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HAWAIIAN TREAT



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FAROUK: Forgotten Playboy of the Riviera

What's happened to the fabulously wealthy ex-king since he sailed into exile seven years ago today?

by Bob Driscoll

AT THE ZENITH of his power as absolute ruler of 23 million people, King Farouk of Egypt once quipped: "In a few years there will be only five kings in the world—the King of England and the four kings in a deck of cards."

On July 26, 1952—seven years ago today—Farouk, whose reign had become a "symbol of graft, corruption, and lust" in the words of General Mohammed Naguib, the man who overthrew him, abdicated and sailed into exile. His jocular play on words had been prophetic of his own downfall.

Today one of the landmarks on Rome's historic Via Veneto, a street famed for romantic trysts over neglected cups of coffee, is Mr. Farouk, citizen of Monaco.

The 275-pound ex-sovereign sits for hours on end outside the swank Cafe di Paris sipping brandy and iced coffee while he ogles the beautiful young girls who stroll past. Most of them invite romance, and sometimes Farouk rouses himself from his myopic fascination with shapely limbs to engage one of them in conversation. But he doesn't try too hard; he has become accustomed to snickering refusals. He has sadly learned that a rotund ex-king isn't a young girl's romantic ideal.

These often rude rebuffs are only one of many distasteful circumstances citizen Farouk has had to adjust to in the past seven years. He can't just take things any more as he did when he stole

his ex-Queen Narriman (she divorced him in 1954) while she was in a jewelry store selecting a ring to plight her troth to another man. The monarch's interest in the 17-year old beauty at that time was enough to prompt her Harvard-educated fiancé to withdraw from the scene as gracefully as possible.

But today Farouk doesn't demand love; he pays bored hostesses in Riviera night clubs for companionship.

Farouk's myriad troubles were compounded in April, 1958, when the Egyptian government stripped him and 58 members of his family of their Egyptian citizenship. He found himself then not only a king without a throne but literally a man without a country. But on May 5, 1959, Prince Rainier III, an old pal and a royal playboy himself before his marriage to Grace Kelly, came to his assistance and decreed him a citizen of Monaco. Farouk once more raised a royal standard on the staff of his yacht, *Favourita*, in Monte Carlo Bay; this time, a Monasque emblem.

When he isn't in Rome pursuing the phantoms of past revelries or sunning himself disconsolately on the Riviera's lush beaches, Farouk maintains his residence in a hotel practically next

door to the Monte Carlo Casino, Monaco's gaudy claim to fame. But despite the proximity of the most famous gambling spot in the world and his own love for games of chance, Rainier's favor deprived him of the opportunity to play because of a law forbidding Monacan citizens to gamble there.

He rises in the morning at 6 a.m. and contents himself with sitting on the terrace of the Bar de Monaco with his two Albanian bodyguards and watching the pretty Monasque girls bicycling by.

No one pays much attention to "the fat man who's always sitting in the bistro gawking at young girls," as one disgusted mother describes Farouk, except perhaps passing tourists who might stop to hoot and deride him.

Yet not many years ago when Farouk visited the Isle of Capri on his honeymoon voyage with Narriman, hundreds of policemen were required to hold back the admiring crowds while the royal pair debarked from their yacht. Their party of 60 retainers included 20 eye-catching blonde and redheaded ladies in waiting.

There have been reports, fanned by a 15-minute telephone conversation the divorced couple had last year, that

names (Continued)

tinctive and sophisticated." Apparently Suzy thought so too—because she adopted the new spelling herself long before she came to Hollywood!

According to producer David O. Selznick, one good rule is to achieve a combination of an unusual first name, particularly a biblical one, with an ordinary last name. That's why he talked Phyllis Isley into becoming Jennifer Jones. In this particular case, he went one step further by marrying her and changing her name to Jennifer Selznick—but that's for personal use only!

THAT JONES is a pretty good name was agreed upon by many other entertainers who started out with it and refused to change it. Now, in addition to Jennifer, we also have—among others—Shirley Jones and Carolyn Jones. To avoid confusion with all the other Joneses, an attractive young model named Carol Jones became Carol Lynley when she embarked on a stage and movie career.

Once in a while, actors object to any tampering with their names. When "Kim" was suggested to Marilyn Novak by the late Harry Cohn, she sobbed: "It's a boy's name!" It took Mr. Cohn two hours to change Marilyn's mind.

He was less successful with a young actor named

Jack Lemmon. "What's good enough for my family is good enough for me," he insisted. A week of cajoling, of begging, of outright threats to take him out of his first picture couldn't budge him.

Once in a while, even the families get into the act. When a young actor from New Jersey, Nikolas Aloysius Adamshock, changed his name to Nick Adams, half a dozen relatives complained he was ashamed of his family name. "Not so," Nick assured them. "But can you see Nikolas Aloysius Adamshock on a theater marquee?"

They all could!

On the other hand, dancer Mitzi Gerber had no objection to changing her name—provided she could keep her initials.

"And what's so important about the M.G.?" a 20th Century-Fox executive demanded.

"I just bought some new luggage with my initials on it," Mitzi replied.

Mitzi Gerber became Mitzi Gaynor, and the luggage was saved.

Doris Kappelhoff became a vocalist with Barney Rapp's orchestra when "Day by Day" was a hit song. Hence Doris Day.

Shirley Schrift thought Shelley sounded prettier than Shirley and adopted her mother's maiden