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BIG BOSOMS

FOR MEN WHO DARE TO DREAM THE IMPOSSIBLE



A MARQUIS MAGAZINE NO. 6

SALES TO MINORS FORBIDDEN

BIG BOSOMS

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STAYING ABREAST OF YOUR REQUESTS

Thanks for your enthusiastic response to the only really breast-oriented magazine in the business—**Big Bosoms.** And to show you our appreciation we've incorporated your requests in planning the issue you now hold in your hands, such as more and more of Sheila, sometimes called Sherrie (p. 54), more close ups of your favorite part of the female anatomy, and fresh adorables never before seen between covers. In short, if breasts are your bag—that is, exceptionally beautiful breasts, then you're in the right place.





MARGO'S PRECIOUS CARGO







Margo Martin is a cute cookie who comes on strong at interviews, leaving very little to add for her better understanding. She's young, ebullient and sassy without being obnoxious, and intelligent enough to warrant talking to without feeling the need for hand signals.

Margo is a receptionist for a large publishing house and deals as politely with indigent authors and artists as she does with visiting big shot businessmen, top















flight models, or successful space salesmen.

"I just love people, I guess," Margo told us. "I can get along with everybody, male or female, animal or bird. I happen to have instant rapport with the world and I've never even had a bee sting me. As a receptionist, my job is to make people feel welcome and expedite their appointment with whomever they wish to see. In











a way, that's helping my concern to function too, as it's always good business to be efficient. Of course I get a lot of dates offered to me as a result of my friendliness, and that's fun, too. Who do I go out with? Why, everybody! I told you, I like people."

That seemed as good a chance as any to remind Margo that we were people too. "Yes, sir," she said. "Whom would you like to seen and do you have an appointment?"

Some girls are too, too efficient!













Wendy Shows Her Worth











The girl's name is Wendy Williams. Admittedly a stunner, as attractive as a girl need be to arouse attention, Wendy nevertheless doesn't lean completely on her physical attributes. Instead, she has managed to carve out a satisfying career for herself by using other talents that she has. She has found a niche for herself in social work, and her natural charm and good-natured friendliness have made her both useful and efficient.

"It's nice to be able to help people," she told us. "There are walls of despair so many unfortunates cannot climb over. They live in their own little ghettos of desperation and poverty seeing no way out. There are ways to help



them, of course, and I'm only one of many trying to do all that is possible.

"Oh, there are some phonies, of course. You can find them everywhere. People who take and don't want to put out. But contrary to what you may have been told, most of the hardship cases I've encountered are genuine. And once I've managed to show them some tangible help, and they realize they are no longer alone, believe me, the thanks I get is overwhelming. That's my reward."

There you are, folks. Portrait of a nice girl. Proving that beauty isn't everything. Either side of Wendy shows her worth.







Wherever Patti Crocker goes, she stops traffic. It's understandable, of course, as this gal is a knockout from any viewpoint, but at times she wishes it weren't so.

"What's the point of going around turning everybody on when they don't have a chance?" she wailed to us. "I only look sexy. Actually I'm not. I don't mean I'm cold or frigid exactly but only that it takes a particular male to






Patti's
Sultry
Assets











stimulate me. So, in other words, you can't always tell by looking. I've had guys walk right up to me on the street, believe it or not, with offers of marriage. First time they've seen me. If they're already married they swear they'll unload whoever they're entangled with. Can you imagine?

"I have the same trouble on the job too. I work as a medical technologist in a lab where everything is supposed to be very scientific and geared to coming up with the latest in disease prevention and bug know-how. Well, you'd be surprised at what comes up most of the time. I mean, all these so-called dedicated men of science are















more interested in helping me look through my microscope than their own, or to try to hold me so I won't shake when I look down at the slides. It's fun, of course, and a pleasant way of spending the day, but really I don't get much of a chance to do things. It's not just this particular lab either. I tried three others before and it was all the same. But in one way, it has proved beneficial. I mean, that not all the bugs are under glass and not all the nuts are harvested by squirrels, if you know what I mean. So I'm having a great education anyway. I know all about hands."

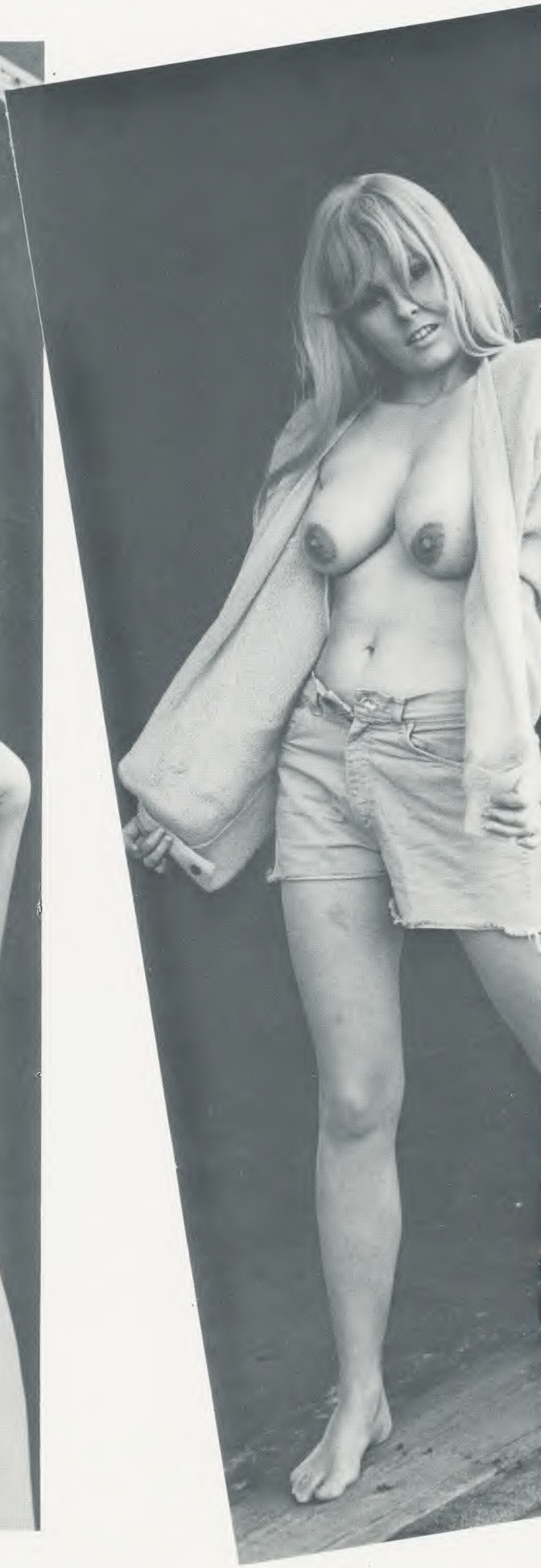


FULLBLOWN FILLY FROM PHILLY



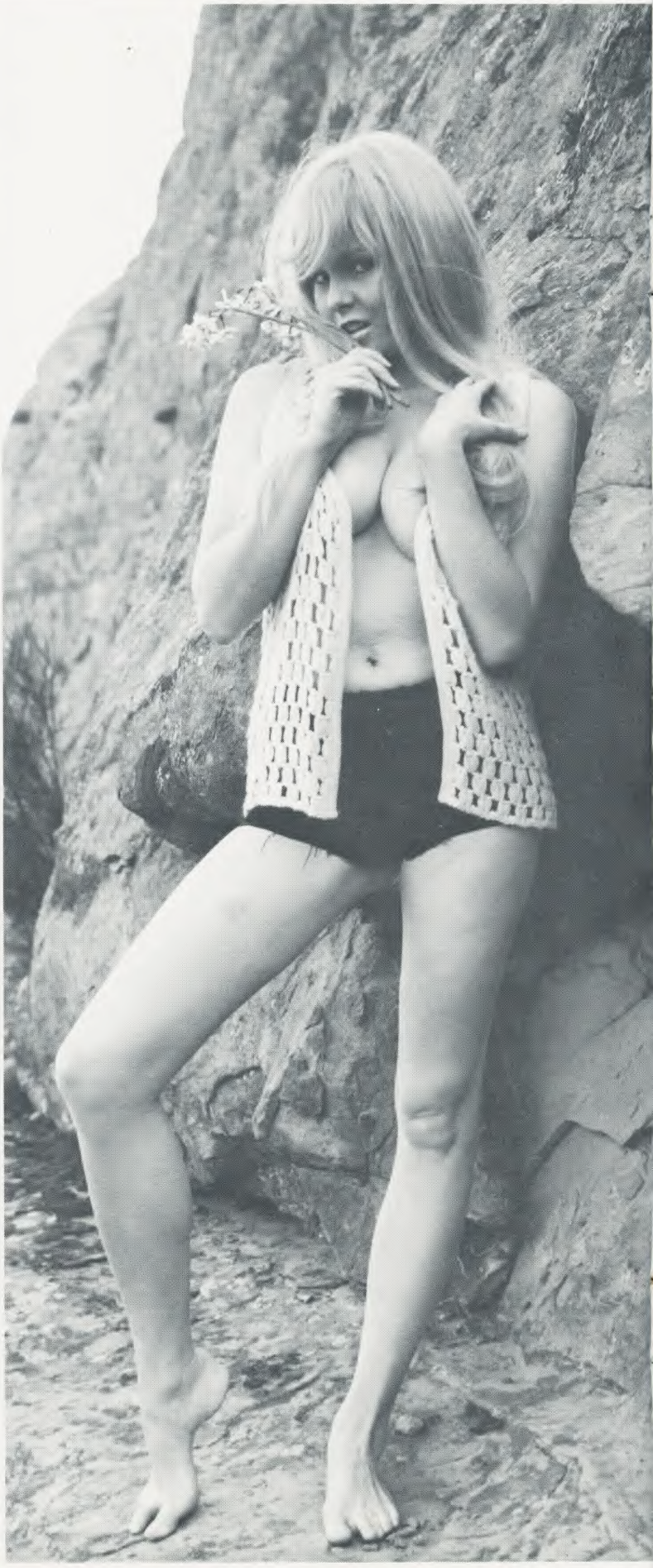
Renee Tatum comes from the staid old city of Philadelphia and it took a while to rid herself of her former sedate habits. She came out west on a musical scholarship as the most promising young cellist in town, and fell in love with the west coast. She has given several solo performances already and plays regularly with the San Diego symphony. She is a gal who always keeps herself in tune.













"Pushing a little bow back and forth just isn't enough for me," she told us, "and I have to find ways of using the larger muscles. I swim and surf a lot and take long hikes. That's good for my legs, and as you probably notice, they're good enough to hold me up. I do a lot of outdoor work around my house too, laying bricks, putting up small walls, overhangs, and auxiliary walks. I like flowers too and have a wonderful and varied garden. Because I like rocks, too, I have this rock garden. How do I get the rocks?









They're all along the seashore around Encinitas, just waiting to be carried away and given a home. I like men, too, but for different reasons. Not musicians, though. I spend too much time with them, as is. And I like variety in all things."

This level-headed miss sounds off sweetly even without her favorite instrument. Any time she decides to give up music and concentrate on lulling men's minds with just her looks, we think she has a fine career ahead. These pictures show that she's done a good job of keeping her larger muscles in shape. A bang-up job!

















Ginny does tricks







This heart jolter programmed so beautifully for your attention, is Ginny Jones. She is an acrobatic dancer which means she can do back bends and back flips, forward rolls and somersaults, handsprings and splits. If that isn't impressive enough, she can also cook up a storm.

She's done a lot of night club work and appeared in most of the top spots from coast to coast. When she appeared in Vegas her act was held over for five additional weeks. She did five shows a night so you can readily see this gal has whatever energy is needed to survive. All that spinning and



bumping and whatever else it is that acrobatic dancers do to get you dizzy takes a lot out of a person and Ginny has to find ways to relax after her long grind.

"Well, I read a lot," she told us, "and that helps calm me down. And I have a lot of restful hobbies, like collecting porcelain and stamps. Also antiques. I'm a sucker for any antique shop and I couldn't begin to tell you the junk I've bought that I've had to throw out. I guess they can see me coming and if there's any larceny in a shopkeeper's heart, I'm the one to bring it out.

"Sometimes I go to the beach and just lie around and sop up some sun, and just wiggle my toes





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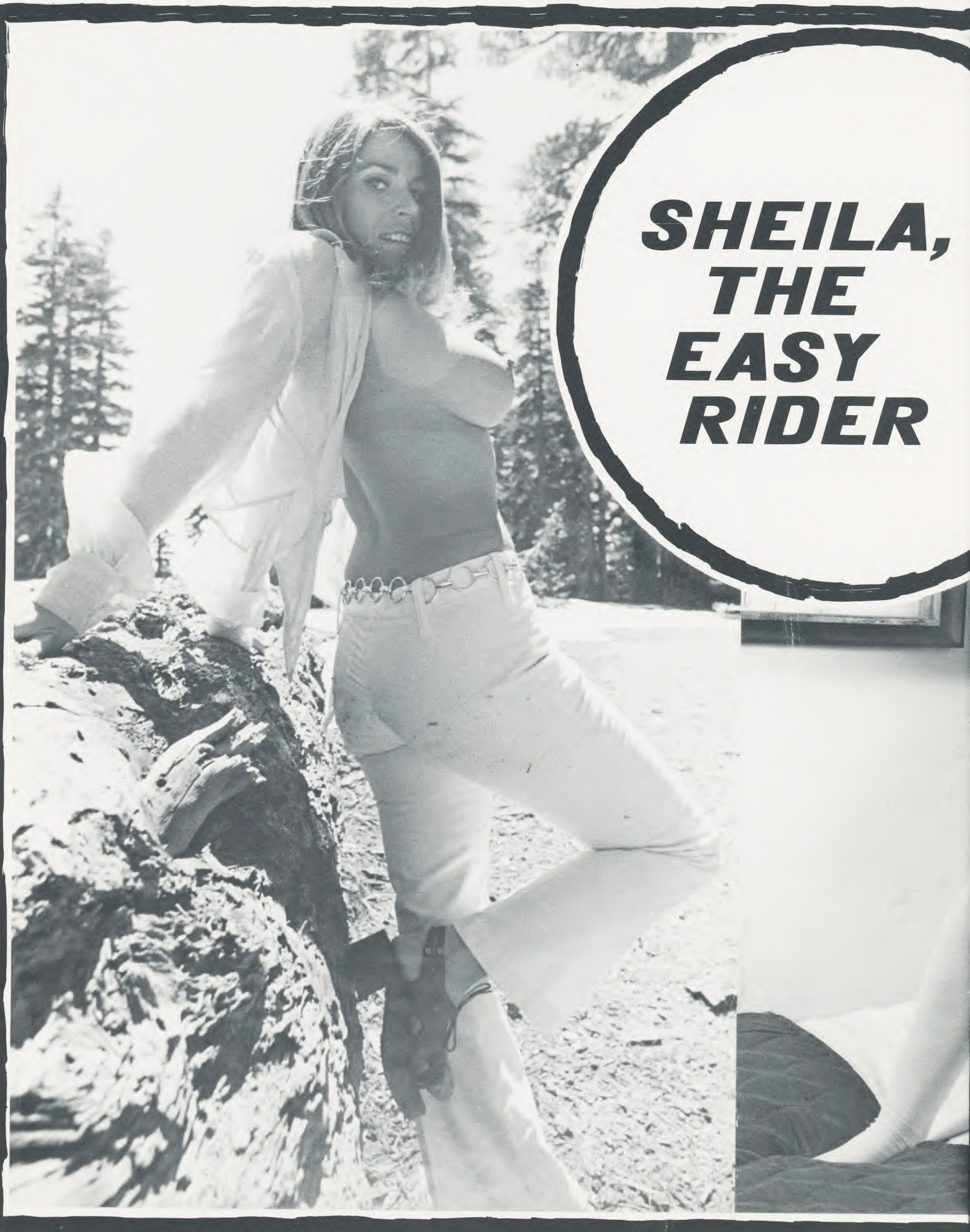
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for exercise. Yes, that's all I wiggle there. The rest they've got to pay to see. If they want to look, that's fine, but no free performance. Unless of course I happen to get a bee in my bikini. In that case, maybe they would see a pretty good show."

We've never yet seen or even heard of a bee in a bikini, but if it has to happen, this is the gal we'd most like to see get rid of it. That busy bee would wind up a dizzy one in two hipshakes!


SHEILA,
THE
EASY
RIDER





Here is a cutie with the throat of a thrush, the grace of a cat, and the body of a goddess. Her name is Sheila Gramer, and she comes from a small town in the small state of Rhode Island. Her eastern background provided for the usual private schools, and she studied piano, horn, and music theory. Outside of school, she loved to ride horses and won several ribbons in local horse shows. Riding led to a love of other outdoor sports, and Sheila became a pretty good tennis player and bowler.

Her love of horses brought her west, and through a close friend, she became part of a western ranch resort set-up near Palm Springs. She's learned to ride western saddle now and the way she looks in ranch clothes, she lures half the men away from the golf courses and has them taking horse riding lessons. Some of them keep coming back for more lessons, figuring those lonely mountain trails are the best way of getting a chance to know teacher better.

"I know what they're up to," she told us, laughing, "and it's really great for my ego. Before

















I took this job and got to know men better, I thought I was the wallflower type. You know, studious and with books and music all the time. Maybe it's that great big moon we have out here that's changed the balance in my life. One thing I know for sure, there's less Bach and more bite — and who knows? Any day I may be taking the fellow out for his morning ride who might be willing to marry me for keeps. All I need, is to be sure it's **me** and not the **horses** that he likes to be around."

Horses? When a filly like **you** is around? Horsefeathers, Sheila!









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5 LIVE ONES
FROM MARQUIS



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