

NOW!

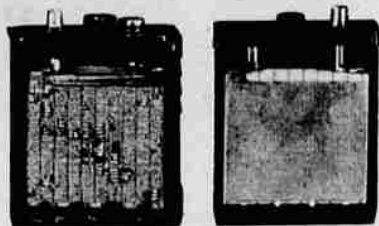
For the man who
can't afford
battery failure!



The battery that eliminates
mechanical failure even in
the most severe service!

AUTO-LITE STA-FUL WITH POWER BOND is the battery for the man who must be there, who can't afford to trifle with time, who just can't afford battery failure. Power Bond, an exclusive Auto-Lite development, eliminates plate-destroying vibration, a major cause of battery failure.

Auto-Lite sta-ful with Power Bond needs water only 3 times a year in normal car use because it has the sta-ful extra liquid reserve above the plates. Power Bond is so good that it is registered in your name at the factory. It is the leader of a top-quality, top-value family of Auto-Lite Batteries made for both the new 12- and the older 6-volt automotive electrical systems.



"BREAKDOWN" TEST toughest ever made on batteries! Ordinary battery plates (left) have lost vital power-producing material and failed after only 55 hours of vibration testing. Auto-Lite sta-ful with Power Bond (right) shows no damage at all after 1000 hours in same test! Plates are still intact and delivering full starting power!

AUTO-LITE
sta-ful[®]
with **POWER BOND**[®]

DRY CHARGED . . .
FRESH WHEN YOU BUY!
FOR MOST 12-VOLT SYSTEMS

Listen to NBC "NEWS ON THE HOUR"
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Monday through Friday, 7 a.m. to 11 p.m.



Linkletter musicale features Art and Bob on strings, Diane and Sharon on rhythm. Below, Art holds year-old grandson Michael.



ART LINKLETTER (Continued)

lucky to get wise to their scheme while the house was still intact!

However, what they did with their money again points out their different attitudes. Robert, for instance, would rush to the nearest war-surplus store and buy any silly thing he saw, from machetes to Turkish water pipes. Dawn, whose motto is "money is to spend," invested hers in clothes. Jack is so tight, he still has jarfuls of nickels and dimes so well hidden in the back yard that even he can't find them any more.

If the kids wanted something sensible that cost more than they could afford—like a microscope which helped Jack in his biology course or the atlas Diane needed not long ago—I let them have the money. Naturally, once in a while I got trapped that way.

When Jack was 10, he talked me into letting him buy a pair of bongo drums which, he convinced me, would do wonders for his sense of rhythm. It did. It also outdated conversation in our house. I finally solved the problem by giving him a jack-knife for his next birthday. I knew he'd want to see what was inside those drums.

THE ONLY TIMES I was really taken aback by my children occurred on my television shows.

For me, my own children used to be the hardest kids to interview. Because I live with them, I know them so well that I can anticipate their reactions. That spoiled the spontaneity.

The interviews that did turn out well were due to the many hours Lois and I spent in advance, trying to figure out what I could ask them. And then the answers were truly surprising and sometimes embarrassing.

I once asked Diane in front of the cameras, "What do you like best to do with Mommy and Daddy?"

"I like to break up their fights!" she burst out.

I was startled. I knew what she meant. I also knew that the audience thought it was eavesdropping on our quarrels. "Hey, you better explain."

Luckily Diane told how, whenever I take Lois in my arms and kiss her, she loves to squeeze in between us and yell, "Break up the fight!"

One cause of most disagreements in big families never had a chance with our kids—jealousy. First of all, there was enough difference in ages so that they seldom wanted the same things at the same time. Secondly, we made it plain that each age

had specific privileges, such as having to be 10 to go on our yearly pack trip to the High Sierras and 16 to accompany Lois and me abroad. Thirdly, we were fortunate in being able to give each child his or her own room from the very beginning—which meant they all had privacy and their own belongings for which they were responsible.

I thought because we always did things together, we were a close family. I never knew how close until my Dawn married Lt. John Zeweyer of the Air Force, and I learned that even family closeness must be outgrown.

I was all in favor of a small wedding. In fact, I wouldn't have minded an elopement. But Lois had already purchased Brussels lace for the wedding dress and silks from Hong Kong for the bridesmaids.

To go along with the show I offered the kids a choice of a honeymoon cruise to Honolulu or a chartered yacht to take them to Mexico. When they settled for the yacht, I hired one with several staterooms, then asked if it wouldn't be fun if Lois and I joined them.

Dawn gratefully declined to have her father's wit and her mother's charm along and observed that if we wanted to go somewhere by boat, the Catalina ferry was still running. Thus I learned family closeness, too, has bounds.

Frankly, I was a bit melancholy when the second of our children left home. And a little worried.

Lois and I have been married for 25 years. It's been 22 years since we've had our first child, and there was never a time we had a fight. I feared the kids might not know how to cope with marriage problems of their own, should they have any, since we had been lucky enough to avoid most of them.

Curiously it wasn't Jack or Dawn but our youngest, Diane, who put my mind partially at ease the other day when she blurted out how her girl friend's bedroom is right next to her parents' ". . . and she's got the best place because she can hear all their arguing all the time."

"That's dreadful, isn't it?" I came back.

Diane looked up in surprise. "Why?"

"Because how can a marriage like that last?"

"But, Daddy," she came back, "her parents just celebrated their 30th wedding anniversary. What's wrong with that?"

What indeed?

It looks to me like I might have been a bit overly protective as far as my children are concerned.