



Hollywood party-goers have asked of standoffish French star Yvette Mimieux: "Who does she think she is, Garbo?" and enthusiastic producers have replied: "Most likely the next Garbo." And, in truth, it seems likely her star will reach its zenith in '61 in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" with veteran Glenn Ford.



Sweet 16 and pretty as a picture, Vickie Van Hook should soon shatter all women's water-skiing standards. The precocious Long Beach, Calif., youngster will win national laurels in the '61 tournaments.

When Ingemar Johansson kayoed Floyd Patterson to become heavyweight champion of the world, he brought back vigor to a dying sport. He lost the return go but none of his excitement. We think '61 will see the young Viking upsetting Floyd's applearc again in the rubber bout.

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Producer Jerry Wald stoutly maintains there is no such thing as "a washed-up star," and points to Joan Crawford as proof of it. He engineered her '46 comeback in "Mildred Pierce," and now in '61 he will bring her back in "Return to Peyton Place."



I was
just thinking...

HAPPY NEW YEAR to all of you in the FAMILY WEEKLY family, but especially to:

The man in Stroudsburg, Pa., who writes letters to the world's forgotten;

The couple in Middletown, Ohio, who have found new happiness in the golden years;

The great grandmother in Raymond, Ill., who brightens Christmas for the less fortunate;

The good people of Durham, N.H., whose churches prove brotherhood each holiday season;

The proofreader in Cotati, Calif., who has filled a lonely life with the bright candle of her spirit;

The couple in Austin, Texas, whose devotion to the world of words has endeared them to newspapermen everywhere;

The man in Springfield, Ill., who found new faith in a hospital room;

The wonderful woman in Raleigh, N.C., who brings new hope to the men in death row;

The perceptive widow in Bakersfield, Calif., who has never forgotten pure beauty in strange surroundings;

The housewife in Tyler, Texas, whose need for expression compels her to set down her hopes and imagination;

The mother in New Haven, Conn., whose relationship to her daughter is a joy forever;

The retired newspaperman in Santa Barbara, Calif., who writes with a depth and wit to be envied by every cub reporter;

The woman in Rock Island, Ill., who found immortality in the sunset;

The 86-year-old in High Point, N.C., who counts her blessings in the twilight of her solitude.

To all of you who have written me of your triumph over circumstance and yourselves;

To all of you who have written to give me new inspiration, as well as new faith in myself and the wonderful goodness of people everywhere;

To all of you who struggle and achieve, who seek and fail but keep searching;

Happy New Year!

Betty Johnson