

Become A Millionaire-- With Brains And Luck

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cards moved like chocolate sundaes at a Scout jamboree.

Mark took on lots of other clients, including a brewery. To sell college kids Hamm's beer Mark created a pinup poster of a nearly nude lovely lying on her stomach with a beer can on one buttock. It was captioned: "The Man's Can The Year Round."

That's the way it went . . . and not too long ago Mark Vittert sold his company, Indianapolis-based College Marketing and Research, to Hugh Hefner's Playboy Enterprises for \$1,500,000.

Capital gains! How sweet you are! Mark was left with \$1,200,000. He was 22.

TODAY'S millionaires are unlike the nation's original tycoons who made their fortunes in heavy industries, men like duPont, Rockefeller, Harriman and Carnegie. Today's crop made it in light industries, electronics, computers, booze, vacations, sports, entertainment.

When Henry Kissinger was on the headlined glory road, his younger brother, Walter, became a multi-millionaire in electronics, starting from scratch. Recently Walter Kissinger quipped: "Henry has the history books. I have the bank books."

Johnny Carson, David Frost, Merv Griffin and Mike Douglas have talked their way to riches. Carson averages \$5 a word when he's on the air. (Asked recently why he doesn't retire, Bob Hope said: "I've got a government to support.")

John Connally, former Texas governor who was shot while riding with President Kennedy, was so poor — a tenant farmer's son — that he walked through muddy fields in bare shoes enroute to school. Now, Connally, a super-lawyer with clients from San Antonio to Saudi Arabia, can write a personal check for \$1 million and still have enough left over for a light lunch.

ONE MORNING, not too long ago, golfer Arnold Palmer was having breakfast with a friend. His companion asked: "How do you feel, Arnie?"

"Like \$1 million!"

"Only \$1 million! I'll call the doctor."

Arnie, worth about \$20 million, is the world's richest athlete. As a kid, Palmer was not allowed to swim in the country club pool in Latrobe, Pa., his home town. One day, a couple of years ago, he bought the joint.

THERE ARE some 50 millionaire professional jocks, men like basketball star Wilt Chamberlain, who made his first million investing hunks of his \$200,000 salary into apartment houses and night-clubs.

Wilt, unlike most millionaires, carries eye-boggling amounts of cash. A friend once warned him he was likely to be hit over the head for the \$40,000 he was carrying in his pocket. Seven-foot Wilt replied: "Anyone going to hit me on the head will have to carry a ladder. If I see someone following me with a ladder I'll holler for the cops."

Hockey player Bobby Hull got \$1 million cash for signing with the Chicago Black Hawks and talks about tax-free municipals. Veteran Jockey Willie Shoemaker earned 10 pct. of the \$40 million he's won in purses and talks about his Texas oil wells and his Arizona ranch.

Not every athlete invests



J. Paul Getty

wisely however. Broadway Joe Namath already has managed to lose \$1 million in franchised food and a temporary help agency. But he still has his fine job, his Manhattan duplex, his \$500 Rome-made suits — and his ego.

WHAT'S THE formula for making \$1 million? If anyone has the right to suggest one, it's J. Paul Getty, perhaps the world's richest man. "Almost without exception," says Getty, "the best way to make a great deal of money is in one's own business."

The exceptions are few and here's why: One year, when Royal Little was the \$200,000-a-year chairman of Textron, he made this breakdown of what happened to his wages:

Uncle Sam	\$116,000
Wife's household allowance	\$24,000
Home improvement ..	\$10,000
Support mother	\$18,000
Charities	\$20,000
Left for self	\$12,000

GETTY HAS more advice: "Find a need and fill it."

When housewives rebelled against too many hours over a hot stove, fast operators prepared and packaged almost everything except fried eggs and they're working on that. William Mullis of Georgia made his million freezing shrimp, Jano Paulucci of Minnesota by freezing chop suey and Harry E. Umphrey of Maine by plastic wrapping French fried potatoes.

Franchised McDonald outlets are turning out millionaires like so many quarter-pound super-burgers. Besides the originator, Col. Harland Sanders himself, 30 employees of Kentucky Southern Fried Chicken have made a million — including the white bearded Colonel's loyal secretary — through generous stock options. By the way, hundreds of the Colonel's chicken stands now are frying away in Japan. Ultimate revenge for Pearl Harbor!

James Willis Walter, a Tampa truck driver, became intrigued with a "shell house" — complete on the outside but empty on the inside — to sell for as low as \$1,000 to the do-it-yourself generation.

He borrowed a grubstake, and . . . when Jim Walter went public he was worth \$7.15 million in his company's stocks, \$850,000 in real estate and \$650,000 in other securities. "Making \$1 million is hard work," says Walter, "but so is driving a truck."

ALMOST ALL the new millionaires I've examined are gamblers — you've got to be. MIT's Nobel Prize-winning economist Paul Samuelson says the average life expectancy of a new American business is six years!

Warren Avis created Avis Rent-A-Car with \$10,000 in borrowed money. He sold it eight years later for \$8 million! Sometimes being second best pays.

Francis L. Cappaert borrowed \$2,000 and, plus his \$7,000 savings, built his first



John Connally

mobile home in a Vicksburg, Miss., barn. Today, Cappaert is in oil drilling, trucking, airlines and land and he has 25,000 Black Angus. He's worth over \$100 million!

One day recently he told a visitor: "Look, this morning I've already made \$5 million or \$6 million, and it's not even 10 o'clock."

The comic strip, "Peanuts,"



Warren Avis

grosses \$20 million a year and then some! Cartoonist Charles Schulz recently told a friend: "I no longer need a security blanket."

But the best example of Getty's advice of "finding a need and filling it" may be an energetic woman who invested several thousand dollars she made as a cocktail waitress in a house near Fort Bragg. Assisted by several



Walter B. Kissinger

charming girls, she made \$1 million entertaining soldiers. They fondly called her: "The One Woman USO."

THOUGH RUNNING such a sporting house can make one a millionaire, it takes time. "Forbes" the American business magazine conversant with such matters, said last month: "The fastest way to make \$1 million is to become

a rock 'n roll star . . . there are 59 rock millionaires!"

Last year 27-year-old Don McLean netted \$1.5 million for writing and singing — you remember?

"By, By Miss American Pie,
Drive my Chevy to the Levee
But the Levee was dry
..."

Neil Young, 24, cleared around \$3 million for himself during a 90-day tour this Spring. Neil's wardrobe bills are infinitesimal. He always wears battered denims stained with tobacco, wine, keichup, Indian relish, lipstick and, for all I know, kangaroo drippings.

One afternoon last month Neil's road manager, just to be on the safe side, sprayed the denims with insecticide.

The Partridge Family's David Cassidy, 22, is, financially speaking, a conglomerate, selling, besides himself and records, "love kits" — with David's picture and a bio — T-shirts and repulsive oceans of bubble gum.

David's concerts, a sell-out on three continents, are as carefully programmed as a moon mission.

David knew Elvis made millions rotating his hips; Mick Jagger made millions flailing his arms and strutting like a rooster. David decided to get to the top through his bottom . . .

Picture the scene — it's typical — that exploded one night this spring in London's largest hall:

David Cassidy, five-foot eight, 130 pounds, flies onstage wearing a glittering white costume so tight if he sneezed he'd be busted for indecent exposure. He grabs the mike and starts singing with his back to the audience while wildy wildly wiggling his thin behind. The teenyboppers react as if dunked in LSD . . . some scream . . . some cry . . . some throw themselves to the floor . . . Thousands wiggle their behinds. It's a viable argument for infanticide!

Ah, well. Multi-millionaire oil man H. L. Hunt once said: "Everything I do I do for a profit."

Why can't multi-millionaire David Cassidy?