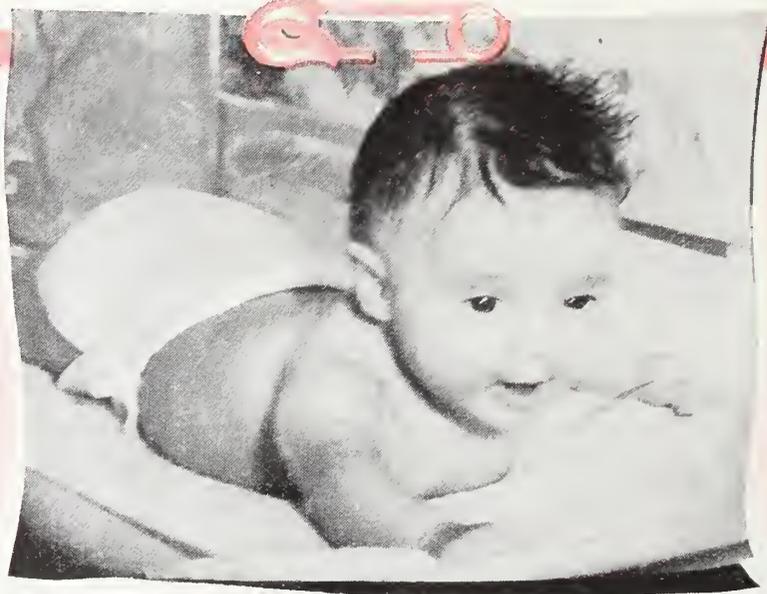


HOLLYWOOD'S Newest Pin-up Girl

CHERYL CHRISTINA CRANE SPEAKING



I HAVE navy blue eyes and black hair. I weigh ten pounds and thirteen ounces so far, and I was born on July twenty-fifth of this year. My name is Cheryl Christina Crane.

I probably inherit my looks from my parents. I don't know whether you've heard of them or not—they're Mr. and Mrs. J. Stephen Crane, and my mother's acting name is Lana Turner. But considering how old they are (she's twenty-two years older than I am and he's twenty-eight), I think they are stunning people. She's about a foot shorter than Daddy, with soft blonde hair that falls around her face, and she wears a size ten dress; and he's six feet one, with big shoulders and brown eyes and dark curling hair like mine. And aside from being good-looking, they're the two happiest people I've ever seen.

Not that they've always been happy. They had a bad spell for two weeks, just before I was born—because of Daddy. You see, he was just determined to have a son. In fact, he even told Mother he'd disown her if I were a girl and he got very touchy whenever anyone kidded him about it . . . and one time, a week before I was born, he even walked out on a party to cool off because he got so angry when someone said I might be what I am.

So you can imagine how my mother felt when I finally appeared, at 5:14 Sunday morning on July twenty-fifth. She'd been conscious all the time I was arriving, because she'd taken something called a spinal anaesthetic; so the minute she was told about me she said, "Oh, how will we ever tell Stephen?"

One of the nurses said she would, and she went out into the hall and said very quickly, "Congratulations—you have a lovely daughter!" Then I hear that my father turned milk-white with disappointment. But he came into the delivery room right away and kissed my mother, and then couldn't help snarling when he said, "Well, where is she?"

The nurse took him over to where I was, in a hotbox in the corner . . . and he took one look at me and changed his whole attitude right then and there. Mother says he got the most foolish look on his face—and now, whenever he thinks she's not around, he comes into my room and tells me a lot of pretty foolish (but very wonderful) things. If anyone makes me conceited, he will. He says I am the most marvelous baby girl in the whole world and he wouldn't change me for anyone. Even a boy.

What I wouldn't change is the life I lead. I lie all day long in the prettiest room you can imagine, which my mother designed herself. The walls are pale, pale blue with fleecy white clouds painted on them—and pink cherubs pulling the clouds along, and riding them, and pushing them. My furniture is all pink and blue and white, too—and outside my room is a one-story white house on a hill overlooking the whole Pacific Ocean and the city of Los Angeles. A swarm of people live here—seven altogether. There's my grandmother, and Daddy and Mother, and two maids, and my nurse and me. Only I sometimes wonder what the nurse is for—because Mother likes to do everything for me. She feeds and bathes me, very gently, and talking to me all the time. If my Daddy were here alone, of course, I could understand the nurse—because, even though he likes to come in and make love speeches to me, he's scared to death to touch me. And whenever he does, Mother says he's so clumsy that she's terrified he'll drop me.

Before I was born a lot of hubbub seems to have gone on. Like Mother's yens, for instance. She got a strawberry yen, when she ate strawberries for breakfast, lunch and dinner and in between meals too—and she insisted that everyone else in the house eat them with her. She got so strawberry-conscious, she even bought a strawberry-print maternity dress—and Daddy just stopped her in time before she had

Her mama is Lana Turner; her papa is Stephen Crane; she's just herself, talking the most unexpected baby talk you've ever heard!



"Even though my daddy likes to make love speeches to me, he's scared to death to touch me."

all the wallpaper in their room changed to a strawberry pattern. She even had the paperhangers arranged for before Daddy argued her out of it. As he said, once I'd come, strawberries would be out—and he was quite right.

Then there was her thriller yen. Every night when Daddy was up from Fort MacArthur (he was a Private in the Army until just recently, when he got an honorable discharge for medical reasons), he had to take Mother to the Hawaiian Theater to see "The Wolf Man" or "Frankenstein's Sister," or some other horror picture. Mother was crazy for them. They went so much (and loaded down with popcorn, too!) that the ushers began to say, "Hello, Lana and Steve," just the way they said hello to each other every night. But now that I'm here, she says she doesn't have to have movie thrills any more—she's all excited just staying home with Daddy and me.

That's all they seem to do, I must say—is stay home. Sometimes when they're talking over my bassinet, I hear them remembering their courtship, which seems to have been carried on in every night club and restaurant in Southern California. They went to a lot of parties while

I was on the way, too. But now they are a couple of home bodies. Mother says, "Darling, why go out?" to Daddy, and he says, "Why indeed?" . . . so then they pull out the gin rummy board and begin trying to beat each other at it every night. Or else Mother reads her beloved biographies and Daddy reads the paper or listens to the radio. And a lot of the time they just talk, about me.

AS YOU can see, we lead a very simple life—there's only a lawn and a white picket fence outside my window, no pool or tennis court. When Daddy and Mother feel like exercising, they go someplace else for him to swim or play golf or tennis—and for her to bowl. (She says she'll have to wait 'til I grow up to have a bowling partner, because, as she says I will find out in time, husbands won't play games that their wives can beat them at!) We hardly know any other actors, any more than most families do. And Mother isn't the kind who likes to sit for hours at lunch with other women—she'd rather grab a sandwich in a drive-in when she's not home. And when she goes shopping, she takes Daddy with (Continued on page 70)

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Bob Hope, Hero without Uniform

(Continued from page 29) in Australia and Hal Le Roy has hoofed through Africa; Larry Adler has played his harmonica in Egypt and Iran; Mitzi Mayfair, Kay Francis, Carole Landis and Martha Raye performed in the flickering campfires of Yank regiments far from home; Tamara and Roy Rognan were killed at Lisbon, where Jane Froman, Yvette and Gypsy Markoff were badly hurt in the crash of the Lisbon Clipper; Laurel and Hardy and Jane Pickens and Chico Marx cheered the troops in the Caribbean; Paul Draper, Andy Devine and Billy Gilbert were show-stoppers at posts where rugged United States Marines watched the show, resting on their machine guns.

YET in some strange way it is Bob Hope who, in the minds of the public, has become the symbol of what show business has done in this war. Even our literary great have paid him homage. John Steinbeck in his memorable dispatch from London spoke of Hope's magic in the hospitals—"in the long aisles of pain . . . bringing laughter up out of the black water."

Standing out there in Africa on an improvised two-by-four stage of box boards whipped by a wind like sandpaper, surrounded by a sea of grimey faces alight with the gratitude of laughter, this was the man who had begged his Government to allow him to enlist, insisting that he could not go before men in uniform because they would reject him as a slacker.

In the midst of those wild cheering mobs Bob must have realized over and over again that Sgt. Joe Louis was right.

Of course, both Africa and Sicily had their lighter sides for the stalwart Hope troupe—what side doesn't with Bob around?

Outside of Algiers, Bob, Frances Langford, Tony Romano, Jack Pepper and the rest of Hope's company were thrilled to learn that Gen. Dwight Eisenhower would give them an audience. "We were actually scared to death," grinned Hope. "His Naval aide, Comm. Harry

Butcher, led us in and there he was. We shook hands with him and then what do you think happened, Ed—General Eisenhower looked at me with pretended severity and said, 'I was almost tempted to play a very dirty trick on you, Bob, and force you to see your picture 'They Got Me Covered.' From then on, we let our hair down." Hope, who has given thousands of autographs, summoned up enough nerve to ask Gen. Eisenhower for his autograph. "Would you like a picture?" the General asked all of them and, when they clamored assent, his aides got out a bundle of photographs. Each of the performers picked a swell, smiling picture of him. Said Gen. Eisenhower to Frances Langford, "Not one of you picked the photograph I like best." The one he liked best was a stern picture of him.

FROM the time he returned to New York until he flew out to his family on the Coast, Hope raved about Eisenhower. "A great American," he told me, over and over. I'd never heard him enthuse about anyone before. He went on "But you ought to meet this man, Ed. He's dynamite. When you meet him you know that he's a great American."

Had he seen Jimmy Doolittle? "Jimmy took all of our troupe to dinner in Tunis on two successive Sunday nights. When we arrived, he met us at the door and welcomed all of the rest of the gang heartily and then he said to me: 'It's so nice to meet you, Mr. Benny. I've always enjoyed your programs with Mary and Rochester!'" I asked Hope what he answered. "I said, 'It's nice to be with you, Gen. Spaatz.'"

What jokes got the biggest laughs from the A. E. F.? Hope said that the jokes varied according to the locale. "In England, it's almost impossible to get an orange or a lemon, so at the end of our show, I'd take an orange or a lemon out of my pocket and I'd tell Frances Langford that she'd done such a great show that she could *smell* the orange."

In Africa, he found that topical jokes

got the biggest reaction. "I'd say, 'You know, I was on the Road to Morocco once, but now I'm doing it the hard way. And I don't want to say anything to hurt your feelings, but I'd like to meet Lamour over here. You guys have got your sarongs under your eyes!'"

Wherever he went Hope made friends. That was inevitable.

Bing Crosby is not an easy fellow to know, despite his free-and-easy manner, but from the time he and Hope met, they became fast friends. They actually became inseparable. Crosby kidded Hope about being stingy; Hope kidded him about his horses. That friendship, I think, was of vast importance to both of them. Crosby, an established star, helped Hope to acclimate himself in Hollywood pictures; later on, Hope's comedy did a great deal to improve Crosby's work in flickers. It was a perfect partnership, and the two of them were golf nuts in addition to their other mutual interests.

Greatest asset in Bob Hope's list of assets is his very charming wife, Dolores, who formerly sang in New York clubs. She married Bob when he was a vaudeville performer and their marriage relationship is one of those ideal companionships that provide a perfect background for a man. She is Catholic and very religious. When Bob flew to Europe and was flying around Alaska, Dolores refused to get in an airplane. "If God protects Bob, then I'll relieve him of the necessity of protecting me too," she explained.

Dolores, straightforward and honest, never permits Bob to forget where they started. She keeps him at ground level, with his feet touching. Unable to have children of their own, it was Dolores who persuaded him to adopt two charming little ones and it is one of my nicer reflections that I served as godfather for the older. It is from that charming home that Bob Hope emerges to entertain a nation, and its soldiers and sailors, and the imprint of that home has had much to do with his success.

THE END

Hollywood's Newest Pin-Up Girl

(Continued from page 33) her because she says she's dressing for him anyway . . . which means she's usually in blue or black and every dress has a sweetheart neckline! I can't wait to get old enough to try on her clothes, because I like all of them—the dresses, and the tailored suits, and the long-sleeved dinner gown (Daddy doesn't like real formals), and the slacks she wears around the house. And I also can't wait to grow up so I can help fight for the funnies on Sunday—which is a regular ritual with Daddy and Mother!

But mostly I can't wait to grow up to see if I turn out the way they plan. Because they have lots of plans for me—big and little. The first thing they hope for me is good health, maybe because I've had such a hard time so far. I've had nine blood transfusions, you know. However, I've gained three pounds already since I came into the world, so I'm not worried.

But to get on with their plans for me: They say they're going to prepare me for anything in life I want, and nothing I don't want. College, for instance, is up to me. Mother never went past Hollywood High School and doesn't think college is necessary for a girl; but Daddy says college is fun, if not necessary, because he's an honor graduate of Wabash University in Indiana. Mostly, though, they want me to be good at anything I do, whether it's

college or a career. They don't care whether I'm an actress or not.

"We just want her to be happy, to be loved, and to have a nice and normal life," I hear them saying to each other. They don't want me to be deluged with luxuries—just to have the average amount of clothes and toys and friends, the way they both did. They both stress honesty, too. When I begin asking questions, they'll answer all of them—nicely but completely. They think that truthfulness is the most important thing in the world—and next to truth, tolerance, and patience, and self-control. They want me to know how to control my temper at all times, because they think uncontrolled people are at the mercy of themselves and the world; and they want me to have patience because they themselves didn't have it at times—and in the end, after all their impatient worrying and sadness, things worked out just the way they would have anyway. Also, they want me to have a sense of humor. Which Mother says Daddy has, and Daddy says Mother has—so between them, I certainly should have one too!

Those are their big plans for me. Then there are their little plans, which are very cute, I think. Daddy carried out one the other day, when he came home with a pair of pink booties for me with my initials C. C. C. on them—matching my fa-

vorite pink coat, which Norma Shearer gave me. When Daddy brought them in he said, "I knew I'd have to buy the shoes in order to woo you, because you take after your mother and she's a shoe fiend!"

But his and Mother's main little plan is to have a miniature bracelet and ring made for me, just exactly like the ones they wear—made like the Army identification disks, only in silver. Hers says on the front, "Lana Crane," and on the back, "Return to J. Stephen Crane." And his is just the opposite—and mine will say "Cheryl Christina Crane" on the front and to return me to both of them on the back.

Usually, when they're talking about me, it's Daddy who breaks up the discussions. He always ends by saying anxiously, "Darling, at what age should we let Cheryl go out on dates?" And then Mother laughs and says, "Don't you think that's something we can worry about later?"

And then she almost squashes me by hugging him, with me in between, and she says, "You know, if someone gave me a wish, and said I could have anything I wanted in the world—I couldn't think of a thing to wish for. Because I have everything now. I have a wonderful husband, a good life and a precious baby. I couldn't possibly ask for anything more."

Then Daddy says he feels the same way. And I, Cheryl, do too!