

**BOBBY DRISCOLL**, former child star and Oscar winner, now fills in time working at car parks and filling stations. But it's no hard luck story, he told **ANDREA SHERIDAN**, who at sixteen is co-editor and film editor of an American paper for teenagers. She's also a TV interviewer

## Star at six- unknown at nineteen



**B**OBBY DRISCOLL, who won an Oscar in 1949, gets a job parking cars in the California Bank parking lot at Canon and Wilshire . . . that's what made me sit up when I glanced through the gossip column of one of Hollywood's film trade papers.

The two-line item was astonishing—even for Hollywood. Hard-luck stories in the movie colony are a dime a dozen. But oblivion at nineteen. I couldn't quite believe it. So I made it my business to find out the details.

The parking lot was familiar. The nearby building is occupied by agents, business managers, directors and independent film producers. Among the customers—I wondered how Bobby Driscoll felt about this—are Kirk Douglas, Susan Hayward, June Haver and Joan Caulfield.

I looked around, but no sign of Driscoll. "He's not here any more," said the attendant, curtly. Maybe I looked as though I thought he'd lost his job. The attendant added: "I have his number, if you're a pal of his."

### *That Turned-up Nose*

I didn't explain, but actually I'm a fan. I've always liked Driscoll's turned-up nose, the dusting of freckles, his open, brown-eyed look, his healthy, rather round and average face. And I've liked his acting . . . particularly in *Treasure Island* and in *The Window*.

Two days later Bobby Driscoll and I met over a fruit salad. He didn't

seem worried about being a parking-lot attendant, after having once been a highly-paid actor.

"My mother," he explained, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, "gets sick of seeing me around the house now that I've graduated from High School.

"I've worked in gas stations before—but there's no real hard luck story about it. I won't say I can't use the money, because who can't? But, as for any other dirt . . . sorry, I can't supply it."

### *No Regrets*

Actually, he'd given up his parking lot job to shoot retakes of a TV show. "Now that I'm out of work again," he said, "probably the first question Mom will ask when I get in will be: 'Did you get a job?'"

Bobby Driscoll started in movies when he was six, teamed with Margaret O'Brien—who, by contrast, is a star again now. In the following years he made so many pictures that he can't remember them all. Like every child star, he grew and grew. . . .

Does he regret having started so young? "Gosh, no." The fact remains that Bobby Driscoll WAS a five-hundred-dollar-a-week star.

NOW, at nineteen, he takes what acting rôles he can find and is largely forgotten by picture-goers.

Not a hard luck story, maybe. But a story to make you think. And to make you wonder whether he'll achieve his ambition—to keep on acting and, maybe, later try directing."



Andrea Sheridan sought out Bobby Driscoll. He had no hard-luck tale

