ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN MAY 1971 - ONE DOLLAR PILAPORTAL PROBABILITY

> PLAYBOY'S SCUBA-DO!

A CANDID INTERVIEW WITH JOHN WAYNE

TWELVE PAGES OF NEW YORK BUNNIES

\$1



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OLAROID

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The 450. Our finest minute.

The 450



From the land of **British Racing Green.**

Only 24 of the top racing drivers in the world are eligible nothing reflects the English to compete in all International Grand Prix.

More than half of them are British.

While for many nations, racing cars has become a national pastime, in England it has grown into a national passion.

For the English, cars are a very no-nonsense, unfrilly business. In a car, they regard beauty as a function of how

beautifully it functions, and character more in this regard than the classically British TR-6.

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The Classically British Triumph TR-6



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The crystalline, blue-green waters surrounding the Bahamas set the scene for PLAYBOY's scuba holiday. Aboard a chartered schooner anchored off the western tip of New Providence, the submariners, at left, prepare to take the morning's first plunge. Below: The eager divers join hands as they head for new underwater worlds.



SCUBA-DO!

playboy goes on an aquatic holiday for an in-depth look at the pleasures and pastimes of underwater sports





Top: Emerging from the deep, two divers tie up their inflatable safety raft to a Formula 23 runabout and quickly establish a friendly line of communication with the boat's able-bodied first mate. Above, left to right: Others in the scuba party splash down to join their friends below, who are already exploring a coral reef.







Far left: This romantically entwined couple has temporarily traded its aqualungs for a surface-air-supply system that includes a floating compressor and two 25-foot-long air hoses hooked directly to fullface masks. Left: Another topless underwater sprite chances on one of the sea's more intriguing saline citizens—an appropriately named puffer fish, which inflates itself when angered or frightened.





Above: These seagoers have hopped aboard a battery-powered SeaPlane that is capable of whisking them through the briny at speeds over two knots. Divers' air consumption while aboard the vehicle is also lessened, since there's little to do but steer and happily hold an.

> Above: Two diving belles enjoy a breath of fresh air—sans masks—inside the Subliminos Sea-Shell, a Plexiglas bubble roped to the rubber-coated platform on which they're standing. The girls, observed from above by a pair of curious aquanauts, have created this undersea oasis by letting air escape from their regulators and into the shell.



To satisfy the hearty high-noon appetites that predictably follow a morning of scuba diving, this venturesome duo, at left, swims back to the boat with their king-sized catch—a Bahamian lobster—that soon will serve as the midday's main course.

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By the numbers: 1. Slurp gun for capturing fish, by Custom Salt Water Aquarium, \$29.95. 2. Vinyl diving-gear bag, by Scubapro, \$21. 3. OceanEye 100 waterproof camera housing, by Data Corporation, \$595, shown with Nikon F camera, \$316. 4. Electrolung closed-circuit breathing apparatus, by Beckman Instruments, \$2975. 5. Bouee Fenzy life jacket with air tank, from International Marine Supply, \$99.50. 6. Purus portable air compressor, by Mako Products, \$695. 7. Neoprene helmet with light, by Birns and Sawyer, \$99.50. 8. and 9. Olympic Model 400 regulator, \$90, and Double 50 air tanks, \$220, both by Dacor. 10. Diver's stiletto, by Scubapro, \$8. 11. Scubamaster snorkel, by Healthways, \$5. 12. Champion underwater mask, by U. S. Divers, \$5.95. 13. Viking Giant Fins, by A. M. F. Voit, \$18 a pair. 14. Al Giddings-designed Cine Mar I underwater camera housing, from U. S. Divers, \$139.95, holds an 8X Super-Zoom movie camera, by Nikon, \$299.50. 15. Mondial diver's mask, by Dacor, \$14. 16. Treasure hunter's tool, by U. S. Divers, \$5.95. 17. and 18. Abalone iron, \$5.50, and a pair of vented Jet Fins, \$20, both by Scubapro. 19. Battery-powered Diver Propulsion Vehicle, by Farallon Industries, \$395. 20.-22. Calypso III regulator, \$106.50, Falco mask takes prescription lenses, \$12.95, and Aqua-Lung tank, \$124.50, all by U.S. Divers. 23. Discoverer II underwater metal detector, by AZA Scientific, \$895. 24. Nikonos II underwater camera, \$198, shown with Nikonos Close-up Kit, \$160.50, both from U. S. Divers. 25. Scubair Sonic regulator with audible warning device, by Healthways, \$110.





Above: Well-chilled white wine proves the perfect way to refresh the waterweary. Right: With all hands on deck, the ship's cook sets out a delicious meal that includes the freshly caught lobster, plus tossed salad, Bahamian grits (a savory mixture of rice, locally grown vegetables and hot tomato sauce) and a selection of fresh tropical fruit. The feast, appropriately enough, is served native style on plates and mats made from Bahamian palm fronds.



After all have eaten their fill, the group pauses awhile for rest and total relaxation. One welltanned sun worshiper, at right, prepares to take advantage of the early afternoon's rays—and wins the silent approval of a shipmate.







Above: After a lengthy undersea excursion, these privacy seekers make a romantic retreat to a deserted strand, where sets and sky meld into a magnificent Bahamian sunset. Left: Unable to resist a final descent, they don wet suits and strap on watertight lamps, all the better to experience the sensual seclusion of an after-dark dive—a fitting nightcapper to a day of aquatic exhilaration,



RIGHT NUMBER

debuting as the star of a porno-movie satire, "the telephone book," sarah kennedy has obviously found her calling







In settings reminiscent of her native Oregon, Sarah forgets, for a time, the career decisions she'll be making in the near future. She's considering film offers as well as a possible role on Broadway.



IN THIS ERA OF MODERN CINEMA, the journey to movie stardom needn't have Hollywood as its destination, as 23-year-old Sarah Kennedy is pleasantly discovering. For her, it began when she dropped out of Oregon State University during her sophomore year, dissatisfied with life as a coed. Her basic unhappiness stemmed from the fact that, on campus, she was known primarily for her third-cousin relationship to the political Kennedys. Discouraged by this gilt-byassociation and by only a fair academic record, Sarah impulsively decided to head east. She settled in Manhattan and was working as a receptionist in a film-production office when a client asked her to appear in a commercial for his company. She agreed, found that she liked the work and subsequently appeared in other TV spots, one of which was viewed by New York movie producer Merwin Bloch, whose attention was focused on Sarah rather than on the sponsor's product. At his invitation, she tested for, and landed, the lead in The Telephone Book, a randy spoof that opens with Sarah receiving an obscene phone call. Instead of finding it repulsive, Sarah is sensually aroused by her caller's voice and immediately sets out to learn his identity. Whether critics will regard The Telephone Book as meritorious or meretricious is still unknown, but for Sarah it means a starring role in her first picture-and a future that promises to make this Kennedy cousin-to-the-clan a public figure in her own right.

In The Telephone Book, Sarah searches for an obscene phone caller and, along the way, encounters such bizarre affairs as an en-masse audition, below, for a stag movie. Right: At first reluctant to participate, she eventually gets in on the act.







"Well, I guess this shoots to hell my membership in the women's-liberation movement!"

paging miss pennington!

propelled by a sure-fire mixture of ambition and ability, janice's acting star is on the rise



"I'VE BEEN THINKING seriously about an acting career ever since I was twelve," confesses 25-year-old Janice Pennington. "But I never admitted it because I was afraid people would consider me egotistical if I told them my ambitions." She believes that being raised in Southern California contributed to her precocious plans for stardom, which—except for one attempt to change them—have remained unaltered. Finishing high school, she left the Coast for New York—"to forget about becoming an actress. I told myself I simply couldn't make it in films." Trying for a career as a fashion mannequin, she eventually came under the auspices of Eileen Ford's prestigious modeling agency; but even after 18 successful months, her screen aspirations hadn't faded, so she headed home to get an agent and begin answering casting calls. After supporting



Above: Janice arrives at the NBC television studios in Burbank for a day's work on Rowan and Martin's Laugh-In. She chats with the security guard, gets a parking token, then leaves her car in the lot. Once inside, Janice heads down the long studio corridor toward a dressing room for her change into costume, passing by a photo of Arte Johnson's sly storm trooper, which stands sentry in the hallway. 125





Above: In a Laugh-In skit, as lovely aide-de-camp to The Great Martino, Janice ties up Dick Martin as co-host Dan Rowan looks on. Contrary to his boastful claims, Martin's attempt at a Houdiniesque escape goes predictably awry. "During rehearsal, the knot kept slipping," she confides. Below: As a go-go dancer in the Laugh-In cocktail-party scene, a body-painted Janice backs up two show regulars, Ruth Buzzi—who's decked out in her desperately solicitous lady-of-the-street costume—and, at left, a uniformed Dennis Allen. "While I'm dancing," says Janice, "I watch the cast for comedy bits that might help me in the future."





Above: In another Laugh-In sequence, Janice finds herself in the clutches of dirty young man Arte Johnson, whom she considers "unbelievably talented. His ear for dialect is just perfect, and that kind of skill requires constant practice." Below right: Between scenes, Janice has her make-up retouched. Below: After the taping is completed, Janice discusses future appearances on the show with Rowan and an NBC administrative official. "The great thing about doing Laugh-In is the opportunity it gives me to associate with such a variety of talents. They're the most gifted group of comedians since the old Steve Allen Show."

herself during lean times with trips to nearby Las Vegas for jobs in casino song-and-dance troupes, she graduated to appearances as an extra on the Playboy After Dark show, to small speaking parts in episodes of several other television series and, finally, to a role as an operating-room nurse who assiststhen resists-surgeon Elliott Gould in the movie I Love My Wife. And now-in what could be her big screen break-Janice is playing a columnist-interviewer in a satirical drama being filmed, without any prerelease publicity, by Orson Welles, about whom she speaks with a deferential admiration approaching reverence. "Everyone in the movie is like a child at his feet. Not that he coerces you into that kind of attitude but you naturally fall into it because he's so overpowering-mentally and physically." Should this be the stroke of good fortune that she's been working and waiting for, Janice wants to weigh future script offers with considerable caution. "I'm not in such a hurry that I'd play a role I didn't feel was right for me," she explains. There's one kind of part, however, that Janice would accept without a moment's hesitation. "I'd love to play someone slightly mad. I don't necessarily mean a villainess, just







Above: Complying with her captain's orders, Janice plays an eager-to-please airline stewardess while Phyllis Diller portrays an unlikely copilot in a scene from a Bob Hope television special. Right: Janice waits offstage for a playback of the tape as Hope goes ahead with another segment of the show.

someone kind of flipped out. That would be fascinating and challenging." If she ever plays such a part, her portrayal will certainly belie the offscreen, athome Janice, who calls herself "terribly normal" and enjoys such simple pastimes as cooking and sewing. She even remodeled her Sherman Oaks living room not long ago, plastering the walls and bricking the fireplace herself. This domestic know-how should serve Janice well in a role she hopes will be hers in the still-distant future. "I want to live near a forest and a river, away from smog, with a husband and children. I don't know where that is yet, but I'm certain that I want to be there." We have every confidence that, given her characteristic determination, Janice will find it. Whether she's destined to become a film star or a housewife-or both-she's got all the ambition and the assets for a winning performance.





PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Right after he started undressing me," explained the young thing to her roommate, "I told him he mustn't see me anymore."

"What happened then?" asked her friend.

"What do you think happened?" the girl said. "He turned out the lights."

A conservative acquaintance of ours happened to mention that he knows a patriotic prostitute who has embroidered on her panties the starspangled inscription: LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT.



Upon arriving home early one evening, a weary suburbanite discovered his shapely wife in bed with a neighbor. "Since you're sleeping with my wife," the irate man shouted, "I'm going over and sleep with you'rs."

"Go ahead," replied the neighbor. "You probably need the rest."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines saltpeter as a product that's not easy to come by.

We know a theater critic who says that girls now do things onstage that they used to do offstage in order to get onstage.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *psychiatrist* as an ambivalence chaser.

The gold-digging mother was concerned about the fact that her rather plain-looking daughter was not married. With the girl's permission, her mother placed an ad in an underground newspaper that read: "Passionate, sexy young girl with many natural assets would like to meet elderly, wealthy gentleman who appreciates the good things in life. Object: matrimony." Several weeks later, when the first reply was forwarded, the girl tore it open, read the response and immediately burst into tears. The captain of the college basketball team had just married a petite blonde and the school's coach could not understand why the giant player had wed such a tiny girl. "She's hardly bigger than your hand," the coach declared.

"I know," replied the court hero, "but she's a hell of a lot better."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *pimp* as a man who lives by broad alone.

An aggressive salesman who had been working on a large account for months came into the office slightly the worse for wear one morning and tossed the signed contract onto his boss's desk. A little later, the boss called him in. "Certainly, I'm glad you finally got the president of the Acme Corporation to OK this order," said the executive. "It's just that I'm not sure that his signature written with a swizzle stick dipped in soy sauce is legally binding."

A handsome bachelor and his ravishing date embraced outside the entrance to the girl's apartment house. As he held her close, the young man whispered a suggestion that was flatly refused. After several unsuccessful attempts to change her mind, the disgusted lad started away. "You're not leaving already?" cooed the startled lass.

"Damn right," he grumbled. "It's too cold for the three of us to stand here much longer."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines birth control as multiplication tabled.



The inebriated gentleman approached the attractive young lady who was drinking alone in a cocktail lounge and said, "I guess we're here for the same reason." "That's right," she said, dryly. "Let's go pick up some chicks."

"What's wrong?" the mother asked.

"Oh, Mom," the girl sobbed, "it's from Dad!"

And, of course, you've heard about the narcotics agents who busted a pot smoker just as he was lighting up a huge joint. They really nailed the head on the hit.

Finishing his prepared statement, the blustering politician threw the press conference open for questions. "Is it true that you were born in a log cabin?" one sarcastic reporter asked.

"You're thinking of Abraham Lincoln," the politician answered coolly. "I was born in a manger." Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *orgasm* as a state-of-the-union message.

As the curtain came down on the main attraction, the P. T. A. president stepped to the microphone and announced: "I'm terribly sorry about what you just saw, but we had naturally assumed that Constance and Her Educated Monkey would be a *children's* animal act."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"Could you put the rest in a bowser bag?"



"You didn't think the truck drivers all stop here for this slop, did you?" ь.

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THE BUNNIES OF NEW YORK

a words-and-pictures toast to manhattan's glamorous hutch honeys

Typical of New York's talented crop of largely home-grown Bunnies are Brooklyn's Karen Ferber (left) and Manhattan's Beverly Taylor (below). Karen aspires to become an actress and Beverly wants to be "a great singer"; both spend off-duty hours rehearsing.





Playmate-Bunny Debbie Ellison (above) adorned our gatefold in September 1970. In addition to Bunny-hopping in New York, Debbie studies ballet and creative writing. Public-relations work appeals to Waren Smith (below left, welcoming keyholders to the Manhattan hutch). Born in Portland, Oregon, Waren lived in Japan and California before moving east with her family; now she attends Montclair State College in New Jersey. Gina Byrams (right), 1970 Bunny of the Year for the entire Playboy empire, began her cottontail career in Baltimore but recently transferred to the New York Club. An enthusiastic sports fan, Gina enjoys football, basketball, automobile racing and riding; for indoor amusement, she frequently tries her hand at costume design.







The New York Playboy Club afforded quite a change of pace for Bunny Anita Jabbour (above left), who came to the hutch fresh from duties as a staff nurse at New York Hospital. Of Spanish-Lebanese extraction, Anita is a free-lance model and a professional vocalist. The chilled cottontail above right is Gina Loren, a former opera student who now leans toward gentle ballads; "I've written some songs, too, but none has been recorded yet." Leipzig, Germany's gift to the Club is Gisela Moseman, below left and right; the helping hands are Ricki Shapiro's.















Expert surfer Suzi Mitchell (above) spent nine months in Hawaii training for an international surfing meet at Makaka Beach; she placed as a finalist. Since moving to New York, she's become interested in flying and intends someday to be a flight instructor. Judy Juterbock (below), a minister's daughter from Michigan and former student at Detroit's Society of Arts and Crafts, is working to establish herself as a model in Fun City-and so is Inga Whealton, the cyclist at left. A transplanted Floridian-born and raised in Tampa-Inga has called Manhattan home for the past two and a half years.





Aspiring actress Candice Bajada (above) bears the same first name as her ideal -Candice Bergen. "She's totally honest and never phony," says Bunny Candice. At the Club, Candice works in the checkroom and Gift Shop; afternoons off are likely to be spent painting water colors or cycling in Central Park. 155





A former medical assistant is Monique Murphy (above), one of several hutch honeys who have come to Manhattan from Puerto Rico. Monique has her sights set on becoming a magazine cover girl, then having "six children and twelve servants." Playmate Helena Antonaccio (below) enlivened our June 1969 issue with her adventures as a new Bunny in training.







"I could never work in an office; it's too confining," says Shari Marcell (left). Playboy keyholders applaud her choice of Bunnydom over business. An aspiring actress is Dee Levin, at left above, getting an assist from fellow cottontail Carmel Atwell. Dee did everything from scrubbing floors to understudying the stars during a year's theatrical apprenticeship in her native Baltimore before tackling the big city. Carmel, a professional dancer, and drama student Janice Shilinsky (below) share Dee's footlight ambitions; Janice also writes poetry.


Playboy is a family affair for Leni Campbell (above), whose mother is the seamstress at the Boston hutch. Before joining the cottontail crew, Leni spent six years as a telephone-company supervisor. Modeling a sari from her collection (below) is Tanya Mohammed, who's saving up for a trip to her parents' native India.





A transferee from the Chicago Club, Lee Wydra (above) worked as a salesgirl in Marshall Field's and studied art for two years at Western Illinois University in Macomb before donning her Bunny collar and cuffs. Eventually, she plans to enter the teaching field.





Another ex-Chicagoan, Emma Patterson, calls guests to the Living Room's breakfast buffet (above). Emma finds New York living expensive, but Manhattan keyholders are generous tippers, she says: "I can easily earn \$200 in just three days' work here." Next step for Emma will be studies in hotel management; then, she hopes, an administrative job at Playboy's new Great Gorge, New Jersey, resort now under construction. Bunny Diane Richardson, swinging with the Club beat, below, hails from Georgia-where she was graduated from Tift College in Forsyth. "I love exploring New York City on my own," says Diane. Her favorite discoveries: the Sheep Meadow in Central Park and the Staten Island Ferry, the fare of which amazes her. "Where else can you get such a bargain for a nickel?" she asks. Diane intends to return to school for a master's degree in psychology.



Nikki Minick (below), another Georgia peach, worked as a veterinarian's assistant before joining Playboy last spring. Her father is a career Army man, but Nikki idolizes ex-Beatle John Lennon for his pacifist leanings. "We're all entirely different in our outlook on life," she says of her family, "yet, we have remained very close."





For Dee Saffold (above left), one of the greatest things about New York is its abundance of museums. An amateur artist ("I dabble in oils"), Dee admits a preference for works in the 18th Century manner—her taste perhaps influenced by her two years at the College of William and Mary in historic Williamsburg. Jody Irushalmi (above right) pursues a somewhat more strenuous hobby: karate. Brigitte Gartenberg (below left), a Czechoslovakian contribution to the New York Bunny brigade, keeps in shape—beautifully—with ice skating and tennis.







"I guess I'll always be an outdoor girl," says Dianne Hall, at left, practicing park-bench acrobatics. Emily Brown, at the Club's Living Room buffet above, is a stay-at-home who writes fairy tales. Pam Powers (below) enjoys both leisurely and lively diversions, among them yoga, knitting, ballet, studying classical Greek and astrology—and sky diving.





"Male supremacy is all right—but I favor a different position."

Jarga



THE SWINGERS

a cartoonist's-eye view of life among the sexhibitionists



"Hey, we came here to swing, not to argue about what kind of sex education our kids should have in school."



"I don't think the Bernards are emotionally equipped for swinging."



"But-we thought your ad said A.C./D.C."





"'Consumer Reports' is going to hear about this."

"What I miss is turning over afterward and going to sleep."



"By the way, Harry, Frank wanted me to ask you about that money you borrowed...." "Oops, sorry!"



"Don't hold her so tight, dear ... slow down a little ... watch out for her fingernails...."



"Romantic, isn't it?"



"Honey, I discovered a new erogenous zone."



"I was watching you with Jack, Marty and Dick. I didn't realize you knew all those things."



"Now that you've come of age, son, I think it's time your old dad let you in on our little family curse."







"Now, that piece is an outstanding bedroom bargain, Gilbert."



"What's happening to our lakes and rivers is one question, Mrs. Carstairs. Another question is why we're throwing away perfectly good toxic irritants."



"This one reads 'Best wishes from the boys on the vice squad.'"



"That's what I was telling you about, Professor. Money no longer motivates our generation."



"The Government pays me not to do any plowing, and I'm not going to do any plowing! Hear?"



"Fortunately, it's not only my nose."

buck brown

"The one thing I regret, Spike, is that we never had children."







"We'll see if those people let you stay at the commune when they find out you never clean your room or help with the dishes."



"My generation didn't have television, my dear. We were the comic-book generation."



"I found that rattle, Mr. Morris, and I think you and your lawyer had better get right down here!"



"It is beautiful, Rapunzel, but we don't need it anymore, and it's a fire hazard."



"Why did I have to fall in love with my chauffeur? I never get where I want to go!"



"And so, when we heard of a white jungle queen. . . ."



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"Don't you just love spring, with all its budding and blossoming?"

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