

Pat Boone and Shirley Jones only hold hands in their film "April Love," but teen-age idol denies he refused to consider any kissing scenes



Pat Boone Views Success

His rise to fame
has been phenomenal,
and he intends to
make the most of
it—to do good.

by Bernard Asbell

THE TROUBLE with writing about Pat Boone, a writer complained recently, is that there's no opportunity for developing conflict, there's no suspense. His career has been just one triumph after another.

In the few years since his high-school graduation, he's just kept going up. Now, at the top, he has in his pocket a contract for the movies and another for network TV, assuring him the inner peace known only to a young man on his way to collecting four million dollars. In another pocket are the pennies that accrue from his phonograph records, about four pennies for each record sold. And in less than two years he has sold 13 million of them! He is likely to become the outstanding entertainment star of our generation. Most show-business veterans agree on that, among them Bing Crosby, perhaps the outstanding star of his generation.

The only conflict in Pat's story exists in his mind. He's afraid he won't get enough opportunity to do good. He worries about it constantly. Also, he worries that people will misunderstand him. He's afraid that his concern about being a model, clean-living young man will be mistaken for a device to advance his career, when it's the other way around. He values his success only because it might set an example for others to live better than they do. This sounds so idealistic, he's bashful about saying it. But he means it.

Pat set out to be an English teacher. He began to sing for money because the money helped get him through school. When his fame spread, he expanded his vista beyond the classroom, and aspired to educational TV. Now that almost every man, woman, and child knows his name, he's adjusted his sights again. He wants to help set a high standard of behavior for a whole generation of young people. That's a heady goal, but not too

much for the most famous Boone since Daniel (Pat's great-great-great-great-grandfather, incidentally).

"Being a teen-age hero," he said recently, "is something like being elected to public office. You have an obligation to act for the public welfare, and you can handle the job like a statesman or like a cheap politician."

The parallel is strikingly apt. A statesman (or politician) is effective when he gets the backing of diverse groups and neutralizes the potential opposition. This political coup Pat has already accomplished, with little more than a pleasantly lazy smile, a gentle way with a tune, and good manners. In the words of Randy Wood, his discoverer and manager: "Pat's the first teen-age idol Grandma can dig, too."

When Pat croons and bobby-soxers shriek, parents don't squirm. Sometimes they even buy his record, perhaps because Pat dilutes his gentle rock 'n' roll offerings with cannily chosen ballads from the good old days: "Bernadine," penned long ago by Johnny Mercer; "Love Letters in the Sand," first sung by Rudy Vallee in 1931; "There's a Gold Mine in the Sky," made famous by Bing Crosby when Grandma herself was young enough to swoon.

But if Pat has made a hit with Mom and Dad, not to mention Grandma, it's not so much by the songs he sings as the way he sings them. "The human body," he has said, "consists of about 200 separate bones and I don't think it's necessary to call them all into play. I belong to the finger-snapping school myself. That, and a little tapping of the feet, is enough to satisfy my soul."

But there's danger in the picture of Pat as the All-American, home-loving, church-going, non-smoking, non-drinking, hard-working college-boy type. The too-good publicity troubles him. "I'm afraid it makes me look thin and saccharine."

It also caused one hardened oldster in show business to remark: "I didn't believe it until recently when I had to work with him. But this guy's for real!"

A QUIET, subterranean cold war seems to exist between Pat and the publicists around him. They keep erecting an antiseptic statue that Pat keeps dismantling. "Why, look," the Hollywood praise agents say, "he's such a big success in Hollywood, yet he hasn't gone Hollywood. He's just plain Pat."

Not long ago Pat was asked how come he hasn't "gone Hollywood." He shrugged and said: "When you get off the train with three babies on your arm and your wife's bringing up a fourth that's not quite born yet, the chances are you're going to keep on doing the same little things you've been doing."

He disarmed the press corps even more when the news broke that he had supposedly refused to kiss his leading lady, Shirley Jones, in his second movie, "April Love."

After the noisy "ohs" and "ahs" died down, Pat was asked about this, too. "I didn't refuse," he said. "The script didn't call

for my kissing her. The producer suggested that in one scene I might. So we talked about it, then decided against it. If the question comes up in another picture, I'll decide then what to do."

Pat relishes his popularity, as what youth wouldn't? But he's profoundly modest. When someone calls him a movie star, he blushes. He moves and talks slowly, confidently; yet he is driven.

"When I was 9 or 10," he recalls, "I never looked forward to birthdays. I knew time was passing that I'd never have again. At 12, I got into every chorus, sport, and school organization I could join. I dread wasting time. I have even studied while driving on those straight Texas roads, with a history book on the steering wheel. I don't recommend it, but I didn't want to waste time."

All his life he has felt an urge, almost a calling, to teach, to crusade for spiritual values; yet from the beginning he's been enticed by show business.

"When I was a kid in Tennessee, I used to dream of being a great doctor, a great professor, a great businessman, or even a great preacher."

He muses about this a moment, then comes up with the other side: "I remember sitting in the barn milking our cow Rosemarie and singing as I milked. I'd sing and I'd dream and I'd really believe I was Bing Crosby or Perry Como. What wonderful dreams I had!"

Wonderful as they were, and contradictory as they seem now that they're coming true, they're not so contradictory after all. "I feel that the Lord wants to use me as a singer for Him," he has said, "and that He has given me influence with young people so that I can do good."

Once, after 12 exhausting hours at the recording studio, he had to attend a movie premiere. He'd have given anything to go as he was—in slacks, lumberjack shirt, white buckskin shoes.

"Go ahead," a friend urged. "After all, you're a star. You can get away with it."

"That's just the point," Pat sighed. Then he went home to change into a tux.

Pat has only one more semester to go at Columbia University. When TV entered his life, it looked as if he'd have to postpone the schooling. "But too many teen-agers want to quit school," he argues. "I can't set a bad example. Rehearsals for my TV show will have to fit in between classes."

While Pat sees himself as an example, he's not a prude. He doesn't swap gossip, smoke, swear, or drink. But neither does he criticize others for doing these things. "That's their way, and I have mine." Since his spiritual beliefs prevent him from dancing, he's sometimes asked why he makes records which are supposed to be danced to.

"If other people want to dance," he replies, "that's all right." He's not trying to convert them to his ways and doesn't feel obliged to be converted to theirs.

ASK PAT how he got that way, and he'll answer right off: "Mack Craig." That's the name of the principal of David Lipscomb High School in Nashville, where Pat studied; preacher in the Church of Christ, where Pat worships; young husband and father, whom Pat emulates.

"He was not much older than most of the students, but he was so busy. He came to all the games and social affairs. How he managed it, I'll never know. If it were not for his influence, I might be somebody else today. Mr. Craig is the kind of fellow I'd like to be."

In high school, despite the social handicap of a phenomenally high IQ of 150 and near-perfect grades, Pat was elected president of his class, then president of the entire student body. He was a four-letter athlete and captain of the baseball team, a newspaper cartoonist, and star of the school's stage productions. To top it, he was voted "most popular boy."

But while he was popular, he was never the gay blade. "Before I was 15," Pat recalls, "I went out with three girls, one at a time. I realized they weren't for me. Each time I broke up, I felt guilty."

Then he met Shirley Foley and no matter how he looked at it, she was for him. Her father is the famed Red Foley, idol of the country-music world. One day Shirley learned that Foley (Pat has always called him "Mr Red") had signed for a new

HELP

and first-aid kit for all first aid needs: burns, cuts, scrapes, itching, and more. You never know when you need it next! A Vaseline jar is your first aid kit in a jar.



MEDICALLY APPROVED!

Your First Aid Kit in a Jar

Vaseline is the reg. trade mark of Chesebrough-Pond's Inc.

FIGHTING A COLD-AND CONSTIPATED, TOO?

When you are constipated, take a laxative that acts overnight in the gentle way nature wants... without robbing food and vitamins you need.

Take gentle-acting Ex-Lax at night. It won't disturb sleep... won't cause upset or urgency. Next morning, enjoy the closest thing to natural action. Gentle Ex-Lax continues to help you toward your normal regularity. Seldom, if ever, is it needed next day. Get the modern laxative more families use... chocolate Ex-Lax.

ARTHRITIS PAINS

Does this happen to you? You get out of bed in the morning. You feel stiff and aching. You say to yourself: "I wonder if I have arthritis... should I see the doctor?" If your pains are sharp and severe... if they come back day after day... you certainly should. But, if your arthritic pains are moderate... annoying, cursory... just a real nuisance, you should try DOLCIN tablets. DOLCIN® is the world's best-known, most widely-used product specially-made for fast relief whenever such pains of arthritis, rheumatism, sciatica, neuritis or muscular aches occur.



Rip Van Winkle Couldn't Sleep with Nagging Backache

Now you can get the fast relief you need from nagging backache, headache and muscular aches and pains that often cause restless nights and miserable tired-out feelings. When these discomforts come on with over-exertion or stress and strain—you want relief—want it fast! Another disturbance may be mild bladder irritation following wrong food and drink—often setting up a restless uncomfortable feeling. For quick relief get Doan's Pills. They work fast in 2 separate ways: 1. by speedy pain-relieving action to ease torment of nagging backache, headaches, muscular aches and pains. 2. by their soothing effect on bladder irritation. 3. by their mild diuretic action tending to increase output of the 15 miles of kidney tubes. Find out how quickly this 3-way medicine goes to work. Enjoy a good night's sleep and the same happy relief millions have for over 60 years. Ask for new, large size and save money. Get Doan's Pills today!