

**The Truth
About...**

PSYCHIATRY AND HOLLYWOOD LOVE!

UNCENSORED

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**THE 'SCANDAL' THAT
MADE BILL
HOLDEN BLOW
HIS TOP!**



**What CESAR ROMERO Does
That ERROL FLYNN Won't!**

**How Gay Can The
Virgin Islands Get?**

**SABRINA: THE STAR
WHO MADE THE
CENSORS *GASP!***

**WHEN JACKIE COOPER
SANG THE 'NAVY' BLUES**

Phoney or Phenom?

**An UNCENSORED Peek
at Bridey Murphy!**



**THE DAY VIVIEN LEIGH PLAYED
SCARLETT O'HARA FOR REAL!**



**THE ROMANCE THAT MADE
ROCK HUDSON ROLL!**



**JANE WYMAN: HOW MANY
DATES ARE TOO MANY?**

HOW TO GO FROM RICH TO RICHER

Some 30 years ago, the lady on the left traded in her 'Follies' career on a long-lease romance. Now, at last, you'll learn what happened to Marion Davies on page 10.

DOES ROMERO LIKE ROAMIN' ALONE?

Unlike his namesake who crossed the Rubicon, our Cesar Romero won't even cross a bridge until he comes to it. The reason's in the engaging story on page 42.

THE INSIDY ON LIL OLE BRIDEY

Whether you bridle or bite at discussions of reincarnation depends today on what you think about Bridey Murphy. If you want to know what we think, turn to pg. 44.

NEATEST CARD TRICK O' THE YEAR

Until someone discovered that Sabrina did more for playing cards than Hoyle, Diana Dors was England's best visible export. The new queen reigns on pg. 29.

THE RUMBLE BEGAN PRE-RAMAR

The face may be familiar but we'll bet the plight Jon Hall was in one night at a Dorsey party isn't. Try "The Horn Tommy Dorsey would Like to Forget." Pg. 12.

GOLD SPOONS AND BRASSY GUESTS

Society pays plenty to play, but one too gay shindig almost cost a lot of reputations as you'll learn in "Sinnerama" an inside peek at blue-bloods. See page 18.

UNCENSORED

August, 1956

LOWDOWN ON WHAT'S WHAT BEHIND THE HEADLINES

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The Editors

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Life on St. Thomas is a non-stop party for the gayer lads.

HOW GAY

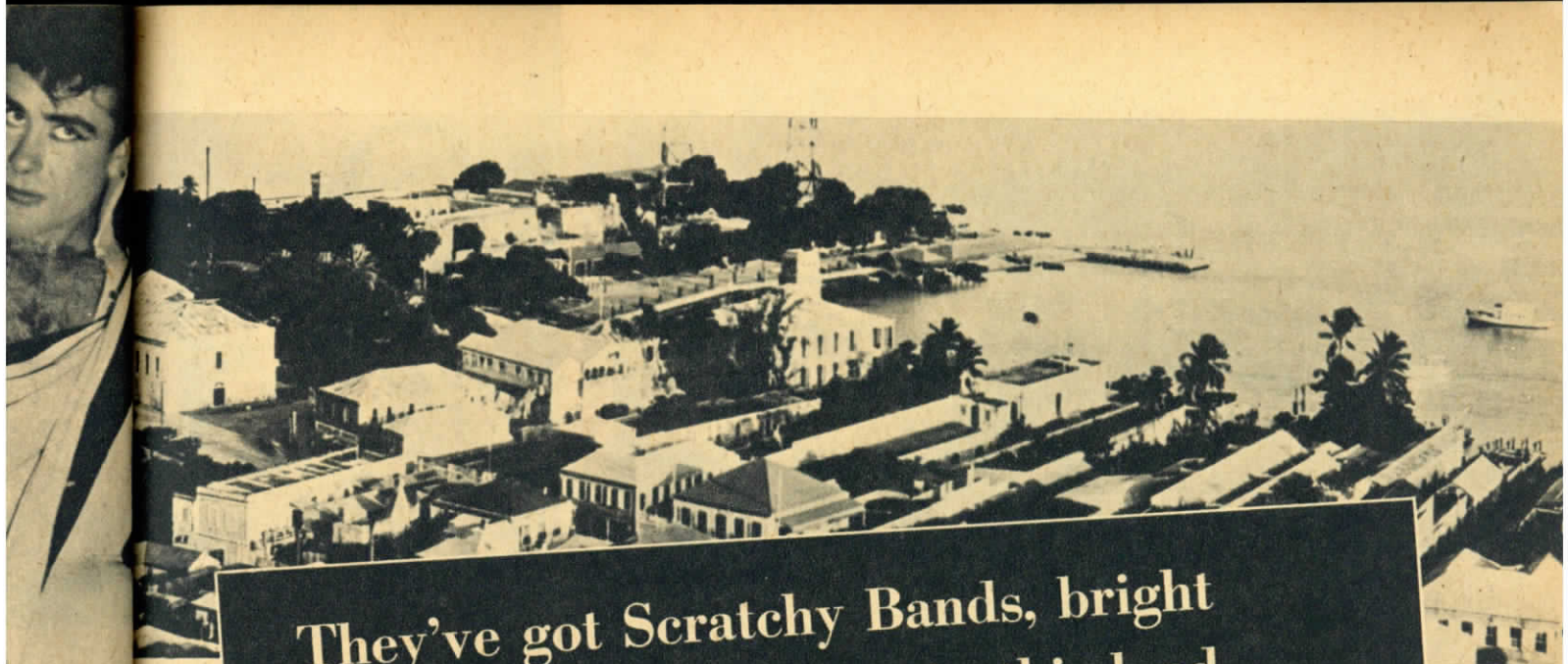


CAN THE VIRGIN ISLANDS GET?



It's difficult, at times, to tell the boys apart from the girls.

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They've got Scratchy Bands, bright
sands and skies of blue in this land
where men are men — and women, too!

By EMORY DARNELL

DURING the 1954-55 tourist season a formidable wave of tourists (some 17,000 cruise ship passengers), four planeloads daily of funseekers, and an impressive 30,000 sailors on weekend liberty, broke over the sandy shores of St. Thomas, largest of the three American Virgin Islands.

These visitors to the easternmost bit of United States territory made it a port of call for two reasons: (1) the sensational duty-free bargains that abound, and, (2) to test for themselves whether the climate is truly a slice of Paradise set down in the Caribbean sea and caressed by balmy trade-winds.

On both counts no tourist has ever been disappointed, which is why they return home contented and happy, singing the praises of the triple wonderland where life, on the surface at least, is serene and uncluttered.

And that's just what the natives want them to think—because if the UNCENSORED truth were ever publicized, the Islands couldn't hold the pleasure-jaded set. They'd be in by plane boat, and sea skiff, straining St. Thomas, particularly, at the seams.

Now, by natives, we don't mean the Chachas or the other original settlers of ebony hue. We mean those whites who came, saw, played, decided it was too good to publicize, and set up a tight little clique where outsiders couldn't even look in, much less participate.

This clique is the island's Cafe Society, those gay guys and dolls who are loaded with lucre and who have made life on St. Thomas a non-stop party. There is, for example, the effervescent CeeCee Cromwell, who unwittingly tipped the inner life of the island's playboy-playgirl set when she took unto marriage, Richard Wyndham Hoffman, Jr., son of

the noted psychiatrist. CeeCee happened to have a home there, so it seemed only natural that she'd marry in St. Thomas.

But the first indication the inner circle had that CeeCee was letting tourists see what they shouldn't see was the news that she had shipped from Park Avenue three van loads of the necessities of life. In addition there was a Jeep, three or four motor cars of expensive make, and a brace of foreign cars. It was the fire engine, however, that had the locals really flipping their wigs.

Imported from the mainland, this gleaming, scarlet monster was the talk of the community for a time, only to find itself insignificant as a subject when Dickie-boy and CeeCee really got rolling. Not for a moment were they idle on their island idyll. Being a Dodge heiress, CeeCee had money to burn, so it really became unnecessary for them to start a proposed rental service with the boats they had brought down. Instead, Dickie and his friends used them to roar through the quiet waters at blinding speed.

CeeCee and her boy really rolled. When they weren't skin-diving in the warm water of the Carib, they were sometimes in the hot water of local indignation, such as the time someone drove one of their expensive foreign cars up the steps of a local inn, reducing said steps to a crumbled mass. There was also a continual chain of parties during which the wine of life flowed as freely as the bucks from CeeCee bankbooks.

Even their divorce trial nettled the local gentry for instead of being the quiet affair that such things generally are in the Virgin Islands, where abrogations may be obtained without dirt, it turned into a recriminatory nightmare of charges and counter-charges.

Anyway, CeeCee got her divorce on July 5, 1953,

(See next page)

to tell
he girls.



*Three foolish virgins came out of the sea,
Each bearing a pearl as her dowry
Which she traded with fishermen for butterfly,
These being ecstasies well in disguise.
When the maids realized that their doweries were gone,
As the fishermen sailed with the boat they were on,
Each mermaid swam seaward with glance at the shore,
Knowing perfectly well they were virgins no more.*

The Virgin Isle Hotel features novelty coasters with zesty Calypso verses. Room is called "Foolish Virgin" bar.

thereby ceasing to share the same bed and boredom of her high-stepping spouse. But if the Islanders thought that would bring a little quiet to the territory, they were mistaken. CeeCee married again, this time to an entertainer at the Mahogany Club, a bar she purchased, and life, as it will, continued to go round. And round.

Yet, don't lose sight of the UNCENSORED fact that CeeCee Cromwell is only one of the personalities that make this tropical haven a hide-out for whoopee unequalled since Texas Guinan's day.

Brother, you've got to get under the tropic "cover up" to believe it. The tourist posters will tell you of the island's delights, its climate, its local color, and how gay it is around the clock.

Well, take it from UNCENSORED it's "gay" all right and those refugees of the hands-on-hip set, such as Provincetown, Greenwich Village, New York's Third Avenue and Long Island's Fire Island, are *passee*, but definitely. **This is it!**

When UNCENSORED started its peek at this three-island wonderland, a local said: "You'll never meet three sisters with less in common than you will on St. Thomas, St. John, and St. Croix, the Three Virgins."

Twenty-four hours on the island of St. Thomas alone were enough to prove the above an understatement. St. John and St. Croix are beautiful places, but strictly for the birds—the natural variety.

St. Thomas is for the birds, too. But these are the Birds of Paradise, the lavender lads, who are landing by the planeload, some to stay for weeks,



Left, the impressive Mocka Jombie carnival. Above, Kay Francis, whose husband is a genial host on the Islands.

others for months, and still others for years. These latter, however, are the early settlers. You can tell them by their mahogany tan, their highly-hennaed blond locks and the trailing fragrance of Chanel Number 5 and other tempting imported odors which may be bought for a song on the island.

These lads, however, have no monopoly on the off-beat doings. Their opposite numbers, more difficult to tell, are girls who would be boys. They do so well at it that even UNCENSORED's correspondent had a tough time identifying St. Thomas's most notorious lassie. Her get-up defied detection, and in Bermuda shorts, impeccably tailored jacket, knee-length red socks, and close-cropped hair *she* presented a perfect picture of an Island planter. Her voice is in the lower register, but when it comes to males, "No Sale."

There is no Queer Street, as such, on St. Thomas. When the feminine odd-balls play, it's within the privacy of private homes, usually luxurious hillside mansions, complete with swimming pool and bar. Nobody gives the off-beat character a second look; at least, the native Cafe Socialite doesn't. The outsider may need a score card to know the score. The insider doesn't. He—or she—knows. "Are you one, too?" is the opening wedge.

While the she-he set confines its frolics to patio, pool, or boudoir, the he-shes stay right out in the open. They do it by choice. The Navy, you see, bases at St. Thomas. But the Shore Patrol keeps a cold eye and ready baton on its charges. The Navy boys, for the most part, are extremely well-behaved. There is no Sands Street in St. Thomas. All they get to enjoy is the climate, the beaches, and the bars. Invitations may be many, but, as we said, the Shore Patrol is ever alert. Every day is V-Day. V for vigilance, that is.

Otherwise, plenty of trouble might ensue. The buffalo don't roam on St. Thomas, but the "dears" do—the male variety, all loaded with bucks. A good many of them have their own places, very small, but very chic. Those with *mucho moolah* have virtual palaces, though they like to think of them as a little place they can call home. And say they're bringing a friend for dinner. A male friend.

These frustrated twerps in Bermuda shorts don't worry about keeping their *inversions* secret. They are, after all, living in

(Continued on page 49)

\$25 in drinking money to get the edge on that Bill gets."

Another anecdote, albeit apocryphal, has it that when Holden steps on the set his maternal greeting usually consists of asking someone to warm up the ice cubes. (W. C. Fields, though, did it better. He liked his martinis warm and always carried them in a thermos bottle.)

But getting back to Holden, there's a wide-spread belief that on a dare he'll do almost anything. There was, for instance, the time he dived into a swimming pool with an Aqua-lung and stayed below for half an hour to prove to a pal it could be done. On another occasion, when the "Picnic" company was on location in Kansas and cyclone rumors spread around, Director Josh Logan had all he could do to tear Holden away from a meal of champagne and caviar and seek safety. Still another off-related item also concerns Logan, who was conferring at the studio with his star.

Athletic Holden

Holden, a well-conditioned athlete, had never mentioned his gymnastic training to Logan. Consequently, when he suddenly walked over to a window, stepped out and hung over terra-firma by one arm, he shook Logan, a man terrified of heights, to his marrow.

And *this* is a guy who sneaks dates? While he's a man who's had his share of trouble (as a kid he got into trouble for allegedly tossing a strawman on a road in front of a passing car and was forced, with a friend, to spend six weeks spare time at the station house memorizing traffic regulations), he's picked his spots for it. And *not* in front of a blonde's apartment house.

As a measure of Holden's type of morality, take an UNCENSORED look at his marriage to Ardis Ankersen, who later became Brenda Marshall of the screen. Mrs. Holden was once married to Dick Gaines, a popular actor, who earned his spurs in "Abe Lincoln In Illinois." Unlike a lot of other Hollywood he-men, Holden met and married Brenda *after* she divorced Gaines. He is still married to her.

But what we can't understand is how the gossips haven't had a field day with a "romance" he's

been carrying on for years with Barbara Stanwyck. Hold on, though, don't leap to conclusions: this "love affair" began back in Holden's early days when he was picked by Rouben Mamoulian and Harry Cohn for the title role in "Golden Boy."

Displaying the "nerves" he still gets, Holden was almost canned for trying to tell the then Wonder-Boy of the sound films how to direct. A two-day nervous collapse kept him from being bounced. That, plus the fact that Stanwyck came to his rescue by giving him private rehearsals of the next day's work. Every year, now, on the anniversary of the picture, he sends her red roses.

But take it from UNCENSORED, there's a private eye in Hollywood who walks on the other side of the street these days on those rare occasions Bill Holden's walking, and not driving hell-bent-for-nowhere in his Thunderbird. 'Cause the UNCENSORED fact (which Holden, himself, may not know,) is *that's* how the Bill Holden 'scandal' was born.

Private detectives, after all, have to eat. Even when it's crow. ●

VIRGIN ISLANDS

(Continued from Page 27)

what the travel ad writer has called "a virtual fairyland."

And how. Even their villas provide a tip-off. Some feature for waggeries such as "Wit's End," "Male Call," "Drag-Net," and "We Three." It's a real design for lovin'—and the annual ball gives them a chance to get out of Bermuda shorts and into chemises. (Yes, they're coming back on the "Virgin Isles.") The carnival was originally the property of the island's true natives, the sepia-hues, but no more. The natives couldn't afford the Paris gowns these devious deviates don for the annual hands-on-hip parade.

Yet nothing ever gets out of hand. After dark the lads may be found listening dreamily to a Scratchy Band batting out a hybrid of calypso rhythm and Dixieland jazz. They just sit there quietly holding hands with someone—usually someone who looks

like someone's sister. But isn't. He wears pants.

An unwritten code among the lavender lads is never to talk. Jealousy is okay, but it must not erupt into view. One night club features a pansy piano player who is the ideal of the island. When he plays you can cut the atmosphere with a knife. The tourists think he's wonderful. They don't know that half the stag males sitting around the "native style" bar, sipping rum collins, think he is, too.

But then, as we reported, nobody expects the tourists to know. They can thrill to the never-below-70 climate, goggle at the Pétio where movie actress Kay Francis' husband is a genial and popular host, and where the real smart set meets to treat.

There's also, for the tourist, the fabulous Virgin Isle Hotel. It's set high on a mountain-top, cost \$2,500,000 and is a marvel of terraced cocktail bars, glassed-in dining rooms, air conditioning and astronomical prices. But a tourist can get a single room, and meals, for \$22 a day—and see the place that sets the tone for St. Thomas' social life.

He's also sure to get a kick out of the gaiety in the Foolish Virgin bar, where drinks are served on little coasters carrying the words of a calypso tune:

"Three foolish virgins came out of the sea,
Each bearing a pearl as her dowery,
Which she traded with fishermen for butterflies:
Those being ecstasies well in disguise.
When the maids realized that their doweries were gone,
As the fishermen sailed with the boat they were on.
Each mermaid swam seaward with a glance at the shore,
Knowing perfectly well they were virgins no more."

Tres gay? You don't know the half of it. We didn't. That's why we decided to do an UNCENSORED report on the Virgin Islands.

Two of 'em are still that way. You can make your own decision about St. Thomas.

But, as we said, there's nothing like the climate. *That* never gets hot. Which is more than we can say about the romantic climate. *That* seems to do certain things to certain people, obviously out to prove that the Old West may have been the place where men were men—but in the Carib they can be women, too! ●