



Her spare hours off-camera, rare these days, mean another kind of work for Debbie. She is devoted to the Thaliens, young show-business people who help emotionally disturbed children like the boy above. But first and foremost she's a mother who loves to play with daughter Carrie (below).

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By DEBBIE REYNOLDS

problems, her plans and bright hopes for the future

more than events of the past year or so that lead me to think this way. Mostly, it dates back to my early upbringing, and particularly to my religious faith that God can guide us through any difficulty.

I have always enjoyed a close family relationship. I don't think I have ever cried in front of anyone but my parents. That's the reason I managed to keep so calm during the trying days of my divorce last year.

I wasn't being noble. I wasn't trying to be the heroine. I kept my emotions to myself simply because that's the way I am.

Because my family has always been the predominant factor in my life, when I was faced with marital problems it was only natural that I turned to my children for consolation. They gave me not only the incentive to carry on but all the joy and happiness I could ask for.

Watching them, I can't help seeing myself all over again, as I used to be. Particularly Carrie who, among other things, has inherited my temper.

One Sunday afternoon, for instance, she was playing with her toy piano when one of the tiny wooden legs came off. The harder she tried to fix it, the less successful she was and, of course, the angrier she became till finally she flung the toy

into a corner, breaking off the other leg as well.

I knew I should have punished her, but the best I could do was to keep from laughing out loud. I saw myself smashing my favorite Shirley Temple doll, which I had sold many magazine subscriptions in order to buy.

What made it worse in Carrie's case was that the instant she stomped away, Todd came over, picked up the pieces, and patiently screwed both legs back into place. When he handed it back to Carrie, it made her all the angrier. To show Todd—and me—that she could fix it herself, she yanked the legs off the piano again, only to give up the task a few minutes later and let her brother complete the job a second time.

I USED to have such temper tantrums till I was about 19. I only hope that my experience will help me guide Carrie.

My own anger was usually the result of frustration about something I wanted to do, and couldn't—or at least not fast enough to satisfy me. Like learning to tap dance.

I have felt dancing was important to my career ever since I got into motion pictures after winning a Miss Burbank contest. When my friend Camille

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