

Jack Lemmon (Continued from page 7)

"Sure, a guy's popularity has a lot to do with it," Jack explained. "Ability and accomplishment are responsible up to a point; how well a guy is liked accounts for the rest—same as in a Presidential election."

Jack is certainly one of the best-liked actors in Hollywood, not only because of his agreeable moods at parties but also because of his general good humor. He rarely gets upset about anything, at least not outwardly. He has never gone in for tantrums or temperamental displays.

Jack believes that people behave as they do for a reason. "I'm interested in why someone is a louse, if he is," Jack explained. "For some reason, he needs to be mean. It's more important to know why than to get mad at him."

What Money Is Really For!

The financial rewards of his profession have never meant as much to Jack as to most actors. When I asked him, "How important is the money you make?" he looked at me as if I should have known better than to ask. And I should have. Any man who accepts a New York stage play for a few hundred dollars a week when he could have made a quarter-of-a-million for a picture needn't elaborate on this question.

Moreover, Jack's generosity is something all his friends have experienced at one time or another.

When Jack first moved to Hollywood, he had some lean times. The move was expensive. He purchased a home. He needed furniture and a car. Jack shopped around and finally purchased a used sports car at a bargain price. He soon discovered just how much of a "bargain," however, when he had to replace all the tires and half the working parts.

A year or so later, things were looking up a bit, and Jack scraped together enough money to get a new car, so he sold the sports car. Shortly after, Jack heard that the new owner had driven it only a short distance before the engine dropped out.

Under no obligation to do anything about it, Jack insisted on paying the full repair bill, which amounted to nearly \$300! Possibly, Jack has most of his fun with his son Chris. I



Skipper Jack Lemmon chats with Alvey Moore, his cook, over a cup of java in "The Wackiest Ship in the Army."

recall an afternoon last summer when we took our youngsters to celebrate Chris' birthday. We were with the other guests in the living room, when we suddenly realized Chris and Jack were nowhere around.

Glancing outside, we saw a snorkel tube sticking out of the water of the swimming pool. Jack had given Chris diving equipment for his birthday, and the two of them were out in the pool while Jack taught his son how to use it.

"It takes me a day to recover from Chris' visits, but I wouldn't miss them for anything," Jack said. He regrets that he doesn't have more time to spend with him—one of the unfortunate results of a divorce and a career that keeps him away from Hollywood a great deal of time.

"I'd like to have more children," Jack mused. "But I guess I'll have to wait since I have no plans to marry soon."

"What are your plans?" I asked.

"I'd like to direct," Jack replied. "Not great big pictures, just a little one but a very good one. And, of course, I'm always trying to become a better actor."

Jack isn't at all miffed when people forget about the Oscar he won five years ago for best supporting actor. "I'd rather they notice more recent roles. It would indicate that any improvement I've made since then shows, as it should."

If Jack wins an Oscar Monday night, as he very well may, it would prove to him and the world that the improvement does indeed show.



I was just thinking...

IN MY TIME I've met Jack Dempsey, Gloria Swanson, Ivy Baker Priest, Fran Allison, Peter Freuchen, Mrs. Estes Kefauver, and a few other well-known faces.

Recently I spent an entire weekend not meeting Robert Frost.

I found Jack Dempsey darling, Gloria Swanson glamorous, and Fran Allison fun.

I couldn't find Robert Frost at all.

When I knew he was coming to town, I ran all the way to the nearest library to add to my own accumulation of his works. For a week I read and studied and analyzed until what I didn't know about Robert Frost he doesn't know, either.

When the Great Day came, Frost was neither on the pumpkin nor in my town. He was somewhere in Arizona

and forgot to go away from there. I couldn't blame him. If I were in Arizona, it would suit me fine.

Meanwhile, back at my ranch, I was becoming permanently attached to the telephone. Nervously, I fingered my copy of his poems. Nervously I fingered the camera with which I intended to preserve his portrait for posterity. The hours crept by on what I would call little cat feet except that Carl Sandburg said that and he does not figure in this crisis.

Evening came and went, but not I. I clung to the wall telephone, one eye on my watch. The other eye began to lose focus. "Something there is that doesn't love a wall," I quoted. I went to bed.

I ate my breakfast on the telephone, one eye on the telephone, the other on

"A Witness Tree." I read the morning paper chanting: "Poetry begins with a lump in the throat." Robert Frost said that. I had a lump in my throat, too, but it was not poetry. It was indigestion.

By noon and no Frost. I lost my reason. I packed a lunch, the dog, and a fish pole and headed for the kind of place where time is but the stream I go a-fishing in, except Thoreau said that, and he has no part in this, either.

When I returned, there was a note on the table.

"Robert Frost was here," it said, "but you weren't home."

I remembered the time he wrote a poem which begins:

"Some say the world will end in fire,
Some say in ice..."

I sat right down and revised it. Through agonizing preview, I felt I had the right:

"Some say the world will end with fire,
I say with Frost."

Patty Johnson

**STOP PAIN
INSTANTLY
COMBAT INFECTION
PROMOTE HEALING**

WITH ANTISEPTIC

Campho-Phenique

(PROBANCED CAM-PO-PHEN-QUE)

USE IT FOR

**MINOR BURNS, CUTS
SCRATCHES,
ABRASIONS**



Quick! Apply Campho-Phenique at once to minor burns from hot cooking utensils, hot water or steam... stops pain instantly, promotes rapid healing. The same thing happens when you use it on minor cuts, scratches and abrasions. Campho-Phenique is highly antiseptic. Wonderful for fever blisters, cold sores, gum boils; to relieve itching and to guard against infecting insect bites. Used on pimples, Campho-Phenique helps prevent their spread and re-infection.

**When
BACKACHE
Makes
Your Life Miserable...**

Take DeWitt's Pills to relieve such trouble, often caused by sluggish kidneys. DeWitt's Pills increase kidney activity to flush acid wastes from the system. The result is relief, blessed relief from backache, mild bladder irritations, restlessness at night, muscular pains. DeWitt's direct diuretic action, plus mild analgesic relief, often means an active life with freedom from pain.

**INSIST ON
DeWitt's Pills**

**ARTHRITIS
RHEUMATISM
PAINS**

Good, fast relief. That's what you want whenever moderate, nagging Arthritis, Rheumatism or Muscular Pains occur. And that's what you get when you take DOLCIN tablets. That's because nothing else in all the world is faster, safer, better for such pains than DOLCIN. HERE'S OUR GUARANTEE: Give DOLCIN tablets a fair trial. Take them... all of them... the way the directions tell you. You must get fast relief or get your money back.

© 1960, Dolcin Corp.

DRIVE SAFELY

NO MONEY DOWN!

Florida HOME SITES \$395

Lovely 1/4 acre sites in Central Florida hills, lake, grove area \$395 no money down, \$10 a month. Suburb of Ocala, high and dry. Roads, utilities. 22 miles to Gulf Coast. Fish, hunt. Invest or retire. FREE color folder. Write Dept. 310-Q, Rainbow Park, Box 521, Ocala, Fla.