



MARJORIE'S HORSE COMES IN

By Kyle Crichton

Marjorie Reynolds, having recently succeeded in brushing the fodder of Westerns off her garments, now promises to be the object of more attention than has ever been accorded any movie-struck nag

FOR some obscure reason, adversity tends to sweeten Hollywood actresses. If kicked about sufficiently they take on a seraphic air and begin purring. No matter what evil cinematic specimens they are playing, they are convinced that Fate will soon hit them over the head and dub them Cinderella. The latest Cinderella is Marjorie Reynolds, the find of Holiday Inn.

"Let nobody ever again express disbelief in a Higher Power," say the cynics of Sunset Strip. "If Reynolds can do it, anybody can do anything."

Miss Reynolds belongs to that line of Hollywood child wonders who receive each new blow with an expression of ecstasy. One might imagine that an actress who had spent twenty years in the profession and had never reached a point farther north than leading lady in horse op'rys would be curdled by disappointment. Not at all. Miss Reynolds went gaily along, happy, ambitious and avowing that everybody in the business was wonderful. The leap from oblivion to being leading woman for Bing Crosby and Fred Astaire in a picture by Irving Berlin seemed merely a bit of poetic justice.

"I'm just a lucky girl, that's all," says Miss Reynolds, in a slightly sententious voice, which indicates that she knew from the time she was three years old that this was bound to happen.

The Glass-Slipper Damsel

The whole Reynolds saga is a fantasy. When Mark Sandrich at Paramount began casting Holiday Inn, he found all available candidates either experiencing motherhood (Mary Martin) or trussed up with constabulary writs (Ginger Rogers and Rita Hayworth). After testing every lady in town with a full complement of limbs, Danny Dare, the dance director, remembered a girl who had been in the chorus at Paramount years ago. Her name was Moore, and he annoyed Central Casting with demands that they produce her. Central Casting replied testily that no such name had been on their list for months and hinted that she might have done away with herself in despair.

"You'll hear about this," cried Dare darkly, and was beating his head vainly when one Moe Sackin heard of his predicament and came running.

"Why," said Moe, breathlessly, "it is well known to all who follow the progress of the stars that Marjorie Moore is now Marjorie Reynolds, and as soon as we can get the smell of fodder out of her garments, she will be in your presence."

She clambered down from whatever nag was currently bearing her and dashed into Paramount, sprinkling herself fleetingly with perfume as she ran. Mr. Sandrich heard her read lines, Mr. Crosby, by now worn by the quest and caring very little in any event, nodded his solemn approval, and a call was put in for Mr. Astaire. Mr. Astaire looked at her with a weary and suspicious eye and gave indications that it would please him if she gave an exhibition of her dancing. She did a time step, which was all she remembered from her days at school, and then Mr. Astaire took her gingerly in his arms and started to whirl her about.

"Ow!" said Mr. Astaire at this juncture, for Miss Reynolds had committed *lèse-majesté* by stepping on his foot.

The four interested parties retired to reflect upon her possibilities and Miss (Continued on page 76)

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



The girl was quite mad. She looked back at the road just in time to miss a head-on collision with a car full of soldiers. John was almost bounced out of his seat

LET THE GIRL DOWN GENTLY

By Paul Ernst

Shed no tears for John Hendricks, who lost his love. He had no choice in the matter, and liked it anyway

THERE was a hissing sound that matched the rhythm of the wheels. The middle-aged coupé slumped sideways like a leaking boat. John Hendricks stopped. A large, serious-faced young man with sandy hair and sober light brown eyes, he walked around the car and saw a lusty nailhead in his left front tire, a sight to make him feel less wrathful than outraged.

John had tended these tires with care, driving slowly and considerately, so that with nine thousand miles engraved upon them they still looked beautiful and new. He'd gauged them for proper pressure every week, inspected them daily for cuts and bruises; and lately guarded them with fine new locks installed on each separate wheel.

And what did all this get you? Punctures. That's what it got you. Now he was undone because some fool threw spikes around the streets.

Methodically, John pulled on canvas gloves. He jacked the car up to remove the crippled tire. Then he stared in utter disbelief at his key ring.

There were keys for ignition, dash compartment, gas cap lock, spare tire lock—and that was all.

There wasn't any wheel lock key. He couldn't get his flat tire off his car.

John considered. On the night he'd bought the new tire locks he'd hurried to meet Helen right on time and had forgotten to put the spare key on his spare ring. And that was the ring he had with him now.

"Damn!" John said. He looked around.

He was in Gracemoor, one of three New Jersey villages he drove through every day—most Sundays, too, like today—on his way from home in Burnick to the laboratory in Elizabeth. He was on the edge of town near a small white clapboard house that looked dwarfed by its own large lawn and mammoth trees.

John walked across the lawn beneath the trees and rang the bell.

After quite a while the door was opened and John looked down into vivid, wide blue eyes, and at faded,

worn blue overalls. He judged at first the girl must be about fifteen, then saw she must be twenty-one or so; more than fifteen years were in those curves. Her smallness and her rather breathless way of gazing up at you made time miscalculations probable.

She said, "Oh! You're not him."

"Him?" repeated John involuntarily.

"You wouldn't know if I told you,"

said the small girl. She was very blond.

"He's in the Army."

"Oh," said John politely.

"He's a sergeant. You're not a sergeant."

"No," said John, thrown somewhat off balance. "I'm a chemist."

"Well, don't feel bad. Someone has to mix the stuff they shoot."

"I don't feel bad! Chemists are quite as necessary as sergeants. What in the world makes you think I—"

John cleared his throat.

"I've had a puncture," he said austere. "I came to ask if I might use your phone."

"All right," the girl said. "But why a phone? Why don't you just change the tire? Don't you know how?"

"Certainly I know how," John snapped. "It's the locks."

"Locks?" she said.

"On the wheels."

"Wheels?"

"To keep my tires from being stolen I lock 'em on the wheels," John explained patiently. "This morning I left without the key to those locks, so I can't take my punctured tire off. I want to phone a garage to send a car to take me home to get the key."

"To open the lock that Jack built," the girl finished, clapping her hands. John scaled his age guess down again.

"PLEASE, may I use your telephone?" he said.

"Oh, we can help you out," the girl said, with an unhampered look from very blue, wide eyes. "You don't need to hire anybody and spend all that money. On a Sunday and everything. I'll drive you home in our car. I think. Come out back."

"If I could just phone—"

"Oh, no. We wouldn't think of it."

She took John's hand and led him out a back door whose screen bagged at the bottom like the seat of an old tweed suit.

"What's your name?"

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