



and the second second

1 a a a a a a

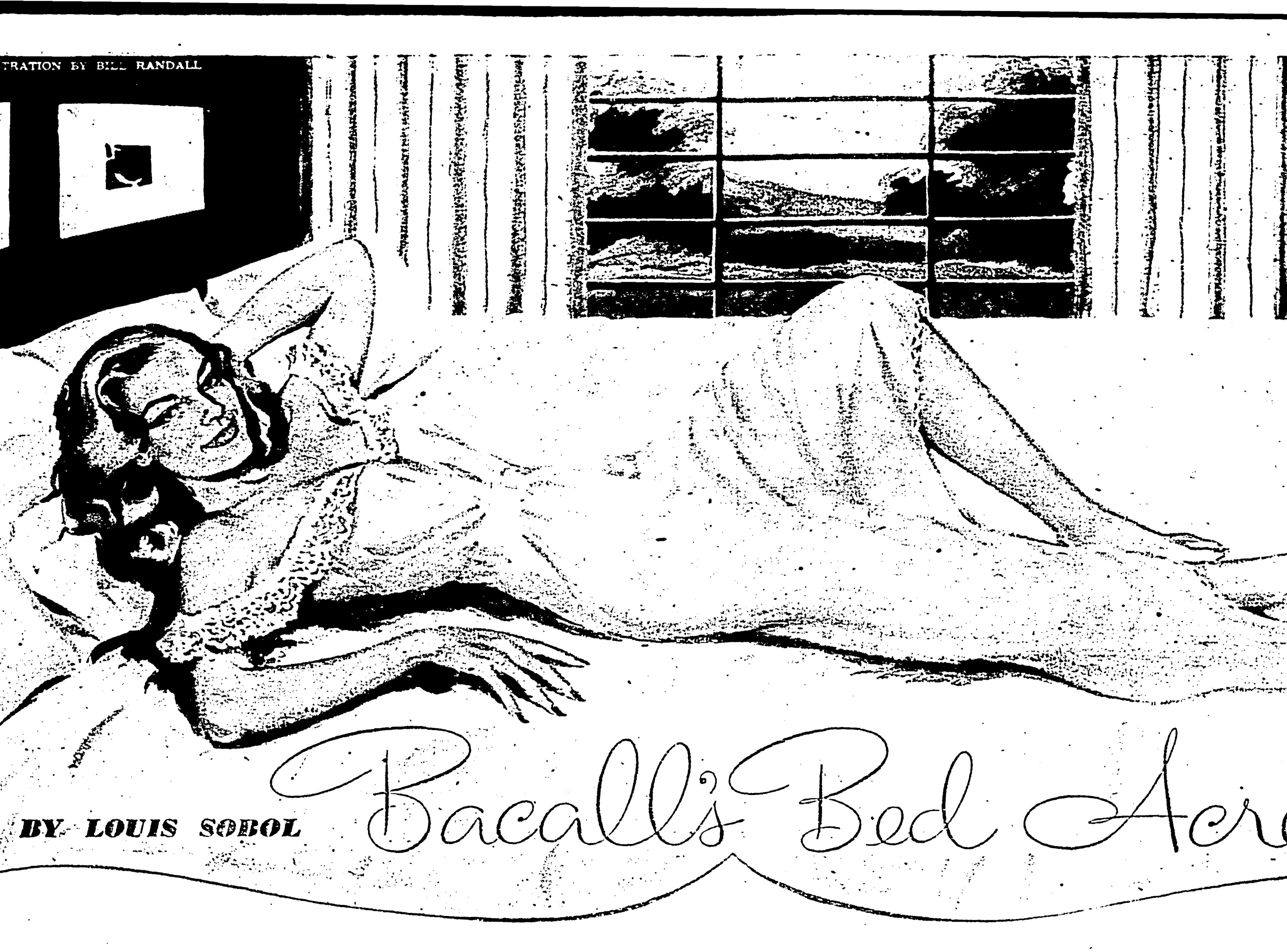
. . .

 \sim

 \searrow

Hollywood HERE'S a woman in Hollywood who knows all the bedroom secrets of filmdom's great and near-great—and she doesn't write a gossip column or belong to the

colony's gestapo. I met her when my daughter enticed me along with her to help her pick out an oversized bed-and incidentally, let me tell you now, twin beds seem to be de trop these days among the select. The big thing is the big bed made for two but large enough to sleep six. Where was I? O yes—we dropped into this place on Santa Monica boulevard and the proprietor lady, an energetic, voluble, bright-eyed little woman named Mrs. Rose Gincig waited upon $us - ex_{i}$ plained why the large seven-by-seven resting platforms were conducive to repose and caressment of the harassed nerves. For instance, there was the volatile, impulsive Joan' Crawford who was quite content with twin beds when she was married to Doug Fairbanks, Jr.—but with succeeding spouses, her tastes changed especially after she discovered Mrs. Gin-



cig's place. Her first enthusiastic order was for a six-by-seven—a handsome affahr -and quite satisfactory until Joan discovered it wouldn't go into the house. Mrs. Gincig had it vaulted over the balcony through the French windows.

By coincidence, if you care to call it that, the very day we visited Mrs. Gincig's place, the newspapers were headlining the separation of Betty Hutton and Ted Briskin. (A few days later they were back again—but who knows just what the situation will be when you read this?) "Too bad," was Mrs. Gincig's comment. "Such a nice girl—and he's a nice fellow. You know I was probably the very first to know she was going to get married—even before the papers or Louella had it." Mrs. Gincig knew, she explained, because only a couple of months before she had built a bed for Betty—a bed for one. And then the star came in and ordered a new onefor two.

One of strangest requests came from a star whom Mrs. Gincig has decided ought to be nameless. The gal wanted the "turns banked"-wanted the bed made so that . Felt very embarrassed, too." it would resemble a huge cradle. It

seems she was addreted to sleep-walking. Some distressing situations arise. There was the time when Richard Ney dropped in and discussed one of the two-acre beds for himself and Greer Garson. Mrs. Gincig thought his measurements were a bit vague and went over to the house to gauge the size of the bedroom. When she arrived there she was told that there had been a change of mind and a change of plans. "I figured right there and then," she said, "something had gone wrong between Richard and Greer. I was so right -because a few days later, they parted."

Meanwhile Mrs. Gincig was determined that I ought to stretch myself out on the big bed she had on display—a divan large enough to hold a dress parade of a regiment. I finally yielded—and she said "If we were to leave you there for a few minutes—and make no noise—you'd be asleep. It's hard to keep awake on these King Sizes-especially the ones we turn out here. Why Jeffrey Lynn came in here one day and I had him try this one out-and before you know it, he was dozing off.

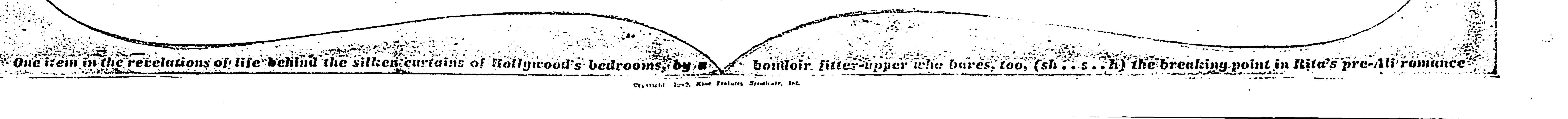
The Bogarts who get along amicably

enough in most matters, tound themselves in a slight disagreement when they came to Mrs. Gincig's to select their sleeping accommodations. Humphrey was all for one that would fill the entire bedroom and leave room for a little bowling alley on the side—But Lauren said, "No, In one of these, you might as well be in Tahitiand me back in Brooklyn." She insisted on a fairly normal-sized bed—a five-and-a-half by six-and-a-half—and a soft mattress. Which reminded Mrs. Gincig that Harriet Hilliard and Ozzie Nelson spurned the downy mattress for one so hard you could roller-skate on it.

This reminds me that the first of these over-sized beds that I ever saw was at Jimmie Fidler's home some years ago. "Every married couple ought to have one of these," Bobbie Fidler told me. "You're not separated like you are in twin beds but they're still large enough to keep you apart-when you feel like being alone." It was all very vague to me—and evidently Mrs. Fidler's naive theory didn't work out for a few years later she and Jimmie were divorced. Whether she still has an oversized bed now I don't know.

Mrs. Gincig knew that the merger be tween Rita Hayworth and the temperamental Orson Welles was doomed to fail ure. She had made one of the huge beds for them with a hard mattress according to Welles' demand. A few days later, Rita called. She wanted the mattress taker back—she wanted a softer one. Came a phone call from her husband—the mat tress was not to be taken back—it was just the way he wanted it. There followed then calls from both for a few days—and tinally Mfs. Gincig, having listened to Rita's pleas, sent a man over to get it When he arrived, Welles blocked the bedroom door and stormed dramatically: "No body takes this mattress away from me It is part of me now," Mrs. Gincig wasn't surprised when she read shortly after that the two had come to a parting of the ways. Regretfully, she added that thus far she has received no order from Rita and Aly Khan—but she was hopeful.

Mrs. Gincig is very fond of the much married Artie Shaw—who with each succeeding wife put in an order for a larger bed. They have remained on very good terms indeed and whenever Shaw is in



town, he drops in to cheer her by insisting. that even if he doesn't marry again, be, will coax his army of ex-wives to deal

nis pandas on parade.

......

and the state of the

الأحوار الم

- 74

7

1999 - S. J.

0)

with her exclusively. The fever has spread to New York, Chicago and other centers—so that it can no longer be said that only Hollywood stars have switched from swollen heads to swollen beds. Some of my best friends in New York now boast them—and I must break down and confess right here that when sometime ago I left it to Decorator Jim Mont to fix up my sleeping quarters was dismayed to find I practically had to edge into my bedroom, sidewise-he had built a bed that filled the room from wall to wall. I use three guarters of it to store books, phonograph records, discarded manuscripts, an old bleycle, an auto pump-and an. now contemplating the advisability of using the remaining space in the ostermoor for an indoor swimming pool.

Yes, indeedy, almost as potent as the Red menace is the new bed menace and the old saying that had something to do with the King's mistress has been altered. to the equally satisfying King's mattress