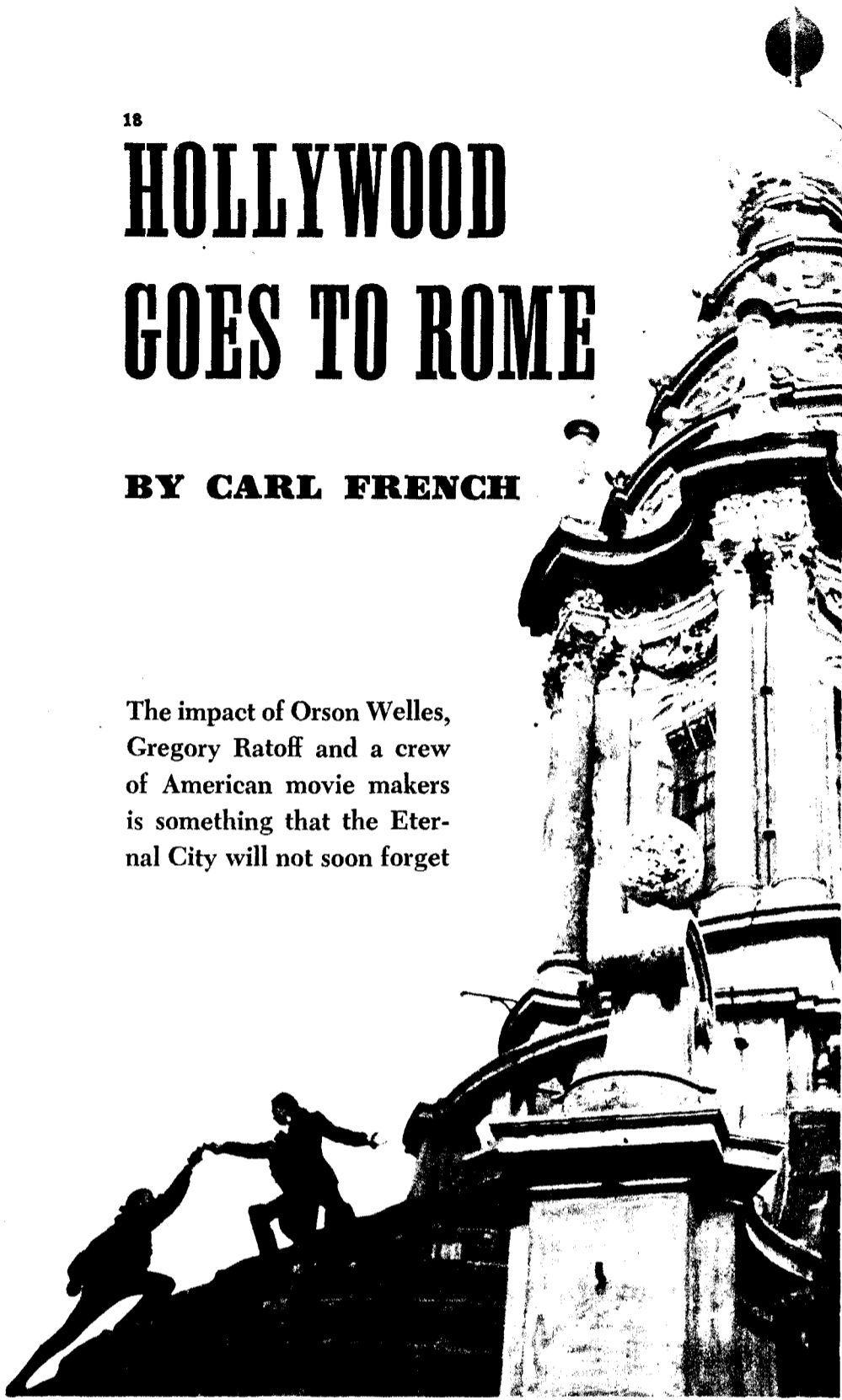


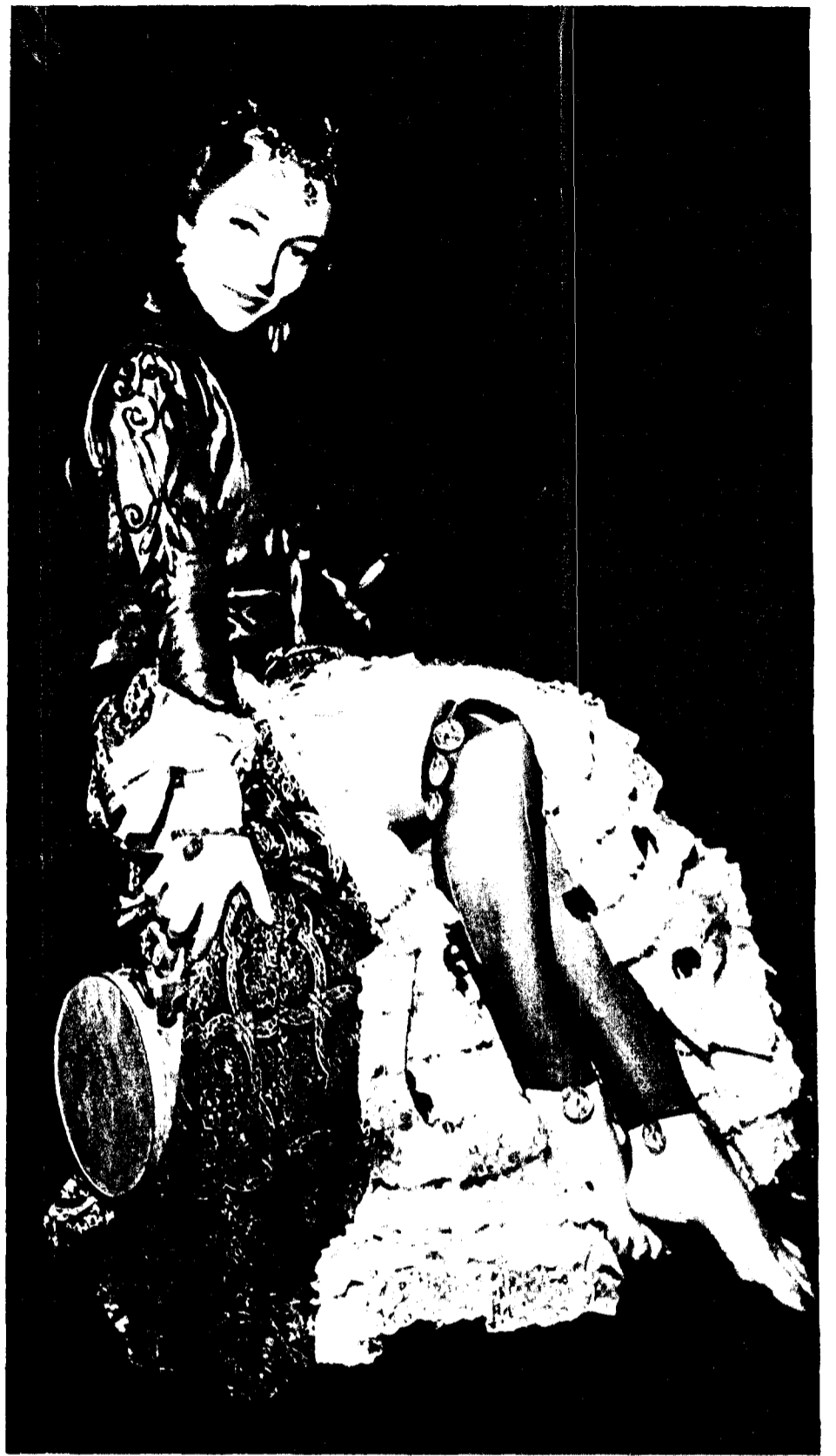
HOLLYWOOD GOES TO ROME

BY CARL FRENCH

The impact of Orson Welles, Gregory Ratoff and a crew of American movie makers is something that the Eternal City will not soon forget



On the tower of the ancient Palace of Sapienza, 200 feet above the street, movie stunt men stage one of the duels with which the romantic tale abounds



The foot-loose gypsy girl in the photo is being impersonated by Valentina Cortese, Italian actress, who turned out to be just what Hollywood is looking for

ON THE dawn of his first morning in Rome, Movie Director Gregory Ratoff heaved himself out of bed, staggered to his hotel window and looked out on the Eternal City. "What a set!" he groaned, rolling his eyes heavenward.

Rome gazed back at him with unruffled serenity. She was not to maintain it for long. In the months which followed she has borne the impact of Mr. Ratoff, Orson Welles, Akim Tamiroff and numerous other strong personalities from Hollywood making a movie called *Cagliostro*.

The first scene shot by Mr. Ratoff was a gypsy brawl on the steps of the ancient Church of St. Paul's Outside the Walls. Four hundred extras staged a riot so realistically that the startled monks rushed out to pacify the mob. Result: They're in the picture too.

One of the principal sets in *Cagliostro* is the Quirinale, or Royal Palace, former home of the deposed House of

Savoy. The Italian government was stunned when the request was made. The Roman public was stunned when it was granted. But Italy is naturally eager to have Rome accepted as a film-making center. And Hollywood companies, with billions of lire frozen in Italy, find this sort of location trip a logical use of their funds.

Edward Small was the first big producer to try it. The script he chose was a lush tale of the gypsy hypnotist *Cagliostro*, who set all 18th century France on its ear and almost put the skids under Marie Antoinette.

When the shooting started, curious Romans began to swarm to the Scalera Studios, to the Quirinale, wherever the company was located. Ratoff stanchly resisted interruptions and delays from the steady flow of uninvited guests. But he found it impossible to buck the sheer Italianity of his Roman production crew.

Just as he was ready to shoot one

important scene, a long rope slowly descended from the rafters, in full view of the camera. At the end of the rope was an empty woven flask for Chianti wine.

"What the hell is going on here?" Ratoff shouted.

The plaintive voice of an Italian electrician came down from above. "I am thirsty," it said.

Reporters from the Rome dailies did not fare well. One of them cornered Orson Welles and blurted out a question: "What about Rita Hayworth?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Welles answered.

"Ha!" echoed the reporter, whipping out his notebook. "That too is an answer."

"It is not an answer," Welles retorted. "It is simply a comment on your question." And turning a majestic heel, he went away from there.

But there is no stopping the tales that travel around Roman cafés. A

favorite of the Italians concerns the scene in which horses of the French cavalry were to charge through fire toward the cameras.

Ratoff was stationed directly behind the flames. The horses did fine, but when they confronted the glaring Ratoff, they reared and galloped frantically back into the flames.

The Americans have been delighted with Italian artistic perfection. Costumes, sets and wigs have cost a tenth to a hundredth of what they would in America. Italian technicians, despite time out for Chianti, have proved amiable and adaptable.

There has been, regrettably, a shortage of top-notch sound and cutting equipment. And the movie has already cost over a million to produce—twice the original estimate. But other American film makers are not discouraged. For Italy is overflowing with authentic backgrounds, talent, culture—and frozen American funds. ★★★

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ROSA HARVAN



Inside the Quirinale, in a room often used by the late King Victor Emmanuel III to receive important foreign dignitaries, Gregory Ratoff (seated on bed) goes over a scene with Cagliostro (Orson Welles, right). Nancy Guild, as Marie Antoinette, is behind Ratoff. Gent in camel's-hair coat (left) is a Hollywood make-up man

In the shadow of the clock tower, two extras slip ordinary trousers over their costumes before going to lunch. Scene is the courtyard of the palace

Miss Cortese (right) acted as guide for Miss Guild and her husband, Charles Russell (left), and Actor Stephen Bekassy on a tour of Rome, including flower stalls at the Piazza di Spagna



THE MYSTERIOUS WAY

BY SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM



The Story:

JACKSON WHITETOP really had his hands full. His grandfather, old MORONI SKINNER, had come down from heaven and told him to marry KATIE JENSEN, the BISHOP's pretty daughter. But Katie was all set to marry HENRY BROWN, the storekeeper and sheep rancher who had taken over Jackson's sheep during the war and had been quietly defrauding him ever since; and when Jackson announced that he was going to marry her, everyone laughed at him—except old MILO FERGUSON, an apostate who was Henry's helper in the store, to whom Moroni had also appeared. Katie's mother, BERYL JENSEN, tricked the bishop into believing he had received a heavenly message telling him Jackson couldn't marry Katie unless he settled the Trouble, an old feud between the inhabitants of the valley, led by YOUNG MERRILL LITTLEWALL and REED CARTER, which centered around the building of a new meetinghouse.

Then NEPHI SMITH's daughter, ANITA, intimated that Jackson was responsible for her illegitimate child, and Nephi (who had no idea the real culprit was Henry) demanded a wedding. The next morning NED HOLT, Henry's unwilling partner in crime, tried to give Jackson a lot of money—to clear his conscience so he could marry BEULAH HESS. Jackson refused the money but accepted Holt's recipe for "coffee." Milo disappeared from the valley. Then Jackson discovered a packet containing \$25,000 on his kitchen shelf, and Henry found that his own secret cache had been looted. Young Merrill Littlewall, Reed Carter and Sid WORTH, hoping to find hidden treasure,

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money.

"Sure we lost it. I kept a list of the serial numbers." The little man produced the list.

Jackson went inside and checked the list against half a dozen bills. Funniest thing he ever had happen to him. The money mysteriously appearing, Henry making out as if it was his, but refusing to take it, and now these two strangers showing up to identify it. He figured there was something about it all he didn't understand. He took the money out and gave it to the stranger. "Here you go. I'm sure glad to get rid of this stuff."

The little man's eyes narrowed suspiciously. He'd expected at least an argument. This local yokel was either plenty dumb or plenty deep. "Thanks, friend. You're an honest man."

"I don't want what ain't mine, is all. How'd the stuff get in my place in the first place, is what I can't figure out."

A deep one, the little man concluded: a deep one playing dumb. Couldn't come out and admit, of

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Milo skidded to a stop. "Git here in time?" he yelled. "A madman! Good heavens, what a ride!" Mrs. Toolson exclaimed

CONTINUING THE STORY OF A REMARKABLE COURTSHIP