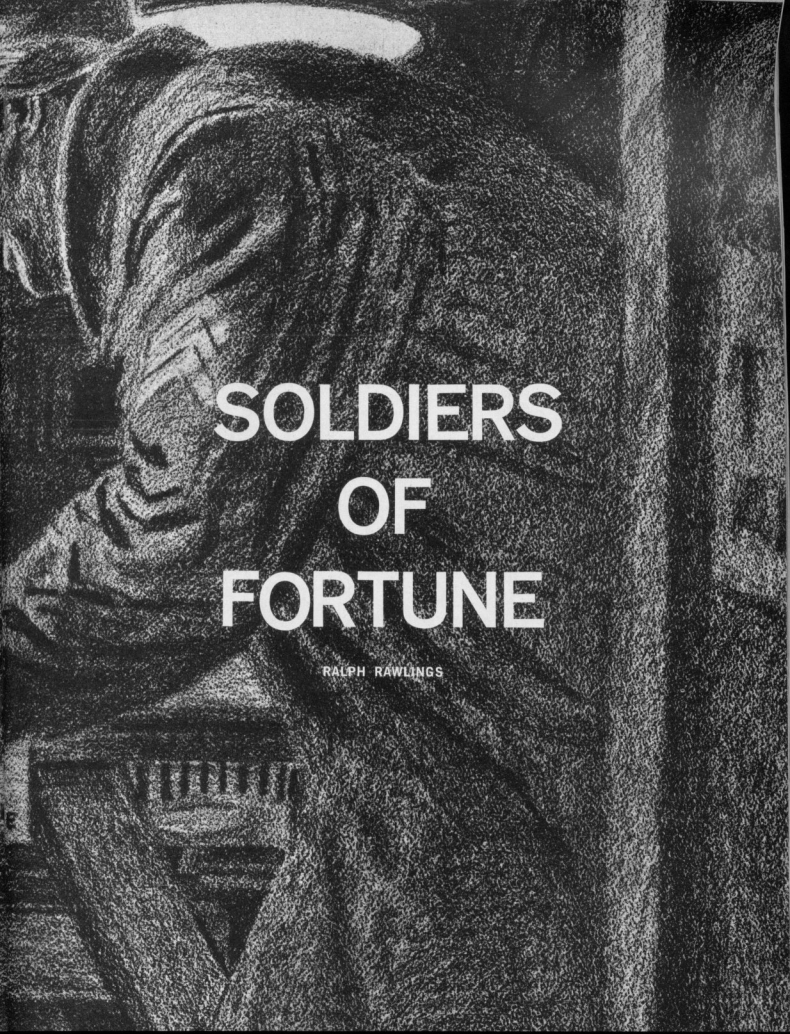


TABLE TENNIS
ONLY
NO SITTING ON T



SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE

RALPH RAWLINGS

Soldiers Of Fortune



Sergeant Whelan did a lot to boost the morale of our gunsite that summer, but probably the most important thing he did was Margie Haggerty. I mean, when he brought her to the site. Being stationed in Fairbanks, Alaska is bad enough, but when you're cooped up with four other guys on a remote mountain top with only an anti-aircraft artillery piece for company, it's about as bad as it can get. But fortunately for us, Whelan had a talent. Among other things, he was a lover. While the rest of us sublimated with letters from home and the Sunbather's Annual, Whelan shuttled into Fairbanks almost every night and returned some time in the morning, lipstick and hung over, with lacy unmentionables still strewn around the back seat of his Pontiac. Sometimes he even brought his girl friends to the site (once we stood a full dress inspection with a girl from the university hidden in the generator shed), but what made Margie different was—well, let me tell you. One afternoon in July—it was really about nine p.m., but the sun shines all summer; you don't know when the hell to go to bed—Whelan drove through our twelve-foot gates with this cute little passenger who was all decked out in an off-the-shoulder blouse and a peasant skirt. And right then and there we forgot all about our well-laid plans for desertion.

"This is Miss Margie Haggerty," he said proudly. "She's an old buddy of mine because I've known her since six o'clock. She's that new colonel's daughter, and she's here to ease the suffering of us frost-bitten Alaskan troops."

Well, the nearest Whelan had ever come to being frost-bitten was one winter night when he was partaking of Eskimo hospitality, right on the ice of the Cheena River. But there Margie was, all right, looking like something you dream about dark hair and deep, brooding eyes, a brightening amount of cleavage, and a flash of golden-brown thigh, revealed when she sat down on our ping-pong table and crossed her long legs.

While Whelan sang his way through a shower, we stood around more or less at parade rest, each of us convinced that the others didn't know what he was thinking.

"And how are you, Miss Haggerty?" Arkansas, the IFCS man, said politely.

"I'm sexy," she said. "And call me Margie." She smiled brightly, looking at each of us for exactly the same number of seconds.

"We understand your father is the new battalion commander."

"Uh-huh." She kicked off her shoes and wiggled her bare toes. "Whelan said you'd give me a beer."

There was much haste and stumbling, but we finally secured the beer from its hiding place behind the C-rations. Chuck, one of the cannoneers, handed it over with a flourish. "May be a mite warm," he said apologetically.

"So am I," she said, lowering an eyelid in a slow wink. Chuck a backward boy, but honest, blushed to his hair roots.

"We've heard the colonel is a hard man," I said. The word was out that Colonel Haggerty was a gung-ho type soldier, but I was beginning to think that if he had a daughter like Margie, he couldn't be all bad.

"Daddy's sweet," she said. "You just have to know how to handle him."

Whelan came out of the shower, a towel around his middle, and walked with wet footsteps across the room to the C-rations. "It is," he announced, "only fitting that we should have a party in honor of our guest." He opened a warm beer and set down on the table by Margie.

"You're wet," she said, when he put his arm around his neck.

"It's part of my primitive charm," Whelan growled. Adroitly he opened her blouse.

"Oh, my!" Margie said, winking at us. "I'll catch my death." She sipped her beer while Whelan explored.

"That's quite a tan."

"Uh-huh." She nodded.

After a few intensely silent moments, when it became apparent that Margie did not allow underclothing to hinder the development of her personality, Mac, our radar man and a gloomy sort, said, "Sergeant, are you sure you know what you're doing?"

"Now, friend, don't it look like I know?"

"I can see the court-martial now," Mac said. "With good behavior, we should get off with about fifteen years."

Margie smiled. "Daddy always says that troop morale is a very important factor. I believe in doing my bit."

"See there, Mac?" Whelan said. "It's just that you're overly shy and retiring. Like she says, it's good for morale."

"It wasn't my morale I had in mind," Mac pointed out. "The thing is, you are largely out of uniform."

A real trouper, that Mac.

"The thing is," Whelan corrected, "that I can't stand up right now, uniform or not."

Margie giggled and did some exploring of her own. "Oh, how nice! Some more of your primitive charm."

It seemed like no time at all until Margie's clothes were in a little heap on the floor, and she was just sitting there, all pink and glowing and sipping her beer, just as if she didn't notice what Whelan was doing. Well, we just sort of stood around for a while, hands in pockets, wondering about the rickety supports of that old ping-pong table.

"Twenty years," Mac amended.

But you learn pretty fast in a situation like that. As it turned out, Margie was the soul of generosity, and it wasn't long before Arkansas took her out to the tool shed and taught her about integrated fire control and like that. And when it came my turn, being a cannoneer, I showed her how to lock and load—a delicate operation in itself. Margie not only learned quickly, she even taught us a few things.

She was so interested in troop welfare that, after that, she came to the site almost every afternoon and stayed until midnight, telling her Daddy that she was doing benefit shows for the under-privileged Alaskan soldiers. On weekends, when Colonel Haggerty went off to inspect a military installation, Margie came on Fridays and stayed until Sunday. "Anything for the boys overseas," she would say brightly.

In her own charming way, Margie enjoyed her work to an extent that left us, to say the least, breathless. "Arty," she said to me one day when we were learning things from each other in the squadrons, "You're a sweet boy, but you're just a little short winded. . . ."

Even Mac finally relented, glumly, one Friday when Margie caught him in the shower. And would you believe it, the morale around our place improved tremendously. All of a sudden everything was ship-shape, as they say in the navy, and we even started polishing our boots and wearing our uniforms most every day—except when Margie was there, of course. Our efficiency rating soared, we added a screened porch to the back of the Quonset hut, and built a hi-fi set with our own little hands. We bought a cooler for the beer and withdrew our requests for transfers. Life, in a word, was rosy.

The interesting thing about Margie—other than her obvious charms—was her good nature. She never wept or brooded or got angry or showed favoritism. She was always pert and cheerful, grateful, ready for

anything—which, let me tell you, was considerable.

"Margie," Whelan said one afternoon as we sat on the screened porch drinking beer and watching the jets pour down over Ladd Field, "you are the only perfect girl alive."

"rOh, it's nothing," she said modestly. "Last year we were stationed in Limestone, Maine, and some of those sites there have ten men." She was wearing one of those little two-piece sunsuit things, and we watched appreciatively as she flexed her long legs and studied her toenails.

"We need never fear an invasion from the east coast," Arkansas said thoughtfully. "The esprit de corps would be enough to repel any attack."

Margie blushed. "What a nice thing to say, Arkansas."

"You know, men," Chuck said, "I have been seriously considering extending my tour of duty in Alaska. It seems the least a man can do for his country."

Margie laughed and squeezed Chuck affectionately in a strategic spot. "Oh, my, you're patriotic, Chuck."

Whelan grinned. "A real minute-man."

Uh-huh!" Margie said. "And I'll be here three years."

"Three years," Chuck said slowly, relaxing under Margie's grip. "How many weekends do you suppose that is?"

"Have you heard," Mac said sourly, "about those two men in Dog Battery that Colonel Haggerty sent to the stockade? Seems they had their insignia on crooked."

"Sometimes Daddy's a little gruff," Margie admitted. "But he's sweet if you know how to handle him."

"I'll bet," Mac said.

In the past few weeks we heard tales about Colonel Haggerty that would make a first sergeant tremble, so to change the subject I said, "Margie, may I say that you look right delectable in that little suit?"

"Oh, do you like it, Arty?" Margie jumped up and gazed down at her brief costume. She put her hands on her breasts and moved her lips in a slow circle. "It's a little tight in places," she said, thoughtfully.

"Never let it be said that we stunted the growth of a healthy young female," Chuck said, reaching up to pull down a zipper.

Well, the upshot of it was that Chuck got the lower part, I wound up with the halter, and Margie sat down in Whelan's lap.

"How's your primitive charm?" she said, putting her arms around his neck and blowing into his ear.

"A little crushed at the moment," Whelan said awkwardly.

"Twenty-five years," Mac said tonelessly.

And just then the alert buzzer sounded.

THE BIG CHALLENGE

How many people do you know have a name that just seems to suit them and them alone? The young lady pictured here is just such a person. Her name is Paula Challenger, and don't drop the gauntlet in front of her as she can not refuse a challenge.

Take the time that she was challenged to a game of strip poker. She didn't hesitate for a moment. Sitting down at the card table she played an unrelenting game for three days. When she didn't have a stitch of clothes left on her back, she still wouldn't admit defeat. Not Paula. She started to borrow clothes from her girl friends who were watching the game.





Do you see that leopard skin that she is wearing. She got that on a dare. Some great white hunter challenged her to go along with him on a safari. Naturally she accepted. She shot the leopard, and now she has the skin as a trophy. The leopard's head is mounted and hanging in her study. Before she shot the leopard, she shot the white hunter, but they wouldn't let her mount his head so she had to go after the leopard.

Paula has accepted many a challenge, but the only one that ever turned out to be profitable was when she accepted the challenge to be a model.

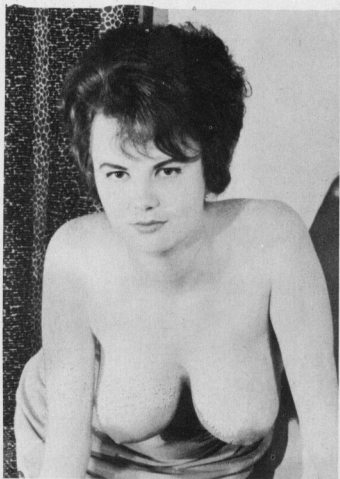






This aggressive part of Paula's personality is rather hard to comprehend. Most English girls are somewhat reserved. In fact, we sometimes find them rather backward. But Paula is the complete antithesis of the British character. She is very forward in everything she does. Paula cannot explain this quirk in her national character, and she really isn't interested in finding out. Perhaps if we challenge her to see an analyst we might find out. We won't suggest it though since it might ruin a completely beautiful and free personality.

Paula says that she has never refused any challenge and that she doesn't believe that anyone will ever be able to dream up a challenge that she would refuse. She is beginning to develop a national reputation and people are beginning to write to her offering her challenges but she says that most of them are repeats of chal-



lenges that she has already accepted, and she doesn't believe in repetition.

A newspaper in London is offering a cash reward for the most original challenge, and they will pay this only if Paula refuses to accept.

Our advice to all of our readers is to put on your thinking caps and think up a good challenge and if Paula refuses it you can get the reward. That is if you can find out just which newspaper is making this offer. We won't tell you, since they do not advertise in our magazine. If you look very close you will see that no one advertises in our magazine. There is a challenge for Paula. We challenge you Paula Challenger to advertise in our magazine.

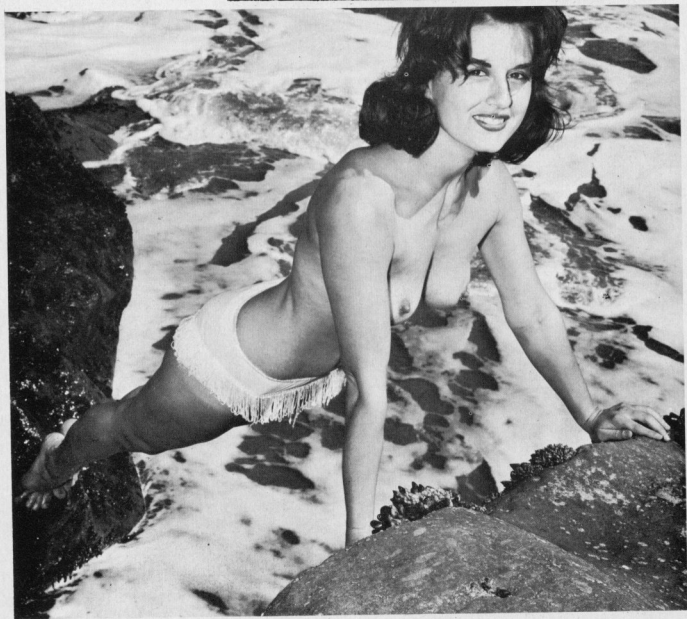




THE **BIG** CHALLENGE



ROCKY INTERLUDE

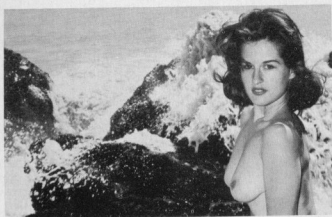




My buddy is an ornithologist. I know, it's a big word. Well, if you don't know what it means I guess you would call him a bird watcher. I didn't know what it meant until he came over to me in the office one day and asked me if I would like to go watch birds with him? Well, you know how it is in an office; you work with a guy, he's a regular guy, you become friendly and well, I didn't have anything to do that Sunday so I decided to go along just for laughs.

So he picks me up on Sunday morning and off we roll down to the rocky part of the coast. All the way he is telling me about the different birds and gulls and he just about drives me out of my mind. But I had agreed to go with him so there we were. Well, we arrived at this spot he se-





lected and he gets out his binoculars and his camera. He even has a camera for me.

"Well," I asked him. "What am I suppose to do?"

"Just sit quiet and you'll see beautiful birds."

And he went in raptures about the birds and their habits and nesting and everything. Well, we hadn't been there more than about twenty minutes and I didn't think much about looking out for birds. I was using my binoculars and looking out to sea, catching sight of an occasional passing boat or a motor cruiser or fishing vessel.

Then I turn glasses along the beach and I come to a sudden halt. For there sitting on the rocks is the most gorgeous creature I have ever seen in my life. I couldn't really believe it but there she was. And then behind me I heard my friend's voice in a whisper and he was saying to me:

"Did you see that black headed gull?"

And I said, "Yes, I'm watching her now."

"Have you ever seen anything so rich, so beautiful?" Again I agree with him.

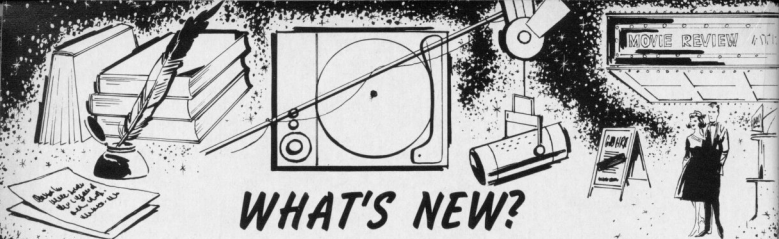
"The arch of that neck and look at the way those legs move up and down so gracefully."

I couldn't believe my ears that he could be talking in this manner and then I realized that he is watching a black-headed gull and not a gal, as I had thought, so I go back to my own bird watching, this time with my camera and proceed to take these photographs.

"I am certainly glad that my friend had equipped me with a camera and a telephoto lens for it wasn't until I had the photographs developed that I realized just how beautiful the girl on the rock was. And indeed why shouldn't she be, for it was later that I found out, through some friends, that she actually was a photographer's model by the name of Jackie Hill. Nevertheless, the photographs were so natural that I just had to show them to someone and that is seeing them as much as I enjoyed taking them. Oh no, I am sorry that I can't give you the exact location where I took the pictures. That's my secret. But I can tell you this: I've now decided that ornithology is one hell of a good hobby."







From Italy, where they think as highly of their directors, if not more, as they do of their acting talent has come the highly touted **BOCCACCIO 70**, which consists of three independent episodes, directed by Federico Fellini, Luchino Visconti, and Vittorio De Sica, and starring, among many others, Anita Ekberg, Romy Schneider, and Sophia Loren. The picture which might have been a breezy hour and a half's fun has been permitted to drag on and on for two hours and forty-five minutes. The title springs from the hoped for resemblance between the film and the "Decameron," the producer of the film having envisioned applying the techniques of Boccaccio to "cinematic comments on various segments of Italian society, appropriate to 1970." Why 1970, we can't imagine, since the stories and setting are appropriate to almost any year. There is even the lack of "science-fiction" camera trickery hinted by the year. The first episode, directed by Signor Fellini, recounts the attempt of a middle-aged Roman to have an enormous billboard of Anita Ekberg removed from an open square across from his apartment. The difficulties he encounters pitch him headlong into hallucination, in the course of which the sexy Miss Ekberg comes to life, in her billboard dimensions, and wantonly pursues her detractor. By trick photography, we are enabled to watch the tiny bluenose caught up and laid to rest uneasily upon the broad surface of Miss Ekberg's most famous feature; this is Fellini's only joke, and to us there is something wrong in the use to which he puts Miss Ekberg, who is on a sufficiently formidable scale as God made her.

The second episode, directed by Visconti, tells with diffuse relish the sordid tale of a young wastrel of a Milanese count who prefers expensive call girls to his beautiful young wife but remains with her because her wealthy father is his sole means of support.

The third episode, no more tasteful than the others, concerns a carnival girl who has been talked into selling chances on her body as a sideline. The lottery is won, of course, by a notorious mama's boy, and the rest of the plot can be easily imagined. What's hard to imagine is why Vittorio De Sica consented to direct this not very funny graffito, and why Miss Loren, at the very peak of her

success, consented to appear in it. Poor Boccaccio! Poor 1970! Poor audience!

The publicity on the film **LOLITA** poses an imaginary question, "How could they have dared to make a movie of *Lolita*?" The answer is relatively simple, it barely resembles Mr. Nabakov's original novel. Although Nabakov has written the screenplay most of the witty, and wry jokes of the book have been turned into broad Hollywood humor, and we find ourselves laughing loudly during the most morbid of scenes.

Probably in order to have the film distributed at all, the director, Stanley Kubrick has seen to it that his *Lolita*, played by Sue Lyons is at least imaginably nubile. The cinema *Lolita* is not the simple twelve year old of the book, she is a very sexy fifteen. A developed adolescent, very eager to act on a very formidable amount of womanly knowledge. The story is no longer an outrageous one about a perverted professor, but is a downright wholesome story of a forty-year old man enamoured of an oversexed teenager, whom no middle aged man could resist. The novel struck many people as scandalous, we don't think the movie will. Before the conclusion the audience finds itself sympathizing with Professor Humbert over the loss of his unmoored wife, and almost condoning the murder of the half-impotent playwright and at the same time laughing uproariously at the long-drawn-out slaying. Performances by James Mason as the Professor, Peter Sellers as the wicked playwright, and Shelley Winters as the Professor's wife are as can be expected of fine actors, excellent.

J. J. Johnson is unquestionably one of the finest — if not the finest — modern jazz trombonists with unparalleled technical command of his instrument. Working with an excellent rhythm section, in his latest disc **A TOUCH OF SATIN**, in an effortless, flawlessly executed recital made up of standards, superior jazz pieces, a blues, and an original based on *What Is This Thing Called Love*. Behind the superb taste, however, this music can almost be called impersonal, we get so little hint of the man playing it. Even a piece as thorny and personal as Thelonius Monk's *Jackie-ing* evokes no response, nor does Gordon Jenkins poignant *Goodbye*. There is slightly more

involvement on the two muted numbers, *Gigi* and *Sophisticated Lady*, but never a hint of the man who has been playing so wonderfully with Miles Davis. The others acquit themselves well, although they are more subdued than usual. The one exception is the raucous, exciting *When the Saints Go Marching In* that closes the set, as if Johnson had decided to take the wraps off just once before going home. As for the rest, there is considerably more than the touch of satin supplied by the title, and that, although it may have been intentional, is also the trouble. Columbia CS8537 \$4.98 (stereo), CL 1737 \$3.98 (mono).

From the back room of the White Horse Tavern in Greenwich Village the Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem have gone to such more formal and more expensive night retreats such as the Gate of Horn in Chicago, where their new album "**HEARTY AND HELLISH**," was recorded. They have also moved from their own small Tradition label to far-flung Columbia. Despite all the temptations inherent in their new affluence, the Clancy's as they show here, have lost none of their roistering impudence and wit. As is their custom, the Clancy's sing mostly of the pleasures of courting, drinking, and rebellion. They have also included their shatteringly sardonic version of the anti-war tune, *Johnny I Hardly Knew Ye*. Among the newer material is *Mr. Moses Ri-Tooral-A-ye*, a comic tale of an Irish Jew arrested by an ambitious British policeman who cannot tell Hebrew from Gaelic. Also included are two of our favorites, *Rising of The Moon*, and *Whiskey, You're the Devil*.

The Clancy's are at their best when recorded before a live audience because of their gregarious approach to music-making, and they become bolder when the audience is on their side. With the first rate engineering of this disc, particular in stereo, and with an audience as clearly on their side as the night at the Gate of Horn when this was recorded we get the illusion of sitting at a ringside table, or back in the back room of the White Horse.

Columbia CS 8571 \$4.98 (stereo), CL 1771 \$3.98 (mono).



Soldiers Of Fortune

Now, an alert is where the brass calls down and says to play like the enemy is coming. What you do is you run like hell out to the gun mound, load up, and then stand around gazing through binoculars trying to look heroic like the guys on the recruiting posters. Well, we didn't look very heroic right then—especially Whalen, who bounded off the porch and ran across the area to the gun wearing his steel pot and combat boots, and nothing else. Margie jumped up and down on the porch, jiggling nicely here and there, and shouted, Sergeant Whalen, come back here! I'm not through with you." But duty had called, and our morale was lifted, so to speak, and anyway, for all we knew, the enemy might really be coming.

We shucked the rounds of ammo out of their cases and locked them in the loaders, then called the battery HQ and told them we were loaded for anything. Right about then was when Mac looked up from his radar scope and said, "Oh, my God!" in a quiet kind of voice that made my flesh crawl.

I looked around. A jeep was stopped in front of our gates, honking to be let in. A blind man could have seen the colonel's insignia on the front bumper.

Whalen turned a little white around the gills and other places. "Margie!" he said tensely, motioning to me. "Go hide her some place!"

Security regulations said our gates had to be locked at all times, so I figured I had maybe a minute before the guard could open them. I ran across the area to the screened porch, and met Margie almost head on, still standing there with all her assets laid bare.

"Listen," I said, "you've got to hide."

She laughed and put her arms around my neck. "Why, Arty? What's wrong with right here?"

"Now dammit, listen! There isn't time for that!"

"I can hurry," she said reasonably, grinding her hips against me.

I caught her by the arm and almost dragged her across the porch and into the hut. The latrine was the only door that had an inside lock, so I shoved her in there. "Now, lock the door and don't open it until I tell you."

"How quaint," she said, fumbling at my buttons. "We're going to have privacy."

Sweating, I shoved her hands away and slammed the door behind me. "Now lock it," I called.

"Oh, pool!" she said. I heard the bolt snick in the lock.

I hid the empty beer cans, shoved Margie's halter into my duffel bag and got back outside just as Chuck opened the gates and the jeep drove through.

The colonel, a full bird, stepped out of the jeep and looked around the site. He was a big guy with heavy shoulders and eyes like chips of ice.

"I'm Colonel Haggerty," he said in a deep voice.

"Who's the gun section leader, here?"

Whalen stepped from behind the gun and saluted smartly—that is, as smartly as a man can when's he's wearing nothing but a helmet and boots.

"And just what the hell do you represent?" the Colonel said icily.

"Well, there's a kind of a long story connected with that, sir," Whalen said, standing stiffly, more or less, at attention. You see, I was on duty last night, all night long, working on the gun, and so I was asleep when the alert came today."

"I see," the colonel said slowly. "I think. Well, if it isn't too much trouble I'd like to observe your alert procedure."

"Certainly, sir. Eh—shall I put on a uniform?"

"Dammit, man, there's an alert on. Get the lead out." Colonel Haggerty sat down on the rings of sandbags around the gun and watched us. Talk about nervous-making. I was so shook I almost dropped a round of ammo on his foot, and Mac kept muttering, "Thirty years, man, thirty years." But Whalen was best of all. He carried on with solemn dignity, and it wasn't long till the all-clear came down from battalion. The bogie had been identified, and we were at peace with everybody again.

The colonel stood up and slapped his swagger stick against his thigh. "Well, in spite of the—informality, I must say you did an excellent job." He smiled. You're to be especially commended for the excellent morale of your men, Sergeant."

"It's nothing, sir," Whalen said, modestly.

"I'd like to look around your living quarters," the colonel said.

I felt something sinking inside me. Whalen coughed politely into his fist. "Of course, sir."

The five of us stumbled blindly along, following the colonel into the hut. Whalen, in spite of his odd uniform, conducted a tour of the quarters, studiously avoiding the latrine.

"Excellent," the colonel commented. "That screened porch is a novel idea. Should make a dandy recreation room."

"That's what we've been using it for, sir," Whalen said.

"You men keep a neat site. By far the best I've seen." He smiled and started for the door. It was clear that his inspection was over. I was beginning to breathe a little when the colonel turned and said, "Oh, excuse me a moment gentlemen," and stepped up to the door of the latrine. He rattled the knob and looked around at us, puzzled. "Is someone in there? I thought you had all your men out on the gun, Sergeant."

Whalen, his face a peculiar shade gray, said, "Oh, that. Well, you see, sir, that's—eh—Jones. He's not feeling too good. On sick call this morning. Why I bet he's in there being sick right now."

"I don't feel so good myself," Chuck said.

Colonel Haggerty hesitated. He turned to go, then decided to wait. So we all stood there a while. The colonel shifted his weight nervously from one foot to the other. He looked at the floor, he looked at the ceiling, he looked at us. We looked at each other and wished we were dead.

"Must be a pretty sick boy," the colonel said, after a while.

"I think it was something he ate," Whalen said. "He might not be out for hours."

"I can't wait hours," the colonel said stiffly. He stepped up to the door, pounded on it with his first, and said, "All right, trooper, let's open this damned door."

I stopped breathing when I heard the lock click.

"Forever and ever," Mac said. "Amen."

The door swung open. Margie stood there, all pink and healthy, looking very fetching in nothing at all.

"Hello Daddy," she said, smiling sweetly.

Well, it was pretty frantic, let me tell you. Mac fainted dead away. I stood there dumbly, wondering what the food would be like in the stockade, if I should live so long. The colonel's face blanched to a sort of livid white, then worked its way through several shades of purple. He couldn't speak for a full minute. He just stood shaking his head slowly, staring at Margie.

It was only when certain anatomical changes began to come over Whalen that the colonel finally found his voice. "My God," he roared, "doesn't anybody wear clothes around here?"

So there was a hasty search for Margie's sunsuit. I got the halter from my duffel bag, but we never did find the lower part. Chuck was too shook to remember what he did with it. Margie snapped the bra on and sat down on the ping-pong table.

When Colonel Haggerty regained his composure he was all soldier again. "All right," he mumbled, "all right. Now, the formalities of the court-martial shouldn't take long. Barring red tape, I should have you all in the stockade by Tuesday. Rest assured, men, you'll never see daylight again!"

I felt something very cold inside me, and even Whalen's anatomy suffered a reversal.

"Oh, Daddy, don't be silly!" Margie said easily.

He glared at her. "You keep out of this, young

lady. I'll take care of you later."

She smiled and swung her legs over the table edge. "Are you going to send me to the stockade, too?"

"Don't be silly!" he snapped. "You—" He stopped and looked around.

And right then I began to see the situation a little more clearly. If it had been any other female on the face of the earth, we would have been shot before the sun went down. But since she was the colonel's daughter, it threw him into a most awkward position.

Margie jumped off the table and went over to the colonel. "Daddykins," she said softly, nuzzling his ear, "you aren't going to get me in trouble are you?"

No he wasn't. And he couldn't very well press charges against us without listing specifications, which would have to include one Margie Haggerty, which would put one Colonel Haggerty between a rock and a hard place.

"And thinking of the embarrassment, Daddy," Margie said softly. I had to hand it to her. She knew how to handle Daddykins. Even Mac got a little of his color back.

"By God," he said hotly, "do you think I'm going to just stand for this?"

But he was whipped and he knew it, because we realized that we were just as safe as Margie was—which as more than somewhat.

He glared at us, his eyes snapping, "If word of this ever gets out, you men know what will happen to you, don't you?"

We nodded in solemn agreement.

After storming and fuming and raising more hell, the colonel finally left, dregging the mostly nude Margie behind him. And that should have been the end of it. But it wasn't. Not quite. In the weeks that followed, we found that our site was inspected far less than the others, and that we always received double our share of morale rations. The price of secrecy, we supposed.

And Margie? Well, being the sweet and indomitable girl that she was, she soon began coming back to the site.

"But I'm afraid I can only get away on weekends now," she said apologetically. "Just when Daddy's gone."

But, friend, do you know how many weekends there are in three years?







SHEBA

THE QUEEN





She acts every inch the queen. Her bearing is very regal. She never refers to herself in the singular "I", but always in the royal "We".

We first became acquainted with Sheba through an agent, known to us for years only as Abe. When he brought Sheba to our office he handed us a card with the engraving "Abdul of Messopotamia". We still call him Abe, and when we do he threatens to send us to the galleys. He's a very nice guy, but he still doesn't realize that Sheba has him on a royal merry go round.

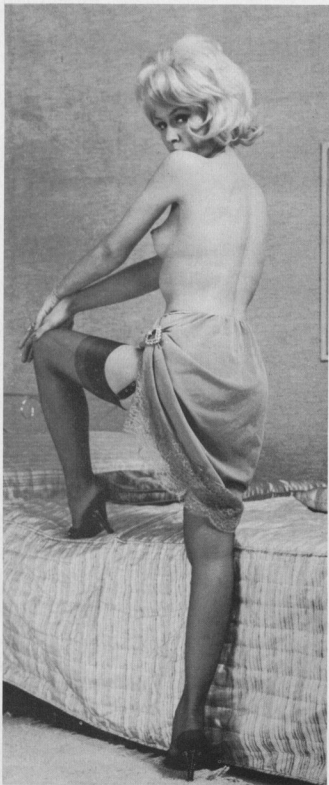
With all of her idiosyncrosies, Sheba is one of the top fashion and figure models around this big city. She has worked and is now working for all the top magazines. She has appeared on the covers of all the leading fashion magazines and that is almost impossible. In fact most models would give three inches of their chest measurement to appear on the cover of just one top fashion magazine.

Sheba has modeled everything that there is to model. Shoes, stockings, girdles, slips, bras, dresses, slacks, make up, gloves, hats etc. etc. etc.

You may even have seen her on television. She has brushed her teeth, shampooed her hair, poured soap into a washing machine, and even smoked cigarettes for television. All in all, Sheba is a very busy girl and if it amuses her to call people by some peculiar names, why should we stop her. After all a girl as busy as she has no time for movies or the theatre and if we can offer her a little entertainment it is our pleasure.

If she had the time, Sheba would like to date tall men. Not young men, and not old men. What she calls, "mature men of the world." Men involved in some sort of business seem to appeal to her more than any one else. She feels that they have a sense of self importance that gives them assurance, and it transfers itself to her and makes her feel a little more special. Besides, mature men know how to treat a woman. When we asked her how a woman liked being treated she told us that a mature man wouldn't have to ask that question. He would know. That put us in our place, and we didn't try to make a date. God knows that we're mature enough. Thirty two should be mature enough for any body.

Her favorite modeling jobs are bathing suit ads. She loves figure modeling, but the bathing suit ads



take her out of doors to a pool or to the ocean. She just loves swimming. She says that when she was the Queen of Sheba, the whole Mediterranean was her private lake. She's a happy girl, let her have her fun.

She does not go for these modern dances at all. She considers the twist to be barbaric. The cha-cha is interesting, but she would rather dance up close to some very dreamy music like Star Dust or Blue Moon. The Lindy Hop is strictly taboo. She claims that her favorite instruments are the same as when she was Queen of you know what. And that if they haven't changed after all of these centuries they never will. She still likes harps and lutes. (Harps and lutes, say it fast and it sounds as though you are ordering a fish dinner).





SHEBA THE QUEEN

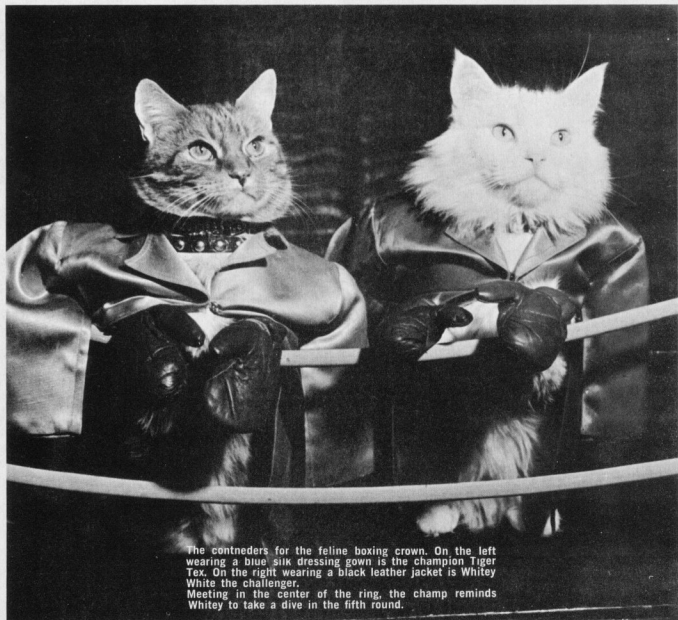
We tried to find out where Sheba actually did come from and just how old she really is, but nobody was able to give us any information. She speaks several languages, but she still doesn't speak English with an accent. She doesn't look to be more than twenty two or three years old. But looks are deceiving. She could be younger.

She told us that a man would be calling for her at the studio. We told her to leave the gentleman's name with our receptionist. We will tell you the name she gave as you would never guess it in a million years. Alexander the Great. We thought she was putting us on again, but he really did come. Dressed in armour with sandles, spear and shield. He said he was Alexander the Great, but he looked just like Charlton Heston. He asked if we would like two tickets to the chariot races. We took the tickets, said goodbye to Sheba, and couldn't wait until they got out of the studio.

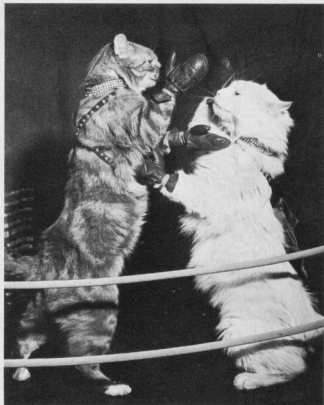
By the way, we went to Madison Square Garden and saw a very exciting chariot race. All those people in their togas kept looking at us in our GGG suit and thought we were nuts. Oh well, all we can say is "Come back little Sheba".



FELINE INSTRUCTS



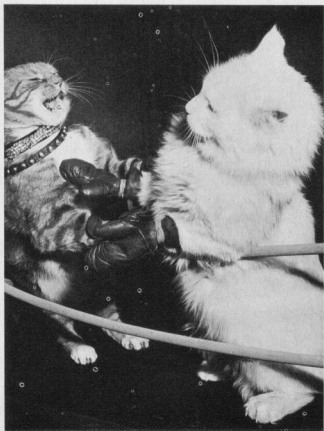
The contenders for the feline boxing crown. On the left wearing a blue silk dressing gown is the champion Tiger Tex. On the right wearing a black leather jacket is Whitey White the challenger. Meeting in the center of the ring, the champ reminds Whitey to take a dive in the fifth round.



Tiger decides to give the customers some action, but he reminds Whitey to take his fall in the fifth.



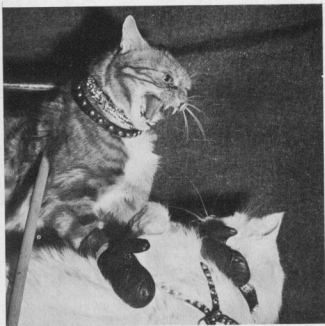
The champ straightens up to his full height and throws a left.



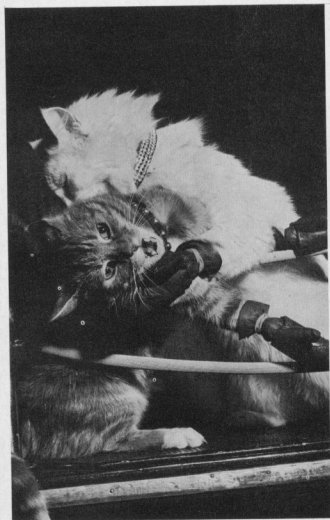
Tiger goes into a crouch and sets Whitey up for a right cross.



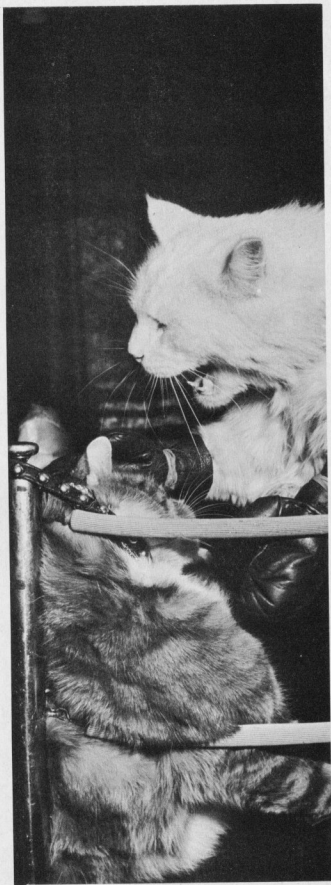
But Whitey was ready and when he saw his opening he belted the champ right into the ropes.



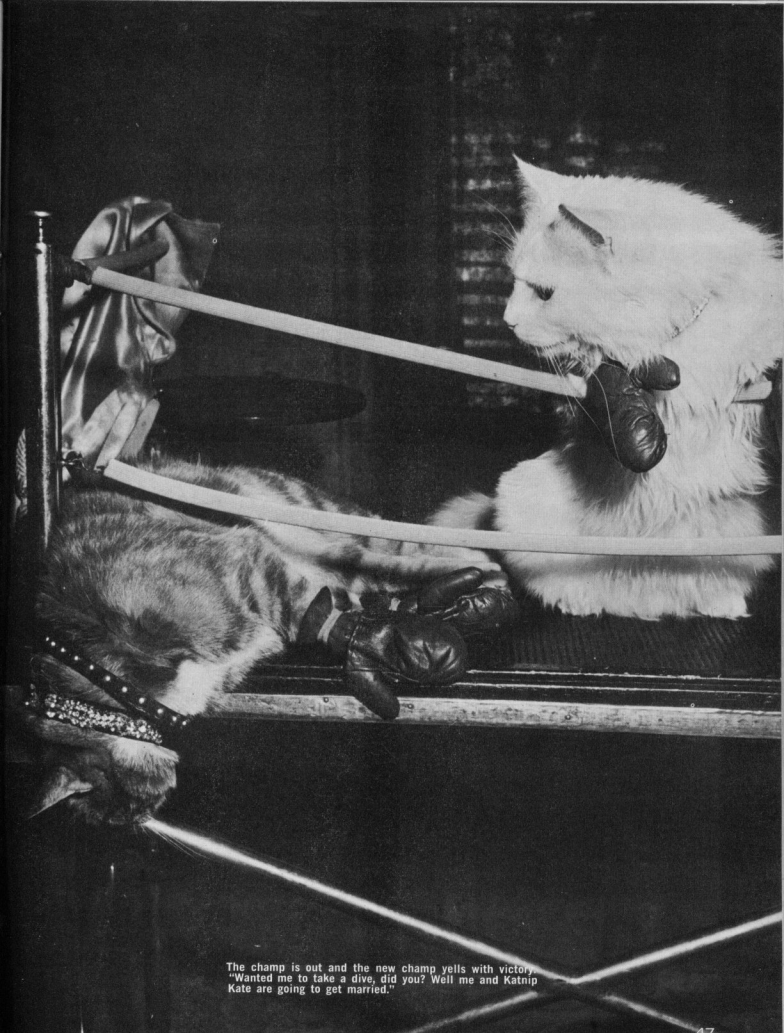
Tiger tries to fight his way out of the corner.



But Whitey is determined to win this fight, and crowds Tex tightly to the ropes.



Tex goes down for the count, mumbling some thing about the fifth.



The champ is out and the new champ yells with victory.
"Wanted me to take a dive, did you? Well me and Katnip
Kate are going to get married."



THE LONG COUNT

TREVER SANDS

Jim Bowman was fighting for his life, not that he realized it of course, but nevertheless this was the truth and had to be faced. As he lay on the rubbing table in the dressing room, the rumble of voices slowly diminished until he was no longer aware that anyone existed, other than himself. His mind began to wander back in a continual search for the truth which seemed to be alluding him. In the span of a few years Jim had risen from a nobody to the World Heavyweight Champion. But he was not happy, something was missing, somewhere along the line he had gone wrong. He had never pictured it like this, he should be on top of the world. Where had he gone wrong? This was what he was searching for, trying to reach back in time to correct whatever it was. Slowly he goes back until he pictures himself as he was, a young man of seventeen, living on New York's lower East Side. Living under conditions that were anything but favorable for the upbringing of a teenager. But Jim seemed different from the run-of-the-mill boys congregating on street corners, looking for any trouble that they could find. He was considered

to be one of them, though not a ring-leader. It was while running wild with this mob that he first showed any prowess in the noble art of self-defense and it was not long before the gang was encouraging him into more and more fights. It was only natural that sooner or later Jim was going to be pulled in by the cops, which in fact he was, but his clean cut appearance stood him in good stead. With the aid of an interested party in the form of Officer George Murphy, Jim was taken in hand and guided onto a more righteous path. However, Murphy was also aware of Jim's ability as a fighter and through the local PAL Jim started to learn the basic rudiments of the sport.

Of course, Officer Murphy had a big thing going for him in the shape of his daughter Conny, and she was not disinterested in Jim. Jim, however, had no time for girls, he never had. To him they were just a bunch of skirts and he couldn't find room for them in his life, or so he thought. Soon Jim found himself fighting as an amateur in Boys' Clubs and doing very

(Continued on page 56)

&

Rouge



Blanc



One of the easiest ways and oldest methods of impressing that big date is to take her out to dine in a top restaurant. Of course the greatest impression is created by a few simple words to the waiter; "May I see the wine list?" How many times we wonder have you created this situation?

Of the countless thousands of men who find themselves in this position every day, probably only one in a hundred knows anything at all about wine. Probably only half of them know the simplest forms of ordering what types of wine to drink with what food. Never the less the old custom of wine drinking is slowly returning.

Our vivacious model Toni Winters has no trouble on this score, for she is a connoisseur of wines and knows all the answers. Toni, not being the selfish type has decided that our readers should know a little more about her hobby.

"First let us sort out the wines by country starting with France, which is the largest wine producer in the world. From there we get the Bordeaux clarets, Burgandies, Rosés, Sauternes, Champagnes and of course Cognac. These are all types of wines and are named mostly by the district from which they come. Of course each vineyard, company or chateaux have their own label which will always state the type of wine.





Next we have Germany where once more the names are by districts such as Rheingau, Moselle, and Palatinate. The difference between this labeling as opposed to the French is that the German usually states the degree of sweetness and type of harvest.

From Italy we have Chianti, Valpolicella, Bardolino, Orvieto, Soave, Marsala, Asti Spumanti and of course is noted for its Sherries and Portugal for Port and lastly Madeira, for its range of Madeira wines. Many fine wines are also to be found in the United States both on the east and west coasts.

Now we come to what to order with what meals. With appetizers, drink dry sherry or Madeira, dry whites like Moselle or California Riesling, or of course Champagne, Rosés or iced Vermouth. With soup its dry Sherry or Madeira. With most sea food we turn to dry Whites, Chablis or Champagne unless of course its highly seasoned fish in wine sauce. Then we order medium dry reds or rosés. Most poultry call for dry whites, while duck or goose needs dry red. Beef again calls for dry red as does lamb or mutton.

With most popular Italian dishes one naturally should partake of dry red wine of Italy or the Rhone. Most of the sweet red wines, white sauternes, ports etc., are left to be served with desserts; nuts, fruit, etc."

After Toni had explained all this we must have looked very bewildered so she summed up by adding, "It really doesn't take long to become familiar with good wines. A good rule of thumb might be to remember, dry wines with appetizers and soup, red wine with meat, white with fish or fowl. And sweet for dessert. And don't be afraid to order unusual vintages OR to make any changes you like in the rules."

We would add that a safer bet would be to take Toni along with you . . . any takers?







"As Social Director for the Grand Star Steamship Company . . .
Let me say, welcome aboard and smooth sailing, Sir!"

The Long Count

(Continued from page 49)

well, and he also found himself getting more and more interested in Connie. This rather worried him as he felt it was against his code of manhood. But he was powerless to do anything about it and before long Jim and Connie were "going steady."

The picture in Jim's mind was now becoming much clearer. In those days he really was in love and to him Connie was the world. He would do anything for her; he had to make good. Connie needed him; everything he did was for her. "Was this the mistake, he thought." No, it couldn't be, it must have been further along. Maybe they should have been married there and then, even though he had a poor job and really couldn't afford it, he thought that may have been the answer. But they didn't get married. Instead, Jim looked for what he thought was an easy way to make money. He went into the fight game as a professional. In his first few fights it became obvious that this boy had something and it wasn't long before he was being approached by various people who wanted to manage him. Once again through his friend and potential father-in-law he teamed up with a man by the name of Matty Harding. According to George, Matty was straight and would bring him on in the right way to see that he got as far as he could; and tell him when it was time to quit. The first year money was still slow in coming in, even though he kept at his old job. He was still only in the minor league, fighting at first only three and four rounders and then six rounders. Nevertheless, he was winning but not taking home much in the way of cash and so marriage was still in the distant future. Through all this Conny was always at his side, she followed every fight, helped him with his training, made sure that he kept to his scheduled routine. In fact, did everything in her power to help him along. Under Matty's careful guidance Jim slowly began climbing the rungs of the ladder of fame. So far he was unbeaten, now he began to move into the big money brackets and still he was winning. Now instead of taking home fifty bucks he was taking home three, four or five hundred dollars after each fight. But along with the rise in fame there came a change in friendships. He was meeting a different class of people, people who knew what money was for and how to spend it. Jim was beginning to see life through the eyes of a twenty-dollar bill. This is what caused the first rift between him and Conny. Her argument was that they could save and be able to get married. But he had changed. Much she wanted Connie, he also wanted the life that he was beginning to lead. After each fight Connie got the same story from Jim: "Just one more fight, honey, then we will have enough money to go into a small business and get married." These were the promises that Connie had to live on and much as she loved Jim she was beginning to get tired of them. The final windup came when Matty had fixed up an elimination bout, the winner of which would meet the champion. Connie wanted to get married before the fight but she was met with the same obstacles. "We must wait," was Jim's only answer. "After the fight we will get married." But Connie knew that this wouldn't be true once the fight was over. If he won, there would then be the championship fight. It was then that she told him that either they get married there and then or she would walk out on him. Jim was by now rather full of his own importance and he told her to get out. He didn't care, he had money and there were plenty of dames around. He didn't need Connie, what had she ever done for him? These were the thoughts that went through his mind.

Jim won the elimination bout in a pretty quick time, this

now made him the number one contender for the title with a record of twenty-eight fights, twenty-seven wins and one draw. An impressive record that would take some beating. Now, Jim without Connie, was really going to town, the money that he had saved was being thrown away on parties and entertaining. He was really living it up, but slowly the time was drawing near for him to start training for the big fight. He was, surprisingly enough, given a 5 to 4 chance of taking the title away from the holder. Probably the shortest odds that had ever been put on a championship fight, short enough in fact, to worry some rather important people who had a lot of money tied up in the fight racket. Somehow this group had to find a way of protecting their interests in the champion. It was the old story, they tried to buy Jim off from his contract with Matty. This failed. They then tried to talk Jim into retiring, offering him huge sums. But Jim was still straight; this being the only virtue that he had left. Since they could not get at Jim in this manner they tried to get to him through his own vanity. This was when Linda Bolton came into the picture. Linda was what one might call one hundred percent woman, possessing a fabulous figure, a beautiful face, ash blond hair and a pair of legs which would make your eyes pop out. Linda was in hook to the syndicate for quite a stack of dough, and the only way she could ever hope to repay them was by going along with any plans they had for her. Their plans, this time, included Jim. A meeting was a simple thing to arrange for Jim was a sucker for beautiful girls and within a matter of a couple of days Linda had Jim eating out of her hand. She met him at the gym, had lunch with him, and again the following day. Now, Linda had to work on the evenings for the plan was pretty obvious: to get Jim away from his training schedule, keep him out late. In fact, do anything to ensure that when he entered the ring he would not be one hundred percent fit for anywhere near it. The going was tough, even for Linda. Jim was still set on becoming the champ and even Linda couldn't entice him away from his schedule, which insisted that he be in bed by ten in the evening. Finally in desperation Linda contrived to be in Jim's apartment before he arrived home from an evening appointment on television. It was around ten fifteen when Jim arrived home. He was more than surprised to find Linda standing against the bar in the corner. She moved towards him, speaking softly. "Jim, darling, I just couldn't wait any longer. I need you so terribly, please don't send me away."

By this time, Jim was finding his conscience bothering him. He knew that with only a week to go before the fight this was not the thing to let happen. Yet in his heart he knew that he wanted Linda more than he had wanted anything in his life. She poured herself a drink and one for Jim. He refused and left it standing on the bar. As he turned around to face Linda he was stopped dead by the fact that she had begun to peel off her clothes. Slowly and in a very determined manner; her blouse, skirt, slip. Jim reached for the drink and swallowed it at one gulp. Somehow he could find no voice to protest what was going on, his eyes were riveted on the beautiful curves of Linda's body. Her stockings came off, then her bra and panties, and there she stood like a Greek Goddess; but probably a hundred times more beautiful. Slowly she moved towards him and without realizing he put his glass down and was moving towards her. Caution was thrown to the wind; to hell with the training program. Linda was now in his arms and he was caressing her body and Linda, much to her surprise found that she was powerless to do anything but respond. She found herself being lifted off her feet and carried into the bedroom. Jim, by now, was half tearing, half unbuttoning his shirt. Eventually in desperation it was ripped off and although Linda had seen Jim stripped in the ring many times she had never felt as she felt now while looking at his magnificent

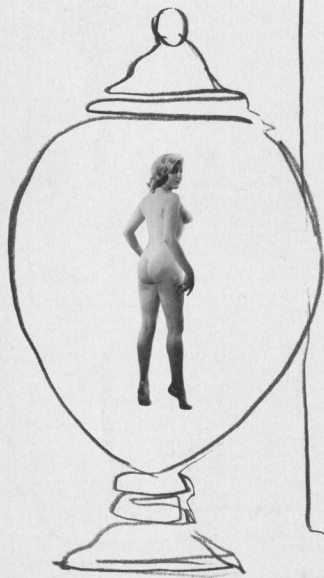
physique. She couldn't quite grasp what was going on. This was the plan that she had put into action, but somehow it had got her out of hand. No more was she scheming, no more was she planning anything. She suddenly realized that she was in love with the guy. She really, truly wanted him, out of love for him. And love him she did. As the first light of day showed through the venetian blinds, Linda stirred. Her eyes opened and her gaze moved towards the figure at her side and her mind began working. She knew that she was in love with this poor fool. She also knew that if she carried on as she had been instructed, Jim could never win the fight. On top of which he would probably be half killed in the process of trying. Yet if she didn't go through with it her own life would be in danger. She just had to tell him. She couldn't go on living this lie. Jim woke around eight thirty which was already an hour after he should have been doing road work. By then Linda had coffee ready and was fixing breakfast. It was over breakfast that she told Jim the whole story of what she had been trying to do and why she had had to do it. At first Jim was furious and for a minute Linda thought that he was going to take a swing at her. But he cooled down and between them they decided that the best thing to do was to play along with the plot. In other words for the next few days he would put on an act of slowing down, becoming sluggish. This settled; their spirits began to lift a little and once more Linda found herself in Jim's arms. Suddenly the door bell rang. Jim moved to the door, opened it and was astounded to find Connie standing there. Her look moved from Jim to Linda and then back to Jim. The look on her face was a mixture of disgust and pity. Without saying a word she turned and ran down the hall. Of course Linda wanted to know who she was, and Jim, for the first time in many months had twinges of conscience about what he had done to Connie. However, he had no choice but to tell Linda the truth and as he related it he began to feel more ashamed, Linda made no comment but finished dressing and told Jim that she would see him at the gym in the afternoon.

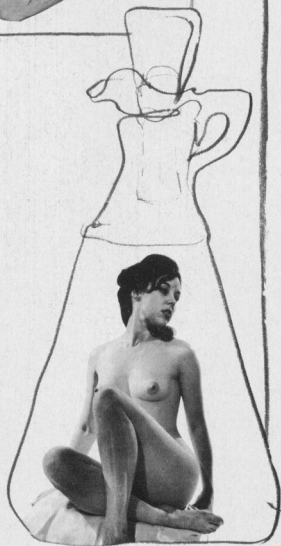
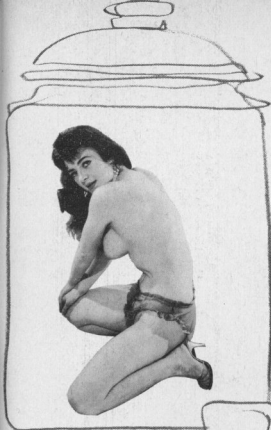
Their own little scheme went along smoothly as they had planned and by the time the night of the fight came Jim was feeling pretty good, although he knew that he wasn't in the peak of condition. He thought that he was good enough to take the title. As he left his dressing room to make his way through the cheering and roaring crowd to the ring a note was pushed into his bandaged hands. Without anyone seeing he managed to read it. It was terse and to the point, and said that if he won the fight he would never see Linda again. This was the end, he had no chance to think, he only knew at that moment that Linda's life meant more to him than winning. He was in a daze and wasn't really aware of what was going on. He didn't even notice the referee and he didn't feel them putting his gloves on or being called to the center of the ring; going through the usual formalities. The first thing that really stood out in his mind was the bell for the first round. He managed to keep out of trouble while his senses began to clear themselves. In the second round he made up his mind that he would put on a show for six or seven rounds, then take a dive. Unfortunately for Jim this was not the way he had learned to fight; he didn't know how to play along. The only way he made it was by taking one hell of a beating. After four rounds Matty wanted to call it a day. A cut had been opened above Jim's left eye and he was having difficulty in seeing. His mouth was cut on the inside and he was bleeding badly but he insisted that he could make a go of it. He had his plan and he was going to stick to it. He came back to his corner at the end of the fifth round in very bad shape; bad enough for the doctor to be called. He would only just be able to make it into the sixth round. Half way through the rest period Linda appeared at his side and told him as quickly



as she could that she had told everything to the police and there was nothing to worry about. Also that she wasn't really for him and that he would be better to go back where he belonged. More than this she wasn't able to say, for covered by the noise of the crowd was the dull spat of a silenced .38. Nobody heard it, but it found its mark in Linda's back and she slumped over the rope. For a few minutes confusion reigned, people were running everywhere, but Linda was in Jim's arms. Her eyes opened and she looked up at him and with her last ounce of strength begged him to go back to Connie. She died that way. But the fight had to continue and after a short breathing space of five minutes a lot of the strength had returned to Jim's body. Somehow, Jim knew he had to get back in there and win. There was no purpose in losing now. At the same time he realized that in his weakened condition and all the points scored up against him he would really have to pull out all stops. The fight turned into one huge blood bath, three times in the next four rounds Jim was put down for the full count of 9, but he still came back. He didn't know what kept him going but for some unknown reason he just wouldn't stay down. In the twelfth round Jim at long last found the opening he had been waiting for and with a beautiful right cross brought the champion to his knees. From then on it was just a matter of time the fight went the full distance and amid the roaring of the huge crowd Jim distantly heard the announcement that he was the new champion. In his condition he was hardly aware of what was going on around him and it was as much as he could do to raise his hand in victory. Somehow or other Matty managed to get him out of the ring and half carried him into his dressing room. The last thing that Jim really remembered was being lifted onto the table. . . . At last, he thought, he had found his mistake. He now knew what had been his undoing; he now knew that things could be put right and that he should never have left Connie in the first place. The rumble of voices began to grow again, slowly he opened his eyes but he did not recognize the blurred images that were around him. He heard a voice saying, "You're alright, you'll pull through, son." Slowly the blurred images began to take shape and there at the foot of the hospital bed on which he was lying, was Connie. She was smiling and she said to him, "Oh, Jim, darling, you've won the greatest fight of your life. It has taken you five days to pull through. Now, together we'll be able to lick anything." Jim closed his eyes again and relaxed, for now he knew that success was not to be found anywhere other than with Connie.

french spice





smaller

Casbah Dream



So there I was on my way home from the airport. I'd been away for three days at a conference. My mind was now wondering what sort of reception my wife would give me. Yeah I know, usually it was all love and kisses, something I really looked forward to. But then usually I come home with a small gift for my wife, you know the small surprise they are always waiting for. But this time she was going to get a big surprise for this one was five feet eight inches tall, dark and built like a dream who went by the name of Malena Montero.

Every time I glanced at her sitting next to me in the car I got a prickly feeling up the back of my neck. Then I'd think of my wife and I'd get shivers up and down my spine . . . What was I going to tell her. I went over all the old tales none seemed to fit. She certainly wasn't my sister, maybe a cousin . . . no, she knew all my family, maybe a distant cousin from Europe, no she wouldn't fall for that. I couldn't pass her off as an American at all since she couldn't speak English. The truth I knew she wouldn't believe because you see I didn't tell her where the conference was being held, if I had she'd never have let me go.

What's that you say? **You'd like** to know the truth, and maybe you could help. O.K. fella if your so good here it is. Let's see how you would get out of this one. The conference was held in Casablanca. Try to explain that away for a start; when your wife thinks you've been in Chicago. The girl? She became my property when I raised my hand at an auction in the Casbah and I've been stuck with her for the last forty eight hours. Sure take a look, some dish eh? That's what I thought when I was out there, but what now?







What do I do, walk in and say to the wife "Hey darling look what I picked up in the super market on the way home, special this week only fifteen bucks."

What's that fella? You have the answer . . . you'll give me the fifteen bucks and take her of my hands. No deal fella. But say how much will you offer for my wife?



BAR ROOM TRICKS



Fellas, when was the last time you were standing at a bar enjoying a quiet beer, when some clown next to you says, "Hey Mac, I'll betcha you can't do this?" And, after you've dutifully made a fool of yourself the big boob proceeds to knock off the stunt in a snap. Well, that was the last time. This article is designed to show you off to good advantage and possibly recoup the loss of all those drinks you've been buying half the house. All the equipment necessary is readily available at any bar and unless the bartender is a drag you should have no trouble pulling them off.

One of the most spectacular, that always gets them, is to ask anybody if they can remove the ice cube from a glass of water (from their own drinks if their spenders) without touching it with their hands. This "without touching it with your hands" line is important in 99 per cent of all bar tricks.

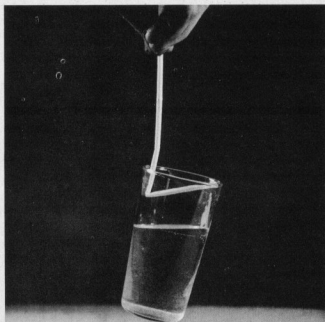
When you think your victim has gaped at the glass long enough, and before the damned thing melts, **you**, either using a match as the photo shows, or a length of string, proceed to floor him. Gently lay the match, or string, across the part of the cube that is above water. Then sprinkle some salt so that it covers the match and a bit of the cube. The salt will melt a small bit of the ice, which creates enough surface for the match to adhere and you calmly lift the cube from the glass.

You can follow this up by asking if he can lift the **glass** without touching it. And while he is still groggy pull off the bit with the soda straw, as shown in the picture.

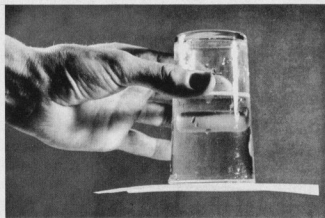
And you can get still further mileage out of the same drink of water, without the cube this time, by asking if anyone can turn it over using one hand and hold it upside down without spilling it. Then, unless



A



B



C

your victim is a high school boy you can use the air pressure demonstration that any high school boy knows. First, place a piece of paper over the mouth of the glass, and invert the whole thing on to the bar top (using both hands). Then with one hand only, lift glass, paper and all, slowly off the bar. If he is a high school grad he knows that air pressure will hold the paper, and thus the water, in place. Better practice this one with various amounts of water, it doesn't always work too well with a full glass.

C

As everyone knows it's very easy to balance a coin on the rim of a glass. The trick here is to balance **TWO** coins at the same time using only one hand. After our "friend" has dropped a half dozen coins into his drink you can rescue him by following the shots shown here and simply slide a pair of coins up opposite sides of the glass and turning them over the rim till they balance perfectly.

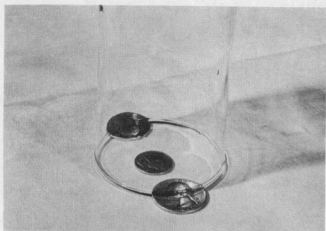
D

The next is possible to do on a bar's slick mahogany but is easier on a tablecloth or napkin. The stunt is to remove the dime from under the glass without touching either glass or quarters. You'll find that by scratching the cloth or tapping the bar surface the dime will inch its way toward you, sliding right under the edge of the glass.

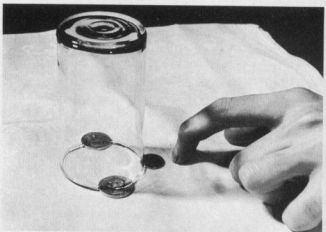
F

And if you've planned this campaign ahead, you can then ask if anyone can remove the piece of paper you have previously placed beneath the glass, without knocking the coins from their perch. Which is a snap, if you carefully roll the paper on an ordinary pencil applying pressure against the base of the glass.

G



E



F



D



G



This next one is of the applied high school general Science II variety. The problem you present to your withering foe is to knock the match stick off the nickel without touching the glass, or the bar in this case, lest our victim feels like slamming the bar, or you at this point.

You should remember the wonderful powers of static electricity and that the old pocket comb seems to be greatly gifted in its ability to store it. After a few passes of the comb through your hair, simply bring it close to the side of the glass and lo and behold the match spins toward the comb and thence off the coin.

These are only a few of the thousands of gags and problems you can use to while away the time between TV commercials. Perhaps they have reminded you of a few you have fallen victim, too. You can of course turn these on your own victims, or you can send suggestions to us and when we have collected enough, maybe we can relay your info to our readers in a later article.

By the way all of the above tricks have been carefully tested in our laboratory and in the field, but we would advice that you try them yourself before creating any embarrassing scenes.



KOPY



KAT

At first glance, you might think this delectable bit of French confection is Brigitte Bardot . . . However the young lady in question is an actress in her own right, and her name is Ule Maler. Ule started her career as a stage actress, starring in the French version of *A Streetcar Named Desire*. At the peak of Bardot fever, Ule saw the advantages of becoming a Kopy Kat of the famous sex kitten. She let her hair down, and combed it a la Bardot fashion with her finger tips instead of a comb. Tight sweaters and blue jeans were the order of the day. Ule's career was launched. Not one to rely on physical attributes alone and unlike many starlets she actually took acting lessons. You might say that Ule is the most successful Kopy Kat in town as she is employed full time as Brigitte Bardot's double. Ule makes lots of money, however she is unhappy, she wants to be a sex kitten herself and not just another Kopy Kat.









"I'm Beginning to think that I'm nothing more to you than a soft touch."

**next
issue
of eve**



M

Meet the Peppermint Twister from Kansas City, Diana Butler (above). Ring that bell, with exotic Gina Bell, a doll who doubles for Ava Gardner. Male Cheesecake anyone? the photographer who specializes in the male form fatale. Lorraine Burnette, another bra bustin Britton, and London's top figure model. Voltaire; eighteenth century Mort Sahl. Sharp witted Francois Marie Arouet Voltaire, in his day, created such iconoclastic havoc as Mort Sahl, today's sharpest wit, could never approach. "Is there any group I haven't offended yet?" Sound familiar? sure. It's Sahl's favorite phrase. It is equally, if not better suited to Voltaire. EVE vol. 1 Issue #4 on sale . . .

