

FOREWORD

WHEN I STARTED OUT WRITING THIS TOME, I HAD THE idea of calling it *One Lucky Bastard* because that's what I feel I certainly am. But the 'b-word' was thought to be a little too risqué and wouldn't look good on the bookshop shelves, so I thought I'd better come up with another title that would describe, perhaps more accurately, what I hope you will find to be an interesting, amusing and moving collection of memories and stories about friends, colleagues and loved ones I've encountered in my eighty-odd years.

Lana Turner, whom I had the greatest pleasure of working with in Hollywood, told me her pet hatred was another actress named Linda Christian, namely because when Lana was engaged to Tyrone Power, Linda found out where he was going to stay in Rome while working on a film and booked herself into a room next to his ... and the rest was history.

Why am I telling you this? Well, a while later, Linda and Edmund Purdom – who was under contract at MGM at the same time as me – started a big affair and to complicate matters further, Linda found herself in the centre of a rather sticky situation regarding *another* past affair, this time with a wealthy industrialist who had presented her with expensive jewels and precious diamonds that his family now wanted back. Linda felt she should have some recompense for her trouble, and when the day for a changeover of cash for