



Stephen Crane came West six months ago, tried to break into movies, broke into a Turner wedding tune instead

THE STORY BEHIND

Lana's Madcap

"Men interest me very little," said Lana, that night she eloped with Stephen Crane.

BY
ROSEMARY WEST

AT noon on the seventeenth of this past July, Lana Turner was giving out one of her very rare interviews. Lana hates giving out stories, largely because time devoted to such things takes up time in which she might be having more fun. But at least when she does give an interview, she gives, and this was no exception. Her talk was high, wide and fulsome and her subject was men.

The innocent interviewer had just asked Lana about Howard Hughes, her most frequent escort.

"I wish people would stop asking me about men and romances," Lana said pouting, and thereby looking even more beautiful. "I am not en-

gaged. I do not go out all the time as the papers insist. Men interest me very little. I take my career very seriously and I expect to give up more and more time, probably all my time to it in the future."

At midnight of that same day Lana eloped to Las Vegas, Nevada, and married Stephen Crane, Justice of the Peace George Marshall, who performed the ceremony, beamed when he saw her. "Well, welcome back," he cried, he being the gentleman who had united her in holy matrimony to

Artie Shaw just two years previously. Answered the tempestuous Turner "Bind it tighter this time!"

For once every columnist in Hollywood was caught off guard. They had no one but themselves to blame. For at seven the preceding evening, the press agent of Andre's, a new Beverly Hills night spot, had telephoned that Lana and Stephen Crane were there looking very romantic, and that Mr. Crane had just finished talking with his mother in Crawfordsville, Indiana, and had introduced Lana over the wire. Mother hadn't seemed overly enthusiastic. At eleven the press agent of the Mocambo had told all and sundry that Lana and Crane, together

Bob Stack was lots of fun, so Lana dated him—for a while. She gave him up for a dark-eyed reason

Turner into wife—temporarily. She married Artie Shaw the first night she dated him

Attorney Greg Bautzer's every wish was once Lana's law

Marriage

Surprising? Not after you read this exposé!

with Linda Darnell and Alan Gorton, a free-lance press agent, were here, looking even more romantic.

To these tips, the columnists, without exception, had replied, "Don't be silly. Turner is going to marry Howard Hughes."

But this very kind of colorful, unpredictable type of behavior, is why he is the most glamorous thorn that ever tore the flesh of that side of Hollywood which eternally yearns to be dignified. Hollywood would be perfectly happy if only Lana could go on being as breath-takingly beautiful as she is, pulling at the box office as potently as she does, yet behave as circumspectly as Queen Mary.

Lana went into a high-gear romance with Tony Martin, but the Navy put the brakes on



From Bautzer . . . to Shaw . . . to Martin went Lana—and then Tommy Dorsey blew his trombone and she stopped to listen to the tune

Lana would honestly like to cooperate. But what can she do, twenty-two years of vivid age, with a mind made of equal parts of stardust and firecrackers?

HER latest elopement may seem to echo of heedless, headstrong impulsiveness. It should, for all of Lana's actions have that same breathless quality of unbridled impulse.

Take, for instance, that bond-selling trip from which she returned just before her madcap marriage to Stephen Crane. M-G-M was delighted to comply when the Treasury Department asked for Lana to tour the Pacific Northwest and over to her home town of Wallace, Idaho, selling bonds. Lana was delighted, too.

At the mere thought of all the dignity that would accrue to Lana from the bond-selling trip, Metro practically rolled over and buttered itself.

They reckoned without their problem child. She wanted to sell a lot of bonds and her own generous impulses, her own lively imagination, did the rest. Without thinking to ask anyone's permission, she flamingly announced when she arrived in Portland, Oregon, late one evening, that she would kiss any man who bought \$50,000 worth of bonds.

Before she had even had her breakfast next morning, five guys turned up, all with the necessary cash. In less than five seconds, Lana gave five kisses, took in a quarter of a million dollars. Metro shuddered. Of course, the papers went for it big and it was at once terrible and wonderful.

Or take the day that, right in the midst of production, Lana didn't like the color of the hose she was wearing. She wanted one certain shade, one certain quality that one certain store

in Beverly Hills had. Now Lana, for all her madcapness, is a big star. In a recent popularity survey conducted by one of the country's leading public opinion experts, Lana ranked second among all feminine personalities!

When a big star wants anything so simple as one particular pair of stockings from one particular shop, she gets them, even if she wants to get them herself. Lana did want to get them for herself, so she went dashing away from the studio, over to Beverly, right to the steps of the store. There on the steps was a man selling a great Dane dog, a beautiful dog, a super dog. Uh-huh, that's what happened. Lana bought the dog, rushed back to the studio to show him off, completely forgetting the stockings. She's still got him, plus three others of three other breeds.

IT didn't really take her wedding to Crane to prove that romance and Lana are one of those combinations as felicitous and inevitable as moonlight and roses, coffee and cream, and champagne and laughter. Recorded in Lana's heart lines have been the names of Greg Bautzer, Artie Shaw, Tony Martin, Tommy Dorsey, Buddy Rich, Gene Krupa, Howard Hughes, Robert Stack, to mention just the more famous of them. One big name being awash with love over another big name always creates a story—regardless of whether or not the story has truth in it.

When Lana, still at Warners, started going with Greg Bautzer, the lawyer, Hollywood didn't care. That the pretty kid was completely in love was okay by the town. There are so many pretty kids under contract who never get anywhere. Bautzer wasn't any celebrity and if Lana was suffering from a

generally unrequited love, Hollywood regarded that as her own agony.

The story at that time was that the Turner-Bautzer quarrels began when Greg wanted Lana to give up acting as the price of marriage, she arguing that why couldn't she be wed and still make one teeny weeny picture a year. At that time Lana was getting \$10,000 a picture and that sum added to the nominal amount even the most successful young lawyers earn looked big to her. When finally they broke it off, any observer could see that Lana was the more hurt.

That separation was the propitious moment for Lana to have given up love for her career, as many an ambitious girl has done before her. But she chose to continue on her harum-scarum way mid the cries of the Hollywood venerables.

"I wish they'd let The Punk alone," said Mervyn LeRoy, discussing her and perhaps with the elopement fresh in his mind. Mervyn always calls Lana "The (Continued on page 76)

COLOR PORTRAIT SERIES

- *Lana Turner:* Appearing in M-G-M's "Somewhere I'll Find You" page 33
- *John Garfield:* Appearing in Warners' "Air Force" page 36
- *George Sanders:* Appearing in M-G-M's "Her Cardboard Lover" and Loew-Lewin's "The Moon and Sixpence" page 37
- *Maureen O'Hara:* Appearing in 20th Century-Fox's "Black Swan" page 39
- *Donna Reed:* Appearing in M-G-M's "Apache Trail" page 39
- *Geraldine Fitzgerald:* Appearing in Warners' "Watch On The Rhine" page 41
- *Mary Martin:* Appearing in Paramount's "Happy-Go-Lucky" page 41
- *Ada Lupino:* Appearing in Warners' "The Hard Way" page 41

Lana Turner



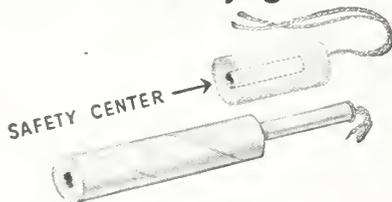
The Story Behind Lana's Madcap Marriage

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The Modess Tampon

(Continued from page 32) Punk," but the warmth in his voice when he says it makes you know that is only a disguise for the affection he feels for this girl who owes her career more directly to his belief in her talent than to any one person in Hollywood. "Hollywood started yelling at Lana in the days of her first hit and they've been yelling at her ever since. 'Be dignified,' they yell, 'be quiet.' Don't they know the ones who are big stars are always like that when they're young? I can remember Ginger Rogers when she was the same age. She was the same kind of a kid. Here's Lana today, just twenty-two. She works all day and then they expect her to sit home nights, in a library, I suppose. The kid is nuts for music, nuts for dancing. She's young and she loves a good time. What else did they expect?"

THE first night she ever dated Artie Shaw, she eloped with him. That marriage was bound to collapse as it immediately did. It is significant, though, that during its brief months Lana honestly talked of giving up her career for matrimony exclusively. Tony Martin succeeded in her high-gear affections. Probably if Tony had been a hit and stayed in Hollywood, they, too, would have married. But just about the time Tony joined the Navy, Lana met Tommy Dorsey. His music got her until she met Gene Krupa and fell for his drum beats. Gene thought she was going to marry him but she met Buddy Rich, another drummer boy. They do say that Buddy was so infatuated that he even brought his parents all the way across the country to meet what he thought was his affianced bride. But before Buddy or his parents knew what was happening, Lana was seeing Bob

Stack, who plays no musical instruments, can't even croon, but who is a lot of fun, nevertheless. Bob lost out in the competition to that perennial millionaire escort, Howard Hughes. Howard Hughes was still head man—Hollywood thought—until the night of July seventeenth.

Yet with all this, she is calming down and growing up. After Carole Lombard's death, she was all tact and kindness to Gable on that "Somewhere I'll Find You" set. Ordinarily she clowns every minute, plays the record machine in her dressing room eternally, tells jokes by the score. But she was a deliberately subdued Lana those days and Clark appreciated it.

RIGHT now, she is going through the phase that Joan Crawford went through at her age. She is deliberately trying to improve her mind and be high-brow. "I like classical music besides swing," she announces proudly, all unaware that by the very use of the label "classical" she is admitting that such music is new to her. She is seriously taking up painting, oil painting, no less, and while her efforts in this field are as yet very amateurish they are nonetheless sincere. She had taken a demure house in the most collegiate section of Los Angeles, the so-called Westwood Village, and was living there with her mother.

Lana has now turned this house over to her mother for her exclusive residence and for the present she and Steve have taken a small Beverly Hills apartment.

Meanwhile, you undoubtedly are wondering what about Stephen Crane, where he came from, where Lana met him and how long all this has been going on.



Cake cutting ceremonies for the newly married Stephen Cranes have an interested spectator in Linda Darnell, one of the few people in the know about Lana's and Steve's wedding plans

So far, Hollywood doesn't know much about the fellow, except that he is handsome, very likable and ambitious. He came to Glamour Corners about six months ago, trying to break into movies. At that time, he explained that his home town was Crawfordsville, Indiana, and that his father was a wealthy Indiana tobacco magnate. A few unkind souls have since made cracks to the effect that Steve's only relationship to tobacco is via packs of cigarettes, but be that as it may, he seems to have much money. Certain it is that he was graduated from Butler University in 1936, that he worked for a time on both the New York and Chicago stock exchanges, and that, like Lana, this is his second marriage. He was divorced from an Indianapolis society beauty, Carol Kurtz Crane, two years ago. He is just twenty-seven years old.

He and Lana first met a year ago at the Beverly Hills Hotel, being introduced to each other by Sammy Weiss, the song writer. They kept on meeting at parties after that for the next four months, until the time came when Metro clamped down on Lana's going out so much. It was then that Steve asked Lana if he might call on her at home and it was then that he first met her mother, who liked him on sight.

AFTER that, things began really to speed up. Steve, who is now a junior executive with a Los Angeles beverage company, told Lana he wanted his parents to come West so that they could meet her. Then one night in June he formally proposed to her.

They intended to make it a formal wedding, late in July, but to keep the papers from learning their secret, they ordered their wedding rings made with the names left blank in the engravings. Steve's to Lana said "To _____ with all my love"; hers to him said, "To _____ I'll always be yours."

They began moving the wedding date forward, from the thirty-first of July to the twenty-first, from that Monday back to Saturday, from Saturday to their elopement on Thursday midnight.

They decided so late to fly to Las Vegas that they almost missed the plane. It was already taxi-ing across the airfield when they arrived, but stopped and came back for them. They were so excited they couldn't talk, so jittery that they couldn't even hold a cup of coffee still long enough to drink it. On the morning that they came back to Hollywood, Lana felt very fine and bridal, cooking Steve's breakfast in the small apartment they have taken in keeping with his salary rather than hers.

Late that afternoon of their first day of marriage, Lana took their wedding rings down to have the names inserted and at the same time bought Steve a very beautiful watch. She had it engraved, too, very simply. "To Steve, forever, Lana," it says.

Maybe it will be. Maybe the unpredictable Miss Turner will make up her wild, young mind and stick to her decisions.

But whatever happens I am willing to bet that ten years from now—even five years from now—she will be up there on the night of the Academy Award dinner holding an Oscar in her lovely hands, looking as dignified as all get-out and concealing with magnificent art the devilish light that will still be sparkling in her provocative eyes.

You might even bet that Stephen Crane will be at the dinner applauding with the rest.

THE END

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