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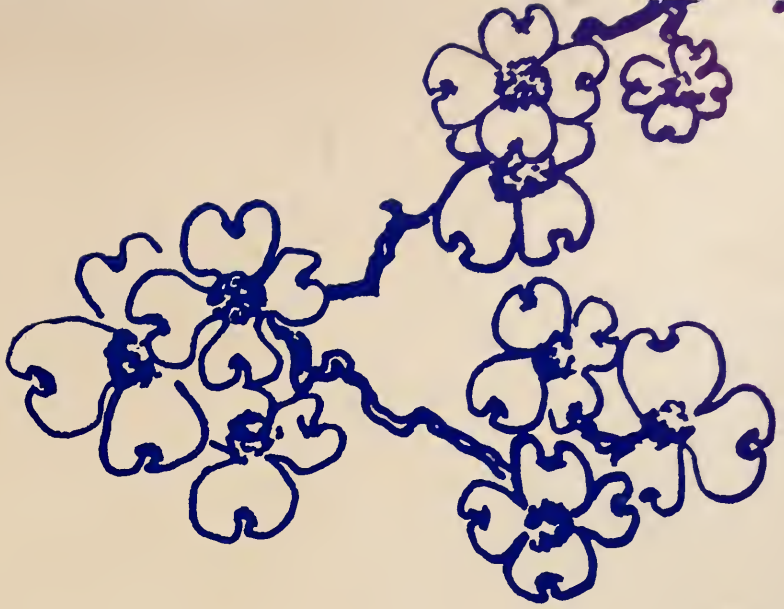
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The Colonnade

LONGWOOD COLLEGE
Farmville, Virginia

Vol. XVI

May, 1954

No. 3

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A Word from the Editor . . .

As the literary magazine of Longwood College, **The Colonnade** should reflect the interest of the student body. It has been suggested that there should be more contributions of a light, humorous nature.

In this issue, we have included more humor than is our custom in an attempt to answer this demand. By doing this, we do not believe that we have relaxed our standards as a literary magazine, for we believe that the creation of intelligent humor and parody requires as much—if not more—thought and ability as does writing of the strictly serious variety. We hope that you will be pleased with the result.

—B. S.

The cover for this issue was designed by Florence Blake.

RIVER GUEST

MARGARET ANN FELTON

THE grass was turning yellow with dryness. The highway ahead seemed to be shimmering with heat, while clouds of heated dust rising from the pasture lent their smoke to the hot atmosphere.

Robert could not remember a hotter day, and his only thought at the moment was to forget this one. The scorched leaves gave him just enough shade to make him dread his next step into the sunlight.

He jammed the straw hat on his head once more, adjusted the fishing pole, and picked up the can of worms. He let out a long sigh as he crawled under the fence and followed the path down to the river.

It would be cool when he got to the river. The grass would be damp and soft, and the mud along the banks would be cold and comforting to his bare, burning feet, and, for a while, the blaring sunlight would cease.

"Hey, Robert!" He turned to see Jamie running down the path.

"Yeah?"

"Where ya' goin'?"

"Fishing."

"Down by the river?"

"Sure."

"Ya' ain't!"

"Why not?"

"Ain't ya' afraid to go down there? Suppose you see ole man Simmons?"

"Aw, he's dead, and maw says he ain't coming back, no way."

Jamie's excited breath was coming in gulps. "Yeah, he can. My paw says he can. He was drowned there, won't he? And they ain't found him. An' it's been more'n a week!"

"Yeah? Well, I'm goin' anyways." Cautiously, he added, "Wanta come?"

"I ain't crazy," Jamie fairly screamed. "I bet he gets ya', I bet he gets ya'!"

The chant followed Robert on down the path until Jamie's voice was lost in the cooling shade of the woods.

Jamie's anxiety had left him a little

nervous, but at the sight of the old willow tree and the river, his nerves resettled themselves, and the calm efficiency of childhood took over.

He settled himself in the grass, propped up his fishing pole, lay back with his arms behind his head, and pulled the old straw hat over his eyes.

It was then that he heard the movement beside him and the voice that said, "Howdy, Robert."

He pushed the straw hat back and stared up into the white face of Mr. Simmons. He tried to get up, but his legs and arms had turned to water. Thoughts reeled around in his head so fast that even his eyes lacked focus, and the surrounding landscape was suddenly merged into the one dark shadow of the willow tree, destroying the very essence of sunlight and shadow.

"Don't be afraid, boy. Just wanted to know if you'd had any luck fishing. Ain't been nobody down this way fer a week, I reckon, and I sorta like people around to talk to, you know. Can't blame 'em too much though, being as how I'm dead an' all."

Then the dead man laughed, and the hollow sounds rang all through Robert's bones. He felt himself cringe and his hands flew to his ears.

"Aw now, boy, don't do that," Mr. Simmons said. "I ain't a-gonna hurt ya'. Ya' know, even a ghost gets lonely sometimes." And the longing note in that awful voice caused a feeling of something akin to sympathy to come into Robert's breast.

"I'll tell ya', son, it ain't bad being dead. Oh, I know what folks are sayin'. Maybe they're sayin' Matty nagged at me 'til I couldn't stand it no more. An' all them church goin' friends of Matty's are sayin' it's cause I use' to drink now and then and my conscience got the best of me. Some folks are sayin' I was weak, and some folks ain't quite sure why I done it. Ain't that right? Ain't

that right, Robert?"

Robert's open mouth managed to form a hesitant "Yes". His amazement at seeing Mr. Simmons had partially deafened him—but for some reason, "Yes" seemed the right thing to answer. His first fright was leaving him, and he was slowly becoming accustomed to the idea of talking to a ghost.

"Yes sir," he said again, this time a little more forcefully.

"I know it. But ya' see—it wan't that way at all. Don't know if you'll understand, but maybe you can tell some of 'em if they asks.

"Reckon I could have stoad Matty fer a right long time. She didn't have much to do with it, and I won't even thinkin', 'cept that it was all right.

"There was something about living that was a-bothering me. Something about the way people lived. All alike sort of. Everybody was always after something. Something better than what they had. Always a-looking. Ain't nobody satisfied anymore, Robert. Nobody.

"Reckon I thought too much. Matty said I was a losin' my mind, and maybe I was. But I was managing till last Friday.

"I'd come down here to think awhile. I was sittin' on that old log down there a-ways when I started noticing them shadows under the water."

At this point a cold breeze ruffled Robert's hair, and he remembered wondering how the breeze could be so cold and the sun so hot.

"I didn't know what they was at first. Then they started looking like people—shadow people. Hard to tell one from th' other 'til I got to feeling them apart, like you feel who's beside ya' in the dark even when ya' can't see 'em. And beyond them was something big and dark, too, that I couldn't see very well."

The voice droned on, and Robert felt as though he'd never been anywhere but by this river with Mr. Simmons. He wasn't afraid anymore, but he felt odd. He couldn't understand Mr. Simmons' words. They were all crazy and mixed up, but he felt them hurting him and the world he knew. It was like having a growing pain in his heart, and he didn't like it too much.

"Well," Mr. Simmons went on, "It seemed like I had to talk to 'em. I tried to touch 'em with my hand, but there was never anything

but the water, and every time I reached down, they seemed to get deeper, deeper. Until finally I had to go down under the water just to see 'em. I kept thinkin' they could tell me all them things I wanted to know. I kept callin'—but they wouldn't answer me. Then I saw 'em coming closer; everything was coming closer. It was all plain at last." Mr. Simmons' sightless eyes almost glowed.

It seemed as if time had ceased. For a long time there was silence. Even the river quit its rhythmical splash; even the leaves of the willow tree stopped their trembling and hung lifeless in the stifling atmosphere.

Once more the hollow laugh broke through the quiet, and this time Robert remembered that never before today had he heard Mr. Simmons laugh. The ghost said, "You can go now, Robert, and be sure an' tell them."

For the first time Robert found his arms and legs obeying his impulses. In the next instant, Mr. Simmons had disappeared and Robert was completely alone. He picked up the fishing pole and started back along the path.

He was halfway across the pasture when it began to rain—light cool, silvery rain. The heated dust changed into a misty vapor that softened the harsh landscape. Nature's hot hatred had disappeared, and Robert knew that he had never felt the rain so soft.



A translation of "La Tierra" by Gabriele Mistral, Chilean poet and winner of the Nobel Prize for literature. On behalf of the Student Body and particularly the Spanish Club, **The Colonnade** dedicates this poem to Silvia Bascour, of Santiago, Chile.

The Land

We dance on the soil of our Chile.
On land soft as roses, we tread.
The land that has made our children,
And given them hearts without dread.

The land with the greenest of orchards,
The land of the bright golden wheat,
The land that is reddened with vineyards,
How softly it touches our feet!

Our cheeks have been made from her dust.
Our songs, from her river, will rise.
She kisses the feet of our dancers;
A mother that watches, she sighs.

Oh, yes, she is lovely, and we
With dancing will brighten her ground;
Oh, yes, she is free, and for freedom,
We bathe her sweet face with the sound.

Tomorrow we open her mountains,
Tomorrow new vineyards will grow,
Tomorrow we raise up new cities,
But give us one dance, ere we go.

—JUDY BILLET

Seventy Years of Musical Comedy

MARY COWLES

WHEN you hear a hit song from "The King and I", or an old favorite from "Show Boat", does it occur to you that the modern day musical comedy traces its origins as far back as John Gay's "The Beggar's Opera" in the 18th century? Truly American in character, the musical comedy is a combination of *commedia dell'arte*, Italian ballet, English Gilbert and Sullivan, Viennese operetta, and American variety revue. Until Victor Herbert wrote his first operetta in 1894, musical comedy had no outstanding composers and no particular pattern or style. Fore-runners of Victor Herbert, and those who helped to develop the accepted style of musical were: William Spenser, whose "Little Tycoon" in 1886 was perhaps the first to use American life for its theme; John Philip Sousa; Gustav Kerker, whose "Belle of New York" was loudly applauded in London; and Reginald De Koven, although his "Robin Hood" was actually in the European operetta tradition.

In the competent hands of the Irish-American, Victor Herbert, the musical regained its native quality. Herbert was the leader of, and remains one of the most dominant figures in, the truly American musical comedy. Between 1894 and 1917, Victor Herbert turned out at least thirty-five operettas in addition to the incidental music he wrote. Of his work, "The Red Mill", "Naughty Marietta", and "Sweethearts" are the most frequently heard. However, as many as one-third of his operettas are still performed, and since the movies "discovered" him, fifty years later we are still humming "Romany Life" and "Kiss Me Again".

In the meantime, Viennese operetta was still influencing American composers. Rudolf Friml, who gave us "Rose Marie" and "The Vagabond King", and Sigmund Romberg were the leaders of this movement. Romberg was one of our most prolific composers of operetta. It is estimated that he had some part in the

production of seventy-seven shows. His most popular ones are "Maytime", "Blossom Time", "Student Prince", "Desert Song", "New Moon", and "Up In Central Park."

Although Jerome Kern also showed Viennese influences in his early shows, "Sally", "Sunny", and "Roberta", he later proved to be the link between the extremely romantic composers and the coming age of sophistication and realism. His "Show Boat" in 1927 will go down in musical history as one of the most perfect shows as to plot, setting, and music. The plot, taken from Edna Ferber's novel of the same name, authentically represents life on a Mississippi show boat. Beneath the love story of Ravenal and Magnolia, one catches a glimpse of the hardships and deprivation of these show people, and the tragic romance of Julie, the lovely mulatto, and Bill. In this sub-plot, and in the stirring "Old Man River" sung by Joe, we find a foreshadowing of "Porgy and Bess", "South Pacific", and other musicals that treat the touchy subject of race prejudice and the condition of the Negro. In the score of "Show Boat", with lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II, are found some of the most beautiful and lasting melodies in the field of musical comedy, songs that are received as well by concert singers as by jazz bands.

After World War I, there was a serious effort made on the part of composers to find a truly American idiom for the musical comedy. This trend resulted in breezy, unselfconscious comedies such as "Good News", "No, No, Nanette", and "Lady Be Good". But before these musicals had time to become firmly established, Irving Berlin exploded into the entertainment world. Berlin was always too busy writing hit-tunes to be seriously concerned with musical comedy. His best medium was in the rather satirical revues, "Face the Music", a satire on current political scandal; "As Thousands Cheer", a take-off on New Yorkers; and "Call Me Madam", a gentle

Please turn page

slam at the Truman administration. Since the very plot of these dates, they lose their appeal after a period of two or three years. (The one exception to these is "Annie Get Your Gun", based on the life of Annie Oakley and produced by Rodgers and Hammerstein; but this was no milestone in musical history either.) Berlin's importance is not to be found so much in what he wrote as in the effect he had upon others. Among these were George Gershwin, who turned to jazz and used it quite effectively, and Cole Porter, who employed new and sophisticated rhythms.

A parallel situation occurred in the plot and lyrics of the musical comedy. Such men as Lorenz Hart, Howard Dietz, Herbert Fields, Howard Lindsay, and Russel Crouse brought sparkling dialogue, real meaning, and convincing action to musical comedy which sadly needed this "shot in the arm". It had degenerated into a stereotyped pattern. Each show opened with a full chorus to inform the public that the show was beginning; then, there was a rather insignificant number while the audience settled itself; and finally the plot began. It was sketchy to be sure, and was interspersed with the usual love ballad, comedy-duet, and march-like dance by the chorus. Even the characters were stock ones—the heroine, a pert, young "soubrette", the hero, his comic friend, and others.

Yes, musical comedy was growing up. George M. Cohan, whom we know as an actor and the composer of "Over There" and other hit songs, deserves a lot of credit for this, and his influence is seen in later musicals, such as "Pal Joey" and "Guys and Dolls". He showed New York in all its hard, vulgar, wise-cracking, rush-headlong way. A little later, in 1931, George Gershwin produced his Pulitzer Prize winning play, "Of Thee I Sing", with lyrics by Ira Gershwin and book by so eminent a playwright as George S. Kaufman. October, 1935, saw the birth of that beautiful and ever popular folk-opera, "Porgy and Bess", based on Du Bose Heyward's book, "Porgy". The musical of the thirties had come a long way from the sentimental, vapid, boy-meets-girl love affair.

Working at the same time was the team of Rodgers and Hart. In 1927, they gave a rollicking musical version of Mark Twain's "A Connecticut Yankee", and in 1939, the

delightful and original "On Your Toes."


1940 began the era of what some call "musical comedy's decade of realism", and with the production of "Pal Joey", the revolution was on. From extremes of sweetness and sentimentality, writers went to extremes of coarseness and cynicism. This, too, in time was modified, and we see the advent of such adult musicals as Rodgers and Hammerstein's "Oklahoma", based on Lynn Riggs' play, "Green Grow the Lilacs"; "Carousel", based on Ferenc Molnar's realistic play, "Liliom"; "Allegro", with its tragic false-success theme; and "South Pacific" and "The King and I", which stress the difficulties in our present race relations, and the rights and privileges of all men. In this decade we find, too, Cole Porter's "Kiss Me Kate" from Shakespeare's "The Taming of the Shrew"; "Guys and Dolls", based on Damon Runyon's stories and reminiscent of the hard-biting George M. Cohan; and "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn", from Betty Smith's naturalistic novel.

But fantasy and romanticism were not completely excluded in this period of realism. As evidence of this, we saw "Brigadoon" a charming Scottish dream fantasy capture the heart of the whole country with its perfect fusion of plot, song, and dance.

While these other changes were taking place, the dance was by no means lagging behind. To change the polite, routine dance of the early musicals to the elaborate Siamese ballet of "The King and I" took the combined efforts of such people as George Balanchine, who introduced choreography in "On Your Toes", Martha Graham, Charles Weidman, and Hanya Holm. When "Oklahoma" opened in 1943 with choreography by Agnes de Mille, the world knew that the dance of the musical comedy had also reached maturity. It was now an important and inseparable part of the whole—a part needed not only to create atmosphere, but to help carry the story.

Certainly, musical comedy has been changed and improved in many ways since Spenser gave "The Little Tycoon". As John Mason Brown said, "Although the old gaiety has not been lost, a new impudence has been manifest, good-natured, yet demolishing. Satire has raised its welcome head. A healthy disrespect is abroad. In our musicals we are in a true land of liberty."

REEL SCREAM

A black and white close-up portrait of a woman with voluminous, styled blonde hair. She is looking slightly to the left of the camera with a neutral expression. She has dark eye makeup and dark lipstick. She is wearing a multi-strand pearl necklace and a large, ornate earring with a cluster of small stones. In the lower-left corner, she is holding a lit cigarette. The background is a plain, light color.

**In This Issue
Exclusive!
The Real Flava
Choklitt**

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lines of vision. No. 5 is the Ladies' Room. We couldn't locate the Anthropomorphic Lens, but you can be sure it's there. No 6 is the Exit.

Ferdinand Lima-Bean says: "Duh, I like myself even better in—uh—Simple-scope."

Our Readers Inquire

Why did Beetle Brane bleach her hair?
N. Quisitive

Beetle thought her hair looked more attractive that way.

Editor

—§—

Who was the girl with the long flowing hair with whom Bob Stagger played the underwater love scene in "Submerged?"

B. I. Focal
Lens, Idaho

I believe you're speaking of the scene where Bob fought an octopus in a bed of seaweed. You should have picked up your 3-D glasses in the lobby.

Editor

—§—

Who did Teri Bore date for the Academy Award presentations?

I. B. Nosey
Lookout Bluff, Tennessee

Her attentive escort was David Shine, Washington celebrity.

Editor

What is Mary Smith's real name?

I. C. U.

Gopher Gulch, Oklahoma
Georgette Malenkov.

Editor

—§—

The boys on our ship really go for the way Mary Fishroe—that Blond Bombshell—wears her eyelids at half mast. How about showing us more of her?

Crew
U. S. S. Anteater

Hm-m-m??

Editor

—§—

Now that Janey Towel has called it quits with Jean Kelsey and has returned to her husband, how can she ever hope to get any publicity?

Concerned

Watch your newspapers. She'll think of something.

Editor

So You Think You Know Flava

The sordid circumstances of Flava Choklitt's rise to fame, as told by her closest friend.

I'M Flava's room-mate. I know her inside and out. I met her ten years ago when she and I were in the same orphanage. We were both victims of the same fate—insecurity in the big world with no parents. Flava impressed me then as being the most humble and sensitive person I'd ever known. She derived her few pleasures from walks in the woods at dusk and caring for the younger orphans. The "mothers" hated Flava and treated her with such scorn that actually, basically, she became hard and callous. She said to me one day, "Glib, I'm going to leave this place and set the world on fire!" Yes, Flava was full of fire, the fire that has put her where she is today. She trails fire, exudes fire and *is* fire. But since the day she made the remark to me, no one but *me* knows what that girl has been through.

As you know, Flava made a heart-rending mistake—her first marriage. At the age of thirteen she thought true love had come her way. Remarkably mature in body as well as in outlook, she thought she was ready for marriage. Small, blonde, with a large, mobile mouth and electric blue eyes, she ran to meet life and bounced back like a rubber ball. This marriage obviously went on the rocks—through no fault of Flava's. Oh, how she fought for the thing! But the absolute cold-bloodedness with which she was treated is unbelievable.

Flava told me this very confidentially: "The night of our marriage, Jo Jo tried to drown me in the bathtub. I escaped and ran to the lobby. The manager sheltered me for the night. He was a sweet man. The next morning, Jo Jo came down and apologized eloquently. I saw then and there that it couldn't work. We was divorced."

Then, she got a job modeling for match-covers.

Flava, poor thing, was unaware of the fortune hunters in New York and thereby lost every cent she had stashed away. As you know, Degi Ramas, the Cuban play-boy, was responsible. Of that affair Flava had this to say: "Degi wooed me very Latin-like and I was took in, but I learned a great lesson from that one—never to let a good build get you; that doesn't assure honesty of personality."

Penniless, Flava returned to live with an old-maid aunt who had heard of her when her husband made a vulgar remark about some matches he was fumbling with while lighting a cigar. Thus, Flava was discovered and brought back to the fold. Once again under strict supervision, she withdrew into a shell. The tragic death of her aunt and uncle in the famed Chicago fire once again left her without a friend. She got in with the "Loop" crowd and was headed for a quick downhill journey when out of the blue, she received divine inspiration. Pulling up her roots, she headed back to New York for her modeling job. With an increase in salary—since she was improved physically at 16—she again acquired a fortune. Degi Ramas, still on the circuit, duped her again! Of this Flava had to say: "Those white, flashy teeth was so bright, I guess they hypnotized me. NEVER AGAIN!"

Really down and out, Flava was selling papers in Times Square, earning a few meager pennies a day. Unknowingly, Flava was spotted by a dope-ring as a possible contact-woman. Desperate, she entered the ring and was with them for a year and a

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New Lease on Life

Teri Bore says, "I'm no lady any more!"
Read about her amazing transformation.



"I was bored. Nauseatingly bored."

IT was a most unusual day in Hollywood. The sun was shining brightly as we made our way down Moonshine Boulevard in our new leopard-skin rickshaw with the built-in coolies. After waving gaily at a passing boa-constrictor, we turned to our companion, the charming movie star, Teri Bore.

Teri, as you all know, is the former darling of all the nation's grandmothers—the sweet, wholesome child who had her own distinctive brand of awkward, bow-legged charm. Until recently, she had lived in a tiny vine-covered cottage in the lovely rolling hills of the Hollywood suburb, Rolling Hills, with only her plump, apple-cheeked little mother and her pet kangaroo, Hoppy.

The recent sharp rise in the rate of suicides among the grandmothers of the United States is no coincidence. For Teri Bore has changed—changed almost overnight into a sultry, sensuous, scintillating siren. No longer will she accept the type of lovable, little-girl roles that have so en-

deared her to the aforementioned grandmothers, who once wept with joy to see their idol tow her dear old daddy home from the saloon.

"What a transformation," we thought wonderingly, as we prepared to interview the new Teri, now seated languidly across from us in a secluded booth at Hollywood's fabulous Soiled Napkin. Gowned in a sleek, glamorous buckskin outfit, ankle-straps intricately fastened over her club-feet, Teri peered at us from the undergrowth of her new Italian lap-dog haircut, withdrew her corn-cob pipe from her daffodil-yellow teeth, and curled her harelip into a glamorous sneer. After gently shushing her snarling pet leopards, who were chained to the chair, she proceeded to explain to us the reasons behind her sudden change.

"I was bored, Gooella," she wailed loudly, "Maddeningly, nauseatingly bored!" Gnawing nervously on her champagne glass, she continued. "I'm simply not the sweet, wholesome type, and one morning I woke up, looked in the mirror, and said to myself, 'Teri, you're simply not the sweet, wholesome type!'

"So I did something about it," she roared, jabbing her fork into the table with the youthful exuberance for which she is famous. "My first step was to pay my plump, rosy-cheeked little mother two weeks salary in advance and advise her to find another boarding house. Then I leased my vine-covered cottage to Kitty Cutie, my rival, drowned that crazy, mixed-up kangaroo in the fish-pond, and moved into an ultra-modern apartment right in the heart of downtown Hollywood. Already, I felt different.

"Teri, I said to myself, 'this is your

Continued on Page 14

I HAVE NOT CHANGED!

Teri Bore's answer to the reporters who say she's different. Don't believe everything you read. Get the facts in this frank and heart-breaking interview.

"I honestly don't see where I've changed a bit," sighed Teri Bore.

A demure, rather wistful young lady, she was seated at a booth with me in the world famous Squirt's Drug Store. "I'll have a double-Bromo please," she said sweetly to the waitress.

"Mothers keep writing me about how I've disappointed them by setting such a bad example for their daughters in my last movie, *From Here To There and Back*. All I've ever wanted was a chance to prove I could act."

A fiery gleam came into her eyes, and she clawed desperately at the table cloth. "Acting is my whole life, and any role I can get that will improve my technique helps," she snarled. I knew at once that this was the true Teri Bore—the one the public has often overlooked in the last few months.

Teri was the last of fifteen children. Her parents were illiterate, but strong, resourceful people. They could not count past ten; therefore, Teri was never included in many of the family activities. She developed the feeling of insecurity which her friends can sense even today, with all of her fortune and success.

She was only sixteen when she tried out for her first part in one of the major studios. The director took one look and shouted, "NO! She's too old for the part!" At that, Teri snatched the script from his hands and began reading the heroine's death scene. The script called for a lisping moron, and lacking the money for a new upper plate, Teri knew she was meant for the part.

From that day on, Teri Bore's name was



"I'm still the same sweet, simple girl."

famous. She was wanted by every studio in Hollywood. With her new upper plate, she was immediately classed as a fresh Hollywood discovery. But the spotlight did not alter her ambition or go to her head. She took it all in her stride. As she has always said, "Success will never turn the head of one who really deserves it."

Even after three divorces she has managed to maintain her unspoiled outlook on life. She is still madly in love with all three of her ex-husbands, but her ambition is her first love. "I've no time for love. I'm wedded to my career," she says.

As for her latest rumored romance with Victor Manure, she says, "He smells!"

"I do not wish to be known for my physical assets only," she stated, as she adjusted the ankle strap over her club foot. There's more to acting than being nice to look at—at least that's what I've heard. Actually," she continued, "play-

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Tired extras from the extravaganza, "Paradise Lost" relax at the commissary between takes.

Well, darlings, here I am back again, and hasn't this been just the loveliest month? Almost everyone has had something interesting happen to him. Cheeta and Slick have had just the duckiest time. First, they were invited to make an extended trip to Argentina, and then some awfully nice lawyers offered to keep their children for them. It's so nice to have real friends, isn't it?

Speaking of children, the you-know-who's are expecting again in July. Of course, *he* doesn't know a thing about it yet, and she told me only in strictest confidence. And also Simple Semple (former child star) just had her third. It was another girl—their second, her third. Simple is simply glowing. Anyone could tell!

* * * * *

Guess who has been playing all the hot spots in town? Lane Bustle and her gospel singers! Lane was wearing a stunning backless black dress with a plunging neckline when I saw her. They were terribly inspiring as they gave their jazz rendition of our favorite hymns. My favorite was "I Didn't Hear Nobody Pray," and I was actually in tears!

* * * * *

Guess what ex-New York society-girl turned-actress has been unrolling the map with what fabulous prince! I'm so glad for her. Jean has been terribly lonely and unhappy since her divorce from a well-known

Ledda's Holl

By LE

book-jacket designer. Of course all this is just a repeat performance for the prince, but for her anything is worth all that wonderful money and race horses, too!

* * * * *

Well, of all people, Sir Fleecy Blackheart, dog-food tycoon, and young starlet, Fifi VanSwoop, have been doing the night spots together. And he always seemed such a quiet and perfectly devoted husband. However, I hear that the sixth Lady Blackheart, a cousin of the fabulous Babors, is not wasting away on her Italian vacation, either. Those Italian men always manage to be in the right place at the right time, don't they?

* * * * *

Well, I suppose I just don't rate. I was never more insulted in my life! Do you know that I was not invited to the wedding of that young British film actress, Lita Praford and Jon Lennedy, son of the



That ever-lovin' twosome, Kirk Muglas and pert Sara-Jane at benefit garden party.

wood By-Line

WSONS

former ambassador to Sardinia? They were too busy asking royalty to remember all of their old Hollywood friends. From what I hear, absolutely *No-one* was there! After all the publicity I gave her, too! Well, you never know about the English, I always say.

Speaking of ingratitude—the Hollywood Reporters Guild has just voted Garlin Brondo the most unco-operative actor. It seems that at the last press club luncheon, Garlin rode his ever-present motorcycle into Beverly Hills Hotel and killed a couple of reporters. Now, is that any way to act? Garlin just doesn't seem to appreciate all that Hollywood has done for him.

However, there are always compensations. When Mimi O'Neil was married last week for the fifth time, the only people asked were those who really mattered—photographers, reporters, and her ex-husbands. Oh, that was such a sweet and



Sir Fleecy Blackheart with his current escort, Fifi van Swoop at Hollywood party.



Friends say it's the real thing between L'amour, glamorous French model, and Prince Garbage Can. Here she is when she visited his home on the Riviera.

simple wedding. It was performed at the Bar X Hotel in Las Vegas in front of the indoor swimming pool which was filled with perfume. The bridesmaids wore Janzen originals.

* * * * *

This last little bit of news just breaks my heart, but I suppose it must be told. The Jim Weyns are breaking up after almost five years of perfect bliss. Everyone thought that theirs was an ideal marriage; it certainly lasted long enough! I can't tell you all of the details because they have kept everything perfectly quiet and friendly—absolutely *no* publicity!

* * * * *

Darlings, I'm afraid that's about all for this time, but I promise I'll be back at my post next month with all the latest. If it isn't too old, I may have a scoop on the Ga Ga Zamore wedding. That should really be something if they ever get around to it.

Until then—I'll be nosing around.

New Lease on Life

Continued from Page 10

lucky day.' So I visited a hairdresser, a fashionable dress shop, and my true self was brought out. I had confidence. I went over to my studio and waded through the droves of panting extras straight up to the big boss himself. C. L. S. was a trifle surprised when he saw me, but an electroshock treatment and a pulmotor soon brought him around long enough to discuss a new role with me."

Here she leaned over and, in a whisper, said, "You see, I had come to demand the most coveted part in all of Hollywood—that of Ga-Ga in *From Here to There and Back*. Well, to make a long story short, I talked him into it. And now my personality is complete.

"Why, gee whiz, Gooella," she exclaimed, momentarily lapsing into one of her former characteristic expressions. "It's such a relief to be able to guzzle champagne instead of buttermilk for a change—and gobble caviar instead of scrambled eggs. And do you know, when I walk down the street now, I attract scads of men! No longer do I have to tolerate being pawed over by simpering old ladies. My fan-mail is from young eligible bachelors. Scads of

them!" Her voice rose to a shrill crescendo.

After clasping my hand over her mouth and calming her down, I questioned Teri as to her plans for the future.

"I want to do everything," she mumbled passionately. "Every type of role. Comedy, tragedy, musicals—everything."

"Musicals?" I raised a skeptical eyebrow, for it is a well-known fact that Teri, aside from being a monotone, is quite tone-deaf.

"You don't think I can do a musical, do you?" Teri whispered hoarsely. "Well, you're wrong. I'll show you and everybody else!"

Her hysterical tone agitated the leopards, who bayed dismally, and we soon found ourselves requested to leave by Mike Slopalong, the famous owner of the Soiled Napkin. Unembarrassed, Teri gathered up the reins, clicked her tongue at her pets, and we glided out to the tune of "Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie," the current hit song, played on sobbing gypsy violins.

Time only will tell how Teri's new personality will go over with her fans. Will they let her become so strangely exotic? Or will popular pressure force her back into her dull, former self? Or will she develop a split personality and wind up in Bellevue? Who can tell?

So You Think You Know Flava

Continued from Page 9

half. Of this Flava said, "Well-l-l—maybe it wasn't so good for personality molding, but the boys was considerate and was at my beck and call."

After leaving the boys, she struck out for Hollywood. She hitch-hiked the whole way, after spending a year in Reno at the wheel and tables, and got a job in a drug store as notion girl. Tired one day, she slipped over to the counter for a malted, and then it was that she had her big break. Joel Numbskull, big-time talent scout, spied her drooped casually over the counter, her feet in the ice cream barrels, cooling off, and approached her. Flava recalled later: "Joel walked up, thumped me on the shoulder and threw me off balance. I hit the floor with a thud and was

out like a light.

"When I came out of it, Joel was still digging the chocolate from between my toes. 'Lissen, doll,' he said, 'You've got "it." How 'bout a test? Your new name is Flava Choklitt.' Being as I didn't know what 'it' was or what the test was for, I panicked! 'Don't clutch, doll,' he said, 'I'm going to fix you up royal!' "

Well, Joel did do it up big. Over-night, Flava became the top box-office attraction. Her pictures have done more than any other thing to raise the standards of motion pictures.

As my room-mate she has been tops! *Never* was there a more loyal, considerate or generous girl! Flava and I are friends of long standing, and I am the one to stand beside her—come this June. I will be maid of honor in her marriage to Degi.

THE BONEY CURTISES AT HOME

First in a series entitled
"How Hollywood Lives"

I was delighted when I learned that my assignment for this month's issue of *Reel Scream* was an interview with the delightful Boney Curtises, Hollywood's most charming members of the young married set.

As I pulled into the driveway leading to their tiny wine-colored cottage, I noticed with delight the evidences of children everywhere. The twins were enjoying a game of Blind Man's Bluff on the cottage roof and their childish laughter filled the air. On the lawn, two precious little blonde boys were re-enacting a scene from their father's latest movie. And quite realistic it was as they danced around the burning stake, while the screams coming from their little sister—tied to the stake by her hair-ribbon—were almost professional.

Opening the car door, I tripped over the most adorable toy Cadillac convertible. Suddenly, a little tyke of about six years rushed up, whammed me playfully several times, and screamed, "You've bent my car all up, you nasty old Communist!"

I beamed from my horizontal position at the little doll as he toddled off, dragging my purse, and I thought with a sigh how the whole family had that knack of making one feel right at home!

I limped up to the door and rang the bell. Another young member of the Curtis brood yanked the door open. As she stood there twisting her little black-jack nervously in her hands, she cooed, "Ma's bin expecting you. She washed our ears and cleaned up the living room."

Just then, Granite Curtis swept into the room, kicked her little darling aside and murmured sweetly, "Stupid, go play with your movie magazines!"

She turned to me with that famous smile and said, "Please do come in, dahling. We're so happy you've come to visit us in our simple little home. I hope you won't

find us too boring. Our home life may seem frightfully commonplace to you."

"But I just love the cozy atmosphere," I exclaimed. "So different from the public's idea of Hollywood homes. Your mink chaise longue is just beautiful, Granite!"

A shout was heard from the back of the house. "Granite, Baby-kins, where the hell's my diamond tie clasp?"

"Boney III swallowed it this morning, Sweet," called Granite. "I hung him by his heels from the porch swing and it should drop out soon."

The radiant smile was turned toward me again as Granite said, "Whatever were we talking about? My latest picture? Really, it's —"

Boney appeared in the doorway, and I caught my breath! He's much too handsome for photographs to do him justice. As he stood framed in the doorway, one arm uplifted with his hand resting against the side, I memorized the picture he created. Boney's leopard turtle-neck T-shirt was stunning, stretched across the fabulous Curtis shoulders. Black velveteen Bermuda shorts and tennis shoes completed the ensemble. A cigarette holder dangled from his mouth in such a familiar way! I remembered every detail just so I could pass on to you fans exactly how Boney Curtis dresses at home.

He greeted me with a bow and after the courtesies were exchanged, he sat down beside me, turned his handsome profile and began, "Have I told you about my African picture for G. M. G.? It's all done in—"

"Darling, we were just discussing my scene with—" Granite began.

"Of course, dear, but I'm sure the fans would find this interesting."

Smash! Granite's cocktail glass made a crash against the wall over Boney's head. She jumped to her feet and stood with fists

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I Have Not Changed

Continued from Page 11



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ing the part of a siren on the screen has in no way changed my personality. And I want to say that I deny being responsible for the wave of suicides of old grandmothers over the country. I'm sure that they sincerely believe I still love them and will not judge me by a few misquoted statements. Do you know, the Boy Scouts voted me 'The Girl We Would Most Like to Go on an Overnight Hike With'? I was thrilled that they still believe in me. I've always had tremendous respect for them."

Yes, Teri Bore is still the sweet simple girl we all know and love. As she says, "I am still a sweet simple girl."

She chug-a-lugged her Bromo and said, "I do not believe in alcoholic beverages or cigarettes. Actually the happiest moments of my life are those spent with some of my friends and fellow-actresses in our little church in the valley. We sing hymns."

Concerning the much-talked-about episode of her bear-skin bathing suit she wore while entertaining troops in Korea, Teri was indignant. "How ridiculous they made it sound! My main reason for wearing it was because the bear had been a very close friend of mine."

Teri has been hurt more than she cares to admit by the cruelty of the press. While she firmly denies many of the statements of which she has been accused, she is afraid her public will still refuse to accept her for her own simple, unspoiled self. "You can't beat the system," she groaned, and a tear spilled out onto the table. Knowing a few of her many fans, I feel that Teri has nothing to worry about.

As she prepared to leave, I asked her if she could tell me exactly to what she owed her success. She said, "It was what my oldest and dearest friend, that great actress Hilda Hinklebottom, said when I told her I wanted to act. She said to me, 'Teri, get out there and show them what you've got!' Those are words I've tried to live by."

As I watched her stagger away, I thought, "There goes one of the most unspoiled, unselfish girls in Hollywood." No—she has not changed!

This Time For Keeps

“ . . . To love and to cherish till death do us part.” Big tears of happiness stood in the bride’s eyes as she repeated these words, so familiar and yet so dear to her.

All of Hollywood is elated over the fairytale wedding of Cheta Little and Slick Claims. The ceremony was held in the cocktail lounge of the fabulous Flamingo Hotel in Las Vegas. Red rosebuds floated in a lake created by three fountains of imported champagne, and a hundred and twenty trained canaries whistled the wedding march. The bride was stunning in a black strapless, backless satin dress; the bridegroom wore white flannel.

Cheta, one of filmtown’s most fascinating women, and Slick, the idol of millions of music lovers, are a perfect couple. Her harsh, crafty manner is set off to perfection by his meek, docile subservience.

Just before their sweet simple wedding,

NEXT MONTH! Get the real low-down on why Slick and Cheta decided to call it quits. In the most sensational scoop of the year, read “Cheta Cheated On Me”, by Slick, and “Slick Made Me Sick”, by Cheta.

Slick’s publicity manager told me, “They have both made mistakes before, but this is real love. This time it will be for keeps.” Both are determined to make this marriage—her fourth, his third—a success. “We’ll fight for happiness!” said Cheta. Slick looked frightened at this statement, but quickly regained his composure. Ex-princess Cheta was most cordial to two of her former husbands, a prince and an actor, who were present at the ceremony. It’s lovely to see everyone so friendly and mature about these things.

I had the pleasure of interviewing Cheta and Slick in their bridal suite right after the wedding. I have never seen Cheta look lovelier, and Slick’s face was wreathed in smiles; both were simply glowing. Slick said, as he poured me a bourbon-on-

the-rocks, “We’re simply glowing.” Cheta’s two little girls by her former marriages adore Slick, and he is a devoted father to them. Never have I seen a closer, more loving family. They made a beautiful picture standing there in an intimate circle all clutching their highball glasses.

To add to their happiness, Slick’s rich mellow voice is continuing to net him many new recording and motion picture contracts. He has developed new techniques of musical diction that singers all over the world are copying. He has also shown evidence of great dramatic ability and is now being given some of Hollywood’s choice roles opposite the greatest leading ladies. But Slick’s real ambition is to star in a musical version of “Hamlet.”

The dark cloud on the horizon of this ideal marriage is the malicious gossip being circulated about Slick. Horrible names such as “draft-dogder” and “swindler” are being hurled at him. Such rumors may tend to mar Slick’s perfect reputation. Very few people in Hollywood truly understand Slick. His sincerity is hard to believe, for Hollywood abounds in phonies and rakes. I’ve known Slick for years and he is absolutely incapable of deceiving anybody. This sweet boy takes his old mother to church every Sunday, and he never forgets my birthday. Slick refused to be drafted only because of his flat feet. No one could have been more patriotic. He gave many hours entertaining our boys both at home and overseas. Why, he risked his life entertaining in a Paris nightclub only ten days after the Germans had been forced out.

To add one more load to his already troubled mind, the government is suing Slick for an unbelievable amount in back income tax. His critics refuse to believe the simple truth—that it completely slipped his mind.

True as always, Slick’s and Cheta’s

Please Turn Page



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REEL SCREAM

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The Colonnade is grateful to Dr. Schlegel and The Camera Artist for the photographs in **Reel Scream**, to Florence Blake for the art work, and to all our contributors.

So You Think You Know Flava Florence Blake
 New Lease On Life Dot Armstrong
 I Have Not Changed! Margaret Felton
 Ledda's Hollywood Byline Mary Cowles
 The Boney Curtises At Home Joan Jones
 This Time For Keeps Nan Picinich
 Our Readers Inquire Bootsie Miller

fans have stood by them. To all who know these two charming people, it is amazing that anyone could possibly believe these untrue statements. Yes, they have sown their wild oats in former years, but aren't we all entitled to make a few mistakes? Slick and Cheta have great faith in their new marriage, and believe that they will find the ultimate solution to all of their problems in each other.

One ray of sunshine shows behind their dark cloud, however. If her next ten or twelve pictures reach the box office heights of "Miss Sarah Tompkins," Cheta believes that she will be able to pay all of Slick's debts. Then perhaps these two wonderful people will at last have the peace and happiness they so richly deserve. Good luck, kids!

The Boney Curtises at Home

Continued from Page 15

clenched and eyes blazing—so reminiscent of a scene from her first movie. The baby's cry was heard from another room. Boney shouted, "Can't you do *anything* with the brats? Shut up, little loud-mouth!"

"How dare you talk to our child that way, you—you—fugitive ham from the vaudeville stage!" Granite turned and dashed from the room.

Boney turned to me with a calm smile. "Now, what were we saying?"

We chatted about the movie business, family life, and Boney explained to me what a wonderful difference marriage has made in him. He and Granite are ideally happy together.

Granite returned with a sunny smile, perched on Boney's knee, and began affectionately running her fingers through his hair. She tossed the handful of black curls on the floor while they exchanged loving glances.

At the end of my interview, Boney and Granite walked me to the car. As they stood there surrounded by the six children, waving goodbye, I thought with delight, "What a model picture of family life—even in Hollywood!"

GAY

NANCY LENZ

WE walked down the hall after taking a math test and Gay started complaining that she couldn't think. I didn't pay much attention to what she said; I never did. But still, that was the beginning.

A month later, school was out, and I was down at the beach. Gay was there too. Whenever I turned on the radio, she would get up and start jumping around, trying to keep time to the music. She seemed to be always in the way. One day I walked out on the beach and saw her sitting in the sand. Her legs were spread apart, and her shoulders moved slowly as though she were drawing something on the ground. I walked up to her, but she didn't hear me, and I stood unobserved for a moment, watching her. She was sitting there polishing a rock by rubbing it back and forth in the sand. I watched as her long, blond, seaweed-like hair brushed her shoulders, and the sun gleamed on her bronzed arms and legs. She hummed a little song to herself, but the words were all about the rock that she held in her hands.

"The rock is smooth, round, and hard," she mused. "I can hold it in my hand, and it will not move. I can lay it on the ground, and it will not run away. It would never run away and leave me. I like my rock." Then her eyes caught my shadow, and she looked up at me.

"Hullo—the sand and sun are warm. It feels very nice," she said and smiled blandly at me as she concealed the rock in her hand.

"Hi, nice day, isn't it? I couldn't stay in the house. It's so warm. Besides, I like to sit and listen to the waves. Look at the ferry coming across the bay. I bet it's cool out there."

All the while, Gay just sat there and looked at me—just sat there and looked at me. She looked at me hard and then opened her hand and extended it to me.

"Look," she said. "Look at my rock. It's warm, smooth. It's alive—to me." She didn't say anything else, but got up and walked off

down the beach.

It was the last I saw of Gay for some time, and yet, I often thought of our conversation. Who was I to say that she was crazy as she sat there singing to her rock?

I went away to school that fall, and when I came home on vacation, I heard that Gay had been away from home too. She had been in an asylum for five months, and people talked about it in hushed tones as though it were something horrible. But when they told me that she was better, I went to see her.

She looked the same that afternoon—a little thinner, perhaps. Her eyes burned with new intentness, and she smiled at me when I came up the stairs.

"Hello," she said. "Do come in. How do you like school? I guess it feels good to get home for vacation, doesn't it?"

"Sure, six months seems like a long time, but now I'm ready to get back. Made any plans for next year?"

"Yes, thought I'd go to college, but I can't decide where. It has to be a little school with lots of campus, a swimming pool, and men."

"I suppose you know that I've been sick for a few months," she said. "I feel fine now. I can't imagine what brought it all on. But, do you know, it's a funny thing about the past five months—I can't remember a thing about them."

"I can understand your wanting to forget about it all. I'm sure I'd feel the same way in your place."

We talked like that for an hour, yet we never really said anything. I had a guilty feeling when I finally left; I wondered whether I had gone out of curiosity or because of interest in her. I could not answer.

"The old girl has come to her senses," I thought as she opened the door for me to leave. And then I looked down into her hand. She had begun to finger absent-mindedly a little object—a little, black, shiny pebble.

SMOLDERING EMBERS:

ROBINETTE V. BALLARD

DURING the clash between the North and the South, a small stretch of land called Wilson's Landing remained unscathed until the year Richmond was captured by the Union Army. Wilson's Landing lay peacefully on the banks of the James River and was frequently used for trade by the many river boats constantly traveling by. In the spring and summer the straight furrows of ploughed ground showed bright and green against the outline of a dense forest nearby. A large, white frame house with a barn and many small cabins surrounding it stood on a hill close to the river, looking much like a mother hen with her brood clustered about her. The shanties of ninety-odd Negro slaves drifted daily over the flourishing fields, and the world seemed at peace.

To this paradise of green and gold came Dr. John Wilson and his bride, Mary. Mary Wilson was tall and slim as a young sapling, and her straight black hair and high cheekbones clearly showed that she was part Cherokee Indian. She adjusted easily to the task of training house servants, cultivating her own small garden, and helping to run a small general store for the benefit of the few scattered neighbors. John, too, worked in the store when he was not delivering babies and calves or setting fractures. He was in the saddle a good part of the day overseeing the work on his farm or hunting with his hounds in the forest. Wild turkeys and deer were always available for Mary's table.

The rich, full life that was bestowed upon John and Mary was made even more so when a healthy son was born to them at the end of their first year of marriage. Little Jack Wilson had every reason to participate in that happy life until one sunny spring day in 1864, when the Civil War presented itself at the Wilson's very doorstep. Jack was two years old then and until this fateful day did not know the meaning of battle.

Jack was intensely absorbed in the action

of an ant mound when a hoarse shout rang out suddenly. "Dacta' Wilson, them Yankees is coming through the woods!" The boy did not know or care what a Yankee was, but some tone in the slave's voice sent him scurrying to his mother's side.

Working in his cluttered office, John heard the shout and looked quickly out of the window. Sure enough, through the spring green of the forest were the vague but distinguishable blue uniforms approaching the clearing.

"So they finally got here," he muttered under his breath as he stacked personal records in the fireplace.

The fire was blazing with renewed radiance when Mary entered with Jack clinging to her skirts, his young face seeking an explanation. She said nothing, only glanced from the fire to her husband with a silent question in her serene eyes. "Mary, I can't be found here, or I'll end up in a Yankee prison. I'm sure I can organize a hospital in Richmond for our wounded soldiers." Fine beads of sweat stood out on John's forehead as he spoke. "I'm sure you'll be all right; they won't hurt a woman and child. I'll send for you as soon as I can. Take care of the boy." He breathed heavily as he said, "Forgive me for leaving you so suddenly."

Mary said nothing as he embraced her and tousled Jack's tangled hair, nor did she make any outcry as he ran from the house to the river bank. She only stood where he had left her, the firelight making deceptive patterns on her face. She laid a protective hand on Jack's shoulder to quiet his soft whimpering.

As John reached the water, the soldiers sighted him and shouted for him to raise his hands. Instead, he started swimming, ducking his head to escape the pellets of lead which splashed about him. The river was swift and cold, but he pushed on until he reached the opposite bank where he pulled himself up on



dry land and hurried away toward Richmond.

Meanwhile, a few of the Union soldiers had reached the house and found Mary and Jack. One of them, a grizzled sergeant, addressed her.

"Lady, was that your husband?"

"It was," she replied calmly.

"Where's he heading?"

She was silent.

"Look, now, we don't want to hurt any of you people, but you'll have to answer some questions. Where is he going?"

Still no answer.

"All right then, I'm sorry, but you and the little boy will have to come along with us."

Mary stole a fleeting glance about her home and sedately followed him out of the building as casually as if she were going out to work in her garden. No one could have detected the turmoil which was in her breast at that moment, for Mary was expecting her second child in a few months; however, she betrayed not the slightest trace of emotion

except for a tightening of her hold on Jack's shoulder. She walked away with the soldiers, not looking back, not wanting to. Perhaps it was best, for already the slaves were being driven from their quarters, and the great white house was soon to be reduced to smoldering embers.

Mary and Jack were locked in a small, untidy cell which looked out on a muddy prison yard. She later discovered that she was the only woman in a cellblock with nearly one hundred male prisoners of war. She looked about her dreary room for water and found it outside a barred window. It ran sluggishly in a trough just within reach of the window. It was conveniently placed so that the soldiers could water their horses there.

Soon after her arrival at the prison, Mary was summoned to the office of the commanding officer, who repeated the sergeant's question.

"Mrs. Wilson, where is your husband?"

"I do not know," was her only answer.

"Mrs. Wilson, you know that you present quite a problem here. I am in a position to place you and your son in a private home where you will have the conveniences you are certainly accustomed to if you answer my questions satisfactorily. I'm afraid that otherwise you will be compelled to remain here. You understand, don't you, that you have no choice in the matter?"

"I understand perfectly, but my answer is the same," Mary replied with flashes of fire in her eyes. She turned swiftly and left the room.

Jack was presented with no such problems as his mother. He became "Little Johnny Reb" to the soldiers and was often taken for walks about the prison grounds by the guards. Every day found the boy investigating something new about the stables, the cells, and the offices while Mary watched anxiously between the bars.

Day after day, Mary was questioned, but each time she remained calm, resolute, and silent. She was determined to keep her

Please Turn Page

A Historical Romance

Smoldering Embers

husband's secret safe. Finally, two months later, the commanding officer released her rather abruptly.

She was escorted to Wilson's Landing, where she and a small, bewildered boy were left alone on the scorched earth that had once been a home. Several of the former slaves had sneaked back to their charred cabins and were barely living off the few crops left. Mary assured them with complete faith, that her husband would return soon; and finding that they were satisfied to stay on to live as they could, she took Jack's hand and started walking the several miles to a neighboring farm.

The Stocktons had been more fortunate than the Wilsons. Their house was intact, and, while their slaves were gone, they were able to provide a fairly good living for themselves. Here Mary and Jock found a temporary home. For a year she lived there, ever waiting for her husband. There, Joseph, her second son, was born and there Jack grew into mischievous boyhood.

Finally the war ended and Mary acquired the habit of walking daily to the farm, where she looked about and made secret plans. She could picture a new white house being constructed on the burial plot of her former home. She could almost feel and smell the flowers of a new garden. Her life would be complete if only John would come home to her.

She was standing thus one day, facing away from the river, when a tired, haggard man approached from the landing. His steps quickened as he saw the slim, dark-haired woman standing with her back toward him.

"Mary," he whispered and held out his hands.

She turned and walked toward him, "I've been expecting you, John."

In the time to follow, the farm at Wilson's Landing flourished once more. Another white house stood where the embers of the old one had died. The family increased to six when two girls were born to them in the following years. The older of the two girls became my grandmother.



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Farmville, Virginia

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How the stars got started.....



William Holden says:

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*Printers' Ink, 1961

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