

Loving husband Jeffrey Hunter wakes his beautiful bride, Barbara Rush, with a gentle kiss. They're utterly devoted.

By Jeffrey Hunter

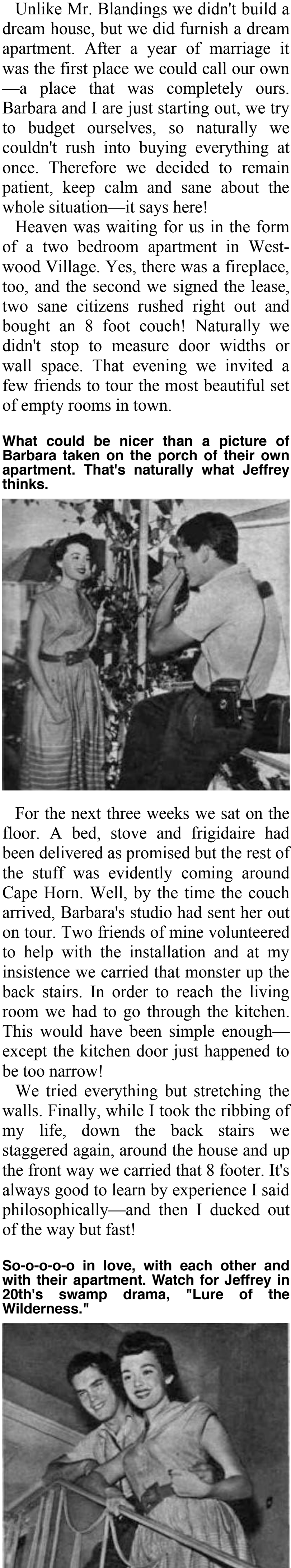
Jeffrey Hunter and his pretty missus, Barbara Rush, found a perfect Blandings dream apartment ... and have some funny stories about their misadventures as home-owners . . .

• Mr. Blandings building his dream house had nothing on us!

It all began one quiet, uneventful morning at the breakfast table. As I looked across my third cup of coffee and observed the enraptured expression of my beautiful bride, she put down the paper, flashed me a sweet smile and sighed:

"They're having such wonderful sales on furniture. Oh Hank (my real name is Henry H. McKinnies, Jr.), wouldn't it be wonderful if we could have our own place and surround ourselves with things we've picked out personally and love!"

Now I'll defy any man to resist those warm, pleading dark eyes of the talented, charming Miss Barbara Rush of Columbia. Why not, I answered nonchalantly. Guess whose hat was on quicker than you can say "Belles On Their Toes," "Red Skies Of Montana," "Lure of the Wilderness" and "Dream Boat." (How loyal to 20th-Century Fox can a guy be!)

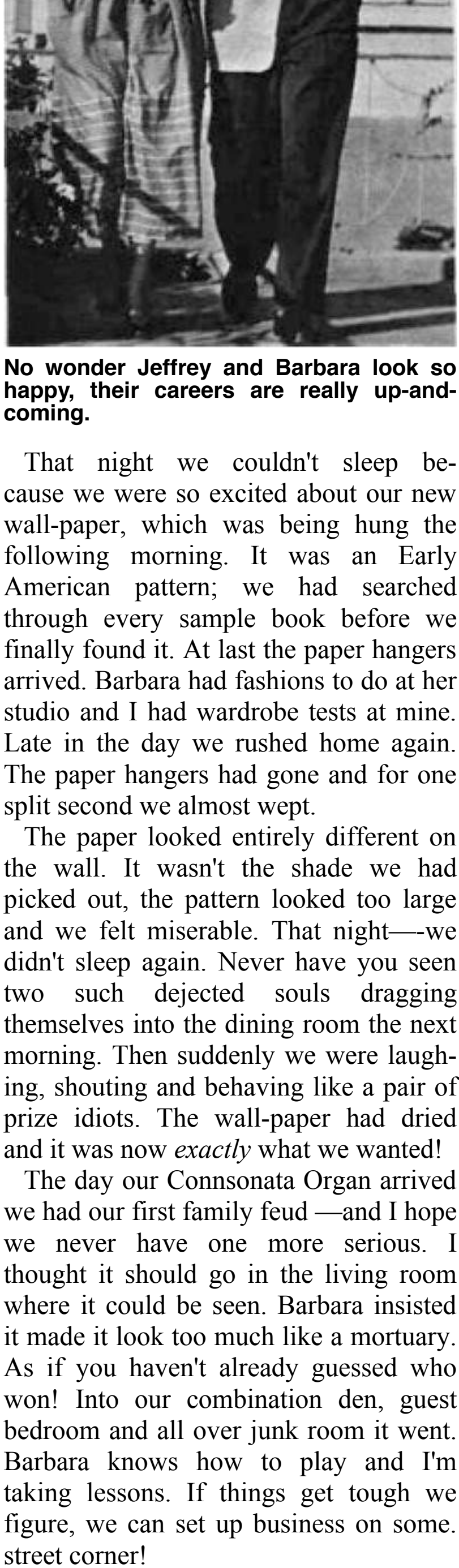


They were overjoyed when they found their apartment in Westwood. Don't miss Barbara in Columbia's swashbuckler, "Prince of Pirates."

Unlike Mr. Blandings we didn't build a dream house, but we did furnish a dream apartment. After a year of marriage it was the first place we could call our own—a place that was completely ours. Barbara and I are just starting out, we try to budget ourselves, so naturally we couldn't rush into buying everything at once. Therefore we decided to remain patient, keep calm and sane about the whole situation—it says here!

Heaven was waiting for us in the form of a two bedroom apartment in Westwood Village. Yes, there was a fireplace, too, and the second we signed the lease, two sane citizens rushed right out and bought an 8 foot couch! Naturally we didn't stop to measure door widths or wall space. That evening we invited a few friends to tour the most beautiful set of empty rooms in town.

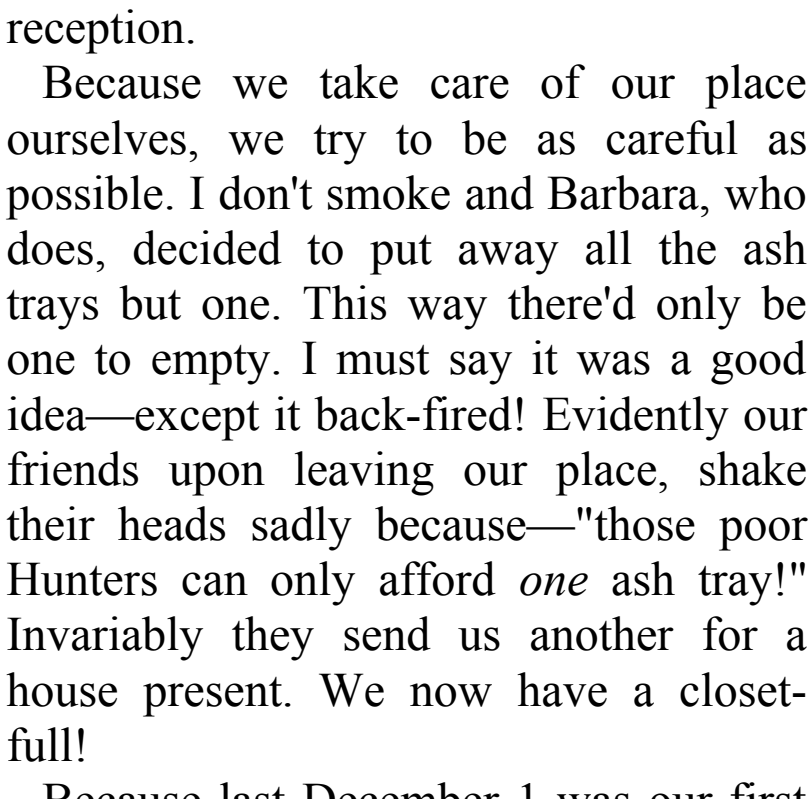
What could be nicer than a picture of Barbara taken on the porch of their own apartment. That's naturally what Jeffrey thinks.



For the next three weeks we sat on the floor. A bed, stove and frigidaire had been delivered as promised but the rest of the stuff was evidently coming around Cape Horn. Well, by the time the couch arrived, Barbara's studio had sent her out on tour. Two friends of mine volunteered to help with the installation and at my insistence we carried that monster up the back stairs. In order to reach the living room we had to go through the kitchen. This would have been simple enough—except the kitchen door just happened to be too narrow!

We tried everything but stretching the walls. Finally, while I took the ribbing of my life, down the back stairs we staggered again, around the house and up the front way we carried that 8 footer. It's always good to learn by experience I said philosophically—and then I ducked out of the way but fast!

So-o-o-o-o in love, with each other and with their apartment. Watch for Jeffrey in 20th's swamp drama, "Lure of the Wilderness."



By the time Barbara returned, our Early American apartment almost looked like a home. Some Marine Corps friends of mine were in town. Barbara's mother and sister were spending the weekend with us, so we decided to give our first party. One Mrs. Hunter went to work to show us what a magician in the kitchen she really was—a seven course dinner that even the Marines said wouldn't have tasted better at Romanoff's (and they're critics you know!).

After dinner I decided to make a fire.

"Be sure the damper is open dear," cautioned our little housewife, while this ex-boy scout managed to control his male ego.

Now it just so happens that the damper wasn't open and suddenly the living room was filled with heavy black smoke. Everything was covered in ashes in two minutes flat and our guests looked like the road company of "Topsy and Eva." If I ever live this one down it will be a lucky day for me.

No wonder Jeffrey and Barbara look so happy, their careers are really up-and-coming.

That night we couldn't sleep because we were so excited about our new wall-paper, which was being hung the following morning. It was an Early American pattern; we had searched through every sample book before we finally found it. At last the paper hangers arrived. Barbara had fashions to do at her studio and I had wardrobe tests at mine. Late in the day we rushed home again. The paper hangers had gone and for one split second we almost wept.

The paper looked entirely different on the wall. It wasn't the shade we had picked out, the pattern looked too large and we felt miserable. That night—we didn't sleep again. Never have you seen two such dejected souls dragging themselves into the dining room the next morning. Then suddenly we were laughing, shouting and behaving like a pair of prize idiots. The wall-paper had dried and it was now *exactly* what we wanted!

The day our Consonata Organ arrived we had our first family feud—and I hope we never have one more serious. I thought it should go in the living room where it could be seen. Barbara insisted it made it look too much like a mortuary. As if you haven't already guessed who won! Into our combination den, guest bedroom and all over junk room it went. Barbara knows how to play and I'm taking lessons. If things get tough we figure, we can set up business on some street corner!

All kidding aside, our married life is wonderful and we wish we could share our happiness with every other young couple. Being actors we naturally dramatize everything. So we ham it up to our heart's content and love every moment of it. We cue each other on lines, practise reading scenes together, tape record them and then criticize each other. When we're working either I drag Barbara out of bed at 7 A.M. or she tickles me in the ribs and I *have* to get up. We make a gag out of our setting-up exercises. The first one who misses has to pay a forfeit. So far—no payments.

While Barbara was away doing summer stock, I went to our local home show in the Pan-Pacific Auditorium. Wouldn't it be nice, I thought, to buy something cute for the little woman and surprise her with it. Well, everything I wanted was too expensive. And then I saw it. "Take me home for a free ten day trial" read the sign and that's how we acquired an automatic dish washing machine. Honestly, I don't think a mink coat could have been given a greater reception.

Because we take care of our place ourselves, we try to be as careful as possible. I don't smoke and Barbara, who does, decided to put away all the ash trays but one. This way there'd only be one to empty. I must say it was a good idea—except it back-fired! Evidently our friends upon leaving our place, shake their heads sadly because—"those poor Hunters can only afford *one* ash tray!" Invariably they send us another for a house present. We now have a closet-full!

Because last December 1 was our first Anniversary, Barbara and I decided we'd really celebrate. She had a beautiful new dress to wear, we planned to have dinner out somewhere and then treat ourselves to a night club. But of all times, on this night I had to work on "Lure of the Wilderness." Barbara couldn't have been sweeter about it and hid her disappointment like the true trouper she is. What's more, she sat on the set until 2 A.M.—watching me make love to Jean Peters!