

HOW The PRINCESS Became Plain "Mrs. Prince"

LUCY Cotton Thomas Ament Hann Magraw Eristavi-Tchitcherine, much married ex-stage and screen star, went into the Florida courts for a very delicate piece of legal surgery.

Bent on amputating her fifth husband, that tall, balding son of the Russian steppes, Prince Vladimir Eristavi-Tchitcherine, she asked that the delicate operation be performed by the court in such a way that her rights in the distaff part of his lofty title remain whole and unimpaired.

In other words, she wanted to lose the Prince for good but remain a Princess by means of a skillful operation.

Ever since the memorable day in 1941, when within the space of a few hours she shed her fourth husband, a plain, untitled former newspaper artist named Thomas Magraw, and married her fifth, Lucy has missed no opportunity to flaunt her acquired nobility in the face of a skeptical world.

In fact, so flamboyantly did she show it off that behind her back some kind people began calling her "Princess Cotton Panties."

So, her request to the court was no surprise, though it did seem a little like asking a surgeon to cut off your whole arm while leaving you the full use of the elbow.

It remained for Prince Vladimir to provide the surprise, and he did it with a vengeance.

Lucy claimed a divorce on the ground that he had squandered \$225,000 of her savings, neglected his marital duties and exhibited extreme cruelty in the form of recurrent bouts of Slavic moodiness.

Stretched out on the operating table, Vladimir put up a fierce battle. He just didn't want to be amputated.



Prince Is Mr. Eristavi-Tchitcherine's Legal Monicker—as in "Here, Prince."

Lucy Cotton Thomas Ament Hann Magraw Eristavi-Tchitcherine—the Hair She Once Shaved Off Grew Back, But It's Doubtful If Her Lost Title Will.

ine, her real name had been just plain Mrs. Prince Vladimir Eristavi-Tchitcherine.

And Mrs. Prince she's going to remain, until she either (a) asks the court to let her resume one of her wide collection of other names, or (b) gets married once more.

After her double-header divorce from Magraw and marriage to Vladimir, Lucy went around, personally informing society editors, tradespeople and such of her elevation in rank.

Apparently she was not bothered when the Russian Nobility Association refused to credit her husband's title as a Prince—on the ground that it wasn't much good.

Vladimir quoted documents to prove that his mother, a Princess in her own right, had invested him with his princely handle, and Lucy announced:

"My husband is descended from St. George—who killed the dragon—and from Cicero. He is also the descendant of four Kings and was born under the sign of Libra."

Granting that it would take four ages or a royal flush to beat that pedigree, it still doesn't make Lucy anything but Mrs. Prince Vladimir Eristavi-Tchitcherine.

However, if she's lost one title she still has another to fall back on—"Princess Cotton Panties."

Stretched on the Legal Operating Table, Vladimir Put Up a Fierce Battle. He Just Didn't Want to Be Amputated.

table, Vladimir proved an unruly patient. He didn't want to be amputated. It wasn't his fault, he protested, that the marriage had foundered.

It was Lucy's: she had shown herself vain and stubborn—and besides, she owed him \$25,000.

But it was on the question of his title that he proved most unco-operative. His attitude seemed to be that Lucy could have it if she wanted it—but only over his dead body. And, indeed, in order to thwart her he committed a form of social hara-kiri.

All titles, both his and hers, he contended, should be stricken from the court record; they had no place there, because he already had abandoned his—on becoming a naturalized citizen of this country.

On taking American citizenship, he really had—as he claimed—forsworn his title. However, he had pulled a fast one by having the word Prince legally incorporated in his name, as an integral part of it.

Thus, after naturalization, his monicker remained the same as it had

been before—with this slight difference: whereas previously Prince had been a title, it was now just a given name, like Joseph, or John, or Percy.

This disclosure came as a shock to a lot of people, who had been greeting him in what they had thought to be a very formal and correct manner. Actually, without knowing it, they had been as folksy as the taxi driver who calls you Mac.

Compared with Lucy's, however, all other shocks paled into insignificance. Nor did the court's final decision do much to soothe her. The surgery succeeded. She got all she had asked for: both her divorce and the right to go on using her husband's name.

But without the much coveted title these victories were as dust.

In the light of Vladimir's revelations, it appeared that all the time she had been referring to herself as Princess Vladimir Eristavi-Tchitcherine.