

What's Happened To...

EVELYN NESBIT



HER BEAUTY LED TO MURDER

Key figure in one of the most sensational murders ever to glut America's scandal-hungry headlines, Evelyn Nesbit Thaw has pulled the curtain on her past and is starting life afresh.

Today past 60 (*above*), the onetime Broadway beauty, for whose love millionaire Harry Thaw shot prominent architect Stanford White soon after the turn of the century, has even shed the Thaw from her name.

"I've found my real self again after long years of unhappiness and frustration," she exulted, peering at the PEOPLE TODAY reporter through harlequin glasses. "There's no thrill on Broadway that can hold a candle to my new career. I've had it all in my time—villas in France, mansions in New York. And now in my sixties I've discovered an exciting new career in art."

Evelyn sat in the studio of Grant Beach, young Los Angeles sculptor who's been her teacher for the past year. Once crusted with diamonds, she wore a yellow T-shirt, a peasant skirt, yellow bobby-sox and white sandals. Her gray hair was pulled back in a horsetail. As she spoke she toyed affectionately with the plastolene bust of a young girl which she recently completed. "She's perfect anatomically. I call her Evelyn," she explained, smoothing the

plastolene.

"I was 15 when I went on the stage. I was never in the Floradora Sextet as the papers say. I was slender as a reed. They were big, busty babies. Compared to them Mae West would seem like an undernourished, undeveloped child."

After the shooting, for which Thaw was committed to an asylum, she led a hectic, unhappy life—twice attempted suicide. With Thaw's death in 1947 she fell into obscurity.

She came to California from New York 3 years ago, rented a small apartment and took up sculpture.

"I don't go to American movies often. You get popcorn poisoning. I go mostly to see French films. Foreign women have their own faces and eyelashes. As for me, I just use a little lip-rouge. American women have no hips because they wear girdles. I don't wear a girdle or brassiere. A brassiere ruins the mammary glands of the breast. You couldn't get one on me.

"The future? I'm looking forward to fresh fields and young goals."

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