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Please Rush Me Your FREE Application

in Centralia, Washington. We are happy and compatible. We have wonderful children, and he has worked hard to provide us with a lovely home.

Please tell me if all the poor qualities I have heard attributed to natives of Pisces are true. Is this the future I have to look forward to?

Sincerely, Mrs. J. I.

Dear Mrs. J. I.:

Pisces is what is known as a doublebodied sign, and there are both very positive-thinking and very negativethinking—and acting—Pisceans.

When a Piscean has risen to a high level, there is no more wonderful sign. The advanced Piscean can combine an idealistic course of action with a practical nature, making it possible to achieve a workable plan leading to success.

A negative Piscean is subject to the influences you mention. This is because Pisces is ruled by the planet Neptune, and

Neptune has to do with being in tune or out of tune with surrounding conditions or people.

You can appreciate the fact that the advanced Piscean, who is aware of the fine things of life, is a remarkable individual. On the other hand, if a Piscean has fallen into the reverse negative way of thinking and acting, life becomes very difficult for him.

It is interesting to note that your husband was born on September 7th, which makes him a Virgo. The combination of Pisces (February 20th through March 20th) and Virgo (August 22nd through September 22nd) is one of the best possible.

I venture the opinion that no children are better behaved than yours, for a Pisces mother has the unusual knack of getting her children to act like young ladies and gentlemen. That is certainly a blessing.

Carroll Righter



David Cassidy

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just a few days later, Rona Barrett noted on her TV show that Jack Cassidy had escorted a sexy young actress to the theater—and made a big point about not being photographed with her. New trouble in the Cassidy marriage? No one knew for sure. But most of Jack's acquaintances would bet that Shirley's remark ruffled Jack's feathers quite a bit. Perhaps if Shirley had added that he inherited this sex appeal from his dad, it would have helped. But she didn't. If Jack was miffed, and if he comes out appearing less sexy than his son, it would be ironic, for when David Cassidy was entering his adolescent years, Jack worried about him a lot. He felt David simply wasn't growing up fast enough—in height, that is!

Jack is a strapping six-footer, and David's mother Evelyn Ward is a statuesque woman. By all laws of nature, it seemed likely that David would tower over them both. Instead, his schoolmates all began to tower over David. He was somewhat troubled by this but Jack was even more troubled.

One night he voiced this concern to some friends who had known David since he was a "tot."

"It's going to be rough on the kid when he gets to the dating age," he said in effect. "I hope he doesn't develop any complexes where the ladies are concerned."

Well, David didn't shoot up overnight like a beanstalk, and at nineteen, he still looked about fifteen, but he had no cause to develop any complexes about the ladies, for after his phenomenonal success on The Partridge Family his only problem with the feminine sex was to keep them off his back.

A few months ago, Jack was greeted by one of these old friends at a Hollywood party, and remembering Jack's concern, the friend commented, with genuine sincerity, "I am so pleased about David's success, and I'm sure you must be, too. All your early fears about his slightness were unfounded. You have a real sexsymbol on your hands now."

Jack's smile turned to stone. "Yes, I have, don't I?" he said, and abruptly

changed the subject to something else. It's pretty difficult for Jack to think of his son, David, as being "sexy" or a "sexsymbol" or, in fact, a grown man. For one thing, it makes Jack painfully aware of the fact that he's no young buck anymore. Shirley Jones doesn't try to conceal the fact that she is thirty-seven, and admits she's delighted to be out of the "ingenue" state. But Jack is, and always has been, very vain about his age-and very vague. You won't find it listed on any studio biography. But you will find his name listed in the chorus line-up for Orson Welles' Broadway production of Around The World in 80 Days, back in May 1946, and he had been around a bit before that, too.

A girl who worked in that chorus remembers Jack well. "He always thought he was God's great gift to women, and came on that way, too, batting those baby blue eyes, flashing those ultra bright teeth. He was always coming on strong."

Unlike his father, David Cassidy never, ever comes on. In fact, he freezes when the women try to come on with him.

■ David insists his relationship with his father is "a good one," and holds Jack's talent as a performer and dramatic actor in the highest esteem. None of the commonplace son-resenting-and-trying-to-out-dothe-famous-father bit here. In fact, the opposite may well be true; that it is Jack who has a few hidden resentments about his son.

According to Shirley, "David is close to Jack and sometimes spends weekends with us, but he spent the main part of his life with his mother. Jack has tried to tell him that as quickly as fame came, that's how quickly it can go, to keep him from being hurt if it does go."

Unfortunately, Jack can't speak from experience. His first real fame and publicity, on a national level, came when it was discovered that the sweet, innocent Shirley Jones of Carousel and Oklahoma had fallen in love with a married man, and that the married man was "Jack Cassidy,"

a featured singer on Broadway."

Jack is an extremely talented guy with a great singing voice and all that goes with it, but he never caught on with the public as a leading man or a sex-symbol—even though he had his share of breaks. He really never even made it big on Broadway until he played a caricature of a caricature of a suave, vain, pseudo-sexy, ego-centric male in Carol Burnett's Fade In, Fade Out and a variation of the same in She Loves Me and Superman. He was great fun in both, received two Tony nominations—and a Tony. But the women weren't waiting at the stage door to tear his clothes off, and the mail box at the