

SHIRLEY JONES



(Continued from page 51)

days work, children were probably playing inside their homes, mothers were preparing dinners—everything seemed so normal, except for Shirley. Her brakes came to a screeching halt. She jumped out of the car like a crazy woman and and to her husband's side.

Jack in bed, dozing, but not unconscious, was thrilled at the sight of his wife. The two clung to each other, while Jack kissed away Shirley's tears. "Thank God," she thought, "he wasn't as badly hurt as I thought. Why do people always think the worst?"

Shirley immediately began playing nurse, and although it was painful for Jack to move his neck or back, he was a good patient. Shirley welcomed the chance to do something again for her husband, and the love that filled the room that evening didn't make it seem possible that these two people were ever troubled.

They both talked over silly things they have done, but all the while they thought of love for each other. Laughing, Shirley told Jack, "It's very much *in* nowadays—love that is. Believe it or not, its very much a part of our lives." Shirley phoned the children to alert them that everything was fine with Daddy. He would have to stay in bed awhile, but luckily, no broken bones.

Saturday, the sun shone again in Hidden Hills and over all of Southern California. Beverly Hills was a sight! Trees and shrubs, torn up by the winds, debris scattered, mud slides in slow lava-like masses down the Hollywood Hills, streets closed to traffic, yet the sun was shining again . . . for Shirley and Jack. Shirley packed the children—Patrick, Shaun and Ryan—took food. They all piled into the car to see their daddy. It was like a beautiful Christmas morning, the Cassidys were all together again. The children were sitting at Jack's bedside playing. Shirley was in the kitchen preparing the evening meal, it was a picture of a typical happy family. —TERRY ROD

(Continued from page 89)

ring Irene Dunne and William Powell. He worked on it for five months—"an awfully long time when you're a kid. I was very bored by the end of it and eager to get back to school and my friends.

"For a year-and-a-half afterwards, I really didn't do any more acting. I had one bit part at Columbia and worked a week, and that was it until I was 17. I suppose my lack of offers was commensurate with my lack of experience and the fact that I was a big kid. Any role I could play as a 16-year-old could be done by an 18-year-old and a studio wouldn't have to put up with social workers and tutors on the set. I didn't

start working until I began fabricating my age."

He was 17 and being interviewed by veteran producer Herbert Yates for a part in "The Sands Of Iwo Jima." It was an excellent role for a young fellow, the pay was good and at one point during the interview, Yates asked Marty his age. Marty said, without thinking, "18." He got the part and when the picture was premiered, at a celebration dinner, Marty, who was seated next to the producer, mentioned that it was his birthday. "Yes, I know," smiled Yates. "You're finally 18."

From then on he worked constantly. That's why he stayed in the business. "My dad was concerned (and with good cause), that this wasn't a stable business, but he needn't have worried. He died when I was 19, but I think he knew that I would never have stayed in unless I was making good money. I couldn't live happily in a garret. I like the fine things of life. So do my kids.

"We certainly try not to spoil them. They each have certain responsibilities, and under duress, like most kids, they accept same. The girls take care of their own horses, our dogs and their rooms. The boys do some yard work, take care of the mini-bikes and help me fix mechanical things."

The move to the country was not designed to spirit the young Milners away from Hollywood, but country living has a lot on its side. "They've made friends. The schools are excellent. They don't have the same pressures as in larger, more sophisticated areas. If you were 17 in Beverly Hills and didn't have a car, it would be a catastrophe. Here, there isn't much of that attitude. And there are certainly less hard narcotics in this atmosphere than in the city."

Whatever questions his kids have, Marty answers honestly. "I don't think smoking marijuana is necessarily going to turn a person into a raving addict, but I also tell my kids that smoking grass is a felony. It's not fun being caught for a felony; it's a pretty bad rap. If it were not a felony, I would allow them, when they were old enough, to make their own decision. But it is illegal and a crime.

"I think that the children of successful performers have, more often than not, an extra burden to bear. You certainly should have something to fall back on."

Marty's children certainly have. They have the love of their parents that can never be questioned.

The Milner home, with its four bedrooms and two baths, the whole second floor for the children, and attic converted into a great game room, is the kind of house you'd expect them to have—homey and beautiful, light and airy. It is a place where a family lives together. —JANE ARDMORE

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