

## MAN ON THE MOVE:

# THE BILL HOLDEN STORY

*William Holden, owner of a face that looks like a map of the United States, and a grin like the guy next door, has parlayed an average acting talent into fantastic fame and fortune. Here's the story of his success*

by **AL HIRSHBERG**

**O**ne winter evening a year or so ago, a youngish-looking man, with a lined, weatherbeaten face, walked casually into the foyer of a New York night club. He was wearing a gray fedora, jammed so tightly on his head that the snap brim all but covered his shrewd blue eyes. Nobody paid more than passing attention to him because he looked exactly like the guy next door.

But the ash-blond hat-check girl almost swallowed her chewing gum when he bared his head and handed her his hat.

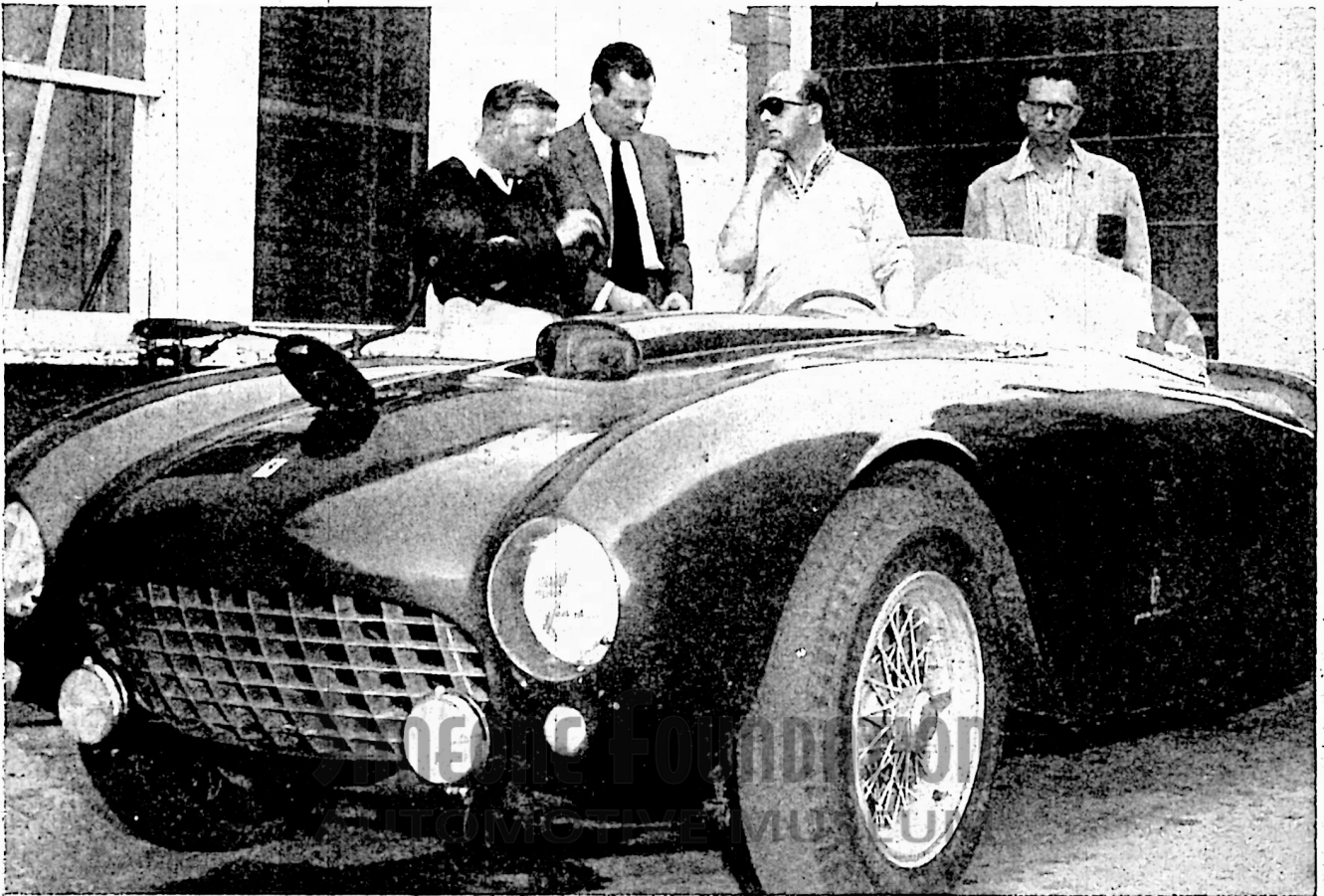
"Strike me pink!" she managed to gasp. "If it isn't Bill Holden!"

William Holden, of North Hollywood, California, has parlayed his resemblance to the guy next door into a fantastic fortune. Owner of a face which looks like a map of the United States, he is one of the smartest and most successful movie stars of his time. Some of the deals he has made in the twenty years since he hit the jackpot as star of "Golden Boy" would make J. P. Morgan turn in his grave.

On the set of "The Key," his latest smash hit, Bill discusses finer points of movie with his two sons.



If Holden is the guy next door, his wife, Brenda, is the All-American housewife. They were wed in 1941.



Like character he played in "The Moon Is Blue," Bill fits in with sports-car set. He stunted on motorcycles in teens.

## THE BILL HOLDEN STORY—CONTINUED

Only the tax people know what his annual income is, but a reasonable guess would be about \$250,000. He'll collect \$50,000 a year until he's ninety from one picture alone—Columbia's "The Bridge on the River Kwai." He wrote his own

He's a sportsman too, finds guns and hunting to his liking.



ticket for accepting the part of the slip American naval officer in the movie classic which hogged most of the Oscars for 1958. He writes his own ticket for just about everything he does.

At forty, Bill Holden still has a boyish, natural charm. And, just as he has most of his life, he does what he pleases, goes where he pleases and lives as he pleases. The world is, literally, his oyster. A few years ago, he discovered that there were other places in it besides southern California, where he has lived since he was a child. He's been trying to see them all at once. In the past two years, he's spent nine-tenths of his time in foreign countries.

Holden is what every red-blooded American man wishes he were—a globe-trotting, money-making, hard-driving, fearless man-among-men and male-among-females, who not only can have what he wants, but can tell his boss to go to hell if he feels like it.

He did exactly that a couple of years ago. Under contract both to Paramount and Columbia Pictures, he flatly refused to accept a part assigned him by Paramount. He's been under suspension there ever since. This bothers him not in the least.