

It was a Garden of Eden, just for two — till a

# WHY George Sanders HAD



Above: A spicy Hungarian dish named ZsaZsa shows how to cook a spicy Hungarian dish. Below: A former Russian named George shows what he thinks of spicy Hungarian dishes.



By JACQUELINE TRACY



THIS OL' HOUSE ONCE KNEW SOME LOVIN'



neighbor got mad and Uncle Sam got a shotgun!

# To Marry Zsa Zsa!!!

"Whisper" Sep, 1955

**M**OST MEN WOULD marry zexy Zsa Zsa Gabor for that paprika-laden zex alone. But one guy who did marry her had to be led to the altar with a shotgun at his back.

The guy in question was sneering actor George Sanders, No. 3 of the 3½ brass rings Zsa Zsa has so far snatched from the marry-go-round. (We say 3½, since the volatile Hungarian still hasn't made it legal with Porfirio Rubirosa.) And the man who held the shotgun on the reluctant groom was no mere bit-player like the gal's doting pappy.

He was none other than Uncle Sam, himself.

The time of Uncle Sam's unique descent into the marriage game was back in 1948. Zsa Zsa had chanced to meet Sanders over a bucket of Dry Martinis at a New York cocktail party. George was without a Manhattan roof over his head at the time, so big-hearted Zsa Zsa did him a good turn. Thru her influence with ex-hubby Hilton, who just happened to own the joint, she got Sanders a room at the swank Hotel Plaza, overlooking Central Park.

## "Won't You Come Into My Parlor —"

The view of the park wasn't the only New York spectacle which delighted George's eyes. He was every bit as taken with Zsa Zsa herself, a sentiment which the spicy Gabor returned in full.

When suave and sophisticated Georgie packed his bags for a return to Hollywood, Zsa Zsa packed her toothbrush and followed.

No sooner was Miss Gabor arrived in sunny California than Mr. Sanders had a chance to return the favor she'd done him in New York. Being a good little Boy Scout, Georgie did not decline the opportunity.

Zsa Zsa needed a place to park her toothbrush. George didn't bother to find Zsa Zsa a room in a big, chilly, impersonal hotel, however. Instead, he moved her right into his own plush establishment at 9060-9064 Shoreham Road!

Sanders was the owner of the four-apartment building. He occupied No. 9060 himself and rented out the other

three. According to neighbors, life on Shoreham Road became much jollier after George and Zsa Zsa set up joint housekeeping in No. 9060. What, for example, could lend a more piquant flavor to the Beverly Hills landscape than the sight of Zsa Zsa Gabor sunning herself on the terrace — stripped to her pretty waist?

There's no telling how long and delightfully and illicitly the cosmopolitan romance might have continued, if it weren't for one thing. Sanders pulled that nasty old landlord's trick of raising the rent on the Shoreham Drive apartments. And one of his tenants decided to get revenge.

The form of said revenge was a complaint to the United States Immigration Service.

Ordinarily Uncle Sam takes no interest whatever in unwedded bliss, provided that it doesn't occur on Federal premises and the participants are of legal age. But it happened that Russian-born George Sanders had applied for U.S. citizenship, and was due to get his first papers in three months.

"Moral turpitude," it says in fine print on said papers, is a sufficient reason to deny citizenship. And though the average guy would sensibly consider it sheer delight, to the stern eye of Uncle Sam the Sanders-Gabor arrangement at 9060 Shoreham Road looked very much like moral turpitude.

At the time the peeved tenant hollered copper, Georgie and Zsa Zsa were making a

(Continued on page 49)



George sneers and ZsaZsa smiles — but there was no laughter on Shoreham Road when the Federal agents dropped in. Even if the other party is gorgeous ZsaZsa, it's still called "moral turpitude" by Uncle Sam!





If anyone ever failed the "exam" to be an asylum attendant, I never heard of it. For \$35 a week, they feel lucky to get anybody who walks on his hind feet.

When I began wondering out loud about these barbarous conditions, I was told in no uncertain words that the No. 1 rule of this Illinois State institution was **NEVER TALK TO OUTSIDERS!**

Sick and disgusted with what I'd seen, I went to one of the large veterans' organizations in my area and told the post commander about it. He was very shocked and very polite. He said he'd see what he could do. Nothing was done.

I went to the bosses of two large Womens Clubs. They too were shocked and "would see what they could do".

Nothing happened. Apparently nobody cares about the shame of what goes on this very minute in state mental hospitals—not even citizens who support them with their taxes.

It's simpler to just let patients go on being beaten up and maltreated by many of the "attendants" hired to attend them. Personally, after working in such a place, I think it would be much more humane to shoot the insane — like they do with sick horses.

## George Sanders (Continued from page 9)

romantic tour of the southwest. Two agents of the U.S. Immigration Service paid a call on Sander's brother, actor Tom Conway, and Tom's wife Lillian. They questioned the pair pointedly about George and Zsa Zsa and life on Shoreham Road.

Tom was as evasive as possible, for he didn't want to get his brother in dutch. When Conway had once been very ill and had been given only three months to live by the over-pessimistic doctors, Sanders had treated him to a vacation in Sunny Italy, all expenses paid.

When Sanders got back from his trip, however, Tom didn't hesitate to inform him that the Feds were hot on his trail.

Those who know George Sanders only from his screen roles would expect him to curl his lip, sneer, and toss the whole thing off with some acid crack about the U.S. Immigration Service. The real George Sanders, however, is a cad of another color. His friends describe him as a guy completely lacking in self-confidence. He literally trembles before entering a room full of people. His tremendous inferiority complex makes him insult any woman he dates, after which he spends most of the evening wondering desperately whether she really likes him or not.

When the real George Sanders heard about the Feds on his trail, he was shaken from his top hat to his patent leather pumps.

Despite being a strictly mixed-up introvert, Sanders has always considered himself quite an idea-guy. He likes to think he's a frustrated scientist. During World War II he and his brother Tom, using the metal from a collection of beat-up pots and pans,



**Zexy ZsaZsa Gabor and daughter, Francesca. The little girl's daddy was George Sanders' predecessor.**

actually invented a telescopic lens gadget which they peddled to Universal-International for \$500.

But this was one pickle that Gentleman Georgie wasn't able to invent any new way out of. He took one look over his well-tailored shoulder and saw the stern visage of Uncle Sam, the California sunlight glinting off his loaded shotgun.

He took another look and saw the gorgeous Gabor.

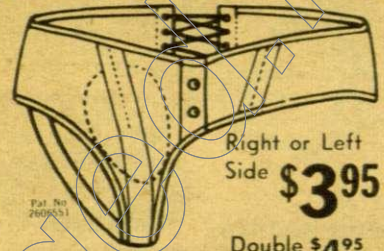
With an inventiveness worthy of Tom Swift, Sanders saw there was only one solution to life at No. 9060 Shoreham Drive.

He curled his upper lip, put on his best party-manners sneer — and with a sardonic glare at the U.S. Immigration Service, suavely married Zsa Zsa Gabor.

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