

reason that Jill isn't in a hurry to become a professional designer is that the current unisex craze turns her off: "I'm old-fashioned about things like that—I appreciate the difference." So do we, and we were glad, indeed, that Jill didn't prove to be old-fashioned when we asked her to grace our January gatefold.



In the evening, having ingested all the marshmallows they could handle, Jill and the gang appropriate a piano, a drum set and assorted rhythm instruments that belong to the absent hosts. Jill sees to it that the beat goes on as the girls, in an admittedly amateurish jam session, sing a mixed-up medley of Top 40 favorites. "I'm sure glad there's no tape recorder here," says Jill.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Noticing that her husband's relationship with the alluring miss across the street was becoming more intimate, the suspicious wife awoke one morning to find herself alone in bed. Angered, she dialed her attractive neighbor and belted into the phone, "Tell my husband to get his ass across the street."
"Ma'am," a soft, sexy voice replied, "that's where he's been getting it for some time now."



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *marijuana* as the only kind of grass capable of mowing down the gardener.

As the end of the day drew near, the handsome executive summoned the newly hired secretary to his office. "Do you know what time we quit around here?" he asked, glancing at the clock on the wall.

"Sure," the girl nervously giggled. "Whenever somebody knocks on the door."

Then there was the aging alumnus who lamented that when he went to college, it was only a lot of fun, but now it's a riot.

The recently married gentleman came home after a day at the office to find his young wife stretched languorously on the sofa, dressed in a revealing negligee. "Guess what I've got planned for dinner?" she cooed seductively. "And don't tell me you had it for lunch!"

We know an octogenarian who married a woman in her late 70s—they spent their honeymoon trying to get out of the car.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *parlay* as one that is just average.

On a southbound train a few months after the Civil War, a young belle suddenly moved from her seat next to a businessman and sat beside a Confederate veteran who was on his way home from the battle lines. "That carpetbagger offered me ten dollars to spend the night with him," the offended girl indignantly told the soldier.

The Southerner immediately drew his gun and shot the man. "Let that be a lesson to any other damn Yankees," he proclaimed in a loud voice. "Don't come down here and try to double the price of everything."

Upon finishing examining his cute new patient quite thoroughly, the obstetrician smiled and said, "I've got good news for you, Mrs. Smith—"

"Pardon me," interrupted the young lady, "but it's Miss Smith."

"Oh, I see," gulped the physician. "Well, Miss Smith, I've got bad news for you. . . ."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *Navaho erection* as a scrotum pole.

Then there was the amorous actor who tried out for a part in the latest nude play only to find that the position he wanted had already been taken.

Seeing her brother undressed for the first time, the little girl questioned her mother: "Why haven't I got one of those?"

"Be patient, dear," the mother answered knowingly. "If you're good, you'll get one when you grow up. And if you're *very* good, you'll get quite a few."

The highway patrolman stopped a speeding car and, noticing the motorist's inebriated condition, delivered a stern lecture on the dangers of drunken driving. "Do you realize that you were going over seventy miles an hour?" the officer demanded.

"I know," the driver explained. "I want to get home before I have an accident."

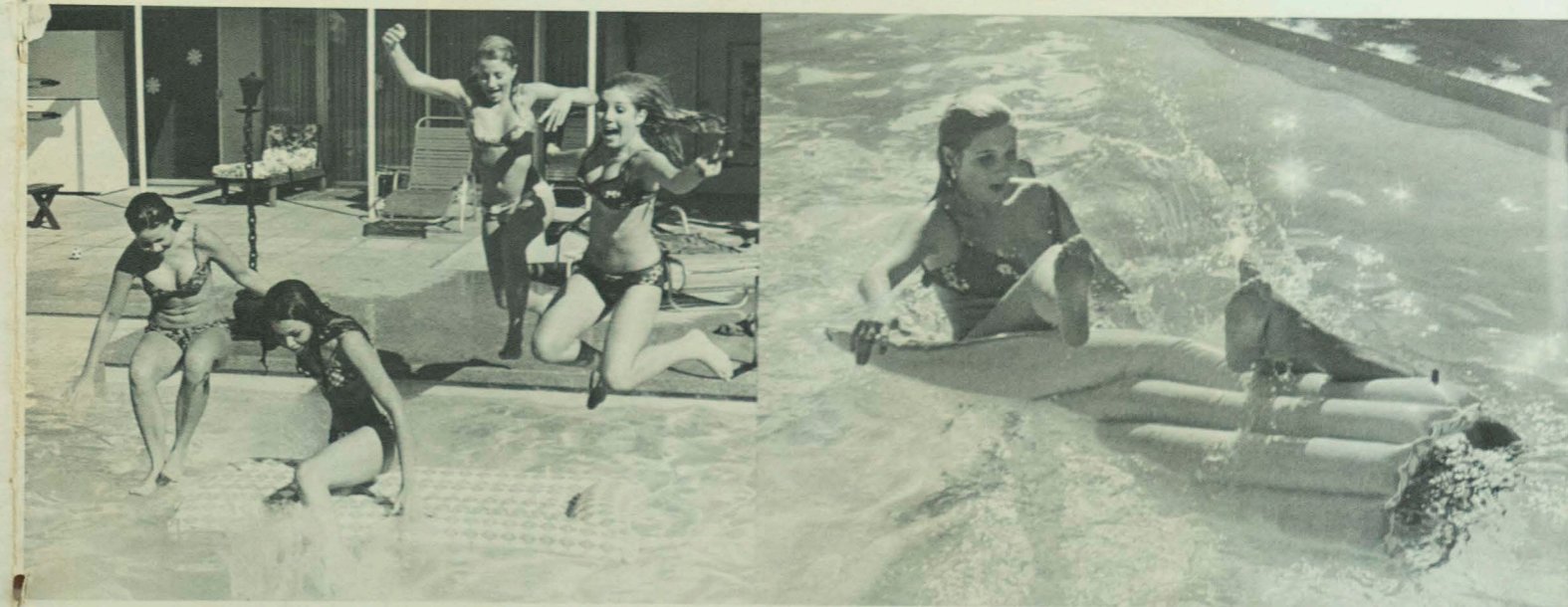


After trying to fix a flat tire during a raging blizzard, the young man jumped back into the car with his date and began rubbing his nearly frozen hands. "Let me warm them for you," she offered, placing his hands between her thighs.

When his fingers had thawed out, the chap rushed back to continue working on the tire, but he quickly returned again, complaining that his hands were numb with cold. As he reached under her skirt, she slid forward and whispered ecstatically, "Darling, aren't your ears cold, too?"

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are clawing at the social structure or trying to find their own bag—and then crawl into it. She's in no hurry to commit herself to a course of action, be it employment or further schooling; she's convinced that our present nation in flux will straighten itself out in due time; and, while she admits the possibility is ever-present, she doesn't believe that California is about to tumble into the ocean. However, Jill would never claim to be an authority on politics—nor geology. Her thing is having fun in the sun with her friends and, in moments of solitude, amusing herself by sketching fanciful outfits: "If I ever do settle on a career, it'll have to be designing or modeling fashions—or maybe both. But for now, I'm more interested in having a good time." One



Top: Time passes quickly—to the accompaniment of splashes and giggles—as the mermaids indulge in a variety of improvised water sports, such as racing across the pool and tussling for possession of the raft. Above: Having sated their appetites for aquatic horseplay, the girls move indoors for a hearthside marshmallow roast, and Jill gets her hair braided, then digs into the sticky delicacies as hunger overrules finesse.

MISS JANUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

instituto de arte contemporânea

