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Sunday Telegraph NEWS MAGAZINE

TODAY

REVIEW OF THE WORLD THIS WEEK

Court Dramas, P. 46-47
Films P. 50-51
Women's Mag. P. 53-64

Alone—with all the money in the world

Today's Paris Office

ALL the un-moneyed women in the world who say "Money doesn't bring happiness" could say it again this week.

One of the world's richest women, 42-year-old American tobacco heiress Doris Duke was having love trouble again.

Although her fortune is estimated at £50,000,000 Doris Duke has always been unlucky—in love.

A week ago French night club singer, Charles Trenet, announced that he would soon marry Doris.

They would have married sooner, he said, except that people might have said he had married Doris for her money.

But he also said that when he had phoned Doris in Switzerland she had said: "People without

money get married. Why shouldn't we?"

This week Doris Duke denied she was going to marry Trenet.

She was even quoted by the Paris newspaper, *France Soir*, as saying: "I don't know of him. What a story. Do you marry a man you've never seen?"

Then the Poor Little Rich Girl went into hiding so no one could ask her questions.

Doris Duke's last husband—her second—was Dominican diplomat-playboy Porfirio Rubirosa, now married to one of the other richest women in the world, Woolworth heiress Barbara Hutton.

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DORIS DUKE
Love trouble again

THE WILY TURK HAD IT IN THE BAG

TIME For more than a quarter of a century peppery Dr. (of medicine) Fuat Husuli Tugay has been considered one of Turkey's key diplomatic representatives abroad.

But even a diplomat can forget his diplomacy where his wife is concerned.

Last November, while he was at home on leave from his job as Turkish Ambassador to Egypt, Diplomat Tugay learned that the Egyptian Government had decided to confiscate the property of all blood relatives of the deposed King Farouk.

Under normal circumstances no foreign emissary would concern himself with such a purely domestic affair, but it happens that Tugay's wealthy wife Emine, whose holdings include a palace in Cairo, many acres of rich Egyptian land, and a bankful of Egyptian pounds, is

Farouk's cousin.

Embassador Tugay complained publicly that the Egyptian's high-handed action was illegal.

The Egyptian Government countered by declaring him *persona non grata* as Ambassador.

Soon afterwards the Ambassador returned to Cairo to voice his protest, in person to Foreign Minister Mahmoud Fawzi.

Fawzi cut him short by pointing out that diplomatic protocol permits a *non grata* Ambassador to see a Foreign Minister for only one reason—to say goodbye.

Spluttering Tugay thereupon gave a farewell banquet to which not one Egyptian was invited.

"You will not see me again in this dirty place," he told his guests.

At 55, Ramon still stirred their hearts

Today's London Office

THERE were many middle-aged housewives in Britain going about their housework this week with a dreamy look.

Ramon Navarro, one down the stage door of London's Palladium, where he'd been singing the *Pagan Love Song*.

Now a quiet, greying man in a grey suit, carrying a brief case, he went unnoticed through the swing doors of London's Savoy Hotel, checked in, and asked the clerk the way to avoid the crush of screaming, hysterical women—and when a crowd of women tore

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himself explained to reporters this week why he had never married.

"I have been in love with women," he said, "but the girls I made love to on the screen seemed so irritable in real life."

"I was always afraid of divorce."

The roughness of the screen lovers of today pains the idol of yesterday.

He said: "Films today are vulgar and the lovers rough."

The way they treat women on the screen is not gentlemanly."

They don't kiss a girl in the way Navarro used to—lingering, passionate, silent.

Navarro carefully invested the money he earned on the screen, and is now in the real estate business.

He gave up his Hollywood home with its swimming pool, now lives in one of his own small bungalows.

The first day Navarro was in London showed him he was not a forgotten man.

The phone rang continuously—with calls from middle-aged women.

And on his first evening he showed he was not ungrateful.

He had dinner in the simple North London home of middle-aged Aubrey Homan, first member of the Ramon Navarro Fan Club, formed in 1926.

SCRAPBOOK



Short change: In Miami, three nights after he robbed Mack's Liquor Store of 46 dollars (E.A.19), a hold-up man returned, pointed a pistol at proprietor Herman Mack, told him: "I read in the papers where I got 600 dollars (E.A.267)... I came back for the rest," made off with 115 dollars (E.A.51).

Trier: In East-Orington, Maine, 22 years after he failed to graduate from high school because he had not written an assigned essay, Avery D. Olmstead, 40, turned in the essay, got his diploma.

Late: In Los Angeles, seeking a divorce, Mrs. Honor Landier said her husband, Felicien, called from the office one night in 1943, told her he would be working late, had not yet come home.

Trapped by a scent: Today's New York Office

John Kirnon handed a Boston movie cashier a pass and was admitted to the theatre.

The cashier, Marlon Grace, sniffed the perfumed pass—and telephoned the police.

The police located Kirnon in the darkened theatre and charged him with larceny.

Miss Grace had reported to police the previous day someone had stolen her handbag containing 21 dollars in cash, her perfume, and a pass to the theatre.

DORIS' first marriage was to James Cromwell, who became U.S. Minister to Canada.

They met when she was only 17, married when she was 23.

After eight years of married life, Doris found Canada—and husband Jimmy—boring.

Their divorce was a squally financial tussle.

She offered him a settlement of £250,000.

The figure Cromwell had in mind was nearer £2,000,000.

But Doris won.

Even her whirlwind romance with Rubirosa was not free of the sordid matter of cash.

When a poliomyelitis epidemic swept the U.S., Duke became frantic.

He made his home a fortress. Guards stopped any strangers from entering.

From tiny babyhood every step Doris took was shadowed by private detectives.

Baby Doris slept between sheets of silk and lace, was awakened gently in the morning by soft melodies gradually increasing in volume.

A famous Paris perfumer sent her £1000 worth of pure flower scents every year.

Breakfast was served to her on a golden tray, with a golden egg-cup.

Doris Duke and her husband, Cromwell, built a £100,000 dream home in Honolulu with every conceivable luxury, as a symbol of their love.

After the divorce Doris lived in it alone.

She is still alone.



RAMON NAVARRO
Now Then

KINSEY WAS A FLOP

TIME Dr. Kinsey's *Sexual Behaviour in the Human Female*, which was expected by booksellers to sell 1,000,000 copies, is a comparative flop.

Though 210,000 copies have been bought (against 280,000 printed), the demand has dropped sharply, and many bookstores are now overloaded.