

Three Loves Has She

By Kyle Crichton

Lucille Ball adores her husband, Desi Arnaz, dotes on her family and thinks acting in the movies is just a short step removed from Heaven

don't you give up this nonsense and marry a rich man?" Lucille pondered this for a week and finally met it in her own peculiar way. She plastered a notice on her dressing-room door: Proposals Accepted. Then she sat in the doorway and ballyhooed her wares:

"Step right up, gents! Right this way! Marry a gal with a wonderful shape and no future!"

Her success in this venture was limited by the nature of her first query to all applicants:

"You got a million bucks? No? Outside, bum!"

So Lucille missed out on her tycoon, continued her labors at RKO and then Desi arrived on the lot to make a picture and the pair practically trampled themselves to death in their excitement. But not before a preliminary period of strain. As hinted, Lucille is not at her best with strangers. She has an inferiority complex large enough for Primo Carnera, imagines that people are not impressed with her and makes a poor spectacle when first encountered. She was scared of Arnaz. Two months later, in discussing the delectable event, she discovered that Desi had been scared of her.

"Oh, that is very good," cried Lucille sardonically. "That is very good, indeed. Next I'll be scaring Karloff."

They Gave Her a Toehold

What got her to Hollywood was the periodical craze for New York models. At intervals the moguls of Beverly Hills decide that since beauty is what they sell, beauty they must have—and out comes a cattle car full of New York's most luscious. For the first month their photographs are in all the papers, the columns are full of their prospects and then the retreat begins. Lucille, coasting on the reputation of her one line in Roman Scandals, dug in and hung on.

Getting as far as New York was a triumph for the young lady because her start in Jamestown, New York, had not been auspicious. The family had ambitions in a musical way and Lucille dutifully entered the Musical Conservatory at Chautauqua, where she practiced the scales, did a bit of warbling and dreamed mistily about a future that might include a debut at Carnegie Hall in New York.

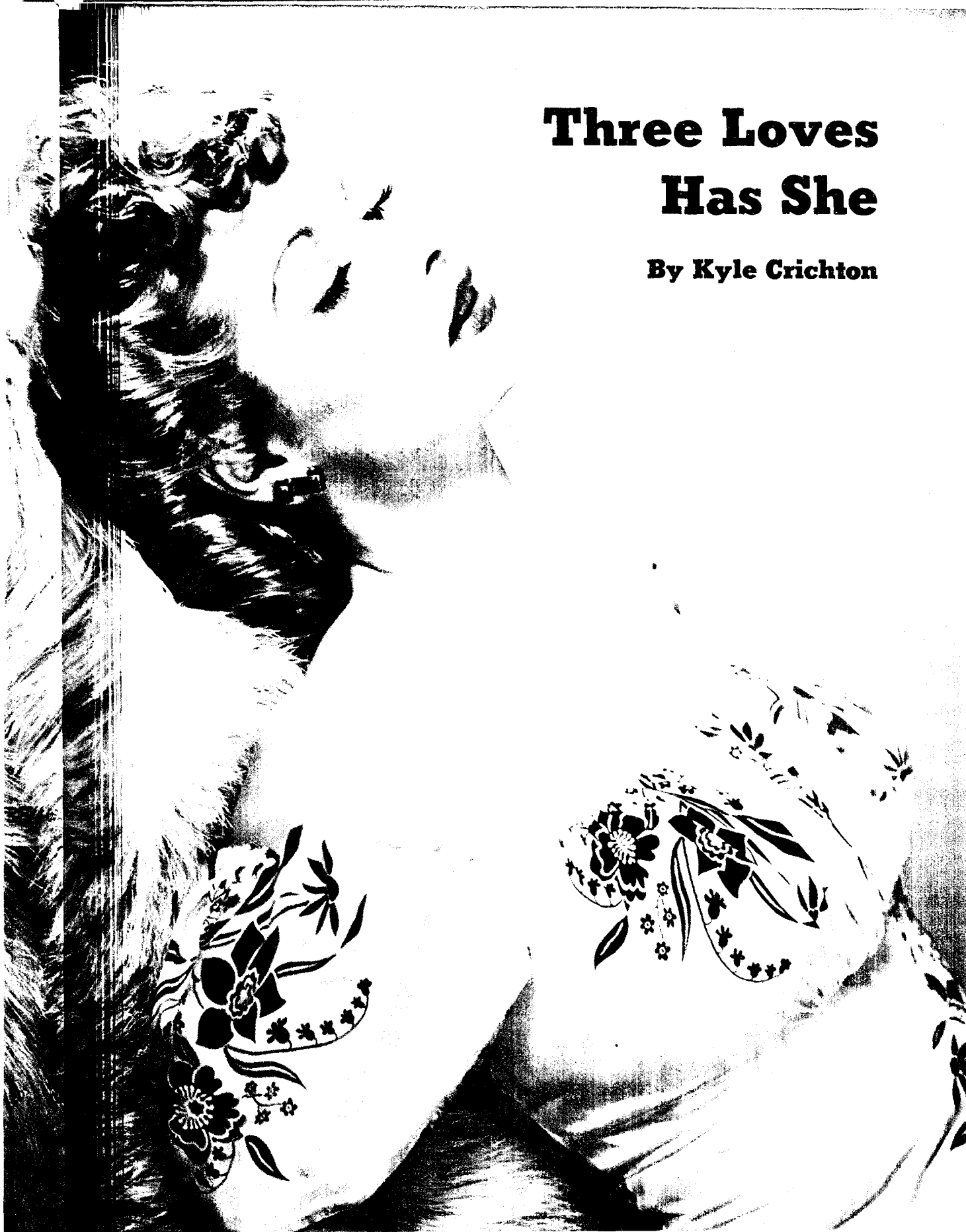
"The nearest I got to that was a job with Hattie Carnegie as a model," comments Lucille.

She had come down to New York with some hope in her heart, had studied at John Murray Anderson's dramatic school and had found that breaking into the theater was much like breaking into the Chase National Bank. The best she could do was the chorus, and three times she got jobs with musical shows and three times she had to leave them and go back to dress modeling for Hattie Carnegie. The trouble was that shows require long periods of rehearsals and nobody in those days was paid in that interval. Invariably she got into the show, rehearsed for three weeks and then ran like a frightened thing into the arms of Hattie.

"Nothing serious," says Lucille. "Just starvation."

With her first Hollywood check, she sent for her entourage—which consisted of her mother, her brother Fred,

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PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY HURRELL

THE procedure is this: you start interviewing Miss Lucille Ball and then Mr. Desi Arnaz enters and Miss Lucille Ball leaves. It is not that Miss Lucille Ball leaves in person; she merely leaves in spirit. She sits right there but she is absent. Miss Lucille Ball is nuts about Mr. Desi Arnaz. The romance at this point has been officially sealed for eight months, ring, license and ceremony. Miss Lucille Ball looked at Mr. Desi Arnaz as if he were something that had floated down from above on a cloud.

"I got to learn how to handle things," says Miss Lucille Ball, wrinkling her forehead and looking harassed. What she means is that since she became Mrs. Desi Arnaz, she has been getting a new concept of Hollywood. For example: after their honeymoon they were in Ciro's one night, listening to the music and happily holding hands. The headwaiter approached and murmured that he had a message for Mr. Arnaz from Miss Sallie Blotz, famed film star who

sat at a distant table silently sipping a snifter. The message was this:

"Tell Desi to come over here and dance the tango with me."

Mr. Arnaz looked at the headwaiter in amazement. He looked at his wife in embarrassment. His wife looked as if she were about to cry.

"Is this the way they do things in California?" asked Mr. Arnaz in bewilderment. He then requested the headwaiter to convey his compliments to Miss Blotz and inform her that he would not dance the tango with her now or ever and he hoped she was in the best of health.

Things were not always this serious with Miss Ball. For years she had been going around Hollywood as carefree as a coot. Originally she had come out from New York to get in the chorus of Sam Goldwyn's Roman Scandals. She knew her way around Hollywood almost immediately and won the distinction of doing a line of dialogue in Roman Scandals—an achievement

which she had wangled out of one of the writers, Arthur Sheekman, by demanding repeatedly: "Hey, gimme a line of dialogue, won't you? Listen, Buddy; howabout sticking in a few words for a gal, huh?"

If you imagine from this that Miss Ball is a forward little hussy, you will be greatly amazed on meeting her to find that something you have said has driven her to tears. Nobody was ever faster on the wise retort than the young lady and nobody was ever less sure of herself generally. She will yell, "Hiyah, Jake!" at every grip on the set and will cower against the wall at the approach of the meekest stranger. How she ever kept going in the years when she was doing nothing better than turning out little smellers for RKO has never been known to her friends but possibly it has something to do with the contradictions of her character.

At one period when she was stinking up the studio with a series of flops, a friend remonstrated with her. "Why

Dina Cashman

By Kathleen Norris

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"Yes, it's been that way since the very beginning," he said. "I never would have told you"

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The Story Thus Far:

AFTER a brief trip to the Sierras with the man she loves—Vere Holland, a young Yale law student—Geraldine ("Dina") Cashman returns to her dingy, overcrowded home in Railway Flats; and Holland goes back to Yale. A few weeks later, Dina discovers that she is going to become a mother!

Terrified, she writes to Vere, but he replies evasively and hints that he may soon be leaving for South America. Desperate, she calls on Vere's wealthy uncle, Rogers Holland, tells him the story and asks his advice. After promising that he will write to Vere's mother, Mr. Holland asks Dina to do him a favor, for which he will pay her handsomely. He has recently been jilted by the woman he loves—Aline Pierpont, who has suddenly run off and married Andrew Havens, an artist. Will Dina attend a dinner party and try to arouse Aline's jealousy? Needing the money, Dina agrees. At the party, Aline Havens is furious with jealousy.

Vere's mother—a selfish snob (like Aline)—refuses to permit Vere to marry Dina.

Holland then astonishes Dina by asking her to become his wife, in name only. He wishes Dina's baby to have a legal father, and he knows that the marriage will infuriate Vere's mother and Aline. Dina accepts the offer and marries Rogers Holland. Aline Havens (whose husband has painted Dina's portrait) plots to get out of her present marriage and back into Rogers Holland's favor.

Dina is injured in an automobile crash and while she is in the hospital (with her leg in a plaster cast) her baby, a girl, is born. Dina is very happy and Rogers admits that he hasn't enjoyed such contentment in years.

At the gallery where Andy Havens' portraits are on exhibition, Dina encounters Vere—the father of her child. Dina, after a few minutes of conversation, leaves the gallery with Andy. They walk through Chinatown while Dina tries to gain mastery over her agitated senses. She thanks Andy for his kindness, saying, "I needed you terribly then." Andy answers in a tone suddenly strained and low, "I don't suppose you know exactly what it means to me to be needed by you."

DINA stopped short on the narrow Chinatown sidewalk, drew away and faced him, her color changing suddenly. For there was no mistaking his tone. She tried to laugh.

"Andy!" she stammered.

"Yes, it's been that way since the very beginning," he said. "I never would have told you, perhaps I oughtn't be telling you now. But what you say of Aline and Rogers, of their possibly planning to marry some day, makes me feel that sometime you might need me again, and that—that I'd be glad to be there."

"You mean—" Dina began, and was silent.

"I mean that you're the most wonderful woman in the world," Andy said.

"I mean that I've been living for months now on just the glimpses I've had of you, the little I've heard people say. At the Carter wedding and at the Musgroves' dinner and the day I came and painted you, when you were still in bed, everywhere, every time, it's been you."

She had backed up against a window filled with kimonos and small wooden toys and red and black chinaware. Her slender figure was enveloped in a brown coat with a brown fur collar; her blue eyes shone at him under a little brown hat.

"Dina, I'm flying south this afternoon; I may not see you again for a couple of weeks, but if you ever are free, if Rogers is still in love with Aline,

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