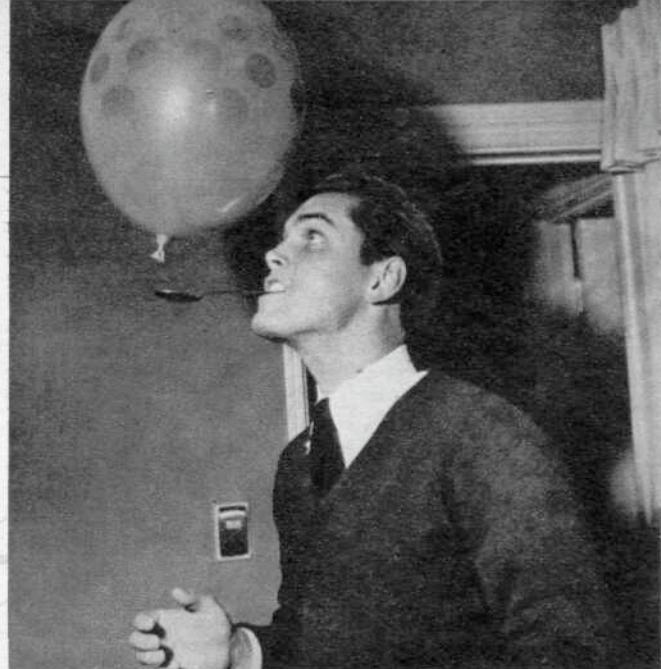




"Hey, we can't hear a thing." Everyone's talking at the same time, but we guess they're all saying how "happy they are to be here."



Jeff starts the proceedings by showing the girls how to balance a balloon on a spoon. But how does one get the balloon to land?

That's Laura Elliott kneeling next to Jeff, Ann Francis in the stocking feet, Mala Powers in the middle and wife, Barbara, at the end.



GAME for a PARTY?

**My, my, and MY ...
all these beauties and one game guy!**

What's more fun than a barrel of monkeys? Why, a party at the Jeff Hunter house . . . When Jeff and his better half, Barbara Rush, threw wide the doors for Barbara's single pals, in they rushed to turn this domicile of marital bliss into a merry madhouse . . . Poor Jeff seemed to find himself the butt of most-jokes but what man in the world wouldn't be more than willing to change places with him . . . Incidentally, there's nothing difficult about these games (?) . . . How 'bout giving them a whirl at your own next gay shindig?



Wiping up operations start now. It's a clean-faced Jeff you'll see in 20th Century-Fox's most recent picture, "Belles On Their Toes."



Ooey-goey! Every time hubby tries to take a bite, wifey sees that he gets a faceful of frosting. Ann's beginning to show signs of wear.

"Oh, no, you're cheating," scolds Barbara when Jeff pushes aside the blindfold to find out what in heck's happening around here.



What now? Looks like peeled apples to us, but with this happy-go-lucky group one never can tell. Onions? Oh, we doubt it.

Ann can't quite make up her mind to go after that ping pong ball, but there's no hesitation on Laura's part. She's sure determined.



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GAME for a PARTY?



The object of this foolishness is for the girls to drape Jeff in crepe paper and for him to unravel it without tearing in 30 seconds.



"Magnifique," he says about his own cooking as Barbara makes with the rolls. Ah yes, that chef's hat completes the picture.



he "just the two of us" again, think the Jeff Hunters. We agree. Watch that gleam in Mara's eyes as she sneaks up behind Barbara. Them's mighty tasty-looking vittles on that thar table.



Peace, it's wonderful! Jeff is given a brief respite to cook the hot dogs. "There's nothing to it at all," says he nonchalantly.

And so good night. Parties are sure wonderful, but so is it great to be "just the two of us" again, think the Jeff Hunters. We agree.

