

Jill scores in her first comedy, "Come Blow Your Horn," opposite Frank Sinatra.

A New Life for Jill

A RED-HAIRED YOUNG LADY hesitantly entered the stage door of a Los Angeles burlesque house and approached one of the "exotic dancers" who worked there.

"I want a career," she said. "Will you help me?"

The buxom dancer gave the well-tailored girl the look-over. "Well, you got the ingredients—you just don't project them. You gotta get more swing in the hips, you gotta look less hoity-toity."

The newcomer spotted another dancer applying heavy eye make-up. "Could you show me how to do that?" she asked. The dancer complied and even gave more pointers. "You oughta dress less PTA-ish. And them 'jools'—they don't have much flash."

"Them jools" would be appraised conservatively at several thousand dollars by any jeweler. And the PTA-ish suit was custom-tailored at one of the nation's finest shops. The newcomer?—Hollywood actress Jill St. John, whose visit to a burlesque house wasn't research for a new movie. It was far more important.

The crisis had begun a few days earlier. "I was very depressed," Jill recalls. "I simply had to get out of Hollywood and was packed for Paris." She had a lot to be depressed about. Her career had bogged down. Worse, she recently had left her husband Lance Reventlow, son of Barbara Hutton of the Woolworth multimillions.

"Just then my agent called and asked whether I wanted to try out for a comedy part in Paramount's 'Come Blow Your Horn.' *Did I!* For years I've been trying to shake the image of the rich-girl dilettante who dabbles in acting and can do only ingénue roles."

BUT AT PARAMOUNT it was the same old story. "They said I was too sophisticated for comedy, not sexy enough," Jill continues. "So I went right over to that burlesque house to learn things. Next, I bought a yellow jersey dress and a flaming wig. I put it all together and went back, swingin' and swayin', for another interview. They took one look at me and said: 'What are we waiting for? She's the girl for us!'"

Jill's performance in "Come Blow Your Horn" led to two more comedy films, yet to be released—"Who's Minding the Store?" with Jerry Lewis and "Who's Been Sleeping in My Bed?" with Dean Martin.

Jill's career, which began when she was six, appears to have turned the corner in a big way. But what about her private life? At that, Jill throws up her hands in exasperation. "I don't know *what* Lance and I will do. Maybe after this summer, we'll make some decision."

A year ago Jill moved out of Lance's three-and-a-half-acre hilltop mansion, which has a swimming pool stretching from living room to terrace. ("But, imagine, only two bedrooms!" Jill complains.)

At the time, Jill said: "We had different outlooks, views, and interests." Yet today her conversation is studied with references to the couple's mutual interests—art collecting, a pet menagerie ranging from hamsters to a deer which neighbors forced them to dispose of, such vigorous sports as skiing and scuba diving, and cooking.

Her career

is booming after the doldrums of being typed as a "rich girl"—but

what about her real-life role of estranged wife of a rich boy?



By JACK RYAN

In former days, Jill attended many an auto race to please Lance Reventlow. Currently, they're living separate lives.

