



OUR
GUEST SECTION

presenting

J E F F R E Y H U N T E R

by his fan club president

Marie Quick

W A N D A H E N D R I X

by Claire Rochelle

of United Fan Club

and

J O H N N Y D E R C K S E N

by ye prexy Al Sankey

Next issue our guests will be
BOB WAGNER and the Wagner club

headed by Janet Doherty

JOAN EVANS and the Evans club

headed by Joan Pitts

and

BILL SHIRLEY



Jeff and wife Barbara Rush.
This picture printed from a
negative loaned by Marie Quick.

A LETTER FROM JEFF HUNTER

Malta, Thursday, Oct. 23rd, 1952

Dear Al,

I hope this will reach you
before your deadline on the
first of November. At any rate
it will be dispatched by air

tonight when I return to the hotel and will reach the United States either by Rome, Paris, or London.

At the moment I'm sitting on the mining deck of H.H.S. Manxman, a British minelayer which has the reputation of being the fastest ship in the world. I believe its top speed is 42 knots, which is, translated into land miles per hour, about 54 miles per hour. Pretty fast for a big ship like this. One could even do some pretty fast water skiing behind the boat. (If such a thing were allowed).

The Manxman is playing one of the key roles in the picture as the Nazi ship "Essen" which is the ship that picks me up as a survivor from a British cruiser and the ship I make my escape from. It has been altered slightly to give it a German profile and fake guns have been placed about the super-structure to make it appear more powerful. It seems funny to look up towards the crow's nest and see the Swastika flying atop the mast.

(I guess it looked strange to that R.A.F. pilot who was flying a Spitfire yesterday. He circled over four times to make sure he was seeing correctly!)

The shooting schedule has been going very well except for the last three days. We are getting the "Sirrocco" which is a southerly wind blowing in from the coast of North Africa and the Sahara Desert. It brings with it clouds and rain, although we haven't had any precipitation as yet. There has been no sun the past couple of days and you know what that means. No shooting. But, one can always expect some inclement weather during any location, especially at the time of year when these southerly winds prevail. My motto is "home for Christmas" and I hope I'm right.

Malta is a most interesting spot to visit. It is rich in things of cultural interest, especially those things of archeological significance. There are Phoenician temples here that were built several

thousand years before Christ. There are remains of buildings built in the Neolithic Age and signs of Turkish, Italian and Greek influence practically everywhere one may look.

The Maltese are very friendly people who speak a language more closely akin to a Semitic tongue than to Italian, as many people believe. Most of them know how to speak a little English and some speak very beautiful English, having been tutored by English teachers.

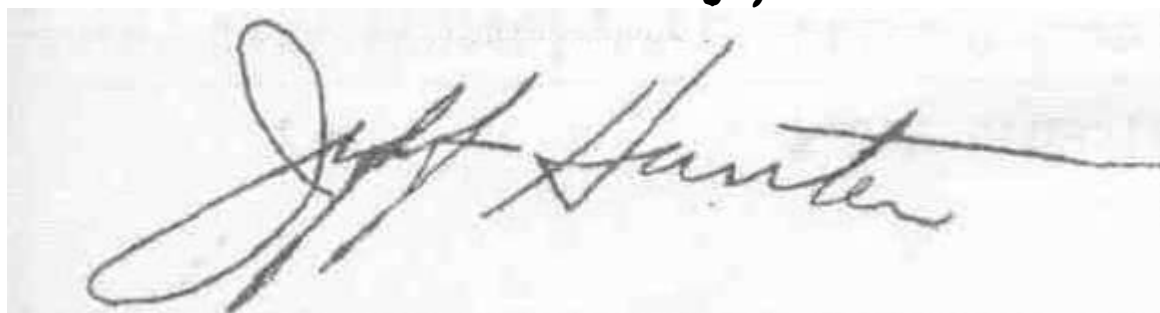
Their principal industry is agriculture, which supports the subsistence requirements of the people on the island. They also have a fishing business and do other things, like ship building, brewing, and lace-making. Lace is also made on the small island of Gozo which lies just six miles to the northwest of Malta. The women craftsmen who make this lace are really fabulous to watch. Their busy fingers fly so fast one can't keep up with them. Unfortunately this skill

is dying out because there isn't a big enough market for it. Too bad, because it is most beautiful.

We hope to finish up here at Malta by the first or second week in November and then be off to London for another month's work in the studio. I'll just hope and pray that we will be finished by the 15th of December so I can be home by Christmas time.

I'll close now and in doing so may I wish you and all the club members a happy Thanksgiving and a Merry Christmas holiday. That goes for Bob, too, a fine actor and a fine person as well.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Jeff Hunter". The signature is written in dark ink on a light-colored background.

MEET BOB'S BROTHER-IN-LAW

by Marie Quick

I'm only kidding, of course. Jeffrey Hunter is not really

Bob Arthur's brother-in-law. But in the make-believe land of the movies, Dr. Bob Grayson married Ann Gilbreth. And Frank is Ann's brother. So in "Belles on Their Toes," Jeff, as Dr. Bob, has Frank, a handsome brother-in-law whom we know better as Bob Arthur.

"Belles" was Jeff's sixth movie, since he was signed by Fox in 1950. He'd been in "14 Hours," "Call me Mister," "Frogmen," "Take Care of my Little Girl," and "Red Skies of Montana," and following "Belles" he went right to the Okefenokee Swamp of Georgia for "Lure of the Wilderness" and followed that right up with "Dreamboat." Then, after a few months' rest he was off to England for "Single-Handed" and the story is that after that he's being considered to play Prince Valiant, the dashing knight of the comic strips. Busy? I'll say. But he says, "If the studio gives me parts to play and is satisfied with the way I play them, I guess I can afford to be pretty happy."

I guess he can, too, because things are going very satisfactorily for him at 20th Century Fox, and he's such a down-to-earth guy that he's a pleasure to work with. And another reason Jeff can afford to be happy is because of his home and family.

You've all seen lovely brown-eyed Barbara Rush in such pictures as "First Legion," "When Worlds Collide," and "Flaming Feather." She is currently John Derek's leading lady in "Prince of Pirates." But she is Jeff Hunter's leading lady in private life, and a prettier wife, nor a nicer one, a fella couldn't ask for. Jeff and Barbara became proud parents on August 29, 1952, and with all the good looks that the Hunter parents hold, Christopher Merrell Hunter should start winning baby prizes any day now!

Jeff and Barbie live in a lovely apartment in the Westwood Village section of Los Angeles. They have furnished it with great care,

keeping within their established budget, so it took nearly a year to get all the furniture. Before little Chris arrived, the spare room or "den" was converted into a nursery.

So, with a comfortable home, a beautiful wife, a son and heir, and a career which is definitely on the ascent, Jeff's counting his blessings.

Lucky? Sure he is -- he admits it. But his slogan for luck is one we should all heed. "Luck," says Jeff, "is when preparedness meets opportunity." Prepare for what you want from life, and when opportunity presents itself you'll be there -- that's when you're lucky -- and if you're Jeff Hunter, it couldn't happen to a nicer guy.

A FAN CLUB IS BORN

by Marie Quick

It was in the Wisconsin Hotel Coffee Shop that I was eavesdropping. I was lunching alone and at the next table

two people were having a conversation. They weren't talking very loud but the tables were close together and I was alone. I wasn't paying much attention to the conversation until I heard the older woman say, "Dick Widmark's in this one too -- he worked with Hank in "Frogmen," and he's very nice." That was enough to spark my interest, because I was a movie fan. I caught other snatches of the conversation and from what I gathered "Hank" was her son, he was married to a girl named "Barbara" whose new picture was coming to Milwaukee soon. He was in the movies and they'd changed his name from Hank to something else.

I left the hotel wondering. The woman had a slight southern accent and I wondered if she lived here in Milwaukee or was merely a guest of the hotel. I wondered who her son "Hank" was -- "Hank" who was in two pictures with Richard Widmark. I searched my movie magazines for actors named

Henry. I could find none. But two days later in the local paper a group picture appeared. There, smiling from the page was the same lady I'd seen in the coffee shop. There were others in the picture, and one of them was Jeanne Crain. The caption told of Jeffrey Hunter, who was appearing with Miss Crain in "Take Care of my Little Girl." It mentioned that he was known here in Milwaukee as Hank McKinnies, and that his parents, Mr. & Mrs. Henry McKinnies Sr., had recently returned from a visit to California to see him and his wife, Barbara Rush, Paramount starlet. There he was -- Jeffrey Hunter was "Hank" and he was a Milwaukee boy.

The very same day, I wrote to Mrs. McKinnies asking if her son had a fan club, since I'd like to join. She replied that she wasn't sure, since he'd never spoken of it, so I decided to write him myself.

That was the beginning. I learned from Jeff that he'd been approached about fan

clubs before, but was in the dark as to what they did and what his duties to one would be. We exchanged several letters, and first thing you know, the Jeffrey Hunter club was born.

It now boasts over 200 members and its journals are published three times per year. Jeff's co-operation has been splendid and his encouragement and appreciation most gratifying. He's helping the members really get to know him -- and when you get to know Jeff you are more than eager to do your part to help him. He's such a wonderful person.

If you'd like to get to know Jeff through his fan club, contact me, Marie Quick, P.O. Box 901, Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin, and I'll send you an application blank.

MORE THAN A CHANCE MEETING

by Irene Soares

Al said he didn't think I'd be monopolizing the journal if I got together a few more words

on one Jeffrey Hunter, up and coming young star at 20th who (or is it whom?) it was my good fortune to meet while I was out in California last summer. So here goes!

I'd planned on this trip for some time and had written Marie Quick that I had high hopes of meeting Jeff while out in California and she was kind enough to write Jeff of my going. The only thing is that little did I dream I'd meet him in such a fashion -- one for the books you might say. I first encountered Jeff and his pretty wife Barbara Rush my second day there while riding on Sunset Blvd. with Barbara Parkes (Babs and I made the trip together) and at the wheel of the car driving us around was our grand honorary Robert Clarke. Being somewhat bewildered by the sights of Hollywood and the "seein' stars routine," it worked out grand for us as Babs spotted Jeff in a gas station "filling 'er up." Luckily Bob C. knew Jeff and stopped at the roadside and we

waited to see if by any chance their car would pass our way. Whadda ya know, it did and while breezing along we chatted and Jeff said that he had thought we were due out there later and that's why he hadn't contacted us. I don't recall the exact conversation, but I do know we later got Jeff's number from Bob and I spoke to Jeff many times on the phone (as well as his spouse and the woman who cares for their apartment). To be more in the line of complications I found was the telephone company -- no cooperation. For though we had arranged a time for meeting, it seems Jeff couldn't call us due to a strike in his section, Westwood. That meant I had to call him and it seemed I always picked the wrong time.

I persevered (though I did almost give up) and finally we established contact and Jeff told us when we could really meet and chat with him -- plus having him take us personally through 20th Century Fox. That

came about early one Saturday a.m. and we were up bright and early and over to Jeff's apartment (Bob Clarke drove us to make sure we got there). I don't believe we could have been greeted more warmly than we were and for some time we were sitting and chatting in the living room and also in the kitchen (where since my return I've seen oodles of magazine shots taken) and we were made to feel quite at home. Jeff had on sort of beige slacks, white gum soled shoes, if I recall correctly, and nice sharp red and white checked shirt. His personality is the very same as you see on the screen and he has a quick grin and almost masterful way about him... a real down to earth fella who deserves all the breaks he's getting and more.

We headed for the studio in his car and, after a few words to the gate man, he drove us around from set to set, mentioning which film this one and that one had been used in. And by some quirk of fate we

managed to get our cameras on the set and Jeff not only posed for snaps (as he had done back at his apartment. And imagine this, he had his camera all set ready to take shots and give us the film if we hadn't had ours along!) but insisted that we let him take some of us. The one snap we did so want to come out -- didn't, darn it! That one was on a set where they had artificial snow and Jeff posed with upturned collar and folded arms. Wouldn't you know it wouldn't come out? Grr!

We took several shots, and now I've seen several of the very same sets in movies. The one I particularly noticed was the ElTorro scene in "Dreamboat." We have a snap of us in that very "town!"

I know mostly everything said about Jeff in the magazines is true and there's very little I can add. He's sincere, down to earth and a real grand fella.

After the showing of the lot (and believe me it was a full and complete tour) we went

back to his apartment and had the privilege of meeting his wonderful wife Barbara. They are a cute couple and I bet even cuter parents. Chris, the new arrival, put in an appearance about a month after we left.

I'll bring this to a close with hopes that I've given you a bit of an insight into one fan's experience with more than just a "performer," but a (and I say it again) down to earth fella. I hope you'll help him along and, who knows, next time I might be reading about your meeting with Jeff.

Thanks for listnin' and thanks again to you, Jeff.

P.S. How about joinin' up for Jeff?---See Marie's article.

<u>PLEASE</u>	<u>ACKNOWLEDGE</u>	<u>THIS</u>
<u>JOURNAL!</u>	Let us know what	you
like or dislike	and what you	would like to see
in the journal.	We can please you	only if you tell us
how. All suggestions	will be carefully	considered.