

# Confidential

Volume 2, No. 6

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## Confidentially speaking....

### DOES DESI LOVE LUCY LOOSELY?

If neighbors hear screams of rage, followed by the sound of breaking crockery coming from the Arnaz house this month, they'll know what is happening without rushing over to investigate. The red-haired Missus has just finished reading Brad Shortell's inside report, "Does Desi Really Love Lucy?" reciting this Latin Lothario's off-pasture passions. It'll have you gasping, whether you're one of their 45,000,000 fans or not.

### THOSE STUART SYMINGTON RUMORS

For years, Washington and the nation's columnists buzzed with rumors about Stuart Symington, one of its most distinguished residents. Now, for the first time, Howard Rushmore rips the lid off Pennsylvania Avenue's most hush-hush secret, disclosing the cold hard facts that tell—once and for all—"The Truth Behind Those Senator Symington Whispers."

### ONE WICKED WORD TOO MANY

Pretty Susan Hayward stomped into divorce court and told the judge that her husky husband walloped her bare bottom until it was black and blue. What made Jess Barker manhandle this fine piece of property is a real inside story the newspapers never dared print. In his titillating exclusive, Horton Streete digs into the facts and reveals "The Naughty Word That Landed Susan Hayward In That Swimming Pool."

### HAS NICK LOST HIS KNACK?

In half a century of ivory-rolling, fabulous Nick the Greek could walk into any casino and get \$100,000 worth of chips—on the cuff. But Lady Luck finally dropped the green baize curtain on the world's most famous gambler and now he's going for two-buck bets in California's cheapest dice honky-tonks. Read it and weep in "How Las Vegas Broke Nick the Greek," a chip-down report by Walter Braden.

### SOCIAL REGISTER HIGH JINKS

If you want the lowdown on high society, you'll relish Truxton Decatur's keyhole account of "The Glamour Deb Who Made Rubirosa Run." With a cast of society characters that includes Joanne Connelley, Porfirio Rubirosa, Bob Sweeney and Babs Hutton, this sizzling tale of the Upper Crust with its sins down will make a lot of bluebloods blush. It's hot off the griddle.

### FLYING COFFINS?

Here's the story that airline pilots were never allowed to tell before. Your blood will run cold when you read "How The Airlines Take Your Life In Their Hands," a "down-to-earth," documented expose by Henry X. Sperry.

—THE EDITORS

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### NO FICTION — ALL FACT!

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## Does Desi Really

Television's best-known hubby is like a lot of other married men. He loves his wife, but "Oh, those other kids!" Here's an inside report on Desi's back-street babes that will have Lucy tearing her hair... or his!



By BRAD SHORTELL

**E**XACTLY WHAT MAKES a husband leave home is something that has been baffling wives since Adam and Eve. For an outstanding example, let's take one of the nation's most famous pops, Desi Arnaz, co-star of television's top show, "I Love Lucy" and legal partner of luscious Lucille Ball.

The jackpot question is: With a curvy, red-haired tid-bit like Lucy waiting for him at home, would Desi be foolish enough to prowl Hollywood like a bachelor wolf and, if so, why?

#### Just Wait Till Lucy Finds Out

Part of the answer is going to jolt the 45,000,000 fans of the show right out of their TV hammocks. For Desi is most certainly a duck-out daddy.

Why he does it is something you'd have to ask Arnaz. Close friends of his have been holding their breaths for years in fear that his scarlet-tressed wife may bring the discussion up any moment, pos-

sibly with a flat-iron in her hand. Lucy, they point out, is a lass with a temper to match her flaming hair and not one to shrug off a misbehaving Mister.

Desi has, in fact, proved himself an artist at philandering as well as acting, because Lucille is a clock-watching mama, the kind that checks her hubby's collar for lipstick when he comes home. And the couple have such a back-breaking work schedule to produce their weekly TV drama that Desi's had to sandwich in his sin.

Under the circumstances, he's done pretty well. Because behind the scenes, Arnaz is a Latin Lothario who loves Lucy *most* of the time but by no means *all* the time. He has, in fact, sprinkled his affections all over Los Angeles for a number of years. And quite a bit of it has been bestowed on vice dollies who were paid handsomely for loving Desi briefly but, presumably, as effectively as Lucy.

TURN THE PAGE

ly love Lucy?



The night Lucy won two prizes in the 1952 Television Academy Awards, her hubby came along, too, with a roving eye for any "prizes" he might find.

## Said a blonde who dallied with Desi in Palm Springs: "Wh

### Does Desi Love Lucy? (continued)

Let us look in on Desi, as they say on TV, on a warm night in California, last August 3rd. The scene is a bungalow at the Beverly Hills Hotel where Desi and a male relative have gone to mix pleasure and business. You can incidentally, bet your last dollar that the cameras are not around.

Because while Desi and a small group of men are talking business his pal is on the phone, calling one of Hollywood's best door-to-door dame services. He nonchalantly orders two cuties, medium rare, and returns to the conference.

At this point, it might be well to mention that the Beverly Hills Hotel maintains a string of luxurious bungalows around its grounds for VIP guests who desire the maximum in privacy, and it's not the management's fault what goes on in these expensive shacks after hours.

Hollywood's cuddle-for-cash babes know and appreciate this arrangement and the pair Desi's friend whistled up were prompt in arriving. They first took up stations in the Polo Lounge of the hotel, whence they called the Arnaz bungalow to ask if the boys were ready for cut-ups.

Desi's pal answered the call, explained that the business chat was still going on, and begged the girls to stand by 'til 2:00 a.m., by which time he guaranteed the show would go on.



Shown on witness stand in Los Angeles, Lucy got a divorce in 1944 "to teach Desi a lesson." But she walked out of court into Arnaz' arms.

In the ensuing wait, one of the girls, a curvaceous red-head named Babs, became ill. The other pigeon, Mindy, stuck to her assignment, though, and anked over to Bungalow 5 at two o'clock, where she was welcomed like rain in Texas.

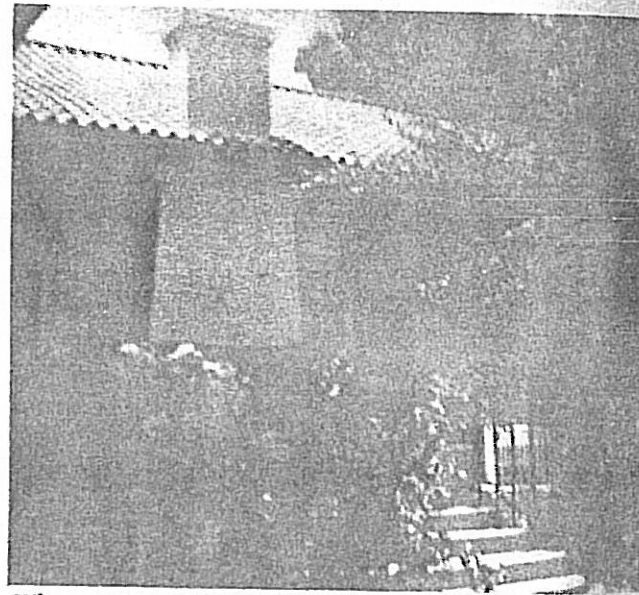
She was given about 30 seconds to admire the mirrored living room and its twin couches when Desi took her off to inspect another room. Twenty minutes later, she was back and Arnaz' play pal took over. The cash register rang again and Mindy went home, considerably richer, at about 3:45 that morning.

### Desi's Doin' What Comes Naturally

The above incident, was no isolated case, it would seem. Babs, the play-for-pay squab who couldn't wait on August 3rd, had met Desi before, on a winter night in 1951 at the North Cherokee Boulevard home of still another call girl, named Ginger. Maybe it was her red hair, but *something* reminded Desi of a game he often played at home with Lucy and almost before she knew it, Babs had a diploma.

What makes Desi such a sizzling Romeo is hard to say. He comes from a land, Cuba, where the men are torrid and the ladies are allegedly glad of it. He once told this reporter, "A real man should have as many girls as he has hair on the head." In that case, Desi's out for a record, since he has a head of thick dark hair and shows no sign of going bald, unless Lucy snatches him into such a condition.

The possibility that she might is by no means remote. Lucy once got a divorce from Desi, because she didn't like the way things were going. It was better than 10 years ago and the memory of the courtroom incident may be dim in Desi's mind, but it's on the



What went on in this Beverly Hills Hotel bungalow on a night last August will have Desi doing some tall explaining, if Lucy will listen.



# Who said Latins are lousy lovers?"

record. The split never took effect because it was granted in California, where the rule says the unhappy couple must live apart for one year before the decree is valid. Lucy and Desi slightly missed this cooling-off period by getting together the very first night after her decree.

Close friends who watched this pixilated episode asked Lucy just what was her idea of going to such expense and trouble, if she obviously never meant to break it up. She offered an explanation as daffy as though it came from the Lucy of her TV role. It was all an effort to teach Desi a lesson, she said. If that was the objective, it fell far short of its goal. Because love-for-loot dates have dotted his romantic record all the way back to the war years, when he was in uniform.

It should be stressed here that Arnaz is by no means the kind of cut-up who has to pay for all his philandering. He swept one siren off her feet in Palm Springs on a sultry night in October, 1944, not only without showing folding money but also after telling her that he was still in love with Lucy.

## Something Special in Army Maneuvers

The incident occurred during the year when Lucy's decree could have become final or when a girl as headstrong as she might have started another one all over again, thus showing Desi's sense of daring was up to par, if nothing else.

He was an army sergeant stationed at the Birmingham Hospital in Van Nuys at the time. Because he had plenty of money, his week-end leaves were something special and included a private room at the Del Tahquitz Hotel in Palm Springs.

Desi met our dark-eyed temptress, Sally, in the cocktail lounge of the Ambassador Hotel and asked both her and her girl friend to join his table, which included several other men and a few women. Before the excitement-hunting babes knew what happened, they found themselves at a party in the home of an army officer stationed in Palm Springs.

The girl recalls she spent the next five or six hours snooching and drinking with Desi. She noted one of his eyes was extremely bloodshot. When she asked him whether he'd injured the orb. Mr. Arnaz explained he'd been born with his hangover glitter.

Hours later, they paused for a little air and light conversation, during which Sally asked Desi about the break-up of his marriage. The Arnaz smile vanished and he scowled, "This marrying for love is the bark." The girl remembers (Continued on page 46)



CONGRATULATIONS  
TO LUCILLE DESI  
ON YOUR  
ANNIVERSARY!

On 10th anniversary Desi showed talent at slicing cake. He's just as good at handling "cheesecake."

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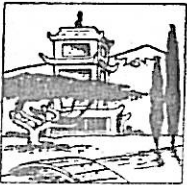
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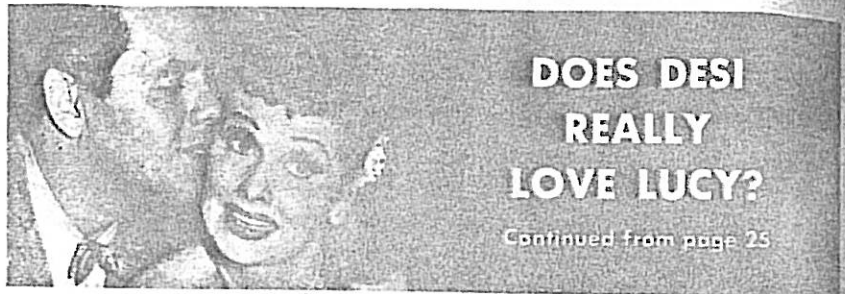
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## DOES DESI REALLY LOVE LUCY?

Continued from page 25

that Desi was obviously a man carrying a torch but she was, too, at the time, so they agreed to drown their sorrows together.

Long after dawn had risen, she accepted Arnaz' invitation for a nightcap at his hotel. His request, incidentally, was a model other wolves might well study.

"Let's have a couple of drinks at my place," he said. "Better bring your bathing suit along. We might want to go swimming when we wake up."

"I knew Desi was inviting me for more than a drink," said the babe. "I said okay, because I can make like the outdoor type, too, when the occasion calls for it."

They drove to Sally's hotel for the swimsuit, and she rushed in and out of the place so fast that she tore a heel off her shoe. It didn't bother the frisky filly in the least. Grabbing her bikini, she didn't wait to change shoes but dashed back into the car

and was soon limping through the lobby of the Del Tahquitz, to the astonishment of the night clerk.

On their way to the elevator and their early-morning amour, they met still another girl friend of Sally's, a Latin, incidentally, with whom Desi immediately struck up a brisk conversation in Spanish. She was invited to join them.

The extra girl went along but got out of there fast when she quickly realized two's company, three's a crowd. Hours later, Sally limped back to her own hotel and her week-end pal. To her, Sally sighed one rapturous comment: "Who ever said Latins are lousy lovers?" she asked drowsily.

Who, indeed? Certainly not Desi's wife, Lucy. For in spite of his straying from the hearth, she loves him dearly.

And Desi most certainly loves Lucy. It's just that, like a lot of other husbands, he's got a little extra—to go around.



## WHEN MARCIANO FAKED 4 FIGHTS

Continued from page 17

\$3,500. It's sucker money, Rock."

"I don't like it at all," said Marciano. "It's not being fair and square with the fight fans. I tell you what, I could get a real good fighter, Johnny Shkor. He's from Boston. It would be a real fight then. The fans would get their money's worth."

"And Nobody Is the Wiser . . ."

"It ain't no good," the friend purred. "First of all, Shkor will want a lotta dough. Then you might get hurt. We can't take any chances. It's your kid brother, Sonny. He's big and strong and he looks like a good fighter."

The friend continued. "Here's how we do it. We fake the whole thing. In a couple of towns, we advertise your opponent as Tony Zullo and the other towns we use the name of Pete

Fuller. That way it's a cinch and we'll draw a lot of money. And nobody is the wiser, Rocky, nobody."

The friend made a couple of phone calls and the phony deal was set. Maine fight promoters were eager to show Marciano in their towns. They pulled out all the stops—advertising, publicity, television, radio plugs, big stories on all the sports pages. The whole State of Maine was on edge waiting for the Marciano fights.

Marciano and his brother went through the four fake bouts, in Portland, Bangor, Rumford and Lewiston. Thousands of fight fans jammed the arenas to see this newest heavy-weight sensation—who might possibly be the next champ.

But the faithful fans came away feeling there was something wrong. They felt that the fights were phony.