

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

MARCH 1967 • 75 CENTS

PLAYBOY

THE BUNNIES OF THE
SHOW-ME STATE
SHOW OFF IN A
TEN-PAGE PICTORIAL



PLAYBOY®

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE



Sharon Tate P. 70



Aristocrats P. 110



Missouri Bunnies P. 112



Pad P. 80

PLAYBILL.....	5
DEAR PLAYBOY.....	11
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS.....	19
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR.....	39
PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK—travel.....	PATRICK CHASE 43
THE PLAYBOY FORUM.....	45
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ORSON WELLES—candid conversation.....	53
COMET WINE—fiction.....	RAY RUSSELL 66
THE TATE GALLERY: PICTURES BY POLANSKI—pictorial.....	70
EXECUTIVE SALARIES—article.....	VANCE PACKARD 75
THE WITNESS—fiction.....	HARRY MARK PETRAKIS 79
A PLAYBOY PAD: EXOTICA IN EXURBIA—modern living.....	80
THE FIRST NATIONAL FIDUCIARY CARTEL—humor.....	MARVIN KITMAN 87
THE NEW EDWARDIAN—attire.....	ROBERT L. GREEN 88
STARS IN HER EYES—playboy's playmate of the month.....	92
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor.....	98
AN EXPENSIVE PLACE TO DIE—fiction.....	LEN DEIGHTON 100
VIRGINIA—fiction.....	CALVIN TOMKINS 103
THE GROOMING GAME—accouterments.....	104
THE LANGUAGE OF GALIC GOURMANDISE—food.....	THOMAS MARIO 109
THE NEW ARISTOCRATS—opinion.....	PAUL GOODMAN 110
THE BUNNIES OF MISSOURI—pictorial essay.....	112
THE LADY'S TALE—ribald classic.....	123
ROOMS—satire.....	JULES FEIFFER 130
ON THE SCENE—personalities.....	142

HUGH M. HEFNER *editor and publisher*

A. C. SPECTORSKY *associate publisher and editorial director*

ARTHUR PAUL *art director*

JACK J. KESSIE *managing editor*

VINCENT T. TAJIRI *picture editor*

GENERAL OFFICES: PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. BETWEEN POSTAGE MUST ACCOMPANY ALL MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS SUBMITTED IF THEY ARE TO BE RETURNED AND NO RESPONSIBILITY CAN BE ASSUMED FOR UNSOLICITED MATERIALS. CONTENTS COPYRIGHTED © 1967 BY HMM PUBLISHING CO., INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMIFICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. CREDITS: COVER: ROSEL NANCY CHAMBERLAIN, PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR. OTHER PHOTOGRAPHY BY: DON BRONSTEIN, P. 3; MARIO CASILLI, P. 105; ALAN CLIFFTON, P. 53; LARRY GORDON, P. 113-115, 116, 119; MARVIN RONES, P. 3; STAN MALINOWSKI, P. 114, 115-121 (2); TERRY O'NEILL, P. 128; J. BARRY O'ROURKE, P. 3, 104-107, 124; HERB SPENCER, P. 114, 124; ALEXAS URDA, P. 112, 113 (2), 115-117 (2), 120; HERB WEITMAN, P. 113, 117, 120; MIKE WILLETT, P. 121; JERRY YULISMAN, P. 3, 121.

SHELDON WAN *assistant managing editor*; MURRAY FISHER, NAT LEHRMAN *senior editors*; ROBE MACAULEY *fiction editor*; JAMES COOBE, ARTHUR KRETCHMER, MICHAEL LAURENCE *associate editors*; ROBERT L. GREEN *fashion director*; DAVID TAYLOR *associate fashion editor*; THOMAS MARIO *food & drink editor*; PATRICK CHASE *travel editor*; J. PAUL GETTY *contributing editor, business & finance*; CHARLES BEAUMONT, KEN W. PURDY *contributing editors*; ARLENE BOUBAS *copy chief*; DAVID BUTLER, JOHN GARBEE, LAWRENCE LINDERMAN, CARL SNYDER, DAVID STEVENS, ROGER WIDENER, ROBERT WILSON *assistant editors*; BEV CHAMBERLAIN *associate picture editor*; MARILYN GRABOWSKI *assistant picture editor*; MARIO CASILLI, LARRY GORDON, J. BARRY O'ROURKE, POMPEO POSAR, ALEXAS URBA, JERRY YULISMAN *staff photographers*; STAN MALINOWSKI *contributing photographer*; RONALD BLUME *associate art director*; NORM SCHAEFER, JOSEPH PACZEK *assistant art directors*; WALTER KRABENYCH *art assistant*; JOHN MASTRO *production manager*; ALLEN VARGO *assistant production manager*; VAI PAPPAS *rights and permissions*; HOWARD W. LEDYER *advertising director*; JULES KASE *associate advertising manager*; SHERMAN KEATS *chicago advertising manager*; JOSEPH GUENTHER *detroit advertising manager*; NELSON FUTCH *promotion director*; HELMUT LORSCH *publicity manager*; BENNY DUNN *public relations manager*; ANSON MOUNT *public affairs manager*; THEO FREDERICK *personnel director*; JANET PILGRIM *reader service*; ALVIN WIEMOLD *subscription fulfillment manager*; ELDON SELLERS *special projects*; ROBERT S. FREUSS *business manager and circulation director*.

PLAYBOY, MARCH 1967 VOL. 14, NO. 3. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HMM PUBLISHING CO., INC., IN NATIONAL AND REGIONAL EDITIONS. PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILL. 60611. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT CHICAGO, ILL., AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE U. S., \$8 FOR ONE YEAR.



"All I could get out of him was his name, rank, serial number, and an ingenious American invention called a 'quickie'!"

*fledgling film beauty
sharon tate is caught by
the still camera of her
director on the set of
their horror-movie spoof,
"the vampire killers"*

This is the year Sharon Tate happens. A screen newcomer with three films to be released in 1967. Sharon shows best in Roman Polanski's *The Vampire Killers*, a slap-sick unreeling of macabre carryings-on. Says director Polanski, who last year shocked moviegoers with *Repulsion*, "What kind of film is *The Vampire Killers*? It's funny!" A man of many talents, Polanski, who co-stars in his new movie, personally photographed Sharon for the pages of *PLAYBOY*. Depicted here is her sudsy tête-à-tate with a frightening film ghoul who, like us, finds Sharon a tasty dish, indeed.

The Tate Gallery:

PICTURES BY POLANSKI

"The Vampire Killers" displays Sharon's formidable form in two tub-thumping scenes. Signed by Martin Ransohoff to a Filmways contract four years ago, she received a half-million-dollar Hollywood non-buildup: continuous courtes in everything from diction to dancing to dress—even bodybuilding. Says Miss Tate, "Mr. Ransohoff didn't want the audience to see me till I was ready." As Polanski's photos reveal, Sharon's ready now.







Cast as an innkeeper's daughter, Sharon proves too tempting a bathing beauty for vampire Count Krolock (Ferdy Mayne) to bypass. The no-count villain quickly turns Sharon into a fellow vamp, and together, the gruesome twosome terrorize the citizenry of—where else?—Transylvania.





"You're a disgrace to the uniform!"



SOKOL

"Believe me, the State will take your cooperation into consideration, Miss Hollingsworth . . ."

A. Crispin



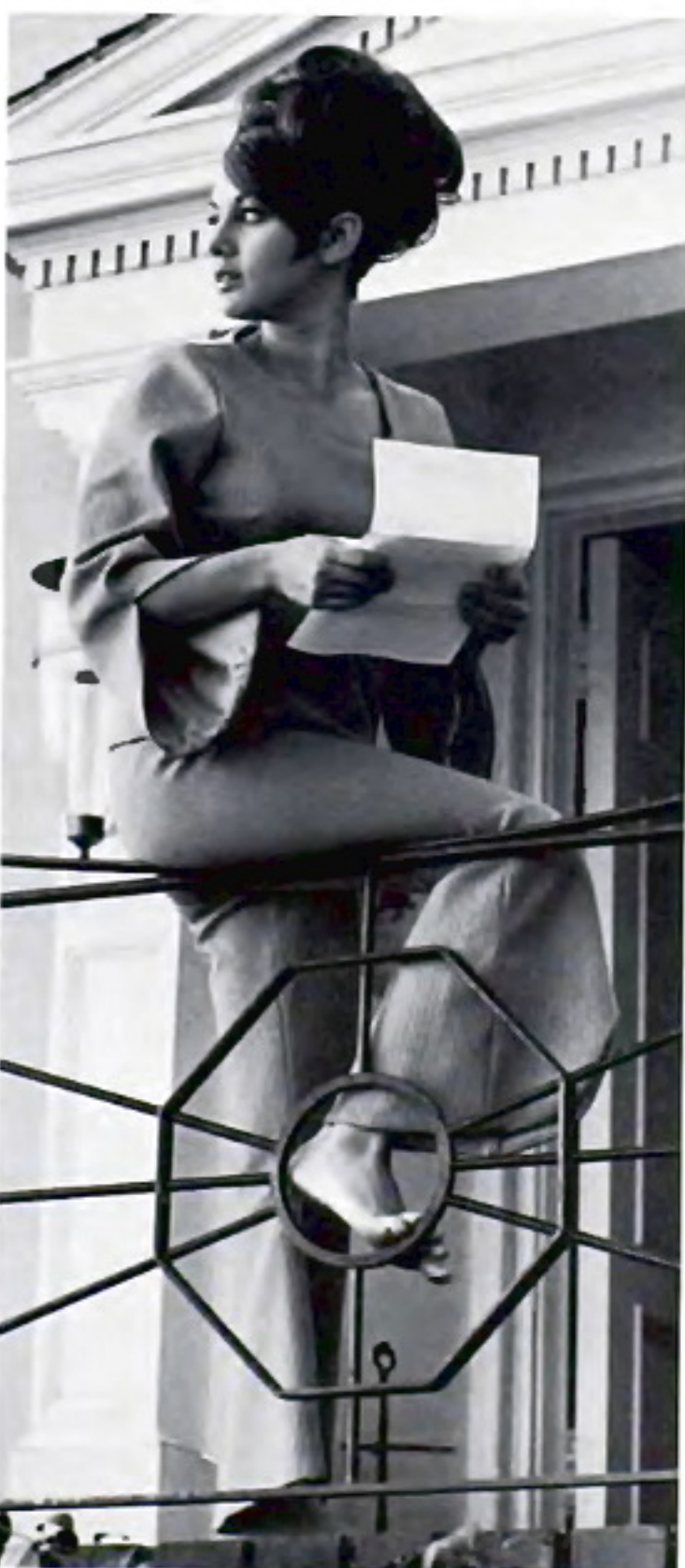
"Pity your husband doesn't play cards, Mrs. Cartwright . . . !"



STARS IN HER EYES

Generously configured Fran Gerard is a girl for the stars. She works with them—as an astrologer's assistant in sunny Southern Cal—and lives by them. Born under the sign of Aries, Fran should be warm, outgoing, charming and strong-willed—and she is. And, living as she does under her planet, Mars, she has been instilled with "a great deal of natural courage, a love of pioneering, testing, experimenting, investigating"—at least, according to her sign. "I guess that's why I've always liked the science," says the pretty assistant stargazer who tends the office for a Hollywood astrology teacher. "We're forever searching the cosmos for new meanings." Our plenipotent Playmate is as versant with combos as with cosmos: "Charlie Parker's *Ornithology* was the greatest single ever made," says Fran, "and I think *E.S.P.* by Miles Davis is the best LP." Sinatra is her favorite singer ("especially on *Cottage for Sale*"). "Actually," she says, "I have lots of favorites, like artists Marc Chagall and Salvador Dali. They capture so much of the glory of the universe in their work, but don't think I'm being stuffy; I like *Batman*, too." Fran credits another favorite, a book, with being the source of all this happiness and satisfaction. "It's *The Magic of Believing* by C. M. Bristol. It helps you to think positively." The positively smashing Miss Gerard's idea of a perfect man? Clark Gable. "Remember him as Rhett Butler in *Gone with the Wind*? He was too much," says Fran appreciatively. In an athletic mood, she is apt to try her hand at skiing or swimming. "I think you have to keep fit," she says. Our agile astrologer tends to put mind over matter, even though in this case the latter (39-24-36) must be described as heavenly: "I like to think the stars are right about me," says Fran, gesturing toward the mystic chart. "It tells me here, for instance, 'Much of your beauty is centered in your natural poise, in the way you hold your head, sometimes tossing it high in defiance, at other times bringing your piercing gaze to bear on the speaker. You are a natural-born leader, work well with other people and always know how to achieve group ends.' I hope I don't sound too immodest if I say I think that's true."

we predict a sparkling future for our heavenly bodied miss march



At top, Fran hosts fellow stargazers in her mountaintop home in Southern California. In touch by mail with many like-minded persons, Fran awaits the mailman (left). Planning her first trip to ski country, Miss March peruses the local newspaper for her horoscope and the latest reports on ski conditions (middle right), then tries on snow glasses. "Be prepared, I always say," smiles Fran.

MISS MARCH

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





California girls like the outdoors and Fran is no exception. "I think I had tried everything but skiing when the man at the Viking Ski Shop offered to teach me to ski. Well, everything but football and boxing maybe. Anyway, it turned out to be a lot of fun," says our pretty Playmate who is delightfully girlish despite her Rubensesque figure. "The 'slope' turned out to be a big piece of canvas," she added. "I'm really looking forward to trying the real thing. It must be an incredibly thrilling feeling to sweep down a snowy mountainside, air whistling in your ears: You must feel like the wind. And, later, at night, it must be wonderful to be that close to the stars."



Dorothy Parker may have had something when she wrote "Men seldom make passes at girls who wear glasses," but she certainly never had a glimpse of Miss March. "Actually," smiles Fran, "I don't believe it's true. Most men I know don't seem to care. Even if they did, though, I'm just not a person who would rather be blind as a bat than be seen with glasses on. It just isn't worth it," affirms our lovely Playmate, less than convincing as she says she guesses she'll "just have to go through life looking like a schoolmarm."



Сокот

THE BUNNIES

*a words-and-pictures
paean to the hutch honeys
of the show-me state*

MISSOURI may evoke images of Harry Truman to the historian, Stan Musial to the baseball fan, Mark Twain to the bibliophile, Charlie Parker to the jazz buff and even the Gateway Arch to the tourist; but to connoisseurs of female pulchritude, the Show-Me State has recently shown just one thing—beautiful Bunnies. The Playboy Club in St. Louis had been entertaining keyholders for almost two years when the opening of the Kansas City Club conferred on Missouri the distinction of being the first state in the Union with two links in the ever-expanding Playboy key chain. Two Playboy Clubs means two hutchfuls of cottontails, a fact of which swivel-necked Missouri males, from St. Louis' Gaslight Square to K. C.'s Baltimore Street, are joyfully and frequently aware.

The Bunnies of Missouri are uniquely a product of the Show-Me State. In both background and outlook, they reflect the unique style of informal urbanity that characterizes the Missouri Playboy Clubs. A large proportion of the Bunnies are local girls. 75 percent of the Kansas City Bunnies and 85 percent of the St. Louis cottontails grew up hardly a hop from the local hutch. Their familiarity with the manners and mores of the Midwest makes them right at home with indigenous keyholders and provides a locally colored slice of real Missouri for visitors from out of state. From the four corners of Missouri—from the boot-heel flatland of Cape Girardeau and the Huckleberry Finn country of Hannibal; from places whose very names smack of American Gothic—West Plains, Sedalia, Independence and even (so help us!) Tightwad; in fact, from all over Mid-America, good-looking, brainy and talented young women have been drawn to Kansas City and St. Louis by the excitement of cosmopolitan life and the glamor that Playboy's satin ears bestow.

Statistically, the Bunnies of Missouri are slightly more symmetrical than the international Bunny average (36-23-35). Kansas City's finest measure a Rubensesque 950-622-950—which distills to a shapely 35-23-35

(text continued on page 116)



OF MISSOURI



Like many Missouri cottontails, blonde Brigitte Keating—shown relaxing at home and table-hopping at the K. C. Playboy Club—boasts academic credentials to match her physical endowments. A 38-24-36 Fräuleinwunder who came to America from Kirn, Germany, Brigitte graduated from the University of Oklahoma with an A-minus average. She speaks four languages fluently, plans further study in London. Starr Scott, who hails from Harry Truman's home town of Independence, acts in K. C. Shakespeare productions and has big doe eyes for a drama career. Over in St. Louis, redhead Brenda Daubrava is a part-time acrobat and a prospective gym teacher.



The mirror on the Bunny Room wall reveals Mary John as one of Kansas City's fairest. Mary pens poetry in her spare time, owns a pet iguana. Among her hutchmates, demiclad Bobbi Thompson was once a telephone operator, while luscious Gina Lathrope, gracious greeter of K. C. keyholders, is a homebody who hates sunlight, loves to cook.



Dallas-born Glenna Burch relaxes after an evening's frugging at the K. C. Club. One of the most talented terpsicharines in the key chain, Glenna came to Playboy after go-go dancing in New Orleans and Kansas City. A self-proclaimed night person, she digs Mad clothes, new dances and poolies, dreams of owning her own dance studio. She often shares Kansas City Penthouse duties with Nancy Stephens, a drama graduate from the University of Kansas. Multilingual Nancy's background includes both acting and directing; she hopes to run a children's theater next summer. 115



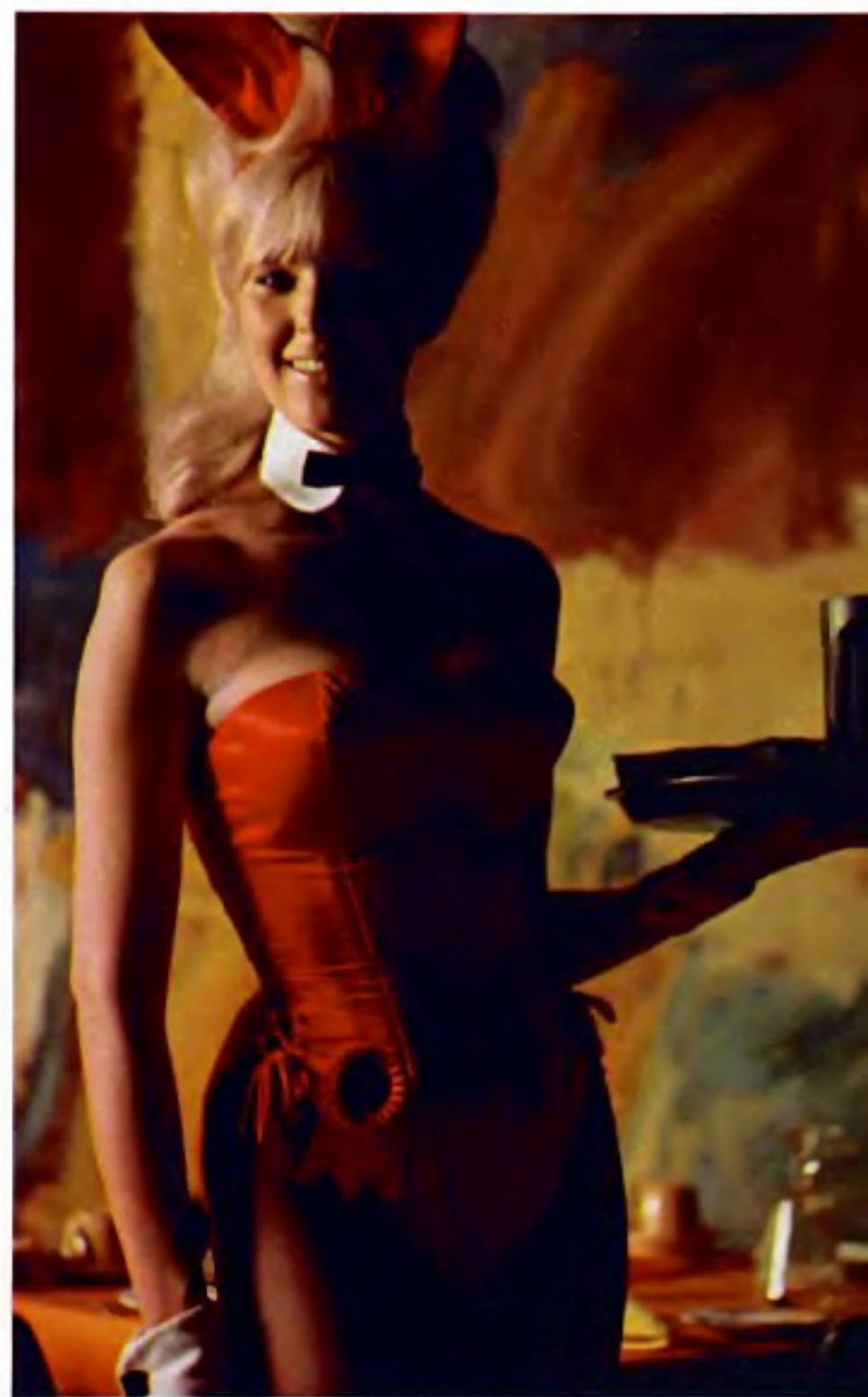
Shutterbug Anne Wilson brings a camera-perfect 36-18-36 form to her duties as Photo Bunny at the Kansas City Club. She first took up photography at college. Eloine Bergman's hobby—private flying—is aptly symbolized by St. Louis' soaring Gateway Arch. When not grooving the local Club (facing page, top left), Eloine is likely to be winging cross-country—often at the controls—in her father's plane.



Kansas City keyholders rate German-born Gigi McMillen (top right) one of Missouri's natural wonders. She was K. C.'s Best Bunny for 1964, boasts a 40-23-35 figure and a large following of rabbités. Paisley-shirted Nancy Gaines, another of Kansas City's finest, digs sports cars and kookie clothes. Over in St. Louis, art buff Rito Lockette rates herself "a very serious person," spends afternoons browsing at local galleries.



When she's not on the telephone, K. C. Bunny Martie Roberts, a 40-24-37 product of West Plains, Missouri, practices gourmet cooking. Blonde Bev Ringel, another K. C. cottontail, is an avid bowler who once broke 200. Hutchmate Terri Schmidt, a skillful and buoyant water skier, spends vacations hunting in Canada.



Kay Clark (above left) is another Kansas City cattontail from Independence. A quiet, soft-spoken girl, Kay enjoys folk singing and modern dance, says she loves life, but "sometimes from a detached point of view—as a spectator, as well as a participant." Whether spectator or participant, blonde Bev Masek is a rabid and outgoing spartnik. She's a fine softball player, a loyal fan of the baseball Cardinals, even has her own box seat behind the first-base dugout in St. Louis' new Memorial Stadium. Back in Kansas City, artistically inclined Babette Scheideman, another folk-music buff, spends her free time doing charcoal sketches, water colors and a bit of sculpting—in clay, bronze and stainless steel.



"I'm the shortest Bunny anywhere," says pint-sized Lucy Martin (top left). Lucy is 4'9", keeps trim swimming and water-skiing, sometimes with another St. Louis aquanette, André Johnson, a former surfer who frequently writes home to laraway Honolulu. Outdoor girl June Handy is one of the most proficient pool players in the Playboy chain, her St. Louis hutchmate, Nila Rain, an indoor type, digs classical music and Jane Austen novels.

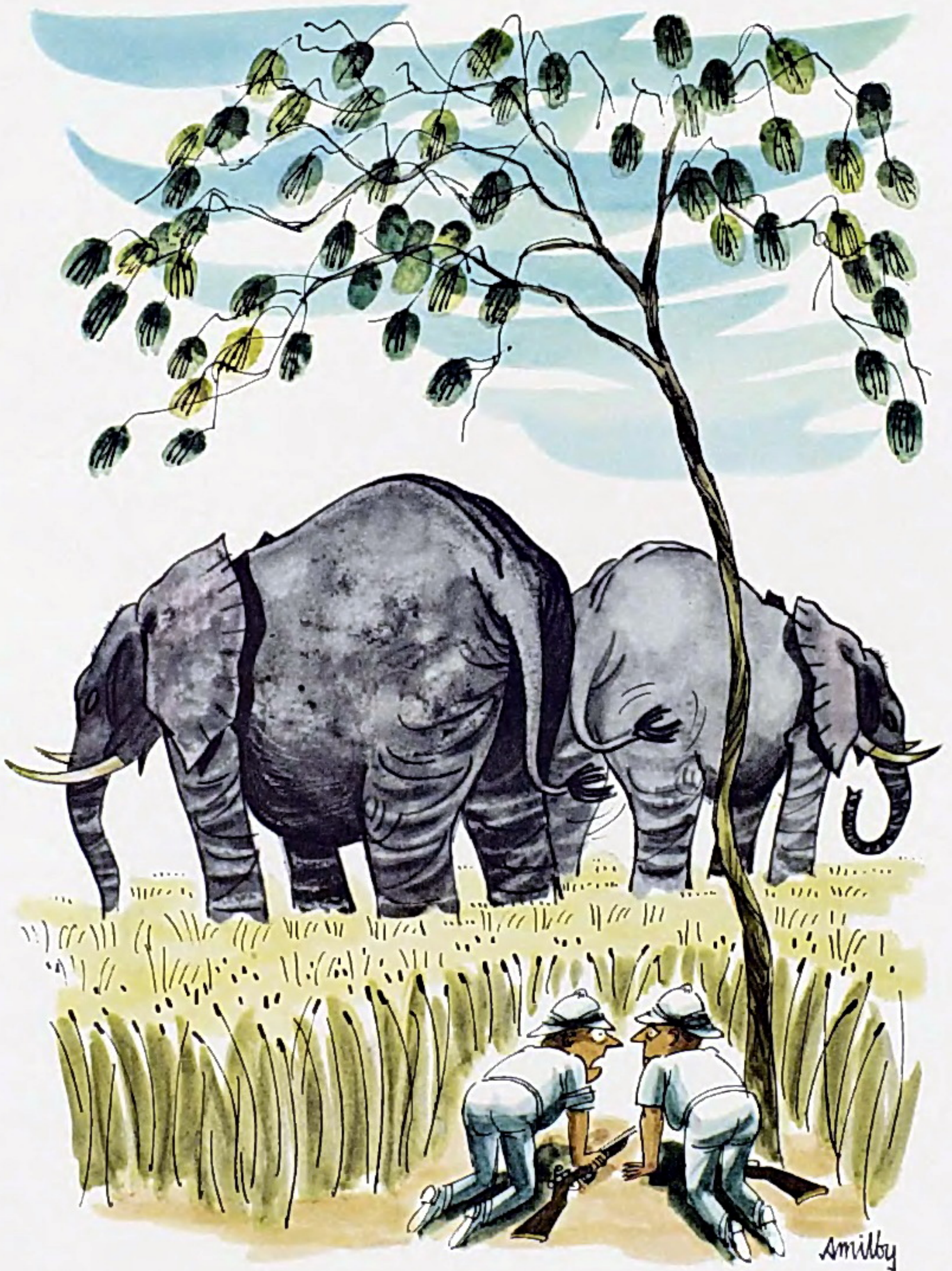


Joyce Chadwick (left), proclaimed by columnist Earl Wilson as "a great undiscovered American beauty," won a trip to France when she was recently voted St. Louis' Best Bunny. Over in Kansas City, Jane Schroeder breeds quarter horses as a hobby, has won prizes in a bone-rattling rodeo event called "the cowgirl's barrel race." She spends free afternoons cantering (or just relaxing) in the woods. Raven-haired Brandi Christ, another K.C. animal lover, is half Cherokee, owns a padlul of pets and hopes to use her Bunny lettuce to open a pet shop. 121

*"It's very simple, darling.
The bloody mary's
ready in case you're
hung over, and
I'm ready in case you're not."*



Vargas



"If their tails are wagging, does it mean they're cross or happy?"



"It's easy enough getting in to see him—it's the getting out that's difficult!"

BUNNIES OF MISSOURI

(continued from page 112)

apiece—and their St. Louis sisters tape in at an imperceptibly fuller 35½-24-35. In height, both come up to the average 5'4", and their weight—116 in K.C., 117 in St. Louis—doesn't depart appreciably from the world-wide norm.

The warmth of the Missouri Clubs more than compensates for their not being the largest, the newest or the most exotic in the Playboy chain. As St. Louis Bunny Mother Alex Koch—whose petite frame belies her masculine name—says: "Almost everyone who comes to Missouri tells us the Clubs here are the friendliest they've been to. Take St. Louis. It's a big place, but not huge, and here we don't get as many transients as you'd find in larger cities. The Bunnies really get to know the keyholders, learn their names, what they like to drink, where they like to sit, what they want for lunch. Since many of the keyholders know one another outside the Club as well as inside, the atmosphere is relaxed, friendly and intimate. This is really like a private

club, not just a night spot."

Night spot or club, the Playboy operation has certainly "shown" skeptical Missourians. The Kansas City Playboy Club, which opened amid a barrage of somber newspaper warnings of the city's inability to support a topflight night club ("Kansas City is a cheap town for night life"; "Missouri will never stand \$1.50 drinks"), has been turning a tidy profit from the outset. The larger St. Louis operation, whose opening was heralded by similar press rumblings, is doing equally well.

One Kansas City entertainment writer put his finger on the key to the Club's success. "Though it may seem unfair to describe it as such," he wrote, "we are inclined to feel that this is the city's first really professionally operated supper club. The operation runs smoothly and on schedule, thanks to the experience gathered in similar Clubs in other cities. All of the employees, from the bus boys to the Bunnies, are thoroughly indoctri-

nated in the Playboy way of doing things—and this includes even the way ashtrays are emptied. The Bunnies, most famous aspect of the Club, live up to expectations. They're pert, attractive, well endowed—and well versed in ways of taming a wolf without losing a customer."

While the urban credentials of both Missouri Playboy cities are unimpeachable—K.C. has long been recognized as one of the swingiest "small" cities in the U.S., and St. Louis has been a mid-American entertainment mecca for almost a century—much of the remaining Missouri scene is rural. As a consequence, the Bunnies of the Show-Me State exhibit a fine—if somewhat improbable—balance of urbane sophistication and pastoral ingenuousness.

Jacque Burkhart, for instance, a talented K.C. *discothèque* dancer who became a Bunny on a dare and now "wouldn't trade jobs with any girl in Missouri," divides her free time between racing her Sprite (last summer she won a first-place trophy in time trials at nearby Riverside) and raising—you guessed it—rabbits. Her current favorite is a three-legged female who has the ruin of her pad. "The poor thing reminds me of my first night as a Bunny," Jacque says.

Petite Jackie Rosier grew up on a farm in Chatham, Illinois, and now lives in Shawnee Mission, Missouri. She once won a Betty Crocker Award in home economics, spent two years at Bradley University in Peoria, Illinois, journeyed to Miami as a stewardess for National Airlines and finally found a home in the Kansas City Club.

Over in St. Louis, Bunny Starr Tirre commutes to her hutch from a ten-and-a-half-acre farm, digs skeet shooting and hunting, boasts a small armory of shotguns and rifles. Hutchmate Nancy Almerigi, another outdoor type, who looks like a grown-up Shirley Temple, is a former Michigan soda jerk and was once chosen Miss All-American High School Beauty, in Grand Rapids. A salesgirl at a J. C. Penney store in St. Louis before she hit the Bunny trail, Sue Smith grew up on a hog farm in southern Illinois, boasts that she "can still call hogs—but usually they don't come."

Lynn Murphree, who doesn't care a cowslip that Kansas City law confines her to Door Bunny duties until she reaches a drink-serving 21, hails from rural Sedalia, has been known to spend free weekends in Nebraska midwifing piglets. Husbandry also means more than the future tense of "bachelorhood" to hutchmate Jane Schroeder, an accomplished equestrienne who fills out her free time breeding quarter horses—and racking up ribbons in a bone-jarring rodeo event known as the "cowgirl's barrel race," which she described as "sort of a giant slalom on horseback." After handing us a cigarillo to celebrate her latest stud foal,



Renault

"He was nothing to write home about."

Jane told us she's owned horses since she was old enough to walk, rides every chance she gets, finds horse breeding a relaxing (and, needless to say, rewarding) hobby.

Indian reservations and enclaves still adjoin the Kansas City area, and on a busy night keyholders can find as many as three little Indians—part Indians, at any rate, in silk ears rather than eagle feathers—in the Playboy Club atop the Continental Hotel. Brandi Christ's jet-black hair and high cheekbones clearly indicate her Indian ancestry—she's half Cherokee. A former real-estate agent (she's still trying to live down the sale of Manhattan Island), Brandi can't decide whether to use her Bunny money to open a real-estate agency or a pet shop. We suspect that the litter of Siamese cats she owns—and the heifer she's about to buy—will make the decision for her. Another of Kansas City's vanishing Americans—may their tribe increase!—is Candy Akins. Despite blonde hair and blue eyes, Candy is one fourth Cherokee. She spent a year at the University of Missouri, now passes her free time painting impressionistic portraits in water colors and oils. Self-appointed chief of the tribe is popular Judi Bradford, who proudly proclaims that she's "an all-American girl—one fourth Blackfoot Indian, one half American Negro and one fourth miscellaneous." Judi won her B.A. in sociology at Central Missouri State College at Warrensburg, plans to get her master's in Denver, with a thesis on Playboy Club keyholders. "Bunnies have peculiar effects on different men," Judi observed, with scholarly understatement. "I'm collecting data on all this and hope to get a master's thesis out of it." With her master's in hand, Judi wants to go into social work, sincerely hopes to use her growing rabbit's nest egg to start a charitable home for orphans. Everyone who knows her—and her admirers in Kansas City are legion—is certain she'll succeed.

Judi is delightful proof of an observation rabbitue's have been making ever since cottontails first greeted keyholders: In Bunnydom, it's what's upstairs—as well as up front—that counts. In Kansas City, for instance, one third of the Bunnies are former or current coeds, and the percentage in St. Louis is only slightly lower. As reporter Rich Meier observed in *The Daily Nebraskan* after a visit to the K. C. Club: "You don't have to have a college education to be a Playboy Bunny, but it helps."

During a typical evening at the K. C. Club, for instance, keyholders are likely to encounter a startling array of brainy beauties. Nancy Stephens, a former "Army brat" as she puts it, is a sparkling non-conformist who wears her hair like Whistler's mother's. She has lived in virtually every state in the Union and every

MEDICO

world's largest selling pipe

**gives you pleasure
and peace of mind**

Filter out tars, juices, nicotine with Medico's scientific 2¼" disposable Filter with 66 baffles. Draw in clean, flavorful smoke — increase your smoking enjoyment. Medico is crafted only of selected imported briar. Nylon bits guaranteed bite-proof. Relax — smoke a Medico.

For beautiful color catalog, write Medico, 18 E. 54th St., N.Y. 22, Dept. A-21. Please enclose 10¢ for handling.



MEDICO CREST
\$6 TO \$20

Illustrated
GOLD CREST
dark claret \$8
(light café finish \$9.00)

Insist on
MEDICO
FILTERS
10 for 10¢
Also
Menthol-Cool
10 for 15¢



Ventilator
\$3.50

Ebony
\$4.50

Guardsman
\$4.95

Seafoam
\$5.50

Other Medico
Filter Pipes
\$2.50 up
Prices higher outside U.S.A.

MEDICO® FILTER PIPES

stir her to romance

PLAYBOY COCKTAILS FOR TWO SET

Perfect mixer for a perfect evening. Emblazoned in 22k gold. 16-ounce glass mixer, stirrer and two cocktail glasses. Deluxe set includes walnut snack tray with knife and tile for cheese cutting.

Cocktails for Two Set, \$5
Deluxe Set, \$15
Both prices ppd.



Shall we enclose a gift card in your name?
Send check or money order to:
PLAYBOY PRODUCTS
919 N. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Illinois 60611
Playboy Club keyholders may
charge by enclosing key no.

GAUGUIN DID IT WHY CAN'T YOU?



2 weeks in Tahiti for \$585*

(Including Air Fare)

Club Méditerranée of the South Seas makes it possible for you to have your own thatched hut (with private facilities) in Tahiti for just \$585!* And this low price includes all your meals (gourmet French cuisine), fine chilled wines, unlimited sports facilities (including deep-sea fishing), and your round trip jet fare from the West Coast on UTA French Airlines. Gauguin never had it so good! Ask your travel agent about Club Méditerranée of the South Seas. Or send in the coupon below.

*Or 3 weeks for \$630, West Coast



CLUB MÉDITERRANÉE
530 West Sixth Street
Los Angeles, California 90014

Name _____
(please print)

Address _____ Tel. _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

My travel agent is _____

PB/CM-2

province in West Germany. Nancy transferred to the University of Kansas from Northwestern and was graduated in dramatics. She came to the Playboy Club not as a Bunny but as a seamstress, but has been table-hopping ever since Club execs noted she could do more for a Bunny costume than mend it. She still has theatrical aspirations, and hopes this summer to snag a part-time job directing a children's theater. Not surprisingly, considering the years she spent in Germany, Nancy speaks fluent German. She can brush up her umlauts with several of the other Bunnies who comprise Kansas City's *Deutscher Verein*.

One of them, Brigitte Keating, came to America from Saxony, and won a B. A. in romance languages at the University of Oklahoma—with an A-minus average. Brigitte speaks fluent French, Spanish and German—and perfect English, with a slight caramel drawl, reflecting the ten years she lived in Tulsa. "I've been reading psychology texts in my spare time," Brigitte revealed. "You'd be surprised at the insights psychology gives you—and as a Bunny, knowledge of people can't hurt you." She hopes soon to transfer to the London Playboy Club, as a part-time cottontail and full-time graduate student.

Bunny Marsha Combs, a slender, black-haired farmer's daughter from Gower, Missouri, won a B. S. from Northwest Missouri State College at Maryville with an unlikely double major in art and business, and taught business administration at a K. C. junior college prior to donning Bunny bunting in K. C. Bunny Jaime John, a 5'8" blue-eyed blonde, has never been able to quell a penchant for travel sufficiently to settle down and finish her degree requirements. She studied language and literature at the University of Missouri, at Colorado and at Kansas. She hopes to finish her studies now that she's found a home in Kansas City. Hutchmate Veta Cushman majored in commercial art at Joplin Junior College—and then became a go-go dancer. She and blue-eyed Glenna Burch were once twin-billed eye-poppers at Marge's Disc-A-Go-Go in Kansas City.

At a half inch over five feet, Bunny Bobbi Bouchier is K. C.'s tiniest cottontail. She spent two years at the University of Kansas, majoring in fine art, and has worked as an ad-layout designer and as a surgical nurse. Bobbi loves to travel, has seen most of Europe and hopes to return soon to the Costa Brava, where she spent a swinging summer several years ago.

Bunny-hopping back to St. Louis, the academically inclined keyholder couldn't fail to be impressed by raven-haired Eunice Baumgartner, an indefatigable full-time Bunny and student, who just graduated from college with a resounding 3.6 academic average (out of a possible 4.0) and has been accepted at medical

school. She plans to continue to lead her two rewarding lives as long as classwork permits.

Staffing the Penthouse with Eunice is statuesque Angela Ashton, currently completing her master's degree in English literature at St. Louis' Washington University. Angela was Miss Miami University in 1962, speaks French and Greek and tentatively plans to continue on to a Ph. D. Downstairs in the Living Room there's brown-eyed Bunny André Johnson, a reformed surfnik who grew up in Honolulu, won her degree in dental hygiene from the University of Hawaii, still reads medical texts for kicks. Pacifically oriented André lived in Japan three years, has traveled throughout Asia and plans to use her Bunny money to further assuage her wanderlust.

Petite Brenda DouBrava belies her five-foot size by a king-sized ambition to be a college gym teacher. A bright and vivacious redhead, Brenda put in two years at St. Louis' Harris Teachers College, hopes to return shortly for her degree. She was voted St. Louis' Best Bunny for 1965 and says her two-week prize trip to Puerto Rico was "absolutely the best time of my life." Along with Eunice, Brenda forms the Club's dynamic duo of public speakers: Both spend many a lunchtime over creamed chicken explaining PLAYBOY and its Clubs to local business groups. Brenda's cottontail cohort in the Playmate Bar is often Kim Azzolina, a former stewardess who graduated in liberal arts from Marjorie Webster Junior College in Washington, D. C. Kim still digs travel, spends her free time water-skiing (on southern Missouri's Lake of the Ozarks) and snow-skiing (at far-away Lake Placid), has no qualms about jet-setting to places like Paris, New York or Miami on weekend larks.

Another liberal-arts type is dark-haired Lyn Lanham, who majored in creative writing at Marshall College in her home town of Huntington, West Virginia. "I still write short stories," Lyn says, "but not for publication—at least so far. Maybe someday I'll write the great American Bunny novel." Carol Hatcher, a jet-haired, dimpled beauty from the downstate Missouri town of Cape Girardeau, majored in art at Southeast Missouri State. She paints creditable oil landscapes and stills, regularly attends St. Louis' renowned Municipal Opera, and has big brown eyes for a career in advertising art.

No less impressive than their academic and cultural qualifications are the Missouri Bunnies' charitable endeavors. In St. Louis, many of the Bunnies have been working independently—and until recently, unbeknownst to the Club management—to help a nearby settlement house. Bunny cake bakes, in which real cakes (no mixes allowed) are prepared by the Bunnies and sold at hefty prices to sweet-toothed keyholders, and Bunny

car washes—with costumed Bunnies taking a shine to a keyholder's car—have netted substantial quantities of cash for deserving local charities. In addition, weekly contributions from each Bunny now support six Asian children on the Foster Parents' Plan.

Bunny Mother Alex' favorite story of Bunny charity work concerns a show Frank Sinatra put on a while back to benefit Father Dismas' Halfway House. "It was billed as the 'Sinatra Spectacular,'" Alex told us. "Of course, the whole Clan was there, and Kiel Auditorium was a sellout. Well, fourteen of my girls—pardon the possessive—acted as hostesses, both at the main event and at the celebrity cocktail party beforehand. They did so well, on stage and off, that when Sammy Davis came back in town on a one-nighter a few weeks later, he called us personally, at one in the morning, to set up a cocktail party in the Bunnies' honor."

Over in Kansas City, the girls are equally busy, with many working individually for charities that particularly appeal to them. A Bunny softball team regularly lends its services for charity exhibitions with the Optimist Club; and a group of Bunnies, led by native Kansas Citian Sharron Long, is just now coordinating Bunny services and cash for a local orphanage. Sharron, incidentally, a willowy 5'9" sans rabbit ears, is the tallest girl in the K.C. hutch. A former telephone operator, she still salts away a tidy percentage of her Bunny lettuce in A. T. & T. stock.

The Club in which she works is a penthouse layout atop the 22-story Continental Hotel, at 11th and Baltimore, in the heart of downtown K. C. Passing through the Rabbit-emblazoned elevator door, keyholders find themselves in the Lobby, facing gorgeous Door Bunny Gina Lathrope and—should they look farther—the Gift Shop beyond. Opening on the Lobby to the left is the combined Playmate Bar and Living Room; to the right, the Penthouse, which offers the only supper-club entertainment in Kansas City; and straight ahead, the Playroom—all finished in the stained walnut, trimmed in the black-and-orange motif that has come to characterize Playboy Clubs round the world. The K.C. Club's stairless, horizontal orientation lends it a cozy feeling of intimacy—surprising, indeed, for an establishment that can, and often does, seat 312.

By comparison, the St. Louis Playboy Club, which accommodates half again as many, seems very much larger—but no less intimate. Located at 3914 Lindell—behind a fountain and a Japanese stone garden in which blooms a classic birch tree—the St. Louis Club is a tastefully understated four-story structure whose

STACY-ADAMS



Stacy-Adams sets the pace... so do the men who wear them

Equal parts of smooth and grained leather crafted with Stacy-Adams know-how add up to the very latest in suave wing tip styling. Made on the finest lasts in the world. Style #199, black smooth and black grained calf. Stacy-Adams shoes \$32.00 to \$50.00. Stacy-Adams Co., Brockton, Massachusetts. Established 1875.

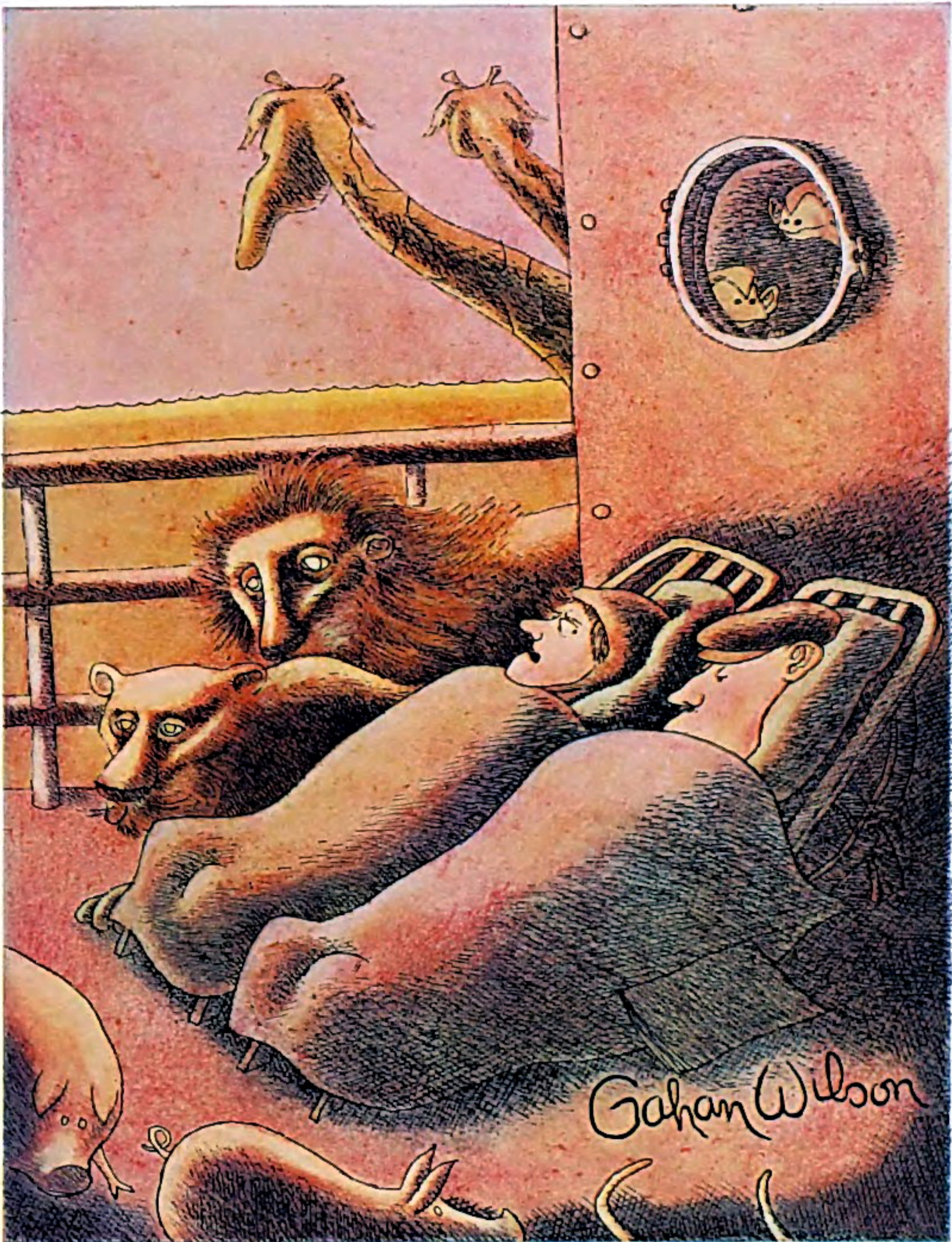
● MAPLE AND OLD RUM ● MAPLE AND OLD RUM ●

*full tobacco flavor
cured with maple
and old rum*



United States Tobacco Company

● MAPLE AND OLD RUM ● MAPLE AND OLD RUM ●



"I say, Sir Reginald, have you noticed anything peculiar about this voyage?"

exterior façade of burnt, knotty walnut and glass, set off by soaring white girders, gives a foretaste of the elegance within. Door Bunny Marty Sparks—who gave up a career as a *coiffeuse* when she discovered that Bunnies have more fun—greeted keyholders in the Lobby. Marty was recently a local *cause célèbre*, when she and her small cabin cruiser were stranded for 35 hours—without food, water or blankets—on a sand bar in the middle of the Mississippi. A river patrol boat finally rescued her, and after a day's rest she was back greeting keyholders.

The keyholder who focuses beyond Marty's ears will discover the Gift Shop and, down four steps to the left, the Playmate Bar. To the rear, a staircase spirals up to the Living Room, Cartoon Corner and Playpen, which seats a dozen persons in airy suspension over the bumper-pool table in the Playmate Bar. (No, no one has ever fallen out.) Bunny Kim Wilson, who amply serves as daytime Bumper-Pool Bunny, offers another tale of water woe. Kim rates herself "a pretty good sailor," and crewed on a 38-foot schooner in the Caribbean last summer. She says: "We were caught in a bad storm between Bimini and Nassau. After being buffeted for two days, the mainmast broke. We finally made it to Nassau, but all of us—there were eight on board—were pretty frazzled." Not frazzled enough, however, to deter her from planning another sailing venture this summer.

Reluctantly leaving Kim to her bumper pool, the keyholder visiting the St. Louis Club can climb the plushly carpeted stairs up to the Playroom and Penthouse, where—as in all Playboy Clubs—some of the best new acts in America entertain nightly. The visitor to the Penthouse may find himself served by Penthouse Bunny Joyce Chadwick, charming proof that Missouri's Bunnies are as diverting as they are diverse. Breath-taking Joyce, voted St. Louis' Best Bunny for 1963, so impressed syndicated columnist Earl Wilson (who chaperoned Joyce and six other top Bunnies on a tour through cognac country in southwestern France) that he described her as "a 5'9" Suzy Parker or Paula Prentiss look-alike . . . a great undiscovered American beauty." St. Louis keyholders, who had realized this soon after their Club opened, could only nod in agreement.

Wilson also solved an undiscovered American mystery when he surprised Joyce puttering with a comb. As he tells it, tongue-in-cheekily: "What am I doing?" she echoed my inquiry. "I am combing my Bunny tail. In St. Louis we are very proud of always having our Bunny tails neatly combed."

"I am a deep, profound thinker," Wil-

son mused, "but if you had asked me the day before yesterday whether a Bunny tail was ever combed, I'd have been stuck for an answer."

Pint-sized Lucy Martin, whose 4'9" makes her Bunnydom's reigning petite laureate, boasts a 35-23-35 form to prove that good things still come in small packages. Though she occasionally dreams of waking up one morning six inches taller, Lucy says her size is often an icebreaker, privately feels one up on the rest of the hutch because of her uniqueness. The only practical disadvantage is her inability to reach tall glasses on the uppermost shelves behind standardized Playboy Club bars. Lucy's Bunny earnings have financed a private Ozark hideaway 200 miles southwest of St. Louis, where she is wont to repair during the summer for weekends of water-skiing (behind her 100-horsepower Mercury) and swimming in the buff (alone).

Margie Scheibel, who was once a part-time spotter for the St. Louis football Cardinals, recently graduated from Bunnyhood to housewifery when she achieved what must be a world-wide Bunny ambition—to marry a Playboy Club owner. (Unlike most links in the Playboy chain, St. Louis is a franchised operation, run by Playboy Clubs International but owned by a group of local businessmen.) Bev Masek, one of the Club's regular Bumper-Pool Bunnies, is a rabid fan of the baseball Cardinals. "I have a season box seat at our fabulous new stadium," Bev told us, "and there's nothing I like better than a night ball game, followed by a drive around downtown in my new, white Mustang—and perhaps some late dancing in Gaslight Square." There she might run into hutchmate Carol DeLay, the Club's most accomplished dancer, who played a bit role in *Hush, Hush, Sweet Charlotte* and was recently selected Miss Gaslight Square by admiring St. Louisans.

Another St. Louis sportnik, Sheila Jackson, digs water-skiing so much that her commendable form can often be seen gliding across the sienna surface of Ole Man River. "The Mississippi isn't that bad, really. It has a muddy reputation that it doesn't quite deserve," she told us, adding coyly that "it *does* help if you're a good skier."

Three Bunnies, Sandy Link, Iris Stewart and Rosemary Highley, have been with the St. Louis Club since it opened October 16, 1962. Before donning her satin ears, Sandy was an executive secretary in the Air Force—and boasted "top secret" clearance. But she makes no secret of the fact that she was St. Louis' Best Bunny for 1964, winning a swinging trip to Caracas.

The most up-to-date thing in Kansas City is Wanda Gailliau's new invention. Bugged by careless door openers chip-

ping the British-racing-green finish of her new XK-E roadster (bought with her Bunny earnings, of course), Wanda built a curtain-rod device that attaches to the car whenever she has to park in congested areas. Her paint job is now flawless, and several other local E-types have copied the gimmick.

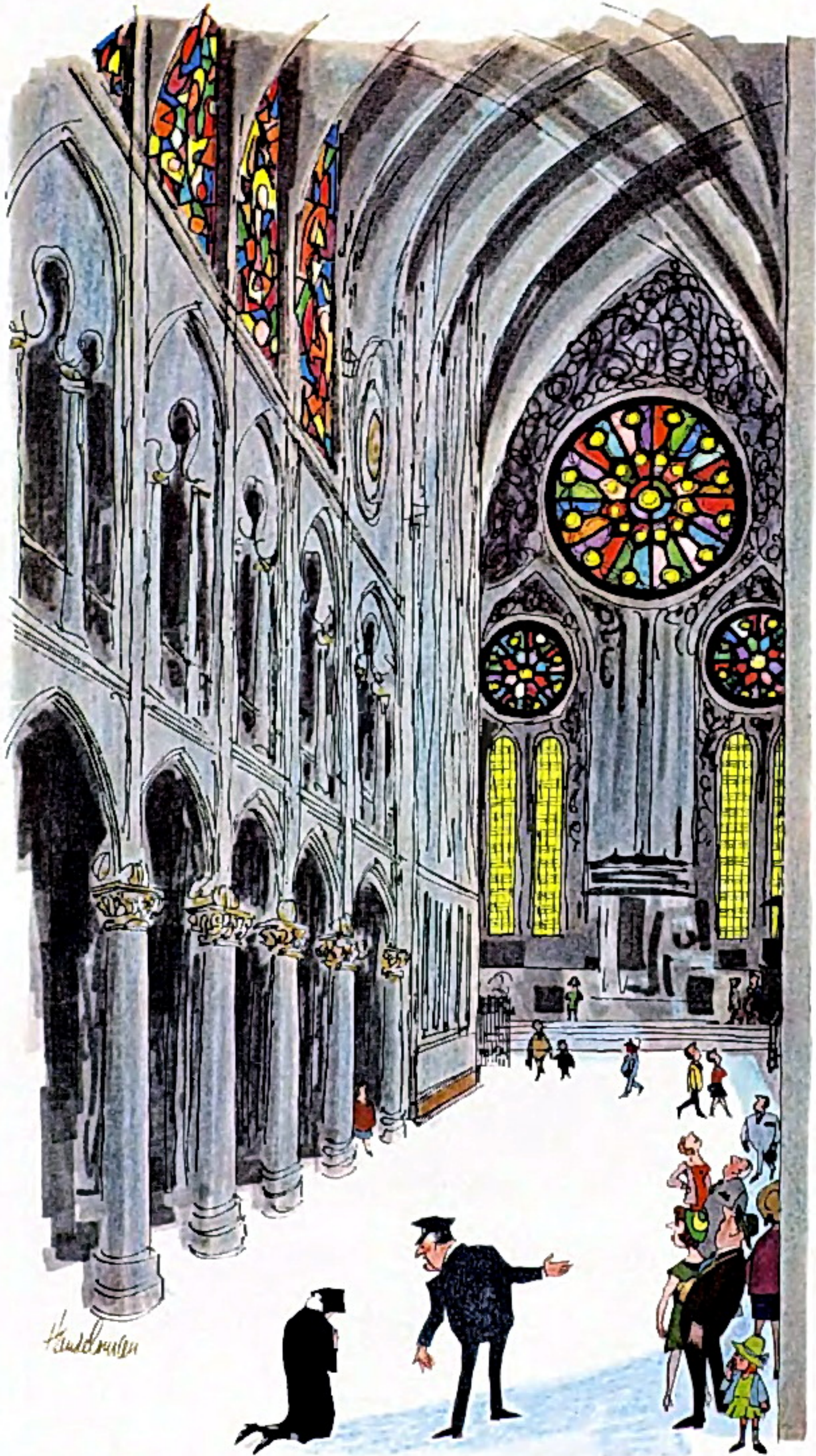
The story behind Kansas City Checkroom Bunny Candy Lobo is unique and touching. Candy was blind from age 4 to 17, when an operation restored her sight. "Being able to see again was quite an experience, of course," Candy says nonchalantly. "My new world was very beautiful but very difficult to adjust to. I had planned a career in teaching blind children—in fact, this is what I was actually doing before I regained my sight. But somehow, I felt that I wasn't as good a teacher after I could see again—and I became a Bunny."

Last but certainly not least in our résumé of the Missouri cottontail contingent is Kansas Citian Gigi McMillen, whose breath-taking 40-23-35 dimensions bring to her Bunny bunting an aura of epic extravagance. Gigi was born in Germany, studied design three years at Mainz, speaks flawless German, good Spanish—and excellent English. She was K. C.'s Best Bunny for 1964, and used her Spanish to good advantage on the prize trip to Venezuela. She's also the only Bunny who's worked at both Missouri Clubs, having opened the St. Louis Club in 1962 and moved to K. C. for the opening there in 1964. As such, she's uniquely qualified to conclude our dissertation on the Bunnies of Missouri, and—in a throaty accent reminiscent of Marlene Dietrich—we'll let her.

"Compare the girls at the two Clubs? Well, the Kansas City Club is well appointed, but the St. Louis Club is even prettier—and attractive surroundings mean attractive Bunnies. But the Kansas City Club is better laid out from the Bunnies' point of view, since there are no stairs to climb, and it's smaller, which means less walking around and more contact with the keyholders. This means the K. C. Bunnies get to show more personality. But then, the St. Louis Club, which is larger, does more business. The St. Louis Club gave me my start; there's a great bunch of girls in St. Louis, and I'll always be attached to them. But now I'm used to K. C., and I like the girls here just as well. I guess you'd have to say I just like the Bunnies at both places." And so, needless to say, do we.

Bunny applications may be obtained by writing Playboy Clubs International, Bunny Department, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.





"Please, madam—you're disturbing the tourists."



John
Dempsey

"I'll bet you it isn't his navel he's contemplating."

PLAYBOY**READER SERVICE**

Write to Janet Pilgrim for the answers to your shopping questions. She will provide you with the name of a retail store in or near your city where you can buy any of the specialized items advertised or editorially featured in **PLAYBOY**. For example, where-to-buy information is available for the merchandise of the advertisers in this issue listed below.

Alligator Raincoats	135
BSR Turntables	28
College Ball Fashions	37
Croton Watch	43
Dodge	55
H.L.N. Sportswear	4
Jiffos for Men	135
Kaiser Jeepster	20-27
Keds Sneakers	49
Leesures by Lee	164
London Fog Raincoats	52
Mercury Cougar XR7	8-9
MGB/GT Auto	18
Plymouth Barracuda	63
Rainfair Rainwear	44
Resilio Ties	33
Timely Suits	50-51
Volkswagen	1
Worsted-Tex	52
Wrangler Jeans	32

Use these lines for information about other featured merchandise.

Miss Pilgrim will be happy to answer any of your other questions on fashion, travel, food and drink, hi-fi, etc. If your question involves items you saw in **PLAYBOY**, please specify page number and issue of the magazine as well as a brief description of the items when you write.

PLAYBOY READER SERVICE

Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Illinois 60611

**SEND
PLAYBOY
EVERY
MONTH**



3 yrs. for \$20 (Save \$10.00)

1 yr. for \$8 (Save \$2.00)

payment enclosed bill later

TO:

name

address

city state zip code no.

Mail to **PLAYBOY**

Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Illinois 60611

N160

NEXT MONTH:

FASHION FORECAST



SUN SHINES



SCUT FARKAS



PLAYMATE PLAY-OFF

"HOW TO ABOLISH THE PERSONAL INCOME TAX"—BISHOP JAMES PIKE TAKES ON TAX-EXEMPT RELIGIOUS INSTITUTIONS, JACK ANDERSON TACKLES THE OIL COMPANIES AND PETE HAMILL EXAMINES ORGANIZED CRIME: THREE VIRTUALLY UNTAPPED SOURCES OF ENORMOUS REVENUE THAT, IF EQUITABLY TAXED, WOULD WIPE OUT MOST INDIVIDUAL INCOME TAXES

"WHILE THE SUN SHINES"—A TAUT TALE IN WHICH A FIELD TO PLOW BECOMES A BATTLEGROUND AND THE VICTOR SEIZES HIS OWN REWARDS—BY JOHN WAIN

ARNOLD TOYNBEE, THE RENOWNED HISTORIAN, WEIGHS THE PROMISE OF THE FUTURE VERSUS THE PERILS OF THE COURSE OF WORLD EVENTS, IN AN EXCLUSIVE PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

"PLAYMATE PLAY-OFF"—PLAYBOY PICKS THE PAST TWELVE-MONTH'S THREE MOST EXCITING GATEFOLD GIRLS AND ASKS THE READERS TO VOTE FOR ONE AS PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

"GUESS WHO DIED?"—AN ANTIC STORY ON NONCOMMUNICATION AND THE GAMES PEOPLE PLAY—BY HERB GARDNER

"SCUT FARKAS AND THE MURDEROUS MARIAH"—CLEVELAND STREET'S UPSTART HAS A SHOWDOWN WITH THE FASTEST TOP IN THE MIDWEST—BY JEAN SHEPHERD

"THE HISTORY OF SEX IN CINEMA"—PART XV: EXPERIMENTAL FILMS AND FILM MAKERS—FROM BUÑUEL TO WARHOL, FROM THE CABINET OF DOCTOR CALIGARI TO SCORPIO RISING—BY ARTHUR KNIGHT AND HOLLIS ALPERT

"DYSON ON THE BOX"—IN A WITTY YARN, A TV PANELIST TRIES TO FIGURE OUT WHETHER HE BOMBED OR WAS BRILLIANT WHILE ALL OF BRITAIN WATCHED—BY MICHAEL FRAYN

"IS SEX UN-AMERICAN?"—A TONGUE-IN-CHEEK ANALYSIS OF ONE OF THE DAY'S MOST PRESSING AND PREPOSSESSING ISSUES—BY CALIFORNIA COLUMNIST ARTHUR HOPPE

"THE PARTY"—HORROR MINGLES WITH FANTASY AS A MAN FINDS HIMSELF INEXPLICABLY SET DOWN IN THE MIDST OF ONE HELL OF A WINGDING—BY WILLIAM F. NOLAN

"PLAYBOY'S SPRING AND SUMMER FASHION FORECAST"—OUR SEMI-ANNUAL PREVIEW OF WHAT'S AHEAD FOR THE SEASON IN WEARABLES—BY FASHION DIRECTOR ROBERT L. GREEN