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**Fems**  
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Frida Kahlo



**MOROCCO:** She speaks 11 languages, but found translating a bit dull

*Women at Work*

# Beauty Versus Brains

Being beautiful doesn't  
hurt the working girl,  
but it's a long way from  
being the only answer...

**By GEORGE  
and JOAN WALSH**

**IT WAS THE GREAT** Cervantes' considered opinion that all women should have broken legs and stay at home. Whether or not this is good advice is immaterial: in the intervening centuries since Don Quixote ineptly tilted at windmills, the burgeoning number of women who have successfully gone out to earn a living is proof it was not heeded. Today what is intriguing is how they are doing it, and how much money they are making — in New York, the female job capital of the world.

Sometimes their wages are based on beauty, sometimes on brains. Sometimes the two balance out. A woman business reporter for "Time Magazine" recently found to her chagrin that Morocco, a belly-dancer at a Manhattan night club, was making the same money she was — \$200 weekly. It was no consolation to her that they were probably meeting the same businessmen.

In sniffing at the fact that belly-dancers' incomes are based not on higher education but on lower pelvic muscles, the reporter had a point. Still, the supple Morocco is not without intellectual qualifications. She holds a master's degree in political science. She insists she speaks 11 languages, and for a short time she held a translator's job.

She found the work dull, so she took up flamenco dancing. One day there came the call from a club. Morocco, then known as Carolina Varga Dinicu, picked up her guitar and prepared to go into her gypsy number. No! No! — cried the club owner — We want a belly-dancer! Miss Dinicu undulated to the challenge. She put down her guitar, slipped on her veil, and a belly-dancer she became.

Of course, money isn't everything. Joan Edwards, a reserved young lady taking the first, tentative steps out of school-teaching, investigated the job opportunities with a Wall Street investment corporation. The trouble was that she knew nothing about office routine or the intricacies of finance. Nonetheless, the personnel manager wanted to hire her on the spot — at \$100 weekly. When she expressed surprise, he said: "Miss Edwards, you've been to college, you're modestly-dressed, you're well-spoken. We like that. The girls we get around here play stickball on their lunch hour." Somewhat alarmed, Miss Edwards stayed in school-teaching — at a much lower salary.

#### Social saleswomen

Girls with impeccable social credentials have taken to selling in smart shops. One such saleswoman is per Marcia Meehan, whose father is a specialist on the N. Y. Stock Exchange, and who was educated at Chapin, Foxcroft and Briarcliff.

After a stint in a Paris design school, Miss Meehan went to work in the boutique at Jansen Inc., the world-famous interior decorating firm. There she sells items that range from a china ash tray in a leaf design (\$4) to an English Regency cabinet with hand-painted tole panels (\$4,000). She particularly enjoys the buying trips, when she herself helps find the items the boutique stocks. It makes it much easier, she says, to help customers make the right choice. For her efforts, she receives \$100 weekly.

Susan Sperling, a blonde, bubbly girl who comes from California,

thinks her jill-of-all-trades job with Photographer Kenneth Harris is "tremendously exciting." Just the other day, she was running around town, trying to find a Chanel suit, a sunken bathtub, a Mies van der Rohe desk, and the coach interior of a Rolls-Royce — all for use as props. "It's a pretty hectic job," she says, "but I love it." Her base salary is \$70 weekly and expenses, plus a 12 per cent commission.

#### Too much lunch

When not collecting props, Miss Sperling lugs around a sample book of Photographer Harris's work. It feels like it weighs 100 pounds, and she cheerily says she has developed "the biggest biceps in the business." The only part of her job she is dubious about is the extensive lunching it demands. "I've put on 15 pounds," she moans.

Women seem bounded only by their ambitions. Pat Englund, an actress-comedienne of considerable talent who recently appeared on TV in the satiric "That Was The Week That Was," used to pick up \$300 weekly as a TV weather girl. She was on two shows each Saturday night — one at seven and the other at 11. She didn't have to know much about the weather (an expert did the analysis), but she did have to watch her weight, even though the show's sponsor was a pasta company.

One of the June Taylor dancers on the Jackie Gleason show, Lee Anne Morgan, has her eyes on the Broadway stage. But not, she says, as an ingenue. "I'm a green-eyed brunette. Producers want blue-eyed blondes. Isn't that unfair?" Meanwhile, she is making up to \$180, for a week filled with costume fittings, rehearsals and TV tapings.

Another girl on the Gleason show, Darlene Enlow of Kansas City, Mo., gets \$250 for five seconds' work. She is one of the "Gleason Girls," the young women who do the introductory commercials. "Everybody I know is shocked I make \$250," she says. "It's all I hear: 'You mean you get paid that much for only five seconds!'"

Miss Enlow, who first achieved fame as a baton-twirler, has no desire to trade jobs with any of the June Taylor dancers. "If I had to do one of those high kicks, just one, it would kill me."

Some women put their fondness for small animals to good use. Phyllis Linnemann, a zoology major in college, is a lecturer for the Bronx Zoo's edu. — *continued on next page*

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