



Shirley's hubby Steve Parker is producing films in Japan.

## MacLAINE (Continued from page 9)

cost \$25 a week, which my father paid until I started to earn money on my own.

I didn't stay there long. Not that I minded the restrictions, but when I got into a show which wasn't over until 11:15, I couldn't possibly get my make-up off and be home before the doors closed. So I moved into my own apartment.

For a while I did very well financially by doing commercials for a traveling trade show. I was one of a group of girls dancing around refrigerators during one-night stands, usually at conventions and in theaters. I was doing it illegally. I was only 17 at the time, and you had to be 21 to travel with a show, but I fibbed about my age.

Actually, I should have grown up in a hurry with all those balding, middle-aged customers who try to play Romeo with traveling show girls. I was terribly naive about things like that. If someone asked me to a movie, I went along thinking I'd see a movie. Live and learn! Since I was bigger than most of the fellows I met, I was quite safe, however.

Which brings me to the part of my life that causes the most talk and raised eyebrows—my love life, my marriage. It seems to be such a puzzle not only to newsmen but even to my friends. But as you will see, it's not so unusual.

I love my husband more than anyone or anything in the world, and I happen to believe that if there is a compromise to be made in marriage, it's up to the wife to make it. My husband, Steve Parker, has very definite ideas about his work and about this world we live in. I go along with almost everything he's doing—maybe because I agree with him; maybe because he's my husband and I love him.

You see, Steve feels that in Asia there is a fantastic movie and television potential that hasn't begun to be tapped yet. He believes that all this will be of great interest to our Western world. In 1956 he went to Japan to begin his dream. We had been married for two years. I had just told him that Sachie (her real name is Steffie) was on the way. I've never told Steve this, but I've always felt that it was this news that gave him the impetus to go there.

The first couple of years he divided his time between his new work and endless conversations with me on the long-distance telephone, telling me how lonely he was, wondering if I was lonely, too, and questioning whether or not we both had bitten off more than we could chew.

Before long (long ha! It took two years!), things began to pay off. He made two experimental Japanese short subjects and won awards with both.

In the meantime, my career began to catch on, too. But if I had a quarter for every time I thought of giving it up

to be with him, I'd give Rockefeller a run for his money! Each time I began to feel I couldn't stand being alone, Steve would step in and say, "You'd look back on that decision and blame yourself the rest of your life for not having the character to go through with what you set out to accomplish."

So I stuck to my guns. So did he. And the newspapers had and are still having a field day!

I never have been one to get sticky and sentimental publicly over my personal life, so when I was in Europe a few months ago and the English press asked me how I managed to stay married, I got flip and said, "Because we don't live together." Did that raise eyebrows!

### Sachie Becomes a Traveler

One of my gravest concerns with the separation has been the effect it might have on Sachie. Maybe I'm only justifying things, but I think Sachie not only has accepted our situation in a healthy manner but is thriving on it. I never left our country till I was over 21. She has been around the world three times, and she's only 4½. When she comes home from Japan, she speaks fluent Japanese to our housekeeper who speaks only Spanish, and our housekeeper speaks fluent Spanish to me, but I only speak English! Nobody knows what's going on in that house half the time.

Our daughter Sachie is named after another very special little girl whose name was Sachiko. She was three years old and a Japanese, and Steve met her in Hiroshima. Her parents were dead, and the rest of her family had died of radiation sickness. She was alone in the world. When Steve found her, he didn't know her name. For some reason she was always smiling, so he named her Sachiko because that means "happy child" in Japanese.

He fed, clothed, and nursed her, and took out formal adoption papers in order to bring her back to this country. But she died, too—of radiation sickness.

Sachiko's tragic life perhaps makes my separation from Sachie all the more painful. Take that time a year ago when I took Sachie to the airport for one of her "alone" trips to see her Daddy. She was going to spend Christmas with him. I was making a film and couldn't go. I knew I would be spending the holidays alone again, but that wasn't really what made me cry. It was Sachie. As I began to leave her, she looked up at me and said, "Don't worry, Mommy, I won't cry. And you shouldn't cry, either, because Daddy and I will call you on the telephone and say, 'Merry Christmas!'"

Happily, I believe this present separation from Steve is nearly at an end. We are finally going to make our first picture together—in Japan. It will be called "My Geisha."

If there ever was a time for me to feel happy and secure, I suppose it's now. I think a few years ago I was afraid our successes would end somehow, and we'd be left with nothing.

I don't feel that way now—not because our careers are going well, but because I've come to realize what's really important in my life—my husband and family. If I never worked again, I'd still be left with a gold mine.

The only thing I can't figure out is—shall I try to erase the last 4½ lonely, hectic years or shall I always remind myself that that's how I got to be what I am today?

Dean Martin costars with Shirley in "All in a Night's Work."



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