

Dino (Continued)

If I hadn't been chosen "Orange Bowl Queen" and invited to the University's celebration at the club, chances are we'd never have met. Few of the boys I dated could afford the Beachcomber.

Frankly, I fell for Dean the instant he introduced himself. Six-feet tall, black-haired, brown-eyed, and well-built, he was just about the handsomest, most sophisticated man I've ever met. And how he knew the right things to say! I couldn't have been more impressed. And my parents couldn't have been more upset when we started to date. Dean just wasn't the kind of person respectable middle-class parents wanted as a son-in-law.

All the traits I liked in him worried them. He was too old for me, they said. Too sophisticated. He was in show business. He couldn't possibly be serious about a girl like me. And when they found out he was married, though separated, and the father of four children, the bottom fell out!

Dean played it smart. He divided his attention between my mother and me, knowing that once he had her on his side, his problem was licked. In the end, Mom fell for his charm just as I did. Dad held out a little longer, but not much.

The moment Dean left for the West Coast where he and Jerry had been signed to a long-term contract by Hal Wallis, my family and friends prophesied I'd seen the last of him. I wasn't so sure they were wrong. In spite of his daily calls, I spent an uneasy six weeks till he sent for me in early February. Mom came along—to make sure his intentions remained honorable!



At 1949 wedding Dean gets best wishes of night-club owner Herman Hover.

"And they lived happily ever after" did not apply to the Dean Martins. A honeymoon with Jerry Lewis along was just the beginning. Financial troubles and personality problems—some funny, some not—complicated life in Hollywood and led to separation. Mrs. Martin gives the details next week in Family Weekly.)

A talk with a friend

CULTURE?

Why we've even got it in our ketchup!

ONE OF THE most widely misunderstood words in America is the word "culture."

A great number of people think of culture as something relating to symphony orchestras, art galleries, the artistic output of a nation or of refined people with highly cultivated manners, taste and thought.

But the culture of a country is actually the way in which a country lives. If a nation is a nation of headhunters, then its particular cultural activity is hunting heads.

With so many people traveling back and forth to Europe, we often hear that Europe is "cultural" and America "has no culture."

What they really mean is that Europe, having so many more centuries to allow its more lasting and more beautiful customs and works of genuine merit to emerge and become widely familiar, just has a head start on this younger nation.

It would be hard to say that this nation has no culture—a nation so rich in the traditions of its early struggles for survival, so rambunctious with its tales of the winning of the West, so ringing with the tunes of the old banjos and the modern jazz artists, so enduringly expressed on the canvases of Audubon and the cowboy artist Frederic

Remington, so quick to see the humor in any situation, so eager for the fun of Mark Twain and the emotion of Carl Sandburg.

To the man who questions the culture of America, let me invite him to sit in a box seat and watch Stan Musial'lash a grand-slam home run, or to stroll quietly in front of the magnificent Lincoln Memorial in Washington and look up at that man who "belongs to the ages." Lincoln's success is testimony to the greatest cultural achievement: a form of government where a gangling, rawboned man can fight his way from backwoods cabin to the highest position in the land.

To the world traveler who raves of the kitchen artistry of other lands, let me invite him to step into a farm kitchen in the Pennsylvania Dutch country, pick up the old wooden spoon and taste the homemade ketchup simmering in the big pot on the back of the stove. An impartial jury of wise (and hungry) men would be hard put to point to any finer artistic achievement than that!

Richard Kerr



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