

THE STUFF THAT DREAMS ARE MADE OF

Mary Tinley Daly

"What kind of a man did you dream of when you were a little girl, Mom?" asked twelve-year-old Eileen as we were washing dishes the other night.

"Well, let's see," I hesitated. "My notions changed—but I always thought I'd like a tall man..."

"Didn't you want a handsome, intelligent, kind, thoughtful man—like Tyrone Power?"

"Those sound like good qualities," I said, rinsing the last glass. "And is Tyrone Power your idea of such a person?"

"Tyrone's girl thinks so," Eileen said. "She says he's everything she dreamed of when she was a little girl."

"Well, Annabella should know," I said. "She is Tyrone Power's wife, isn't she?"

"Oh, yes, Annabella's his wife," said Eileen, "but it's his fiancée that says he's all those things. She's Linda Christian and she's going to marry Tyrone as soon as he gets his divorce from Annabella. They had a blazing romance in Italy last summer..."

I looked at Eileen sternly. "You've been reading movie magazines again," I accused her. "I

thought I had forbidden you to read them."

Eileen dropped the glass she was drying.

"Oh, no, I haven't, Mom," she said, sweeping up pieces of glass into the dustpan, "I haven't read a movie mag since you told me not to. Cross my heart. I got this dope from the Sunday paper that you and Daddy read."

Sure enough, in the sedate paper read by the whole family was a movie column out of Hollywood, containing an interview with Tyrone Power's newest conquest, a rising young movie star by the name of Linda Christian.

Any adult would pass over the piece of fluff as silly press-agentry, particularly since the columnist said of Miss Christian—later in the column—that "four major studios are waving fancy contracts before her pretty nose," and went on to tell the names of the pictures in which she has appeared.

To movie-star worshipers like our pre-teen-agers, such a column contains poisonous implications. Writings like this are common in the publicity organs of movie magazines. The romantic slant they

give to the succession of mates taken on and cast off by movie heroes and heroines is the very reason such magazines have been banned at our house. But here was the same kind of drivel printed in a sound, respectable family newspaper. Let me quote from this particular column:

"When I was a little girl," says Linda, a luscious, green-eyed red-head of twenty-three, "I hoped like all other little girls that one day I'd meet a handsome, intelligent, kind, thoughtful man, and when I met Ty, I was completely overcome."

Actually Linda wasn't at all overcome the first time she trained her beautiful eyes on the future man of her dreams. Two years ago, in Hollywood, she went to a party Mr. and Mrs. Power (Annabella) gave for Mrs. Vincent Astor, and the extent of the impression that either Linda or Ty made on each other is this—Linda only just remembers that first meeting. Ty doesn't at all!

It was in Rome last summer that Linda had her second—but first in importance—meeting with Tyrone. The romance took a blazing turn immediately. All indications—at present—point to a wedding in Italy at the end of January, when Ty's divorce from Annabella will be final.

I asked Linda if she and her movie star fiance ever will make a picture together. "I'd love to," she replied, "but I don't want any one to think I'm riding to fame on Ty's name. When I get to be a big star myself, it will be different."

What an honest person this reluctance to ride to fame on Ty's name makes Linda!

Our children are taught that marriage is a serious thing, not to be entered into lightly, that it is "till death do us part." They are taught these things. They see homes and families established on these principles. But it all appears pretty stodgy and humdrum compared with the glamorous life led by the idols of the motion-picture screen.

Their successive affairs of the heart are written up as great recurring romances. "Friendly" divorces are glorified as the way "civilized" people do things in this age of enlightenment.

"We're still the best of friends," is the tenor of such comment after every divorce, "but two artistic temperaments like ours just couldn't exist together. It wouldn't be fair to either of us. He (or she) is a grand person and I hope that he (or she) finds true love as I did."

Thus endeth the interview.

Of course, the next "true love" usually ends the same way as the last—but the build-up is always the same.

Mature minds are shocked and revolted by such a display of bad taste—to say nothing of bad morals—but insidious implications are planted in the innocent minds and imaginations of our growing children.

Years of listening to children's discussion of movies and movie stars—and these discussions go on for hours on end—have convinced me that the children are more deeply influenced by the propaganda about the private lives and loves of the stars than they are by the stories enacted on the screen.

One particular incident will illustrate this point. As a birthday-party treat, our girls and a group of neighborhood children attended a movie—a fine, wholesome story on the A list. During the ice-cream-and-cake session that followed the movie, conversation turned to what they had seen.

"That was a good picture," said Kay, "and did you know that the man is going to marry the girl who took the part of the wife? He used to be married to the other girl—the one that was so funny."

"Gee, no wonder they kissed like that!" chimed in Eileen. "Just waiting for the divorce to go through, I guess."

And we naively believe that the story is the thing!

—From "America"

AYE, THE RUB...

In years of Hollywood reporting I have met not more than two stars whom I could truthfully call happy. The rest are victims of a neurotic dissatisfaction that seems to defy reason. And the bigger and richer and more famous they become, the more dissatisfied they seem to be. I think the real trouble is egoism... They are utterly miserable when someone else has the floor.—Hollywood Newspaper Reporter.

Protestants used to say that the honor given Mary and the saints was an obstacle to the worship due to God. The only places now where God receives any honor worth of the name is precisely in those places where Mary and the saints are honored.—Protestant minister cited in *L'Ami du Clerge*.