

# TELEVISION

He was a tall, dark and handsome actor on the verge of superstardom, and he had money, security, fame, physical health, professional respect, he loved and was loved by his family and devoted fiance, **DIANE RAY**, yet he killed himself with his own gun in his own home.

Peter Duel had everything, didn't he?—or did he? No, he certainly didn't have emotional balance, peace of mind and mental health. Pete told a recent interviewer:

"I've suffered personal tragedy, unhappiness, depression and frustrations that beat me down into the mud of despair because I don't know how to handle them. I brood about myself so often that I forget other human beings have problems as important to them as mine are to me. The difference is: they can overcome."

"Pete had many problems that he magnified out of all proportion until he couldn't cope with them," agreed

team, **Ben Murphy**, is a "fun guy" with no self-inflicted hangups or apparent frustrations. Ben and all TV regulars however agree that doing a weekly series is a grind.

Usual schedule: Morning reveille at 5:30 or 6 a.m., into make-up at 7:30 a.m., on the set from 8 a.m. until 6 p.m. if all goes well. If not, work until 8 or 9 p.m., or until the day's shooting is finished. Overtime is double or triple pay. Weekends are off and shooting involves only six months out of the year. Pay ranges from \$5,000 per segment (for Mitch Vogel) to \$30,000 per segment (for Lorne Greene, for example.)

Mitch is required by state law to attend school. He has to do plenty of homework as well as memorize his script for the next day and perform the customary acting chores.

About 80 per cent of "Bonanza" is filmed on the Warner Bros. lot, scenic sequences are made in the high Sierras near Lake Tahoe. A tutor follows Mitch on location ramming psych I, math and lit into his roomy brainbox.

Mitch sweated out almost a full season in a transient role, as a stray waif who could be sent away any day but he did so well they made him a per-

while working 36 hours per day nine days per week.

For one thing Bobby was able to finish furnishing his home in the San Fernando Valley. Always a rugged individualist, he didn't want to follow one specific style as some decorations urged. He has eight or nine rare antiques, but the general atmosphere creates a fine comfortable "old fashioned feeling." Many fancy homes in his neighborhood are so loaded with antiques they look like indoor junk yards. Bobby isn't bananas about modern styles either.

His saddest duty was to exile Wally and Goofy, the two bloodhounds who replaced the late lamented and lovable Dopey, half-basset, half-mutt, who passed away last year.

The bloodhounds spent two months at a fashionable training school but promptly forgot everything. Bobby couldn't follow through on their training as he was away so often and long.

When Wally and Goofy grew too big and rambunctious to keep inside, Bobby spent about \$1 thou to build them warm, cozy comfy doghouses and fences in the backyard. After opening the gate to let them exercise, Bobby had to race back into the house

# IT'S HAPPENING

his sister **Pamela**.

He was very close to Pam, to his brother Geoffrey and to Diane whom he described as "compassionate, generous, intelligent, wise and beautiful with a crazy sense of humor and the patience and understanding to put up with my moods."

"I want to marry you," he told Pamela—yet he couldn't make himself set a wedding date. "I want a home in the country, and lots of children. I want out of the TV series, into movies. I need time to pursue my poetry writing and sketching, and to learn and grow."

But Pete didn't give himself the time for his dreams to come true before he "went down the tongueless silence to the dreamless dust."

"Working on 'Alias Smith and Jones' was no worse than other outdoor saga series," he often said, but all weekly shows are "a dreadful bore," "big fat drag," "frustrating" and "fatiguing," "putting actors into pressure cookers."

People who can't take the heat are apt to freak for drugs or alcohol. Pete didn't dabble in dope, a no-no for working actors, but he did get loaded regularly on whiskey, which is socially acceptable in his crowd.

The other half of the Smith-Jones

manent member of the Ponderosa clan and Ben Cartwright last January legally adopted "Jaimie." No more sweat. Some day it is expected he will replace "Little Joe" **Mike Landon** who's keen to drop out as an actor to write and direct full time.

Temporary peace and quiet has descended on the Funky World of **Bobby Sherman**, giving him a breathing spell to put his house in order and do a zillion things he kept postponing



**WHILE IN HOLLYWOOD**, March of Dimes poster girl **Carmen Donesa**, 8, met **David Cassidy** and **Chad Everett**!

before they could gleefully jump on him, sometimes knocking him over, and slobber all over his face with eager wet tongues. Running loose in the yard then, the hounds tore up the lawn, dug holes in the flower beds, chewed up shrubs and trees.

In exile at Sunny Jones' Valley Ranch, the two ingrates seem as happy as ever and pretend not to miss their famous master at all.

Bobby's newest doggie is Godzilla. What an inappropriate name for a cute little Maltese terrier with house-broken habits, a disposition of pure sunshine, a coat of creamy white and a heart of pure gold.

**David Cassidy**, we hear tell, is asking a \$50 per week raise. That's fair and square, says he. He receives only \$150 now. That's his weekly allowance. His annual earnings total about \$250,000 after expenses, his business manager says. That works out \$5,000 a week, according to modern math computing.

"Young Cassidy," **Jim Bacon** avers, "is the biggest thing since pantyhose."

It's too early yet to get a decision from the networks whether **Lucie Arnaz'** spin-off pilot from her mom's ha-ha series will result in a series of Lucie's very own.