

Dorothy Kilgallen:

What a Way to Go to a Movie!

NEW YORK — Shirley MacLaine pushed along the subway seat to make room for me, wrinkled her nose in typically Shirley MacLaine fashion, and made the chic remark of the week.

"Gosh," she said. "My diamonds certainly hurt when I sit down."

She was wearing a low-decolletage, slit skirt evening dress of fake — but still frightfully expensive — "diamonds," and some of them were almost as big as a dime, and very sharply cut. You could see where it would not be very comfortable to sit on them all the way from W. 41st st. to Flushing Meadows but it was the kind of dress any woman would gladly suffer in, especially if she happened to be built like

Shirley. The diamonds encircling her neck were real, and there were even diamonds nestled in her fabulous wig which Sidney Guilaroff had teased into something resembling a brown fountain.

"Did you ever ride subways much?" she asked me.

"Yes," I said. "Quite a bit, when I was a cub reporter."

"So did I, when I was a chorus girl," she said. "I figured something out, too. I went to a department store and bought a big baby doll, and I used to carry it wrapped up in a blanket whenever I had to ride on a subway. It always worked. Somebody always got up and gave me a seat."

I thought that was very clever of her.

OF COURSE, the subways we used to ride in were nothing like this one that was whisking us out to the World's Fair for the premiere of "What A Way To Go!" except that they had wheels. This special dreamed up by 20th Century-Fox had gold and white wallpaper, pink Austrian curtains at the windows, and—just above the strap-hanger level — festoons of pink silk trimmed with white fringe and behind that larger festoons of blue silk

edged with gold fringe. There was probably wall to wall carpeting on the floor of the train but you couldn't see it because of the wall to wall photographers who were trying to get interesting shots of Shirley and the other celebrities aboard.

It was a black tie event, and there was Gene Kelly, looking handsome and fit and about 32, when we all know he's 35 if he's a day, and there was Darryl Zanuck smoking a cigar, and there was a beautiful young Englishwoman in chinchilla smoking a cigar, and costume designer Edith Head wearing a marvelous white silk coat, and Alan Jay Lerner looking tanned and urbane, and Bob Cummings with his pretty blonde wife and all kinds of lovelies in evening dresses such as you don't often see in the average subway.

© 1964, King Features Syndicate, Inc.