

Why My Favorite Friends Are Men

'There is just no comparison between having a dinner date with a man and staying home playing canasta with the girls'

By Marilyn Monroe

I AGREE not to quibble, not to hedge, but to tell the truth—the whole truth about every woman's favorite topic—men!

After confessing that they are my favorite friends, I should probably start to qualify my statement. Bluntly, however, the fact is I find most men are more open, more generous, and much more stimulating than the majority of females I know.

It's nature, but it's even more than that chemical contact across a crowded room. Maybe these are fighting words to other women, but, please hear me out, I may have you agreeing with me soon.

You have often seen a girl trying to impress her escort with the fact that he's a lucky guy having her for a date. She usually sprinkles her conversation with . . . "When I was out with Tom last night" . . . This is meant to bolster her ego and impress him. That's the theory, not the fact.

Consider the fellow: He never spends his time telling you about his previous night's date. You get the idea he has eyes only for you and wouldn't think of looking at another woman. True or false that's the way you feel. He makes you believe you are the only girl for him. A man makes you feel important—makes you glad you are a woman. A girl's re-hatching her other dates just makes the man irritated and wonder in his sub-conscious, "If she had that much fun, why is she out with me?"

A man is more frank and open with his emotions than a woman. We girls, I'm afraid, have a tendency to hide our feelings. Maybe it's because we like to let the man of our choice feel insecure and dangle a bit before agreeing to be his.

I've found men are less likely to let petty things annoy them. Haven't you gone to a party and seen two girls show (Please turn to page 34)

With pet Pinky. "You will find a fellow is essential to your plans." Marilyn contends.



"I have discovered most fellows are more elastic in their conversation than girls.

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(Picture Added)

up with the same dress? It's easy to predict that both girls' party enjoyment will be lessened not to mention the strained feeling that may result.

It is different with men. They always find a mate for their suit or tux coming at them from all directions. Just imagine a man going into a tizzy because a fellow at the office had on an identical blue serge?

If you are beginning to get the idea I enjoy men, then you are on the right track. I think most women, if they are really honest with themselves, will agree there is just no comparison between having a dinner date with a man and staying home to play canasta with the girls. I don't even own a deck of cards.

Personally, I feel men are less critical. I remember when I was in high school I didn't have a new dress for each special occasion. The girls would bring the fact to my attention, not always too delicately. The boys, however, never bothered with the subject. They were my friends, not because of the size of my wardrobe, but because they liked me.

There seems to be a natural competitive feeling when two men, or two women, get together. One fellow does his best to top the other fellow's record. But the relationship between the sexes is different. The man is once again doing his best, but this time to prove he is better for you than all other men and uses his charm to convince you.

It is wonderful to have someone praise you, to be desired. Even if that adage, "It's a man's world," is true, what do you care so long as you're a woman who's sought after.

A man has a tendency to accept you the way you are, while most women immediately start to pick flaws and want to change you. I remember the other day I had some time off from my RKO film, "Clash By Night." I had on jeans and a T-shirt and my hair needed fixing, when I discovered I had to go to the store. Why is it you always meet people when you look your worst? First, I ran into a girl I know. Her greeting was "What are you dressed for? Isn't it a little late for Halloween?"

I made my purchase in the store and as I was coming out, ran into a fellow I'd known for years. "I'm sorry I look like this," I explained, "but, at the last minute, found I was out of coffee and . . ." He looked at me amazed and said, "Why are you apologizing? You always look wonderful."

Need I add that men are not so prone to judge you. I think they are also more loyal as friends. I know my oldest friend is a boy who lived at the orphans' home the same time as I. Although other friendships have simmered out and I have lost track of some of the girls, this one has lasted right to the present day.

When I was a youngster I lived with different families. I nearly always felt closer to the man of the house. Maybe because I always dreamed of having a father of my own.

Girls shouldn't worry about being the equal of men in the business world. Let this type girl be more concerned with keeping her femininity rather than in topping a man.

One of the best things that ever happened to me is that I'm a woman. That is the way all females should feel. If you spend your life competing with business men, what do you have? A bank account and ulcers!

Naturally, there are times when every woman likes to be flattered . . . to feel she is the most important thing in someone's world. Only a man can paint this picture for you.

Males, as a whole, are much more generous in their outgoing feelings. They give out more than a woman.

There are many times when a woman will ask another girl friend how she likes her new hat. She will reply, "Fine," but slap her hand to her forehead the minute the girl leaves to yipe, "What a horror!"

Men seem more forthright. If they disagree or disapprove of a buddy, the situation may end in one taking a poke at the other. Now, don't misunderstand, I'm not suggesting fistieuffs nor is this an endorsement for lady wrestlers. I am merely suggesting we females may be more subtle, but a fellow is more definite with his likes and dislikes.

Confidentially, the type of male I find most enjoyable for a friend is one who has enough fire and assurance to speak up for his convictions. Even in actors I choose the Robert Mitchum, Richard Widmark (with whom I'll co-star in 20th's "Night Without Sleep"), Marlon Brando and Robert Ryan rugged types.

I have found it does get boring when there is too much talk between the girls—especially if the major topic is clothes. I have discovered most fellows are more elastic in their conversation. Of course, there is one great exception. If your man is a sports enthusiast, you may have to resign yourself to his spouting off in a monotone on a prize fight, football game or pennant race.

Don't get me wrong. I think clothes talk is important, but as the sole topic it's too much. No woman should let herself go to pot, but on the other hand, she can't attract a man simply by wearing a certain style or dabbing a "can't

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resist you" perfume behind each ear.

A woman knows by intuition, or instinct, what is best for herself. What style . . . what man . . . fulfills her dreams. By instinct, I prefer men as friends. It is not that I like women less, just that I like men more. I think all girls feel this way. It is all right to stay on that "I hate men" kick for awhile, but when you grow lonely for someone to take you out, to tell you you look stunning, someone to light your cigarette, etc., then, dear girl, it's very nice to know a man.

It is more than wanting someone to take you dancing, be your dinner date. You will find a fellow is essential to your plans.

When it comes to gossip, I have to readily admit men are as guilty as women. However, the stronger sex are more open in their opinions. Their remarks may be more pointed, but they are also less cutting.

You have probably heard that story about the husband coming home from work to find the meal unprepared. "I'm sorry dear," explained the wife, "but today was our club meeting. You didn't expect me to be the first to leave and give the girls all that opportunity to discuss me!" It is exaggerated, but there is an intriguing point to consider.

I think one of the basic reasons men make good friends is that they can make up their minds quickly. Perhaps their experience in the business world, where they are constantly called on to make quick decisions, is a guiding factor. But if you have ever lunched with a girlfriend, you know the situation is reversed. First, there is a debate where to eat. After you get to the restaurant, there is the question, what to eat. Time out for calorie counting before you make that decision. Men may be just as diet conscious, but you have to give them credit, they don't bore you with the gruesome details.

The topper of the luncheon is when it comes time to pay the check. Each girl insists it is her treat and the haggle is on. Two men go "dutch"—and that is that.

Now about the men's faults. I know they have a lot of them, but I love them anyway.

Experts on romance say for a happy marriage there has to be more than a passionate love. For a lasting union, they insist, there must be a genuine liking for each other. Which, in my book, is a good definition for friendship.

So, remember that friendship may develop into love and marriage. After all, preferring men is just nature. And I ask you, girls, why change it?



"I've found men are less likely to let petty things annoy them," declares Marilyn, who's athletic as well as glamorous.



In the arms of Keith Andes in RKO's "Clash By Night." "Most women immediately start to pick flaws," she says.