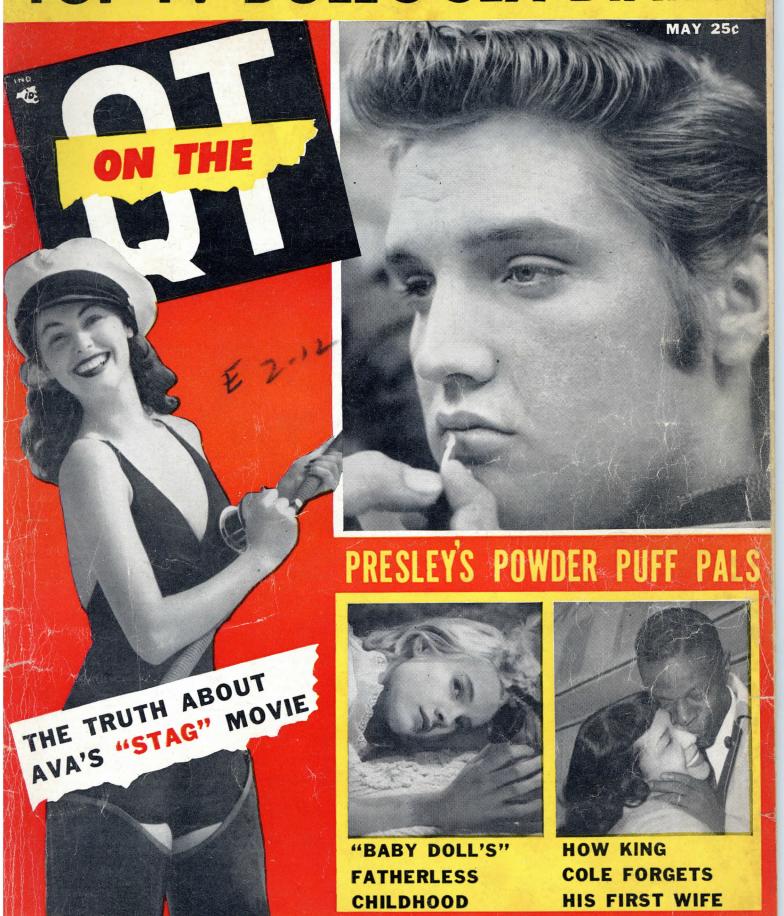
# TOP TV DOLL'S SEX DIARY





Shack-Up



Bedroom Hit Parade



Ingrate?



Passion For Print

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Two prominent bachelors live it up (above) at Las Vegas. Liberace came by to help Elvis celebrate a night club opening last summer. Below: Dickie Waters (I.) is not one of Elvis' followers, just a water skiing teacher at Mississippi resort. Presley kept clothed to protect sunburn.

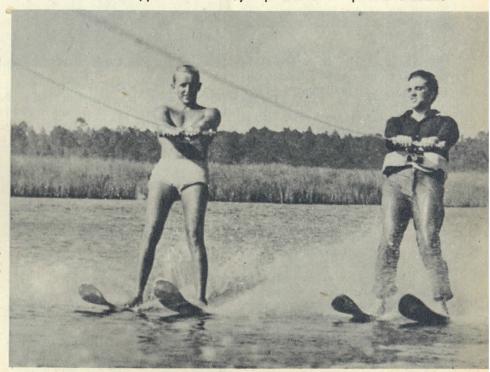
seldom get close anymore. In the old days—less than one year ago—he would let them rush in and rip off some of his clothes. He's cut that out.

Today's Elvis zips in and out of a theatre like one of his Caddies whizzing through Dogpatch. Maybe he signs a few autographs. Maybe he doesn't. He is invariably surrounded by a palace guard, a coterie of young boys with sideburns like his own. They keep the females away.

When the hillbilly shouter tosses a party in one of those big hotel suites he favors, what kind of girls show up? No kind, to be blunt. During the last few months it's been seldom that a girl has been allowed within an elevator stop of a Presley blowout.

Elvis, when he is traveling around in his convoy of three Caddies, is attended by a character known as the Weasel and two flunkies called the Outriders.

The Weasel is described by a former member of the Presley



## PRESLEY'S **POWDERPUFF** PALS

clique as "queer as a waxed cherry." Weasel is a little older than Elvis and sometimes is referred to as "Mother."

(It is interesting to note that although the weasel does not fit the description, the narcotics addict commonly refers to his pusher

as "Mother.")

The Outriders are thin, longhaired pretty types, but strong enough to fend off the advances of teenagers at Presley's exits and entrances. They always dress in colors complementary to the boss.

If Elvis, for example, selects a pink blazer, canary colored trousers and white suede shoes as his attire, the Outriders will appear in canary blazers, pink slacks and

black suede shoes.

The Weasel, also a tall, skinny type, wears what he pleases, managing to look as flashy as the others. It is his chore to arrange hotel, dining and garage facilities for the party, and to arrange or discourage interviews.

The Outriders chauffeur, see that the company wardrobe is in order, keep an eye on Elvis' jewelry and act as bodyguards. They also attend to the procuring of late-hour booze, although Elvis

himself doesn't touch it.

How about all those girls linked to Presley by the fan magazines? Well, consider the case of Barbara Ann Hern, the Memphis belle who was built up as Elvis' "home-

town girl."

A New York editor hired a Memphis reporter to contact Barbara Ann and get the lowdown on her affair with Elvis. The yarn duly arrived. It was so sweet, so loving, so incredible that the editor didn't believe a word of it.

The editor got on the phone and called Memphis. "What's the real dope on Presley and this girl?" he asked. "Do the kids even know each other?"

"You wanted a story and you



Despite phony publicity, this is as close as Presley has come to co-ed romance. His friend is Helen Putnam, founder of weight-losing club, called Fat Girls Anonymous, in Memphis, where Elvis once drove a truck.

got it," the reporter replied. "Sure, they know each other. But let's face it. This boy just hasn't got any interest in girls." The story ran as it was originally written.

When Elvis played a Las Vegas night club a couple of girls in the chorus decided to have some fun. They invited Presley to their hotel room after the show one night. He said no. Then, after another show, they tried to bust into his room. The Outriders stopped them cold.

"The kid was shaking like he meant it," one chorine recalled with a laugh. "We had him scared to death."

Twentieth Century-Fox press agents tried to sell the public on a real-life romance between Elvis and Debra Paget, who played his heart interest in "Love Me Tender." Some of the cultists fell for it, but the general public didn't, mainly because Debra could never bring herself to say more than "he's a sweet, unassuming boy."

To digress from Topic A a moment: How about that first Presley movie, the aforementioned "Love Me Tender?" The New York Times critic described it as a "slight case of horse opera" and said Presley's "dramatic contribu-

(Continued on page 46)



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thighs, knees, hips!

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## PRESLEY'S POWDER PUFF PALS

(Continued from page 20)

tion is not a great deal more impressive than that of one of the slavering nags."

The reviewer characterized Elvis' singing as "frantic and vaguely orgiastic" but not especially dirty. "Apparently," the critic summed up, "Mr. Presley was instructed to restrict himself to a mild case of St. Vitus dance."

Although Presley didn't come to New York for the premiere of "Love Me Tender," its unveiling set off almost as much controversy as a major in-person engagement. Schoolgirls played hookey to go to the Paramount. Some spent their lunch money to buy Elvis bracelets and other gimcracks.

Psychiatrists and editors once more got involved in the question of his dubious appeal and a few ministers mounted their pulpits to deplore the Presley antics.

The Rev. Charles Howard Graf. rector of Greenwich Village's St. Tohn's Protestant **Episcopal** Church, called the singer's success "sensual, symbolic, symptomatic,

The rector said: "Here is a lad who will earn more this year than the President of the United States and the entire Cabinet." He spoke of Presley's "impression of masculinity." With this last crack we will return to the girls.

Few of the knockouts linked to Presley have suffered any delusion about his masculinity.

One starlet said frankly: "Elvis? Masculine? Who the hell are you kidding?"

However, one gas station attendant who tried to question his masculine powers ended up with a black eye and a summons by

Judy Spreckles had this to say for the wriggler: "He's a very polite boy."

Actress Natalie Wood said some nice things about her reported



"love interest," none of them bordering on love.

Jan Storey, another reputed girl friend, and Barbara Heller, yet another, have been equally uncommunicative on the matter of Elvis' ardor.

A Manhattan showgirl, one of those tall, big-all-over types, went after Elvis, got about as close as anybody's been yet, and announced: "I think I almost had me a virgin."

So what gives with Elvis, anyway? How about the corterie of peculiar pals and that tongue-incheek act? Is it possible that the kid is really innocent of strange sensuousness? That he's being taken by a bunch of Greenwich Village boys without having succumbed to their peculiar design for living?

It is possible, of course. Elvis, only twenty-two now, was a very green boy when he started coming up and there's no indication that he's learned anything-except about money-in the brief time he's been around.

The setup looks strangemighty queer-as it stands, but maybe the kid figures this is a good arrangement: it's flashy and it keeps the girls away.

Wanting women kept at a distance-at least on the other side of the footlights—could be simply the manifestation of a timid, yet fairly normal youth.

There's no doubt that Elvis, born in a Tennessee shack, is devoted to his parents. He built them that \$40,000 house in Memphis, complete with swimming pool, and he phones his mother almost every evening.

The guy who watches over him nights, though, is the Weasel, the guy the set sometimes calls "Mother." They say Weasel doesn't like the job, but it's a standing order. He has to turn back the covers on Presley's bed. Every night.