# Why Aly Khan Slapped Charlie Chaplin!

# HOLLYWOOD-BROADWAY-TV-CAFÉ SOCIETY-INTERNATIONAL

# **EXCLUSIVE: THE TRUTH BEHIND THE GODFREY SMEAR!**

One of the most vicious hatchet campaigns in entertainment history is being waged against the red-headed idol of millions.

## **People Who Write Obscene Letters**

CDC Tios

> Case histories of crackpots who write filthy letters to famous persons-and why they do it.

## MM–The Pentagon's "Secret Weapon"!

Documentary evidence reveals that Marilyn Monroe has become a hot dish in the cold war.

# WHAT "LIFE" DID NOT PRINT About Audrey Hepburn!

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#### GARRULOUS GODFREY

ANGELIC AUDREY



#### MYSTERIOUS MARIA





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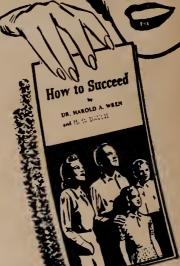


SMARTEST THING HE EVER DID "I noticed that the trained men held the better jobs. That's when I decided to take an I. C. S. course. Enrolling with I. C. S. was one of the smartest things I ever did. The position as Plant Engineer I hold today is largely due to the 'know-how' derived from my I. C. S. texts. I. C. S. can help any man who will study." L. P. S., Elkhart, Ind. special skills that bring them better jobs and higher pay. It's the men without training whose dreams never come true.

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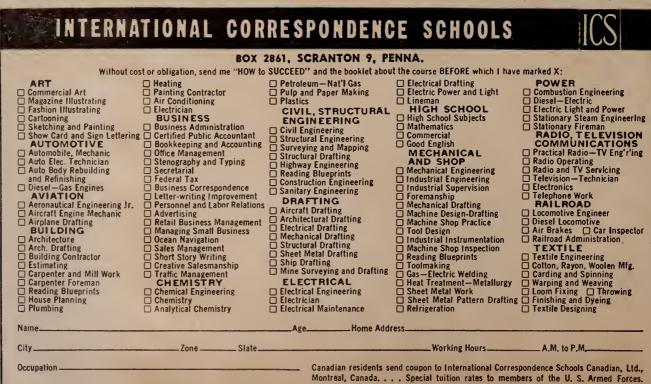
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HEY ARE IN THE NEWS		

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# HOWARD HUGHES.. HAROLDSON HUNT.. The Intimate Life of

Even broad-minded Texans are shocked by the zany antics of these zesty millionaires!!! Read how the richest men in the world spend some of the countless dollars that come gushing out of the ground into their bankbooks.



Howard Hughes, worth millions, has never been known to part with a single cent unnecessarily. The discoverer of Jane Russell goes to niteclubs dressed in dirty sneakers and T-shirts.

#### by JOHN LEWIS CARVER

The chances are that you never heard of James West, Esquire, called "Jim" by his friends and "Silver Dollar Jim" by other fellow Texans. Silver is about right. He was born mouthing a silver spoon in the form of eighty million bucks which his oil-rich father left him. And Jim is now throwing away part of that fortune — literally throwing it away.

Silver Dollar Jim is obsessed with silver dollars. He has thousands of them flown to his Houston home from Las Vegas, Nevada, in potato sacks. Wherever Jimmy goes, he drops these dollars, like an Oriental potentate carrying alms. His suits are made with special pockets to carry those glittering bucks. From time to time he dips into those custom-made vaults, pulls out a handful of dollars, and scatters them in his wake. Then, with a sardonic smirk, he watches the hoi polloi scramble to gather up his largesse.

Once in a while, Silver Dollar Jim climbs to the top of his palatial home in Houston and throws a handful of bucks out on the driveway below, then watches his large staff of servants fighting one another to snatch them up. In the summer, Jim throws silver dollars into his swimming pool, then watches his servants dive in with their clothes on. He thinks this is very funny.

Silver Dollar Jim is just one of a gilt-edged crowd of loons who are hard put to find ways to get rid of the money that flows into their pockets with every barrel of oil that flows out of the ground. He belongs to that fabulous fraternity of oil millionaires and cattle ranchers

# JESSE JONES. ROY CULLEN. JAMES WEST Hose Texas Millionaires



H. L. Hunt earns at least \$200,000 a day. The richest man in the world, he is painfully shy.

for whom the barren wastelands of the Lone Star State became the land of milk and honey. Or is it oil and baloney?

Everything is big in Texas but the biggest of all are its zillionaires. Much of the crazy money that is still loose in the United States is in Texans hands — billions of dollars of it in the hands of a few nabobs crazed by the miracle of their own luck, incredulous at the size of their fortunes, and bewildered by all that money can buy.

#### **SOLITARY SHOPPING**

Silver Dollar Jim is a man cast in the mold of Diamond Jim Brady. He likes to watch the mob scramble for his dollars, but otherwise he loathes the company of "people." They get on his nerves. When he goes to Dallas to do a little shopping at Neiman-Marcus, America's swankiest department store, Silver Dollar Jim wants to be alone. Stanley Marcus, president of the store, is notified whenever Jim West wants to come in. And on a Sunday Marcus will open up the store for Jim alone, even though he may come only to window shop. On those Sundays, the entire store staff must report for work because nobody knows just what Jim is planning to buy: a platinum mink coat or a flyswatter, some precious imported china or a neat little white dress for one of his upstairs maids.

As Jim moves up and down the aisles, with

(Continued on Page 49)

Fellow Texans regard big Jesse Jones, one-time cabinet member under Franklin D. Roosevelt, as a very queer millionaire because he is completely sane, very dull and enjoys hard work.



Roy Cullen loves to give away green stuff, once parted with \$150,000,000 at one throw. He promises to give Houston U. \$2,500,000 when its football team beats the Baylor U. eleven.



**Top Secrets never before published in America!** Here are documented facts about the latest Hollywood sensation-facts her press agents and studio bosses are trying to suppress. Read and decide yourself how angelic she really is!

C

# Andrey Hepburn

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did not print about

Albat

Hollywood propagandists writing inspired epics about Audrey Hepburn, the little star who lately made the flat chest respectable on the screen, are disturbed by the rattling of skeletons in the closet of their Cinderella.

Audrey is presented as Princess Charming and Miss Innocence in person — the little girl who refuses to wear falsies in her artless resolve to give only the facts, ma'am, even insofar as her most intimate measurements are concerned.

But despite the millions of "intimate" and "authentic" words written about this female Galahad, there remain quite a few hitherto unrevealed facts about the young woman's road to stardom.

TOP SECRET can reveal that Audrey started her startling theatrical career as a chorus girl in a risque French girlie show called "Sauce Piquante," imported from the boulevards of Paris to London's Cambridge Theater. In this glorified burlesque, she appeared on the stage as scantily dressed as Britain's royal censor, 'he prudish Lord Chamberlain, would permit. The chorus line that Audrey adorned was background for the suggestive jokes and antics of a notorious female impersonator. His act turned



LIFE did not print this pic of chorus line in the spicy French show "Sauce Piquante" at London's Cambridge Theatre. Arrow points to the only girl who doesn't look shocked by ribald dialog of female impersonator Douglas Byng — and, guess what, it's innocent little Audrey!

the spectacle into a ribald affair catering to the lower regions of male imagination.

Furthermore, TOP SECRET can also introduce the mystery man in Audrey's currently overpublicized life — her father, a strange and erratic man who was carried for years on the suspect list of British counterespionage because of his pro-Nazi activities.

No matter how hard you may try, you will find nothing about these episodes in the columns printed on Audrey. And search as you may, you will discover not a hint of "Sauce Piquante" or Audrey's appearances in the floor shows of certain London night clubs.

When LIFE awarded Audrey the distinction of its front page and featured her in an unprecedented nine-page layout, you saw only the demure little actress skyrocketed to stardom by her natural talent, lifting her cup of coffee "with natural gracefulness," riding her bike with the gay abandon of an urchin, doing her homework like a conscientious schoolgirl, and loved by all and sundry "for her orderliness and formality."

When Hollywood's own Hedda Hopper described her in a rave column as a "dedicated woman" with a "magical spark," she emphasized Audrey's "queenly dignity" and remarked that she would never be seen "peddling around town in pedal pushers."

When a London weekly rushed a special correspondent to Audrey in Hollywood, you discovered in his article that she didn't even know how to mix a Martini.

Hearts melt and souls rejoice at the sight of so much loveliness and innocence, at this virgin beauty so-o-o devoid of even the suggestion of sin, at this personification of virtue and instinctive rectitude.

#### A BABE IN HOLLYWOOD

Audrey Hepburn did not always aspire to the role of the unblemished princess whose angelic face enchants all men with its goody-goody appeal.

There were a few struggling years in her life whose unretouched story would blur the synthetic picture and draw aside the toga of utter probity from the slim torso of Hollywood's current woman of distinction.

But, don't get us wrong! We have no objecttion to the fulsome praise now poured on Audrey's roguish little head on the basis of a single supercolossal production in which she played havoc with two naive Americans in frantic search of a scoop. Her "Roman Holiday" was a delightful bit of tomfoolery, even though in this atomic age its Graustarkian nonsense seemed as phony as the Piltdown man. We enjoyed her film as much as you did, only we didn't collapse at the sight of Miss Hepburn and didn't think that she was the greatest actress of all time, as some of the critics did.

To set the record straight, TOP SECRET fills out the gaps in the biography of Miss Audrey Hepburn and presents a selection of stills from her pre-Hollywood days.

Here, then, are pictures from Sauce Piquante, with Audrey bringing up the rear of a naughty chorus line.

Here, then, is the photograph of a different Audrey, the white skin of her thigh flashing through the sexy hose, her falsies ensconed in decorative bras, her lips opened for that comeonish smile on that go-onish stage.

Here is the coy picture of little Audrey, in the line of lovelies, aiding and abetting the crude frolics of the female impersonator in the most outspoken manner of gay Paree.

To be sure, from Audrey's point of view this "Sauce Piquante" was nothing but a modest

7

gravy train, since even struggling young actresses have to eat. There is nothing base in starting at the bottom with a pretty bottom. Some of Hollywood's most glamorous stars began on the gaudy stage of burlesque, kicking high while lying low, shedding their G-strings while awaiting those big costume roles. CONVENIENT AMNESIA

I don't even think that the aseptic Miss Hepburn herself is ashamed of her role — that was as short as her skirt — in "Sauce Piquante." No matter how much bashfulness and prudery is now attributed to her in the blurbs, those who know her from those Piquante days aver that bashfulness is not among her character traits.

But somehow Audrey prefers to keep mum about that fleeting phase of her career in the old Cambridge. She allows her memory to lapse conveniently whenever she is reminded of it. And she suffers from expedient amnesia when the name of Cecil Landeau, her first impresario, is mentioned. He was the genius who discovered her and gave her that chance in "Sauce Piquante." long before Paramount's top-ranking talent scouts penetrated to that artistic talent within her soul.

Come on, Audrey! Americans can take it! Didn't that calendar of Marilyn Monroe become a bestseller?

Audrey made the grade with "Sauce Piquante" after a troubled and often hectic childhood that was further disturbed by the second World War. Her mother is now introduced as the Baroness Ella van Hemmstra, granddaughter of the former royal governor of Dutch Surinam, once a familiar figure at Queen Wilhelmina's sedate court. In fact, Audrey was born after the Baroness had married J. A. Hepburn-Ruston, the father who is (Continued on Page 49)



Little Audrey coyly rubs cheeks with mother, the Baroness van Hemmstra. As for her father, admirer of Sir Mosley's Fascists — the less said about the subject, the better!

Once again the arrow points to the "Sauce Piquante" chorus girl Hollywood is now trying to build up as a "typical teen-age type". If this 24 year old slice of spice is a typical teen-age type, the average teen-age boy in this country must feel he's sure been missing the boat! During the war, Audrey used to raise money for the Dutch underground by dancing behind drawn shades in private houses in the Netherlands.





The shocking, hitherto unknown story of how a King helped a monster! How the figurehead of the British Empire helped Adolf Hitler!

harres 1

On Oct. 23, 1937, the Duke and Duchess visited Hitler in Berchtesgaden where this photo was taken. How, one year later, the King saved Hitler is told in this sensational expose!

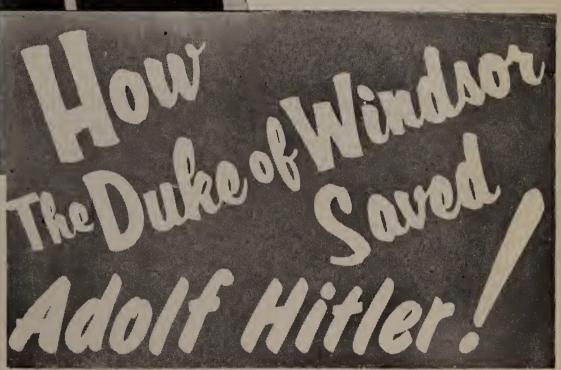
#### By LADISLAS FARAGO

TOP SECRET reveals today one of the most sensational chapters in the chain of events which led to World War II. There are only two men alive today who know the full details of this amazing historic episode. One of them is the Duke of Windsor. The other is a German named Fritz Hesse, an eyewitness to this strange incident.

The Duke keeps mum. But Hesse is talking. He has now decided to break a silence he had kept for eighteen years. On page 61 of a book called "The Gamble for Germany", just published by Paul List in Munich, he tells one of the strangest stories of this hectic century.

The time was the spring of 1936. Hitler had just sent his troops marching into the Rhineland, even though, under the Treaty of Versailles, Germany was not allowed to have a single soldier in the Rhineland.

Europe was on the brink of war, since Britain and France seemed determined to oppose Hitler's move by force if necessary. Then Edward VIII, the King of England stepped in to



turn Hitler's imminent disaster into a triumph.

There is not a single word about this fantastic event in the Duke of Windsor's memoirs, printed in Life magazine and later published in his book entitled "A King's Story." Nor is the incident mentioned in the current global bestseller, "Gone With The Windsors."

TOP SECRET'S exclusive story is an authentic footnote to the history of our times.

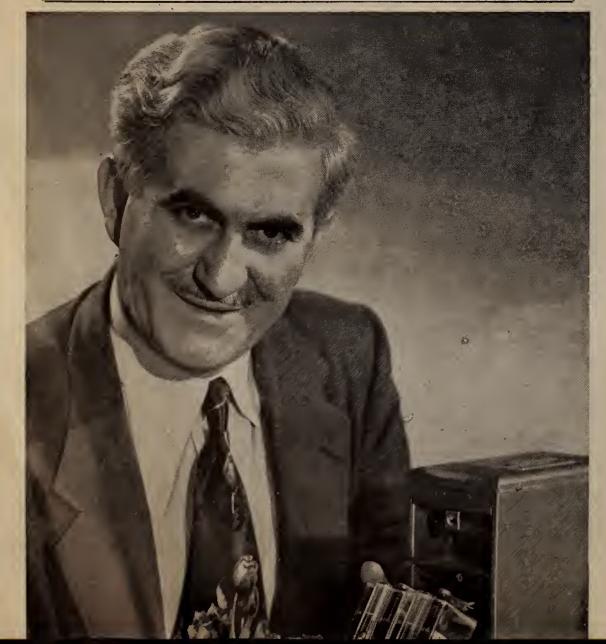
#### GAMBLING AND BLUFFING

It is the story of a bewildered and confused monarch whose passion for peace contributed to the outbreak of the second World War. Historians now agree that had Hitler been stopped in 1936, he would have been stopped for good.

Hitler was fully aware of the possible consequences of his adventure when he decided to test the steel of the Allies by ordering his troops into the Rhineland. He was gambling — and bluffing. At the sign of the slightest military opposition on the part of Britain and France, he was ready to pull back his troops and actually commit suicide.

In a signed and sealed order, his commanding generals were instructed to withdraw immediately if the Allied armies moved against them. Furthermore, Hitler had his last will and testament written in preparation for this eventuality. It was all or nothing for him.

The news of Hitler's march into the Rhineland hit the people of France with the impact of a sledgehammer. Fearing a revival of the German military power that had dragged France into two No woman, whether a famous actress or just the pretty girl next door, is safe from these sex degenerates who put their vilest thoughts into letters which they mail to anyone they please.



By

CENE LETTERS

People Hrite

#### JAMES KERR MILLER

Every day of the year, women from coast to coast open letters addressed to them which bring blood rushing up to their heads. They are startled and scandalized by what they read. There may be no signature under the note, or just a first name in its diminutive form. But once in a while the name and address of the writer is spelled out in full.

These are poisoned notes whose writers use the mails with the easy approach they provide to any random addressee to abuse the defenseless people who find such stink bombs in their mailboxes.

Nothing seems able to stem the tide of these letters — no postal rules, no laws, no social sanctions. Instead of diminishing, their number increases every year.

Such letters are filled with erotic suggestions and vulgar four-letter words. They reflect their writers' weird sexual fantasies and their perverted preoccupation with imaginary orgies in which their addressees are made unwilling partners.

Nothing worse can happen to a beautiful woman than to have her address revealed in the newspapers. She may be a showgirl in a publicity story, or a hapless woman raped, or a beauty contest winner, or a lady figuring in a sizzling divorce case. The moment her address gets into print, she becomes the target of lewd and lascivious maniacs. She receives despicable letters which invite her participation in the morbid sex dreams of perverts.

The problem of obscene letters is real and urgent — but it is almost never discussed in public. Not even Dr. Kinsey considered it in his books on the sexual behavior of Americans.

But once in a while, when a criminal case involving the writer of an obscene letter breaks to the surface when prominent persons become involved as either the writers or recipients of such letters, the public becomes aware of the problem.

Recently, the case of a well-known television personality attracted nationwide attention when

Roy K. Marshall was famous for making scientific subjects, from storage batteries to solar systems, understandable.

# Obscene Mail To Girls Holds TV Scientist

Philadelphia, Jan. 12 (AP).— Dr. Roy K. Marshall, nationally known scientist and radio and television commentator, is under indictment on charges of. sending obscene letters through the mails, U. S. District Judge J. Cullen Ganey

disclosed today. Ganey, in open court, said Marshall was indicted Nov. 18, accused

the man was exposed as the writer of obscene letters to teen-age girls. He was one of the country's best-known scholars, a middle-aged man of excellent standing in society, highly respected in his own field and known to millions through his TV appearances.

When a convention of the American Medical Association was featured on TV, he was chosen to act as commentator. Nothing in his personal or social or scientific past indicated any sexual aberrations. Yet this man was revealed as a pervert who sought and found outlets for his diseased sex fantasies in writing suggestive letters to teen-agers.

#### LETTERS FROM SKID ROW

A few years ago a famous criminologist was exposed as the author of similar correspondence. He addressed his letters to the President of the United States, to the Mayor of New York, and to other prominent personalities. These vile, obscenity-laden notes were obviously never signed. They were not much different from the letters written by a simple, uneducated janitor in Washington, D. C., to the pretty female teachers of the school where he worked.

The criminologist was found out and sentenced to four years in jail for his annoying correspondence. The janitor was discovered when one of the teachers was found murdered in the furnace room of the school and the janitor was exposed as her perverted killer. The scientist was found out when the teen-agers to whom his letters were Marshall in 1940, when he was the Assistant Director of Fels Planetarium of the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia. He's seen cleaning the 24" mirror of the Planetarium's telescope.

addressed showed them to their parents.

Writers of obscene letters are found in all walks of life. They may be highly educated or illiterate members of the upper class or hopeless bums from Skid Row. The mail that is received by pretty actresses, beauty queens, or handsome society women in the public eye may be brilliant, witty, wicked letters that would do justice to a professional writer, or single sheets of paper with just one four-letter word cumbersomely written across the page.

While obviously no exact statistics are available, it is estimated that the number of such letters mounts into the millions every year and that the number of their writers totals tens of thousands.

Who are the writers of obscene letters? And why do they write their vile notes? Are these anonymous correspondents simple crackpots? Or are they practical jokers! Or are they sick? MAIL FROM SICK MALES

A careful and objective study of thousands of such letters which TOP SECRET examined in preparing this article shows that the writers of obscene letters belong in all three of these categories. But while crackpots and practical jokers essentially harmless people who write an occasional obscene letter as an impulsive act — figure prominently in the group, the vast majority of these sneak-correspondents are people with diseased minds, eligible for confinement in institutions.

They are undoubtedly a kind of sex maniac, and the writing of obscene letters is usually just one manifestation of a lewd and lascivious personality over which the penman has little control. Usually these people suffer from other sexual aberrations, too. They may be nymphomaniacs, as persons with insatiable sexual appetites are called; or they may be exhibitionists, persons who derive morbid satisfaction from indecent exposure; or they may be actually unbalanced lunatics who begin their fearful careers with the writing of obscene notes, then go on to rape, and finally wind up as sex murderers.

TOP SECRET'S research into this correspondence revealed a number of important facts which have hitherto been ignored or unrecognized by bashful scientists.

The vast majority of the writers of such lewd correspondence are males, while the addressees are almost invariably females. Once in a while an obscene letter may be written by a sex-crazed female, but even such letters are rarely addressed to males. Most of the obscene letters written by women are addressed to women, revealing still another abnormal trait of such writers: homosexuality.

The people who have such urges to express their sex dreams and repressed desires do not confine their abnormal activities to the writing of letters. They are the ones whose handwriting besmirches the walls of public comfort stations. They are the ones who make nocturnal telephone calls, dialing numbers at random and then mumbling obscene words to scandalize some helpless woman at the other end of the line. These are the fannypinchers, men who loiter around girl's schools, or follow teen-agers on the streets.

#### (Continued on Page 43)

Sensational revelations from the personal life of glamorous Marlene and her once chubby - but

now lovely — daughter.

Marlene, her husband Rudolf Sieber and their 5 year-old daughter "Heidede" in 1931 at their Pasadena home. Those were still happy days for the glamorous Dietrich and the young girl.

Every time Maria Riva, doeskinned, drowsyeyed daughter of leg-endary Marlene Dietrich, appears on television she violates a solemn pledge she made way back in 1944. Then playing a tiny role in a Broadway play and an obscure role in life, she vowed that if she ever had children they would never suffer the tragic childhood which she thought she had experienced.

'If I have a child," said Maria to reporter Selma Robinson in an interview in which no holds were barred, "I won't go on with my career, no matter how successful it is. I will not step on the stage if I have a child!"

When she uttered these painful words, with tears running down her cheeks and her voice shrill in bitter protest, Marlene's daughter her only child — was a confused and desperate young woman out of her teens. As if trying to smash the memories of her barren childhood, she planned "a normal life" for her own children then still unborn.

Today Maria Riva is one of the glamorous stars of television. And though she has two wonderful boys — John Michael, seven, and John Peter, five — she is as busy as a beaver with her career.

#### **BROKEN PLEDGES**

But in 1944 she had pledged, "My child will have the most normal childhood you ever saw. He'll go to public school and eat ice-cream cones and hot dogs. He'll have a yard to play in; he'll have a real home with sisters and brothers and no celebrity for a mother.

'Above all, I would stay home at night. I would never go away at night. Dressing up in evening clothes. Tucking a child in. A kiss and hurry, hurry! No, I'd stay at home at night."

Every syllable in her words spelled out a deeply felt protest against a famous and beloved mother who did not stay at home at night to tuck her in. Speaking about an uncertain future, Maria thought of her own past. And she shuddered as she remembered.

TOP SECRET LOVE STORY

At that time, ten years ago, Marlene's young daughter was groping desperately for a place under the sun which was shining so radiantly on her beautiful mother. But everything she tried went wrong. Anything she wanted to touch escaped her eager grasp. She was a barrel of a girl, awkward and fat. She shuddered each time she stepped on a scale and read the 190 pounds it showed.

DICK SCHUYLER

During those hectic years of search, Maria was constantly on the move between California and New York, between America and Europe. She was always on the run, as if trying to escape from her own life. She ran away from home into the arms of a hasty marriage, then from her young husband into the cold embrace of the theater -a theater that lured her like a distant magnet but offered only disappointments and hardship in exchange for her passionate, humble cravings.

Above all else, Maria was running away from her mother whom the whole world worshipped as the most glamorous thing on the shapeliest legs the stage and screen have ever seen. To those who knew all about Mana's frantic quest for personal happiness, her problem seemed insoluble. It was the age-old prob-



In 1933, the blonde child was given a small role with Marlene in "Catherine the Great."

lem of the ugly duckling but without Hans Christian Andersen's happy ending in sight. It seemed Maria would never grow up to become a beautiful swan.

Worst of all, there was that wide abyss between the successful, glittering mother and the shapeless dumpling of a daughter. It was a gulf that appeared impossible to bridge.

#### MARLENE PARADES HER BABY

At a time when movie stars tried to hide their children, end even deny their existence, because they felt kids and glamor didn't mix, Marlene Dietrich paraded her own motherhood and showed off her little daughter, then nick-named "Heidede."

She started a fad that made parenthood both proper and popular among the stars of Hollywood. However, at the time, some people thought that her doting interest in her little "Heidede" was just a cruel publicity stunt, part of her own grandiose buildup, like the donning of slacks and wearing them in public.

From the time she first learned to speak sentences for the fan magazines, Maria went out of her way to back up such impressions of her mother's heartlessness. Even in 1944, in the bare dressing room of a Broadway theater where she was interviewed by a sympathetic newsman, Maria described her chidhood days in biting words.

described her chidhood days in biting words. "I remember how I used to cry at night," she said. "I remember a whiff of perfume, and my mother in furs, standing there so beautiful. I wanted her to stand there, shimmering, and to dress only for me. I was so jealous when she went out! I knew that she was dressing up for someone else, and that she wanted to see someone else rather than me."

But while Maria thought she had suffered because her mother had been callously indifferent to her, in fact the exact opposite was true. It was really Marlene who had suffered. But Marlene had concealed her grief and tears as she bore the greatest secret of her private life, concealing it from her adoring public, putting up a front of gatety and nappiness.

Behind that make-believe mask, Marlene Dietrich was heartbroken. She had won the love of millions, but she had only the hatred of her own daughter. She was a hit as an actress, and the rage of the world as a woman, but she was a flop as a mother.

The relationship between Marlene and her daughter had the undetones of a Greek tragedy. It threatened to blow up in agloomy drama like the very Blue Angel that made the Dietrich world-famous.

Marlene's apprehension grew as her only child developed from a lovely, curly-headed, blonde little girl into an egotistical brat who tyrannized the whole household and dorve her own mother out of the house.

And Maria blamed others. She blamed the servants and governesses who surrounded her. She tormented her little playmates who offered friendship but received, in return, spite. But especially she blamed her mother. "I had governesses and maids and all that." she said, as she thought back on those horrible days of utter loneliness. "But I disliked them!"

#### "I HAD NO FRIENDS"

"I had no friends at all," she camplained. "I never mixed much. My only friend in all my childhood was Brian Aherne. He gave me much happiness. We would discuss Shakespeare.

"The policemen were my only other friends.

They used to send me letters and jars of peanut butter when I went to school in Switzerland... I always liked to be alone. I read all the time — Shakespeare, and books on medicine and psychiatry — Cushing's book on brain surgery, books on psychoanalysis, books about the mind. "When I was a child I used to brood about

"When I was a child I used to brood about suicide, cancer and tuberculosis. I used to wonder why people committed suicide. Medicine to me is the Mecca. If my own schooling had not been so mixed up I would have gone into medicine."

These were the desolate words of a lost, friendless soul.

It was a long, arduous road these two very attractive women had to travel, first to find themselves and then to find each other. But at the end of that tortuous road, the dark drama that threatened to end in tragedy was resolved by a sudden and unexpected switch of the plot. It became a tender story of affection in which two brilliant actresses are now playing their real-life roles with deep confidence in their love for each other.

The slim, chic, talented young woman televiewers now know as Maria Riva, star of TV's most gripping melodrams, was born Heidemaria Sieber in Berlin, almost thirty years ago. Her father was Rudolf Sieber, a minor theatrical producer who had to struggle hard for recognition and success.

Her mother was a budding young actress called Maria Magdalene Dietrich von Losch. She used the name "Marlene Dietrich" on the stage during appearances which were as rare as they were insignificant. There was little money in the Sieber

(Continued on Page 42)



Marlene and her little Maria, or "Heidede", viewing a polo match in Santa Monica in 1943. It was around this time that the young girl began complaining to reporters about her mother.

<text> Belgrade are exposed here exclusively for TOP SECRET readers! !

#### By Harold A. Clement

adis

For the first time since 1917 when the Bolsheviks seized power in Russia, the allmighty Party bosses of the Soviet Union and its satellites feel on their own skins the vicious blows of what they used to call "capitalist gossip."

While up to now the bedrooms of these bigwigs have been sacrosanct, they are now wide open for everybody to see into.

The private lives of these would-be deities are now being discussed and criticized. Their love affairs have become the talk of the town all the way from East Berlin to Vladivostok.

To paraphrase Karl Marx's own famous words, a new spectre is haunting the Communist world. It is sex with a capital "S."

In the Soviet Union, President Klementi Voroshilov's amorous escapades are now the butt of smutty stories even though the old Marshal of the Red Army has always been the Kremlin's number one wolf.

In Poland the people have a hard time choosing sides between the infatuation of Presi-

Milena Vrajakova, 21, wife of Yugoslav Army Chief of Staff Petko Dapcevic, is central figure in hot political controversy. Here the comely actress is seen dressed as a Bosnian peasant. dent Boleslav Bierut with a ballerina of the State Opera House and the affair of War Minister Konstantin Rokossovsky with the same ballerina who thus, in the best Communist fashion, shares her "wealth."

TONGUES WAG IN HUNGARY

In Hungary, it is common gossip that Party Boss Matyas Rakosi and his slit-eyed Mongolian missus have pffted and that both have found consolation in the arms of younger Party stalwarts.

And so it goes, southward from Czechoslavakia all the way down the Danube to Bulgaria, and eastward from little Albania across inland seas and steppes to Communist China where dictator Mao Tse-tung is having wife trouble with his fourth spouse. She refuses to believe that Mao discusses only dialectical materialism with a young student of Peiping University who happens to be a girl, pretty and just twenty-one.

Yugoslavia, which was long out of step with the rest of the Communist world, is back in step in such matters. The marriage of dashing Army Chief of Staff Petko Dapcevic to sloeeyed 21-year-old singer Milena Vrajakova opened the floodgates of gossip, especially when Party boss Milovan Djilas began to defend Milena by charging the wives of the other bosses with undue liberalism in their own love lives.

Such zig-zags of sex tactics are not new phenomena among the top-ranking Communists. New only is the freedom with which these affairs are being discussed. Even when Stalin was still alive — though prudery became obligatory in the Kremlin after he had passed the prime of life — the bigshots of Communism found ways and means, and young ladies, to do what he had prohibited because he could no longer himself indulge.

The wives of the bosses, though, were kept under wraps. They were salted away in the suburban villas of their powerful husbands, to take care of the house and the children, to knit and cook and look after their exhausted mates. They never appeared in public, even their identities were unknown. Only two exceptions were made: the wives of Foreign Minister Molotov and of Deputy Foreign Minister Vishinsky were allowed to appear in public to act as hostesses at diplomatic receptions.

Not even Premier Malenkov exempts himself from this rule, although his attractive and talented second wife, Elena, was once a much feted star of the Bolshoy, the Soviet Union's premier theater. But when Elena married up-and-coming Georgi Malenkov, out she went to the suburban datcha and never showed herself again with or without her hubby.

#### SEXCEPTION TO THE RULE

Malenkov is the sole exception to the rule that all Kremlin husbands must have "liaisons" in addition to their hidden wives. There were only two women in his life: his two wives. He married his first wife during his student davs and divorced her quietly when his rise began. Shortly afterwards he married Elena and now has two children by her. He takes his privacy seriously and sticks to his wife for better or for worse.

But his colleagues in the Kremlin are for free love. Each prima ballerina of the Bolshoy is assigned to a Kremlin bigwig, since it is a mark of prominence in the Soviet Union to have ballerinas for mistresses. The rules of hierarchy are strict. The prima ballerinas share their beds with the top-ranking Communists, the secondstringers sleep with the lower echelons, and the road show sleeps with the minor chiefs.

(Continued on Page 41)



Italian Red leader Luigi Longo, married 35 years, divorced his wife to wed Bruna Conti, a Commie editor. Luigi and his wife, Bruna like to dine in expensive, non-proletarian restaurants.



Free-love in France is exemplified by Red boss Maurice Thorez, shown here with Jeanette Vermeersch. Comrade Thorez and Comrade Vermeersch were accused of carrying this comrade business a bit too far — especially when three children resulted. They say they are now married, but a member of French Assembly recently accused them of still "living in sin."

# THE LOWDOWN ON HOLLYWOOD'S No. 1 WOLF

What has this dimpled darling got that makes so many lovely ladies swoon at his feet? Is he a swaggering muscle-man or a Casanova who plays hard-to-get?

#### By HAL TURNER

At the tender age of three, when he was known as Issur Danielovich, that swaggering Casanova with the deep dimple in the middle of his chin already knew how to handle the dames. By the time he turned fifteen and changed his name to Isadore Demsky, he was polishing an already slick technique.

Today at 38, with a new first name that rhymes with "jerk", broad-shouldered, barechested movie idol Kirk Douglas is second only to history's Don Juan in taming the dames and bending them to his masculine will.

What makes kinky-haired Kirk such a smooth manipulator of female heartstrings? Some say it's his poverty-stricken childhood. They say those harsh memories drive him on now to ever fresh conquests with the infernal combustion of a sixteen-cylinder engine. Maybe they are right.

Kirk grew up in a house on the wrong side of the tracks in Amsterdam, New York, a house that was populated by no less than eleven females: his mother, six sisters and four pussy cats. The nominal head of the household, old man Danielovich, a Russian immigrant, sought bliss and tranquillity by not living at home. So Kirk's merciless assault on women, his cruel way of picking them and dropping them, his ruthless management of his rapid romances, may be just his revenge for what those doting women did to him when he was a kid.

They babied him and spoiled him. They spent their last dimes on candy for him. They scrubbed floors and worked overtime at odd jobs to make life easier for him, to put him through high school and send him on to St. Lawrence University in Canton, New York.

#### **GOOD TO HIS MOTHER**

Kirk is grateful for what those women in his early life did for him. In fact, his mother and six sisters are the only women in the world whom he doesn't push around. He takes good care of them. He sees to it that his mother lives in comfort. And whenever he feels lonely, he writes out a \$100 check and sends it to one of his sisters.

But those adoring women spoiled him for all other dames. He gets into a fantastic whirl of romances because love to him is just a revolving door. He rarely gets out of it with the same woman he entered with. Kirk himself is mighty sophisticated about the problem. He says with a laborious smile on his curly lips, with that faraway look in his eyes which the female members of the audience regard as a personal favor, "Women are a necessary nuisance. Girls everywhere should accept the fact that a man is boss, then they wouldn't have such a nuisance quotient." Then he thrusts out his chest, flexes his muscles, lifts his shoulders and steels his eyes to say, "A man's physical superiority is taken for granted (granted, that is, by caveboy Kirk) and usually he doesn't need to show it (but he usually shows it like a Freudian slip). Still, it may be good sometimes to remind a woman that she belongs to the weaker sex (and Kirk never misses the opportunity)."

If ever ladies' man Kirk was sized up aptly, it was by a fellow star, Janet Leigh, a sweet little charmer with a sizzling way of expressing her thoughts. "Mr. Douglas can have a store window mannequin any time he wants," she once said on a Hollywood set while watching Kirk's amorous antics. "And that's just what he sounds like he wants — certainly not a woman. Kirk reminds me of a song, the one that goes, 'I'm gonna buy a paper doll that I can call my own.' Remember it?" But I don't think that's what Kirk really wants. For how far can you go with a paper doll?

Restless by nature, a go-getter always on the run, a star-gazer who's never satisfied with looking but tries to grab them out of the sky, Kirk Douglas is high-strung, irritable and intolerant, a feverish, mercurial man. He can't keep his emotions still. No girl will last with him — just as none lasted with Midge Kelly, the obnoxious pugilist he presented so convincingly in *Champion*, the motion picture that skyrocketed him to starhood.

#### LOG OF ROMANCE

The romantic log of Kirk Douglas' romances has many entries. Even as a boy in Amsterdam and Canton, love was strictly a road show for him, a series of one-night stands. Already then, girls liked to cuddle up to him. They gravitated toward him with their mother instincts flapping. But that wasn't what Kirk wanted. Of the mother instincts he had plenty at home. He wanted girls to bare their hearts and souls. And when he'd had a good look at one, he went off looking for other hearts and souls. He never stood still, not even when he had a girl in his arms.

But he has a way with deceptive words which makes a woman think that she's the only one in



Not to be outdone by the gals in bikinis, Kirk Douglas displays some catchy curves of his own for cheesecake photographer as he discusses relativity with Paris star Brigitte Bardot.



Kirk and Irene Wrightsman, the clever and lovely heiress, were making beautiful music together — until the wolf went roving again.

his life. He knows how to say the things they like to hear. He knows their little foibles and big desires, and knows how to play up to them. But no woman can be the one and only in the life of Kirk Douglas. There is too much competition. A woman has to compete with Kirk Douglas because the only person he really loves is himself. The string of romances began with blind dates

The string of romances began with blind dates and adolescent affairs. But even then, over the shoulder of the girl he had in his arms, Kirk looked toward broader vistas. He wanted to be an actor with the same fervent determination that moved him to trample on female hearts. He worked hard, too, to become an actor. At college he became president of the Mummers, the school's dramatic group. He was First Citizen of the campus, president of the student body and a star athlete. Since he already liked baring his chest, he picked wrestling as his sport. A perfectionist in everything, he won the Intercollegiate Wrestling Championship. Later, when he wrestled with his career, he still

Later, when he wrestled with his career, he still liked to bare his chest. During the making of *Champion*, Kirk always walked around the lot unclad above the waist. It was then that his super sex appeal was established. Today, if anybody dares to question his masculinity, Kirk will promptly rip off his expensive silk shirt and show that chest. What shapely legs or an ample bosom are to a female movie star, his chest is to Kirk. I wouldn't be surprised to hear that he has insured it with Lloyd's for a million bucks.

#### HERO OF WORLD WAR II

But masculinity is not mere showmanship with Kirk Douglas. He's a real he-man in the true heroic mold. During the war, Kirk left Broadway to enlist in the Navy. He was sent to midshipmen's school at Notre Dame, became an officer and was assigned as communications officer on Antisubmarine Unit 1139. He saw plenty of action in the Pacific and he was as much of a matinee idol to his men, showing them how a man fights, as he was to the girls on the balcony of Broadway theaters where he appeared. He was badly wounded in action and spent five months in a Naval hospital in California.

Åfter the war Kirk made a valiant effort to calm down and settle down. He found he wanted

#### By JACK MITCHELL

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Up to about eighteen months ago, Arthur Godfrey was not a leading target for the smear brigade. The skilled hatchetmen who are out to push off their pedestals some of America's best-loved idols simply detoured him.

Sure Arthur was making a lot of dough: seventeen million bucks a year to be exact, for the Columbia Broadcasting System with a sizable chunk of the loot remaining in his various corporate pockets.

Sure he was hogging a lot of time on the air: more than 23 hours each week before his recent serious illness forced him to cut down on his man-killing schedule.

Sure Godfrey was basking in the limelight. And he was getting increasingly influential

Godfrey plays the cello and the 18th Century dandy at a costume party in Chicago. With his enormous income the red-headed entertainer can afford to act real dandy, but doesn't.

Is it true what they're saying about the Great Godfrey? Does he really need a little more "humility" himself, or is he simply the victim of jealous smearmongers?

with millions of fans to whom he had become a kind of oracle and who bought by the tons everything from the soup to the cigarettes he was super-selling on TV and radio.

But just being popular and rich wasn't really quite enough of an incentive for a nationwide smear campaign. It wasn't enough to justify an all-out attack against a man millions of Amerisans love and admire. Up till about January, 1952, despite his influence and affluence, Godfrey was just not important enough to excite the livid imagination of smearmongers.

For who was this man Godfrey?

#### OVERSIZED TV HAM

In the final analysis he was just an oversized TV ham waiting for color television to show off his red hair and freckles. All he had done up till this point was to parlay a monumental lack of genuine talent, a tremendous flair for genuine salesmanship, and a spurious ad-lib homespun delivery into a fantastic success.

But some time in 1952 something happened that caught the attention of the smearmongers and elevated Godfrey to the position of top-ranking target.

Arthur Godfrey, the supersalesman of TV and radio, added something new to the products he was selling. Word came from Paris that the exuberant redhead had turned up in General Dwight D. Eisenhower's headquarters in Fontainebleau and soon became known that Godfrey went there to sell something to the General. He was said to be spearheading a movement to persuade the General of the Army to become a candidate for the Presidency of the United States.

Suddenly the smear brigade began to view Godfrey with different eyes. To them he ceased

to be a peddler of Lipton tea and GM products. He became a slick politician who was in the advance guard promoting a man they did not want.

Suddenly they discovered men and forces behind Godfrey which the smearmongers regarded as targets for any night. These men were members of big business, top-ranking Republicans, who had been underdogs during the twenty years of New and Fair Deals.

Godfrey peddled his political views with far greater discretion than he did the other commodities entrusted to his tender care. He was not "controversial," simply because he realized that politics would not mix with the consumer commodities he was selling.

But no matter how discreet he was, Godfrey could not help traveling in what the smear brigade regarded as distincly wrong company. He hobnobbed with "Engine Charlie" — the whitemaned Charles E. Wilson, mighty president of the General Motors Corporation. Then he flew around the world with General Curtis LeMay of the Air Force, another thorn in the smearmongers' flesh.

#### BATTLECRY IN SCRAMBLED CODE



Godfrey, an expert at ad-libbing, finds that a laugh is the best defense against a smear.

In a typical Godfrey gesture, last New Year's day Arthur suddenly got a whim and flew to our Greenland air bases where he sang and signed autographs for the homesick boys.







Die Monroe-Invasion



Documents prove that Mrs. DiMaggi Inas become a hot dish in the cold wa to blind Americans to U. S. warmongering, says this Red paper!!

When almost 150 years ago, a President of the United States proclaimed the Monroe Doctrine, Europeans raised a hue and cry and accused America of imperialism.

MARILYN MONROE

"SECRET

WEAPON'?

Now it's Monroe again — only this time its not James, the long-dead President, but Marilyn who's very much alive.

The new Monroe Doctrine is now called "Die Monroe Invasion" — (the Monroe Invasion) in one of Moscow's German mouthpieces, a Communist-controlled illustrated magazine.

If you don't believe that Marilyn has become a hot dish in the Cold War, see for yourself. TOP SECRET herewith reprints a page from the Berliner Illustrierte, devoted in its entirety to the Hollywood charmer.

But if you think that this is just plain cheesecake art to give the comrades something for their money, you're sadly mistaken.

This is Red propoganda, bub!

Americans who thought that Marilyn was just a nice young kid whose heart belonged to hubby Joe DiMaggio, or that she was sky-rocketed to stardom to bring solace and pleasure with her curves and soft shoulders, they were wrong.

Marilyn is the secret weapon of Ike Eisenhower and of the Pentagon.

She isn't even made of flesh and blood. She is made of synthetics, what the Germans used to call Ersatz.

And why?

To pull the wool over the eyes of those poor saps, the great American people. Or at least that's what the comrades say right here: Marilyn had to be "invented", the magazine

opines — and invented she was, according to the Berliner Illustrierte, by "Hollywood star-maker" Joe Schenk — "to make the American

people forget why Joe and Tom had to die in Korea, how the Armies raped West Germany, and how living costs are rising."

According to the brain whose wave this bit of propaganda was, Marilyn was invented by the Republicans during the last presidential elections to make people like Ike. Follow me?

Then comes the real dope, hot off the wires: "During a premiere of one of Marilyn's movies in New York," the Commie magazine re-veals exclusively, "her fans literally tore her clothes from her body and nobody noticed that at the time a certain McCarthy was tearing down the great democratic traditions of America.'

Up to now, Red propaganda's favorite American target was the atomic bomb. Now all this is changed!

Now it's our atomic blonde!

Here are the frightening facts: Smoking can ruin your health, your sex life and your looks!

#### By H. WILLIAM SOLBART

America's best-kept secret of the past fifty years was shattered in one fell swoop with a historic broadcast over 500 TV and radio stations on November 13, 1953, when Walter Winchell lifted the veil that has long obscured possibly harmful effects of cigarette smoking. This was a great public service.

Prior to Winchell's dramatic revelation, so vital to 104,000,000 American ciggie addicts, stories which reported findings indicating that cigarette smoking might endanger health were usually marked "kill" by timid editors.

References to the subject were taboo on the air, too.

And people who brought up the subject in parlor conversation were considered crackpots or hypochondriacs. Their warnings were dis-

(Continued on Page 37)



Dr. J. M. Essenberg checks his mechanical cigarette-puffer while making experiments to help settle the raging controversy over how great a part tobacco smoke plays in causing lung cancer. In these tests on mice, those exposed to smoke developed cancer in alarming numbers.



The Topic of very great interest (is) the controversy over cigarettes and cancer of the lungs. Never was any newspaperman's responsibility to others and his own integrity to himself a heavier burden than mine when I tell you the facts as I know them for and against the cigarette now on trial for its life.

Against the cigarette is this evidence.

First, a series of studies based on the questioning of victims of lung cancer resulted in this finding: Every one of the studies reported that there is an association between excessive smoking and cancer of the lungs. I mean, excessive smoking, not ordinary smoking.

Second, cigarette tar produced cancer in 50% of the mice tainted with it. Now, whether or not this is a proven test I do not know.

Third, some lung surgeons who operated in certain cases reported that there is a direct relationship between excessive cigarette smokers and lung cancer. And very significantly, their medical opinions are supported by some clinical records. But, 25 other scientists say that the case against the cigarette was not proven.

These specialists state that the substantial majority of heavy smokers do not contract lung cancer. They also tell me that these cancers have not been produced as yet in other species such as rats, rabbits and guinea pigs.

Now, my editorial opinion is this — the scientists may be unconvinced that the cigarette is guilty, but I am fully convinced that it is very far from innocent. To say that a majority of heavy smokers do not get lung cancer leaves the vital question unanswered of whether a minority — a minority — of excessive smokers do get it. One cancer in my opinion — one cancer victim, is always one too many. Now merely as a reporter and certainly not as a scientist, this is my conclusion:

I still smoke about 10 cigarettes a day, but the burden of proof has shifted. It is no longer up to the scientists to prove that cigarettes cause lung cancer. It is the duty of all concerned to prove that they do not.

# TOP SECRET EXCLUSIVE The Mystery behind A Sensational Suicides

Why did James Forrestal kill himself? Was Louis Adamic a suicide or was he murdered? What secrets lay behind the deaths of John Winant and Lawrence Duggan? Here, at last, are answers to these riddles! By JEFF O'BRIEN

At exactly 4 a.m. on September 4, 1951, two workers in a paper mill near Flemington, New Jersey, saw tall flames leaping out of the roof of a 100-year-old Pennsylvania Dutch farmhouse in nearby Riegelsville. At about the same time, a farmer named Howard Lippincott also saw the flames.

They called the fire department and notified the state police. Within a few minutes, the engines were there and Lieutenant Harris of the state police drove up with a couple of detectives. But there wasn't much they could do. The fire was out of control.

Every building on the farm was burning and there could be no doubt that this was the work of an arsonist. In the garage, around the charred ruins of a brand new car, they found bits of rags soaked in fuel oil. They also found the empty cans from which the oil came and the cans had holes hacked in their sides. They found the axe with which those gaping holes were made. When they reached a bedroom on the second floor, they found a man stretched out on a studio couch. He was tall and swarthy, dressed in dungarees and windbreaker, with sneakers o nhis feet. There was a .22 caliber Mossberg rifle in his lap and he was dead, apparently killed by a single bullet fired from that rifle. WHERE THERE IS SMOKE ...

The air was heavy with the dense smoke of the fire, and with something more: stark tragedy. This was no ordinary arson and suicide — or murder. This was a case for the front pages of newspapers all over the world.

For the dark man on the couch was Louis Adamic, world-famous author, a Yugoslav immigrant who made good in the United States by writing books that stayed high on the bestseller lists.

The day after the fire Dr. John Fuhrman, assistant county physician, examined Adamic's body and pronounced the case one of suicide. But Lieu-(Continued on Page 35)



Broken line shows how Forrestal's body drop-

ed from 16th floor of Bethesda Naval Hospital.

James Forrestal, a former Secretary of Defense, was a brilliant man well aware of the Soviet menace.



John Winant might have become president of the United States if he had not committed suicide.



Louis Adamic's death was called suicide but many people still believe he was murdered by the Reds.



Lawrence Duggan also fell from a high window, but Sumner Wells declared his death was not suicide.

# Watch out on PHONY Publicity Starts!

The truth about Zsa Zsa's black eye and why press agents call us Suckers! By MIKE GOTRAM

In her frantic efforts to capitalize on her boy friend's marriage to another woman, Zsa Zsa Gabor claimed he had blackened her eye — and she wore this black eye patch to "prove" it.

You don't have to follow the example of the Greek exhibitionist who sets fire to a building to attract public attention. All you have to do is fake a black eye at the psychological moment, and you can make the front pages of the newspapers from coast to coast. This is exactly what glamorous Zsa Zsa Gabor did out in Las Vegas when Babs Hutton pushed her out of the headlines by marrying Zsa Zsa's registered flame, dashing Dominican diplomat Porfirio Rubirosa. Porfirio was the big fish who was biting plenty at Zsa Zsa's baited hook but managed never to be caught on it.

Zsa Zsa's shiner did a bit more than just blacken one of her lovely eyes. It blackened her reputation as well. She claimed that it was given her by perfidious Porfirio during the last minute showdown when Zsa Zsa confronted him with the alternative: "Do or die!"

There was something awfully fishy about that shiner. Porfirio denied that he delivered it, although he figured, with a wishful second thought, that it wouldn't have been a bad idea. But he said with the gallantry inherent in such suave heartbreakers, "If I had hit the lady, she wouldn't now have a black eye. My punch would have knocked off her head!"

If there was a shiner at all under that elegant patch which Zsa Zsa displayed to photographers, it didn't come from Porfirio's punch. Las Vegas was buzzing with rumors that Zsa Zsa did have a black eye, but that it was given her by a casual admirer, the maitre d'hotel of the Las Vegas casino where she was then appearing with her gorgeous sisters Eva and Magda.

#### THE STORY OF A SHINER

Actually, she got it from Russell Birdwell, one of Broadway's better-known press agents whose fertile imagination has helped a lot of people before now. Perhaps Birdwell had the idea when he saw Zsa Zsa with a genuine shiner caused by the maitre d'hotel's overenthusiastic attention. Perhaps the shiner wasn't there at all. Perhaps it only occured in Birdwell's mind, as an appropriate sequel to the marathon romance of Zsa Zsa and Porfirio. A psychologist once said that if you believe that something happened, and believe it hard enough, then to all intents and purposes that something did happen.

that something did happen. Well, anyway, the black eye got into black print from coast to coast. In New York the Journal American headlined it on the front page with a blushing red streamer: "Zsa Zsa Tells Louella Parsons: I Jilted Rubi — He Hit Me." And accompanying the story was a 5½ by 7½ picture of Zsa Zsa, parading a 1 by 1 patch on her lovely right eye. She looked cute as could be with it, too. Some people even said that it might start a (Continued on Page 33)



French singer Charles Trenet was severly criticized when it was found that his "impending marriage" to Doris Duke was publicity stunt. NGSIEI MBXII

The sunny harbor of Naples, Italy, is becoming beclouded these days because of the number of American racketeers who have been landing there after being deported from the United States.

Italy is rapidly becoming a dumping ground for more and more U. S.-bred racketeers, gangsters and dope peddlers who are not wanted here — or there — either.

#### By TOM SAVOLI

Standing near the Capitenaria di Porto in Naples below the Castel del Carmino where the boats from the United States dock almost every day, occasionally you may see gents whose faces seem familiar though you might not remember their names. They come down the gangplanks, usually in the company of men who look like cops. Then they fade into the crowd of bona fide vacationers and other travelers who flock to Italy all year round.

The Italians call these men "Ralph l'Americano" or Joe or Mike, whatever their first names might be, always adding "l'Americano" as a collective last handle. It cannot be said that Italians are particularly fond of these newcomers or that they like the business on which they come. As a matter of fact, they are getting increasingly irritated at Uncle Sam for dumping these Joes and Mikes and Petes on them, straight from the lineups of American police departments.

For these men are American gangsters, the cream of the crop, returning to their native Italy — on deportation warrants.

Without any ballyhoo — in fact, almost secretly — Uncle Sam is getting rid of alien hoodlums who have made the United States a happy hunting ground for so long. Italy is getting most of them. If most of the hoods deported from the U. S. are going to Italy, it is because Italy is virtually the only country in the world to which undesirable aliens can still be deported. Iron curtain countries like Poland or the Soviet Union or Hungary don't take back their prodigal sons. Others like Ireland and the Latin lands raise so many technicalities that deportation to them is impossible. But Italy accepts, however reluctantly, the repatriation of anyone who's believed to be an Italian citizen. That's why the one-way traffic of the riffraff is moving in that direction.

In one year alone, over 600 hoods were deported from the United States as undesirable aliens and most of them wound up in Italy. Among them were such notorious big shots as Peachy Pici, elegant Nick Gentile, trigger-happy Jim DiSimone, and the terror of Tampa, Carmine Tufarelli. They were all sent to join the hood of hoods, Salvatore Lucania, alias Charles Luciano, who was called Lucky in luckier days.

The grand exodus which Lucky's controversial deportation started in 1946 was somewhat slow gathering momentum. At first only the small fry went, such minor hoods as Frank Cammarata (who had to be deported twice to make it stick); Salvatore Guera, who couldn't speak a word of English and used a double-barreled 12-gauge shotgun as an interpreter; con-man Salvatore Vitale who spent most of his time in the United States



Former gangster Ralph Liguori smiles, but he isn't happy about being deported to Italy.

on bail; and other riffraff like the Palazzolos, the DiMaggios, guys named Manzella, Donato, Chirco, and all the rest who became candidates for deportation the moment they jumped ship to get into the United States.

Nobody paid any attention to them. They crowded into the lowest ranks of American crime and weren't important enough to waste protection on. As soon as they got back to Italy, they tried to get lost. While some of them may still be in crime, most of them went back to their villages in Sicily where no small-time hood can compete with the glamor of the home-grown country bandits like the late Giuliano.

Slowly the exodus started to gather momentum. G-men and T-men were joined in the Big Chase by I-men: Immigration Officers. These cold-eyed Calvins caught up with the mobsters, they didn't ask for income tax returns, they wanted to see birth certificates.

If a hood was born abroad, in Cuba or Ireland or Italy, off he went on the next boat. Soon the names of big-time racketeers decorated the passenger lists of eastbound liners, names of zootsuited redhots who suddenly found that there was nobody in the country big enough to keep them from walking the gangplank. BLUEBLOODS OF CRIME

When the Kefauver Committee came along and exposed the bluebloods of the underworld, uncovering the fact that most of them were born abroad, the thing became an avalanche. Caught in it were some of the biggest bigshots, untoucha-



Lots of Americans would love to be seen in Italy, but not Joe Pici, exiled racketeer.

bles like Gaetano Chiofalo, the suave and polite Ralph Liguori, and even the high and mighty "Mike l'Americano" — Signor Spinella himself.

There is a waiting list that long. It is crowded with names which used to make news in the United States, with men whose activities used to fill both newspaper and police morgues. High on this waiting list is ex-bootlegger and slot-machine operator Francesco Castiglia, alias Frankie Costello, the hairy mobster who began by hijacking rum in prohibition days and wound up selling infra-red broilers.

You wouldn't say that the red carpet is out for Frankie in Italy in anticipation of his homecom-ing. You wouldn't say, either, that Costello is raring to go. He likes it real well here in the United States, that much he himself was willing to put into the Kefauver Committee's record. But Frankie made a few small mistakes when he applied for American citizenship back in 1925 the kind of mistakes that might see him pacing the deck of an Italian liner one of these days. He failed to mention that he had once used the alias Severio when convicted on a pistol-carrying charge in 1915. He wouldn't get specific about his bootleging deals, either. Costello is fighting de-naturalization and deportation with all he's got — and that's a-plenty. So he may be one of the last to go.

Another overlord of the underworld whose deortation case is pending is Joseph Doto, alias Joe Adonis, that real busy racketeer who used so many aliases he can't remember them all. There is a little discussion going on about his birth-place. Joe says he was born in Passaic, New Jersey, in 1901, but Immigration insists he was born in Montemerano, Sicily on November 22, 1902. — and the courts say Joe *is* an alien. But nobody is kidding anybody. One of these days Joe will be singing "Bye-Bye, Baby" out in the North River.

#### **HOODS ON WAITING LISTS**

Another celebrity on the waiting list is Nono Minaudo, the slick-haired owner of a \$40,000 bowling alley and a police record that goes from Italy to the United States and back. Nono came to the United States in a hell of a hurry to beat a murder rap in Sicily, where he got a life sentence in absentia. Then he somehow beat a few more raps in this country. The boy really showed some fancy footwork. He even managed to have his record removed from the files of the Detroit police by court order no less.

Nono was up for deportation once before, having admitted that he had come into the United States by jumping ship at New Orleans. But he stalled deportation by posing under the name of another Italian immigrant who had entered the country legally. But now it seems that the jig is up for Minaudo. In fact, he is expected in Italy any minute now.

Going, too, sooner or later, will be the Perrone brothers, Santo alias Sam, and Espano alias Gasper, the hoods who are currently in the headlines in connection with the attempted assassination of CIO boss Walter Reuther. Bespectacled, balding Sam Perrone managed to get American citizen-ship even though he can neither read nor write English. But he can draw checks as high as \$20, 000. His criminal record includes a conviction and a six-year sentence for violating the prohibition laws. Brother Gasper was once arrested for questioning on murder charges. When Sam Perrone goes, he'll leave behind in the States an annual income of \$65,000, a luxurious mansion in the swank Grosse Pointe area of Detroit, a couple of costly cars, and a string of debtors.

If the gimlet eyes from Immigration keep on like this - and they will - there will soon be scarcely an alien hoodlum of any consequence left in the United States. Most of them will be



Altho he lives like a king in Italy, wealthy Lucky Luciano says he feels like a prisoner.

right back where they came from: in sunny Italy. That Mediterranean land is becoming, against its better judgment and desire, a vast reservation of America's best-known criminals --- notorious dope peddlers, dreaded trigger men, all the little Cae-sars from Chicago, Detroit, Kansas City and Tampa.

American tourists who remember some of the hoods from seeing their pictures in the tabloids, get an added thrill when - in addition to the Coliseum in Rome or the Blue Grotto on Caprithey suddenly come up against a familiar gangster.

They may be found in the lobbies of swank hotels, at the fashionable racetracks, on the cobblestone streets of Capri, or just lolling over glasses of beer in Roman night clubs.

"Why, if that isn't Ralph Liguori from back home," a tourist might exclaim at the sight of the handsome familiar face. Then he rushes over to get the ex-hood's autograph.

#### THE NO. 1 CELEBRITY

Lucky Luciano is still the biggest celebrity, in spite of the number of years he's been out of circulation on this side of the Atlantic. Since he's very much in evidence in Naples and Capri, he may be seen by thousands of visitors from America. But not in Rome. Rome is strictly off-limits for Lucky — by decree of the Italian government.

Lucky never misses an opportunity to tell the Americans how "homesick" he really is. Dressed impeccably and wearing flashy, hand-painted ties, he also wears a deadpan with melancholy eyes, and a sardonic smile, his most eloquent comment on his fate. He owns several apartment houses, although the deeds are in someone else's name. He lives luxuriously in a fashionable residential neighborhood on Naples' Vomero Hill, not far from the headquarters of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. His permanent house guest is winsome Igea Lissoni, a 33-year-old former showgirl who now "performs" only for Lucky. Lucky's favorite hangout is the Agnano race

course. His gag is that he makes a living strictly by betting on the ponies there. One recent Sunday afternoon, while thus making a living, Lucky (Continued on Page 33)



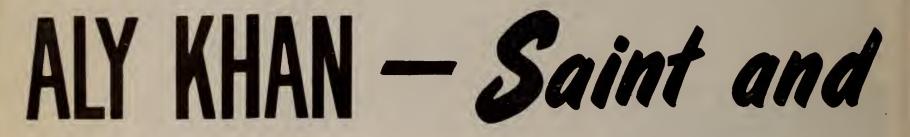
Aly at the races with Rita Hayworth who just couldn't resist his love-making.



Yummy Yvonne de Carlo was another Hollywood honey who helped sweeten the playboy's life.



The Prince is never without a woman, even if it has to be an unidentified beauty like this one.



From personal interviews, TOP SECRET's editor is convinced the Prince is as much sinned against as sinning. After all, it's not easy to be a saint when you're constantly hounded by beautiful women!

#### By EUGENE TILLINGER

What makes Aly Khan tick?

What is the secret of the amazing magnetism that draws the most beautiful women in the world into his arms?

What is behind the Aly Kahn fascination that makes him one of the last remaining Don Juans of today?

What is the truth about that playboy plenipotentiary?

Whenever his name appears on the front pages of newspapers — and this has hapnened frequently in the last few years — it is usually in connection with a new romance. Either Aly is romantically linked with some glamorous movie star, or a young unknown starlet sees fit to reveal that the playboy intends to marry her.

There is a straight line leading from Aly's marriage with Rita Hayworth through his flirtations with Joan Fontaine, Yvonne de Carlo, and a whole galaxy of European beauties right up to his most recent entanglement with Gene Tierney. Each time, every phase of the romance has been considered newsworthy and has been splashed across the front pages from coast to coast.

No wonder, therefore, that the public in general considers Aly Kahn a woman chaser extraordinary, a lazy playboy whose motto seems to be "girls, golf and gambling." True or false, the impression prevails that the dashing, dapper Mohammedan prince is a "Good-time Charlie" whose only ambition in life is to be a modern Casanova.

TOP SECRET thinks there are two sides to every story, and there is another side to Aly's — a side that hasn't been given much space in the newspapers. "Give the man an even break, even if people — some of them — don't like it," a friend of ours said the other day. And that's what we'll do, give the straight facts, even those Aly might not like to see in print. HITHERTO UNREVEALED FACTS

Italian-born Aly Khan (yes, he was born June 13, 1911, in Turin, Italy, which will come as a surprise to those who think of him as a native of France or of India) was, believe it or not, a war hero in World War II. TOP SE-CRET is herewith revealing it for the first time that after the outbreak of World War II in September, 1939, Aly Khan volunteered for the French Foreign Legion, while most of the other international playboys preferred moving to South America or some other neutral territory.

It has also never before been revealed that he rose rapidly in the ranks and became an officer attached to the staff of General Weygand, who commanded the French army in the Middle East. After France fell, Aly joined the British, became a second lieutenant in the Royal Wiltshire Regiment, and by 1945, when the war ended, had risen to the rank of lieutenant colonel. He was liaison officer with the Polish army and did some extraordinary work for which he received the Bronze Star from the United States.

This 43-year-old son of the famous Moslem leader, who sooner or later will step into his father's "job," is most certainly a strange man.

Two years ago, just after Rita Hayworth left him, this writer traveled with Aly Khan on the famous Train Bleu from Cannes on the French Riviera to Paris. We talked for hours that evening in the bar of the fashionable train.

The first thing that struck me about Aly Khan, who had just spent a week end at his Chateau d'Horizon and was returning to Paris, was the fact that he needed a shave and a haircut badly. His dark-blue striped suit was wrinkled and to tell the truth he loked altogether sloppy.

#### ALY OFF-THE-RECORD

But after a while, I forgot all about his unkempt appearance. I discovered during our chat that he was a far cry from the Aly Khan we read so much about in the papers. The Aly Kahn I spoke to was a highly intelligent, extremely interesting personality; above all, he showed an amazingly thorough knowledge of international



Joan Fontaine helps the wealthy lover of good horses and sleek filles spend a Paris evening.



After dancing cheek-to-cheek at Film Festival, Irene Pappas had illusions about marrying Aly.



Gene Tierney is his present constant companion and probably will be his wife.



politics, the arts, the sciences and world history.

It was an off-the-record chat. Without violating any confidences. I can say that he seemed to be deeply in love with Rita Hayworth, still, and that he hoped she would change her mind and return to him. And this brings me to a highly significant part of the story. From that talk with Aly Khan and, later, from information that came from others who knew him, I gained a startlingly different picture of the man I had considered merely a playboy.

For one thing, it isn't so much that Aly chases women: women chase Aly! They won't leave him alone! Not only publicity-mad starlets who hope to build their careers around a widely-publicized date with Aly, but society women, too, pursue him, and many romantic girls who just have to have a date with a prince.

Few of those who have cast stones in his direction have ever given a thought to his peculiar position. And even fewer realize that he is too much of a gentleman to denounce certain female aggressors for what they are cheap publicity hounds! Take, for instance, the case of that little-known Greek starlet, Irene Pappas.

It was at one of the Cannes Film Festivals. Suddenly a news dispatch was flashed on the front pages: "Aly Khan has fallen madly in love with beauteous Irene Pappas!" This was at a time when he had not yet completely severed his relations with Rita. The dispatch gave all possible details about the new romance, and it looked as if this would be IT.

What was the truth?

TOP SECRET can reveal today the real inside story of this phony "romance." Aly Kahn had once again been wronged. Here are the facts.

(Continued on Next Page)

## WHY ALY KHAN SLAPPED CHARLIE CHAPLIN

Cafe Society in Paris and Rome is buzzing with rumors of what happened in a sensational but unpublicized argument between Charlie Chaplin and Aly Khan at the climax of which the "Little Tramp" got slapped by the dashing exhubby of Rita Hayworth.

Newspapers in general kept quiet about the affair. Nowhere was there even a bare hint of the incident which raised the eyebrows of some people and the blood pressure of others, according to their respective attitudes toward Chaplin and Aly Khan.

TOP SECRET is now able to give a blow-by-blow account of the "match."

The fracas occurred a few months ago when Chaplin, barred from the United States and now residing in a \$400,000 Swiss chalet, went to Cannes on the French Riviera for a short vacation.

At a party given in his honor, he encountered Aly Khan.

Never on friendly terms with the Hollywood expatriate, for Aly is usually irritated by Chaplin's masculine swagger and conceit, the playboy son of the Aga Khan seemed especially irked by the movie star's arrogant attitude. As the party progressed, the inevitable happened!

Some people who claimed to have been within earshot of the two principals afterwards said that Aly Khan had slapped Chaplin in retaliation for some derogatory remarks the movie genius had made about the playboy's private life.

Others insisted that the derogatory remark which was the cause of everything was made about one of the prince's former lady friends.

TOP SECRET checked the rumors and found that neither was correct.

Charlie Chaplin didn't get slapped for expressing an opinion about Aly Khan or for any remark about a lady the playboy admires.

The truth is: Aly Khan doled out the punch when he overheard multi-millionaire Chaplin lecturing the other guests on the moral superiority of — the Soviet Union!



Aly Khan took Gene Tierney to the English races — a sure sign of affection for him.

#### THE COMING OF IRENE PAPPAS

The Film Festival was a dull affair. Nothing really exciting happened. The large contingent of reporters and photographers from all over the world were bored. One of them, a certain Stephane Richter, working for a large chain of European newspapers, and looking for a juicy bit of news for his readers, stumbled on Irene Pappas, an attractive starlet from Greece. No one had ever heard of her, but she spoke six languages fluently and Richter thought she might be worth an interview. The Greek girl saw her opportunity. She rolled her big sparkling eyes and came up with a whopper. In confidence, she told the newsman she had been secretly dating Aly Kahn, that he was panting to marry her!

It so happened that the same evening Aly Kahn had invited all the movie beauties to a reception at his villa. He danced with Irene Pappas among others. Richter, however, in order to clinch his "scoop," had a photographer ready. And when Aly Kahn danced with Irene, chatting harmlessly, unaware of what was in the making, a flashbulb went off and the camera clicked. Next morning all the papers featured the picture as definite "proof" of Aly Khan's new romance. The "news" was picked up by the wire services and the name of the unknown starlet was flashed all over the world.

Aly Khan was flabbergasted. It was not the first time this sort of thing had happened. But Aly is a gentleman and in order not to hurt a young lady he scarely knew, he only said, "It is nothing serious."

But Irene was enjoying her worldwide publicity and added fuel to the flames Said Irene: "Aly Khan did not say exactly that he loves me, but his kisses speak for themselves." And she added, "The prince is the type of man I love. We are made for each other. He is very gentle. He called me



This rare picture of the Prince shows him in uniform as he decorates troop volunteers.

this morning and invited me for lunch. I loved him as soon as I met him . . ."

This was too much for Aly. Confronted by Irene's statement, he became furious. "I have heard many unbelievable stories about myself," he declared. "I've been linked to so many romances that were ridiculous, I've always smiled. I can't keep that attitude today. I met Irene Pappas during the reception at my villa. She is a very charming girl, but I'd never dare to say about her even one-thousandth part of what she had the nerve to tell reporters. It's pure fiction. The truth? I met her on two occasions and on neither occasion were we alone."

This story shows how a career-hungry starlet launched her own publicity campaign with a purely fictional romance. By the way, she did pretty well for herself. Today, Irene Pappas, as a result of that publicity, is busy making movies all over Europe. She has become a star.

#### STUDENT OF HISTORY

The fact that Aly Kahn is a highly educated man is generally overlooked. He studied law, history and political science at Cambridge University. A brilliant sportsman who loves nothing better than horses and racing cars, he is also well known for his extravagant parties. He is witty, gay, and an excellent dancer. In short, he is the type of man women love to be with. True enough, some of his ideas are rather bizarre, but this makes him even more fascinating. But perhaps the best answer to the enigma of Aly Kahn was given by Elsa Maxwell. Said she:

"Some people are cocaine addicts and some take a drink. With Aly Kahn it is different. He feels that way about women He's the type of man who should never get married. He gives any woman an intense thrill. Even to look at him makes a woman feel funny." And she added, "When a man becomes a legendary romance figure at the



Irene Pappas stunned the great Aly when she said his kisses told her he loved her madly.

age of forty-three you must admit he has got something very, but very, special. He's gallant, gay and delightful..."

Also, it may come as a shock to some people to learn that Aly is definitely not welcome in certain smart restaurants and nightspots. Reason: Aly often signs dinner and supper checks, and it sometimes takes restaurateurs a long time to collect their money. The truth is that there are times when his losses at the gambling tables of Deauville, Cannes and Monte Carlo reach astronomical proportions and he can't pay his bills. Papa Aga Kahn often has declared that he refuses to be held responsible for his son's debts. And the lush spots don't need the publicity value of Aly's presence as much as they need cold cash.

Furthermore, Aly Kahn is not exactly a favorite with waiters, bartenders and headwaiters. For one thing, he is a lousy tipper. For another, his sloppy way of dressing causes continual eye-brow lifting. The other day in Copenhagen he was refused permission to dance at a famous spot because he appeared in sports jacket and slacks at a club where formal dress is required.

#### ALY'S PRIVATE ADDRESS

In Paris Aly Khan's apartment is at 80 Boulevard Maurice Barres in Neuilly-sur-Seine. His unlisted, secret phone number — in case you'd like to give him a call — is Maillot 23-78. At his Riviera castle, the secret phone number is Golfe Juan 92977.

Aly Khan speaks English fluently, more fluently than French; while his Arabic is rather bad, he can also converse in Italian and in German.

But the most fascinating question remains: "Why do so many women fall for him?"

TOP SECRET thinks the answer lies in the fact that Aly Khan is perhaps the most perfect lover any woman could ever dream up. It is said that (Continued on Page 34) TOP SECRET reporters find Moscow gold is pouring into pockets of Americans who have hooked into the Red network.

By ED SINCLAIR

Ever since Congress went after them in a really big way, the American stooges of Moscow have been crying at the top of their voices that the investigators are trying either to put them in jail or to starve them to death.

When writer William Mandell was before the McCarthy sub-committee he shouted that the committee's real aim was to put his living in jeopardy! Since he couldn't be sent to jail, Mandell screamed, he was being punished for his beliefs by having his livelihood destroyed. In secret executive session Mandell threatened that he would "attack" members of the committee if he were to lose his job.

Howard Fast, another writer, claimed that the notoriety caused by congressional hearings had frightened all publishers away from him. He was forced to publish his last opus himself at his own expense he said, because nobody in the publishing business would have anything to do with him.

#### **TOP SECRET INVESTIGATES**

A well-known playwright named Arnaud d'Usseau raised the same cry as did many others, Doxey Wilkerson, illustrator Rockwell Kent, sociologist Herbert Aptheker, and even such world-famous persons as Lillian Hellman, Cedric Belfrage, and the creator of Sam Spade, Dashiell Hammett.

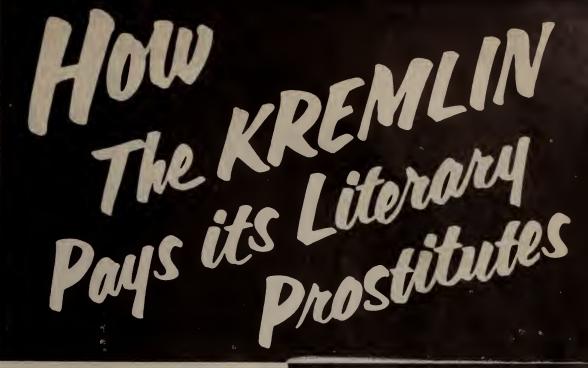
TOP SECRET looked into this phase of the congressional investigations in an effort to find out how much damage they have done to the witnesses' earning power in the United States.

Our private investigation yielded some sensational results — so sensational they might start even further investigations on Capitol Hill. Evidence was found that indicates that the reluctant witnesses who invoke the Fifth Amendment to the Constitution — who refuse to answer "on the grounds that it might tend to incriminate me" — turn even their appearance before the committee to their own advantage.

William Mandell had a disc made of the tape recording of his testimony before the Mc-Carthy committee and is peddling it to the comrades. Others use their fame to sell themselves as lecturers to sympathetic audiences from coast to coast.

But most important of all, Moscow has found a way to compensate its literary prostitutes for their loss of revenue in the United States. Moscow publishes their works and produces their plays behind the Iron Curtain and pays them royalties which in some cases have totalled as much as \$25,000.

The same Howard Fast, who complained that he couldn't find a publisher for his latest novel, Spartacus, is estimated to have earned more than



\$50,000 in one single year behind the Iron Curtain. His books sold tens of thousands of copies in the U.S.S.R. and satellite countries like Poland, Hungary and Czechoslovakia. In addition he was given a gift of \$25,000 in cash as one of the recipients of the 1953 Stalin Prize.

His Spartacus sold thousands of copies even in the United States where Communists and fellow-travelers regarded it as their duty to buy it. The revenue of Fast from the American edition of his latest book was also estimated by experts at a sum in excess of \$10,000.

Lillian Hellman is the world-famous author of hit plays like *The Children's Hour* and *The Little Foxes.* She has no trouble being produced in the United States. Even though she hasn't had a new play in years, her old one, *The Children's Hour*, was revived last year, becoming a hit in New York and playing to capacity audiences on the road. Miss Hellman made thousands of dollars in royalties, as much as during her best years, even while she complained both publicly and privately that Congress is trying to take the bread out of her mouth.

#### **ROYALTIES FROM RUSSIA**

But Moscow stepped in again to increase Miss Hellman's royalties even further. Her plays are musts for the Communist theaters behind the Iron Curtain. Her Little Foxes was an enormous hit in Moscow and several of the capitals of Iron Curtain lands, yielding her substantial royalties. But it wasn't only to feed a hungry mouth that the Communists put on that play. It was also because it presents the United States in a bad light through the portrayal of an avaricious, mean Southern family that doesn't shrink from murdering the head of the household. This is the picture of America which the Kremlin likes to present to the vast Communist audiences a rotten and decaying country of human derelicts. If they can get such plays by native American authors like Miss Hellman, why, all the better,

Playwright d'Usseau had a pretty good year, too. Although the play he had on Broadway flopped because the critics thought it was a pretty bad play, his older efforts still bring in the royalties. *Deep Are The Roots* is playing behind the Iron Curtain, earning a bundle of royalties for its author. The play is popular with the Communists because it shows the persecution of Negroes in the United States.

(Continued on Page 32)



Dashiel (The Thin Man) Hammett refused to tell Coommittee if he is or had been a Red.



Howard Fast, a Stalin Prize winner, retused to say he would fight for the U. S. if drafted.



Top Secret's Candid Camera

They are in the News ....

#### **STEALING OUR STUFF**

Defense Secretary Charles E. Wilson, right, at news conference in the Pentagon, does his talking behind a curtain with our label on it. No official answer could be found as to who put up this cloth, but unofficial reports say members of Wilson's staff did it to rib him over a picture that had been published the previous week in which his feet could be seen entwined, in a rather undignified manner, under this same table.

#### **INGRID'S INTENTIONS**

Straight from our correspondent in Rome comes this latest picture of Ingrid Bergman. It was taken in her home there and the gentleman on the desk is her old Hollywood friend Charlie Chaplin. According to our inquisitive correspondent, Mrs. Rossellini intends from now on, to concentrate most of her time on legitimate theater work in Paris and Rome. She might even consent to come to Broadway — but not to Hollywood.





#### **DOG DOESN'T BITE MAN**

N. Y. model Jeanne O'Connor made headlines when a thug robbed her of \$8000 in jewels right in front of her ritzy apartment house and her dog. The poodle, named "Ballerine", danced merrily about the guy and gal as the robbery took place.



#### \$1,000,000 BABIES

Maybe this isn't really the diplomatic time to do it—especially to a diplomat like Porfirio Rubirosa—but here's a never before shown pic of the great lover with his former wife, Doris Duke. Porfie, as everyone knows, recently wed Barbara Hutton, the only gal in the world who could come even close to Miss Duke in a Battle of Bankbooks. We asked him how he wooed and won these million-dollar babes. That's Top Secret, he said.

#### HUBBY LOVE

Hep readers will recognize the sexy beauty in the new Italian Minervafilm, "The Faithless". She's Gina Lollobrigida, of course — but who is the handsome hero? In the movie he will be billed as Franco Rossi, but TOP SECRET can tell you a big secret. The man is really Dr. Mirko Skofic, a physician who, in this film, is making his movie debut Most important of all, Dr. Skofic is the glamorous Gina's real-life—and reat lucky — husband!



TOP SECRET further found that the claim that labeling as a communist or fellow-traveler means the professional end of a writer is simply not true. Books by Communists are still published even by some of the oldest and most respectable firms in the United States. A Boston house went so far as to publish the diary which a prominent lady Communist wrote in jail. None of the old books of Communists has been withdrawn from circulation. Royalties paid on those books amount to several hundred thousand dollars each year, a fact that such popular writers of fashionable fiction as Dashiell Hammett could attest to if asked.

Dashiell Hammett, in particular, could explain, too, how short stories of his get published in such mass-circulation Soviet magazines as Ogonyek. Last year, Ogonyek published a story by Hammett which has a more vicious and bitter anti-American slant than any native Soviet writer could ever dream up. It was the story of a United States Senator who joined an underworld mob and became a gangster himself, while retaining his seat in the Senate. The piece illustrated with a picture that showed the distinguished Senator, wih a gun in his hand, accompanying a gangster on a holdup. Similar anti-American pieces of his appear in Communist magazines, not only behind the Iron Curtain, but also in Italy.

Ex-stevedore and ex-private eye Dashiell Hammett has steadfastly refused to say whether he is a communist. And he has repeatedly complained that the "persecution" resulting from his public exposure has cut deeply into his income and that he could no longer sell even such once-popular characters as "The Thin Man" and "Sam Spade" in the American market. But what outlets he lost in the U.S., he recouped by getting his pieces published behind the Iron Curtain. While the fees the Communists pay for such literary efforts may not match those paid by American magazines, they are still respectable fees - especially when the story is as anti-American as Mr. Hammett's piece was in Ogonyek.

Scores of books by exposed Communists and fellow-travelers and hundreds of short stories and essays written by them are published in the Soviet world. Such books usually sell for 30 to 40 rubles in the Soviet Union and attain an average circulation of 30,000 copies each. A single book then earns between 900,000 and 1,500,000 rubles on which the author is entitled to at least ten per cent in royalties. Computed at seven rubles to the dollar that makes as much as \$10,000 per book, at least as much and often more than the sums those same writers used to make from the sale of their books in the United States.

And this is revenue from only one country, the Soviet Union. Many of the books are also published in Communist China, in Poland and Hungary, in Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria and Rumania, even in Albania — wherever Communists rule. Added up, the royalties from a single book published in the Soviet world may amount to as much as \$30,000 paid to a single author. The Soviet Union is not a member of the international copyright convention under which books can be published only when properly acquired through regular channels and under which royalties have to be paid to the authors. The Soviet Union abuses the fact that it is not a signatory to the convention. It publishes all kinds of books by all kinds of authors, from Jack London and Mark Twain to the author of the Tarzan series, without permission and without paying a kopek in royalties. There is nothing a publisher or an author can do. "Go ahead, sue us," the Communist publishers grin, sitting safely behind the Curtain.

#### STOLEN BOOKS

The Communists exercise great care in the selection of the books they publish. High literary quality is not important so long as the book presents the seamy side of America. This is how Upton Sinclair's old books get published, the ones in which he attacked conditions in the Chicago slaughter-houses as they existed at the turn of the century, the greed of oilmen, and the morals of Boston. When John Steinbeck published his *Grapes of Wrath*, the book was promptly pirated by a Moscow publisher because it showed the plight of the Okies at a particularly difficult stage of American history. Thousands of copies of Upton Sinclair's *Jungle* and Steinback's *Grapes of Wrath* were sold, with prefaces which stressed that those novels were representative of conditions in the United States. But the authors had nothing to do with the publication of these books. Most of them did not consent to having the books published, and never saw a red cent in royalties from them.

The situation is altogether different when it comes to books by Howard Fast or plays by Lillian Hellman. In their cases, the Soviet publishers show great consideration for the authors.

All the money from the sale of books that comes from the Soviet Union and its satellites comes straight from the governments of those countries, since publishers there are State enter-prises. "The Communists consider books a very vital part of psychological warfare, as we now call it," said Louis Budenz, ex-editor of the Communist Daily Worker and now a member of the faculty of Fordham University, and he said it from first-hand knowledge. "They understand that if they can poison the wells of public opinion by any means, and they seek to infiltrate every channel of public-opinion-making, they can gain great headway, making people in the country they wish to undermine think as the Kremlin wants them to think. Now, books are a very important weapon in this campaign. They need not necessarily always be Communist in character, because the prestige of the author also counts."

Since it's up to the men in the Kremlin to decide who among the authors published in the the Communist world gets paid and who doesn't the royalties which are actually transferred to the accounts of foreign authors assume the character of actual subsidies.

#### **ORGANIZED PIRACY**

The Soviet Union maintains several organizations in the United States to manage this activity. So do the other Communist countries. The center of all book publishing in U.S.S.R. is an agency called Mezhdunarodnaya Kniga, or All-Union Book Combine, which makes the arrangements for the publication of foreign books in the Soviet Union. This mammoth combine of the Soviet Union is represented in the United States and is doing a business that many an American publisher or bookseller could envy. Between 1948 and 1952 inclusive,

this book combine did business in the United States to the tune of \$2,339,917 — its revenue coming from the sale of Soviet books in this country. This money goes to the financing of all sorts of propaganda, including the subsidies paid to the Kremlin's favorite American authors.

An American business associate of Mezhdunarodnaya Kniga listed \$31.856 in one single year, 1952, as coming from book and music royalties, while much more accrues every year in the revenues of those who prefer not to list frankly their income from such sources.

Moscow found other ways, too, to subsidize its favorite authors or Communist writers whose propaganda trash cannot find publishers in the United States. To get these books into circulation right here in the United States, and to enable Communist pamphleteers to make money with their writings, the Comunists set up a string of publishing firms in the States.

Investigation has established beyond a shadow of a doubt that these seemingly American firms, doing business in the United States, are part and parcel of the All-Union Book Combine of the Soviet Union. Most important among them is a firm called International Publishers. According to Louis Budenz, "it is directly linked to Moscow through Alexander Trachtenberg . . . I know that of my own knowledge." At one time Earl Browder, a former boss of the American Reds, himself acted as a scout for Soviet publishing firms, making deals with American authors and publishers for the publication ôt their works. Since he has been kicked out of the Communist Party, the job is now being done by others, who prefer to work surreptitiously, with only those authors whom they can trust.

Browder and his successors represent the foremost publishers of the Soviet Union: the OGIZ, which is the Publishing House of the Council of Ministers of the U.S.S.R.; the ISKUSSTVO or State Art Publishing House of the Committee on Art Affairs of the Council of Ministers of the U.S.S.R.; and the so-called PROFIZDAT or Publishing House of the Central Council of Trade Unions in Moscow. It goes without saying that none of these "firms" is a private enterprise. They are all owned by the state. Their policies are made on the highest level in the Soviet government. Any money coming from them is a subsidy paid by the Soviet Union.

#### CHAPLIN WAS PAID

The deals extend to all kinds of cultural activities including the movies. While most of the American-made movies are simply pirated by the Soviet Union, they are willing to pay for films whose producers they like. Charlie Chaplin was in this category. He never lost a penny in the Soviet Union, a fact which indicates how favorably the Kremlin regards Mr. Chaplin.

The dollars used for such subsidies don't have to come out of the foreign exchange reserves of the Gosbank. This state bank of the Soviet Union handles all payments, as some of the American writers, beneficiaries of this Soviet generosity, could testify. The Soviet Union maintains an American corporation in New York to the funds needed by releasing Soviet films in this country. It's called Artkino Pictures, Inc. Its revenue, which then became available for payments here, amounted to \$329,905 over a period of only four recent years.

These are facts, straight facts which no congressional investigation revealed thus far — how the Kremlin pays its American literary pimps.

## GANGSTERS

(Continued from Page 25)

got slapped in the face by a pot-bellied, cigarchewing character named Vittorio Nappi, a 52year-old Italian hoodlum suspected of bossing a cigarette smuggling racket. By some, the slapping incident was accepted

By some, the slapping incident was accepted as proof that Lucky no longer has underworld connections, since no one in his right mind would beat up a czar while he's still on the throne. On the other hand, Luciano has far too much money for a racketeer on the retired list. The United States authorities think, although they can't prove it, that Lucky is still running one of his old rackets, bossing a worldwide dope operation. But Luciano scoffs at the rumors. "How do I make money?" he said the other day. "I'll tell you. It's not from traffic in narcotics and it's not from smuggling cigarettes. I gotta system to beat the horses. I go to Agnano and I win. That's all."

There is another theory. During the war, the mold in which France used to mint her Napoleon gold pieces was lost. They say Lucky found it and is now minting his own ducats.

Lucky is constantly besieged by American autograph kunters and by hopeful reporters looking for a beat. And he's also watched professionally by certain "tourists" who are very, very interested in him. "Oh hell," Lucky sighs, "why don't they leave me alone? I ain't anybody anymore." But the Treasury men think this is the understatement of the century.

Lucky now has a competitor for first place as a celebrity. He's Mike Spinella, formerly of St. Louis, Missouri, now a sedate resident of Palermo, Sicily. Settled in an expensive suite in Palermo's best hotel, the cigar-smoking long-faced exczar Spinella who looks like an aging baritone, attracts lots of attention. His broad shoulders pulled in and his coat buttoned up, Mike tries to be as inconspicuous as possible. But he can't help it if he's a celebrity in his native town, even if he didn't return to it for reasons of homesickness.

#### MIKE'S PARADE

While Lucky tries to conceal his affluence, Mike is parading his. Whenever he sits down in his hotel's open-air cafe for a glass of espresso with the peel of a specially chosen lemon in it, he is surrounded by henchmen and cronies, just as he used to be in bygone days in America. While no one ventures even a guess at the source of his income, he is said to be still making about \$1,500 a day. That's a lot of money, especially in Sicily.

None of the returned hoods seems to be short of cash. Where it comes from is your guess. When Ralph Liguori, for instance, buys a glass of beer in a Roman pizzeria, he pulls out a roll that would choke a horse. Jim DiSimone looks at you through horn-rimmed glasses with the calculating, cold eyes of a big business executive and never even tries to conceal that he has some "deals" which permit him all the luxuries he was used to in the States.

But with all their fat bankrolls, the deported hoodlums don't seem to be happy at all. They'll all tell you at the sightest provocation that they're homesick for the United States. "I'd rather wash dishes in America," Joe Picci was once overheard saying, "than break them here." They miss their old cronies, their familiar hangouts, the feuds with other mobsters. They miss the casual hamburger down at the corner, and the daily conference with the private bookie. Italy isn't a bad place to live, but it hasn't got those thrills you get in America. It's the boredom of retirement that bears down heaviest on these characters. The other day when one of them got a ticket for speeding, he sighed with genuine feeling, "What wouldn't I give to be chased by an American cop!"

Another thing, the hoodlums resent the fact that they are hated in Italy. The deportees are distinctly unpopular with the average Italian, and they are a thorn in the flesh of the authorities. Their flashy way of living, their constant bragging, their daily references to their American past, don't do a thing to make the Italians love them. The natives naturally hate these prodigal sons of bitches who besmirched Italy's good name with their nefarious activities in the United States. There is no doubt about it, they add to the anti-American feeling which is already rampant in Italy. In fact, the Italians are hopping mad with Uncle Sam for dumping these gents on them.

Most countries will simply refuse to accept the hoods the United States tries to deport. But Italy is different. She accepts anyone who's legally an Italian citizen, and Italian laws say that anyone born in Italy is an Italian citizen. "But they grew up in America," a high-ranking police official recently declared. "Most of them have lived in the United States since their childhoods. That's where they learned all they know about crime. Why should Italy be burdened with them now?" The newspapers even call them "Gangsters — Made in U.S.A."

What bothers the authorities even more is not the American past of these racketeers, but their future in Italy. They are afraid that a man who peddled dope all his adult life in America will invariably return to his old trade in Italy. White slavery can be practiced in Italy just as well as in the United States, so why shouldn't a deported white slaver try to open up his old business at a new stand?

And it is a fact that some of the racketeers are back in business. In America, the hoods used to import dope. Now they pull a switch and export the stuff or act as brokers. They know the American market well, so they have an advantage over the native broker. If any single group can be identified as hating these deportees most, it is the clique of home-grown dope dealers who never left Italy.

But, while the ire of Italians is rising with the arrival of every deported gangster, the deportees never cease to attest their "patriotism," as they call it, and their admiration for Uncle Sam. In the meantime, they write picture postal cards to their friends in the States: "Having a lousy time! Wish I wuz *there*"

### **PUBLICITY STUNTS**

#### (Continued from Page 23)

fad. Men might start punching the girls they jilt and women start wearing eye patches the way French cuties wore beauty spots during the reign of Madame Pompadour.

The paper that featured the story as the major news of the day wasn't entirely amused. It scolded Zsa Zsa on the editorial page for trying to muscle in on the romance of Porfirio and Babs. And its columnist Louis Sobol voiced strong disapproval even hinting that the fraternity of columnists might not again print a word about Zsa Zsa's increasingly crude escapades.

But good or bad, publicity helps. And Russell Birdwell, whose mission in life is to dream it up, did his duty. When the clamor subsided, all that was left was a bulging scrapbook with clippings of Zsa Zsa and the patch.

#### THE BABY GAG OF PRESS AGENTS

The Birdwells of the business are hardworking gents. You can see them along Manhattan's Madison Avenue, in paneled offices off Broadway, at Lindy's and Toots Shor's in the actual act of thinking up those stunts. While their "accounts," as the clients are called, may work hard making a living, the publicity moguls work even harder faking it.

When her marriage to Frank Sinatra wasn't making the headlines by its own internal combustion, Ava Gardner's press agent had to work hard to get her into the papers. So one day, the tolerant presses from coast to coast had to grind out the headline: "Ava Gardner Would Like To Scuttle Career for the Joy of Motherhood."

The man who thought up the idea, and the yearning, was a press agent on the payroll of the 20th Century Fox motion picture company. Reporter Harold Wolfson was pressing Ava for a story but the Hollywood Cinderella just couldn't think of anything. Then the accommodating press agent stepped in. "How about that motherhood angle, honey?" he asked, and Ava became loquacious. "Work, work, work," she sighed. "What does it get you? I'm sick of it. I'd like to quit and settle down." Then, gaining momentum as she rehearsed, Ava went on: "I guess I'm not cut out to be an actress. Frankie's so exuberant about everything he does. I don't get the same kick out of it. Maybe I ought to have children."

Boom! There was the headline in nice fat black ink. But once these historic words left her pretty lips, Ava settled back in the upholstered chair as if she had got a load off her ample chest. She just shrugged her lovely shoulders and kept shrugging them — until the clippings came. **THE GHOST GOES EAST** 

NBC's Philip Dean works hard on a more difficult problem. It isn't too difficult to get headlines for Zsa Zsa and Ava. But just try to get unknowns into print. Francey Lane is such a comparative unknown, a lovely singer who appears at ungodly morning hours on Morey Amsterdam's TV show on the NBC network. Philip Dean is Francey's press agent — and a darned good one judging from the results.

One morning not so long ago when you picked up your morning newspaper, you couldn't miss a most unusual story. The title read: "Face on TV Screen — Stays on With Set Off." The story of a weird mystery which no electronic engineer could solve. A face had suddenly appeared on the TV screen of the Traverse family who live in Blue Point, Long Island. It was the blurred face of a young woman, and it stayed on even when the set was turned off. TV experts were consulted and they came out with the blunt verdict, "It can't happen!" And probably it didn't. But the story of the face on the TV screen got into the papers. It was front-page stuff even in such staid gazettes as the New York Times and the Herald Tribune.

Soon it became "the ghost face." The mystery of that blurred picture on the turned-off TV set became the subject of discussions from coast to coast.

When the debate was at its height, an excited world demanded to know just whose face it was. The tension became unbearable. Wagers were made: Marilyn Monroe, the Duchess of Windsor, the lady next door?

Well, it wasn't. It was the face of Francey Lane, the little singer on the Morey Amsterdam show! By then she herself traveled to the Long Island home to see her own indelible face on the whimsical TV screen. It goes without saying that she was accompanied by a host of reporters and photographers. Philip Dean earned a big E for effort in getting her into the papers.

Then there was the case of Charles Trenet, the combination Crosby and Sinatra of France. His name is a household word in his own country but in the United States the boy is scarcely known.

Monsieur Trenet is a man's man. He is rarely seen in the company of a woman. And somehow he had some difficulty with the United States Immigration authorities. Anyhow, the gifted performer needed a big buildup to sell him to the American public. What better buildup can there be than a romance with a famous woman, a romance that would be big news. TALENT IS NOT ENOUGH

Talent alone doesn't make headlines. You have to season it with the hot pepper of publicity. So before you knew it, Charles Trenet was in the headlines, the press taking his agent's word for it that the French singer would marry Doris Duke, Porfirio Rubirosa's ex, often called the "world's richest woman."

Doris Duke makes the headlines no matter what she does — or what she doesn't do. The idea of Charles Trenet getting hitched to Doris must have occurred to William Taub, the singer's manager, when he saw those fat front-page headlines about the marriage of Babs and Porfirio. In the tabloids Trenet was quoted as saying that he had proposed by transatlantic telephone and that Doris had accepted his proposal. He added:

"I love her, but she has too much monee. When a wooman has too much monee she may love you, but she is all the time wondering, up here" — he tapped his forehead — "about her monee." He also said that they have known "each ozzaire for two years."

Next, manager Taub released a "bulletin" to the press that Trenet and his future wife would spend their honeymoon with their good friends Barbara and Porfirio in Palm Beach. Whereupon a spokesman for Rubi down in Florida bluntly declared, "We have never met Trenet, never heard of any wedding plans and most definitely never invited him to visit us here, either with or without a wife."

For a while it looked as if even Marilyn Monroe's disappearance from the Hollywood studio where she was making a picture was nothing but a hoax invented by a press agent hard up for a story She was said to have vanished and studio moguls proclaimed with raised eyebrows that who knows? She might have gone off with Joe DiMaggio to get hitched.

Miss Monroe is the living statue of publicity. But Marilyn fooled us all. She *did* get married to Joe — the only guy in her life.

And when the inevitable happened, press, radio and TV were crowded with news of the marriage. Once in a great while even the truth makes headlines.



his kisses are strictly out of this world. Which, by the way, explains a lot . . .

Speaking of kisses, it was one such fabulous kiss that started Aly's current romance — current, at least, as we are going to press. We refer to Aly's affair with Hollywood's Gene Tierney. Here is the real lowdown, the inside story of this latest romance, one which, by the way, may have ended in marriage, or been broken off by the time this issue appears on the newsstands: It all started on New Year's Eve, 1951. Aga Khan had invited a select group of friends to a big party in one of the fashionable restaurants of the Riviera. It was a star-studded party, where celebrities from the arts, politics, and the entertainment world rubbed shoulders. Needless to say, there were a number of beautiful women present. So it was something of a sensation when Prince Aly Khan selected Gene Tierney for that big New Year's Eve kiss. And it was some kiss. It lasted about four minutes. Until that time no one really suspected that Rita's ex-hubby had any particular interest in the sophisticated former wife of dress designer Oleg Cassini.

Ever since then, Gene and Aly have been seen, and are still being seen, together all over Europe. It is a continuous tour of the smart spots in Paris, Rome, London, and Switzerland.

In the beginning, observers noted nothing extraordinary in Aly's dashing around with the beautiful star. After all, besides Rita Hayworth, the prince has been romantically linked to a number of other movie stars.

But this latest story duplicates in every phase Aly Khan's celebrated pre-marriage romance with Rita Hayworth. You will recali that during all the months preceding the Rita-Aly marriage, both were completely evasive. Whenever they were asked by newsmen about their plans, the answer was always, "We are just good friends . . ." Today, Aly Khan and Gene Tierney, when cornered, reply in the very same words, "We are just good friends."

The other day Aly Khan said to a French reporter, "When they kept asking me if I was going to marry Rita Hayworth I always said, 'No comment.' I will stick to that story about Miss Tierney."

This reply by innuendo was picked up in Europe and observers even went so far as to state categorically that it was practically a confession by the prince. Others well informed about the inside story of the romance are of the opinion that Aly and Gene Tierney are already secretly engaged, or even married. Otherwise it would be embarrassing for Gene Tierney to travel around all of Europe with the prince the way she has been doing for the past nine months.

ALY AND GENE TIERNEY

There are other facts in the Aly-Gene story that duplicate the Aly-Rita romance. The only ring Gene Tierney is wearing today is the big diamond ring put on her finger by Aly Khan. (Rita, too, at the time of their romance wore only Aly's ring.) The background, of course, is the same. Fancy parties, horse races, then sudden departures for out-of-the-way spots . . .

The other day, Gene Tierney was interviewed by a reporter and said, "Aly is sweet and thoughtful and generous, but I don't think he wants to be married to me, and I don't want to be married to him." And to Louella Parsons, Gene wrote, "He is charming and a very pleasant escort, but it's just a very nice friendship. Let's say he's had unhappiness in his life and so have I." These quotes, too, are almost identical with some Rita Hayworth made when she traveled around with Aly Khan. Those who say they are secretly engaged (or even married) advance the following reasons:

Gene Tierney could not afford to have her name linked to the playboy if this were not going to be a great love. After all, she comes from a very good family and, being thirty-two and the mother of two children, is well aware of the consequences of a mere flirtation. The real reason for thei. not coming out into the open lies not so much with Aly's father, the Aga Khan, who seems to like Gene. but rather with the Begum. A brilliant lady, the wife of the Aga Khan is of the opinion that a movie star is not the ideal wife for Aly Khan if for no other reason than that she never could make a good Begum.

There are a number of amusing and interesting points about the Aly-Gene romance, things that seem to indicate that Gene Tierney is a much better match for the prince than Rita Hayworth was. First of all, she is more eager to play hostess than Rita, who always resented the many parties that Aly was continually having. Gene Tierney is much more clothes-conscious than the rather simple Rita Hayworth. And this is something that counts very much with the playboy prince.

Furthermore, Gene loves horse races, another strong bond with Aly. Then, too, Gene is more sophisticated and better-read than Rita. She enjoys the international society and cafe society which surrounds the prince at all times, while Rita was never quite happy in that atmosphere. Gene Tierney does not object to Aly spending hours at the gambling tables, while Rita became outraged when he did. Thus, the basic patterns of the two cases, while identical in many ways, are quite different as far as personalities are concerned.

It is generally overlooked that Rita Hayworth was Aly Khan's second wife. His first was the former Mrs. Loell Guiness whom he divorced in 1949. Now the indications are that Aly Khan himself feels that he has to settle down into a final marriage. His father, the Aga Khan in not in good health and upon his death Alv will automatically succeed him as the new Aga Khan Also, personal friends of Aly say that he is getting tired of new flirtations every week, and that he wishes fervently to come to anchor. While the Aga Kahn is known to be very fond of Gene Tierney, he has not moved a finger to free his son from his enormous debts. And the matter of Rita Hayworth's alimony is not yet settled. The Aga Khan feels that a happy marriage might . . . save Aly's life. He said the other day, "We cannot foresee what might happen. Aly is a crazy fool with cars and planes and he's been trying to kill himself for years."

#### MADE FOR EACH OTHER

Gene Tierney is much too intelligent not to perceive the weak spots in Aly's character, but apparently she has decided to go along with them. She had an excellent education and her parents groomed her to become a "sedate young lady of society."

College-educated, a good linguist, with a flair for art, sultry and elegant Gene should make so her friends say — a very good Begum. She lived for months in a house near Aly's Chateau d'Horizon, and whenever they travel, be it Deauville or Dublin, their rooms are always separate.

Recently, when they were spending a week in Aly's Irish hideout, a 700-acre stud farm near the village of Kilcullen, reporters kept a close watch on the pair. They were disappointed to note that Aly's and Gene's rooms were four windows apart.

During the latest Irish trip — Aly went there for the races where his horse won, the 102nd victory — Kilcullen villagers observed a significant change in the prince's attitude toward money. On his last visit there, with Rita Hayworth, he was considered quite stingy. This time he donated 100 pounds to build a new school Remarked one villager, "It's a sign — you would know to look at him that he's happier with this one."

There can be no doubt that Aly Khan "is quite something to put up with," as a British journalist stated the other day. But Gene Tierney seems not to mind. Only one disagreement has been reported during their nine-month tour It was at the Longchamps race track in Paris. Aly Khan, finding an old acquaintance he had not seen for a long time, left Gene Tierney and walked away. When he did not return for half an hour. Gene Tierney got up and prepared to leave. At that moment, Aly reappeared and observers noticed that Gene didn't pull any punches with him.

At the end of July, when the Grand Prix, Europe's most famous horse race, was run in Paris, Aly Khan, as usual, gave a great party at the Pre-Catalan Club in the Bois de Boulogne. This is always the most glamorous of the parties Aly gives during the year. This time a cross section of international glamor was present, with Gary Cooper, French Marshal Juin, Merle Oberon, Bing Crosby, etc. Among all the dukes, duchesses and stars, Gene Tierney played the role of unofficial hostess, a development many people considered highly significant.

At this writing, Gene Tierney is back in the United States. Whenever she is asked about the possibility of marying she weighs her words very carefully. But when the prince had to spend a few days in a Paris hospital recently she sat at his bedside the whole day and part of the night, so you can draw your own conclusions.

Perhaps Aly Khan will soon forsake his eternal chase of the eternal feminine. At any rate, his father's wish is that he should settle down into a happy marriage and stop playing the field. After all, sooner or later Aly will have to succeed the Aga Khan as the spiritual head of 5,000,000 Ismaili Moslems.

When that happens he will have to turn over a new leaf.

And then the story of Aly Khan — Saint and Sinner — will take a new turn. Many glamor gals will be missing him for sure...

SUICIDES

(Continued from Page 22)

tenant Harris wasn't so sure. Neither were some of Adamic's friends. Adamic was a controversial figure. Elizabeth Bentley, the former Communist courier who became a confidential informant for the FBI, had labeled Adamic a clandestine member of the Party apparatus. Others said Adamic had turned against the Communists and become an implacable enemy whom they were eager to destroy. From the position of the rifle in Adamic's lap, from tell-tale evidence found in the house and the garage, the police deduced the possibility of foul play. The FBI was notified.

Adamic's sudden, mysterious death was one of four sensational suicides which rocked the United States between 1947 and 1951. First to go by his own hand was John G. Winant, one of America's foremost statesman, a former American ambassador to Britian, a confidant of President Roosevelt. He killed himself on the evening of November 3, 1947, with a bullet fired to his temple from a small Belgian Browning he had bought as a souvenir on one of his European trips.

In the early afternoon of December 20, 1948, a man named Lawrence Duggan fell to his death from his office in midtown Manhattan. He was a former high official of the State Department, one-time chief of its Latin American division. HUNTED BY COMMUNISTS

Then, at dawn of May 21, 1949, the limp body of James Forrestal was found on the pavement beneath the windows of Bethesda Naval Hospital, ending a brilliant career that had culminated in his appointment as Secretary of Defense.

And, finally, Adamic went, too, first shot, then laid out mysteriously on the funeral pyre of his burning house as if someone had tried to cremate his body.

What was behind these four sensational

suicides? Or were they really suicides at all? And if these men killed themselves, what pushed them to their windowsills for those fatal jumps, what made them pull the triggers?

To this day, these cases remain officially unsolved. But TOP SECRET has evidence hitherto unrevealed in each of the cases which may bring them closer to solution.

Of the four, the case of Adamic remains the most mysterious. There are a number of strange complications that make a definitive theory difficult. They certainly puzzled the state police. Besides the evidence produced by Prosecutor Herbert T. Heisel of Huntendon County, failed to convince Adamic's closest friends that he had really killed himself. Louis Budenz, another former Communist, thought that "a very strong possibility exists that Adamic was killed by Communists agents." A Yugoslav journalist, one of the dead man's closest friends, stated with finality that Adamic was, in fact, killed by Moscow's agents when they did not succeed in their attempts to force him to change the strongly anti-Communist tone of his last manuscript, the typewritten pages of which were found scattered around his room.

Who was Adamic, anyway?

Born in a little Slovene village on March 23, 1899, Louis Adamic was in rebellion from his early youth. At the age of fourteen he was expelled from school because he smuggled a spittoon up onto the head of a statue of Emperor Francis Joseph about to be unveiled in town. Shortly afterwards, the boy came to the United States. In America he dug ditches, loaded freight, swept floors, waited on tables, welded metals, wove textiles — and learned to write English exceptionally well. He fought in the American Army in World War I, became a citizen in 1918, then published his first book. It was called Dynamite, an appropriate title for a book that described violence in the labor movement.

Adamic wrote books about immigrants and native sons — and fell into the trap which the Communists laid for such restless intellectuals. He became one of the extreme leftists' crowd. In fact, a clipping found in the dead man's pocket headlined the charge that Adamic "was a Red Spy." During World War II, the writer rooted for

During World War II, the writer rooted for Tito and when the Marshal broke with Stalin to go his own Communistic way, Adamic hitchhiked along. He became an enemy of Stalin and the Stalinists became his enemies. Did the feud end with murder in the Jersey farmhouse?

#### THEN CAME THE THUGS

In the summer of 1949, Louis Adamic lived in California in a cottage high over the Pacific Ocean. He was in a bad emotional state. He couldn't sleep during those nights and went on long walks along the ocean cliffs before dawn. Once during his nocturnal wanderings, at 2 o'clock in the morning, Adamic was accosted by two strangers who emerged from the dark. "If you don't stop writing those blasted articles against the Soviet Union," one of them snarled, "you'll get hurt."

A powerful man of great personal courage, Adamic told the men to go to hell. They rushed him and, though Adamic put up a good fight, he was badly beaten up.

Adamic regarded the incident as a private affair and, while he related it to a few intimate friends, he refused to notify the police. He concealed the truth even from his wife. He told her he had fallen off the cliff.

After that, Adamic decided to get away from California, to return to his hideout in the little New Jersey hamlet of Riegelsville where he owned a farm. He was working hard on his latest book. It was to be called "The Eagle and the Root," and it was to be his most forceful settlement of old accounts with the Communists, a showdown book, his declaration of open war. He expected trouble.

Hidden away in Riegelsville though he was, the agents of his enemies tracked him down. From time to time cars with out-of-state license plates would drive up to the Adamic farmhouse. Men would emerge in pairs or quartets and disappear into the house without knocking on the door. Then voices raised in loud quarrels could be heard. Adamic would complain afterwards to his friends and publisher that "they" had come again to warn and threaten him. "Don't publish that book," was the refrain of the warnings, "or else!" Adamic knew what "or else" meant in the manuals of Communist execution squads.

But sometime in August, 1951, he finished the book. The manuscript was typed by Ethel Sharp, a secretary in the Flemington Bank.

Late in August, four strangers paid a call on Adamic. Their warnings were insistent. Their threats grew impatient. And when they left and Mrs. Sharp showed up as usual to type up some more pages, the writer apeared more determined than ever. "I'll finish it and get it published," he said to Mrs. Sharp, "even if it kills me." The remark was more than a mere figure of speech. Death was waiting in ambush for Adamic.

#### **STRANGE EVIDENCE**

At no time did anyone ever notice anything in the man to indicate that he was planning suicide. He had just bought a new car. He was planning a vacation and afterward a trip to Yugoslavia to do research for still another book. He was not planning to kill himself.

But at dawn on September 4, 1951, only a few days after the mysterious visit of the four strangers, Adamic was found dead in the midst of a raging fire. Did he kill himself? Or was he killed?

The magazine of the Mossberg was found in the garage — and not a single bullet was missing from it.

The bullet that killed Adamic was fired from the Mossberg and the marks of its work were evident in the contact wound that Dr. Fuhrman discovered at his temple. But was it possible for a man to shoot himself in the brain, causing instant paralysis, if not instant death, and then place the rifle in his own lap?

And those oil cans in the garage — there were oily fingerprints on them. There were more fingerprints on the axe that cut the holes in the cans. But they weren't Adamic's fingerprints.

From the discrepancy between the time of his death and the outbreak of the fire, some people even thought the conflagration could only have been started by others — after Adamic's death. In other words, they were vengeful flames intended to destroy the hated book together with the dangerous man.

In Adamic's typewriter, Lieutenant Harris found a single sheet with a few words on it. It was the beginning of a familiar sentence: "Now is the time for all good men . . ."

Was this an ironic postscript to the tragedy, written by Adamic's killer? Because the missing words would have read, "to come to the aid of the Party!"

#### THE CASE OF WINANT

While in the opinion of his intimate friends Adamic's "suicide" was premeditated murder by Communist agents under orders to destroy the renegade, the death of John Gilbert Winant was quite obviously suicide. He killed himself in his son's bedroom in Concord, New Hampshire, the state whose governor he had been for three exciting terms. At the time of the suicide, there were only two persons in the house — his secretary and a maid. They didn't hear the report of the pistol, for the little Belgian Browning killed very discreetly. But they heard the body fall and rushed upstairs. It was 7:45 p.m., November 3, 1947. Clad in his dressing gown, with a thin stream of blood trickling from his head, John Winant lay on the floor. He died at 9 p.m. without regaining consciousness.

Why should a man like Winant kill himself? His life was a monument to success. Born in New York in 1889, the son of well-to-do parents, Winant always had everything he wanted, and more. During World War I he went overseas as an aviation private and rose to command the 8th Observation Squadron in France. He moved from New York to New Hampshire and got himself elected governor of the New England state that is habitually hostile to "strangers." He was a maverick Republican, but was mentioned as a possible Republican presidential candidate in 1936. He increased his inherited wealth. Some land in the South he had acquired as a favor to a friend eventually yielded oil. Everything the tall, dark man with the high cheekbones touched turned to gold in his lucky hands. He was clean as a whistle, an idealist but not of the holier-than-thou kind, a man of great common sense and sincerity. He loked like Lincoln and he was conscious of this resemblance. He tried to live and think like Lincoln.

In February, 1941, at the age of fifty-two, Winant reached the height of his career when President Roosevelt appointed him American Ambassador to the Court of St. James in London. Winant became a great envoy. He dined in the swanky restaurant of the expensive Connaught Hotel, but he mixed with the little people in their pubs — and they came to know and love him. "He was the gentlest, kindest man I ever knew," a cockney said in a London pub when the news of his death came over the wireless. They mourned him as if he had been one of them.

#### THE STEALTHY KILLER

Like Adamic on the eve of his death, Winant, too, was working on a book. It was called "Letters from Grosvenor Square." He planned it as his swan song, to convey for a last time the motto of his life: "Peace is the prime issue for the peoples of the world." His death somehow put an exclamation mark at the end of that sentence.

Winant's death puzzled his friends and it left strangers groping for an explanation. Just a few days before he had died, he delivered the keynote address at a New York forum. Its title was: "America's Problem of Liberty." Many people thought that Winant destroyed himself because he didn't want to live in a world which no longer promised that liberty.

Others argued that his suicide was an impulsive act. Didn't he make a plane reservation only a few hours before his death? Didn't he make plans for the future only a few moments before he pulled the trigger?

The mystery of John G. Winant's suicide need no longer be a mystery. He killed himself because he thought he might have cancer. An intense and introverted man, Winant had long suffered from what his doctors diagnosed as a stomach ulcer. Although he dieted and otherwise followed his doctor's instructions, his condition didn't improve. He was tortured by pain and finally persuaded himself that he was suffering from the incurable disease.

Seized by still another painful attack, Winant decided to end it all. He went to a drawer where he kept a powerful Luger, but threw it away in disgust when he found it was not loaded. Then he picked up the little Browning, placed it at his temple and pulled the trigger. A few hours later this favorite son of Lady Luck was dead.

#### THE CASE OF DUGGAN

When Winant died, the newspapers featured his suicide on the front pages, but the sensational, mysterious suicide of another man, built somewhat along Winant's own lines, didn't attract such attention when it occurred on December 20, 1948. His name was Lawrence Duggan and, although he was a prominent diplomat in Washington, most Americans had never heard of him. Just be-



It was from this window that James Forrestal jumped to his immediate and mysterious death.

fore his death his name was beginning to seep into the news. It was mentioned by an ex-Communist spy behind the closed doors of a Congressional committee room. Others, too, described Duggan as a high-ranking member of the Soviet espionage apparatus in Washington, D. C. — the undercover group of American officials to which Alger Hiss belonged.

But Duggan's guilt seemed far from established. Those who knew him were stunned by his sudden death. Former Under Secretary of State Sumner Welles wired Mayor William O'Dwyer in New York expressing his opinion that suicide was impossible in Duggan's case.

Then what did happen? Did Duggan jump out of the window? Or did he fall? Or was he pushed by mysterious agents who wanted to seal his lips forever?

Today it is possible to state that Duggan's case was suicide, the desperate act of a hunted man on the eve of exposure. Lawrence Duggan, the brilliant young intellectual, the trusted official, the promising diplomat slated to wind up as one of this country's ambassadors, was a Soviet spy. He was drawn into the Communist conspiracy in 1935 by a secret agent working for the foreign division of the GPU, as the Soviet secret police was then known. This person was a woman known by many last names and called "Hede" by her friends. Duggan was pointed out to her in Washington when she went there on one of her regular trips loking for likely candidates for her espionage ring.

Larry Duggan became her "assignment." She acted boldly. She called him at his office and they had luncheon in Washington's Club Oasis. Even before they got around to dessert, Duggan had agreed to accept the invitation and spy for the Soviet Union. It seemed to Hede that he had come to the luncheon with his mind already made up. He had a complete plan and explained the complicated technical details of his collaboration. "He was not going to hand over any document to us," the woman later recalled of that luncheon at the Oasis, "but he was willing to meet me every second week, provided I knew shorthand, and give me verbal reports on issues of interest."

Hede then passed him on to another contact, Duggan himself arranging the surreptitious meeting in a parked car on the outskirts of Washington. When she heard the name Duggan mentioned again, it was in 1937-1938 in Moscow, from the lips of a Soviet spymaster named Peter Zubelin. The way Zubelin talked about Duggan convinced Hede that he was still very much in "the net."

#### A MEMBER OF THE NET

In the summer of 1938, Hede was back in Washington. By then she was a changed, disillusioned woman, no longer an agent of the Soviet Union, but a bitter enemy of Stalinism. The case of Larry Duggan weighed heavily on her conscience and she decided to do something about it. She went to Duggan's house to warn Larry, to persuade him to abandon his dangerous game. But Duggan wasn't at home and Hede left, this time without accomplishing her self-chosen "assignment."

Years later when the strange Washington apparatus of the Communists blew up, the name of Larry Duggan began to crop up wherever the membership of the treacherous group was mentioned. Duggan himself left Washington. He established himself in an office in midtown Manhattan — but he was living on borrowed time. He knew that his past would catch up with him. He wanted desperately to destroy that past, but the only way he knew was by destroying himself.

Friends advised him quietly that his activities were exposed to a Congressional committee. He was interrogated by FBI agents. There seemed to be no way out — except through that window in his office on the eighteenth floor of a New York skyscraper. On December 20, 1948, Lawrence Duggan stepped up to the window and jumped. A few seconds later he was dead, his mangled body stretched out on the pavement far below.

This is also the way James Forrestal went suddenly, under the enormous weight of a different inner conflict.

#### THE CASE OF FORRESTAL

In Princeton, during his undergraduate days, they called him "Runt." He was a short man with piano wires for nerves, with a broken nose that gave him the appearance of a retired prizefighter. He was born in Beacon, New York, on the wrong side of the railroad tracks and he had to work hard to make his way in life. But, once he started, nobody could stop him.

First Forrestal went down to Wall Street to make a fortune. Then he went to Washington to make himself a name. Appointed Under Secretary of the Navy, then Secretary after the death of Frank Knox, he became this country's first Secretary of Defense when that new department was born.

In his responsible position as the head of America's armed forces, Forrestal foresaw much that others never expected to happen. He was among the first high officials in Washington to recognize the menace of a victorious Soviet Union. As he read the intelligence reports which kept pouring onto his desk in the huge green-walled office in the Pentagon, he became obsessed with the menace represented by the Soviet Union and frantic over the easy complacency of his own country.

The worries of an uncertain future in which the United States would have to meet the onslaught of a ruthless colossus filled Forrestal with gloom and foreboding. His nerves could no longer cary the load. On March 2, 1949, he submitted his resignation, and on March 28 he gave up the job.

When he left, everyone from President Tru-man down to the driver of his car watched the departing Secretary with some apprehension. His thin lips were pressed tighter than ever before. Scratching the top of his head had become a habit which left a bald spot in his hair. But nobody then suspected he was on the verge of a crack-up.

## THE CRACK-UP

Forrestal bade good-bye to the President, then left by plane for Hobe Sound, Florida, to rest in the house of Robert Lovett, one of his oldest friends. But he found no rest. During the night of March 30-31, he jumped out of his bed, rushed screaming out into the grounds and then tried to kill himself with a knife. He was restrained with difficulty. His friends called Washington, and a prominent naval psychiatrist was promptly flown to him in Hobe Sound. Then, from Topeka, Kansas, Dr. William C. Menninger was rushed to the prominent patient. Next day, James Forrestal, a desperately sick man whose mind had become the casualty of a war that had not occurred, was flown back to Washington. The evening of April 2, he was admitted to the psychiatric ward of the Bethesda Naval Hospital.

His case was diagnosed as involutional melancholia, a mental disease with a high fatality rate. The symptoms of Mr. Forrestal's disease included so-called psychic pain, mental confusion alterna-ting with lucidity, sluggishness in the association of ideas, mistakes of identity, and spells of elation. He lost his appetite, suffered from intense headaches and from insomnia. About twenty-five per cent of all such cases end in death - most of them by suicide or what the doctors call "melancholic wasting.'

For a while it seemed to his doctors that Forrestal would recover. By the end of April he was responding well to treatment. "He seemed his old self to numbers of his friends and associates," one of his biographers wrote, "including he President, who visited him." By the middle of May, his doctors were looking forward to his discharge in another month or so. The earlier restraints were gradually relaxed.

## CASUALTY OF WORLD WAR III

Forrestal's room was on the sixteenth floor of the huge Naval Medical Center, and it was there, on the night of May 21, that he fought for some of the sleep that refused to come to his tired eyes. He picked up a book; it was Mark Van Doren's Anthology of World Poetry. To while away the time, he began to copy a dark and solemn poem onto a sheet of paper: "Fair Salamis, the billows' roar wanders around thee yet, and sailors gaze

upon they shore firm in the Ocean set." It was the "Chorus from Ajax," in William Mackworth Praed's translation. He came to the end of the second stanza: "Woe, woe!' will be the cry - No quiet murmur like the tremulous wail of the lone bird, the querulous nightingale." That's as far as he got. He put the book down,

still open at the poem. It was three o'clock in the morning.

Forrestal got up and went over to a small kitchen on the same floor, probably to fetch a glass of water.

He looked at the window in the kitchen. It had no bars.

At 3:03 a.m. on May 22, 1949, James Forrestal jumped out of that window, resolving a raging problem in his soul, a conflict only death could settle.

So, the cycle of sensational suicides came to an end in the United States. It was a morbid manifestation of these nerve-wracking years.

The coroner of history will write "murder" as the cause of all these deaths. Winant and Duggan, Forrestal and Adamic — they were all murdered by the fearful times in which we live.

CIGGIES (Continued from Page 21)

## missed as the whinings of scared sissies.

Some facts have been known since the turn of the century when scientific research first became interested in the effects of smoking. Each year new research added to our knowledge. But the findings were always buried in scientific journals or scholarly papers published only for the eyes of professionals.

Nobody dared to bring the information out into the open and into the forum of public discussion—until Walter Winchell's daring broadcast.

His great editorial, spoken in quiet, restrained words, pushed the problem into the limelight. Once before, Winchell dealt a heavy blow to harmful hypocrisy when he defied the censor and spelled out the word "syphilis" on the air. His frank discussion of that unmentionable disease aided the hush-hush campaign aimed at its eradiction.

Winchell's historic words are reprinted in full on this page.

Since these were spoken, millions of words have been printed about it in the press. Cigarette shares went into a nosedive on the stock market. People gave up the habit or cut down on the number of ciggies they smoked. Most everybody lighted each new cigarette with the fatalistic gesture gladiators of ancient Rome made just before they went into the arena for the fight unto death.

The attitude of the public was expressed by a correspondent from Belle Mead, New Jersey, whose letter to the editor of a metropolitan news-paper read: "At any rate, having survived in-numerable medical fads and fancies, I permit myself a cheerful skepticism. By sheer obstinacy I kept my perfectly sound teeth through an epi-demic of tooth pooling. I now propose to hold onto one of the few joys in life left us - my cigarette — and take my chance. "After all, I am bound to die of something and

it's almost sure to be unpleasant."

But the whole story has never been told.

Talk today revolves around only one question: Does cigarette smoking promote lung cancer? Some say yes; others say maybe; still others say no.

Lung cancer is only one of the possible results of excessive smoking. To be sure, it's probably the most lethal crime attributed to the cigarettewhat Thomas Alva Edison called "a killer." But is not by a long shot the only crime which has been charged to its account.

Okay, then: light up a ciggie and take your choice.

## **19 POISONS: 10 DISEASES**

Excessive smoking of cigarettes was found by responsible scientists to be wholly or partly responsible for a number of diseases. It was also found to be harmful in several other ways. In addition to lung cancer,

(1) cigarette smoking was found to cause diseases of the liver;

(2) it was found to cause or accelerate blindness;

(3) it was found to cause or aggravate peptic ulcer;

(4) it was found to interfere with the proper circulation of the blood in the body;

(5) it was found to contribute to the development of an ailment known as Buerger's Disease in which terminal blood vessels progressively degenerate, resulting in gangrene which might in turn necessitate the amputation of the affected limb;

(6) cigarette smoking was found to raise blood pressure;

(7) excessive smoking of cigarettes was found to aggravate various cardiac conditions and lead to angina pectoris;

(8) cigarette smoking was found to have adverse effects on the brain and to interfere with normal mental processes;

(9) excessive smoking of cigarettes was found to mar feminine beauty, contribute to the premature aging of women, and cause sterility;

(10) excessive smoking of cigarettes was found to shorten life.

Dr. Raymond Pearl of Johns Hopkins University found that out of 100 heavy smokers only 46 reach the age of 60, while out of 100 non-smokers 66 reach that age.

How many people are affected?

Fifty years ago, people of the United States smoked only 3 billion cigarettes a year. Today they smoke 400 billion cigarettes a year.

In the United States, 74 males and 35 females of every 100 persons over sixteen years of age are regular smokers. There are in addition millions of youthful smokers who puff away on their cigarettes with childish bravado, in violation of existing state laws.

All told there are in the United States today 104,000,000 regular cigarette smokers out of a population of 150,000,000.

These millions think that they are inhaling only the smoke of tobacco when they enjoy a cigarette. The fact is that laboratory research discovered nineteen major, active poisons in cigarettes. Among the poisons most prevalent is nicotine but also present are such other dangerous substances as ammonia, pyrrol, lutidin, coridin, rubidin, prussic acid, carbon monoxide, carbolic acid, formaldehyde and arsenic.

## TARS CAUSE CANCER

In addition, tobacco contains tars which cause cancer when smeared on the skin of mice in laboratory tests.

According to Dr. A. H. Roffo of Buenos Aires, a pioneer in the research, the average smoker consumes about two pounds of tobacco per month. That amount of cigarette tobacco was found to contain two and a third fluid ounces of tars in its smoke.

In just one year of smoking, the cigarette addict inhales about twenty-eight ounces of tars containing benpyrine and other agents which are known to cause cancer. At the Cancer Institute of Buenos Aires, where Dr. Roffo made his investigations, he found that 90 per cent of the patients afflicted with cancer were smokers. Roffo's independent findings were confirmed by such outstanding American scientists as Dr. J. D. Varney, Profesor Alton Ochsner, Dr. Ernest Wynder, Dr. F. A. Figi and Dr. J. H. Kellog.

Tobacco is harmful enough in itself. The situation was made worse when cigarette manufacturers decided to adulterate their product with essential oils and chemical flavorings.

The formulas of individual cigarette manufacturers are top secret. The unwary, uninformed smoker is thus at the mercy of any unscrupulous manufacturer who sees fit to add foreign substances to tobacco in the frantic effort to make his own brand more attractive.

How scrupulous are cigarette manufacturers in their sales appeals?

The Federal Trade Commision of the United States Government found cigarette manufacturers to be among the most unscrupulous salesmen in this country. Their violations of trade and advertising codes have taken up much of

the FTC's time.

Thus the FTC found that the widely advertised claim of the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company that good health follows the smoking of Camel cigarettes, that their smoking causes better digestion, creates more energy and in general produces bodily vigor were simply not true.

The FTC found untrue the claim that Pall Mall cigarette smokers are protected against throat irritations.

The FTC denied the claims of the American Tobacco Company that Lucky Strikes are less irritating to the throat than are competing brands, that Luckies are easier on the throat, that Luckies cause no coughing, and that Luckies contain less nicotine.

The FTC branded as an untruth the claim that Old Gold cigarettes will assist students in preparing for examinations. The FTC further denied the assertion of the same manufacturer that "something new has been added" to the tobacco content of Old Gold cigarettes.

The FTC also branded as untruths a whole string of claims used in their advertising by Philip Morris and Company and by Liggett and Meyers, manufacturers of Chesterfield cigarettes.

The Federal Trade Commission stated bluntly that whenever a cigarette manufacturer claims that its product is harmless or that it even contributes to the health of the smoker, the manufacturer is not telling the truth.

While the FTC did not spell out the actual harmful effects of cigarette smoking, world-famous scientists now have.

## **TOBACCO DESTROYS LIVER**

They found that the organ of the body primarily attacked by nicotine is the liver, since it is the liver's particular function to "detoxicate" the body. Were it not for the liver, nicotine would kill quickly. Excessive intake of nicotine through smoking was found to destroy the liver gradually.

Dr. Charles Sheard of the Mayo Clinic stated that the smoking of two cigarettes is sufficient to impair a person's night vision. Normal vision is also impaired, but not to such a degree and not so rapidly. The nicotine cuts the flow of blood to the retina and delays the adjustment of the eyes to light.

Nicotine was found in several cases to be solely responsible for partial deafness.

A German scholar found that 80 per cent of 153 persons who had been operated on for peptic ulcer were heavy smokers. The Ochsner Clinic in New Orleans refuses to treat ulcer patients unless they stop smoking.

Researchers at New York University found that patients who continue to smoke during treatment of their peptic ulcers had more relapses than those who did not or those who had never smoked at all.

Among youthful smokers, cigarettes cause a condition known as pseudoangina pectoris. It is characterized by pain around the heart and down the left arm. It was found to be entirely due to cigarette smoking. Studies made at Columbia University and Antioch College indicated that excessive smoking interfered with the work of students, made them lazier and lowered their academic records.

## **CIGGIES MAR FEMININE BEAUTY**

The harmful effect of tobacco on women was established definitely by scientists working in the Battle Creek Sanatorium; also by Dr. H. H. Tidswell, Dr. Lester W. Sontag, Dr. Robert F. Wallace, Dr. C. L. Barber and others.

It was found that cigarette smoking made the female skin taut and sallow; deprived lips of their color; caused wrinkles at the corners of the mouth.

It is suspected that cigarette smoking may

cause sterility in both men and women since nicotine has negatively influenced the reproduction process in mice.

When hucksters took over the cigarette industry and pushed the sales of cigarettes from 3 billions a year to 400 billions, they assumed a great responsibility. For years, their advertising was misleading and their gigantic advertising budgets effectively muzzled press and radio.

In the meantime, in a frantic search for markets beyond an obvious saturation point, they also persuaded women and youth to become addicted to cigarette smoking.

Now these same hucksters claim that means have been found or are in the process of imminent discovery to eliminate the danger from the blue smoke of cigarettes.

On the basis of their past performance, such claims must be regarded with the greatest caution and suspicion. In the meantime, and pending the scientific advice of the many researchers now rushing their investigations to definite conclusions, smokers might do well to cut down radically on the number of cigarettes they smoke.



(Continued from Page 19)

But the forces and arguments were quietly mobilized against Godfrey, to be kept ready for D-Day. Zero hour came at the point of least resistance.

Godfrey went from his familiar vertical into a horizontal position. He retired temporarily from TV and radio to have an old hip injury fixed up in a Boston clinic, in an operation that would either cure him for good or cripple him for the rest of his life.

Godfrey's national popularity reached the heights of Kilimanjaro just when he decided to undergo this operation. During those days, TV pundit Jack O'Brien blossomed out with a series of articles in the Hearst papers, describing Godfrey and his profesional family in exultant words. Jack is one of the best men in the business. He writes one of the most interesting TV and radio columns in the land.

But this time somehow Jack O'Brien missed the boat. He wrote up "Arthur Godfrey and his Friends" at a time when he would have scored a real scoop by exposing Arthur Godfrey and his enemies instead.

Because those enemies of the garrulous redhead were just about ready to strike. Dwight Eisenhower was in the White House. Godfrey's bigshot friends were running the country in the most responsible Washington positions. Arthur himself was mentioned for top-ranking government jobs. His good friend Charles E. Wilson wanted to make him Assistant Secretary of Defense in charge of information and to entrust to him the psychological warfare program of this country.

The campaign against Godfrey — and through him, against the men behind him — began with snipings which, however, attracted little attention.

They first appeared in a rag called *Expose* which specializes in the decline of the gods. The decline and fall of King Arthur became a favorite subject for the magazine that had also spearheaded the smear campaign against Walter Winchell.

Then the bigger guns were brought up. And just when Arthur became totally incapacitated in the hospital, they began to open up. Stories were planted in the papers and magazines playing up the seamier side of his life and personality. A whole series of hostile articles was published in the same New York Post which had parrotted Expose's campaign against Winchell.

This was a natural. Let's hit Walter again, through Arthur! And let's hit all those other bigwigs behind his broad though temporarily hospitalized back.

## THE LAROSA INCIDENT

Before you knew it, the campaign was on.

Godfrey is not a particularly difficult target to attack. Although he is an essentially smooth and tolerant, a generous and kindly man, he has a matchless talent for putting his foot into his mouth whenever he talks without a script. He likes to talk off the top of his head and from a jaunty shoulder. And he likes to do things on the spur of an unguarded moment.

The grand opportunity for the smearmongers came when Godfrey opened himself up wide with the firing of Julius LaRosa, the little crooner. This happened right on the air during the closing moments of a TV program.

Nobody was ever before fired in full view of millions, under the aegis of a commercial sponsor.

This was a mistake and nobody regrets it more than Arthur himself. But this is how he usually does things. There is a strange element of brusque sincerity in everything he does — the way he kids his commercials, for instance. In the past, his impulsive sincerity had sold a lot of goods. This time it backfired with a bang.

Overnight, Godfrey became the most controversial character in the United States. And this was the psychological moment for which the smear brigade was waiting with bated breath.

Swifty the smearmongers went into action to show up Godfrey as:

1. an arch reactionary in politics who trafficked with the lunatic fringe of the country;

2. a henchman of American big business and of the warmongers among the American generals;

3. a dictator in his own personal bailiwick, running his private sweatshop and regimenting his helpless coolies;

4. a philanderer who divorced one wife, neglects his second wife, and seeks solace in the transient friendships of his female employees;

5. an incorrigible drunk who conducts his business in a permanent alcoholic glow;

6. a martinet who considers himself to be above the laws of the land;

7. a tightfisted pennypincher who hoards millions for himself but doles out only pittances to his hardworking staff;

8. an inveterate ingrate who uses and abuses people who help him and then drops them like squeezed-out lemons;

9. a reckless and inconsiderate flier who derives morbid pleasure from endangering the lives of his fellow men with his airborne antics;

10. a selfish tyrant to whom Godfrey means all or nothing at all.

## SMEAR FROM COAST TO COAST

The abuse was widespread. It stretched from coast to coast.

Suddenly Godfrey noticed a switch in the tone of his gargantuan mail. Even his friends looked at him with different, quizzical eyes. Just when he needed rest more than anything else to aid his post-operational therapy, he was stirred up and hunted, running for cover each time another edition of the gazettes hit the stands.

While the campaign against Godfrey seemed broad, indeed, those who knew the inside story of the great Godfrey smear realized that there were really only a handful of men sparkplugging it.

Among these men were three disgruntled ex-employees of Godfrey, petty aides from the distant past who got off the bandwagon at an early stage and now regretted their haste.

The really active string-pullers behind the great anti-Godfrey puppet show were no more than half a dozen smearmongers. They were aided and abetted by some people who should have known better, but allowed their bias to come up like a burp for the sole reason that they found it hard to digest Arthur's phenomenal success. Godfrey himself did little to counter the cam-

paign. If anything, he aided it. He was harassed and sick, and he was shrugging his shoulders. However, he' continued to shove his feet into his big mouth every time he opened it, despite the pleadings of the panicky men at CBS who were supposed to handle his public relations. "Relax, Arthur," they told him. "This will blow over!" "Blow!" was Arthur's usual answer or other

four-letter words to similar effect.

He himself aggravated the LaRosa scandal by making silly statements which misrepresented him as a Little Caesar. In the middle of the campaign against him, he went on a hunting trip out West with some of the biggest bigwigs he knew, lending currency to vicious rumors about his nefarious (but actually non-existent) influence.

Then he transferred some of his nervousness into the cockpit of his private plane and began to violate flight regulations. This produced still more anti-Godfrey headlines and headshakings. ARTHUR VERSUS GODFREY

Behind the hate barrage against Godfrey and behind the smears and slanders, the real Arthur was totally obscured. He started to loom in the imagination of even his most loyal fans as something like the monster presented by his enemies. But is it actually true what they say about

Arthur?

Is he the evil genius hand in glove with scheming tycoons and boisterous military men?

Is he the selfish Croesus who made a fetish of the Midas touch?

Is he a pigmy tyrant, the terror of his staff? Arthur Godfrey is none of these monsters. Yet he is reluctant to tell the big truth about himself to smash the big lie.

The real Godfrey is a big shot, there can be no doubt about that. He is a man in a heroic mould and on a monumental scale. In a sense he is a tycoon in his own right, a big businessman and supersalesman, perhaps the greatest salesman in the whole history of American commerce.

He is not exceptionally well educated, but he has plenty of native intelligence and is smart as any man can be. Although he seems to be brash and impulsive in his acts, he is actually a careful and even meticulous planner who does nothing before he plots his course in advance.

The three really dominant traits of Godfrey's character are all on the positive side.

He is inordinately generous.
He is excessively loyal.

3. He is absolutely tolerant.

Godfrey's generosity is expressed in a number of ways, very few of which are known at all.

He pays his own staff only relatively well and there is, in fact, an enormous discrepancy between his own earnings and the salaries he pays his staff. But he pays them every penny he thinks they deserve and earn by honest and hard work.

The fact is that Godfrey does not believe in the star system. The men and women who work for him are not especially talented. He wants them just as they are. They were carried to success, not by their own competence, but by the push which they get from Godfrey's incomparable showmanship.

To be sure, Julius LaRosa is now riding the high waves of prosperity. He earns many times what he did with Godfrey. But even Julius' best friends will admit that this is largely due to the

publicity which he got through his supercolossal firing.

To quote the First Lady's apt phrase, "Julius is cute," but he is no shaker of the earth.

Neither are the others who work for Godfrey. Arthur knows this better than anyone else. It is part of his system. And so he pays his hired hands what he thinks they are worth.

And at that, they are pretty well paid by any standards. Performers on his staff earn as much as \$800 a week and that ain't hay no matter how you slice it. That was how much Julius was mak-ing when Arthur shouted: "Fire!"

## **GODFREY'S GORGEOUS GIFTS**

Godfrey's generosity is manifested in the way he takes care of his family, but above all else, it is demonstrated in his secret charities.

His lawyers and accountants could tell you that his contributions represent six-figure sums, but they won't. Godfrey forbade them to talk about his charities. Aside from major contributions to worthy causes - cancer funds, the Red Cross, Community Chest and the like - he endows medical schools and pays for a number of research scholarships.

These are facts, yet you could read them in none of the serials dedicated to Godfrey's crowded life. As a matter of fact, Godfrey thinks it is just as well. He is not only modest, he is actually bashful about his charities. Somehow he's ashamed to show that he's been generous.

Godfrey's generosity is reflected in the gifts he gives quietly to members of his own staff. When earlier in his career he hired a secretary, he paid her "post graduate" tuition in secretarial school. He later showered presents on her. They were in his monumental style: a mink coat, a farm in North Carolina, a Pontiac car, cruises.

This generosity to a mere secretary was seized upon by detractors who gossiped that Godfrey had more than a clerical relation with his pretty secretary. People close to both knew that this was a vicious lie. But people a bit further removed from the scene just couldn't imagine that a boss would give a whole farm as a present to his comely secretary without demanding the biblical apple in return.

Arthur's loyalty is similarly prodigious. Of course there were a few people who either worked for him or with him in the past, but who were dropped at one time or another along the road.

There were firings in the Godfrey circus long, long before the LaRosa incident. Most famous of such separations was the departure of Mug (Margaret) Richardson, Godfrey's fabulous Girl Friday, in a disagreement the details of which are not necessarily obscure but are nevertheless strictly private. At the time when Mug went, no streamers proclaimed the rupture.

It was regarded as a normal separation and left at that. Of course, Godfrey didn't fire Mug Richardson before 20 million viewers. But she went, as did others before and after her.

## THE LOYALTY CLUB

But firings in the Godfrey stable are the exceptions and not the rule. The vast majority of his people have been with him for more than a decade. And he has plenty of people who live on the Godfrey fat.

In his office at 49 East 52nd Street, just off Manhattan's Madison Avenue, he employs up to seventy five persons - all kinds of clerical workers and people to take care of the many incidental chores in an enterprise of this magnitude. All told, there may be as many as five hundred persons working for him, on payrolls or retainers. Even writers who supply only occasional gags on a strictly free lance basis have been with him for more than ten years.

His own general staff consists of a trio com-

posed of producer Larry Puck, director Jack Karney and announcer Tony Marvin. They have been with him for upwards of fifteen years and they like it fine. They have to work hard and they have to be loyal. But then they are the beneficiaries of Godfrey's loyalty and generosity, and they have no reason to complain on either score.

2 2 1

It is Godfrey's inborn sincerity that gets him into trouble once in a while, because it frequently lures him away from diplomacy. Yet it is this same sincerity that got him those millions of fans.

Godfrey is bighearted in everything he does and does everything with a gusto and that overwhelm-ing sincerity. During the war, he promoted the Blood Bank by giving his own until it began to be really missing in his own body. Then he persuaded millions to give almost as generously.

Linked to his sincerity in his extreme tolerance.

There isn't a shred of hatred or prejudice in the man. He doesn't look for a man's creed or race when it comes to close friendships. And he is willing to fight out in the open for tolerance.

On his staff are the Mariners, a vocal group of four men, two of whom are negroes. An interracial group like this was unheard of, and there are states in the Union which actually have laws against mixing of races on the stage. They tried to persuade Godfrey to break up the group, to make it either all white or all colored - but Arthur wasn't buying any of that. He fought for his men even in the South and kept the quartet together in its original form.

Although he never permits it to be publicized, Godfrey fights in the forefront of the battle against racial intolerance and for religious peace.

## IKE'S FAVORITE GODFREY STORY

The most frequent charge preferred against him is that he is a heavy drinker. By some strange quirk of his character, Arthur himself likes to promote this impression by talking freely and ribaldly about his prowess as a drinker. President Eisenhower's favorite Godfrey story is also along these lines. Ike likes to tell how Godfrey, a fellow gourmet and amateur chef, gave him a private recipe for roast beef.

It reached him during the war, together with the highly classified official dispatches from Washington. It read: "Take a good piece of beef for roasting, pour over it a quart of Scotch, then a bottle of Vermouth for flavoring, roast for two hours, and remove from the oven."

Along with the recipe went Arthur's comment: "The roast may not be any good, but oh, boy! What gravy!"

In actual fact, Arthur Godfrey is a temperate and moderate drinker. He doesn't detest the stuff by any means, but he keeps consumption fairly low, if only to keep his health and sobriety for his gruelling daily routine.

Moderation is the keyword in Godfrey's whole life, although he himself might give a contrary impression. And while he may not be a paragon of all virtues, he certainly has enough of them to keep body and soul together in peace.

Godfrey can sound blasphemous even in prayer, like the way he exclaims: "Oh hell, how I love God!" This is the kind of contradiction that spawns in Arthur's character traits to aid and abet the smearmongers.

Someone once said that men are just as God made them and a good deal worse. Godfrey is no exception. But there is something deep down in the man that lifts him above the average and justifies the love and admiration of his rabid fans.

Now don't stone me when I spell it out. Because, I swear, it's — h-u-m-i-l-i-t-y.

# HOLLYWOOD WOLF

Continued from Page 17)

two things: acting and a steady girl. He got back to acting soon enough, but he didn't have the girl. One day he remembered a girl from dramatic school, the kind of girl restive men marry. He called her long distance from somewhere in the Middle West where he was playing one-night stands in a road show, and proposed to her on the telephone. She was Diana Dill. And she became his one and only wife.

For a while it seemed that Kirk would calm down at Diana's side. They had two children and Kirk was proud that both were boys. But nobody really expected the marriage to last. I don't think Diana was surprised when Kirk called it a day. She now has custody of the boys, but Kirk sees to it that they're brought up in the he-man tradition.

After Diana, Kirk went on the road with his own show of love. But by then he was getting into the big time. Lauren Bacall, another former schoolmate, remembered him when producer Hal Wallis was casting the picture, "The Strange Loves of Martha Ivers." She recommended Kirk to Wallis, a screen test was made, and Kirk was signed. His phenomenal career in Hollywood got off to a promising start.

But he didn't really make it until he got the role of Midge Kelly in the "Champion." He knew Ring Lardner's famous short story about the selfish, opportunistic prize-fighter. Sometimes in his self with that punk Midge. "Just a kid, that's all he is, a regular boy," Midge's manager said of the fighter. "That's me," Kirk thought. When he got the role he played it to the hilt. He was so convincing he embarrassed himself. People no longer saw him as Kirk Douglas, but as Midge Kelly. The six-foot 175-pound Kirk was made for the part, and not just insofar as external measurements were concerned. He has much the same kind of soul that made Midge a heel — and also a great prizefighter.

## LOVING A LA CARTE

Then came the dames. Freed from the bondage of marriage, Kirk took a small house in the Hollywood hills and became a bear of a bachelor. The press agents didn't have to invent romances for him. He supplied real ones by the carload.

First came the beautiful, clever heiress Irene Wrightsman who found her way to Kirk's heart via a disappointing marriage with professional playboy Freddie McEvoy, and a disappointing romance with Robert Stack of the movies. Here was a dish piping hot for Kirk's gluttonous appetite. Irene was ecstatically willing to submerge herself in Kirk's oversized ego, and for a while it looked as if Kirk and Irene would get married. But after a while Kirk began to get bored with Irene's submissiveness. He felt lonely again, even when he was in her company. "What Kirk wants is not a wife," sharp-tongued Janet Leigh said. "She may as well be a mannequin, or a paper doll, or a maid."

After Irene, Kirk experimented for a while, like a laboratory chemist playing with test tubes, until he met a new kind of girl. She was an Italian star named Anna Maria Pierangeli, or just Pier Angeli as she became known in Hollywood. She was just one hundred pounds of loveliness and unspoiled beauty, with light bronze hair, green eyes, and freckles on her nose. She was the kind of woman who didn't have to say a word on the screen, or off it, to express her thoughts. "Her eyes tell a story," her director once said,

"and they speak a language no one can fail to understand."

Kirk regarded this 20-year-old girl, a decade and a half his junior, as his own concoction, the result of his laboratory experiments. They played together in "The Story of Three Loves," and the initiated who watched them on the lot, in town and on the screen were, in Hedda Hopper's candid words, "simply horrified." It was obvious that she had fallen in love "with one of the big-gest wolves in Hollywood."

"COME ON," SAYS KIRK What made Pier Angeli fall, nobody knows. It was one of those intangibles of human relations. "American boys grab you," she once said, "and say, 'Hey, you, want to dance? Come on!' But I like it." Maybe the way Kirk said "Come on!" was what created the crush. Kirk was enchanted by her fresh beauty, by her youth, by the freckles on her nose — and above all else by the fact that this enchanting apparition was madly in love with him.

The romance that followed had much of the tender beauty of love, but also some of the characteristics of a kitchen faucet. It was constantly being turned on and off. Although Kirk followed Pier Angeli to her native Italy, it wasn't really the girl he was after. It was again his own career. His untidy house in Hollywood was exchanged for a veritable palace in Rome, with a Renaissance

bedroom. And the beauties came soaring around him like moths around a flame, even when the lights were turned off. Pier Angeli still kept coming and going in his life, but Kirk was again lov-

ing a la carte. The boy raised by seven women was back in the old mood in which he regarded all females as necessary nuisances. He was still playing havoc with their hearts. A hint sufficed to start a romance and a kick to end it. And a cable Kirk sent from Europe to a woman he had seen only once proved enough to induce the lady to break off her romance with Jack Dempsey, no less. If Kirk ever had any ambitions to make the grade as a wrestler, this was the pinnacle of success. As a British

ler, this was the pinnacle of success. As a pintan writer put it, "He knocked Dempsey out." There are two Kirks — the one who lives in the handouts of his press agents: "Just a kid, that's all he is, a regular guy," as his manager said about Midge. "He's so quiet you wouldn't never know he was 'round. And he'd go to jail before he'd talk about himself."

But there is that other Kirk about whom Diana and Irene, and sloe-eyed Pier Angeli could tell a story so full of purple passages that it wouldn't pass the blue pencil of any editor.

"Suppose you can prove it," the editor said in the Lardner story, "Champion," when the re-porter produced his evidence. "It wouldn't get us anything but abuse to print it. The people don't want to see him broched. Usic champion." want to see him knocked. He's champion."



Kirk Douglas and Anna Maria Ferrero, Vittorio Gassman's heart-throb. One of Kirks previous loves was Pier Angeli. Those Italian dishes must stimulate the Number 1 wolf's appetite!

# SEX SCANDALS

(Continued from Page 15)

These mistresses are allowed to appear at the public functions from which the wives are banned. The bosses like to parade their beautiful enamorata but are somewhat shy about their much plainer wives.

In past decades the late President Mikhail Kalinin, an old man of peasant stock with a professorial goatee, was the playboy of the Kremlin, Ballerina Tatyana Bach advertised her affair with the Red bon vivant by paying her bills with the old roue's checks.

Stalin did not object to Kalinin's escapade, if only because he could keep him in line with the threat of scandal. Once when Kalinin revolted against a Stalin whim, the satirical magazine Krokodil published a cartoon showing an old roue with a goatee holding a beautiful ballerina whose features resembled those of Tatyana in his lap. The sketch had been published on Stalin's orders to remind Kalinin of the possible consequences of any further interference with Stalin's policies. KREMLIN WÔLF

## Kalinin's successor in the Soviet presidential office, 70-year-old Marshal Voroshilov, is also quite a dashing male. He is very proud of his masculine prowess. He fancies himself a ladies' man and still takes dancing lessons regularly,

since one of his ambitions is to be regarded as the Soviet Union's best ballroom dancer. Before his recent elevation to the Presidency and immediately after the war, Voroshilov had been sent to Hungary to rule that land and he followed up the conquests of the Red Army with some conquests of his own. Since it was most impolite to say no to a conqueror, the Hungarian beauties to whom he popped the question all responded with an enthusiastic "da." The old soldier liked to represent himself as a sponsor of theatrical art - especially that of younger actresses. There was many a

bedroom. Back in the Kremlin Voroshilov again turned to the home-made dish, and he has a mighty appetite. Today when you see a couple of Moscow cuties put their heads together and giggle, you can bet your last red kopek that they're dis-cussing old man Voroshilov's latest conquest. These days China's Mao Tse-tung is supposed

private command performance in his spacious

to be the world's most important Communist, outranking even Malenkov. His fourth wife is Kiang Tsing which means Clear River in English. She, too, was an actress before she became Communist China's first lady. Pretty Kiang has retained many of the bohemian habits of her past. She's addicted to slacks, is a chain smoker of American cigarettes which are speci-ally smuggled in for her from Hong Kong, and has spent many a night listening to American records hot off the Hit Parade.

## CHIC --- BUT NO CHICKEN

There's only one trouble with Kiang Tsing. She's still chic, especially now when she can afford the most expensive shantung dresses and those fabulously priced Chinese cosmetics — but she's no chicken any longer. In fact, Kiang Tsing is getting on in years. And Mao likes fresh blood in everything, including women. This is how the anonymous young student from Peiping University was granted the privilege of taking private lessons from Mao himself. According to the Peiping gossip, she's proving to

be an excellent pupil. The fight of Poland's Bierut and Marshal Rokossovsky for the affections of the same ballerina is loaded with political potentialities and may even cause a revolt. Worst off in the affair is the poor little dancer torn between Poland's two mightiest men. It's no mean job to commute between the two - but for the time being she manages somehow. But watch for fireworks in Poland. Whichever of the two potentates comes out on top, his victory will mean not only the conquest of Poland, but also the heart of little Ludmilla.

In most of the Communist lands women are merely passive principals in these sexy specta-cles. In Yugoslavia it's the other way around. There the women hold the center of the stage and it's their love lives that feed the gossip mongers.



Russian Premier Malenkov's refusal to reveal anything about his wife, ex-singer Elena Krusheva, is ridiculed in this Swiss cartoon.

It all began when handsome Colonel General Petko Dapcevic married a bewitching young actress named Milena Vrajakova. Taking a wife from the stage, General Dapcevic violated a Yugoslav rule under which high-ranking members of the government are supposed to marry only women who distinguished themselves on the battlefields as partisans in World War II.

Milena was then still a little girl and didn't have much chance to distinguish herself. But after the war she made up for it. She studied voice and became one of Yugoslavia's most popular singers. In fact, she was the rage of Belgrade where it was no secret that General Dapcevic, a hero of the resistance movement, was seriously interested in her career - as well as in her private life.

As gossip waxed shrill about the sizzling affair of Petko and Milena, the couple surprised everybody — by getting married. Promptly Petko was censored for marrying outside Partisan circles. And promptly Milovan Djilas, Yugoslavia's number three boss, came to Petko's aid.

## SEXUAL EXCESSES

On the theory that offense is the best defense, Djilas attacked the critics of the Petko-Milena

nuptials. "Look at who is talking!" he cried out loud, pointing an impolite finger at the female veterans of the late war. And to add spice to the muddled brew, he started to recount the war records of the ex-fighters.

They weren't records of martial achievement.

They were fantastic records of sexual excesses. Djilas described in detail the love affairs of the skirted warriors who, according to him, had spent more time in their lovers' arms and beds than on the craggy battlefields of the war.

As is customary in the Communist world, the comrades of the West rush into the act and ape everything their idols do behind the Iron Curtain. So now, as sex scandals blossom out in the Soviet Union, Red China, and the satellite lands, similar scandals rock the Communist world in the West.

France's Communist boss Maurice Thorez was publicly accused of living in sin with Jeanette Vermeersh, the woman he says is his wife.

But the uproar that followed these accusations, repeated even in the hallowed halls of the French National Assembly, was quiet compared with the thunderous storm that recently swept Italy in the wake of the sexclusive sexcapades of Ítaly's sexy Commiegals.

The wholesale divorces in which Italian Communist leaders are getting rid of their wives, and the love lives of the Party bosses are proving just too much for Italy's rank-and-file Communists who are willing to take a lot of Communism but cannot stomach such morals.

The Commie bosses are no longer interested in getting out on the barricades for street fighting. They are too busy fighting their jilted wives.

## WHOLESALE DIVORCES

In Italy, divorce is a most complicated pro-cedure. So these Communist playboys crowd into tiny San Marino, Italy's Reno, to get unhitched. The 23-square-mile San Marino is Communist controlled. The officials of the tiny republic do all they can to accommodate the love-hungry comrades from Rome.

Most prominent resident of this "Reno" was Italy's number one Communist, Palmiro Togliatti himself. At the age of sixty, he suddenly decided to shed Rita Montagnana, his Moscow-trained wife, in favor of Nilde Jotti, age thirtythree, his buxom secretary and fellow member in the Italian Parliament.

Then came Signor Number Two, Luigi Longo, aged fifty-three, the Party's tough guy and chief of its strong-arm brigade. When 53-year-old Signora Longo heard that her husband was divorcing her after thirty-three years of married life, she lashed out at her wayward lover: "Most women workers oppose divorce." She left no doubt that she, too, was a member of the opposition.

Then came 52-year-old Edoardo d'Onofrio, the Party's liaison man with Moscow. He went to San Marino and got what he wanted pronto: divorce from his wife Bianca, fifty-one, to whom he had been married for more than a quarter of a century. Then he rushed back to Rome to marry his sweetheart. But they ran into a hitch. The Roman courts refused to recognize his divorce, so the poor guy is forced to live in sin with his flame.

Some members of the rank and file, long held on the leash in all matters of sex, claim the liberties and license of their leaders. Others just shake their heads and regard this relaxation of sexual Party discipline as a result of Stalin's death.

They may be right.

Stalin's name meant Man of Steel. The communist Party bosses are trying to prove that they aren't made of the stuff - steel, I mean.

# **MARLENE DIETRICH**

(Continued from Page 13)

household, but of happiness there was no shortage. These three easy-going people — the young stage manager, his stagestruck wife and their little daughter — had a family relationship whose warmth and intimacy could not be surpassed.

Even then, the beautiful Marlene was living a double life. On the stage, on the floor of darkened night clubs, she was an alluring vamp, the trap Nature had built for the wayward male. But at home, she was the Hausfrau. She cooked, washed the linen, scrubbed the kitchen floor and was the best mommy in the world to little Maria. MARIA IN HOLLYWOOD

Then all this changed: Marlene was "discovered." In The Blue Angel she had her first great opportunity to bare her sultry soul and shapely legs to an admiring world. And the world acclaimed her as she sang, "Falling In Love Again," in that haunting, husky voice.

Hollywood rushed to Berlin to claim Marlene. The young actress was launched. She was counseled to go alone, to "suppress" her little daughter and her husband because they were regarded as "bad publicity." Marlene refused to heed such advice.

In Hollywood, little Maria was placed in the center of a lavish household. She was surrounded by maids and governesses. She was allowed to romp about and bask in the reflected glory of her mama. But as the baby grew into a little girl with ideas and a will of her own, those carefree days came to an end. The steady grind of Hollywood was taking up more and more of Marlene's time. Maria began to feel abandoned, neglected and isolated. Her isolation became real and well-nigh unbearable after an attempt was made to kidnap her, and private detectives were hired to act as bodyguards for the precious little darling.

bodyguards for the precious little darling. The magnificent house in the heart of Hollywood, its huge drawing rooms, its luxurious nursery, its swimming pool, became just a glorified prison for the little girl. She was guarded there like the gold at Fort Knox. While the companion of other children are their playmates, the companions of Maria were bodyguards.

It was during those days of glittering imprisonment that Maria began to brood and change. She resented her loneliness and took out her resentment on others. She became a spoiled child. She was worse than that. She was irritable and mean, stuck-up and naughty, staging her childish rebellion against the suffocating confinement.

## MARIA AGAINST THE WORLD

In the truest sense of the word, Maria became a problem child — a real problem to her parents, who never ceased to adore her but watched apprehensively the metamorphosis of their blonde little baby into a morose teen-ager filled with bitterness and shaken by fits of jealousy.

Marlene did everything she could to win the affection of the daughter who seemed to be slipping away from her. But the actress-mother could not find the key to her own difficult role in this real-life drama.

Drenched in self-pity, Maria did not confide in her mother. "I would never discuss my problem with my mother. I never mentioned it to her if I was unhappy," she recalled much later. Maria just buried her great disillusionment and kept it buried for more than a decade. In 1944, she said to reporter Robinson, "Not until two years ago did I discuss anything with my mother."

When Maria became truly unmanageable at

home, she was carted off to an expensive finishing school in Switzerland with the hope that this change of climate and environment would help her. But then a new development made her situation far worse.

Maria began to put on weight. It was a strange physical change for which the doctors had no satisfactory explanation. They thought it was due to a metabolic change in her adolescent body, a cruel joke Nature was playing on the already sorely troubled girl, that it could not be helped. Psychiatrists, however, have another explanation for such sudden changes and their view seems confirmed in Maria's case.

Her body became fat and ugly — but it was really her tormented soul that brought about the change. It was her bitterness that made her fat, and her deepening anguish that made her ugly. The separation from Marlene, far from improving relations with her mother, merely worsened them. The hidden conflict broke to the surface. There was a scene between the two in a hotel in Salzburg.

At that point it seemed that nothing could improve their relationship, that they would have to go their separate ways for the rest of their lives. Afterwards, Maria returned to the States and decided to carve a future in the theater. She was not quite sure whether she had talent as an actress, but she was certain that she knew the theater. In those chaotic days, seeking some relief from loneliness, she married Dean Goodman, a young man she met professionally. But the marriage did not work out and after a few months they separated.

## MAKING HER OWN WAY IN LIFE

Still trying to make her way on her own, Maria attempted to conceal the fact that she was the great Marlene's daughter and picked a stage name for herself. She took the name "Maria Manton."

"Being the daughter of Marlene Dietrich," she said, "is not an asset. People compare you all the time. That is why I changed my name."

By now Maria began to sense that perhaps she herself bore the responsibility for her troubles. She sought the answers to her frantic questions in psychoanalysis and medicine. She studied both with avid curiosity because she thought she might stumble on the clue to her misery. And she worked hard. She read lines on the radio and appeared in small theatrical productions, though her looks



Now that she is a grown-up, married and as glamorous and beautiful as her mother, Maria has ironed out her quirks and the relationship between the two women is at last a happy one.

limited the type of role she could play. She appeared in forty-two different parts, always play-ing mature women, forty or fifty years old. Once she even played the part of an old woman of eighty-two.

She lived in California with three girls of her own age but they, too, regarded her as a mature woman. They called her "Mother." Into this hopeless, humdrum life came her first chance to be herself. She was picked by the Theater Guild to play a minor role in Foolish Notion, starring Tallulah Bankhead. She came to New York, and Broadway became her home. And slowly another change began to take place. Because at last she had what she wanted: she was on her own.

In the end it was a stranger - a man - who helped her to her feet. In 1947, twenty-three years old and already divorced, Maria met a young New Yorker named William Riva, an up-and-coming scenic designer. They became friends. Then one day Bill proposed. For the last time in her life her childhood suspicion and hatred of the world flared up as Maria challenged her young suitor: "Why do you want to marry me? Because I am Marlene Dietrich's daughter?"

Bill Riva was a quiet and understanding man. He took her hand and said simply, "I want to marry you because I love you."

These were the magic words which opened the door to a new life for Maria. As if by the lifting of a spell, she began to lose weight. With her mind at last at ease, her body began to take on svelte contours.

She started to plan for the future. The tyrant child "Heidede" was dead, even her memory wiped out. Dead was "Maria Manton," the tormented young actress compelled to play the old woman on the stage.

A new personality emerged — the Maria Riva now known to millions. And the new Maria be-

gan to see her mother with new eyes. "I think my mother is terrific," she said, and was astonished at herself for having said it. "She has a wonderful personality. She is a show woman, and she has real beauty. When you see a woman in the morning, when she first gets out of bed with sleepy eyes, when you see her right after her shower with her hair wet and cream on her face, and she still loks beautiful, then you know she is a beauty."

THE "NEW" MARIA And as Maria moved firmly into the final stretch of the great race with her famous and beautiful mother, she gradually shed all the bitter-ness of the past. And with the bitterness went the fat which had spoiled her adolescence. It was a psychosomatic miracle no medical intervention had been able to bring about.

It came by itself. Maria started to lose weight, at first slowly, then faster, until her weight came down to 118 pounds. The ugly duckling blos-somed into a beautiful swan. She began to resemble her mother in appearance, with the naturally lowered eyelid, the seductive look, the high cheekbones that lend her face its exotic appearance, slim torso and grace. But Maria remained differ-ent because she didn't want to be just her mother's daughter.

Her way of making this "difference" real is to play roles which are entirely different from those for which Marlene is famous. Maria prefers harsh dramatic roles in which acting is trump. And she doesn't want to be known as a clotheshorse. She is happiest when she is cast in the role of a scrubwoman, if the role has dramatic possibilities, or if she is challenged to a vivid portrayal of a female derelict. Her glamorous mamma is her number one fan.

It was never easy to be Marlene Dietrich's daughter — it isn't easy even today when Maria Riva has her own successful career. Yet

mother and daughter have at last found each other, and the reunion has made them two happy women.

'We're extremely close to each other," Maria now says — they are close, not like mother and daughter, but like two sisters. Maria is still the boss, but Marlene submits to her daughter's benevolent tyranny with joy.

These days Maria Riva has many jobs. She is a brilliant and successful actress, one of the very few real stars produced by television alone. She is a good wife and mother who regards her motherhood as a full-time job. She spends her free time with her sons, giving them a "normal" life, just as she had planned before they were born.

But probably her most important and satisfying job, in the light of her agonized past, is managing the impractical Marlene, who can only shrug her beautiful shoulders when life confronts her with new problems. Maria Riva is her mother's chief adviser and assistant. She reads scripts for Marlene. She plans her public apearances and manages her public relations. Maria is always there in a crisis, to calm down Marlene's enthusiasms and extreme impulses.

"Sometimes," Maria says, "it seems as if I were the mother and Mommy the child." These words hold the key to the secret that turned the tragedy of Marlene and Maria ino their joyous story of love.



(Continued from Page 11)

Whatever morbid desires may be buried within them emerge in full detail in the filthy letters they write.

How does such a letter get written? SEVEN CASE HISTORIES

CASE NUMBER 1: The owner of a small factory in Boston, Massachusetts, was a married man and the father of three children. Although he was in love with his wife whom he admired and respected, he did not find her an adequate partner for his own sexual needs. The man was of excellent moral character, even prudish. He never entertained the idea of seeking satisfaction in an extramarital affair. He was not a skirt-chaser. But he did have uncontrollable erotic fantasies which he indulged and stimulated by reading pornographic literature.

When thus aroused, he selected women whose pictures and home addresses he found in the newspapers, and wrote them passionate love letters in which he spelled out syllable for syllable every desire he had, with a sprinkling of obscene words.

CASE NUMBER 2: A shipping clerk in San Antonio, Texas, fancied himself an exceptional lover whose sexual prowess, however, was not properly appreciated by his female acquaintances. He liked to observe his own body, which he cultivated with fond care. He persuaded himself that he was exceptionally well equipped to satisfy the sexual needs of women, partly by his physical attributes and partly by his highly cultivated art of love-making. He sought partners worthy of his sexual talents in his own limited circle, and when he found it difficult or even impossible to find such females, he began to write obscene letters to burlesque performers whom he mistakenly regarded as goddesses of love, even in their private lives. One of these letters, which this writer exam-

ined, read in part:

'. . . Only you know the voluptuous secret of

admiring and fondling your body with amorous hands, and know the passionate effect on your onlookers. Only you know the tempting, agonizing art of revealing yourself gradually, slowly, one section of your lovely form at a time . . . "... Ob, wicked bands! Intimate and caressing

like those of a lover. As you glide by, your hands sweep up, fondling thighs, belly, ribs — then lightly cupping, lifting breasts. As you become more warm and excited, you caress yourself even more sensuously..."

This man's case, which began with the relatively harmless pastime of writing seductive letters, ended in tragedy. Overstimulated by what psychologists call narcissism, the love of oneself, he began to thrust himself on women, forcing them to join him in intercourse. One of the woman he assaulted died as a result, and this twisted lunatic was brought to justice. His sensual career ended in the insane asylum.

CASE NUMBER 3: A young welder in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, was inordinately shy and reserved by nature, never able to express himself in female company. Although filled with passion and desire, he repressed both and never had the courage to court women or carry his occasional relations to the point of petting or kissing, even when his partner seemed receptive.

Every once in a while, this man unloaded his pent-up passion in anonymous letters. These letters were remarkable for the tenderness of the passion they conveyed. But they were also re-markable for the explicit words they contained. They were, in fact, some of the most obscene letters this writer has examined.

However this case has a happy ending. The man eventualy found a girl who was able to cure him of some of his shyness. He found complete mental relaxation in her company, and gradually revealed to her his repressed desires. He married the girl and never wrote another obscene letter.

CASE NUMBER 4: This man lived in a suburb of New York. He worked as sales clerk in a store that sold lingerie. Daily contact with dainty feminine underthings stimulated sex fantasies in him to the point where he was scarcely able to control himself. In his small social circle, he could find no outlets for his lust, so he began to make advances to customers in the shop. When the ladies protested to the owner, the young clerk was fired.

He then became a door-to-door salesman, ringing doorbells of suburban homes, and selling lingerie from a suitcase. But the lingerie only served as sheep's clothing for this young wolf. As soon as he was invited into the house, he began to make indecent advances. His hostesses not only rebuffed his crude overtures, but even threatened him with exposure to the police.

His overwhelming sex urge then drove him to writing filthy letters. His addresses were women whose acquaintance he had made as a salesman. These hapless ladies became in his mind real-life lovers. In his letters he described his sexual fantasies as if they were memories of affairs that had actually happened, with the addressees figuring in them as his passionate bed companions.

This case, too, had tragic consequences. The man was discovered when his irate victims identified him and complained to the police. He was subjected to psychiatric examination and assigned to an institution as a potentially dangerous sex maniac.

## THE CLUB OF HUNGRY MALES

CASE NUMBER 5: This man was a respected member of the community in a small Louisiana town. However, he lived a completely double life. Although a bachelor and regarded as a paragon of virtue in his own home town, where he even taught in Sunday school, he spent his weekends in New Orleans in search of sexual excitement.



He had a morbid fear of marriage, so the con-tacts he made with females were always of a temporary nature. Most of his female campanions were prostitutes, even though his feelings revolted against the idea.

During a weekend sexual spree, he met another man who told him about a "club" of six mem-bers, formed to exchange their own sexual fantasies without the slightest inhibitions. He joined the "club" and entered enthusiastically into its activities. But this new association stimulated his sexual fantasies to an unbearable pitch. To relieve his tension, he resorted to filthy letters. Eventually, his crazed mind drove him to the point of com-plete nervous exhaustion. In a fit of extreme depression, he committed suicide.

CASE NUMBER 6: Here we have the case of a woman. She lived somewhere in Virginia, and was married to an airline pilot who was frequently away from home. Although she was not unduly sexy, she felt neglected, since often not even her normal desires could be satisfied. Eagerly she awaited her husband's return from his trips, and made elaborate plans for evenings of delight. But these plans remained just plans.

Her husband, somewhat undersexed by nature, was usually too tired by long and exhausting tours of duty to accept his wife's ardent proposals. When she tried to stimulate him with amorous attentions, when she dressed seductively for an after-dinner chat, or when in fact she invited her husband to retire to the bedroom with her, he scolded her and called her a "sex maniac."

She was in love with her husband and was determined to stick with him, but she had a serious problem of sex frustration. For a time she began to look for satisfaction in extramarital relations. When her husband was away on duty, she would dress provocatively, go out of town and invite pick-ups in bars. But these affairs failed to satisfy her. She found herself always comparing her transient lovers with her husband, and in the end, yearning for her husband. She also lived in terror lest her husband discover her escapades and divorce her.

Without being able to account to herself for the drift, she began to relieve her pent-up emotions by spelling them out in letters to men. She would pen anonymous sex notes to male acquaintances in her own neighborhood and slip them into their mailboxes. These notes described the very fantasies which she stored up in anticipation of her husband's return, or described them as accomplished facts in the way she hoped her husband would respond.

This embarrassing correspondence continued for a while, but it only made her situation worse. It failed to give her the total satisfaction which most writers of obscene letters get from just penning such notes. Still determined to save her marriage, even without sex, she finally became the lover of a man she met on a train trip. Henceforth, she lived a double life. At home, she became an even better wife to her husband, at the same time that she was a passionate mistress to a man with whom she otherwise had nothing in common.

CASE NUMBER 7: This case involved a young woman in a small New England community where she worked as a secretary in a local lumber yard. Her drab environment bore down on her heavily. She always dreamed of going to Boston, or even to New York. She subscribed to The New Yorker magazine and tried to learn sophistication from it. She ordered her dresses from expensive New York shops, and read fashionable books in her attempt to live a big-city life in her small community.

Her male acquaintances ridiculed her pretensions, regarding her as either a snob or a phony, and avoided her even though she was quite attractive. She developed a peculiar hatred of males and turned her emotions inward, becoming completely absorbed in herself. At night she would don seductive gowns and parade in front of a mirror in the seclusion of her home. She would go to bed with the classics of pornographic literature.

Then, gradually, she began to project her de-sires to other women — but not to the simple girls of her own home town. She traveled to Boston and visited the burlesque theaters, and was frightened to discover that she gained satisfaction from seeing female bodies in the near-nude.

Then she grew bolder and started her obscene correspondence. Her letters were addressed to the stars of burlesque and reflected her own strange preoccupation with sex. After awhile she began to make advances in the lewdest possible terms. Such correspondence cannot long remain a secret in a small community. When it was discovered, there was a tremendous scandal and she had to leave town. Her whereabouts is now unknown.

Of the cases listed, which were picked at random from thousands of such incidents, five concerned men and only two women. This, approximately, is the ratio of male to female writers of obscene letters.

Not all sex letters are motivated by aberrations described in these cases. A vast majority of males write obscene letters out of utter loneliness - like soldiers in camps or in the front lines, or men in small villages where not even the most normal sex desire can be satisfied, or other men whose inadequate sex lives drive them toward lascivious fantasies.

## SINTROVERTS AND SEXTROVERTS

Such men are by no means sick. In fact, their letters, although obscene in a sense, reflect their loneliness rather than their perversion. They usually abandon the practice as soon as conditions change and they can get sex satisfaction in the normal way.

In this category, too, are the inveterate jokers or non-sexual exhibitionists, extroverted persons who just have to get something off their chests, even if it is in the form of an obscene letter to an unknown woman. The "jokers" write these letters very infrequently, and often abandon the practice abruptly.

There remain thousands, though, who continue in this dreary behavior and even extend it to other related activities. These people are sick and should seek the advice of a physician or psychiatrist. Although expert medical advice could help in most of these cases, experience shows that only a very small percentage of them actually seek profesional assistance. The fact that a man is addicted to the writing of obscene letters does not necessarily mean that he should be committed to a mental institution. There may be many minor causes for such an aberration or perversion which a doctor can cure by simple, direct means. Yet a majority of the writers of obscene letters

are very sick indeed. Such men may not be satisfied with finding an outlet for their urges in just penning a filthy note. They may go to extreme lengths in involving others in their morbid desires.

Many a beautiful woman in the public eye could tell you that whenever their addresses appear in the newspapers, they are suddenly pestered with anonymous phone calls in the middle of the night. Invariably, these anonymous calls are disgusting invitations to perform certain acts with the unknown person at the other end of the line.

The telephone as an outlet of the sex pervert is being used with increasing frequency. Every woman who has received such a call can tell you what a disagreeable experience it is, but there is little the authorities can do to prevent the practice

While an occasional half-witted bore or practi-

cal joker might soil the walls of comfort stations or other public places with the smudges of sex fantasies, most of the people who write on those walls are actually ill. In this practice, too, males far outnumber females. Assistants of Dr. Kinsey examined a total of 1,379 "sexual inscriptions" in 353 different places. They found 1,048 in places frequented by males, but only 331 in those frequented by females. The sexual materials were drawings, lone words, phrases, and sometimes more extended writing. THE WRITINGS ON THE WALLS

There were three chief symbols among the drawings on the walls: genitalia, sexual action, and erotically significant words. But when the inscriptions of females were examined, they were found to be far more discreet than those of males. Most of them were references to love or linkings of names ("John and Mary" or "Helen and Don"), or were lipstick impressions, or drawings of hearts. Very few of such inscriptions made by females were genital or dealt with sexual action or sex words.

Males are also far more inclined than females to engage in sexual discussions with other persons. For most males, discussion of sex, either verbally or in the form of erotic correspondence, often provides some sort of erotic stimulation. They do not provide anything like the same sort for the average female. In consequence, fewer women than men engage in lewd conversations.

Is there a defense against such practices? Can addressees of lewd letters do anything to protect themselves? And are there means which would cure the writers of obscene letters of their illness?

There are a number of postal rules and laws which act as deterrents, but they cannot, of course, stop the practice altogether. There are also psychological defenses within individuals which will restrain a person from such practices unless the urge is too great.

One way of protecting women or men from such wanton intrusions on their privacy is to withhold their private addresses from public print. It should be a rule in the newspaper offices never to publish the names or addresses of women who have been raped, in fact to refrain from publishing the addresses of any women in the news stories. This rule should be strictly observed in a form of censorship that newspapers should impose upon themselves.

And men and women must seek medical advice when they discover the strange urge in themselves to exhibit their hidden passions in lewd and lascivious correspondence. They are sick people, but they can be cured, and they should try to be cured.

**DUKE of WINDSOR** 

(Continued from Page 9)

devastating wars within fifty years, the people of France demanded energetic and immediate action from their government. And the French government was, in fact, ready to send French troops to the Rhineland. France planned to act in conjunction with Britian to whom she was bound in military alliance.

## ON THE BRINK OF WAR

Britian was as alarmed as France. The government of Stanley Baldwin stood ready to join France in a full-scale military demonstration. Baldwin and Anthony Eden both regarded the blocking of Hitler, before it was too late, as essential.

During those hectic days, heavy with the threat

by Joe Franklin

5

The INTIMATE Inside Story of Hollywood's Hottest Glamour Girl

1



## \* 39 \* GORGEOUS — INTIMATE WOW! PHOTOS

The authors take you before the cameras where she posed for her famous calendar portrait and behind the scenes of 20th-Century-Fox The manners and names of film society are bared to the public and as an added attraction, the lives of the eight sexiest women in movie history are paraded before your eyes Tells you all you want to know.

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of war, the German embassies in Paris and London worked overtime to prevent Allied intervention and thus secure Hitler's victory by diplomatic means. In a coded cable from Paris to Berlin, Count Wilczek, German ambassador to France, informed Hitler that France was mobilizing, ready to act on a moment's notice. The key to the problem now lay in the hands of His Majesty's government.

The German ambassador to Britian, established in the palatial embassy on Clarendon Terrace, was Dr. Leopold Hoesch, a professional diplomat of the old school. He was a suave bachelor with excellent contacts in the highest circles of British society. He had pipelines to Buckingham Palace where the pro-German King Edward VIII had succeeded his anti-Nazi father, George V. Hoesch was on first-name terms with the bachelor King, then troubled by the problems of his clandestine affair with Mrs. Wally Simpson, the famous American divorcee. Ambassador Hoesch based his hopes for success on his friendship with Edward, whom he had advised in the then-secret Simpson affair.

But just how useful his friendship with the King would be was debatable. In Britain the King is a little more than a figurehead. The constitution prevents him from interfering in matters of state. And the Baldwin government was determined to join France and kick Hitler out of the Rhineland even if it meant war.

The intelligence services of Britian and France had a pretty good notion of the size of the forces which Hitler used for the adventure. And the British and French general staffs estimated that a few divisions would suffice to teach the Fuehrer a lesson that he would never forget.

Britian was ready to mobilize.

## **AN UNEXPECTED INTERVENTION**

Then, at 11 p. m. March 26, 1936, Dr. Fritz Hesse, a diplomatic agent masquerading as the press advisor of the German embassy, was summoned urgently to the office of a man named Richardson-Hat, editor-in-chief of Britain's official Reuters news agency. By virtue of his job, Richardson-Hat had access to secret information and therefore knew in advance of impending events. On this March evening he knew, for instance, that Britain would announce the mobilization the following day.

In an act that was little short of treason, Richardson-Hat revealed this momentous military secret to the German agent. According to Hesse, Richardson-Hat implored him to do something to forestall the mobilization.

The information Hesse thus got from his British informant was of the utmost importance. The German rushed with it to his ambassador who was keeping a nocturnal vigil in his office.

For a moment the ambassador was stunned by the news. It seemed that the jig was up. Hitler's march into the Rhineland would end in defeat and bring about the collapse of the whole Nazi regime in Germany. "What can we do?" Ambassador Hoesch asked in despair. Suddenly an idea flashed across his mind. "The King!" he exclaimed. "Perhaps the King could help!"

A telephone call was put through immediately to Buckingham Palace, although it was past midnight. A sleepy-voiced attendent informed the ambassador that His Majesty was in his hideout palace, Belvedere. A moment later Hoesch was calling Belvedere Palace demanding to speak to the King. He was connected with Edward.

nected with Edward. "Hello, David," Hoesch addressed the King by his first name. "This is Leo. It is imperative that I see you right away. It's a matter of life or death. a matter of peace or war."

The King agreed to receive Hoesch at once.

A few minutes later the ambassador's huge limousine was racing toward Belvedere Palace for this clandestine audience with the ruler of the British Empire.

## FROM DAVID TO LEO

Ambassador Hoesch was fully aware of the irregularity and indiscretion of his action. He knew that under the British constitution the King was prohibited from personal participation in such a plot. Hoesch knew that under diplomatic rules he had no right to contact the King directly on a matter of state, that he was supposed to deal only through the Foreign Office.

But Hoesch was taking a calculated risk. He was fighting for his own professional life. He had been blacklisted by the Nazis and his recall to Germany was imminent. He now hoped that he could save his own neck if his daring diplomatic coup succeeded. So he was willing to put all his eggs into this one basket.

The nocturnal conference between the King of England and the ambassador of Nazi Germany ended at 4 a.m. But at 9 a.m., the morning after, Hoesch was at his desk in the Embassy, awaiting the results of his intervention. Dr. Hesse was at his side and thus became a witness to all that followed.

At 9:30 a. m. the telephone on the ambassador's desk began to ring impatiently, indicating the urgency and importance of the incoming call. Hoesch picked up the receiver and heard the King's familiar voice at the other end of the line.

Hoesch beckoned to Hesse to pick up the other phone and listen in on this momentous conversation. The King did not, of course, know that his words were overheard by a third person.

son. "Hello, Leo," the king said, according to Hesse. "Everything is settled as agreed. I called Baldwin and told him off . . . I warned him that I would abdicate at once if he persisted in going through with this mobilization order. The mobilization is cancelled. There will be no intervention as far as Britian is concerned. We'll keep France quiet."

Hoesch listened in a trance, then looked across the room to Hesse. The two men exchanged triumphant glances. The conversation was over. Hoesch and Hesse replaced the receivers. Then the unbearable tension broke. The ambassador jumped to his feet and began to dance wildly around the room. "I did it!" he shouted. "I did it! There will be no war! We'll be able to stay in the Rhineland!"

## THE WAR CALLED OFF

A moment later Ambassador Hoesch put through a call to Berlin to inform Hitler of this extraordinary turn of events. The intervention of the King of England, his siding with a foreign ruler against his own government, saved Hitler from defeat, disaster, death! After that it was simple. The resistance of Britian and France to Hitler's brutal treaty violations was broken.

Ambassador Leopold Hoesch is dead. Long suffering from a cardiac condition, the excitement of those days killed him within seventytwo hours of his great triumph. But Fritz Hesse is very much alive and the preceding is his own account of that fateful conversation.

Adolf Hitler realized the magnitude of his debt to Edward VIII. He expected that with such a friend on the throne of the British Empire, he could be certain of Britain's support for his other plans. To his consternation, a few months later Edward VIII abdicated his throne with a globe-girdling radio speech. This was a severe blow to the upstart German tyrant, one which contributed to his eventual down-fall.

It was Hitler's fervent wish to play host to the ex-King, by then Duke of Windsor, and show his gratitude. Hitler's aides knew of the Fuehrer's wish. They showered the expatriate Duke with all sorts of invitations to Berchtesgaden. Many traps were prepared for the naive Windsor and eventually he obliged the Germans by falling into one of them.

It is well known that the Duke and Duchess of Windsor later visited Hitler in Berchtesgaden and it is well remembered what a painful impression that visit created in Britain and in the whole anti-Nazi world. The visit was interpreted as an endorsement by the Duke of Hitler and his regime, at the very moment when the British government was frantically organizing worldwide opposition to that regime.

The circumstances of that strange visit have never before been revealed. TOP SECRET is the first to disclose the motives behind the pilgrimage of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor to the Valhalla of the Nazi gods.

The man who engineered that visit was Charles Bedeaux, one of the Duke's closest friends, and the man in whose French villa Edward married his Duchess. Bedeaux was an industrialist and efficiency expert who did business with the Nazis on a substantial scale. Due to strict currency regulations, Bedeaux was not allowed to take his funds out of the Reich, but one day he was approached by Dr. Ley, leader of the German Labor Front, with a strange proposition.

Ley offered to obtain for Bedeaux permission to export his funds if in return Bedeaux would persuade the Duke of Windsor to visit the Fuehrer. The deal was made and a few days later, calling from the swanky Hotel Maurice in Paris where the Duke then stayed, Bedeaux advised Dr. Ley that the Windsors had agreed to undertake the trip.

## THE DUKE'S PILGRIMAGE

The German Foreign Office was assigned to make the preparations. A young attache named Solf was sent to Paris to discuss details with the Duke. He was accompanied by one of Hitler's aide de camps. Shortly afterwards, amidst all the pomp of the Nazi regime, Hitler received the ducal couple in his luxurious chalet high in the Bavarian Alps.

It was a day of triumph for Hitler and he enjoyed it to the hilt. A top member of European royalty came to call upon him, an ex-King to be sure but still the man who once was the ruler of the British Empire. The little Austrian paper hanger had made the grade!

Hitler was closeted with the Duke for more than an hour and then the conference adjourned for tea whereupon the Duchess joined the party. It was a red-letter day in Berchtesgaden, but it filled Hitler with sadness when he thought back on it.

"How simple it would have been," he remarked to his aide when the Duke and Duchess had departed, "to carry out all my plans if only this brilliant man had decided to remain on the throne."

The aide asked Hitler what he thought of the Duchess. The Fuehrer thought for a moment or two, then said, "I think she is charming." He thought again and added, "But to tell the truth, I wouldn't have abdicated for that woman. She isn't that hot."

With those pensive words, the chapter in history in which a latter-day King of England played a decisive dramatic role, a chapter that proved merely the preface to greater tragedies which followed, was closed.



# **AUDRY HEPBURN**

(Continued from Page 8)

# conspicuous chiefly by his absence from all the current flood of publicity releases.

Mr. Hepburn-Ruston, whose name Audrey is now making world famous, was a high-pressure promoter of big deals who wound up in Sir Oswald Mosley's Jew-baiting British Union of Fascists. He got lost somewhere along Audrey's road to stardom and now nobody bothers to bring him into the act. TOUCH OF TRAGEDY

There was a touch of human tragedy in Audrey's relations with her distant father. When war came, they were found on two different sides of the fence that separated the whole of Europe. Mr. Hepburn-Ruston rooted for the victory of the Nazis, while little Audrey fought against them valiantly with whatever she had to fight with. Her uncle and one of her titled cousins were executed by the Germans for their membership in the Dutch underground. And Audrey aided the resistance movement by doing behind closed doors, before select and trustworthy audiences, what she was destined to do in public not too long afterwards: dancing.

Accompanied by a friend at the piano, she danced clandestinely but artistically behind the heavily curtained windows of private houses in the Netherlands, to raise funds for the underground.

When the victory of the Allies liberated her from this secrecy, Audrey began to study ballet in earnest and became the prize pupil of ballet director Marie Rambert in London. "If she had wanted to persevere," Madame Rambert said later, "she might have become an outstanding ballerina." But Audrey didn't want to persevere. She was in a hurry and she didn't want to wait for more austere fame.

She joined the chorus line of the London production of "High Button Shoes" (the only one of her chorus-day parts mentioned in today's releases), then went a bit lower, into the lineup of "Sauce Piquante."

In between, she adorned the floor of various night clubs and posed for cheesecake — not as revealing as Marilyn Monroe's efforts, but cheesecake nevertheless. Her pretty face became widely known when British chemist shops, as drug stores are called over there, blossomed out with posters advertising the benefits of a concoction called Lacto Calamine, "the foundation of skin loveliness." Audrey was the girl in the poster, wearing an off-the-shoulder dress that ended abruptly before the ad began.

In her new role, on stage and screen, there is no place for the vulgar memories of yesterday. Now Audrey's distinguished art is in the driver's seat, and sex has been tossed overboard.

Sex, in fact, seems to be the underdog in her current buildup. Despite all the coy allure her pictures radiate, despite those sensuous lips and seductive eyes, there seemed to be something utterly sexless even in the little princess of "Roman Holiday" who ran away just when love could have become the clincher.

Hollywood, which goes to extremes blaring out the affairs of stars, keeps its big mouth shut about romance in Audrey's life. And, true enough, there were only two men in her life, and neither could hold her. Audrey insists that she has but one consuming passion. It is, so



Audrey is heralded as something new — a flat-chested star who's too honest even to dream of wearing falsies. There was a time, however, when things were much different!

## she says, her art.

At some stage in this artistic ballyhoo, the sexlessness of Audrey's publicity may yet backfire. Perhaps then her experience in Sauce Piquante may come in handy to correct a wrong impression. For, after all, the guy who wrote that Lacto Calamine ad hit the nail on the head when he said that skin loveliness is the foundation — of a lot of things.

# **TEXAS MILLIONAIRES**

(Continued from Page 5)

Stanley Marcus and floorwalkers in tow, he scatters silver dollars and gleefully watches the salesgirls scramble to snatch a few.

To Stanley Marcus the coming of Jim means more than just a lucky buck lying in the dust. Marcus bends only as he hands Jim the bill, which may total \$60,000 in the course of a Sunday afternoon. Jim's inherited fortune represents more than twice the total value of the forty million ounces of silver produced in the United States in any single year. It's almost four times the total number of silver dollars coined annually in all Uncle Sam's mints, in Philadelphia, Frisco and Denver, for all Uncle Sam's chillun.

As a matter of fact, Stanley Marcus doesn't even hand Jim a bill — he just marks the sixty thousand down on Jim's charge account, one of the biggest in the United States. His credit is all right and, like his fellow millionaires, he has similar charge accounts all over Texas. And they are big, even for Texas.

The other day, one of these fellows got an itch to buy a new limousine while he was away from home. He called up a dealer, described what he wanted in the way of a Cadillac convertible, and told the dealer to drive it around and charge it to the hotel bill. When this millionaire checked out, he paid \$42 for two nights in the suite, \$700 for room service because he was a hospitable cuss, \$1,100 for pin money spent on incidentals, and \$6,800 for the car. The total bill came to \$8,642 for just two nights away from home — plus a big shiny quarter he gave the bellboy who carried his suitcase to the new car out front.

## COMPANION ON THE ROAD

When Jim West drives up to Dallas from Houston on a solitary shopping spree, he rides in one of his specially equipped Cadillacs with the finest two-way radio setup silver dollars can buy. One of his private airplanes flies overhead all the way, keeping contact. You see, Jim gets bored driving along those straight flat Texas highways, so he orders the plane along to keep him company. He uses his wonderful two-way radio to exchange jokes with the plane crew. Incidentally, private planes are as common among Texas millionaires as scooters among kids elsewhere. When the Air Force disbanded after the war most of the unemployed lieutenant colonels got jobs in Texas, flying th private planes of the millionaires.

There are today, by official count, about 18,000 private pilots working in Texas — quite an air force in itself if it comes to defending the Lone Star State against flying saucers.

Jim West has a hard time making up his mind which car to drive to Dallas because at the time of this writing he owns twenty-six brand-new Cadillacs and gets a new one every second week. But he does not squander any bucks in roadside garages. He wouldn't let any stranger tinker with his cars. He maintains his own repair shops and mechanics on the estate grounds. He keeps a brigade of painters busy all year round, painting his Cadillacs baby-blue, because baby-blue is Silver Dollar Jim's favorite color.

Jim West believes in baby-blue with a fervor that sometimes irritates his friends. He likes to invite cronies in for dinner and as they dine and wine inside, the painters outside go to work on their cars, painting them baby-blue. You should see the looks on the faces of those guys when the doorman drives their cars up at the end of the party! "That ain't my car!" they say — but they soon learn that it is. Around that household it's good manners to be crazy about baby-blue.

In addition to his twenty-six cars at home, Silver Dollar Jim keeps Cadillacs all over the state, so as to have one handy whenever he flies into town in one of his planes. As soon as the plane taxies to a stop, his local Cadillac rolls up to the plane and takes Jim wherever he wants to go. Silver Dollar Jim has two pet hates:

Internal Revenue men who refuse to recognize those throwaway bucks as legitimate charitable contributions deductible from his income tax; and burglars.

He likes to lump both into the same category of heartless thieves.

## CHASING HOODLUMS

Since he cannot very well chase revenue men without getting in dutch with the law, Jim concentrates on burglars. Every night Jim picks up Houston's Night Chief of Police with one of his radio equipped Cadillacs and then the hunt begins. It goes on through the night, Jim and the Chief chasing police calls.

Jim is armed to the teeth with two specially built .45s. As soon as a burglary is reported Jim races to the spot, jumps from the car and starts the chase. During these chases any passerby is considered guilty until he proves his innocence, and is regarded as legitimate prey for those oversized .45s. The guns are so big that just their apearance is enough to scare hoodlums out of their wits. They look like a couple of cannons from the Alamo.

One night, Jim caught up with a hoodlum out on the Katy Highway. After forcing the runaway car over to the side of the road, Silver Dollar jumped out of his car, pulled his enormous .45s and started blasting away. He almost killed the cops, and actually did shoot one of them in the foot. The burglar got away in the commotion.

If you think that Jim West is the only goldplated clown in Texas, you should go down there and see for yourself. The state is crawling with them. Millionaires are by no means rare in the United States, there are about 60,000 of them. But Texas has more millionaires per capita than any other state in the union. They come in all forms, shapes and persuasions. Some of them are hard-working, serious-minded people who keep their dollars in the bank instead of throwing them into swiming pools and the aisles of Neiman-Marcus.

Among the hard-working is big Jesse Jones who was once Secretary of Commerce in FDR's cabinet — and has voted solidly Republican ever since (except in local elections). Jones is said to own half of Houston. This may be one of those Texan exaggerations, but the fact is he owns more real estate than any other man in the United States. In Houston alone he has over a hundred milion dollars' worth of buildings and land. His holdings include the 40-story Gulf Building, the 30-story Commerce Buiding, the Rice Hotel, the Texas State Hotel. He has his own bank, the National Bank of Commerce; his own newspaper, the Houston Chronicle; his own radio station, KXYZ. But he works hard for a living, as does Will Clayton, the cotton king of the world, also a Texas tycoon. These two are not typical Texas millionaires at all, being much too sane to qualify. **HOWARD THE MISER** 

Among the zanies who stem from Texas but perpetrate their antics "abroad" is Howard Hughes for whom 20,000 Texans toil in his huge tool plants, the largest in the world, valued at \$140, 000,000. Lanky, fierce-eyed, bristly-faced Howard Hughes emigrated to California where he owns the RKO studios and lane Russell's bosom. He also controls Trans-World Airlines. Howard is the most tight-fisted millionaire in the world. And he is the living denial of his native state's official motto, derived from the Indian word *Tejas*, meaning friendship. Hughes never heard of it.

Where Hughes holds onto his dough with the passion of Scrooge McDuck, grizzled old Hugh Roy Cullen loves to give it away. This 72year-old, cigar-chewing, white-maned tycoon, who looks like W. C. Fields, has given away as much as \$150,000,000 at one time. With this king's ransom he established one of the biggest foundations backed by oil money since the legendary days of the Rockefellers. An ardent partisan of General Douglas MacArthur, he was willing to back the General's presidential aspirations with every dime he owned (and he is reputed to have two and a half billions of them). Cullen will reward the football team of his pet, Houston University, with two and a half million dolars when they beat their arch rivals, the team of Baylor University. Then he'll turn around and give a million bucks in oil royalties to the Baylor boys when they have a highscoring year on the football field.

Cullen's hobby is feuding with Jesse Jones. This is more expensive for Cullen than it is for Jones, since Cullen usually loses. In the case of the purchase of some private wharves in Houston the stake was almost ten million dollars.

The Lone Star State has a million more cattle than people, the only statue in the world erected to Popeye, and a fresh millionaire for every new gusher. They are born every day, some of them when they least expect it. There is the famous story of the state's boy wonder, who invented some prospecting gear that he claimed was better than anything around. He tested it on fields which had never yielded a drop of oil except the kind drillers used against mosquitoes.

## FROM RAGS TO RICHES

His family spent their last red cent on the venture of the boy genius. When the war came, he went off to the Pacific and his mother took a job, scrubbing the floor of the marble vault of one of Dallas' banks. One morning she was summoned to the president's office. She was afraid they would accuse her of taking something from the vault. But no! The poor scared little scrubwoman was summoned to sign a receipt for a million dollars. The bank was investing in her son's property, and in her son's absence she held his power of attorney. The night before, the boy wonder's first gusher had come in.

When, a few years later, this same genius unloaded his holdings in Texas and Louisiana, he received \$37,000,000 for them. This was the boy who had, five years earlier, a tough time borrowing a dime for a hamburger.

What does a Texan do when he makes his first million bucks? He saunters into a haberdashery and buys himself a \$100 ten-gallon hat and a tan gabardine suit with a polka-dot bowtie, the uniform of the Texas millionaire. Then he may go to a massage parlor to get rubbed down and cheered up by a comely "operative" on and off the table. After that he may do a lot of things, including the siring of a few illegitimate children along the way. Certainly, he will open a charge acount at Neiman-Marcus. After that it is only a matter of time until he regards a dinner as spoiled when he finds a real pearl in one of his oysters.

Texas has poor millionaires as well as rich ones. Bob Ruark once defined a poor millionaire as one who has less than twenty million cash in the hip pocket of his Levis. A rich millionaire is one who never borrows less than \$70,000,000.

Some of these millionaires are illiterate to the point of having difficulty signing their monickers to their million-dollar checks. The story is told of one of them who had made his first million one

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evening, and the next morning checked into one of the swankiest hostelries in Dallas. When he filed out the registration slip, he wrote "X" on the dotted line, because he had had no time to learn how to write. On his way to the elevator, he was accosted by a blonde, one of those glamorous roughnecks who do their prospecting in hotel lobbies. This was the beginning of a beautiful friendship that was destined to last for a couple of ecstatic hours. But before going upstairs with his new friend, the new millionaire went back to the desk, erased the "X" on the register and put down a "Y" instead.

The blonde was surprised and said, "What's the idea, honey? Why did you change that X to a Y?"

He answered: "Now that I'm checking in with you, baby, I reckon I'd better not use my right name."

## MINK ON BESTSELLER LISTS

In Texas, not books but mink coats and Rolls Royces head the bestseller list — but give 'em a chance. They don't have to read a book to hate it. Few millionaires read Edna Ferber's tome called *Giant*, which dramatized the plight of the Texas millionaire. But all of them hated it. They bought up copies in the stores as fast as they came in—just to keep the book out of circulation.

With all the oil and cattle and real estate and money in Texas, many things that Texans consume must be brought in from outside — from places as far away as New York. In return, Texas now exports political advice.

Among the most prominent exporters of this product is Haroldson Lafayette Hunt. His friends and coolies call him H. L. This 64-year-old oilman looks like the president of a small college, with pouches under his cold eyes, and a benevolent double chin.

Today H. L. Hunt (who is so shy that he refuses to be listed in Who's Who in America) is regarded as the richest man in the world. Pessimists say that his daily income is \$200,000. But optimists figure that it must be around \$2,000,000 every week, fifty-two weeks a year.

Old H. L. lives in a house which his architect copied from the Mount Vernon mansion of George Washington, except that it is five times as big. He has a weakness for steaks, the biggest his chef can find, even if they have to be imported from such foreign places as Illinois. Like his steaks, Hunt himself is a "foreigner."

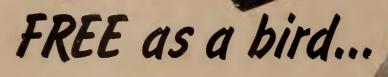
Like his steaks, Hunt himself is a "foreigner." He was born in the Far West and punched cows before he got that itch for which oil is the best remedy. Hunt staked out his first claim in a poker game back in his home state. He won an oil well, and that's how those *daily* two hundred thousand bucks started to flow in.

Cowpunching, oil-digging, steak-eating, pokerplaying Haroldson Hunt has now become a political oracle. He is what Time magazine calls the mystery man behind "Facts Forum," a political project which exports Hunt's strongly reactionary political views in exchange for those juicy steaks.

If this description of an oily cavalcade of new wealth sounds irreverent or even blasphemous, it isn't meant that way. Millionaires are apt to be screwballs anywhere, not just in Texas, until they get used to their first million. Back in old New York, Diamond Jim Brady used to hoard 20,000 diamonds; Bradley Martin gave a dinner party for dolls at which all those present had to converse in baby talk; and a famous New Yorker said the other day, "What in the annals of Houston, Dallas and Fort Worth has approached the antics of the Four Hundred in Newport and New York?"

Oh, go on. Let's give those Texans a chance. They've only had their millions for about twenty years!





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CLUE No. 1: THE "HOOSIER" STATE. ONE 

HOW TO SOLVE

SAMPLE PUZZLE

You will see there are a SINK, a DIAL, the SOLE of a shoe and var-ious letters of the alphabet. There are two plus and two minus signs. It is necessary to add and subtract the names and letters as shown by the plus and minus signs. First, write down SINK. Then, add DIAL to it. Next, add ONEA. All this equals SINKDIALONEA. Now, you must subtract the letters in SOLE and K. When this is done you are left with INDIANA. Indiana is the Hoosier State, so the result checks with Clue No.

Fun? Yes! Now Solve This Typical Contest Puzzle



STATE.

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