

IT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT

By Earl Wilson

KATHY AND THE HOUSE DETECTIVES, A STORY THAT'S THE REAL M'COY

NEW YORK—Kathy Nolan—of all people—just had trouble at the prim Sheraton East Hotel . . . the night manager and house detectives halted her from "entertaining guests."

After wishing for years she could shed her "sweet little girl" reputation, she succeeded too spectacularly. "Kate," of TV's "The Real McCoys," was embarrassed, mad, and about to sue. Because at about 12:45 A. M. as she and three male friends in sports clothes started for her suite, the sleuths said, "Oh, no-o-o-o, you don't?"

"What do you mean?" blazed mink-coated, red-haired 26-year-old Kathy, a St. Louis gal who's been acting since childhood and who not long ago was "12-year-old 'Wendy' in 'Peter Pan.'"

"We mean this is a respectable hotel?"

"That's exactly why I'm staying here?" Kathy explained the three males were press agents helping her plan an exploitation tour. "All right now?" she said, starting for the elevator.

"NO!" The protectors ousted the three young men from the elevator. An older couple witnessed her shame and recognized her. "It's HER!" she heard them whisper.

The press agents tried to gag it up. "Good night, Sis," said one. "Say good-bye to Mom," said another. All of which was acting, but . . .

Kathy figured \$1,000,000 would be a nice sum, but the hotel sent flowers and an apology . . . and today she was trying to believe she must look like a glamour girl at last, even though her mink has a label saying, "This Coat Paid for by Kathy Nolan."

Kathy anticipates a lot of ribbing from Bob Fuller, of the "Laramie" TV show. He phoned her recently and said, "Congratulations on getting engaged to a wonderful fellow."

"Who?" she squealed. "Me," he said. "I read it in somebody's column."

Says Kathy: "We're not engaged because I don't believe in engagements. There's no date or anything. There is an understanding. I guess it's an under-

standing that we don't have any understanding."

THE MIDNIGHT EARL . . .

Jayne Mansfield and Mitzi Gaynor saluted Hildegard at her Plaza opening. Clowning through her laryngitis, Hildegard said, "You can't take it with you—so leave it here at the Plaza!" When she tugged down her girdle, they laughed, and she said, "We'll leave that in." . . . The Rip Torns are torn. . . . Peggy Cass said she's got many headlines from being a Jack Paar panelist: "I couldn't have got that kind of publicity myself if I stabbed my husband in Times Square, but I may try." . . . The Eddie Fishers celebrated Mrs. F's 3rd Oscar nomination by drinking beer. . . . A famous TV star and his famous buddy are headed for Splitsville. . . .

Florida's got a new entrant in the glamour sweepstakes — blonde Beverly Bentley of Sarasota, Pensacola and Miami, the Smell-o-Vision gal in Mike Todd Jr.'s "Scent of Mystery." While shooting the picture in Spain, she traipsed around with the Ernest Hemingway bullfight entourage and got some bull's ears presented to her. Beverly just appeared in a Canadian TV drama, "Eurydice," which must have sizzled—because CBS banned it. Not because of her; because of the story. Nothing much surprises Beverly; she grew up down by the Ringling circus headquarters in Sarasota.

The Charles Revsons' divorce settlement may reach "several millions." . . . The Bardot splitup, predicted here a fortnight ago, will be because she wants to be unbossed. . . . Sal Mineo's eye infection forces him into a month's idleness. . . . Lionel Hampton wrote the score for the film, "Force of Impulse." . . . The Arthur Loews expect the baby July 4. . . . Former deb Brenda Duff Frazier's critically ill in Cape Cod. . . . Maurice (Doberman) Gosfield may need eye surgery after an accident.

Steve Sondheim, "Gypsy" lyricist, will write special lyrics for Marilyn Monroe's film, "The Misfits." . . . Ernest Hemingway mailed the first part of his new book to his publisher. . . . Statues-

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