MOVIE COLUMN

Six months after death Hollywood still puzzled

By BOB THOMAS

HOLLYWOOD (AP)—"Hit sex hard! . . . Keep the stuff down to earth . . . your job is to please me. Nothing else on earth matters."

These were Cecil B. de Mille's instructions to his crews of writers. They may help to explain de Mille to a Hollywood that is still puzzling over his strange genius six months after his death.

The words are contained in a fascinating new biography, Yes, Mr. de Mille, by Phil Koury, for seven years the great man's publicity chief and now a Kansas City lawyer. It probably will remain the most honest and the most interesting of the books to be written about the showman. Here are some things you can learn:

De Mille strove mightily to get Vic Mature to fight a real lion in Samson and Delilah. He argued that the lion had been trained as a cub and was fed on milk. Mature commented: "I was raised on milk, too, but I eat meat now."

LION FOLLOWS HEDY

The director even got co-star Hedy Lamarr to parade the aging beast past Mature's dressing room. The actor's only comment: "You're so beautiful, Hedy, I can see how any lion would follow you around." But he held his ground and fought a stuffed animal. . . .

The director's outbursts on the set were famous. Seeing two assistant directors chatting idly one day, he intoned into the microphone before the cast and crew:

"I'm running a set costing $50,000 a day, and you gentlemen seem to have found time to play at marbles. If you are not quite up to this whole thing, may I suggest that you find yourself another picture, perhaps one with a kindergarten hour. . . ."

BLASTS GUM CHEWER

An extra chewing gum could be withered with a blast over the microphone. De Mille explained:

"My ferocity is always studied ferocity. When something really makes me angry, I get extremely quiet. Anger is no time for words. I use a careful lash. Something of the sort is necessary to steady a company before a big scene."

De Mille seemed immune to the small infirmities that plague most humans. He had but one small filling in his teeth. He never suffered routine viruses, explaining: "No bug is brave enough or mean enough to live in me. . . .

He hated the "big city critics" who said his pictures were full of hokum. Said he: "Well, what is hokum? It is pure and simple emotion.

Christ making the blind girl see, I suppose, is hokum.

They say my pictures are spectacles. Was the Crucifixion a spectacle? That had a lot of people. Was Guadalcanal a spectacle?"

. . . MON WHYTE WITH ONE OF HER SMALL CHARGES. —CP photo.

Street walkers no longer

LONDON (CP)—London's darkened streets were strangely silent early Sunday. Gone were the high-heeled tap-tap and whispered endearments of the prostitutes.

The girls had scattered underground, driven from their street beats by a tough new law which makes soliciting in public punishable by heavy fines and a jail term.

With the new law going into effect at midnight, Saturday, there was hardly a provocative figure in sight all along the sidewalks of the West End.

As Big Ben chimed midnight, the last street walkers along park lane stepped out of the shadows and disappeared.

Once the girls used to gather in groups along Park Lane and accost men emerging from the plush hotels.

Went into woods to think came out three months later

PONTIAC, Mich. (AP)—Bernard J. Blechars, divorced and behind in his alimony payments, was troubled and fearful that police were looking for him. He went into the woods to think.

He stayed there three months.

Police found him along a highway in fashionable suburban Bloomfield Hills. The 32-year-old Detroit shipping clerk's clothes were in rags. His hair and beard were matted with dirt.

He weighed 80 pounds. He was a husky 175 when he began his self-imposed exile from society May 9.

"I'm divorced," Blechars mumbled to incredulous officers Wednesday. "I was behind in my alimony. I thought the police must be looking for me. I found this place. It looked like a pretty good place to me."

For three months, Blechars said, he ate apples and berries, drank water with his hands from a muddy creek and covered himself at night with a piece of plywood.

REPORTED MISSING

Blechar's ex-wife Nancy, 24, reported him missing the day he said, he entered the woods. The Blechers, parents of a four-year-old girl, were divorced in July 1958.

Physicians said Blechars, a veteran of marine service in the Pacific in the Second World War, was suffering from malnutrition and loss of weight but otherwise showed no ill effects from his experience.

LOSES CHILDREN TO WELFARE

Self-appointed mother feels its God's work

BOWMANVILLE, Ont. (CP)—In her decade as self-appointed foster mother to homeless children, Mom Whyte has been guided by only one principle.

She considered herself the instrument of God. The encroachments of temporal authority were but barriers in her path, to be skirted when they could be and met head-on when they could not.

For the last two weeks her conflicts with the Ontario health and welfare departments had risen to the status of a pitched battle. It reached a climax Friday night when welfare workers took away the 117 children in her Whytehaven Mission, charging she and her little band of helpers could not care for them properly.

Mrs. Bertha Whyte, a 43-year-old mother of five, has none of the characteristics associated with religious fanaticism. She and her husband, Bert, belong to no organized church.

She speaks softly in a low voice and is not given to outbursts. Her strong features show traces of her struggle on the dusty Saskatchewan Prairies during the depression years.

She and Bert were farming at Rosetown, Sask., then. They eventually moved east and started farming again near this town on the north shore of Lake Ontario 10 miles east of Oshawa.

Ten years ago she agreed to look after temporarily a couple who had no money. That started it. Soon afterwards families with children were arriving at the farm.

CARED FOR 800

About 800 children have been sheltered at Whytehaven over the years, as many as 150 at a time. This year she planned a $300,000 expansion.

She cared for the children, most of them from broken homes with a staff of voluntary workers. She clothed, fed and sent them to school on the salary Bert received at a Bowmanville rubber plant and on voluntary donations.

Eventually accusations of overcrowding and understaffing beset her.

In 1958 the Ontario fire marshal described Whytehaven as a firetrap. Last November Mrs. Whyte was convicted and given a suspended sentence for failure to register her home under the Childrens Boarding Home Act.

In August, 1956, a six-month old infant choked on its formula and died. There were 67 children at Whytehaven then, cared for by four adults.

A year later a seven-year-old boy strangled to death while playing. There was a staff of 13 at that time to care for 105 children.

Recent outbreaks of influenza, infectious hepatitis, impetigo and gastro enteritis put Whytehaven more and more prominently in the headlines. Welfare Minister Cecile told Mom Whyte she would have to change her methods of operation or face a showdown.

To suggestions of closing the home—Ontario authorities never actually threatened to do that—she gave a typical answer:

"This would be interfering with religious freedom. It is because of God the children are here. It is his work, not mine."

BLACKWOOD on BRIDGE

By EASLEY BLACKWOOD

Here is another hand illustrating the extreme importance of the first lead made by the defending side after the opening lead.

Mr. Masters led the jack of diamonds and dummy's king won. Mrs. Keen figured the lead was from a suit headed by jack-ten and saw no reason at this stage to discourage continuation of the suit. Therefore she followed suit with the nine.

At trick two Mr. Meek led the nine of hearts from the board and ducked it, losing to the king.

At this point, after the play of only two tricks, Mr. Masters had a clear idea as to his chances of defeating the contract.

For one thing, if Mr. Meek had the king of clubs, he would have no problems and it would almost surely be impossible to beat him.

Mr. Meek

Future defence, then, had to be based on the hope that Mrs. Keen held that card.

Next, it seemed certain that Mrs. Keen did not have a singleton spade because if she had been able to ruff a second round of Mr. Master's bid suit, she would have played her lowest diamond at trick one in an effort to encourage her partner to shift when he next gained the lead.

Apparently the defenders could win one heart, one club (if Mrs. Keen had the king) and therefore two spade tricks would have to be garnered. If Mr. Meek did not have as many as three spades again the contract would be unbeatable.

On this reasoning, Mr. Masters made a beautiful and daring lead at trick three. He laid down the queen of spades. Dummy's king won and Mr. Meek then led to his ace of diamonds, ruffed his last diamond with dummy's queen of hearts, led dummy's last heart and picked up the remaining trumps.

Now he had no better play than to take the club finesse. This lost to the king and Mrs. Keen returned her last spade. Holding ace-ten over Mr. Meek's jack-four, Mr. Masters automatically got two tricks in the suit to put the contract down one.

South dealer
Neither side vulnerable

NORTH
Mr. Dale
♠ K 6 5 3
♥ A 8 2
♦ 5 4
♣ 10 7 6 4

WEST
Mr. Champion
♠ 7 2
♥ Q 5 4
♦ K Q J 6 3
♣ Q 5 3

EAST
Mrs. Keen
♠ J 4
♥ 10 7 6 3
♦ A 8 2
♣ K 9 8 2

SOUTH
Mr. Muzzy
♠ A Q 10 9 8
♥ K J 9
♦ 10 9 7
♣ A J

The bidding:

South	West	North	East
1 ♠	Pass	2 ♠	Pass
4 ♠	All Pass		

Opening lead: King of diamonds.

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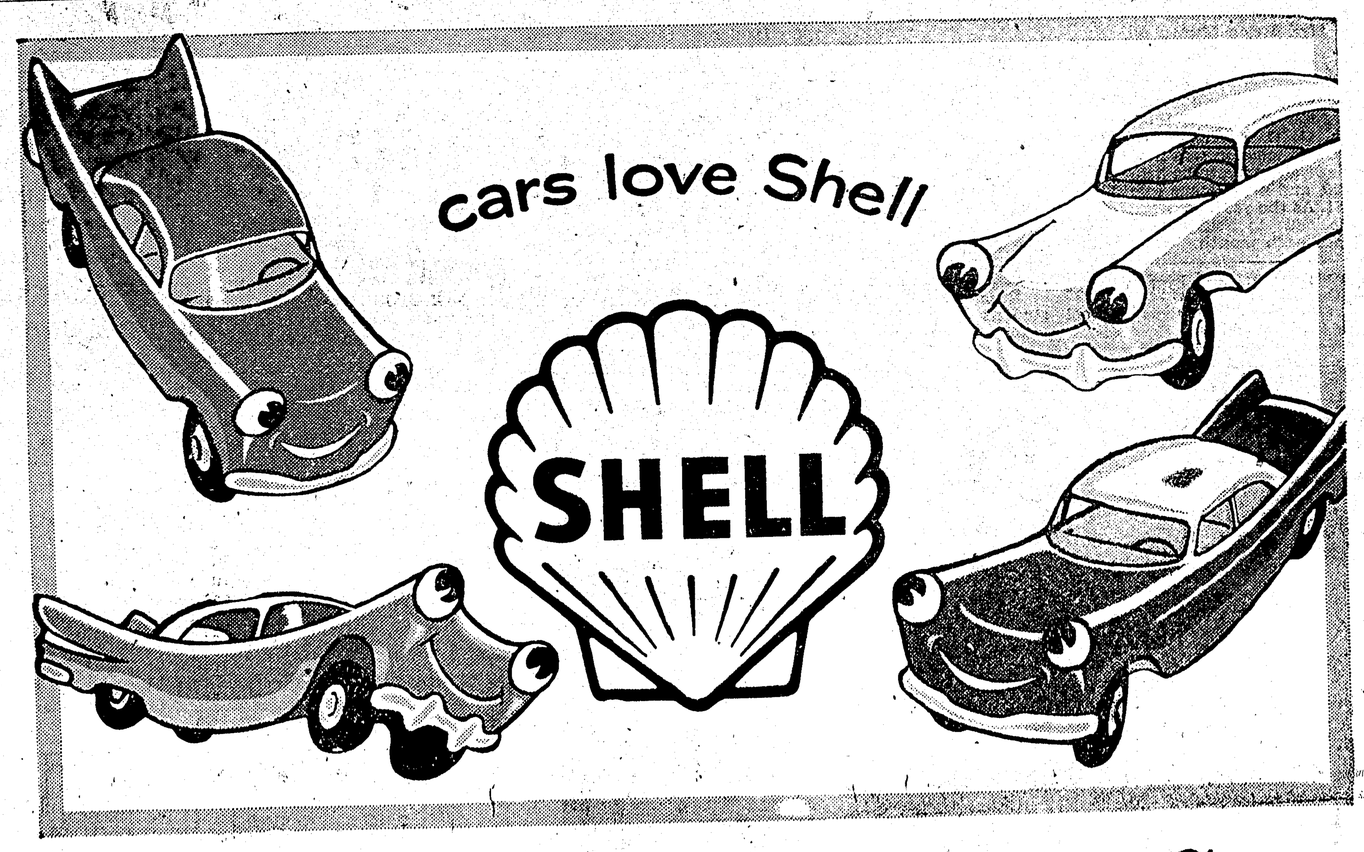

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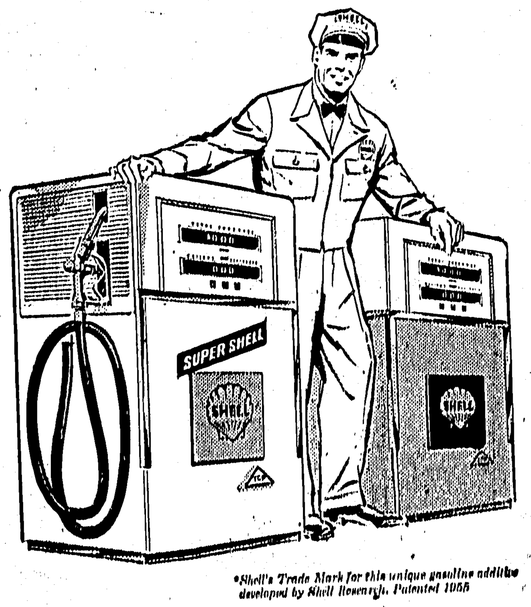

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