

THE MAN I LOVE—BY GRACIE FIELDS

Her nickname for him . . .

HONEST BORIS

Her verdict on him . . .

MARVELLOUS

From LEONARD MOSLEY: Capri, Thursday

GRACIE FIELDS came rushing out of the door of her Capri villa tonight, dragging off a snarling Alsatian dog that was trying to tear my coat from my back, and gave me the greeting of one Lancastrian to another—a big kiss and a real Rochdale bear-hug.

"Hello, luv," she said, "I seem to have dropped a bombshell again, don't I? Come in and have a look at honest Boris"

Boris Luigi Alperovici, Gracie's new fiance, was standing just behind her.

"I bet he is a bit different from what everyone thought, eh, Leonard? Come on now Confess."

"When you first heard about it didn't you say to yourself that Gracie, at 53, was getting a bit soft in the head and had picked up a young boy to keep her happy in her old age?"

"Well, have another dekkko. Not much of the adolescent fly-by-night about Boris."

"As a matter of fact there is not."

**Someday he'll come along
The Man I love . . .**

Boris Alperovici, at 48 the new husband-to-be of Gracie Fields turned out to be quite a man.

He has a full head of jet black, well-cropped hair—and he must be the only man in Italy who doesn't keep it down with brilliantine.

He is tall, and so thick-set that he looks like a bear. ("You should just see his chest. Talk about hairy!")

His voice is the soft kind of mumble that is calculated to do a good job in those moments when every highly strung actress needs soothing down out of a temperament or a tantrum.

"I think he is marvellous, and I am very very happy," said Gracie.

"To think he has lived here for 20 years, and I have been here longer than that, and we only met for the first time a year ago"

Said Boris: "I knew all about you, though. You are a star and I have watched you for years."

Said Gracie: "The only thing Boris cannot do is sing. Which is just as well. We do not want a rival yawping in the family."

"We went for a walk this morning, and he started singing a Bessarabian love song. I was flattered, but I had to tell him to shut up. It is one of those voices which should keep on talking."

**And he'll be big and strong
The Man I love . . .**

I hope this does not sound soapy for liking Gracie as I do. I am trying to give you a distant and impartial view of the man who is marrying her.

In his open shirt, grey trousers, pullover, and sandals—and with that very simple smile on his face—he really does look like someone who could be called Honest Boris. And without being sarcastic either.

"Go on, luv," Gracie said to him. "Honest Boris is a good nickname for you. Get out those documents and show what you did when you were a sergeant in the British Army."

"I am an engineer," he said. Interposed Gracie: "Don't be modest, lad. Tell him how you brought TV to Italy for the first time. Leonard should be interested. The Daily Express pays him to look at it."

But it took another drink and an oddly moving exchange of looks between the two of them (as if Gracie were telepathically saying, "Boris make the British Press think you are nice, too") before he really broke down

**And if he looks
my way . . .**

Then he began to describe how he came to Italy for a holiday 20 years ago and stayed. When Italy came into the war Boris was shifted out of Capri where he was working as a radio engineer and sent to live on the Sorrento coast.

When the Allied armies landed in Italy he was there to greet them, and he volunteered for service with the Army a week after the landing. He stayed with them all the way up to Northern Italy.

"You can say he was first in and last out as far as Bessarabians are concerned" said Gracie.

Boris who was given the rank of sergeant, worked as a technical adviser with the Army. He got a bunch of recommendations from generals, colonels, and fellow N.C.O.s, which gave quite a good backing for Gracie's description of him.

**I'll do my best
to make him stay**

Honest Boris he looks and Honest Boris he seems to be. He is staying in Capri for the moment, carrying on his work while Gracie goes to perform in Germany.

But she hopes to bring him back to England in May when she is planning to take the starring role in a new film version of "Britannia of Billingsgate."

She looked fondly across at him and said "I am dying to show him off to all my relatives—and Rochdale too."

"I know everyone is going to like him."

*From the Gershwin song "The Man I Love"—published by Chappell and Co., Ltd.



HERE HE IS—BORIS LUIGI ALPEROVICI
With Gracie at her villa in Capri
. . . Wired picture.