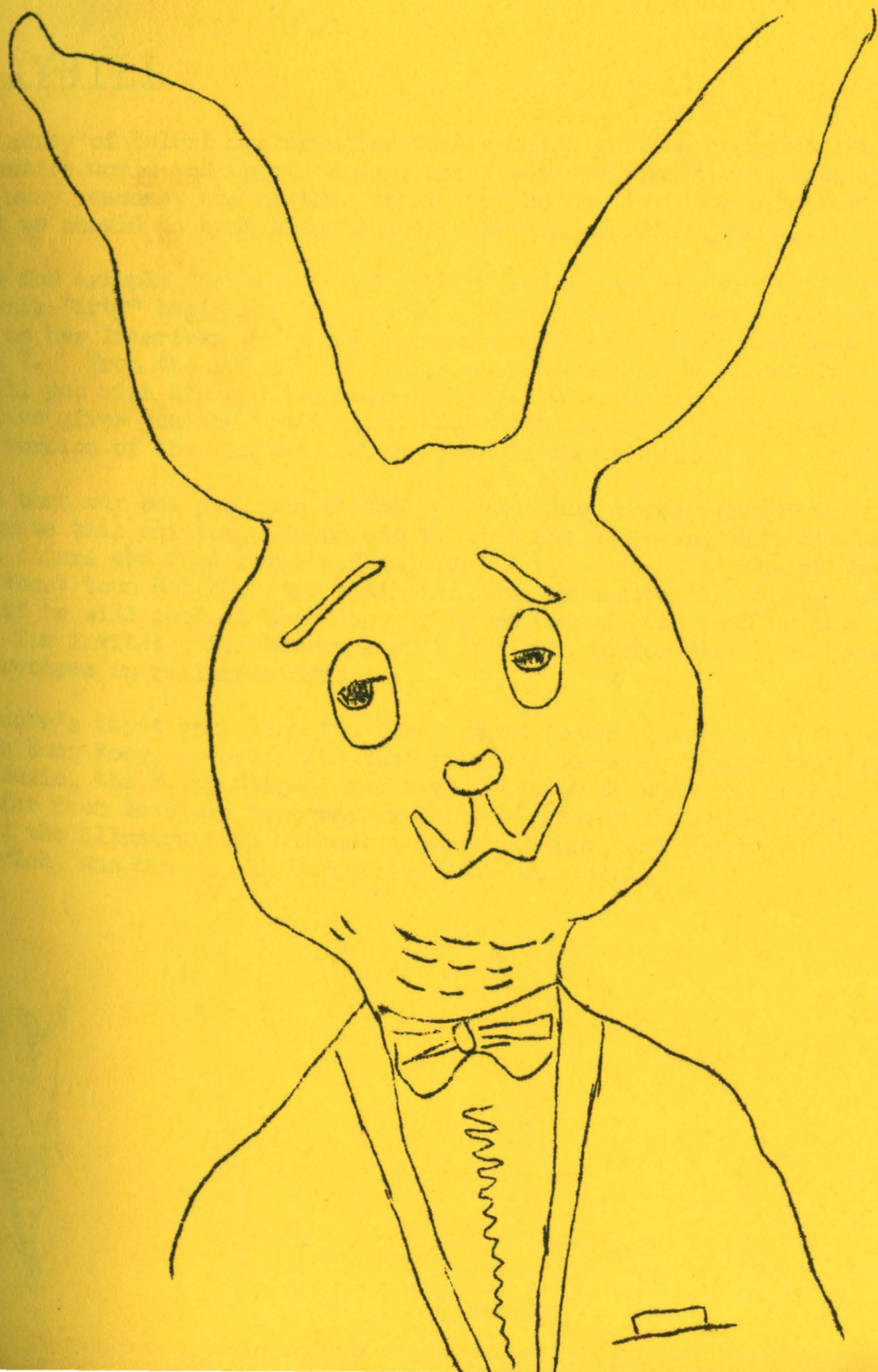


PONAPE-PERS

Daniel J. Peacock

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PLAYBOY



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September 2, 1960

"Sentinel of the Senyavins". Editor: R.J. Umhoefer.
Contributing Editors: Hal Forester, Diane Sammet,
William E. Finale, Paul T. McNutt. Children's Editor:
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PLAYBOY EDITION

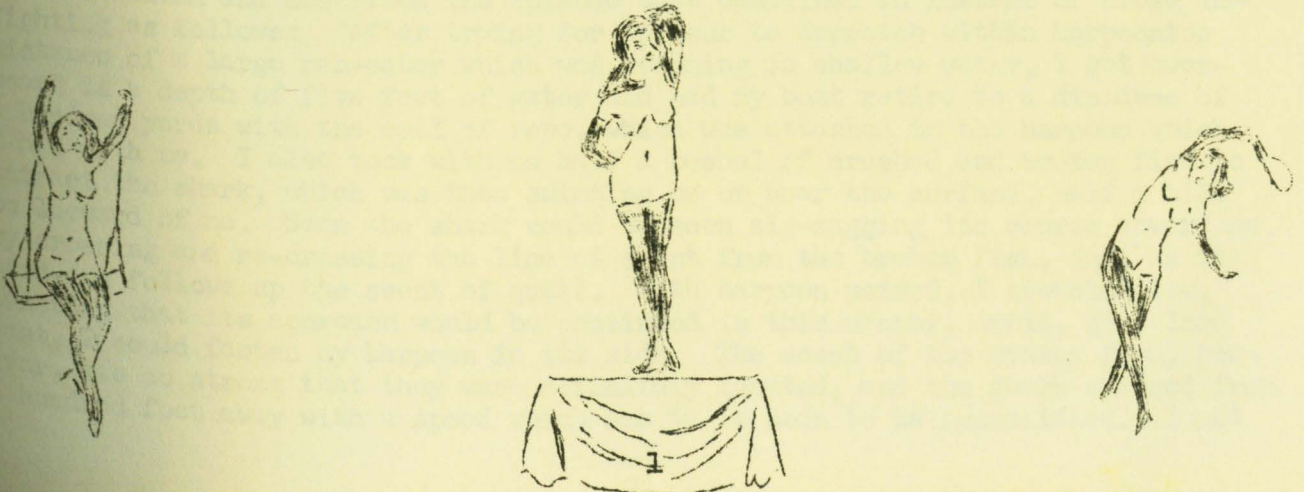
PLAYBILL

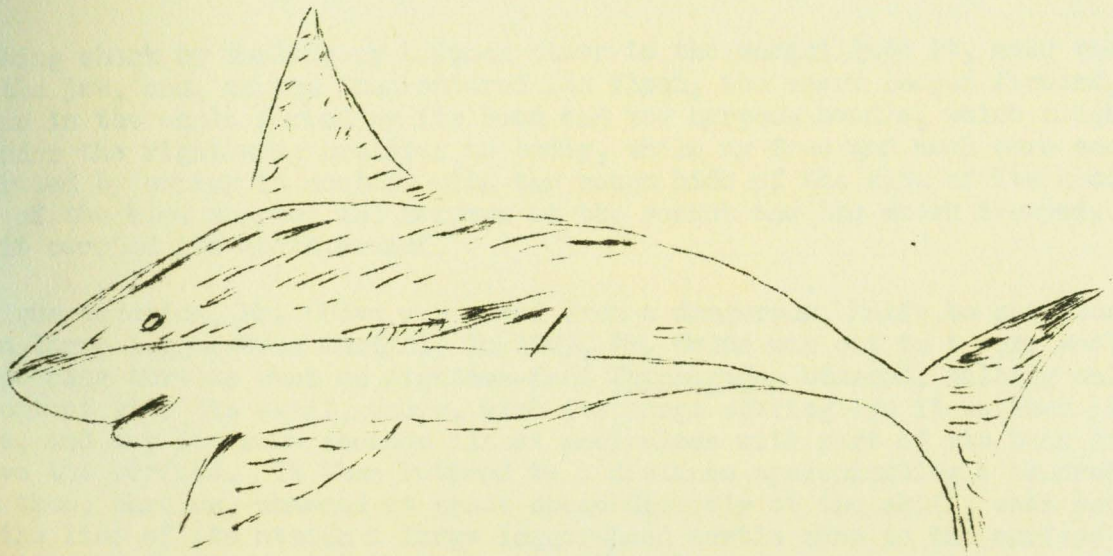
The array of talent mustered for this special edition includes men high up in the executive world and women of rare intellect and exceptional beauty. We say this for many reasons, one of them being that no one is being paid for his copy and we felt we should do something besides a little payola at the Club Kolonia Bar.

Take for example that witty and vibrant young lady who wrote "Playboy goes to a Beatnik Party" beginning on page 14. Diane Sammet's party rundown is as delightful as her linericks which are sprinkled liberally among the best Party Jokes on page 7. From the scientific ivory laboratories comes versatile Bob Sutcliffe to thrill you with his exciting and scholarly dissertation on the shark. Daddy-O Iwaniec gives you the traditional Playboy trade mark on the cover and presents his version of the Playmate of the Year in the gatefold.

From that way out pad, the Beatnik Supper Club, comes manager Mary DuPont to illustrate this edition. Never one to toot his own horn, Bill Finale tells you about others who toot horns and all that sort of jazz, beginning on page 6. Young man about town Hal Forester claims to have exhausted all dining out possibilities, but if he will cook at home the way he writes of good food on page 9, he'll never lack for invites out. Everyone will have him in for dinner in hopes of sampling his recipes in reciprocation.

A reader's impatience with the local rapid transit service can be assuaged if he is in Hong Kong, according to that veteran choomsang viewer Paul McNutt. Thelma Mackenzie, the Happy Uligan, tells you what to do when the lights go out. Last but far from least are typographer Shirley Peacock who managed to fit the copy around the illustrations without damaging either, and Playboy's girl Friday, Harriet Weinrich, who traced the DuPont and Iwaniec talent.





THE FISH THAT SWALLOWED JONAH

According to the great Swedish naturalist Carolus Linnaeus (1707-1778) who originated the system of binomial nomenclature that biologists use for naming and classifying plants and animals, Jonah was swallowed, but not by a whale. The Great White Shark, White Pointer, or Man-Eater Carcharodon carcharias is the villain that swallowed the prophet. "Jonan Prophetam," Linnaeus observes, "ut veteres Herculem trinocem, in hujus ventriculo tridui spatio, baesisse verosimile est."

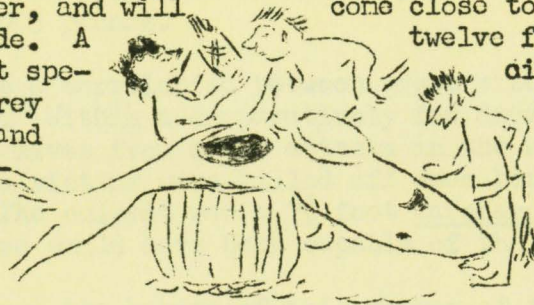
This swift, voracious and ferocious shark is a terror to all who venture on or in the water. Words cannot adequately express the aggressive nature of this piscine monster. In the year 1810, the great American naturalist Constantine Samuel Rafinesque wrote that this animal is "the most enormous and voracious" of sharks ("le piu enormi e le piu voraci"). Rafinesque's allusion to the aggressive nature of this animal is universally shared by every student of fishes, and especially by those who have met the man-eater face to face.

One of the most dramatic adventures recorded in scientific literature was experienced by Mr. Russell J. Coles of Danville, Virginia. The encounter is recorded in "Copeia" (official journal of the American Society of Ichthyologists and Herpetologists, 1919) wherein he describes his first experience with the great white shark. Mr. Coles was associated with a shark-fishing station at Cape Lookout, North Carolina and described the episode that contained an instant of close infighting as follows: "After trying for an hour to approach within harpooning distance of a large man-eater which was swimming in shallow water, I got overboard in a depth of five feet of water and had my boat retire to a distance of a hundred yards with the coil of rope, which was attached to the harpoon which I had with me. I also took with me half a bushel of crushed and broken fish to attract the shark, which was then swimming on or near the surface, half a mile to leeward of me. Soon the shark could be seen zig-zagging its course toward me, by crossing and re-crossing the line of scent from the broken fish, just as the bird-dog follows up the scent of quail. With harpoon poised, I crouched low, trusting that its approach would be continued in this manner, until, by a long cast, I could fasten my harpoon in its side. The scent of the broken fish, however, was so strong that they were definitely located, and the shark charged from a hundred feet away with a speed which has to be seen to be appreciated. I met

the onrushing shark by hurling my harpoon clear to the socket into it, near the angle of the jaw, and, as the iron entered its flesh, the shark leaped forward, catching me in the angle formed by its head and the harpoon handle, which caught me just under the right arm, bruising me badly, while my face and neck were somewhat lacerated by coming in contact with the rough hide of the side of its head. The force of the blow snapped the harpoon at the socket and the shark escaped, although it carried its death wound".

On a previous occasion, Mr. Coles was saved from a dangerous, knife to shagreen fight by a large logger-head turtle. In 1903, Mr. Colos was out in a very small skiff harpooning turtles when an eighteen-foot Carcharodon charged, halting only when in contact with his skiff, where, with its large staring eye it watched his every move, and lay for some seconds almost motionless with part of its back exposed above the surface. It then retired to a distance approximating a hundred yards and then, turning, charged at great speed directly at the skiff, when suddenly in the line of its attack a large logger-head turtle came to the surface and was seized in the jaws of the shark, which Mr. Coles heard crushing through the shell of the turtle. Mr. Coles was convinced that this shark had satisfied itself that he was suitable for food and had only retired to acquire speed for leaping into the skiff and seizing him.

Carcharodon is perhaps the only shark against which the charge of unprovoked attack on small boats is proved through the identification of the teeth left embedded in the sides of the boat. It has borne the unsavory reputation from the earliest times as a man-eater, and will come close to a boat and snap viciously at an arm overboard. A twelve foot specimen can bite a man in two, a twenty foot specimen can swallow a man whole. It devours its prey practically intact—whole seals, sturgeons, and tunas have been found in the stomachs of specimens eight or nine feet. An 18 foot monster caught near the coast of Africa was cut open and found to have in its stomach the foot of a native, a small goat, two pumpkins, a wicker-covered scent bottle, two large fishes, a small shark, and unidentified oddments. Sea turtles are also a regular item in their diet.



In Australia, where attacks by sharks on bathers, especially near Sydney, are of such common occurrence, most of the bathing beaches are protected by wire-netting enclosures or patrolled by trained observers ready to alert bathers when a dangerous shark enters the area. Many Australians became shark-conscious after an incident that occurred at Melbourne in 1930. "The Sun" of Sydney gave a detailed account of the killing of a youth of 18, probably by Carcharodon. The tragedy occurred in the presence of hundreds of people off a pier used by bathers. Just as the youth walked down the steps of the pier in the act of diving, there were cries of "shark!" A huge fin appeared about nine feet from the edge of the pier as the youth touched the water. The next second there was a thrashing of the shark's tail and the lad's arms and legs. He screamed and in a flash was dragged under. Immediately afterwards the shark rose with the youth in its jaws. It appeared to have him by the waist. The youth continued to scream and to beat at the monster with his hands. He was dragged under time and again, and each time he appeared he was being taken farther out into the bay. In 30 seconds, the youth in the grip of the shark, was twenty yards from the pier, and as he emerged above the blood-stained water the shark viciously tossed him about, but never released its grip. About ten times he was dragged under. His screams became fainter and,

leaving a red trail across the disturbed water, the shark took its victim well out into the bay. One observer estimated that the shark was between 15 and 20 feet long.

The name Carcharodon was coined from two Greek words meaning rough teeth, a characteristic that distinguishes it from all other sharks. The teeth are several inches long, triangular shaped, with coarse saw-toothed edges. Some large shark teeth dredged from the ocean bottom by the famous "Challenger" expedition were 5 or more inches in length, indicating that Carcharodon's recent ancestors were probably the largest of all fishes reaching estimated lengths of 60 to 100 feet. These creatures of bygone days must have been fearsome nightmares of prehistoric seas.

Newspapers, magazines, and even scientific journals have credited living Carcharodon with reaching gigantic dimensions, but one has only to recall the old fisherman's tale of "the big one that got away". Actually, specimens exceeding 20 feet are giants of their kind. Most of the captures authentically recorded have measured between 6 to 16 feet, but it is interesting to note that these sharks were apparently immature. The adults are seldom captured anywhere because of their large size, great strength, and formidable nature. Perhaps the largest example known to science is based on the jaws of an Australian specimen in the British Museum of Natural History that measured $36\frac{1}{2}$ feet in length. Variation in weight at given lengths with differences in the condition of the individuals is very wide, but as an example, the weight of a Cuban capture at 21 feet was 7,100 pound with a liver weighing 1,005 pounds.

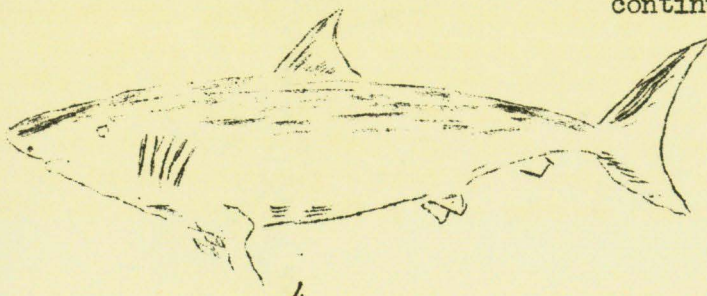
There does not seem to be a correlation between great size and Carcharodon's predatory habits on mankind. Within a comparatively few days in the summer of 1916, four swimmers lost their lives from shark attacks in the waters of New Jersey and New York Bay. Two of the victims were killed off open beaches and the other two in a landlocked creek. The culprit was a $7\frac{1}{2}$ foot Carcharodon. Probably no other species of shark that size would have been capable of the damage.

There is little known about the habits of this roamer of the open seas. Its distribution is cosmopolitan in the temperate and tropical seas of the world, but irregular in its occurrence and nowhere abundant. It lives at the surface in warm seas—often moves along beaches, including populous sectors of coastlines in search of food, but seldom penetrates the surf itself.

Carcharodon breeds viviparously, bringing forth living young, but little is known about the developmental stages and young.

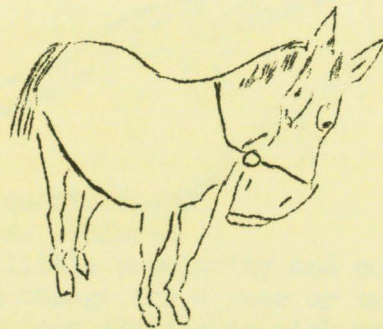
This species of shark has no commercial value; perhaps if it did, we would know more about its habits. Its teeth were used in old Hawaii for making various implements, many of which are still on exhibition in the Bishop Museum in Honolulu. The Hawaiians called it "Niuhi" and it is reported to have been kapu to women. Its flesh is highly prized as food, but few have had an opportunity to taste it.

continued on page 12.



RIBALD CLASSIC

In which, after a change, a contemporary tale is rewritten in such a manner that no self-respecting classicist of ribaldry would do anything but swirl in his grave.

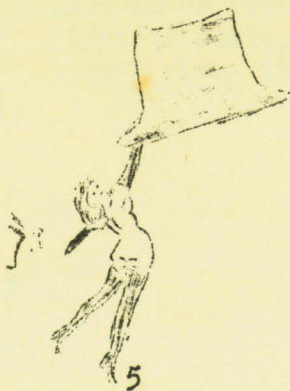


There once was a group of rather pleasant but often jaded people who cast about continuously for something DIFFERENT. Not content with such ordinary joys of daily existence as eating good food, getting drunk occasionally, leering at bosomy girls, and missing mass regularly, these malcontents devised the social scourge now known as the MONTHLY PARTY AT THE CLUB. Immediately, however, they were beset by insurmountable obstacles and frustrations, many of the latter happily having Freudian overtones. Paramount in the roster of problems was the club itself.

Like the ancient cathedrals, it had taken years to construct and was still abuilding. Unlike the cathedrals it was unholy. It was so unholy that not even Bacchus, in whose honor it had been built, could be fittingly worshipped there. Had Bacchus been a rooster, all would have been well, for the club resembled nothing so much as it did a henhouse. Only birds with limbs adapted to roosting could comfortably utilize the furniture. The floor was partially tiled for those who did not want to scratch in the dirt. The other half accommodated those who did.

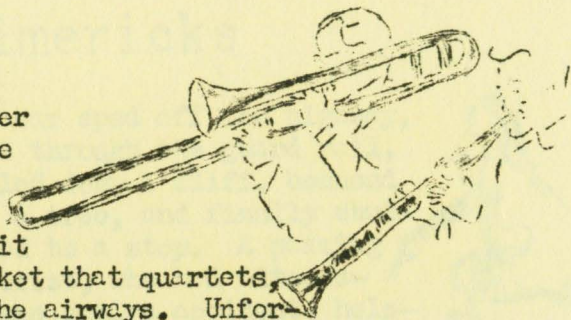
Terpsichorean rites were limited to a monotonous repetition of evolutions stringently circumscribed by an even more limited selection of musical accompaniment. Stonehenge-like arrangements of supposedly decorative rocks, spider webs, and a frequent rat or two gave this temple of bacchanalia a primeval air. Despair, like a pallid cloak of L.A. smog, had settled over the community. And then, as it must in all good stories that are told and told again, there emerged a priestess, a divine whose whole being was to be dedicated to transforming the henhouse into a wonderland, an out-of-this-world place for the jaded ones to revel in, and fittingly, too. Loyally by her side, her paragon labored to find music appropriate to the transformation. After much searching (of soul and boondocks) he found Skinner and his Seven Skins. These happy musicians were presented to the masses by another slave of the temple, the M.C., who was eternally grateful that Skinner did not have a quartet.

Revelry at last was rampant. But, alas, it lasted but the night. The next day the rather pleasant but often jaded people returned to eating good food, getting drunk occasionally, leering at bosomy girls, and missing mass regularly. -- RJU



JAZZ

Several years back some people may recall an unusual but entertaining radio program, Chamber Music of Lower Basin Street. It featured some of the best in current jazz with a concert hall introduction and narration by a sophisticated mellifluous voiced announcer. While it lasted there was no comparison to the gut-bucket that quartets, combos, quintets, and trios poured out over the airways. Unfortunately, anything as jazz per se in the thirties won little popularity and consequently no sponsor paid to keep it on the air. It did manage for a year or two, the second of which I had to tune the set to an out-of-town station to pick up those enchanting and lilting phrases. Since then there has been a tremendous surge in experimental jazz, and much good, and some poor, sounds have emerged.



For the new sophisticates Dave Brubeck Trio, with Brubeck on the piano, Callen Tjader on the vibes, and Ron Crotty on the bass, gives us a distinctive style of jazz for the new age. Fantasy records have pressed two recent Brubecks, Nos. 3-204 and 3-205, and such favorites as "I Didn't Know What Time It Was", "Sweet Georgia Brown", "September Song", "Avalon", "Always", "Let's Fall in Love", and "Tea for Two" got original and individualistic treatment. The sounds are easy to take, whether at the cocktail hour, holding hands at evening, or drinking that special martini with a favorite. The stuff is danceable, but better for listening and appreciation of the nuances. "Always" on 3-205 is especially good, with clear tintinnabulous sounds from the piano.

For sweeter taste, good rhythm, and little theme variation or improvisation, Harry Blons' Ensemble, "Easy Listening", Audiophile AP-38 is hard to beat. His interesting use of the harp in jazz is worth the price of the record, especially "Tea for Two" which he concludes in almost a soft shoe style rhythm. The plaintive, poignant "Do You Know What it Means to Miss New Orleans" is better heard than described. Blons' other offerings worth attention are "April In Paris", "Sweet Georgia Brown", "Autumn Leaves", and "Moonlight on the Ganges". The jacket couldn't be more appropriately named than "Easy Listening" for it is all this, done in a slightly modern style with not too pronounced a two-beat, so characteristic of "normal" jazz.

For those who missed Basin Street in the thirties and are venturesome to try a little gut-bucket, Doc Evans and his Band, "Traditional Jazz", Audiophile AP-44, is recommended. The band has cornet, trombone, clarinet, tuba, piano, banjo and drums and the beat is pronounced and solid, yet can be languorous as in "Basin Street Blues". Still the solid punch that is given to "Weary Blues" is enough to kick the slow two-beat shuffle aside and get a person to tapping the rhythm out with fingers or feet. There is a quality to this type of music, an individualism of its own, that gives it its place in jazz.—JEF



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES and

Sammet's Limericks

A cute tuna from Ponape Bay
Swam far out to sea in May.
She net up with a whale
Whose gender was male.
What they did isn't clear to this day.

It's no fun to kiss a girl over the
phone unless you happen to be in the
same booth with her.

A young brother who lived at the
Mission
Tinkered with nuclear fission.
It all went awry.
He sailed up to the sky
In perfect heavenward position.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines high
fidelity as a drunk who goes home regu-
larly to his wife.

At Langer the skin divers meet.
One day came an unplanned-for treat.
For through their mask glass
They spied a young lass
Whose bikini was not quite complete!

He offered her a Scotch and sofa, and
she reclined.

When a girl says she's got a boyish
figure, it's usually straight from the
shoulder.



The car sped off the highway,
went through the guard rail,
rolled down a cliff, bounced
off a tree, and finally shud-
dered to a stop. A passing
motorist, who had witness-
ed the entire accident, help-
ed the miraculously unharmed driver out
of the wreck.

"Good lord, mister," he gasped, "are
you drunk?!"

"Of course," said the man, brushing
the dirt from his suit-front. "What the
hell do you think I am—a stunt driver?"

Was once a young maiden from Net
Who refused to kiss and to pet.
She grew older and older
And colder and colder.
They haven't defrosted her yet!

Johnny, a Hollywood youngster, was very
proud because he had the most parents at
the P.T.A. meeting.

There was an old couple from Hyatt
Who yearned for some peace and some
quiet.

They moved to Mob Hill
Where they got their fill
When two dozen kids staged a riot.

These days, too many beautiful women are
spoilng their attractiveness by using
four-letter words—like don't and can't
and won't.

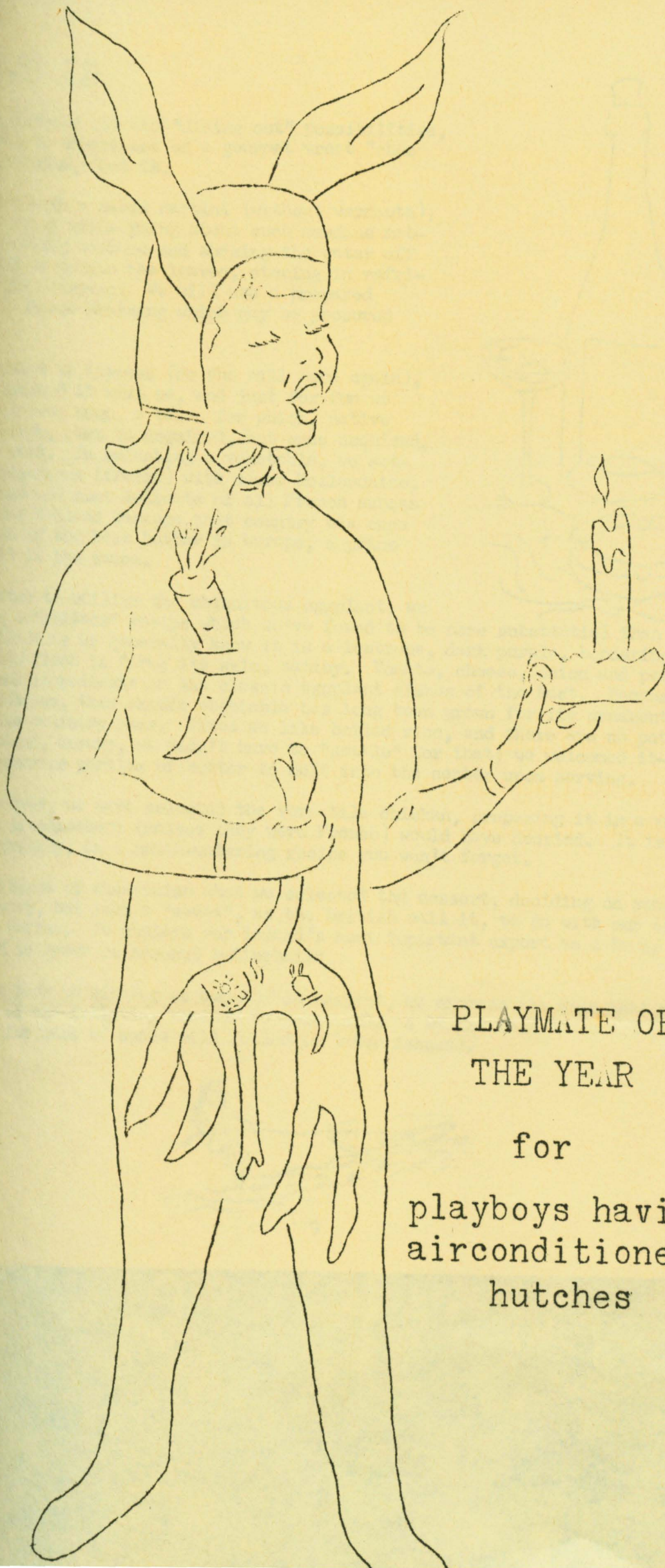
Our Unabashed Dictionary defines:

anatomy as something that everybody has,
but it looks better on a girl.

bore as a guy with a cocktail glass in one
hand and your lapel in the other.

husband as an unfortunate who began by
handing out a line and ended by walking
it.





PLAYMATE OF
THE YEAR
for
playboys having
airconditioned
hutches

DINING IN

Having exhausted all the "dining out" possibilities, we decided to experiment on a gourmet treat "chez nous"...at home, that is.

We started with a naked martini (without vermouth), sipping slowly while going about such mundane matters as washing lettuce and shaking the water off gently not to bruise the leaves, storing in refrigerator for crisping. We will use a prepared Roquefort cheese dressing which may be procured locally.

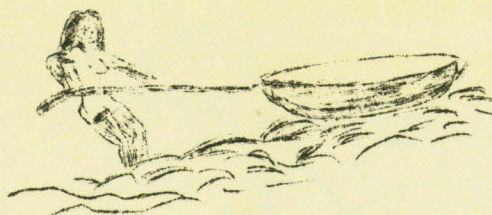
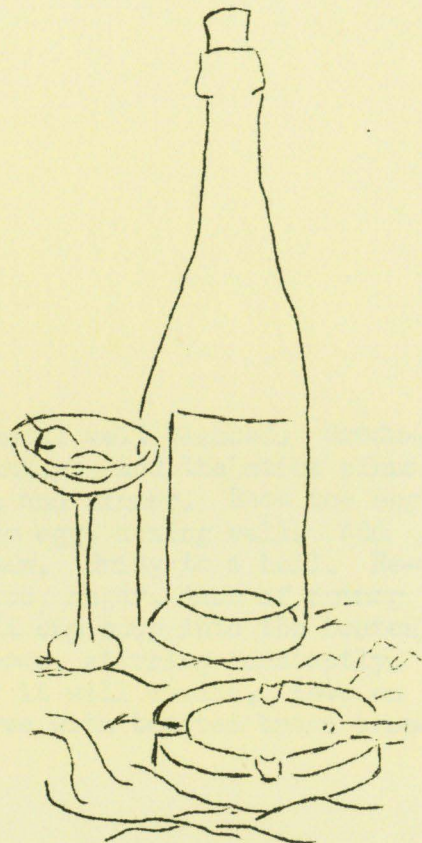
Since we want to impress (so she will come again), "haute cuisine" it will be, and just for fun we will try a beer soup, a taste for which, native Germans claim, must be acquired, but once acquired, is never lost. In selecting a vegetable, we settled on asparagus (frozen) with sauce Hollandaise, the richest and most delicate of all French sauces named after Holland because that country was once the source of the best butter in Europe, a prime ingredient in the sauce.

And in order to utilize the ubiquitous eggplant, we are using a "fritter" recipe which we've found to be more substantial than "haute". Ripe eggplant as we generally know it is a lustrous, dark purple, bordering on black. Its flesh is firm; its skin, satiny. Tomato, cheese, onion and parsley are traditional ingredients in the classic eggplant dishes of the East. Because of its visual richness, this exotic vegetable has long been grown for its ornamental as well as its culinary uses. Since we like boiled rice, and there are no potatoes on the island, anyway, we didn't have to "settle" for that; we welcomed it—and added a generous portion of butter to melt into the center upon serving.

For the entree, we have selected the versatile chicken, preparing it in a manner which our grandmothers (unless they were French) would have decried. It is chicken with burgundy, in a mouth-watering recipe you won't forget.

We showed signs of chauvinism when we selected the dessert, deciding on something not too heavy, but just a "sweet", as the British call it, to go with our espresso (Italian) coffee. It employs our island's most important export as a basic ingredient, and is known as coconut butterballs.

As we turn back to sipping on our double martini, we express the wish that you find some of the following recipes as delectable as we did (and those not printed this week for lack of space will follow in later issues).



BIERSUPE
(Serves Two)

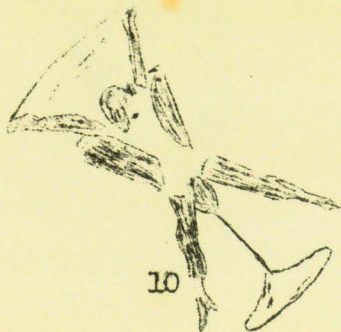
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 2 8 oz. cans chicken broth
- 1 inch piece stick cinnamon
- 2 whole allspice
- 1 onion cut in half
- 1 12 oz. bottle dark beer
- 1 egg
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- Cayenne pepper, Nutmeg

Melt the butter in a deep saucepan. Stir in the flour until well blended. Gradually add the boiling chicken broth while stirring constantly. Add the stick cinnamon, allspice and onion. Bring to a boil. Reduce flame and simmer. Beat the egg well in a small bowl. Add about 1/4 cup cold beer to the egg, mixing well. Add the balance of the beer to the ingredients in the saucepan. Bring to a boil. Reduce flame. Simmer slowly 15 minutes. Add the lemon juice, sugar, dash of nutmeg and dash of cayenne pepper. Strain soup. Stir about 1/4 cup soup into the beaten egg. Pour the egg in a very small stream into the saucepan, stirring constantly. Return soup to a slow fire. Do not permit it to boil or it will curdle. Keep on the fire, stirring constantly, for a minute or two. Serve with toasted bread croutons.

CHICKEN WITH BURGUNDY
(Serves Four)

- 1 3-lb. frying chicken
- 1 cup Burgundy-type red wine
- salt, pepper
- 1/2 can (7 oz.) chicken broth
- 1 tsp. onion juice
- 2 tbsp. tomato paste
- 1/8 tsp. garlic powder
- 1/2 tsp. tarragon

Have the chicken cut into pieces, as for frying. Soak the chicken in the wine one hour. Preheat oven at 425°. Remove chicken from wine and place it, skin side up, in a shallow baking pan or casserole. Do not use a deep pan, or chicken will not brown properly. Sprinkle chicken with salt and pepper. Combine wine with chicken broth, onion juice, tomato paste, garlic powder and tarragon, mixing well. Pour liquids over chicken. Bake the chicken for 1 to 1 1/4 hours, basting about every ten minutes with the sauce. If chicken seems to be browning too rapidly, cover it with aluminum foil. Pour sauce over chicken on serving plates or platter. Don't forget a glass of Burgundy on the side.



FRESH EGGPLANT FRITTERS
(Yield: 8 - 9 fritters)

8 cups (1-3/4 lb.) diced,
fresh eggplant
3/4 cup boiling water
1 1/2 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. black pepper
1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
1 1/2 tsp. finely chopped onion
1 egg, beaten
3/4 cup fine dry bread crumbs
1/3 cup flour

Cook eggplant 10 minutes or until tender in boiling, salted water. Drain well and wash. Add remaining ingredients and shape into patties. Roll in additional fine dry bread crumbs. Brown on both sides in hot shortening or bacon fat. Drain on absorbent paper. Serve hot.

SAUCE HOLLANDAISE

1/2 lb. sweet butter
4 large egg yolks
1 tablespoon cold water
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1/4 teaspoon salt
Dash cayenne pepper

Beat the egg yolks in an electric mixing machine until deep lemon colored and thick. While the egg yolks are being beaten, melt the butter over a moderate flame. Remove the butter from the fire as soon as it is all melted. While continuing to beat the egg yolks, begin adding the melted butter in the smallest possible stream, almost drop by drop at first. The butter will be emulsified by the egg yolks into a sauce somewhat resembling mayonnaise in appearance. Gradually add the balance of the butter in small dribblets. When all the butter has been added, stir in the water, lemon juice, salt and cayenne pepper. Remove sauce from mixing bowl. It may be cold. To reheat it, place the sauce over warm, not hot, water, stirring occasionally.



COCONUT BUTTERBALLS

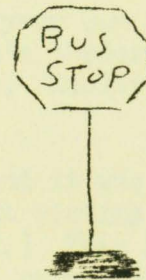
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter
2 tbsp. confectioners sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. vanilla
1 cup sifted flour
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup flaked coconut, cut

Cream butter. Add sugar and vanilla and cream together until light and fluffy. Add flour all at once and blend. Add coconut, mixing well. Shape into small balls and place on ungreased baking sheet. Chill 15 minutes. Then bake in moderate oven (350°) for 15 minutes, or until delicately browned. Roll in additional confectioners sugar while still warm. Makes 36.

HONG KONG BUS STOP

Successfully eluding my wife and three issue by nonchalantly walking on down the streets of Hong Kong while they stopped and stuck their noses in a camera shop, I hopped on the Kowloon ferry, second class. Because the ferries run every five minutes it was easy to ditch the family. Once in Kowloon I sauntered up the quay, while the teeming millions swarmed past me for a small fleet of double deck trans waiting to deliver the disgorged ferry fares to the various parts of Kowloon and environs. Suddenly (ha ha, actually when the plane landed three days ago), I became aware of the slit Chinese skirts. I noted old grandmas with slit skirts, the slit stopping judiciously about 6 inches above the tarsal joint. Well-stacked Chinese matrons usually revealed about twelve inches of thigh.

But I digress. I needs must get to the bus stop or I'll be late for afternoon tea. By now the press has thinned out a bit, and here and there one can spot a Plaything. For purposes of definition, according to Playboy, this is a pleasant pile of pulchritude betwixt the ages of 17 and 25. Now, man, these slit dresses were all right. None of this slightly modified flare to allow a wider stance. These gals wore 'em slit to just a few inches below the pelvic bone. Well, I missed several busses allowing these gals to get on the — well, to be truthful, I was in the wrong part of town and was waiting for the right bus to show up. Needless to say, gentlemen, when in Hong Kong, don't fail to visit any bus stop. —PMcN



JONAH, continued

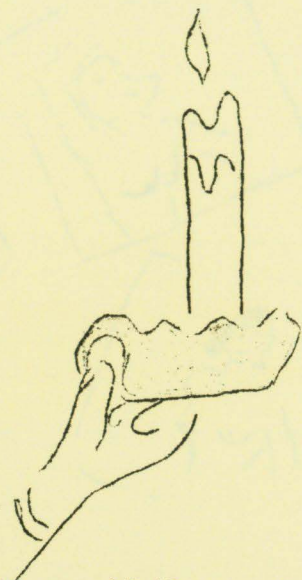
Mr. Coles reports that "It was the very finest shark, or in fact, fish of any kind that I have ever eaten. I made an entire meal of man-eater shark, eating nearly two pounds for dinner".

Carcharodon was not created as a man-eater, and by nature few white sharks ever attack man or look for him as food, but having once done so, by chance, that individual immediately becomes very dangerous.

Yes, Carcharodon does swim in the waters of Micronesia.

MAJURO MURMURS . . .

We have a new District game down here that is simply sweeping the community. First of all, you must have a couple of generators that stop generating. Not all of them, mind you. Say not more than two. Be sure that the ones that go off are the ones that furnish power for the units that are air-conditioned--with windows that are solidly sealed. It also helps if families and not couples reside in said units. (The children are mad about this game.) The best time to play it is around midnight, of course. This brings out the element of surprise. Your first indication that the game is on is to awaken gasping for breath faced with an eerie black silence. You rise with a chuckle, then grope around for some candles or a flashlight. (It's even more fun if you forgot to buy candles and the flashlight batteries are dead.) Next, you sit and wait for not more than three hours to see if the generator will come back on, thereby greatly aiding the feeling of suspense.

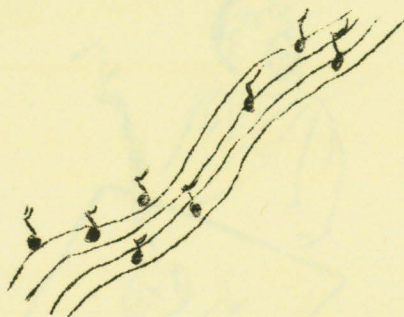


This brings you to the next stage. You move. If you are sans candles and/or flashlight it is delightful to pack clothes and bottles (for babies, of course) and stumble forth outside. Clutching cribs, bags, babies, and your toothbrush you go forth and pick out a likely looking house that has a porch light on...this means THEY have power.

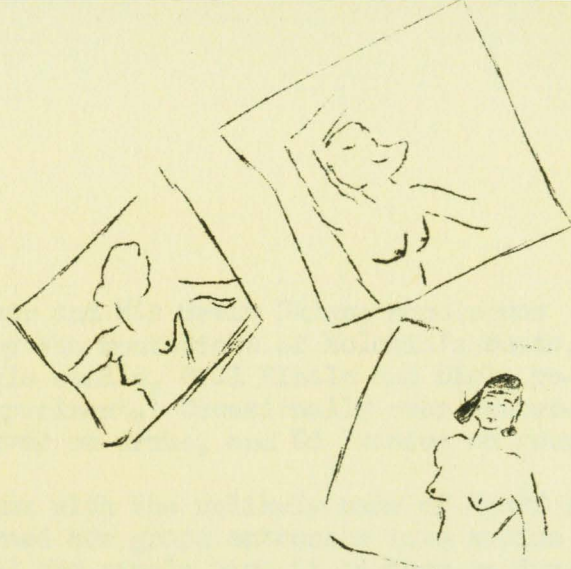
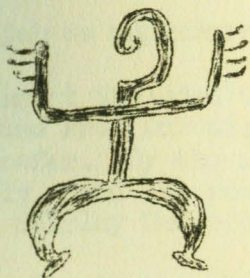
You pound on their door gaily laughing and singing out, "Yoo-Hoo, you're IT; we're moving in". And you do! If your victims are the RIGHT sort they immediately join in the spirit of all the fun and welcome you with open arms...this means they relinquish THEIR room and move in with the kids. We have found it helps tremendously if they were sound asleep. That way they are neither fully awake nor aware of what is happening.

After about four days of this it is best to move back to your own house, especially if your generator is working temporarily and your host's larder is on the verge of depletion (not to mention their giggle water cupboard). Really, it's almost like going home on leave or visiting with friends.

We have only played it four times in the last two weeks and it was just lovely. The only thing that worries us a trifle is that our recent victims have requested space on the planes or ships (ANYTHING, is what they said.) This is a rather small community, and our immediate concern is that there aren't many victims left. Yokwe!—TM



BEATNIK SUPPER CLUB



PLAYBOY GOES TO A BEATNIK PARTY

Last Saturday night we dropped in at one of the swangiest gatherings we've been to in our frequent nocturnal wanderings. At the door we were greeted by the playmate halves of the evening's hosting couples, the Fred DuPonts and the Ray Cadwells. We seated ourselves at a candlelit table and ordered a drink from one of the efficient waiters. Helped ourselves from an appetizing plate of hors d'oeuvres and munched on homemade breadsticks. Comfortably settled and making sure we were flanked on each side by members of the opposite sex, we took an appreciative look around the Beatnik Supper Club, theretofore the Club Kolonia. Our fellows were the hippest cats and chicks this side of San Francisco's Bagel Shop. Not only sporting beards, berets, turtle necks and leotards, they wore the beatific smiles from which The Generation's leaders tell us the word "beat" was developed (not from "beat up" as some of the squares try to tell us)

To stir imaginations there were interpretive oil paintings on the walls done by the Club's own Mary DuPont. This talented gal had also designed and painted menus that would have made the Stork Club's look like kindergarten art work.

These subterraneans had not yet reached the stage where they could survive solely on their inspirations and convictions. So when salad, Italian spaghetti, and French bread were served, the beatific smiles increased as they dug in. As everyone was enjoying his cup of espresso, Master of Ceremonies for the evening, Ray Cadwell, announced the first floor show. This fellow did such a superb job that we are surprised some agent hasn't grabbed him away from his



BEATNIK PARTY, CONTINUED

regular job as supermarket manager.

Entertainment included way-out music by Skinner and His Seven Skins; monologues by Mary and Fred DuPont; and poetry written by the mouthpiece of Kolonia's Beats, Dick Umhoefer. By the illumination of a single candle, Bill Finale and Dick, respectively, read the poems to a musical accompaniment. Occasionally over-exuberant were Shirley Umhoefer on comb, Elaine Migvar on drums, and Ed Iwaniec on gourd.

The only slip in the show came when a ballerina with the unlikely name of Knarf repeatedly sailed headlong into a post that turned her grand entrances into supine exits. This was a true showwoman, though, and she gamely gave it another go during the second floor show. This time she emerged wearing little more than a dance paddle and proved to the delight of the enthusiastic Playboys—that she was more the Sally Rand than the Anna Pavlova type anyway.

Between shows those who were not philosophizing at corner tables took to the dance floor. The second floor show ended with three extemporaneous skits performed by members of the audience. In the first Hal Forester and Diane Sammet played a Beatnik explaining a surrealist painting to a farmer's daughter. Next, Leo Migvar was a taxi driver taking Kay Finn for her first New York ride. Joan Sutcliffe and Paul McNutt won first prize for their portrayal of a young girl explaining a mink coat to her dubious father.

Long about midnight tired guests headed for their pads—which could only seem a bit mundane after their immersion in the atmosphere of The Beat.—DS