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"My mission isn't to bring glamour back to the screen," Susan insists. "I don't want to be glamorous as much as I want to be real. But reality doesn't have to be repulsive."

Whatever she may add to the screen, Susan Hayward's very presence in Hollywood these months has added glamour to a town that seems to have forgotten the word.

Her youthful figure and skin might be envied by girls who date her son, Tim. "When I gain a pound or two, I take it off at once," she said. "I can lose five pounds in three days by eating six eggs a day and nothing else ex-

cept, maybe, some sliced tomatoes. I prepare the eggs any way I like, but you can only stay on that diet three days. After that, you go 'Cluck, cluck.'"

Though she lived on the Florida coast and loves the sun, Susan always protects her skin from its rays, on doctor's orders. "Because I have red hair, I can't take sun," she explained. "So, when I'm out in it, I wear a sun-screen.

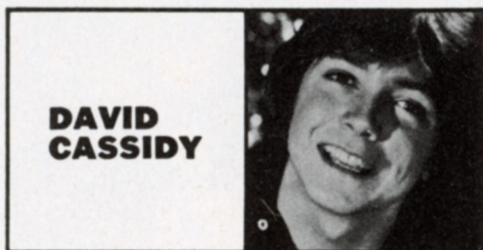
"My life in Hollywood today," she concluded, "is not too different from what it used to be. I never was a party-goer. I see the friends I saw in the past, and I'm working."

Yet her life *has* drastically changed

in a respect she didn't mention. Previously she was a star working among myriad stars in an industry that glowed with mesmeric talent. Today she's a fulfilled woman bringing light to a Hollywood sadly in need of her lustre and magnetism.

In one of her earlier interviews, she said that her dad once told her, "There's an angel on your shoulder, child, as long as you believe." Susan Hayward believes today in life, love, her children, her memories, and the faith she carries within herself. —POLLY TERRY

See "The Revengers," Cinema Center.



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appeared a little thin and still a little pale. But his looks belied his vitality, for he is well over his operation, and back in the rush of his 12-hour days. The appeal of this boy was there as always, and a quality of modesty and sincerity added to his charm.

If today David were a drop-out instead of the new teen idol of the '70's, it would probably be attributed to his being a child of a broken home. Instead, David has made it—on his own. At the top of his profession, he is also fast becoming a millionaire.

"Divorce (or 'dissolution of marriage,' as they call it here), whether it takes ten seconds or ten witnesses, is sure hard on kids," David was observing. "The discovery that the security of a father and mother together in his own home is gone unglues a child. He's bewildered, even if he does manage to hide it.

"Yes," he smiled, "I looked up the word 'divorce'—which I didn't know much about when I first heard it. That was when I was five. But I could read.

"I know that if I should marry and have children, I'd want to be with them all of the time. I'm dead set against divorce.

"I'm going to be very careful that I fall in love for keeps." He smiled, and his hazel eyes lit with the magic that sweeps teenagers into hysteria.

"Marriage—right now, I don't know the word," he added whimsically. "I suppose I would marry, if I loved a girl that much and she wanted marriage.

"Most kids today don't consider the legal tie so important, though. How can they, when they've seen how little marriage vows have meant? But a child—that's very serious and very important to me. I wouldn't want my child to secretly cry in his pillow at night."

"Your mom and dad are divorced," the kids in West Orange, New Jersey told David. At the age of five, he didn't know what that meant. "Somehow, all of a sudden in my heart, I had a feeling of

dread when I first heard it. But I guess I was too afraid to face its reality or what it could do to me, so I shelved it.

"Dad was gone so much of the time, working away from home in plays and musicals. He was very young, starting his career and struggling to succeed. It wasn't unnatural at first that he wasn't home every night. But I'll never forget that day when he came home, packed all of his things, and left. Then, that secret worry about something terrible, something so awful that I had buried it inside of me, came alive! I didn't want to lose my dad. I needed him! I loved him!

"The kids on our block kept insisting that my parents were divorced. I asked Mom. She turned white-like and said, 'You ask your dad.'

"One day Dad came back. He took me with him from New Jersey to New York for dinner—just the two of us. He talked to me a lot, but he never said that he had really moved out permanently. I didn't want to believe that either. Now he made me feel good and my confidence came back. His not being home was just temporary, I told myself, something to do with his work that adults understood and kids didn't.

"I'll never forget, in the middle of crossing the Washington Bridge, I suddenly gathered my courage—for reassurance. 'Dad, are you and Mom divorced?' I knew he'd laugh and say, 'What a silly thing to ask!' Instead, he turned very serious and, for a moment or two, he didn't reply. He seemed to be thinking intently—as though he couldn't find the right words to answer me. I was scared.

"Yes, we are, David," Dad finally said. 'We are both sorry it had to happen. . . .' I could hear what he was saying, but it didn't want to register. I had plunged into some sort of vacuum. Later on, I realized it was shock. What I wanted most in my little world was not to be, after all.

"Dad was saying something about irreconcilable differences, something about not being able to adjust their problems, but I was numb inside. What the kids had been telling me was true all along.

"Dad kept glancing over at me as we drove along. An anxious look came over his face. He tried his best to make it easier for me. 'I love you just as much as ever,' he kept saying. 'I'm still your father and your mother is still your mother. We both love you. The only difference is we will no longer be living

together in the same house. That's all.' There they were—the cold facts.

"I'll see you and we'll be together and everything will be fine," he kept reassuring me. All I could feel was that sick, empty knot down at the pit of my stomach. He was my dad and I had lost him—and I couldn't let him see it. A child has lots of pride. I am sure he never even guessed the emotions I was going through. Most parents believe because children are young, they'll soon get over being hurt or disappointed.

"This kind of pride helped to protect me while I was growing up. I refused to make the excuse of getting into any kind of trouble because I came from a 'broken home.'

"I learned at a very young age to make my own decisions," David revealed. "This was good for me because people worried that I might grow up tied to my mother's apron strings. It never happened, although I love my mother very much.

"The kids at school would say, 'Gee, you don't have a dad, do you?' I'd never let them know how badly I felt, and I'd never, never let them see me cry. 'Of course I have!' I'd reply. 'He lives in California now because of his work. And I can see him as often as I like.' That was not exactly true, but that was my pride for me and Dad!

"When I was seven, Dad sent for me to come to California for a visit with him and his new wife, Shirley Jones. I guess I was feeling inside that even though I'd never like Shirley, I'd try not to show it. But she turned out to be the nicest lady imaginable. And to my surprise, I liked her right off. She was very young, only 21. Dad went out of his way to make me at home. So did Shirley. I liked being with them. But I still wanted to go back home to my mother, even though I would always manfully stay out every day of my prescribed visit.

"When I came back home, I had lots of happy times in California to report. Mom would listen, happy that I had enjoyed myself."

Just at that moment, David's mother, actress Evelyn Ward, arrived on the set for a visit. She, too, talked openly about the family situation.

"The divorce was harder on David, perhaps, because he had never seen that his father and I had any differences," she remarked. "Everything always seemed pleasant, until his little world suddenly

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