

fantastic success and are still devoted to him.

In the middle of the Bobby Sherman mania, he told me, "This can't last, of course, but it's something, isn't it?" Then he added soberly, "The thing is—not to believe it all because it's unreal. It's hysteria and that sort of thing is bound to die. It's too tense not to. Then you go on to other things in your life, and there are so many things I want to do. I just hope one lifetime is enough time to do all of them!"

I doubt that he's jealous of David Cassidy in the least. But I think he has learned a big lesson—that one is replacable, that fans can be fickle. But heartbreak is never without its benefits and Bobby has grown up as a result of it and is a better person.

MITCH VOGEL

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sat down and talked to me about it, telling me how much work it would be and that old thing about missing out on so much other boys had—like belonging to a Little League baseball team and going to a regular school and all that." He brushed it aside.

"I've got something working that other kids don't have. I'm getting as very special kind of education aside from school. And I have friends my own age who aren't in television or movies. I have enough time to goof off with them."

He's tremendously polite, something one always notices about this very young boy. He was a nominee for a Golden Apple at the last event during the winter past. He was in the category of Best Newcomer. I spoke to him as he came in, looking sharp as usual, well-groomed and rather grown up.

"Sure, I'd like to win it," he admitted. "Who wouldn't? It's a big honor having the Hollywood Women's Press Club even nominate you. But I

won't be disappointed if I don't. Look at my competition—David Cassidy whose the most, and Ben Murphy—" he sighed. "I think David will win it and he should. All the kids dig him and buy his records. I know I do."

And sure enough when David won, Mitch clapped louder than anyone else. As he had said earlier, "There's plenty of time for winning things and it's not too important to me anyway. The thing is to be the very best actor I can—on and off set." And then he laughed in that merry, freckled-faced way of his.

Like any normal healthy boy, he was wolfing down his lunch. What does he think about acting as a career for other boys and girls in their early teens?

"I don't know about anybody else. But I guess if they want to act as much as I did, then they should try it. A lot of people think it was my mother who pushed me into it, but that's not so. It was me—I wanted to be an actor and I'm glad I could talk to her about it, could have her advice. She told me all the things that would be different for me—the responsibilities of such a career, so I understood what I was getting into. I know I've been lucky—working with Steve McQueen and now these guys. I know too I might change my mind as I get older and want something else out of life, but I don't think so. I love it too much. It's a big fun thing to me, and I think I'm pretty lucky to get paid for it!"

MOD SQUAD

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arrived on the set, at Paramount Studios in Hollywood.

The makeup man was already putting on my makeup when Mike Cole came over to meet me. Gosh, was I ever thrilled. He was even better looking in person than on TV. He shook hands with me and told me how

glad he was to be working with me.

I couldn't be sure, but it seemed to me that he gave my hand an extra little squeeze, and held it a bit longer than he really had to.

Just then, in came Peggy Lipton, and was she ever pretty, with that long, blonde hair and that graceful walk of hers. Even in blue jeans and a sweater, her costume for the episode we were doing, she looked really good.

I said hello, and found myself wishing that I could look like Peggy. But you know, by the time the makeup man had finished with my face, and the hairdresser had brushed and arranged my hair, I looked really nice, different from my usual self, and lots better.

Then it was time to start to shoot the episode, and as I got up, there was Clarence Williams, waiting to meet me. He gave me a big, friendly smile that put me right at my ease.

Still, it was a bit scary, at first, working with such experienced actors.

But then, after a little while, I got into the story, and relaxed. I felt that I really belonged, that, for a little while, I was one of **The Mod Squad**.

There was one scene where we were being chased by these bad guys, and I nearly stumbled, but Clarence grabbed my arm and helped to steady me, and he did it so smoothly that I don't think anyone noticed.

Everybody worked hard during the shooting, but between times, they all walked around, talking to each other, and always making me feel like I was one of them, like I really belonged.

When we'd finished the day's shooting, we all went to lunch together. Peggy ordered a big salad, explaining that she was on a health food kick—I guess that's how she stays so slim. But I ordered my favorite lunch, cheeseburgers, milk and strawberry ice cream. Mike and Clarence had hamburgers, cokes and fresh fruit for dessert.

Peggy had an appointment after lunch. She was going to be interviewed for a magazine story. But Mike and Clarence were free and offered to drive me home.

The ride back seemed very short, and I kept wishing it could last forever.

But all daydreams have to come to an end sometime, and mine ended as I said goodbye to Mike and Clarence. I stood in the late afternoon sunlight, watching them drive away and wishing that my wonderful day—my magic daydream—could have gone on forever. . . .



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