

Hi-C Holiday Treats!

Throughout the holidays, your grocer is featuring luscious Hi-C Fruit Drinks—not carbonated, vitamin C enriched, economical and convenient. Treat the youngsters and yourself to Hi-C.

\$10,000 Sweepstakes Game

2001 chances to have your name drawn and win one of these prizes



PLUS many other valuable prizes!

HERE'S ALL YOU DO...

Hi-C FRUIT DRINKS WILL TELECAST THE FABULOUS

Tournament of Roses Parade

ON JANUARY 1, 1959, OVER THE NBC NETWORK

Simply guess—within 50%—the number of horses appearing in this parade. The commentators Roy Neal and Betty White will furnish you with valuable clues during the telecast. This is a drawing—not a contest! No skill—no writing ability—needed. Nothing to buy. Any entry received, guessing the number of horses—within 50%—in this parade, puts your name in the drawing—it's simple and easy!

ENTRIES MUST BE POSTMARKED NOT LATER THAN JANUARY 10, 1959.

2001 Prizes in ALL!

The first 2001 names drawn will win one of these prizes in the following order:

- First 100 Names a Bicycle
- Next 100 Names a Transistor Radio
- Next 75 Names a Flash Camera
- Next 150 Names a Fishing Rod
- Next 300 Names a Set of Books
- Next 500 Names a Doll
- Next 776 Names a Puppet



Use an official entry blank at your grocer's. Send all entries to:

Hi-C, P.O. BOX 38
Mount Vernon 10, N.Y.

Winners will be notified by mail. List of winners will be on file at Minute Maid Corporation, Orlando, Florida. This Sweepstakes void in Florida, Nebraska, New Jersey, Ohio, Wisconsin, and any other state or locality where prohibited, taxed or restricted by law. Otherwise all persons in the United States, its territories and possessions may enter except employees of Minute Maid Corporation and its advertising agencies.

Bardot

(Continued)



When she failed at ballet, BB decided she was ugly.

fight with a group of people. Afraid this might harm her pretty face, the director wanted a stunt girl. Brigitte insisted on doing it herself.

During her last visit to Spain, friends invited her for a week end at a bull ranch outside Madrid. When one of them kiddingly dared Brigitte to go into the ring and try her luck with a young bull, she accepted. In spite of being nearly gored a couple of times, she stayed in the ring until her friends dragged her away.

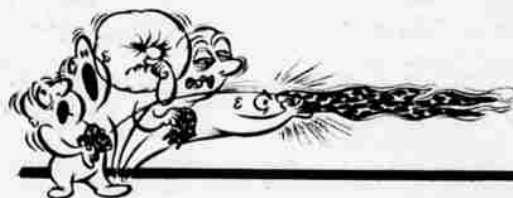
"She's just as brave behind the kitchen stove," Sascha Distel assured me, then readily admitted that he had never even suspected her of having any culinary ambitions. When I had asked Brigitte about it in Paris, she told me that her mother had taught her to cook when she was a little girl. Apparently Sascha has reawakened the domestic instinct in her, because she has cooked a number of meals for him "and they were all excellent."

Sascha first met Brigitte two and a half years ago, when his record company cut disks of Brigitte softly retelling the story of "And God Created Woman" to the background music from the film.

Sascha, incidentally, insisted he is not just "a guitarist," as the papers reported, but "the No. 1 guitar player in France. And I make a very good living. That's why Brigitte and I got so upset when reporters insisted our romance was just publicity to help me. I don't need it, and I don't need Brigitte's money. I do all right on my own."

He did admit, however, that they got engaged because "the papers reported we were at odds. This cut off the rumors."

Sascha was a bit more vague about who



Quips

Please Pardon My Virus

Despite the sneezes I have sped off, I've never really "sneezed my head off." No fault of sneezes—they're unmatched. Just shows how well my head's attached.

—Richard Armour



"Could we borrow some of your guests? Ours didn't show up!"

John was a bright youngster who'd never evidenced any trouble in school until his December report card was delivered. His father read it disapprovingly. "What happened, son? Not nearly as good as last month. Too much excitement over the holidays?"

"Well, you know how it is, Dad," the boy explained. "Everything's marked down after Christmas."

Some families wait until after New Year's to take down the Christmas tree; others have children.

—Frank O'Brien