



THE HEPBURNS

Seven members of a fabulous Hartford family express themselves at any cost

by OLIVER D. JENSEN

Mrs. Thomas Norval Hepburn of Hartford, Conn., believes in control of children before birth and none afterwards. She graduated from the fashionable women's college of Bryn Mawr, married a successful doctor, lives in what 99% of the country would describe as considerable luxury in West Hartford winters and on the shore of Long Island Sound at Fenwick summers, and says: "We must do away with the law of supply and demand." For her own five children, she has created a home that combines the good points of such divergent atmospheres as Thoreau's Walden Pond, Madame de Staël's salon and Margaret Sanger's rostrum.

As a result, one of her sons has spent one year in New York City and four in the Hepburn attic writing unsuccessful radical plays while another has quietly become a doctor. One daughter has picketed for the C. I. O. while another demurely finishes her education among the socially elect of Bennington College. Seven inseparable Hepburns zealously cherish their personal independence and intensely resent the public assumption that they have any special significance to non-Hepburns because still another daughter is doing nicely on the stage.

Mrs. Hepburn's eldest child, Katharine, is living proof of the fact that it is not absolutely necessary to have been a Kansas City manicurist to crash the gates of Hollywood. She never won a beauty contest and never was a Wampus Baby Star. Nobody ever saw her posed in a lingerie publicity still. Instead she graduated from Bryn Mawr, gleamed tidily in the Philadelphia Social Register and in one leading role on Broadway, and earned up packing theaters in *A Bill of Divorcement*, chiefly because Director George Cukor liked the way she put down a glass of water.

That an obvious aristocrat should succeed so brilliantly in the promised land of the common people was no less interesting than the fact that this extraordinary person was proving that acting ability was not necessary in the movies but merely helpful. Her stock in trade was an amazing ability to project to audiences the curious but dynamic personality of Katharine Hepburn. To the degree to which her vehicles were faithful or unfaithful to the Hepburn character, she pleased or repelled her beholders. Because it has not always been possible to find the right story for her, she has the unique distinction of having been both socko and stinko, in the trade terms, both on the stage and in the movies.

She started in the movies with the handicap of immediate success. *A Bill of Divorcement* was a good play with undertones of tragedy and unfulfilled lives perfectly suited to her mannerisms. Her other early pictures were good—



Katharine's first Broadway hit was in *The Warrior's Husband* in 1932. Her Amazon role was perfect for leaping about in tin armor and displaying shapely legs.



Her first movie hit was in *A Bill of Divorcement* in 1932. As Sydney, whose life is ruined by a taint of insanity, Katharine played the same role that had brought fame to Katharine Cornell and Meggie Albani.



Her first Broadway failure was in *The Lake*, a rambling drama which was produced in 1933. In the role of an emotionally upset widow, she threatens to commit suicide in the final scene (above).

THE HEPBURNS (continued)

herself than Louisa Alcott's fictional heroine Jo.

The sentimental shower of Victorian nostalgia that followed *Little Women* and the others dried up in the lean years of painful pieces like *The Little Minister*, *Quality Street* and *A Woman Rebels*. RKO executives committed the gross error of exhibiting versatile Miss Hepburn in non-Hepburn roles. As a result, people grew a little tired of Katharine facing the world, clear-eyed, forthright, arrogant and unafraid—in situations which merely called for relaxation. When their feeling cropped up in diminished box-office returns, the Independent Theatre Owners' Association Inc. included her in a list of toppled divinities labeled "Box-Office Poison."

Miss Hepburn had first come to notice in 1932 in a leading role in *The Warrior's Husband*, which required her to impersonate an Amazon and make 15-ft. leaps about the stage encased in shiny tin armor. For Katharine this was a manifest cinch. However, when she came back triumphantly from Hollywood to open in Jed Harris' production of a dour play called *The Lake*, completely out of character, she dove in disastrously over her head. Acid Dorothy Parker celebrated the submersion with her immortal quip: "She runs the gamut of emotions from A to B."

To the confusion of critics, however, "The Lady of The Lake" has today surprised everyone by getting the right play at the right time—*The Philadelphia Story*, which has lifted her to the pinnacle of her career. These ups and downs have called attention to the fact that here is an actress not molded like others by directors from the mere clay of a pretty girl, but served up, ready-made, as her own unchanging personality.

The explanation for this personality is the Hepburn family. Katharine belongs to one of the most interesting family groups in the country. When she clashed with Hollywood, violated stage traditions, got into her series of troubled, half-explained, semi-public adventures, she was running true to type. When she acquired a completely bad press, said exactly what came into her head and avoided interviewers by dodging through washroom windows, down fire escapes and under airplane propellers,

she was doing what seemed best at the moment, in accord with Hepburn family theory.

The Hepburns are of Scottish descent. Mary Stuart's lover, the tempestuous Earl of Bothwell, was a Hepburn. The Scottish strain is strong. The clan is forever gathering, on weekends, until the wide yard of the spacious brick house on Bloomfield Avenue, West Hartford, looks like a parking lot. Seen together, the family resemblances come out sharply. Fourteen nostrils quiver in unison and seven peculiar if brilliant minds continue their endless discussions on how best the world may be reformed. All of them are concerned with the world of ideas, are slightly pink, love to talk with their constant stream of intellectual visitors. As a child, Kate could sit and listen in her own parlor to Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst and Charlotte Perkins Gilman and Emma Goldman.

The head of this New England family came from Virginia. Dr. Thomas Norval Hepburn, 60, is a Johns Hopkins graduate, a prominent surgeon, urologist of the Hartford Hospital and consultant to half a dozen others. He married one domineering character, sired six others (Son Tom died in his teens) and withal manages to remain the austere head of the family who barks over the stairwell at a daughter's late suitors.

How to marry a Hepburn

Life is not easy for a Hepburn suitor, nor does the Doctor help make it so. When agitated Ellsworth Grant, a well-to-do Harvard student, wished to ask for Daughter Marion's hand, he could think of no better approach than to call her father's office. Giving his name as "I. M. Struck," he desired to consult the doctor about "a heart case."

Dr. Hepburn is very handsome in a hard chiseled way, of medium height and athletic build. Katharine takes after him in appearance and personality. He is inordinately proud of his golf game—when he wins—and loves to display the ancient set of clubs with which these feats are accomplished. Like all Hepburns, he will struggle desperately before being beaten. Long after nightfall, Hepburns can be found climbing over

the fence that separates their land on Bloomfield Avenue from a golf course, arguing fiercely about a drive or a putt that vanished into darkness. The Doctor's pride extends to such varied accomplishments as his chess game and his self-acknowledged financial wizardry. He will take no advice from brokers.

Mrs. Hepburn was a Boston Houghton, cousin of an American ambassador to the Court of St. James, Alanson Bigelow Houghton. Her tall, slender figure is remarkable enough by itself, but becomes even more so when she dons her "mandarin" costume, a celestial garment that turned up one day and which she may wear two weeks straight, mainly for the amusing effect it produces on her society friends. The Hepburn peculiarities are tempered in Mrs. Hepburn by the presence of a delightful sense of humor and a strain of extreme kindness. These take the edge off the intense personality of anybody nursing a crusade. Hers is birth control.

Mrs. Hepburn believes in the maximum of self-expression for her children and lets them do as they please. They started to pick out their own clothes at 13. Kate wore her brother's knickerbockers and fought like a hellion with the neighborhood little boys. Once she shaved her head to look more like a boy. She put on a performance of *Beauty and the Beast*, charging neighbors 50¢ admission, a box-office high for child drama. Kate played the Beast, netting \$60, which she promptly sent to the Navaho Indians of New Mexico, having heard from a missionary that they were in need. The Navahos bought a phonograph.

As a child Kate accompanied her mother on suffrage campaigns. Mrs. Hepburn has a deep voice and a deep sense of social obligation, a Boston germ that led her to war on the white-slave traffic and vice in Hartford. She has even picketed the White House in the matter of votes for women, but it is upon the subject of birth control that her fame rests.

"If you aren't frank with your children about sex," she argued in a New Haven Methodist church, "they will never confide in you again. When I explained scientifically and specifically to one of my daughters how she was born, she



Her most memorable movie role was "Jo" in *Little Women*, in 1933. In this part she again followed in the footsteps of Katharine Cornell who had won acclaim as "Jo" in 1919.

Her first chance at comedy was in *Bringing Up Baby*, a four-star 1938 movie (*above*). Today, after a 40 weeks' run, she has made a great Broadway hit as a comedienne in *The Philadelphia Story* (*right*).

said: 'Oh, then I can have a baby without getting married. Oh, that's what I shall do!' Finally, however, we agreed that if she could find a husband as nice as her Dad, the matter might be reconsidered."

Crusading for birth control

The crusading spirit is behind her erect, gray-haired figure, as she appears debating the issue in Carnegie Hall and arguing for legislation with scared congressmen who would vote for war with the Moor before aiding the sale of contraceptives. "The first time we came before the Connecticut Legislature to discuss our project for liberalization of birth-control legislation," she says, "the committee acted like dirty-minded children. They poked one another, giggled and put their hands before their faces. . . . If people had listened to Margaret Sanger 20 years ago, we wouldn't have the child problem we have now. . . . The time has come for people to recognize the life force and let it be what it should be."

All the products of the Hepburn life force share a common middle name, Houghton, a common eagerness, explosive tempers and a common fanatical desire to shine in their own right. Katharine, with pathetic loyalty, tries to keep her family from the damning references to "Katharine Hepburn's brother," "the movie star's mother," etc. They live closely together in the big place at Hartford and in the magnificent whitewash brick summer place Katharine built for them at Fenwick, on Long Island Sound. It replaces a cottage that the 1938 hurricane swept away, nearly sweeping Katharine with it. With water in front, a little sailboat, a tennis court, a golf course nearby, it fits the favorite family activities, for they are all good at sports. Katharine was once runner-up in the Connecticut women's golf championship, has a bronze medal for figure skating.

All five children went to college after studying with private tutors. Katharine was first, following her mother to Bryn Mawr, and will not be soon forgotten for her intense ideas, her bandannaed head (which, according to legend,

set a new style), her occasional appearances in bare feet and her general look of grubbiness. She emerged as a "high-merit" student in her history major. Nobody thought she was beautiful. Nobody thought much of her in Bryn Mawr dramatics, either, except her first talent scout, the late Dr. Horace Howard Furness Jr., a well-known Shakespearean scholar, who picked her out to play Pandora in *The Woman in the Moon*. Her other accomplishment at college was managing to wear far beyond its natural life an ancient green topcoat, a tired-looking affair done up with a makeshift safety pin.

Robert Houghton Hepburn, the younger brother, is the conservative and the family diplomat. Bob is even-tempered, hard-working and extremely natural, like his sister Marion. Shorter and less angular than other Hepburns, these two alone bother to present an orthodox polite front to the world. At Harvard, Bob made the Signet, literary society, and got in the Hasty Pudding Club, which neatly cleaves a select group of sheep from Harvard's many goats. Medical school followed and Bob now assists his father as an interne in the Hartford Hospital.

Brother Dick, Richard Houghton Hepburn, 28, went to Harvard too, but not before spending a year at Trinity College in Hartford because he arrived late for his last College Board exam. He has spent the years since he went through Harvard writing plays. Some of them were in the Greek classical tradition, not a very salable type. On busy days he would enter the family attic at 8 and pound his typewriter until 5. His search for material once took him to the offices of a large number of prominent Hartford business moguls. He is supposed to have questioned them for hours about the nature of capitalism, and then attempted to convert them from it, a novel experience for a Hartford underwriter. Dick, angular and lean, looking like his female counterpart, Katharine, is an experimenter as well—with his attire, an all-purpose garb of heavy white sweater, unpressed gray slacks, sneakers and no socks; and with his face on which he once grew literary sideburns.

His experimental nature was given a severe jolt in April 1936, when his play *Behold Your*

all smiles
when
"all in"—
here's a tip
t for you



ever been under a
re, you've probably
ow she managed to
ht and cheerful and
at the close of a long
day.

course, is one answer.
still another—coffee.
like doctors and hos-
turn to coffee for a
-up" when they are
ise.

from their scientific
that coffee aids the
minating the poisons
that coffee is rest-
eficial to mind and
well as to the body,
he perception and im-
gment, reason and

ould interest you: The
get—and you get—
f coffee lasts only two
7 out of 100 people.*
eans you can enjoy
evening and enjoy a
sleep too.

*Medical authority on request
THE BUREAU, NEW YORK CITY

THOSE
RESOLUTIONS?



What you
er cup



RIGHT or WRONG?

Can you score 100% in this 1-minute Coffee Quiz?

COFFEE IS SERVED TO ATHLETES

Right? ☐ Wrong? ☐

The fact is, coffee enables the muscles to contract more vigorously, puts new life in them. Also livens up the brain for better coordination. So, many famous coaches have coffee served at training tables and during the rest periods of strenuous football, basketball and hockey games. Check "Right" above.

COFFEE IS HABIT-FORMING

Right? ☐ Wrong? ☐

Of course, coffee is a stimulant. But it is a very beneficial one. For it relieves fatigue instead of merely dulling the sense of fatigue as a narcotic does. And when the pleasing effects of coffee wear off, there is no feeling of depression—no physiological craving for more. Check "Wrong" above.

COFFEE
CHEERS
YOU UP!



Dr. Thomas Hepburn, shown here as a Randolph-Macon undergraduate in 1900, has avoided photographers ever since.



Katharine's mother, who once picketed the White House for women's suffrage, is a leading crusader for birth-control.

THE HEPBURNS (continued)

God opened at Jasper Deeter's experimental Hedgerow Theatre near Philadelphia. Dr. Hepburn had arranged to let Dick "alone" for three years to try his hand as a playwright. He moved to New York, wrote one opus dealing with birth control and Catholicism which no one would produce. Just in time, he finished *Behold Your God*, a two-part economic satire in ten scenes, during which characters labeled, among others: "Brainless, a banker"; "Rancid, an insurance president"; "Fatpurse, Jangle, Browbeat and Wiley, a firm of lawyers"; and "Judge Mildew, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court," wandered through an economic morass. The scenes bore labels like "Executives," "Utilities," "Newspaper," "Judges," "Socialism and Communism" and "Fascism." The theater was packed—a sell-out of all the available 156 seats. Hepburns dotted the audience. *Behold Your God* emerged with pronouncements from the critics calling it "dull," "extravagant," "blurred," "inarticulate," "esoteric" and "lucid as a timetable." Even Katharine acknowledged she hadn't figured it out.

Last summer Dick committed the sin of writing a play about the Hepburn family. Katharine's ire was aroused not only because this was considered trading off the life of a public person, but because the play is supposed to have dealt among other things with her adventures with Howard Hughes. Nobody, least of all Katharine, has forgotten the excitement over her three-ring exhibition with Mr. Hughes in Chicago, when the elusive pair spent three days dodging each other, the press and a more than willing marriage-license clerk who kept open long after hours.

The family favorite is the middle sister, Marion, plump, happy and unafflicted with the divine discontent that besets her famous sister. Katharine is crazy about her, partly because Marion fulfills the ambitions that she had to surrender. Marion went to progressive Bennington College, which gives its students a two months' vacation in summer and winter to apply what they are studying to a job or a project out in the world. She spent one vacation, at 17, working at Hull House, the Chicago social-service center founded by Jane Addams. During two other vacations, she worked for John L. Lewis in Washington, once as a secretary for the United Federal Workers and again as a grim but pretty picket outside the Hotel Harrington. Katharine has left hotels that were picketed, too, and stage-hands say, "She's a labor girl."

"My God, Kate's sister is beautiful"

Having announced that "One actress in the family is enough" and that she was going to write stories and novels but *never* plays, Marion got out of Bennington last June and forthwith into matrimony with Ellsworth Grant, himself just getting out of Harvard, while Bridesmaid Katharine dodged newsphotographers. Marion's graduation leaves Peggy, the youngest daughter, alone in the throes of formal education.

"My God, Kate's sister is beautiful," said Noel Coward, sitting behind the assembled Hepburns at *The Lake's* premiere. "She looks the way Kate should have but didn't." Katharine boasts about Peggy's exploits by the hour and explains that her sisters are really much better informed than she is—the Hepburn criterion of worth. Peggy inherits her father's experimental curiosity and spent last vacation studying algae on an island in the Panama Canal.

Because she looks more like the screen version of Katharine Hepburn than Katharine does herself, Peggy's footsteps are dogged by



Bob Hepburn, 26, the family's conservative, became a Hartford intern after finishing his Harvard education in 1939.



Dick Hepburn, 28, pinkest of Hepburns, writes plays of "social significance" which have yet to succeed. He is Harvard '33.

tion than a *Follies* blonde in the cheering section. Generally, however, the Hepburn girls have never "gone out" much with beaux but have brought them to the house. The sisters were always afraid they might miss some of the interesting things going on at home.

The guest who was never identified

A visit to the Hepburns is an experience a stranger does not forget. In the first place he is liable not to be noticed at all. So many are invited that there is often confusion as to who brought whom, and the story is told of one man who came to dinner and was never identified at all. Nobody liked him and he was ignored. Mrs. Hepburn likes to address strangers at the table with, "To whom am I indebted for this shuffle?" This is translated roughly as, "What member of the family dealt you out of the pack?"

The Hepburns are much too restless to sit still throughout a meal. Katharine likes to get up in the middle of a course, fetch a plate of peas from the kitchen and, ignoring the maids, serve them herself. Peggy, who is likely to be in shorts though snow is deep on the lawn outside, will stroll over to the fireplace and stand before it, contemplatively rubbing her back. The only note of formality about dinner is the carving of the roast, done by the doctor with surgical precision.

Mrs. Hepburn's first question to any visitor, without bothering with formal introductions or the like frippery, is: "How do you stand politically?" Should the visitor admit to any conservative leanings—a rather wide field since Mrs. Hepburn is far to the left of Roosevelt—her usual retort is, "How dull, how awfully dull."

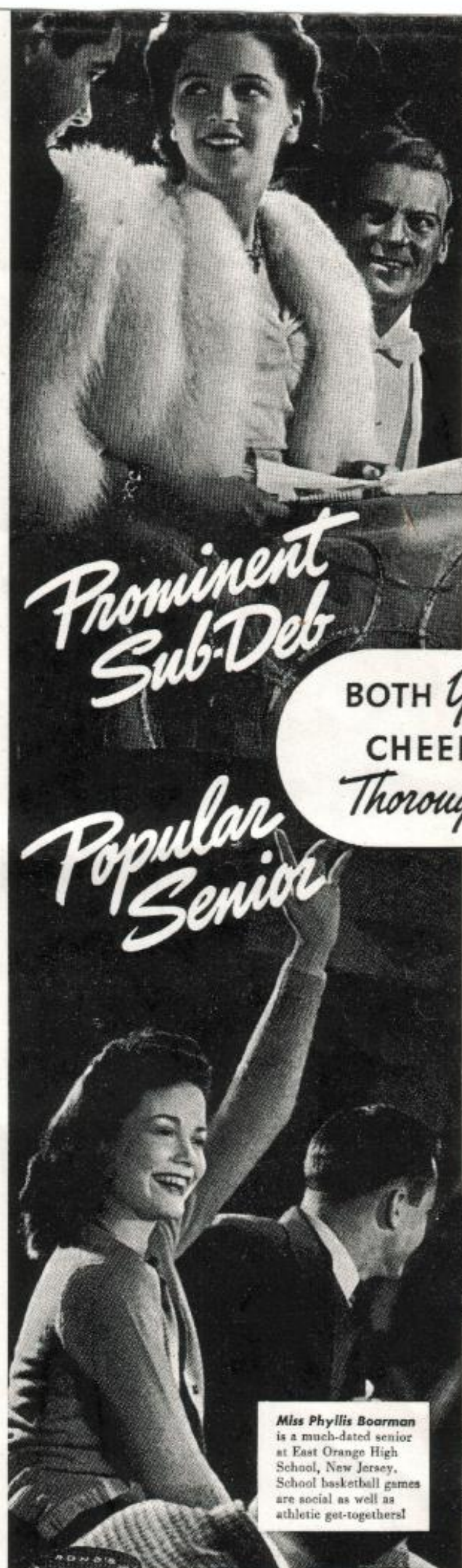
In the Hepburns' particular form of intolerance, there are three categories of untouchables, who are immediately labeled, to their faces, "hopeless" and dispensed with. They are The Dumb, The Complacent and The Conservative. Naturally this respectable segment of the population would in return consider the Hepburns self-centered and opinionated. In fact, of course, the Hepburns are intensely excited about anybody doing something interesting, or eager to talk about something interesting. Hence they bring home droves of writers, artists, actors, directors, poets and any other form of intellectual exhibit.

A discussion is always going on wherever two or more Hepburns are gathered together. Favorite subjects are politics, the Russian Experiment, morals, modern education, sex. The only taboo is criticism of Katharine in her absence. Any mention of her merely hoists her higher on the family pedestal, and at the drop of a hint, Mrs. Hepburn will get out her encyclopedic clipping book and attempt to prove that *The Lake's* reviews were favorable.

Mrs. Hepburn loves to egg her husband on into arguments for the fun of it, until the living room is reminiscent of a rough day in Congress, with all parliamentary rules suspended. Mrs. Hepburn, Katharine and Peggy, none of whom would dream of putting their preachings into practice, will urge their theories of free love on extremely moral Doctor Hepburn. The more they talk, the louder he will bellow his objections, while Bob and Marion demurely listen. Ludlow Smith, Katharine's ever-present former husband, another pillar of morality, will spring to the Doctor's defense, until the whole discussion breaks up in uproarious laughter that scares visitors.

These practices completely overawe Hartford society, a sleek group of wealthy insurance families and descendants of enterprising Yankee peddlers. When the Hepburns moved into Hartford, a delegation of shocked ladies came to inform Mrs. Hepburn that she would simply have to stop her birth-control propaganda. Her answer was to send the children out on the streets selling Mrs. Sanger's pamphlets. Now that the Hepburns are famous, Hartford wishes it knew them better but it still considers them "arty." Hepburns do just as they like. They don't go to church. They get fined for speeding, regularly. Ex-Husband Smith, a Philadelphia broker whom Katha-

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Prominent
Sub-Deb

Popular
Senior

BOTH Young Men
CHEER THE S
Thorough SKIN

Miss Phyllis Boorman is a much-dated senior at East Orange High School, New Jersey. School basketball games are social as well as athletic get-togethers!

The young
loves skiing.
"spill" is ju
and she has
her compani

QUESTION TO MISS BIDDLE, does
ward to her thrill
any special care

ANSWER: "Oh, a
routine is terrible
both Pond's Crea
life—Pond's Crea
soften my skin n
freshen it during
to put new make
always give my
cleansing before

QUESTION: Does
skiing make you
cult to powder?

ANSWER: "No, I
see, I spread a fi
ing Cream over
outside—for pro
in, I use Vanishi
smooths little ro
—gives my skin
takes powder di

QUESTION TO MISS BIDDLE, does
What does a go
a high-school gi

ANSWER: "It m
ority complex—
And it's so easy
in good conditio
seem to be all I
Cream to make
fresh looking, a
Cream to smoo

QUESTION: Miss
up looks as fres
starting out for
going home! Ho

ANSWER: "I ha
even touching
and soften my
Cream. After t
Vanishing Crea
tion. Then com
like velvet and

Why shou
General Cla
themes wh
is frozen o
hockeys for



SEND FOR
TRIAL
BEAUTY
KIT

POND'S, Dept. 21CV-A2, Clin
Rush special tube of Pond's C
treatments, with generous sam
Cream, Pond's Liquefying
cleansing cream) and 5 differ
Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover

Name _____
Street _____
City _____

coming up
Hepburn in-

's life end up
he illustrates
fold. In the
ll never stop
or Smith. He
is simply not

Doctor says
d Katharine,
actions from
bly be served
tempting to
n the middle
uld ever pay
the only one
y are apt to
cor, oil last
id. When a
lding, every-
ying it taken

ouse at Fen-
atharine has
ad installed,
ree different
dining-room

icance. It is
upbringing.
this theory
ase history.
parents can
a brood of
oney and the
s would not
to let their
be achieved

nough. The
lustrated by
e people she
reporters by
ave five, all
t remember

small clique
orship with
to Harding,
ilip Barry,
aggressive
Her chari-
stage crew
e them, in-
hey all cost
had to take

so-odd rooms.
ers and artists.



her in hand financially. In a hushed voice the hard-boiled Theatre Guild press agent says, "She tips out-of-town doormen \$20 for one-night stands. Nobody tips doormen \$20!"

She rubs elbows with all sorts of people. She stopped her car at the curb one night and hunched down with her chauffeur, Charlie Newhill, and two cops who wanted to hear the Apostoli-Conn prizefight on her radio. She romps about, cusses and chain-smokes with the best. She keeps her head property man, carpenter and electrician under personal contract to herself, an absolutely novel relationship, because she likes them personally and doesn't like to work with strangers. She threw a big party for the stagehands at her home. She often lends them her car, and on one such occasion during the *Jane Eyre* roadshow came around later to ask permission to ride up to New York with them. At 3:30 a.m. one cold rainy night in Omaha, Hepburn was driving to the station after the show when she spied Walter Hemingway, the carpenter, driving the prop-laden, horse-drawn 40-ft. wagon to the railroad. "That's Wally on the wagon!" she cried. "I'm going to get out and ride with him." The objects of this affection believe her the greatest star on earth and one of them summed it up thus:

"There was 5,500 people in the Des Moines Masonic Temple to see her in *Jane Eyre* and they had Shirley Temple in town the same night!"

In New York, Miss Hepburn leads a quiet personal life. She avoids parties and night clubs. She gets up late, eats like a horse, takes a tennis lesson on Joe Sawyer's East River courts, sometimes studies with Miss Frances Robinson-Duff, the diaphragm-control expert, and naps before the show. Frequently friends go home with her afterwards and talk for several hours, particularly affable Van Heflin, who has the male lead in *The Philadelphia Story*. Later, guests and servants leave and she sleeps by herself in the big old brownstone house.

The Philadelphia Story, last season's smash hit, surprisingly led all Broadway straight plays through last summer and fall by a wide margin, will soon go on the road. The play was written expressly for Miss Hepburn by Philip Barry and its heroine is a girl very like Katharine Hepburn in character. Heroine Tracy Lord's first marriage has dismally failed because she behaved "more like a Moon Goddess than a wife," because she holds up austere standards of achievement that her former husband cannot fulfill. When, at the end of Barry's play, Tracy loses her arrogance and ceases to regard herself as a goddess, she achieves a metamorphosis not yet fully attained in the private life of Katharine Hepburn.

The Philadelphia Story is jointly owned by Mr. Barry, Miss Hepburn and the Theatre Guild, all of whom are aware of a jackpot when they see one. Hollywood is bidding for the play and, if it is made into a movie, Miss Hepburn will play the leading role. But if Miss Hepburn returns to Hollywood, it will not likely be to stay.

Hollywood is no place for a real or imaginary Woman of Destiny who wants to play Joan of Arc and then do "something important." She thinks Hollywood is inadequate; the industry is afraid of the public, afraid of the censors, afraid for its jobs. And in no spirit of reprisal, she mounts the familiar Hepburn rostrum to chide the movies for their failure to realize their opportunity.

"Motion pictures could become one of our greatest mediums of education today," she told the New York *Herald Tribune* Forum. "However, let a movie try to depict situations in which we are all involved now, let a movie try to wake people up to their own plight and suggest a way out; let a movie try to present a moral, economic or political problem of today honestly and simply, and they are advised to hear nothing, say nothing, do nothing."

This is Miss Katharine Hepburn of Hartford moving considerably past B in the intellectual gamut.

Their new summer home at Fenwick, Conn., which Katharine began building for her family in 1939 to replace a cottage damaged by the hurricane, has a tennis court.



"But mother... nobody's insulting you!"

John W. — shows his mother the new way to raise a baby.



1. SON: Take it easy, mother... I only said that Sally had a right to raise the baby in her own way.
MOTHER: Oh well, if my own son thinks I'm wrong—



2. SON: Mother, please!
MOTHER: All right, I won't say another word. If you two won't listen to me with all my experience, well—



3. SON: But mother, we've been over all that a million times. The doctor told Sally and me how to raise the baby. And we're going to listen to him.
MOTHER: What did he say that I don't know?



4. SON: He said that babies today should get special care. Their vegetables should be specially prepared... their milk formulas specially worked out, even their laxative should be made specially for them!
MOTHER: Special laxative? Just name me one!



5. SON: Certainly! It's called FLETCHER'S CASTORIA. And it's designed only for children. It's mild... as a child's laxative should be. Yet it works thoroughly. And it's SAFE. You'll never find a harsh drug in Fletcher's Castoria.



6. MOTHER: Well-I... it does sound sensible. But how does he like the taste?
SON: He loves it! I never knew a baby could take a medicine and think it fun at the same time!

Chas. H. Fletcher

CASTORIA

The modern — SAFE — laxative made especially for children

She's learning early...



**IT'S HARD TO WEAR OUT
A PEQUOT!**

HERE'S a bride of 1960, making her first test of Pequot wear.

Her tooth test is new, and we're for it. Pequot invites tests—urges tests—any kind of wear test you can devise.

We've passed laundering tests, laboratory tests and—hardest of all—the housewife test! Women have voted us the most popular sheet in America. And we're looking for new worlds to conquer!

So... what's your wear test? A husky, growing family? Unusual washing conditions? The harder your test, the better we'll like it—and the better you'll like Pequot.

Just don't let rich appearance surprise you, when you buy Pequots. The same superior cotton and firm weave that make Pequots look so luxurious, also make them strong. You'll put Pequots on your guest beds for luxury—on every bed for wear.



Luxury You'll Love! Stretch and relax, in the smooth caressing luxury of Pequots! These crisp, snowy sheets invite sleep—the firm weave resists rumpling, keeps the sheets fresh longer. Pequot Mills, Salem, Mass.



U. S. Testing Co. of New York checks every month on Pequot Sheets bought at random throughout the United States. Every sheet has exceeded government standards for weight, thread count, breaking strength!



THE HEPBURNS (continued)

rine left because her career kept her too busy, has been coming up frequently since two months after the divorce. Mrs. Hepburn introduces him as "our dear, sweet ex."

"Lud" is an example of how the men in Katharine's life end up in the galling capacity of "friends of the family." He illustrates also the Hepburn habit of enveloping favorites into the fold. In the huge house at Fenwick—unfinished because they will never stop adding to it and changing it around—there is a room for Smith. He has arrived today at a complacent middle age, which is simply not glamorous enough for Katharine.

The details of life are completely disorganized. The Doctor says he runs the family, Mrs. Hepburn thinks she does and Katharine, when she is home, knows she does. But the home functions from sheer nervous energy. On Sundays breakfast will probably be served at 12, lunch at 4 and dinner at about 9. Any caller attempting to drop in at a socially correct moment is bound to arrive in the middle of a meal. If it were not for Dr. Hepburn, nobody would ever pay a bill or see that mechanical devices functioned. He is the only one to remember to put gas in the car. Marion and Peggy are apt to drive off to Bennington with no water in the radiator, oil last changed in 1937 and with 30¢ borrowed from the maid. When a canopy was put over part of the lawn for Marion's wedding, everybody liked it so much that no one ever got around to having it taken down.

Everyone in the family had a hand in building the house at Fenwick, a three-storied affair of more than 20 rooms. Katharine has expensive tastes, and excellent furniture was ordered and installed, only to be sent back when somebody didn't like it. Three different Hepburns gave three different orders for building the dining-room fireplace.

The Hepburn family has a certain sociological significance. It is an extreme result of the progressive theory of child upbringing. Nowadays when many parents are attempting to apply this theory to their own families, the Hepburns offer an important case history. It would of course be a mistake to assume that any parents can simply let their offspring run wild and end up with a brood of Hepburns. Inheritance—of brains, looks, etc.—and money and the parents themselves had a lot to do with it. Most parents would not be able to set such a careful intellectual stage upon which to let their children run loose. But the Hepburns show what can be achieved with every advantage.

Katharine and the outside world

The impact of the Hepburns on one another is lively enough. The impact of the Hepburns on the outside world, as best illustrated by Katharine, is spectacular. She offended at least half the people she met in Hollywood. She made enemies of virtually all reporters by answering stupid questions with, "Children? Yes, I have five, all colored," or, "My husband? What husband? I don't remember getting married."

On the other hand, Miss Hepburn is worshiped by a small clique of friends of all classes and degrees and returns the worship with equal fanaticism. People like her former roommate Laura Harding, Smith, her leading man Van Heflin, Jane Cowl, Philip Barry, Director George Cukor and whoever else strikes her aggressive fancy, become almost members of the Hepburn family. Her charities are many and anonymous. Proud members of the stage crew display gold wrist watches from Cartier's that she gave them, inscribed with her name, and in awed tones explain, "They all cost over \$100." She has no sense about money; her father had to take

Family's Hartford home, located in a pleasant residential district, has 20-odd rooms. Here the Hepburns entertain a constant stream of guests, notably writers and artists.

