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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.

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.
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!

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, the 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
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 when her 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 objection 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 ensonced in decorative bras, her lips opened for that come-onish smile on that go-onish stage.

Here is the coy picture of little Audrey, in the line of lovelies, aiding and abetting the crude frolicks 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

(Continued on Next Page)
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, 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.
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

(Continued on Page 45)
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 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.
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 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 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 clumsily 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 besmears 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 fanny-pinchers, 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.

Today Marlene 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.

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Sensational revelations from the personal life of glamorous Marlene and her once chubby — but now lovely — daughter.

By DICK SCHUYLER

Every time Maria Riva, drosk-eyed 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 Marlene 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 re-

membered.

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.

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 worshiped as the most glamorous thing on the shapeliest legs the stage and screen have ever seen. To those who knew all about Maria'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."  

I was 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, even deny their existence, because they felt kids and glamour didn't mix, Marlene Dietrich paraded her own motherhood and showed off her little daughter, then nick-named "Heidee."

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 loving interest in her little "Heidee" 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 newsmen, Maria described her childhood 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 the love the greatest secret of her private life, concealing it from her adoring public, putting up a front of gaiety and happiness.

**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 undeton of a Greek tragedy. It threatened to blow up in an interloper 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 drove 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 complained. "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 was sent 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 suicide, cancer and tuberculosis. I used to wonder why people committed suicide. Medicine to me is the Mecca. If my own school 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 televisioners now know as Maria Riva, star of TV's most gripping melodramas, 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..."
The amorous escapades of top Commie leaders in Moscow, Paris, Rome and Belgrade are exposed here exclusively for TOP SECRET readers!

By Harold A. Clement

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 big-wigs 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-
dent Boleslav Bierut with a ballerina of the State Opera House and the affair of War Minister Konstantin Rokosovskiy 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 puffed and that both have found consolation in the arms of younger Party stalwarts.

And so it goes, southward from Czechoslovakia 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 dazzling Army Chief of Staff Petko Napoivic to sloop-eyed 21-year-old singer Milena Vrajakova opened the floodgates of gossip, especially when Party boss Milovan Dijas 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 days 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 second-stringers sleep with the lower echelons, and the road show sleeps with the minor chiefs.

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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."
At the tender age of three, when he was known as Issur Danielovitch, 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, bare-chested 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 Danielovitch, a Russian immigrant, sought bliss and tranquility 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 his 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.

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

THE LOWDOWN on HOLLYWOOD'S No. 1 WOLF
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 steel his eyes to say, "A man's physical superiority is taken for granted (granted, that is, by every boy 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 silly 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 stardom.

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 flashing, 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 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 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 Mummer's, 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 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 the *Antisubmarine Unit 1139*. He saw plenty of action in the Pacific and 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.

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

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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.

By

JACK MITCHELL

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.
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 smear mongers?

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 Americans love and admire. Up till about January 1952, despite his influence and affluence, Godfrey was just not important enough to excite the vivid imagination of smear mongers.

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 smear mongers 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 smear mongers 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 distinctly wrong company. He hobnobbed with “Engine Charlie” — the whitemanned 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 smear mongers’ flesh.

Battlecry in Scrambled Code
The battlecry went up in scrambled code: “This man Godfrey is dangerous! He knows all the wrong people!” Then the idea was conceived to hit those big men behind Arthur through Godfrey himself.

But the smear brigade did not strike at once. Politics weren’t enough yet, and Godfrey didn’t yet provide an easy target. Even though he became increasingly active behind the political scenes, on the TV screen he was still the old Godfrey, dipping his teaballs nonchalantly (Continued on Page 38)
IS MARILYN MONROE THE PENTAGON'S "SECRET WEAPON"?

Documents prove that Mrs. DiMaggio has become a hot dish in the cold war!

Marilyn is being used 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.

Now it's Monroe again — only this time it's 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 cheese-cake art to give the comrades something for their money, you're sadly mistaken.

This is Red propaganda, bub!

Americans who thought that Marilyn was just a nice young kid whose heart belonged to hubby Joe DiMaggio, or that she was skyrocketed 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 reveals 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...

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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.

WALTER WINCHELL'S DRAMATIC TV EDITORIAL

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 or 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.
The Mystery behind 4 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 on his 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 dead 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-

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Watch out for Phony Publicity Stunts!

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 take 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 maître d'hôtel 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 maître d'hôtel's overenthusiastic attention. Perhaps the shiner wasn't there at all. Perhaps it only occurred 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 something happened, and believe it hard enough, then to all intents and purposes 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 new trend.

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

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GANGSTERS IN EXILE

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 Carmine 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, whoever 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 iritated 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 Guerra, 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.
Lots of Americans would love to be seen in Italy, but not Joe Pro, exiled racketeer.

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 Caesars from Chicago, Detroit, Kansas City and Tampa.

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 gig is that he makes a living strictly by betting on the ponies there. One recent Sunday afternoon, while thus making a living, Lucky 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 Caesars from Chicago, Detroit, Kansas City and Tampa.

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Lucky's favorite hangout is the Agnano race course. His gig 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)
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 happened 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 has 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 SECRET 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'Orizzan 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 looked 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
Sinner

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)
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 Stepan 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 Kahn'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 Kahn 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 scarcely knew, he only said, "It is nothing serious."

But Irene was enjoying her worldwide publicity and added fuel to the flames. Said Irene: "Aly Kahn 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 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 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 Khan 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'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 Mailhot 23-78. At his Riviera castle, the secret phone number is Golfe Juan 92977.

Aly Kahn 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

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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'Usseaux 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 McCarthy 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 dregs. If they can get such plays by native American authors like Miss Hellman, why, all the better.

Playwright d'Usseaux 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.

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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.
$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 Minervafilms, "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 real lucky—husband!

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 ritz apartment house and her dog. The poodle, named "Ballerine", danced merrily about the guy and gal as the robbery took place.
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 Twa in 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 the one no-nonsense criterion, as the Duchy of the Insects represents 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 John Steinbeck'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 cent of 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 come from the Soviet Union and its satellites comes straight from the governments of those countries, since publishers there are State enterprises.

"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 the propaganda, said the understanding 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 its up to the men in the Kremlin to decide who among the authors published in 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 Mezhduunarodnaya Kniga, or All-Union Book Combine, which makes the arrangements for the publication of foreign books in the Soviet Union. This formidable 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. The 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 Mezhduunarodnaya 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 Communists 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 have read many of their pamphlets." At one time Earl Browder, a top American Communist, himself acted as a scout for Soviet publishing firms, making deals with American authors and publishers for the publication of their works. Since he has been kicked out of the Communist Party, the job is now being done by a top party perpatriots, probably, 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, and 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, this American 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 payment 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, cigar-chewing character named Vittorio Nappi, a 52-year-old Italian hoodlum suspected of bossing a cigarette smuggling racket.

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 m找准 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 hunters and by hopeful reporters looking for a beat. And he’s also handled 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 thinks 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 seadate resident of Palermo, Sicily. Settled in an expensive suite in Palermo’s best hotel, the cigar-smoking long-faced ex-czar Spinella who looks like an aging baritone, attracts lots of attention. His broad shoulders pulled in and his coat buttoned out, 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 homeliness.

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 bring 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 slightest provocation that they’re homesick for the United States. "I’d rather wash dishes in America," Joe Picci was once overheard saying, "than do this 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 confectionery 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 besmarched 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 Italian is hopping mad with Uncle Sam for dumping these geni 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 should be called "a white slave worker," if 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? They are good 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 slave 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 post cards to their friends in the States: "Having a lousy time! Wish I was there!"

PUBLICITY STUNTS
(Continued From Page 23)

The paper that featured the story as the major news of the day wasn’t entirely amused. It scolded Zsa Zsa for being eliminated for trying to muscle in on the romance of Portofino 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 BAG 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 Camera and Century Fox. Report Harold Wolfson was pressing 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 inquapro. "No work, then? But that 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. I’d thought 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 throughout until the clippings came.

THE BABY 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. Franey Lane is such a comparatively unknown, a lovely singer who appears at ungodly morning hours on Morey Amsterdam’s TV show on the NBC network. Philip Dean is Franey’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 more unusual story. The title read: "The Face of the 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 Franey, 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 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 blured 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 search was on. The Papers were made: Marilyn Monroe, the Duchess of Windsor, the lady next door?

Well, it wasn’t. It was the face of Franey 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 went 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.

Monseur 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? 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. Sneaking in, he 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 money. When a woman has too much money she may love you, but she is all time wondering, up here," he tapped his forehead — "about her monee." He also said that they have known "each ozaire 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 Rubirosa in the Bahamas. He quoted 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 would disapper 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 DiMag- gio to get her wedding up here."

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.

It all started on New Year's Eve, 1951. Aga Khan had invited a select group of friends to a big party, one of the most star-studded 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 somewhat 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, etc.

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 extravagant, only the same identikit with a 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 recall that during all the months of Aly marrying Rita, both of them 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 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 quips are comparable 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 would 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 was. Also, she has told 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 long periods away from her. Aly is known to get tired of new flirtations every week, and that he wishes fervently to come to anchor. While the Aga Khan 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 divorce was settled in a matter of days. The Aga Khan feels that a happy marriage might last for 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 insisted 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, suave and elegant Gene should make — and according to Aly makes — a splendid Begum. She has 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 while 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. This is what 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, paid his friend a visit. When he did not return for half an hour, Gene Tierney got up and prepared to leave. At that moment, Aly
reeper 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 glomor was present, with Gary Cooper, French Marshal Juin, Merle Oberon, Bing Crosby, etc. Among all the dukes, duchesses and stars, Gene Tierny played the role of an unofficial hostess, a development many people considered highly significant.

At this writing, Gene Tierny is back in the United States. Whether she is asked about the possibility of marrying 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. But alas! After all, sooner or later Aly will have to succeed the Aga Khan as the spiritual head of 5,000,000 Ismailis 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 glamorous gals will be missing him for sure . . .

suicides? Or were they really suicides at all? And if these men killed themselves, what pushed them to their windowills 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 be the key to the enigma.

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 Dy-S, Head of the special Adamic Commission, which was Adamic's closest friends that he had really killed himself. Louis Buzen, 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.

When Adamic was killed . . .

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 spitten up onto the head of a statue of Emperor Francis Joseph afraid to be unveiled in town. Short thereafter 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 fought in the Civil War. In 1920 he was the first Secretary of Commnist Party. He became the leader of the Russian Communists. He was read the "Red Spy." During World War II, the writer rooted for Tito and when the Marshall broke with Stalin to go his own Communistic way, Adamic hitchhiked to the United States. He became a intemperate fight 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.

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. She 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 Flemingbank.

Late in August, four strangers said a call on Adamic. Their warnings were inessential. Their threats grew impotent. And when they left and Mrs. Sharp showed up as usual to type up some more pages, the writer appeared more determined than ever. "I'll finish it and get it published," she 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 that indicated 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, and then place the rifle in his own lap?

And those oil cans in the garage — were there 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 configuration 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 scrap of paper 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 had 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 remnants of the Adamic-Winanat feud. 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 excising terms. At the time of the suicide, there were only two persons in the house — his secretary and
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 before 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 looking 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 spy named Peter Zabelin.

The way Zabelin 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 get a man's 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 worry 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 carry 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 Truman 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 where Eleanor loved, one of his favorite 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 paramedic team was dispatched. He was promptly flown to 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, facial contusion, alternation with lethargy, 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 "malignant 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 the book; it was Marie Van Oen'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 and wind the sea vast and, and, and, and, and, the storm."

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 wall of the lone bird, the querulous nightingale." That's as far as he got. He put the book down, still open at the page where he had left off.

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 Dugan, Forrestal and Adamic—they were all murdered by the fearful times in which we live.
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 billion a year to 400 billion, 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.

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 Kllimjanaro 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 professional 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 red-head were just about ready to strike. Dwight Eisenhower was in the White House. Godfrey's biggest 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 entreat him to head the psychological warfare program of this country.

The campaign against Godfrey — and through him, against the men behind him — began with snippings 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 this 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 seamy 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 Godfrey's 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 manner of 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 time it happened, and it was different. It was 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 happened under a lot of good.

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.

Swiftly 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 unscrupulous friendships of his female employees;
5. an incorrigible drunk who conducts his business in a manner totally unbecoming a gentleman;
6. a martinet who considers himself to be above the laws of the land;
7. a tighetted pennypincher who hoards millions for himself but doles out only pittance to his hardworking staff;
8. an invertebrate ingrate who uses and abuses people who help him and then drops them like a used cigarette butt 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 was about to make anything else to aid his post-operative therapy, he was stirred up and hunted, running for cover each time another edition of the gazette 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
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 them off.

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 accused 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 comedy 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 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 Godfrey himself.

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 Godfrey's 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, you may be as many as five hundred people working for him by day or night. Even writers have to 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 composed of producer Larry Puck, director Jack Karney and announcer Tony Marvin. They have been with him for upwards of fifteen years and then some. And then there are the secretaries that Godfrey himself swears by. Those he's always had, 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.

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 gets him the love and admiration of fans.

Godfrey is bighearted in everything he does and does everything with a gusto and that overwhelming 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 is his extreme tolerance.

There he is, a shed of hard or prejudiced 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 Marinens, a vocal group of four men, two of whom are negroes. An inter-racial group like this was unheard of, and there are states in the Union which actually have laws against it. The Marinens tried to persuade Godfrey to break 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 admits 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 boldly 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 five hours, and when done, serve it.

"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 print, 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 smarmers.

Someone once said that men are just as God made them and a good deal worse. Godfrey is no exception. But then he's famous for believing in a deep down, firm faith 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.
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 proposd 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." What Wallis wanted was 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 innermost thoughts he must have identified himself 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 cartload.

First came the beautiful, clever heiress Irene Wrightsman who found her way to Kirk's heart via a disappointing marriage with professional playboy Freddie McEvo, 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 biggest 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 untiidy 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 loving 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 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 even know he was around. 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 reporter produced his evidence. "It wouldn't get us anything but abuse to print it. The people don't want to see him knocked. He's champion."

Kirk Douglas and Anna Maria Ferrero, Vittorio Gassman's heart-throb. One of Kirk's previous loves was Pier Angeli. Those Italian dishes must stimulate the Number 1 wolf's appetite!
These mistresses are allowed to appear at the public functions from which the wives are banished. The broadcast of the beauties of 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 professional goatee, was the playboy of the Kremlin, Ballerina Tatyana Bisch advertised his affair with the Red bon vivant by paying her bills with the old roué’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 roué 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 WOLF

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 repaired 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 private command performance in his spacious 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 discussing old man Voroshilov’s latest conquest.

These days China’s Mao Tse-tung is supposed 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 specially 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 is 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 flight 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 spectacles. 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 Kru- sheva, 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 the 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 Dijas, Yugoslavia’s number three boss, came to Petko’s aid.

SEXUAL EXCESSES

On the theory that offense is the best defense, Dijas 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.

There’s nothing sadder than a story of martial achievement. They were fantastic records of sexual excesses. Dijas 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 far as the Communist world’s most recent conquests 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 Jeannette 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 sexcapades of Italy’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 Commies who are willing to take a lot of Communist 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 procedure. 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 thirty-three, his buxom secretary and fellow member in the Italian Parliament.

Then came Signora Number Two, Luisa 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, who was thirty years old to whom he was 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.

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 companions of other children were 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 playing 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, 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, Marlene 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 she considered suicide 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. If so, Mrs. Riva was a born spell-breaker. With her head at last at ease, her body began to take on sweet contours.

She started to plan for the future. The tyrant child "Heidee" 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 began 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 looks 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 bitterness of the past. And with the bitterness went the weight 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 from 118 to 104. While dallying 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 different 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 clothes-horse. She is happiest when she is cast in the role of a scrubwoman, if the role has dramatic possi- bilities, or if she is challenged to a vivid portrayal of a female delict. 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 daugh- ter'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 and for television. She 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 satis- fying job, in the light of her agonized past, is to be an instrumental 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 appearances and manages her public relations. Marlene 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 into their joyous story of love.

OBSCENE LETTERS

(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 found that his wife was an adequate part- ner 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 por- nographic literature.

When thus aroused, he selected women whose pictures and home addresses he found in the newspapers, and wrote them passionate love let- ters 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 cul- tivated with fond care. He persuaded himself that he was exceptionally well equipped to satisfy the sexual needs of women, partly by his physical at- tributes 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 regard- ed as goddesses of love, even in their private lives.

One of these letters, which this writer examined, 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..."

He was arrested and found to have been writing letters 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 arrested. His sexual career ended in the insane asylum.

CASE NUMBER 3: A young welder in Mil- waukee, Wisconsin, was inordinately shy and re- served 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 let- ters had remarkable tape. He was not capable of the tenderness of the passion they conveyed. But they were also remark- able 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 eventually found a girl who was able to accept 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 sub-urb 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 this was protested to the owner, the young clerk was fired.

He then became a door-to-door salesman, ring- ing doorbells of suburban homes, and selling lingerie from a suitcase. But the lingerie only served as sheep's clothing for this young wolf. And when he was involved, 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 who had expressed interest in him as a salesman. These hapless ladies became in his mind real-life lovers. In his letters he described his sexual fan- tases 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 identi- fied 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.
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Mail coupon to Dayco, Inc., 19 W. 44th St., New York 36, N.Y.
He had a morbid fear of marriage, so the contacts he made with females were always of a temporary nature. Most of his female conquests were prostitutes, even though his feelings revolved around the idea of love.

During a weekend sexual spree, he met another man who told him about a "club" of six members, formed to exchange their own sexual fantasies without the slightest inhibitions. He joined the "club" and entered enthusiastically into its activities. But it was only during the after-dinner chats that he realized 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 complete nervous exhaustion. In a fit of extreme depression, he committed suicide.

THE WRITINGS OF A WOMAN

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 digested every word of 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 phonny, 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 desires to other women—but not to the simple girls of her own home town. She traveled to Boston, and then to other cities. She 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 pictures of women. There were more than a few letters attempting to make advances in the least 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 who write such letters do so to make advances in the least 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.

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 either too few or too harmless to be included in this book.

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 others. 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 addressess 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 exhibiting the photographs or the names 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. Exhibitionists, exhibitionists, and 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)
THIS IS IT
MARILYN MONROE STORY
by Joe Franklin
and Laurie Palmer
The INTIMATE Inside Story of Hollywood's Hottest Glamour Girl

WOW
★ 39 ★
GORGEOUS — INTIMATE 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 bored 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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THE PICTURES ALONE ARE WORTH PRICE OF BOOK

Reveals the heart and soul of the girl who surely is America's sweet-heart and heart-throb. Her struggles for success, her studied endeavors to achieve happiness are told in a simple, frank, always warm manner. The book takes you from her early childhood until her appearance in the movie "How To Marry A Millionaire." As you read, you'll laugh and sigh with the pretty, plucky girl who cracked the hard shell of Hollywood to become a box office star.

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of war, the German embassies in Paris and London worked overtime to prevent Allied intervention and to 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 Britain, established in the palatial embassy on Clarendon Terrace, was Dr. Leopold Hoesch, a professional diplomat of the old school. He was a suave bon vivant, well-liked contacts to 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 knew that under diplomatic rules he had no right to connect 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 needed to know 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 impersonally, 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. Hesse picked up the other phone and listened in on this momentous conversation. The King did not, of course, know that his words were overheard by a third person.

"Hello, Leo," the king said, according to Hesse. "Everything is settled as agreed. I called Baldwin and told 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 Britain is concerned. We'll keep France quiet.

Hoesch listened in a trance, then looked across the room at Hesse. Two men exchanged triumphant glances. The conversation was over. Hoesch and Hesse replaced the receiver. 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! We 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 rival against his own government, saved Hitler from defeat, disaster, death! After that it was simple. The resistance of Britain 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 seventy-two, his abdication accomplished. 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, there would be no great opposition to 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 downfall.

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. During the Berlin frenzy, Bedeaux, a professional agent, was in the secret service of the Duke, but under Duce's orders, 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 let Bedeaux have 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 attaché 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 and circumstance 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 is not that kind of woman."

With those peremptory words, the reader is left 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 no 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 adored 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 mouths 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 HEPBURN

(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 his, and assumes 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 chump, $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 dream of way out silver a man 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 pilots. 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 the 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 of 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 finker with his cars. He maintains his own repair shops and mechanics on the estate grounds. He keeps a brace of goons 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 drive in for dinner with champagne 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 a guest—regardless of who the 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 Jim waves and 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 is 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 police car capable of keeping the proverbial tail on a fox, is regarded as legitimate prey for those oversized .45s. The guns are so big that just their appearance 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 gold-plated 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, and Jim West is the largest of them all. His heir apparent is his™. The Lone Star State has a million more cattle than people, the only statute 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 woman was offered a reception 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.

Within a few years later, this same genius unloaded his mining and oil properties in Texas and Louisiana, he received $57,000,000 for them. This was the boy who, 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 string of a few illegitimate children along the way. Certainly, he will open a charge account 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. There once defined a 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 evening, and the next morning checked into one of the swankiest hotelries in Dallas. When he filed out the registration slip, he wrote "X" on the dotted line, because he 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 weeks. The blonde was upstairs living up a floor. When 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 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.

In the same way, the real estate man who is wealthy 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 Harold L. Hunt. His friends and cooies call him H. L. This 64-year-old oilman looks like the president of a small college, with pockies 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 also has a library of over 30,000 books, 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." He was born in the Far West and punched cows before he got that itch for which oil is the best medicine. He spent out his first claim on 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, poker-playing, and today 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 cavaledge of nouveaux wealth sounds irrational 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 who were not in baby-blue! 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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HOW TO SOLVE SAMPLE PUZZLE

CLUE NO. 1: THE "HOOSIER" STATE

+ ONEA - K = __________

You will see there are a SINK, a DIAL, the SOLN. of a clue and various 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 SOLN. and K. What is done you are left with INDIANA. Indiana is the Hoosier State, as the result checks with Clue No. 1.

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