



**PEEK-A-BOO.** Arnold Palmer watches from sand trap behind hill as shot finds its way to cup on 14th hole during third round action of Crosby Pro-Am tourney in Pebble Beach, Calif. Arnie parred out. UPI photo



**BOW-WOW, WOW!** Little Clyde Drake, just a year-old, has nothing to worry about as Lady, the family's 160-pound Great Dane, stands guard on pier. Family arrived in New York from France. NEWS photo by Ed Clarity



**GO, WEST.** Los Angeles super-star Jerry West drives past Boston's K.C. Jones with the aid of screen by Darrall Imhoff in Laker-Celtic clash in Boston. Jerry made the layup, but Boston copped the victory. Associated Press photo



After premiere of his new film, "The Sand Pebbles," Steve McQueen and wife, Neile, attended dinner celebration. UPI PHOTO

## Wanted—to be somebody

Hip Steve McQueen had a special reason for wanting success—even played square to get there

By MAY OKON

WELL, WHAT DID I expect . . . the Steve McQueen I had flipped over, half-a-dozen years ago, in the TV Western, "Wanted—Dead or Alive," the lean and hungry bounty hunter in dusty worn jeans, leather jacket and cowboy hat?

In he walked wearing one of those dollar-a-stitch, hand-tailored Italian suits . . . double-breasted jacket with vents in the back, skinny pants. He grinned self-consciously. "Never thought I'd be wearing duds like this . . . never even dreamed I'd be standing next to anybody who was wearing 'em. But I've been meeting a lot of important people lately, and I had to quit showing up in corduroys."

It's been more than a change of clothes for Steve since he took off on his own from his Slater, Mo., farm home when he was a 15-year-old towhead, and if he still has a lean and hungry look it's from the drive he admits to—the drive to push motorcycles and racing cars to their top speeds . . . to push his acting

price up, up (most recent quote: \$750,000 plus 50 per cent per picture). In his latest film, "The Sand Pebbles," Steve gives by far his best performance to date, thereby undoubtedly pushing himself into the Hollywood hierarchy.

"It sure is keen now that I'm here," he said, and his smile, his not quite tamed blond hair and his clear blue eyes were enough to make a gal clamber up behind him on his motorcycle.

"Y'know," he reflected, "now that I'm a movie star a lot gets written about how rough I had it. Sure, I went to sea on an oil tanker, worked in lumber camps, was a carnival pitchman, made sandals in Greenwich Village and kicked around at a few other jobs before I got into acting. But I don't think I had such a tough time, and if I could score so can anybody else.

"You know when I decided I'd better be successful? Ten years ago, right after Neile

Adams and I got married, she was making a movie in Hollywood. I was an out-of-work actor and she was supporting me. In the studio commissary, all the guys were crowding around Neile, giving me the elbow and calling me Mr. Adams. I was all up tight and pushed out of shape. I knew right then and there I'd better get to be somebody," he grinned.

"Television got me where I am—those three years, 1958-1961, in 'Wanted—Dead or Alive,' turned the trick. At the time, the word around the motion pictures companies was that there would never be an actor from television who would make it in movies. I was the first one to break through.

"I may not be pretty," he grinned, "but I've got a keen personality and that did it. From now on it's all going to be f...u...n," he spelled.

"We live in this house in Brentwood, up in the Hollywood hills, Neile and I and our two boys, Terry, who's 7½, and Chad, who's 6. I have no objection to Neile's continuing to act. I didn't marry a gal who was strictly a housewife. I think a woman must have identification, and that goes for my wife . . . just as long as she's there to cook my dinner," he smiled. "There were times she'd come home from the studio and I made her cook my dinner while she was in her makeup and all. A lot of people say she's too good for me, but she loves me," he said, and there was that disarming grin again.

"She sure as hell shaped me up and got me responsible, though," he shook his head in appreciation. "But," he added, "it hasn't really changed my way of life. I'm still hung up on machinery—you know . . . cars, motorcycles. I've got a Ferrari; a 1956 Jaguar that I bought in a paper box, all in pieces, that took me a year to restore; a Corvette; a Land Rover, and six motorcycles. I've also got a pickup truck, and man, that's being right downtown. I use it for hauling my racing motorcycles.

"Some people like golf, some people play tennis, some people collect stamps—my therapy happens to be layman engineering and a bit of competition. I remember people looking down on me for riding motorcycles, and today executives on Madison Ave. ride 'em to work.

"I think it's the day now in our society when a guy can dress any way he wants, wear his hair as long as he wants, be as different as he wants—and if he can cut the mustard in a work bag, that's where it is.

"So I just go do my job every day and I have integrity in my work . . . and when I get pushed out of shape I walk out and get into my pickup truck and go fishing someplace.

"I leave you with an old saying," he grinned:

"You've got to get square to get hip."

THE NEWS COVER COLORPHOTO OF STEVE McQUEEN IS BY HARRY WARNECKE AND GUS SCHOENBAECHLER

COMING SOON . . . . . The Four Tops

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