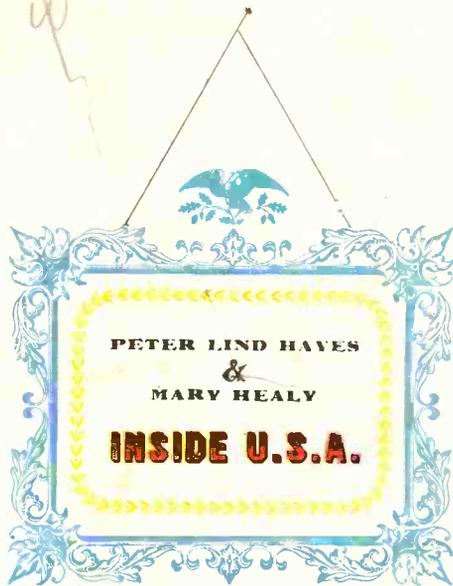


TELECAST

JANUARY 1950 25¢

THE NATIONAL TELEVISION PICTURE MAGAZINE



IN THIS ISSUE
MY LIFE WITH
MILTON BERLE
BY JOYCE BERLE

INTRODUCING
BILL LAWRENCE



as Appealing...
as Provocative...

as the star it adorns, lovely

MONA FREEMAN

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Point of No Return—John P. Marquand | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Father of the Bride—Edward Streeter | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> The Greatest Story Ever Told—Fulton Oursler | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> The Mudlark—Theodore Bonnet.... | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> The Mature Mind—H. A. Overstreet | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Nineteen Eighty-Four—George Orwell | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> The Gathering Storm—Winston Churchill | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Crusade in Europe—Dwight D. Eisenhower | <input type="checkbox"/> |
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TELECAST

THE NATIONAL TELEVISION PICTURE MAGAZINE

Contents January, 1950, Volume 2, Number 1

- Stories** 14 Sincerely, Maggi McNellis by *Margaret McClane*
 18 Introducing Bill Lawrence by *Bernard Towle*
 25 From Beethoven to Be-Bop by *Gary Kale*
 26 Pinhead Tonight by *Gerson Miller*
 34 My Life With Milton Berle by *Joyce Mathews Berle*
 38 TV's Blonde Bombshell
 44 Yankee Doodle Dandies by *Cameron Day*

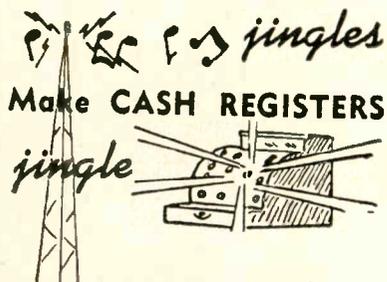
- Features** 16 Telecast Meets the Truex Family
 22 Last But Not Least by *C. K. Fredericks*
 40 Horizons Unlimited by *Irwin Rosten*
 43 Out of the Bandbox into Video
 48 Bridal Shower
 52 Facts About Color

- Departments** 4 Letters to the Editor
 7 Your Receiver
 8 Telecast Talks It Over by *Rahna Maughan*
 13 Editorial
 28 Telecast Peeks at New Shows
 32 We Nominate for Stardom
 46 Boxing Pays Off by *Bob Cooke*
 50 "It" Can Be Yours by *Candy Jones Conover*

Earl S. Peed *Editor*

Charlotte Winter	<i>Art Director</i>	<i>Contributing Editors</i>	
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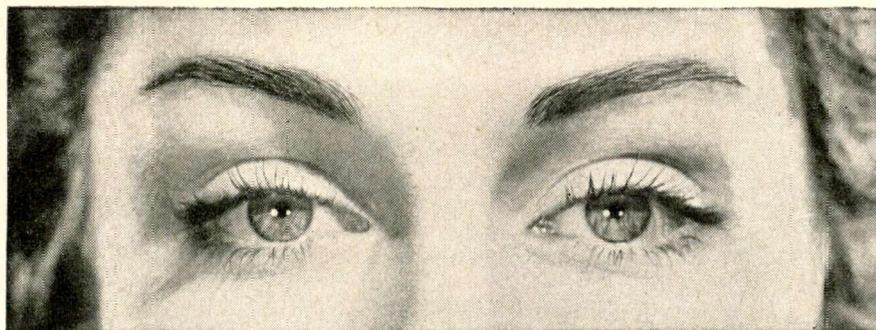
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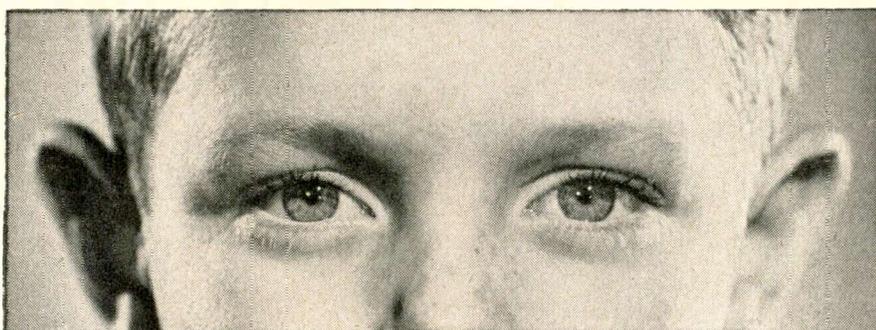
**TOP-NOTCH SPOTS
 AT MODERATE COST**

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How will they look to YOU a few years from now?



Your wife's eyes: What will you read in hers when she asks whether you can afford that modest cottage that's for sale?



Your boy's eyes: What will you see in his eyes the day he asks whether you can afford to send him to college?



Your own eyes: What will the mirror tell you about them when it's time to retire, and take things easier?

There's no better time than right now to sit back and think what *you* will see in your family's eyes a few years from now.

Whether they glow with happiness or turn aside with disappointment depends, to a very large extent, upon what you do *now*.

So plan *now* for that home you plan to buy eventually . . . set aside money *now* for his college education . . . plan *now* for the day you can retire.

Decide now to put part of your salary week after week, year after year in U. S. Savings Bonds,

so that you will have the money for the *important* things you and your family want.

Insure your future by signing up on the Payroll Savings Plan where you work, or the Bond-A-Month Plan where you have a checking account. Chances are you won't miss the money now, but you certainly will a few short years from now if you haven't got it!!

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MRS. BELCHER

Garrison-on-Hudson, New York

letters to the editor



Dear Sir:

TELECAST is interesting enough to read page by page from cover to cover. Besides being interesting, TELECAST has cleared up some of the mysteries of video for me. I was especially interested in *Love That Commercial*.

R. J. Wittenance
Columbus, Ohio

Dear Editor:

We think your magazine is terrific. We enjoyed every bit of news and every article. We wish you every good luck—and a prayer for a tremendous subscription list and sales.

The Abramowitz Family
Brooklyn, N. Y.

- Our sincere thanks for your best wishes.

Dear Sir:

Three rousing cheers for Vol. 1 No. 1. Television now has a magazine of superlative quality.

Arthur McQuade
Father of "Rosalie"
"The Goldbergs"
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

Congratulations on a wonderful magazine! This is the first time I have ever written a letter of this sort but I enjoyed TELECAST so very much that I just had to let you know about it.

Would like very much to see the life stories and lots of pictures of my favorite television personalities, Bill Lawrence and Janette Davis soon. May TELECAST grow and grow and grow!!!

Mrs. Betty Ann Bergman
Akron, Ohio

- The story on Bill Lawrence appears on page 18. We would appreciate knowing what our readers would like to read in forthcoming issues.

Dear Sir:

I've lost Kyle MacDonnell on TV. Always used to watch her in *For Your Pleasure*. Can you tell me if she is anywhere on TV now and if so, where?

Miss Mary Gifford
Summit, New Jersey

- Kyle MacDonnell took a short vacation from *For Your Pleasure* to appear in the Broadway musical *Touch and Go*. She will be back soon.

Dear Sir:

I must tell you how much I appreciate the splendid article and pictures (of me) in your first issue of TELECAST. The friendly way you treated me could not be improved upon from my standpoint.

I think you'll be interested to know that I've had any number of people mention the article, ranging from the proprietor of our hardware store here in Old Greenwich to a representative of a New York lecture bureau and including any number of people in the radio and television business. So you are being read by folk in all walks of life.

The magazine as a whole is a dandy and Mrs. Swayze and the youngsters all join in sending best wishes for great success.

John Cameron Swayze
Old Greenwich, Conn.

Dear Sir:

I spotted TELECAST for the first time yesterday while browsing through the magazine shelves in our local candy store. There on the cover was the smiling countenance of that genial and entertaining comedian, Arthur Godfrey. Said I: "I'll take this copy." And so back home I went, scanning each page, re-reading each item for each bit of news was so interestingly presented.

I welcome the birth of TELECAST. Its future is most promising. There is a vital need for its existence. I look forward to my monthly visits from this promising infant.

Mrs. Belle Weissberg
Ridgefield, N. J.

Dear Sir:

I just finished reading your new magazine and it has some interesting articles. However, I was surprised not to have read anything about Ted Mack of the *Amateur Show* or Bert Parks of *Stop The Music*.

William De Bout
Cleveland, Ohio

- The feature on Ted Mack is scheduled for February. One on Bert Parks will appear in the near future.

Dear Sir:

Congratulations on a splendid first issue. I think it would be a good idea to have a "TV station of the month," saluting TV stations in eventually all cities, and telling some of its features and programs. Thank you, a confirmed TELECAST reader.

Clark Tca, Jr.
Detroit, Michigan



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empire of the Midwest

Intimate stories
and pictures of

SUPER CIRCUS

GARROWAY AT LARGE

KUKLA, FRAN AND OLLIE

and many others

next month in

TELECAST

letters to the editor (continued)

• TELECAST will devote a separate section to a different city from time to time. In our first issue, we featured *Philadelphia's Television Story*. Next month we plan a TV round-up on Chicago.

Dear Sir:

Just finished reading TELECAST and certainly enjoyed it from cover to cover. Altho television hasn't come to these parts as yet, your magazine was a pleasant surprise. I am originally from Chicago. After moving here a few months ago and finding *no TV*, it was awful. When I saw TELECAST on my newsstand I grabbed it up to see what was new and what I'm missing.

A suggestion . . . how about a few pictures and story on Chicago's *Dave Garroway At Large* show?

Lois Levitt
Columbus, Ga.

• The story on Garroway will be part of our special Chicago Television section in next month's issue.

Dear Sir:

Those full page photos of our favorite television stars are just grand. This book of yours is a far cry from other so-called television magazines. The advertisements you have are even quick and easy to read. I do suggest though that you include the day and station on which the people and programs you write about may be seen. People with new sets may not be familiar with them. Also I think you emphasize that television is an experiment too much. Please don't take this as unfriendly criticism though, for I think your book is tops. Twenty-five cents is a bargain for such a good, big book. Congratulations for being the first to make a real-honest-to-goodness television magazine. Keep up the good work. Good luck. Your faithful reader from now on.

Mr. L. B. Maurer
Richmond Hill, N. Y.

• We have attempted to include the time and station of each performer and show. Television is no experiment, we agree. It will soon be one of the biggest and best industries in the country. We hope to grow with it.

Dear Sir:

Want to tell you how much I enjoyed reading my first copy of your new magazine. It was really wonderful. Only have one little disappointment connected with it, and that is, that I did not find an article or picture of my favorite TV show *Kukla, Fran and Ollie*. I think this show is great and am particularly fond of all connected with it. Fran Allison in particular. So here's hoping you will make your wonderful new magazine even more won-

derful by including some articles and pictures on *Kukla, Fran and Ollie*.

Peggy Stark
Chicago, Illinois

• There will be a feature on *Kukla, Fran and Ollie* in the February issue.

Dear Editor:

I can't compete with the famous people who wrote you congratulations in your first copy of TELECAST but I do want to tell you how wonderful a job you did on your first issue. The pictures were plenty and the stories interesting.

You can count on me keeping your first issue; one reason being I had Arthur Godfrey autograph your artistic cover; another that it's too wonderful a magazine to throw away.

Please keep up the good work.

Miss Betty Layaz
Northville, Michigan

• With encouragement like reader Layaz's we shall certainly try.

Dear Sir:

Enclosed find money order for a year's subscription. I think your magazine is tops for people who can get television. I would suggest that you devote a part of your magazine to those people who can't get television. Tell them what's being done toward getting television up in the rural districts. I think that a lot of those people who can't get television will subscribe to TELECAST.

Frank Bessom
Ashland, N. H.

• Reader Bessom hits the nail on the head. The best preparation for intelligent viewing of television is learning about the performers and programs beforehand.

Dear Sir:

Today I bought your first issue of TELECAST and was very pleased with its contents. I am very interested in TV and appreciate any information on activities I can obtain. I would like to make one suggestion concerning the magazine. Many people have commented that you should have a little more technical information on television. Pictures of studios, cameras, and a simplified explanation of the operation of TV.

I think you could have all this information on one page every month. If I did not really enjoy your magazine, I would not be writing you as I am not accustomed to doing this.

Duane Summers Kuhn
Snyder, New York

• We are planning a series on the people who produce television: the directors, cameramen, actors, choreographers and others. On page 22 in this issue we have a story on WOR-TV as a start.

YOUR RECEIVER



photographing the television screen

Television makes it possible for you, in the comfort of your own home, to see history in the making. The Presidential Inauguration, the opening session of Congress, the dedication of the United Nations headquarters in New York—these and many other exciting events were seen, as they occurred, by millions of viewers. In addition, top-notch sports contests, stars of all branches of show business and countless other celebrities are seen daily by all who own receivers.

Perhaps you have wondered, as you watched one of these important programs, if there were not some way in which you could capture and preserve some of these history-making pictures that are flashed through the air with the speed of light. Many of our readers, noticing that newspapers and magazines occasionally publish photographs taken from the face of a television picture tube, have asked us if they too might not take such pictures right in their own homes. They asked: Is it difficult? Is special equipment needed? Can I do it?

The respective answers to these questions are: No, No, and most emphatically, YES!

Before we discuss the mechanics of taking such pictures, let's see how the television pictures themselves are made. The TV image is created by linear electronic impulses—that is, lines of light (525 of them) running horizontally across the screen. At the thin end, or neck, of every picture tube there is an electron gun, which projects the impulses received from the station transmitter across the phosphorescent face of the kinescope, or picture tube.

Starting at the top left hand corner of the screen, this gun "shoots" a line of light across the face of the tube. When the end of the first line is reached, at the upper right hand corner of the screen, the beam of electrons is returned to the left hand side and begins filling in the third line, then the fifth and succeeding odd lines until the bottom is reached. It sounds complicated, and it is, but this entire operation takes only 1/60th of a second. Then the beam of electrons goes back to the top of the screen and fills in the even lines—taking another 1/60th of a second. Thus one complete picture is flashed on the screen each 1/30th of a second, or, to phrase it differently, thirty complete pictures are scanned per second.

From this it is apparent that the shutter speed of your camera must be slow enough to catch the entire video picture—to be specific, 1/25th of a second. If you "shoot" at a faster speed, part of your picture will be alright, but part will be black, because you will have stopped the action before all the lines making up the picture on the tube were in place.

Almost any camera will be able to supply this need, but *don't* use a camera with a focal-plane shutter, such as a Leica, Contax or Graflex. Most cameras, however, have what is known as a between-the-lens shutter, and this is just what you need.

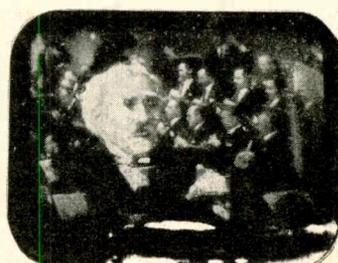
For the best picture-taking results, your receiver should be adjusted so that the image is brighter, but with less contrast, than it is for normal viewing. A grayer image on your tube will allow as much detail as possible on the film.

Use a tripod or place your camera on a firm table in front of the set. With a fast panchromatic film, a lens opening of F:45 is best. If your camera has a ground glass, you should have no trouble in focusing and framing your shot. If it has an ordinary view-finder, you can measure the distance to the set with a ruler; experiment a bit for proper framing. Turn out all the lights in the room, wait for a good close-up of your subject (there is not much detail in long shots on television) and shoot away.

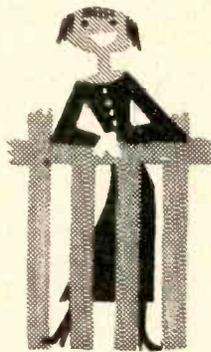
Never use flash bulbs, or other lighting, to compete with the illumination on the tube. If you want to make a picture of a family group watching TV, set your flash holder behind and to one side of the receiver, making sure that no light strikes the surface of the tube.

If you want to take home movies of TV programs, adjust your camera to 1/15th of a second exposure—this is equivalent to eight frames per second—and use a fast panchromatic film at F:4.5. Tell the processor to develop the reel for additional contrast. Explain that the film was used to take pictures off a video tube and the processor will know how to develop it for satisfactory results.

Taking TV pictures can develop into a fascinating hobby. Already many viewers throughout the country have built up fine collections of exciting pictures, and so can you. Go to it, and good luck!



telecast talks it over



BY RAHNA MAUGHAN

Not for all the rice in China would NBC Casting Director, Bill Kaufman, repeat his recent chore for *Chevrolet Theatre*. Asked to find a group of authentic-looking Asiatic extras, Bill combed the murkiest chop suey palaces in N. Y.'s Chinatown and returned triumphantly to NBC with his selections in tow. Only after rehearsals started did Bill realize how well he had done his job. For a while, all production was at a standstill while producers and directors practiced sign-language—not one of the Oriental group understood English. . . .

The biggest laugh going around television circles is that Samuel Mark, the paper-hanger from Baltimore who won \$16,700 on ABC-TV's *Stop The Music*, is now papering walls with U.S. currency



Shutterbug Peter Lind Hayes and wife Mary Healy welcome old friends to N.Y.: Hollywood's Gordon and Mrs. MacRae



Someone's saying "howdy" to Bob Smith of NBC TV's *Howdy Doody* and Mrs. Smith in the Wedgwood Room of the Waldorf



Dennis James, M.C. of WABD New York's *Okay, Mother* (Mon.-Fri.) found Mrs. Lou Gehrig a fascinating guest



Lots in common: Kyle MacDonnell, first lady of TV and star of Broadway's *Touch and Go* and Ray Bolger of *Where's Charley?*

... The United Nations General Assembly now can be viewed over TV on CBS for two hours daily. It's something every man, woman and child in America can't afford to miss. ... Carolyn Morgan of Washington, D.C.'s TV station WOIC, sent out a frantic SOS to entrants in her dessert-pie contest. Some eager-beaver housewives misunderstood Carolyn. Instead of sending in recipes, they deluged the station with honest-to-gosh pies. ...

KTHO-TV station and manager Rex Shepp celebrating the New Year as Phoenix, Arizona's only video station. ... Rosemary DeCamp, who you see in the movies and hear on Jean Hersholt's radio program, *Dr. Christian*, has also taken on the role of Mrs. Riley in NBC's television of *The Life of Riley*. ... Peggy Ann Garner, much more grown up since you saw her in *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*, is concentrating heavily on television. While in New York, Peggy took over Faye Emerson's apartment. These TV stars are such a close fraternity that even their apartments stay in the family. ... Ed Wynn, CBS-TV comedy star, whose son, Keenan, would rather direct movies than act in 'em, has a terrific yen for mints. In fact, Ed, probably the first chain-mint-eater in history, uses up about six packs a day. ...

While President Truman was motor-ing down 42nd Street, en route to dedica-tion ceremonies of the United Nations site, his vanguard secret service agents were on the receiving end of quite a chill: Standing next to the curb and conspicuous in the cheering crowd was an alarming aggregation of Nazi Naval officers. Losing no time, the menacing group was herded off the sidewalk and into the nearest lobby where grim-faced agents began pumping the uniformed ex-spectators. Questioning over, the agents returned to their duties, empty-handed, and perhaps a little dis-appointed because instead of apprehending a pack of war criminals, they had "cap-tured" a group of video actors who had interrupted rehearsals at a nearby studio just to see the President. ...

Observing his 40th year in music, 61-year-old conductor-composer Sigmund Romberg sadly gripes that what television needs are some good symphonic shows. ... while Maestro Arturo Toscanini be-moans the fact that he doesn't get to see as many fights on his set as he'd like. ... Sherman Billingsley's eldest daughter, Jacqueline, set to plunge into TV acting just as soon as the braces are removed from her teeth. ... Phil Baker, whose wife Ingrid is assisting him in preparing his new TV show *Open Letter*, confides to folks who are stumped by her odd name that it's just like Ingrid only with more Smörgåsbord. ... Thanks to the engineer-ing staff of Louisville's WAVE-TV station, the citizens of that town saw the World Series via a routed telecast from New York through Cincinnati to Louisville—



Guest Billie Burke joins regulars: (l. to r.) host Clifton Fadiman, playwright George S. Kaufman, and humorist Abe Burrows on CBS TV's *This is Show Business* which appears on Sunday evenings to answer the questions of rising young stars

television's version of the Tinkers to Evers to Chance double play. ...

It sounds a little odd, but it figures why CBS-TV has instituted a Pay-As-You-Stay plan in the case of Ken Murray's *Black-outs* show. He's actually being paid \$2,750 a week *not* to put his review on the network! CBS had hoped to start Ken's show last Fall, but no sponsor picked up the check for the estimated \$15,000. Some fast reckoning and it was decided it would be cheaper to pay Ken for bidin' his time than doing the show minus a sponsor. ...

Cinemactor John Payne who stands 6' 3" in his stocking feet—and you've never seen a more hectic pair of Argyle socks than that boy wears—had TV set designers going crazy. Was too tall for the average set which is about 7' high, and special sets 9½' high had to be built especially for him. ... Pretty Janet DeGore, whose mother is Maggi McNellis' secretary, making a strong bid for television stardom by way of WNBC New York's *Kraft Show*. ... Phil Harris and Alice Faye don't want to be caught napping in case some sponsor taps their radio show for a carbon copy version on TV. They've formed their own production company with Phil as the President and Alice as the Secretary-Treasurer. It's getting so no man has a chance at the purse-strings these days. ...

Clare Booth Luce, returned recently from an audience with *The Pope*, is making a series of 16mm. Catholic film shorts which she plans to distribute to TV networks. ... For a long time now, Roy Rogers has been yearning to sashay into video and it looks as though he's finally getting his wish. A breakfast food company will be de-lighted to sponsor the lean-shanked troubador and at a sum that will keep Roy and Dale Evans in those custom-made cowboy boots for a long time. ...

Diamond-loving Mae West dropped in at the WNBC, New York studios to do a guest spot, and as usual came through with a glittering remark for the boys. Asked about her ankle which was broken while playing in *Diamond Lil*, Mae said it was fine and looked down at her under-pinnings reflecting that they had been insured for \$12,000. Then, in her sinewy purr, further reflected that if an ankle was worth that much, well, hmmm, just think what the rest of her was worth. ...

DuMont is keeping their fingers crossed that murder and mayhem continue to be public favorites. They just signed three new shows: *The House of Shadows*, *Famous Jury Trials*, and *Plainclothesman*. and CBS Television Network maneuvered Raymond Chandler, the man who started this current "private-eye" writin' trend, into giving them exclusive video rights to Chandler's prize sleuth Philip Marlow. Could be that future TV screens will come equipped with bars just in case some of these characters get uppercuted right into your living-room. ...

It doesn't look as though viewers are going to see any of Walt Disney's cartoons on TV. Walt turned down a hefty offer from a video network on the grounds that he was protecting movie exhibitors. Incidentally, even though Hollywood keeps blanching at the thought of its contract players appearing on TV, almost every picture you see has one scene built around a TV set. It seems as if Hollywood has finally recognized television but they'll be darned if they get real chummy with it unless all TV activity centers on the West Coast. ... Eye-opener: Total of television receivers in U.S. exceeds 2,500,000. ... Claudia Pinza, Ezio's daughter who made him a grandpappy, showed Dennis James and his WABD New York *Okay, Mother* audience that

Lavender

by *solon*

patmer
SINCE 1847



*Throughout a Century
Its Quality has Endured Supreme*

**telecast
talks
it
over**



Bird over Paul Whiteman's shoulder won't be among the post-holiday viewers of ABC TV's *Paul Whiteman Revue*

concert singing is second nature in the Pinza family. She has a lovely voice. . . . Veteran performer Pat O'Brien jittery as any youngster out of dramatic school during his audition for a WOR-TV, New York, series based on circus life. . . .

It was one of those jokes that friends have together. Silly stuff that wouldn't mean too much to outsiders, but the two buddies got a bang out of it: Every time the late Frank Morgan and TV-star William Gargan met, Frank would ask where Bill was born. Bill would say Brooklyn, then the wonderful Frank would lift up an eyebrow and bluster: "Brooklyn! Why, I wouldn't be found dead in that burg!" When Frank died, his family arranged that his body be flown back home—to Brooklyn, of course. Ironically, the cemetery where Frank now rests is about a mile from the house where Gargan was born. . . .

Bet you didn't know that tall, white-haired Arthur Austin, TV producer, is writing a hymn book in his spare time. He's one of the country's foremost authorities on psalms and hymns. . . . MGM turned thumbs down on Jimmy Durante's plan to do a few television shows while in New York for his nightclub stint at the Copacabana. . . . One thing for sure, when Hedda Hopper starts her TV show on the West Coast, one of her guests *won't* be Louella Parsons. Even though the two rival columnists are reported to have forgiven and forgotten, they're still far, far away from being kissin' cousins. . . . Jeffrey Lynn was amazed to learn from TV technicians that jewelry worn for

video must be coated with simonize. Seems jewelry in its natural state creates a black halo. Wearing an untreated necklace makes an actress look as though her neck and head have parted company—shades of Marie Antoinette. . . .

Reports have been coming in that ABC-TV's hit show *A Couple of Joes*, is attracting a strange type of audience. For instance, one of the show's leading men, J. J. Morgan, has been getting torrid pash notes from a brown-eyed honey blonde with freckles across her nose. She signs her letters Dinny and from the pictures she encloses, is as cute as a cocker spaniel—in fact, Dinny is a cocker spaniel. Does that hurt J. J.'s pride? Heck, no! He isn't a bit above this canine chicanery because he, himself, is a basset hound. . . . P.S. If you've never seen a basset hound, you've lived! . . .

H. R. Baukhage, thinks commentators should be viewed in a more human light, so to prove his point, WMAL-TV, in Washington, D.C., is giving him 15 minutes of television time on Sundays. In

doing the news of the day, Baukhage will let teleaudiences in on his telephone conversations to headline names, show how he assembles the news and gets complete news coverage on vital stories of the day. . . . Baukhage better not be too human and reveal all his tricks of the trade, otherwise the country will be swamped with Baukhage-trained commentators. . . . *City at Midnight* is an exciting step toward realism on WNBT, New York. The hour long dramas are telecast from various spots in New York City and all action takes place on location. Everyone goes along with the idea that the shows are wonderful—that is, all except the crew of over 25 people who handle the outdoor production. On these cold winter nights, the kids are fr-r-ee-eezing to death. . . .

Morey Amsterdam, television comic seen on the DuMont network, Thursday nights, says his brother once had thick, wavy locks, but now all that has vanished into thin hair. Wonder what happened to Morey's other brother who had such a pointed head he combed his hair with a pencil sharpener. . . .

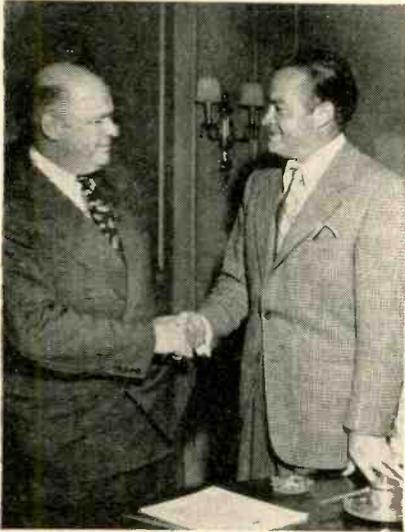


Linda Christian tells the romantic story of her marriage in Europe to Tyrone Power on *We the People*, NBC television (Fridays)

telecast talks it over



5000 letters—a big welcome for fashion expert Maxine Barratt who returned to the air on DuMont's *And Everything Nice*



Bob Hope's gleeful leer tells Dr. Allan B. DuMont he's glad to be exclusive distributor of DuMont TV receivers in Calif.



How many people viewing the round-cabinet design of the Meck Industries' new 10-inch TV set noticed the curves?

Paul Whiteman rating applause for his new TV show *The Paul Whiteman Revue* on ABC-TV. Elaborate is the word for the Sunday night production. . . . On CBS TV's *This is Show Business*, a program devoted to the problems of show folks, Abe Burrows, one of the advisory panel, seriously cautioned a woman who was planning a theatrical career for her young child: "And, don't forget, madam, she's liable to grow up and become another Margaret O'Brien—then you'll never be able to get married again." . . . Gloria Swanson, petite and charming as ever, gives television credit for her jet-propelled climb back up the ladder of success. Her early TV shows made the public Swanson-conscious again, and had VIPs out in Hollywood beckoning furiously. Incidentally, people have been wondering how Gloria, a mother of three grown children manages to look like a bright young thing at two paces. The answer is simple: never let time catch up with you. . . .

It's doubtful that any Kentucky Derby winner ever caused as much a sensation at Louisville's WAVE-TV as Sonny Boy, a trick horse which appeared on the *Juniors' Pet Show*. Officious got ole Sonny Boy up to the studio but coming down, the stairs were too steep for even a high-stepper like him. The Bright Idea Dept. went to work and the next thing the bewildered horse knew, the lugs were jamming him into a small automatic elevator. There was room enough for just Sonny Boy, and while the men went into another huddle, the automatic door suddenly closed and Sonny Boy was making a solo descent. He took it calmly enough, but you can't say the same for the poor unsuspecting character two floors up who had rung for the elevator. Just what flashed through his numbed mind when the door opened to reveal a horse will never be known, but it is assumed there is one less bourbon drinker in the Blue Grass State. . . .



Sleepy time pals: DuMont newscaster George Putnam returning from European news-gathering and Jacqueline Price whom he met on plane

a letter to our readers

In keeping with the New Year spirit TELECAST is devoting this issue to what's new in television: the faces and news along with the changes in our older friends. But like practically everyone else, we can't resist the temptation to make New Year's resolutions. We promise to stick to them. Therefore:

Resolved: To do everything possible to make TELECAST a magazine the whole family will enjoy, containing articles and photographs that you'll want to clip and save. We want TELECAST to be a monthly event . . . authoritative and informative, but above all, entertaining.

Resolved: To respect tradition but to be open to new ideas. 1950 and the birth of TELECAST just about coincide. (We're three months older.) Personally we feel 1950 is the start of a grand new era. We wouldn't be human if we didn't think TELECAST will become the chief sounding board of what eventually will be a mammoth industry—television. (Even now television is a billion dollar proposition.) To meet this challenge the staff will work hard and long, but your help is needed too . . . suggestions, arguments and criticisms . . . we welcome them all.

Your wonderful support and encouragement in the past allows us to look forward to the future years when we shall again meet and exchange greetings.

So HAPPY NEW YEAR EVERYONE.

the editor



Her charm has captured the hearts
of people from all walks of life.
That's because she will always be . . .

sincerely
Maggi Mc Nellis

BY MARGARET McCLANE

The war between the sexes—it's been dissected by psychiatrists, historians, suffragettes and millions of distracted males through the ages. Comes a short time ago a new approach on a new plane of "the hell with the subconscious, let's air this thing"—dissection by Maggi McNellis. She engineers the airing literally, figuratively and thoroughly on the popular show, "Leave It To The Girls."

On Sunday night at seven, the NBC-Television Network furnishes its audience with a treatment of the "problem" which they can easily understand and readily appreciate. A panel of four females, their razor-sharp claws attractively swathed in silk velvet, faces a solitary male animal (his claws are kept up his sleeve) and the quintet "discuss" almost any aspect of any relationship between the sons and daughters of Adam and Eve.

Since, under such circumstances, tempers and bombs are more than likely to burst, a brave, lone figure sits between the two groups and moderates. This seems to consist of a deft word here, a little push there, a hurried glossing over of some too-caustic comment—demanding, in other words, all the talents of a perfect hostess, a diplomat in a foreign land, a Golden Gloves referee and a kindly old nurse mothering her charges. Although her hand-span waistline belies it, all of these talents seem to be encompassed by the slim, magnetic person of Maggi McNellis. The idea for the show was Martha Rountree's. Maggi seized it in her well-manicured hands and has made a successful business of what makes Frankie and Johnnie run—from each other.

Where does she get that rare ability to keep the show spiced but not pickled? It would seem that such an ability would require, for one thing, a fair amount of cerebral matter. She won't confess to it, but she has it. Perhaps even more important, her job demands a natural, inborn, completely spontaneous sort of charm—and that's Maggi's forte.

The well-shaped mouth which can broaden readily to express a goodly sense of humor, and grow tense with attentiveness in the next moment; the wide eyes which confirm what the mouth has been telling you; the capacity to make you feel that you are just about the most important person in the world—these constitute Maggi's "charm" and these things, way back, made her Sunday parties in Chicago happily attended.

The parties were the embryo of the McNellis success story. Having absorbed fundamentals from fashionable schools in the East, Maggi had returned to her Windy City birthplace. She puts it: "I was just a Chicago person, and I started giving these Sunday parties—sort of society and celebrity. Any one who happened to be in Chicago would come."

The embryo progressed to a fetal stage: Maggi had two pianists to entertain her guests, and one afternoon when she was helping them select music, a photographer appeared—as they will—from nowhere. "What are you doing here?"—innocent question posed by a newspaperman.

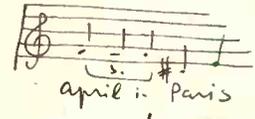
"Oh, Maggi's going to sing with us," chorused the boys—not quite so innocently. As a matter of fact, the only true innocence in the whole affair was Maggi's. She thought she'd go along with the joke.

"Sure," she said then. "Big gag," she says now.

Bigger than she realized at the time. "On the following Sunday," she recalls, "apparently nothing in the whole wide world had happened. There I was spread all over the front page. The entire society column was about Chicago's 'first society singer'—me—big gag."

But the other papers liked the gag and took it up in a big way. And the embryo conceived with the little Sunday parties finally matured fully into Maggi's singing one night shortly after at Chicago's famous Pump Room. The usual labor pains attended the birth: Maggi turned out to have a five-note range, and two nights before she was slated to sing, Hal Kemp roused Hal Mooney out of bed at 2 a.m. to put together four special arrangements for her. Maggi didn't know that had to be done. Ernie Byfield, Chicago restaurateur generally tagged a "bon vivant," sponsored her. Gertrude Lawrence played mother hen and took it on herself to cover the lights in the Pump Room with surprise pink. "Remember,"—she commanded—"you must (Continued on page 54)

Hello Maggi
But will be for your happiness!
Sincerely,
Delia B. Adair
KING-OF-CLAWS -
R. B. + B. + B. CIRCLES -
1948.



for Maggi with thanks.
Sincerely
Vernon Duke

To Maggi
It's always a
pleasure to appear on
your show -
Sincerely
Tommy Lewis
To MAGGI
YOU'RE MY SECRET FLAME!
LOVE -
JESSE MAHOVEY



Willie (Grand)
loves
Maggi

To Maggi
with Love

Jimmy Fawcett

To Maggi
It's pretty early but I
had a great time
Sincerely
Leo Casan



To Maggi

with love
Misseta Queen

TELECAST

MEETS THE TRUEX FAMILY



Above—Three Truex generations pose for a family portrait. Standing (l to r) are Barry, Vicki, James, Sally, Philip, and Sylvia Field (Mrs Truex). Ernest Truex holds Penelope, 3, daughter of Vicki and James. Penny likes being on "telemidge"

Right—in the closet-size kitchenette, Sally takes charge of preparing the spaghetti dinner. The Truexes' TV kitchen, courtesy of Gimbels, is spacious enough to feed a large platoon

The Truex clan, one of the theater's most famous families, has switched to television. Not that a true Truex could ever cease to love the theater. However, they thank video for bringing them all together in roles they can't help but enjoy—being themselves.

Since mid-October Ernest Truex and his wife, Sylvia Field, plus three sons, a daughter, and assorted in-laws and grandchildren have been frolicking through a Thursday evening half hour over station WPIX, New York, which purports to demonstrate to viewers that stage folk are just like people. How well the show succeeds depends on how inexhaustibly whacky, confusing, and altogether charming you think people can be.

To get an off-stage view of the matter, a TELECAST photographer spent a recent evening at a highly informal party at the Truex apartment in Manhattan. The results are especially revealing, since many of the humorous incidents portrayed in *The Truex Family* on TV are based on the real-life Truex history. In fact, so close to reality is the show that Ernest Truex has complained that while he sits backstage waiting to go before the cameras he frequently finds his wife busy knitting, Sally and Barry doing their homework, daughter-in-law Vicki feeding granddaughter Penelope—until Mr. Truex often forgets whether he is at home or at work.

This is hardly surprising, since Ernest Truex, after more than 50 years on the stage and in motion pictures, is a master of the art of comedy. His specialty is the role of the little man forever buffeted by circumstances, but forever unbeaten and determined. Mrs. Truex—or Sylvia Field—is a Broadway, Hollywood, and radio veteran who has appeared often in scatterbrain roles, though friends testify that beneath a gay and bubbly exterior she hides a quiet managerial talent for running Truex headquarters. All of the children, from Philip and James, who are in their early thirties, to Sally, 17, and Barry, 15, have had similar experience.

On their current TV show the Truexes pretend to be exactly what they are—actors suffering the trials and triumphs of their profession. The only exception is Sally, who is cast as a copywriter in the advertising office of Gimbels department store, which sponsors the program. Sally takes care of the commercial plugs on the show and announces each week's special bargains. Sponsored by one of the nation's largest department stores, *The Truex Family* is a notable experiment in television retailing, as well as a pleasant half-hour visit with a bunch of wonderful people.





Below—Art Ford, radio disk jockey and host on his own TV show, brought Nicole Francis, 19-year-old French film star, to the party. She is on her way to a Hollywood screen test

The assembled guests, many of whom are new friends the Truexes have made since going on television, attack the succulent strands. Penny gets assistance from her father, James



Above—An uninvited guest wanders in from the terrace when the door is opened for air. Soft-hearted Mrs. Truex can't resist welcoming the little stranger



Left—Ernest Truex eyes another successful little man, Napoleon Bonaparte. Truex, 5'3", never wears elevator shoes because, says Sally, "Papa doesn't want to be taller than anyone —just wants to be a better actor"

Far left—We almost forgot to feed Kiwi, who came to the party with one of the guests. Penny makes up for the oversight while Mrs. Truex looks on



introducing Bill Lawrence

If you notice the top crooners shifting uneasily on their thrones, they have good reason. For within a year, in an unobtrusive way, Bill Lawrence has forced them to make room. Currently he is the singer most in demand by the people who count in his business—the music public.

Bill, only 23 years old, is the heir apparent to the crooners' throne. Considering his age it is not surprising that a large part of his audience is made up of teen-agers—but considering his face, it is easy to understand why at least one-fourth of his audience is composed of older women. They regard him as a son. The older men also write in constantly saying: "We've enjoyed your songs very much, especially the ones that remind us of ourselves when we were young and romantic." During his peak weeks he gets 3,000 letters from fans.

Bill's delivery is the basis of his popularity. It defies a trademark. When Bill sings a song, he shows his partiality to the lyrics. That is why he uses his face and eyebrows (rarely his hands) to convey the way the music is affecting him. He is totally unconscious of the impression he makes. When told of this characteristic, he expressed utter disbelief and classed it as "hammy and phoney." That is something Bill Lawrence couldn't be. When he sells a song, he sells himself.

You can see him doing this five times a week on CBS-Television network's *Arthur Godfrey and His Friends*. But the extent of his popularity in the flesh and blood can be easily measured on the basis of a recent one-day trip he took to Philadelphia to plug some records in a department store and make a few radio appearances.

For a continuous vociferous demonstration on the part of teen-age fans it is believed unequaled. The ride to Philadelphia on the diner should have been a tip-off to the whole trip. Two men recognized him and spent the entire hour and a half of the ride telling him their hard luck stories. Bill is as considerate as most travelers and just wouldn't stop them talking.

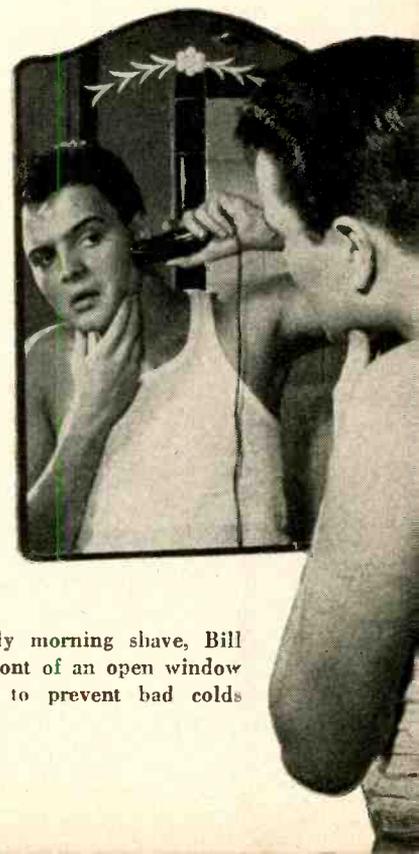
At the radio station Bill was amazed at the number of people who came to see him. With little publicity Bill had only scheduled 3 different shows. He had to give 6 to accommodate his 8,500 admirers.

Toward the end of the sixth performance, as if by cue, the audience began to rise and slowly push forward to the stage. Fifty or sixty girls finally jumped up on the stage and screamed and raced for him. Bill and his party escaped temporarily by climbing a ladder to the electrician's balcony and then out a trap door to the floor above. They boarded an elevator to take them to the street. The crowd could be heard pounding down the stairs as the elevator descended. When it became evident the youngsters would reach the street floor first, the elevator man stopped at the third floor and told Bill and his friends to hide in the men's room and answer only to his pre-arranged signal. They reached it safely but they soon heard the voices of teen-age girls in the hallway conducting a room-to-room search of the building. The men flattened themselves against the wall but the girls peered through the grates and scratched on the door imploring Bill to come out. Bill stayed inside till a police escort rescued him. On the street another group was patiently waiting and swarmed around him when he appeared. They reached for buttons, his tie, and one little girl kept begging for "one hair out of your eyebrow, Bill."

Later that night while sitting in an evening spot, a man walked over

... whose youthfulness
and romantic baritone
voice have brought
him fame. Still
he remains the same
friendly and
unaffected young man

BY BERNARD TOWLE



◀ Bill hurries to rehearsal of the CBS-TV variety show *Arthur Godfrey And His Friends*. The popular baritone is a conservative dresser—his clothes are all of solid hue. A good catch for some lucky gal, he has no plans for marriage

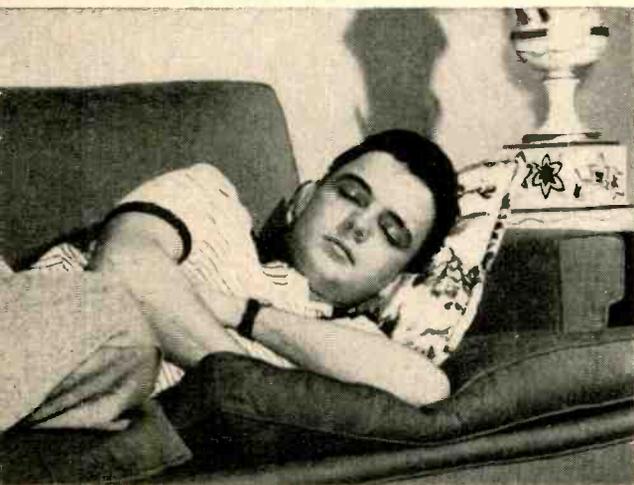
After his early morning shave, Bill exercises in front of an open window with barbells to prevent bad colds



Bill missed his mom's cooking so much he had her join him in New York. When forced to cook by himself, he eats raw foods: carrots, string beans and meat!



Poker-player par-excellence, Bill inveigled his manager, Ritchie Lisella, into the old game of bluff. Bill often has his song-plugger pals in for all-night sessions



Being a bit of a night owl, nothing is more delightful than a mid-day nap. Bill gets eight hours' sleep a day, relaxes about the house in tee shirts and slacks

and asked: "You're Bill Lawrence, aren't you?" Bill nodded and the man yelled across the room to his companion, "Pay me." Everyone is proud of recognizing him.

Bill had to stay in a cab a few blocks away that evening while the rest of the party checked him out of the hotel. They raced to the railroad station but the grapevine traveled faster. A large crowd of girls blocked the party's path but they managed to get on the train with only a few seconds to spare. Many of the girls got on also, and when the train pulled out, had to ride to the next stop to get off.

Bill Lawrence takes these incidents in his stride because he realizes it happens to many of the singers on the way to stardom. Since he can also remember the not-so-distant days when he was just one of many singers trying to get a break, success has not gone to his head. Bill is a pleasant, unaffected guy who wants to please. This is the quality in his singing that makes him a standout. He doesn't just sing, he feels his lyrics. This is readily apparent over television and viewers have responded with proposals for marriage, gifts of knitted socks and ties, and a plush dog that he keeps in his spacious bedroom.

If anything, Bill Lawrence wishes his popularity would touch some of the storekeepers with whom he does business. Recently when his family was giving a dinner party he went into a liquor store to purchase a few bottles of wine. He was dressed in a tee shirt and a pair of slacks. The clerk sold him without question. Later the same day, he went to a local drug store for a pack of cigarettes. The storekeeper questioned his age. Bill gets slightly indignant at these times and replies, adding a few years to his actual age for emphasis: "Twenty-six." When the clerk seems dubious, he shrugs: "I sure don't look it, but I sure am."

Bill's charm is a reticence and quietness that underlines a very friendly spirit. He seems anxious to do anything to please and even when he does you a favor he makes you feel you are doing him a favor by letting him.

This anxiousness to please sometimes gets him into an embarrassing spot. When Bill was just beginning on the show, Godfrey asked him what song he would like to sing. Still a little nervous, Bill answered without thinking, "a sexy song." Godfrey drawled in his friendly style: "Aren't you a little young to be talking about that." Bill quipped back: "Well, I'm 21, and I have to learn sometime."

Bill regards Godfrey with affectionate respect as befits the man who has done so much for Lawrence and others. Bill says: "He's great to work with. Just like he is on the air." Godfrey doesn't have time to socialize much off the set but he still managed to invite Bill to his home one week-end. Lawrence still remembers it as a wonderful vacation.

In one sense Bill Lawrence is a rarity among singers. Most singers are frustrated actors, dancers or Shakespearians. Bill has no aspirations for any of these—he not only isn't interested but doesn't feel equipped at the present for such a role. When he was in Hollywood, he tried out for a dramatic role and that soured him for the time being. He was told his voice was too old for his face. He contents himself now with going to a show like South Pacific (he'd like to see them all but hasn't the time) and imagining himself playing the role of the young Princeton graduate who gets killed on a secret mission—but in this respect he is like every stage-struck fan.

Bill's youthfulness belies his singing experience. His first

foray before an audience came when he was seven years old in his native East St. Louis, Illinois. His birth date was December 22nd, 1926—practically a Christmas present.

In the early thirties, the walkathon—a walking endurance contest—was flourishing. The tedium was relieved by amateur contests and vaudeville acts. Bill and a couple of friends wandered in one day and were promptly set to work by the management. Bill won first prize with a soprano rendition of *My Reverie*. Even in those days his smiling school-boy face attracted attention. His mother, who now lives with him in his New York apartment, neither encouraged nor discouraged this adventure. A little later, when Bill began to think seriously of singing she told him: "If you want to sing, sing; if you want to be a farmer, be a farmer."

Bill Lawrence never had any doubts. He haunted walkathons and played small club dates during the time he spent in Webster Grammar School and the Rock Junior High School. His singing style was beginning to evolve. It was at the East Side High School that his mellow-toned baritone style really matured. There he participated in the glee clubs and mixed chorus. Curiously enough, he flunked singing. "I never bothered to show up for class," he recalls, "because I didn't think I needed it." He went through with fair grades but never was a model student in deportment. East Side High is important in one respect. While there he obtained instruction from his first and only singing teacher, Mrs. Rose Mary Greene Brinson, whom he affectionately remembers for her encouragement and advice. Bill also used to accompany singers on the radio to perfect his style. At graduation he turned down three scholarships in dramatics—his eye was set on songdom's royalty.

Occasionally he had to meet reality half-way before he could reach his goal. Summers he worked as a messenger, usher, answered telephones and worked in a stockyard. The few months he recalls most vividly were spent in Louisville, Kentucky, where he learned how cigarettes are made. Since he is now employed by Chesterfield that could come in handy. Though he is now six feet tall, his build is not of the herculean variety. In the factory, though, he was a "human mule"—carried large quantities of tobacco in a sack slung over his shoulder. Today he exercises with a barbell each morning. Appearances can be deceiving.

At the age of 18 he started out for Hollywood where his older brother, Raymond, had an apartment. The reason he chose Hollywood explains much of the reason why he has become popular with his audience. Bill said: "If you're born in a small town, Hollywood means the whole world to you. Chicago is a goal and New York is something to aim at, but Hollywood is it."

Bill aimed at radio rather than the movie industry. He met with many discouragements during his year and a half stay. He heard producers say: "Your voice is fine but I don't like your style." The Lawrence style of the backward lilt of his head, puckering eyebrows and far-away voice still needed time to mature.

Bill was told to listen to tunes, read lyrics and sing what the words meant to him. Bill went out and bought records without lyrics and accompanied them. It worked out. Bill entered several amateur contests and won a few. Columbia offered him a dramatic part but he didn't think it was right for him. He obtained a week's engagement at the Million Dollar Theatre in Los Angeles—which was the most he had to show for his stay in Hollywood.

Ritchie Lisella, an experienced hand in the music field, heard Bill sing and sent a record and photo to Jimmy Dorsey who he knew was on the lookout for a vocalist. Dorsey was then in Sandusky, Ohio. He wired Bill to come out—and added—in two days. Bill and Ritchie hopped into a car and drove day and night, taking turns at sleeping. When they got to Sandusky, Bill caught his breath, gulped and picked out the arrangements of two songs of whose lyrics he was surest. He sang that very evening. He was with Dorsey for eight months. He left because he thought he could get more of a break in New York and one-night stands are slightly grueling for a twenty-year-old.

Ritchie Lisella, who had by then become Bill's manager and friend of the family, arranged with his brother, Vincent Lisella, of Summit Hill, Pennsylvania, to sponsor Bill on Arthur Godfrey's *Talent Scouts*. Bill's rendition of *It's Magic* won and he received the customary award of a three-day engagement on Arthur Godfrey's daytime program.

On the morning of the third day, in front of over a million listeners, Godfrey inquired without any advance warning if Bill had any plans for the future.

Bill answered: "Well, I guess I'd like to be like you some day." Godfrey inquired then, which it is said he did without discussion with any of the producers of the show, whether Bill would like to stay on as a regular of the show. Bill couldn't say anything. Godfrey reported the pause in his inimitable fashion. But even he couldn't tell what was going on in Bill's own mind. Bill recalls: "I thought I was going to pass out." Then he thought of the suddenness of the offer and the wonderful opportunity it offered him, and he replied: "Yes, naturally." That was September 23, 1948. Success followed rapidly. Morey Amsterdam saw him on the Godfrey show and within two weeks Lawrence was a featured vocalist on his show. (Continued on page 53)



Owner of a fine collection of popular albums and sheet song arrangements, Bill practices vocalizing in the comfort of his East Side apartment which he shares with his brother and mother

LAST BUT NOT LEAST

WOR-TV is the latest television station to appear on the New York scene—but with giant strides it is making up the distance between it and its older competitors

BY C. K. FREDERICKS

ON A quiet afternoon a few years back President Theodore Streibert of Radio Station WOR called his staff into his office and discussed WOR's plan to get in on the ground floor of television. If the studio executives thought it was just a question of time and money they were in for a rude awakening. Difficulties beset WOR from the beginning—and few of the afternoons were quiet thereafter.

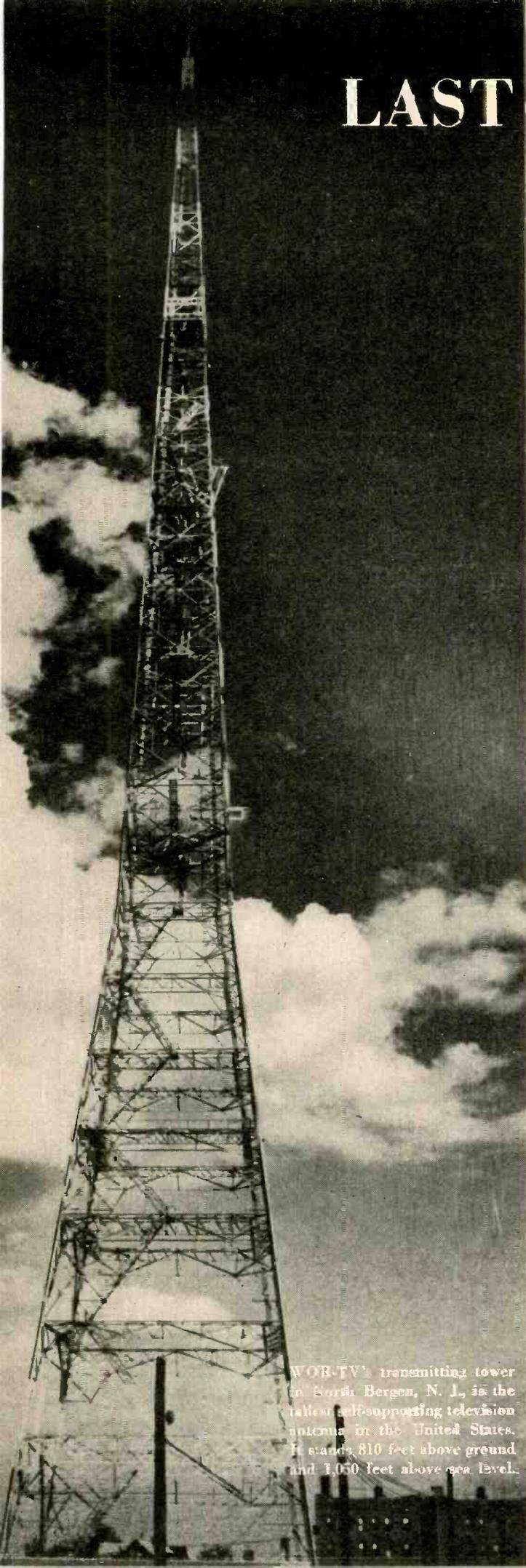
WOR Television was in no hurry to open shop. As Mr. Streibert has said: "We might have got on the air much sooner if it had just been a question of getting a signal out to the Metropolitan area—any kind of a signal. However, WOR Television wanted the finest signal . . . we are now delivering a signal with such clarity of reception that it can't be challenged by any station in the country."

WOR-TV put its first signal on the air the evening of August 14, 1949; and after televising several baseball games on an experimental basis, WOR-TV began regularly scheduled operations October 5, 1949.

WOR-TV's story dates back to before World War II. It applied for and was granted a construction permit by the Federal Communications Commission. However, the war halted WOR-TV's building plans. Following the war, WOR had to start from scratch and apply for a new construction permit. After a competitive hearing, permission to build was again granted. The station decided to locate its transmitter outside the high building area of Manhattan in Fort Lee, New Jersey—just across the Hudson River from New York City. But the height of the tower (810 feet) meant that approval of the Civil Aeronautics Commission had to be obtained before construction could start.

The CAA considered the Fort Lee location too close to existing airlines and suggested an alternate location on the Palisades at North Bergen, New Jersey, be used. Construction on this site began in August, 1948. In July, 1949 the transmitter and transmitting tower were completed.

If WOR Television thought its troubles were under its belt, opening night put an end to that. Opening night could best be sub-titled: "The best-made plans of mice and men often go astray." The station planned no ceremonies to mark its official opening. Instead in a sentimental gesture to the past, WOR Television opened its telecasting with a recording of Al Jolson singing *April Showers*. Twenty-eight years ago, in 1922, WOR Mutual opened its radio broadcasting with a similar record.



WOR-TV's transmitting tower in North Bergen, N. J., is the tallest self-supporting television antenna in the United States. It stands 810 feet above ground and 1,050 feet above sea level.

Jolson's singing was to be presented on a dark screen. Then the screen was to light up and John Gambling would say: "Good evening, this is WOR-TV." The regular shows were to immediately follow this announcement. The opening was practiced for weeks of "dry runs" and experimental transmissions. But on the *big* night, just as the station went on the air at 6:55 P.M., the line containing the sound portion of the program failed to work. Jolson's rendition was lost. The screen lit up and John Gambling was visible but his voice wasn't heard. By a strange quirk of destiny understood only by sponsors and studio executives, the sound line only began to operate at the exact moment a commercial for a bread company was being read.

These now famous six minutes of silence on *Channel 9* in New York City were not "such a bad thing," Mr. Streibert later reported. "It shows we're very human, after all."

WOR-Television has sensibly approached programming policy with the attitude expressed by Mr. Streibert: "We want to walk before trying the high jump . . . our object is to build strong programming with emphasis on personalities. This is the sort of entertainment that made WOR a leader in the radio industry. We know we can't do this overnight so we are building slowly with only a five-day-a-week schedule beginning at 7 p.m., at the start. Sports and public events are also a part of programming policy."

Since the emphasis is on personalities the performers for WOR-TV were picked on the basis of looking attractive, personable and above all *homey*. They are meant to be people you would like to have for a friend.

There are no westerns, old films, news or spectacle type shows planned. Station executives feel the latter two types are basically an extension of radio where the audio reaction was the most necessary quality for the success of the show. They don't belong in their present form on television.

Studio officials have faced additional problems in forming a Mutual Television Network. The wartime FCC "freeze" on new stations has held the network to a nucleus of WOR-TV, New York; WOIC, Washington, D. C. which is WOR-owned; WNAC-TV, Boston; and WGN-TV, Chicago. KSTL, Los Angeles, is another member of the nucleus, but is awaiting the co-axial cable to be joined to her eastern sisters. Mutual affiliates in Philadelphia, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Utica and Cincinnati have submitted applications to operate a television station. In addition to

these stations, which are in varying stages of construction, 40 other Mutual member stations have applications pending before the FCC.

The WOR executives are going ahead with the programming necessary to supply this eventual coast-to-coast network. The basic factor to be reckoned with is costs. Numerous sponsors would like to reach the television audience but the cost is very high. Unlike radio which had to break down both business and consumer resistance, television has a ready-made market.

At its start WOR-TV understandably had few of its programs fully sponsored. Therefore they have used "a participating basis set-up." This means that, though a show is listed as unsponsored, time segments may be bought in them by participating sponsors, i.e., people who buy one-minute commercials for their products in any show they choose. The only limitation the station places on this practice is that the products can not be competitive.

A second method used to help support a television program's expense is the "partnership basis." This is a contractual agreement between the individual show's producer and the station whereby the station puts the show on the air and the packager supplies the entertainment. Any revenue obtained from spot announcements or from full sponsorship of the show is divided according to a predetermined percentage.

The solution, however, may lie in neither method. In the opinion of one television authority, full sponsorship of a show every other week rather than concentrating on a weekly show, is the soundest method.

Whatever the method used to get the show on the air, in the saying of the theatre, "the show must go on." WOR-TV is equipped to handle both studio and remote (outside of the studio) programs.

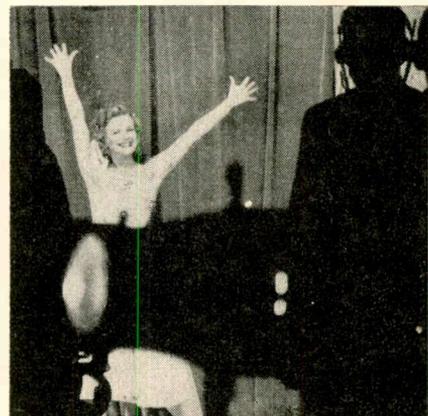
The WOR-TV studio is in the New Amsterdam Theatre located atop a ten-story building on West 42nd Street. The theatre has a long and famous history since it opened in 1903. During that time Flo Ziegfeld operated it for eight years presenting stars like Will Rogers, Ed Wynn, W. C. Fields, Eddie Cantor and Marilyn Miller in the famous Ziegfeld Follies. During the thirties it was operated as a radio station by NBC and WOR. Since 1943, however, it has been used to rehearse Broadway plays. So many shows rehearsed there have become hits, that among the trade



Given a dramatic situation Charles Mendick and Joyce Gordon decide how it ends on WOR TV's *What Happens Now?*



Barbara and John Gay, who were recently married themselves, play a true to life team on *Apartment 3C* (WOR TV)



Popular Joan Roberts of last season's musical *High Button Shoes* sings on her own WOR TV show five nights weekly

the theatre has an almost magical association. WOR Television has leased the 750-seat theatre for three years. Eventually it plans to have space in the New Television Center, 20 West 67th Street.

The New Amsterdam Rooftop Theatre has been converted into two studios. One of the difficulties of this became evident on opening night. The *Handy Man* show received audible applause although it has no audience. The explanation was that the noise came from the other studio where Barry Gray, interviewer, was warming up an audience for his show.

Since the executives of WOR Mutual and WOR-TV themselves have been doubling in brass it is easy to understand why they have instituted the policy of overlapping services among their technical personnel. This policy is based on their desire not to discharge present help in building up the television departments. Radio-trained engineers handle the cameras and radio-trained production crews are converting to television. As yet there is no independent prop set-up but there is a separate make-up department under the direction of Frederick Van der Linden.

Van der Linden's career which began in the Dutch Royal Court and followed to Broadway and Hollywood is a capsule history of many of television's workers today. Van der Linden has solved many of the early difficulties of television make-up. "We tried all different colors," he recalls. "One time it would be faces painted green, then another time blue faces with purple lips." Besides being a make-up artist Van der Linden is a skilled wig maker. "I make all my own wigs. To make wigs correctly, it is necessary to know every hair style of every period . . . from BC right down to the present."

This policy of taking the special abilities of men in an allied entertainment field has worked out well for WOR-TV. Radio-trained personnel is especially apt at developing the intimate feeling of a program. If they have the beat and harmony of the show in mind they need only apply teamwork and intelligence to produce worthwhile entertainment.



WOR TV engineers Frank Garufy and James Long (l. to r.) operate TV signal in the transmitter building. Foreground equipment is "sound desk" for playing records. Cabinets in background hold reserve transmitter equipment for replacements and emergencies

Let us follow a typical program on WOR-TV to see how this works out in practice. After a program is accepted it is scheduled for camera rehearsal. The performers are selected and presumably know their lines before they appear at the studio. Camera rehearsal time is allotted on a 3:1 ratio. That means 45 minutes before the camera for a 15-minute program. The director sits in his booth or control room and calls stage direction to the "talent" as he sees fit from watching the monitor tubes. These tubes reproduce what each of the three cameras focused on the performers is "seeing." The director also tells the camera men and the floor manager — who is a liaison man between the entertainers and the control room—what he wants from them. They run through the show till rehearsal time runs out and then they are "forcibly" ejected from stage and booth. Next comes rehash of rehearsal over a cup of coffee and soon they are ready for the services of the make-up man. Then all stand in the wings or in the director's booth waiting for their cue to go before the cameras.

Remote pick-ups which are used for sporting events as well as interview and musical-type programs are different because they are usually unrehearsed. Instead of sitting in a director's booth the director of the show sits in a mobile unit—where he has the same equipment as he would in the studio booth. He directs from there watching his monitors and contending with the same problems he has in the studio.

But whatever the origin of the program WOR-TV has concentrated on a personality-type show. They fall into three classifications. The first contains the element of eavesdropping as in *Apartment 3C*, which is a genial, informal close-up of a young married couple.

The second contains audience participation in some manner or other. For example, the *Road to Success* is a practical inventor's paradise. Some people already presented included a man who makes gold for 50¢ a pound, and a man who runs a car on distilled water. Anyone can write in to appear on the air. Hazel Shermet, a singing comedienne, takes songs from people and sings them under the heading: *Song You Never Heard Before — and Nobody Will Want to Hear Again*. The *Toon-a-vision* program is a part quiz and part personality show. Cartoons are shown which contain clues to the name of a song. Answers are called or mailed in.

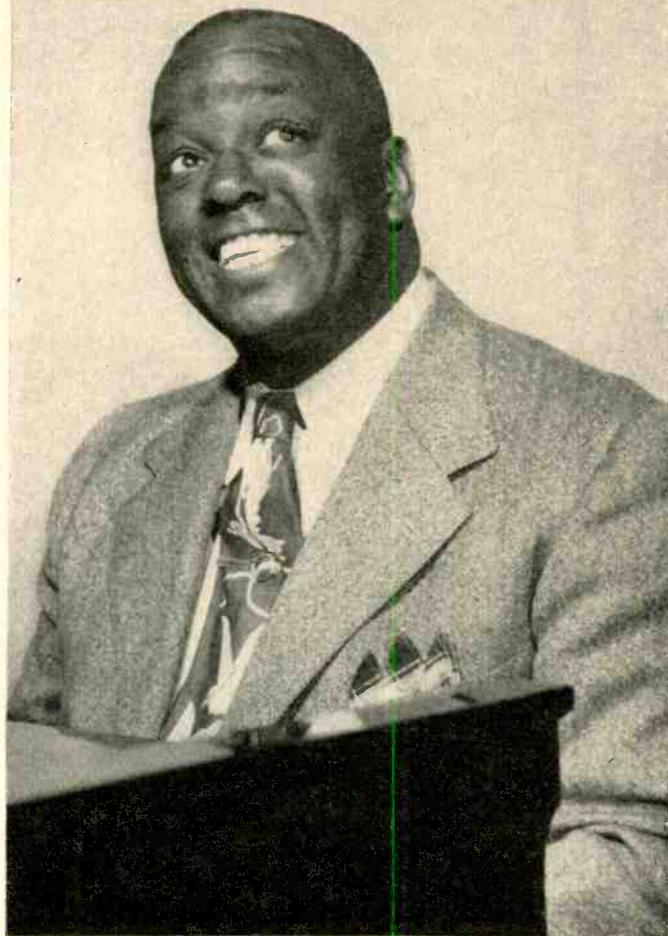
The third classification invites the viewer to a place he wouldn't have much opportunity to visit or presents purely visual entertainment. *What Happens Now?* is ad-lib theatre. Six actors are presented with a dramatic situation—they are then asked to act out *What Happens Now*. Barry Gray and Bill Slater's *Dinner At Sardi's* conduct interviews of celebrities. Red Benson takes you to the Old Knickerbocker Music Hall on his program while Joan Roberts sings sweet and low on her show. This popular musical comedy star has varied her show by singing everything from Ave Maria to the latest hits.

Whatever the type of show though WOR-TV is determined to produce family entertainment that is designed for and suitable to the home televiewer. They have cut through red tape and spent long years of planning to come this far. Like the industry itself, WOR-TV has made mistakes of its youth. It has also demonstrated its capacity to grow into maturity. Knowing its capable leadership, it is fairly certain we won't have long to wait for that time.

From Beethoven to Be-bop

The road from vaudeville to TV wasn't easy but the way was smoothed for Bob Howard by his ever-helping wife

BY GARY KALE



MASTER of the keyboards, Bob Howard has rapidly blossomed forth as one of video's better known personalities. Be it Bach or boogie, Beethoven or be-bop, Howard plays them all on his popular 15-minute CBS-TV program *Sing It Again*, heard Monday through Friday.

Smiling Bob realizes that taking a trip to Europe was a step in the right direction, and one that was to become the basis for his eventual success in the radio and television fields. While playing at theatres in England, Scotland and Ireland, he was forced to duplicate their manner of "playing music slowly." This change in tempo, coupled with his own "fast beat," enabled him to set the pace which has since made him a top-flight star.

At first, when he returned to the States, the "jump happy" public refused to go for his "English brand of music." Their yells of "come on and get hot" made him extremely doubtful of this newly acquired rhythm, but people gradually absorbed the beat and found it to their liking. Since that one outburst, Bob has never had any trouble with an audience. The fact of the matter is that once he starts piano rambling and singing, he is never allowed to leave the stage without at least a dozen encores.

While doing a stint in New England theatres, Bob met Ruth Stevens, a graduate of the New England Conservatory of Music, who led him into the matrimonial ring. He learned many things about the piano from Ruth. In fact she was the one who originally made him turn from the ukulele to the piano. Howard admits that "since Ruth was in the concert music field at the time, she was able to teach me the many variations of style and theme that

a good piano player needs to get along." She was the guiding force behind his switch from jazz to swing.

An experienced artist when it comes to ad-libbing on his TV show, Bob often interrupts his music or program commercials with his zany talk. He has also used this device to worm his way out of difficult situations. Bob recalls the time he was ready to go into his closing theme, when he saw the assistant director hopping up and down and wildly waving his hands. "I didn't realize until too late," he declares, "that I was receiving a sign that the program was reaching the allotted time used for the commercial. I just smiled when I caught on and kept right on playing."

Bob claims that "vaudeville is different from television in the sense that other signals are used to let a person know what's going on." In his show days he knew all the cues, but video has put him in the novice class. He has had to learn the off-stage signals all over again.

When he first went into TV Bob thought it was "going to be like the movies." He soon discovered that there was "nothing at all to read, and no rehearsals at all." The real reason why he doesn't rehearse is simply that it would never come out the same on the air. His 15 minutes of chatter and piano playing do not leave time for regular commercial commitments. Therefore, the announcer has to step in at any time he finds convenient. Bob's antics inevitably draw peals of laughter and volumes of applause from the audience.

A week before he is slated to do a program, Bob tells CBS Music Clearance exactly what numbers he will play. After he receives his O.K., he is (*Continued on page 62*)

pinhead tonight

Little children and adults alike eagerly await the nightly adventures of Lucky Pup, Pinhead and Foodini as narrated by Doris Brown

A girl of many outdoor hobbies, Doris can make a tractor purr like a kitten while she helps her mother run their farm home in New Canaan, Connecticut



BY GERSON MILLER

Parents have discovered a surer method of making Junior eat his spinach and wash behind his ears than threatening to report him to the neighborhood policeman. Now all they need say is "No Pinhead tonight." If that doesn't have the desired effect, little will. For adults and children alike look forward to that bright spot in their day when the CBS television program, *Lucky Pup*, goes on the air.

The *Lucky Pup* show is in the best tradition of the Punch and Judy escapades. Its permanent characters are puppets whose adventures are narrated by Doris Brown, the most famous "half-known" girl in television. Doris, the only person seen on the television show, opens and closes the six-a-day-week program by chatting with Jolo the clown or *Lucky Pup* and bringing newcomers up to date on the serial which often lasts several months.

The camera only shows Doris from the waist up. This has resulted in some confusion in the minds of the youngsters. Recently one wrote to Doris asking for a photo of her in a bathing suit. He didn't want the picture for cheesecake purposes. He did want to know, though, whether Doris had any legs. He along with some of the other kids was under the impression she was a mermaid. It also gave Warren Hull the idea for a wonderful take-off when he interviewed her on his show recently. As Doris entered the room the camera focused on her legs and waist all the way to his table. (Ed. Note: Her legs are very attractive.)

It is easy to see why the youngster could have such a mistaken notion. The program is wonderful fantasy. It revolves around Foodini, the wicked magician, who tries by foul and fair means to separate *Lucky Pup* from the \$5,000,000 he inherited from the late Circus Queen. Since Foodini is constantly inventing weird machines which never work out as he intends, it is understandable he can only afford to pay his assistant, Pinhead, a few cents a week.

One of Foodini's inventions backfired on the program recently as far as Doris Brown, and Hope and Morey Bunin, the creators and manipulators of the puppets, were concerned. Foodini was blowing up a balloon with a magical gas, very much like tear gas. Sure enough the balloon broke and everyone was blinded. Hope and Morey Bunin, who are the voices as well as manipulators of the puppets, escaped the main effects but Doris was caught unawares. "I choked and gasped," she recalls. Doris couldn't see the watch she holds in her hand by which she times the program. She just had to ad-lib her way through to when she thought the show should close.

William Saroyan, the playwright, wrote recently to the CBS station telling them of the appeal the story has. "When I first discovered the program and introduced it to my two kids none of us suspected it was to be our favorite. In the matter of a few days my kids began to ask, 'Pinhead tonight?' I think I can tell why.

"First Pinhead is irresistible. This is so because he is so much like so much that is true about everybody, including children. He is dominated, he is pushed around, he is patient, he means well but makes one mistake after another for which he is punished by a clunk on the head. An arrangement he understands and accepts with admirable grace. He is slight, odd-looking, has no vanity, no illusions about himself, and yet has the dimensions of a hero of the first order.

"His basic remark, 'Yes, Boss,' is a variant of a child's feeling about his relation to the world. He is incapable of real discouragement.

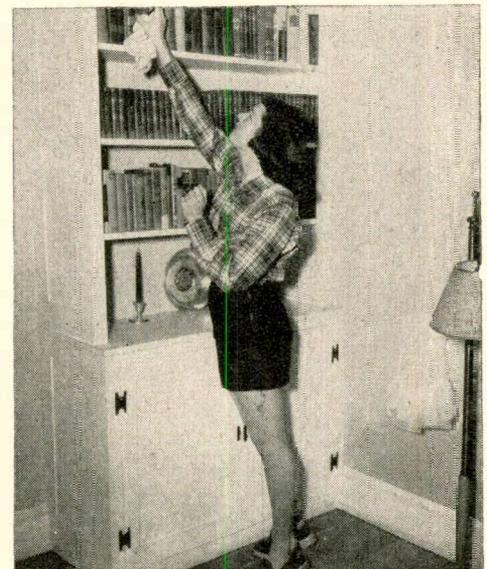
"Second," Saroyan continues, "Foodini is the attractive fake all authority is: confident, loud, rude, self-centered, proud and yet a delight to behold in action because his pose is easy to see through, and because his own fantasy of power is forever tripping him into the ludicrous helplessness into which all authority soon finds itself.

"Third, the young lady, Doris Brown, who opens and closes each day's adventures, combines in her appearance and manner of speech that delight and seriousness with which children appear to receive and understand experience."

Some of the youngsters take a less tolerant (Continued on page 58)



Publishers beware. A book for kids already finished and a full-length novel just begun



Unlucky viewers of *Lucky Pup* see only top half of the shapely, telegenic Miss Brown



Mom cooks now—but someday Doris wants to trade in her TV career for pots and pans

TELECAST *peeks at new shows*



Hard hitting scenes like this murder being staged by Del Berti and Peggy Nelson appear on NBC TV's *The Big Story*. Conceived by Bernard Prockter, the show pays tribute to reporters whose scoops have helped bring criminals to justice



Nelson Olmstead playing as the prosecutor and Lawrence Paquin as the judge in the trial that convicted Eddie Bannon (John Marley) on thin circumstantial evidence

The Big Story

The Big Story (NBC-Television, alternate Friday evenings) is an action-packed half-hour of drama. These stories are based on the accounts of newspapermen who tracked down dangerous felons, or proved the innocence of condemned men.

The reporters whose chronicles are dramatized on the program receive \$500 and are invited to appear as guest commentators.

The Big Story is the brainchild of producer Bernard J. Prockter. The TV program, from the radio production of the same name, has been in effect since September 16. Prockter felt that people would be interested in reporters throughout the nation, who had "big stories." It would make video viewers feel that they were participating in the country's big "scoops."

No angle of telecast dramatizing remains unturned when Prockter presents these true case histories. For each show, he dispatches a special five-man crew to film the actual story locale.

In a recent teleshow, these motion pictures played a major role in the story of John Ellert of the *Evansville Ind., Press*. Ellert's best friend had been sentenced to life imprisonment for murder on circumstantial evidence. Seven years later, Ellert unearthed new data on the case and immediately called for a new trial. The films used by Prockter portrayed the parts of the investigation that finally led to the conviction of the real killer.

One show gave an inkling of the versatility which is part of a newspaperman's make-up. Harry Reutlinger, of the *Chicago Herald-American*, was writing a book on criminology when he was called in by the Chicago homicide squad to help solve a baffling double murder. The only facts he had was a maid's story that her employers had disappeared, and that there were blood spots in the dining room and on the flowers in the greenhouse. Reutlinger crammed a lifetime's study of horticulture into a few short weeks. Putting the theories of his book to work, he rapidly brought the criminals to justice.

The Big Story has gained a large following since its inception. Meet each reporter relating his amazing adventures to the video audience on *The Big Story*, and get set to spend a thrilling half-hour of suspense.



Reporter John Ellert (William Prince) (r) of Evansville, Indiana, spent his vacation gathering more evidence to clear Bannon



After seven years of prison Bannon (l) was freed by the shamed sheriff (John Adair) (r) when Ellert brought in the culprit

peeks at new shows

(continued)

Silver Theatre

Conrad Nagel, as host for CBS-Television's half-hour *Silver Theatre*, viewed Monday evenings, invites personalities to appear in guest star roles on the program. To stimulate interest in little-known video performers, a monthly Silver Award is given to the show's best supporting actor or actress.



Hungarian film star Eva Gabor was chosen to co-star with Burgess Meredith on *Silver Theatre's* premier TV performance

Dinner at Sardi's

Dinner at Sardi's (WOR-TV, Wednesday evenings) is a celebrity-interview type program conducted informally by that ace across-the-table reporter, Bill Slater. Slater queries his guests about their past, present and future, as he is wont to do on his daytime radio show *Luncheon at Sardi's*.



Bill Slater has variety of guests. First, he interviews pretty Joan Roberts who sings on WOR TV and her companion

The Kay Morrow Show

Currently being featured as a beauty and fashion authority over WENR-TV, Tuesday evenings in Chicago, Kay Morrow gives hints to the ladies on the proper methods of attracting the male species. Miss Morrow is a specialist in improving female forms ranging from girl baseball players to magazine cover girls.



"A shadow of your former sylph"—is what Kay Morrow says this gown will do for her pretty assistant Ann Janda (l.)



In "L'Amour the Merrier" there's a whirl of laughs and kisses as Eva and Meredith get into the spirit of the play



Host Conrad Nagel (r) (also of ABC TV's *Celebrity Time*) looks on as Meredith shows Eva and Gloria McGhee their cues



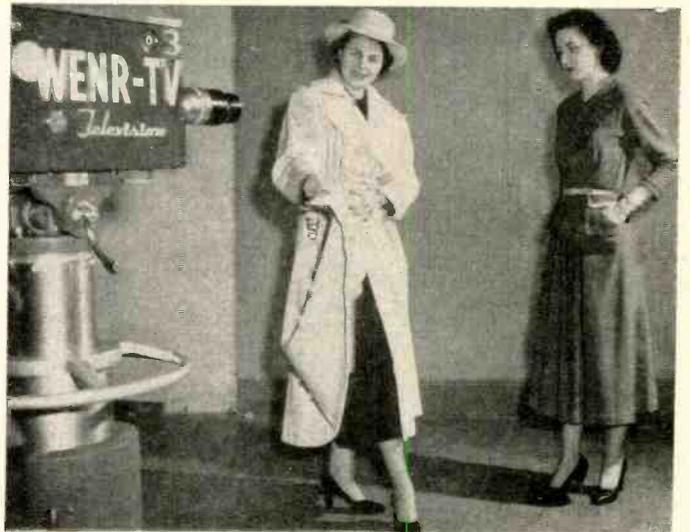
Next Bill gets a revealing inside view of show business from Bill Callahan, a dancer in the Broadway hit *As the Girls Go*



To complete the picture Patricia Bright, who recently finished a stint at Radio City, chats with Bill and her dinner escort



Thumbing through fashion magazines for the latest in female frills is all a part of Kay's preparation for her fashion show



Kay kills two birds with one stone by modeling latest rainwear herself and thus also demonstrating points of good posture



Francey Lane of NBC TV's *Easy Does It* has named her spaniel "Cinderella." Her own quick climb from a local radio hill-billy show to stardom as a versatile TV personality is definitely a Cinderella story



WE NOMINATE FOR STARDOM

Francey Lane

Take a fiery crop of red hair, mix with an eye-catching figure and a melodic voice, stir well and sit and watch. The result of this wonderful concoction is pretty Francey Lane, NBC-Television's gift to the video audience and TELECAST's nomination for "Star of the Month." This 24-year old thrush, the star of *Easy Does It*, has been thrilling TV fans for the past eight months.

Television almost lost this bright-eyed beauty when Vincent Lopez, with whose band she had been singing, decided that Francey would never go well on his video show. Undaunted by that piano-playing gentleman's disparaging viewpoint, she wrangled herself a guest appearance spot on the Barry Wood Program. Her ability to perform before the cameras moved Barry to request a repeat performance and eventually led to a job on NBC, subbing for Kyle MacDonnell.

About this time, Johnny Andrews was looking for a new partner on the *Easy Does It* show. After catching Francey on the Wood program, he asked her if she would like to try out for the part. Audition and acceptance followed, and Francey made her regular television debut on May 31, 1949.

In addition to her adlibbing and singing, Francey employs skits she has previously rehearsed. During her twenty hours of rehearsal each week, she plans the music that will fit into the mood of the setting. When a "Gay Nineties" beach scene is scheduled, Francey wears a bathing suit that was in vogue then and sings tunes like *By the Sea* and *On the Boardwalk in Atlantic City*. A sequence set in Africa would call for a hunter's outfit and such numbers as *That Old Black Magic* and *Civilization*.

More often than not, while an act is in progress, Cinderella, Francey's dog, will rush in and try to steal the limelight from her. "Cindy," as she so affectionately calls the black spaniel, was Johnny Andrew's gift when he returned from his vacation. Recently, the Dean of Canine University, a training school for dogs, was a guest on the *Easy Does It* program. He psychoanalyzed Cindy and pronounced the dog a fit candidate for the University. He also awarded her a six months' scholarship to the school. "Since then," Francey claims, "Cindy has been walking about with her head in the air, positive that she will graduate from Canine—Phi Beta."

Personalities appearing on her program are a source of enjoyment for Francey, because she is "crazy about celebrities." In fact her admiration for screen actor John Wayne has caused a furor on the show that has resulted in a steady stream of comments by the other members of the cast. Photographs of Wayne are prominently displayed on the setting by Alan Handley, producer of *Easy Does It*, to acquaint the television audience with Francey's "little infatuation." Handley once gave her a picture that he claimed Wayne autographed personally for her. But she was extremely doubtful. She still thinks Handley signed the photo himself. Aside from this television romance, Francey has no steady boy friend and intends to remain single her whole life. She doesn't think marriage and a career go hand in hand. Too many husbands want their wives to stay at home, and that fact creates frustration in women who wish to follow a chosen profession.

Francey's star-gazing began shortly after moving from Industry, Pa. to Indianapolis at the age of 16. While attending (Continued on page 63)

A small-town contest
cometed this lovely
lass into television's
galaxy of stars





Mrs. Milton Berle, whose stage name is Joyce Mathews, is a star in her own right. She has appeared in Along Fifth Avenue, Burlesque, Up in Central Park, Artists and Models, Boys and Girls Together with Ed Wynn, and High Kickers, with George Jessel among many musicals. She also was in such dramatic productions as Get Away Old Man and Open House. And she was in Barkleys of Broadway, the movie, with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. She has taken part in a number of TV shows, including Celebrity Time and Martin Kane, Private Eye.

Joyce



Milton



Vicki



My Life With Milton Berle

BY JOYCE MATHEWS BERLE

My marriage to a top television performer is a full time job. Helping Milton and bringing up our daughter, Vicki, are the greatest pleasures of my life

IF you're a fan of the *Texaco Star Theater* (and who isn't?), you've seen Milton in almost every costume imaginable. That is, almost every one except a robe, pipe, and slippers. But actually that sort of role is becoming his favorite. You know, everyone talks about how hard he must work in preparing the show. And he does. But television allows him more time at home than ever before. And that's one of many reasons why I like television so much.

I often have friends in to watch the Texaco hour with Vicki and me. And I got the remark one evening that it must make life complicated being the wife of the top TV star. Well, the truth is that our life has never been less complicated. When he was playing the night-clubs regularly, he had long hours night after night. He was at the Carnival for one year steadily, which meant he was working from about 8:00 until 2.30 a.m. every night. Now, of course, he rehearses about five days for each show, but at least he can be home with me almost every evening except Tuesday. And even then the show is over early.

Also, you know I'm in show business, too. I'm accustomed to all its irregularities of routine, and I know the effort that goes in to putting on a good show. I sometimes wonder how someone in show business ever gets together with someone outside it. Take a businessman, for example. The only time he can have a date with a show girl is at 2:00 in the morning. Which must make getting to the bank at 9:00 pretty difficult.

Milton and I, of course, had no such trouble. I first got to know him in Detroit in 1940, where I was in *Hold On to Your Hats* and he was playing an engagement at



In her few spare moments, Joyce likes to browse in Milton's large library of treasured books on humor, the stage, and TV



After a week of rehearsals and a performance of NBC TV's *Texaco Theater*, Milton spends his only day off with Vicki

the Bowery club. He managed to see the show, though, and, a few nights later he sent me a wire saying, "Don't turn your back to the audience when you speak." Now, since I only had a couple of lines anyway, this advice seemed hardly necessary. But it got me interested, of course, though you might not call it a particularly romantic gesture.

I didn't see him a great deal after that, because my show continued its run and Milton left for the coast and some work in pictures. But the night my show opened in New York, later that year, Milton was back for it. We had a date that night, and picked things up where we left off in Detroit. We went out together a lot after that, often with one of the Ritz boys and his wife. And pretty soon we were getting to be an "item," as the columnists say.

We had known each other about a year when Milton had to return to the coast for more pictures. He hadn't been there long, though, when he called me long-distance one night and proposed. Which kind of makes me a softy regarding the Bell system. I wish I could remember exactly how the conversation went. But I can't. All I know is that two weeks later I was in California. And we were married in Milton's home at Beverly Hills, a beautiful spot which had once been Tom Mix's home.

We stayed in California for 11 months, and then came back to New York. This shuttle between New York and Hollywood is a part of our life, I guess, and I don't mind it anyway since either place is home to me. I was born in New York and spent some years both here and in Florida. Then I went to junior high in Hollywood, where I was on the swimming team. And I'm still a good swimmer, if I may mention a Berle talent that doesn't concern the footlights.

Vicki was born Sept. 2, 1945, which was Victory Day, of course. And we named her Victoria Melanie. Vicki is now four and we have her in Wally Wanger's dancing school. I don't know whether she'll be in show business or not, but she has already begun to mug when she has her picture taken. Milton and Vicki have a wonderful relationship, and he spends every minute with her that he can. On Tuesday nights, I always let her stay up for his

show. I really couldn't put a stop to this, even if I wanted to, she's so crazy about it.

You know, I was way behind most viewers in seeing the Texaco hour. I was in *Along Fifth Avenue* last year and the only show I could see was *Howdy Doody*. Actually, I first saw Milton on kinescope, which makes me enjoy it all the more now. Naturally close to me as the show is, it is even closer because I see much of it from right here in our home. Milton often has the writers up here, and they work over lines, and even rehearse bits. Also, I've become more interested in just what goes into good comedy. And I couldn't be in a better spot to learn about it. Milton has a huge library on humor, which takes in everyone from Mark Twain to Joe Miller. And I've found it a wonderful source of good reading.

Much as we all look forward to Tuesday, I guess Wednesday is the more important day in the Berle household. That's the day, of course, when Milton lounges around in his favorite garb (slacks and loud shirts), takes Vicki out for a walk, and generally sheds his Mr. Television role to become plain Mr. Berle, father and family man. The three of us usually spend a quiet, relaxing day together. Then, in the evening, we go to the theater or have a few friends in. We used to go out to clubs a lot but now we entertain more at home. And I like it better.

Milton is a big fellow, as you know, and, though he doesn't drink at all, he likes good food. And I see that he gets it. Maybe that's the reason he says "I feel wonderful" on the opening of the show. Anyway, while I don't claim to be the best cook around, I can turn out fried chicken to his liking. And it has to be good to satisfy him, believe me.

It would be nice, I suppose, if I could say I knit sweaters and socks for Milton, or maybe crocheted little things for Vicki. But the fact is I don't as yet, though I may get around to it. Remember, I also make television appearances and I may go into another musical or play if the right one comes along. As far as I'm concerned, I see no reason for dropping my interest in the theater just because I have a famous husband in the same field. We have been separated through playing different engagements since



Reason number one why Milton is always "feelin' fine." Joyce is an old trouper on the kitchen range as well as the stage



Personality plus. The "littlest" Berle is very photogenic even when caught off-guard making cheese-cake exit from her bath

we've been married, but there have never been any clashes because of our careers. As a matter of fact, since we both are so close to the theater, it makes for a better understanding. We can't take turns displaying an artistic temperament very well, and expect to get away with it.

When we were in California we used to ride horseback a lot. I have been riding since I was a youngster, and Milton is a good horseman. And we also used to play a lot of golf. Last summer, when Milton was making *Always Leave Them Laughing* on the coast, we managed to do a lot of things together, though the picture was made in less than three months. We really had a wonderful time. And Joan Crawford, Dinah Shore and George Montgomery, Frank Sinatra, Red Skelton and others gave parties for us. Red Skelton is a great friend of Milton's, and also a great camera bug. So now Milton is snapping pictures all over the place with his Polaroid.

When Milton gets an enthusiasm, he really goes at it. And I suppose he'll tackle photography the way he did song writing. Milton, as you probably know, wrote the lyrics for *Sam, You Made the Pants Too Long* and *I Wuv A Wabbit* along with some forty-odd other songs which he's published. He'll have a lot more published, too. But I'm afraid I won't be much help in that department. The truth is I can't carry a tune.

Any discussion of the Berle family wouldn't be complete without mentioning Mother Berle. She has meant so much to Milton and has come to mean a lot to me. We do a lot of things together—shopping, taking Vicki about, and comparing notes on our mutual pride in Milton. We were even together on *Celebrity Time* recently.

All in all, it's a happy family group. And that's the best way I know to sum it up simply. I know, according to the popular notion, that people in show business are supposed to lead frantic lives, regularly let go with emotional outbursts, and periodically have domestic squabbles. But the Berle household doesn't qualify in this way. It's the normal, contented home of a hard-working fellow, his wife, and little girl. And for much of this, I guess, I can thank television. So you'll understand when I say I love television, I love the Texaco show, and I love Milton.



Joyce and Vicki have seen most of the Berle show put together in their living room, but nothing beats thrill of the actual show Tues. night



No sleeping in dresser drawers—no life of a backstage kid—thanks to daddy's television show, home is a normal happy place



Joan Diener is a cover girl who knows where she is going. This lovely lass from Cleveland prefers TV to Hollywood

tv's blonde bombshell

Joan Diener's switch of a summer vacation from Sarah Lawrence College for Women to a test of her talents in television resulted in a young lady not going back to school. As one of the principals in CBS-TV's *54th Street Revue* (Friday evenings) and with other video and Broadway opportunities on the horizon, she has no time to be scholastic.

The green-eyed, silver blonde of CBS-TV channels has the languid manner and eye-filling proportions (bust 39", waist 21", height 5'5" and weight 115) that add up to Visual Appeal spelled right out loud. However, Joan has no intention of permitting her pulchritude to outrun her other talents. She sings, dances, tosses off comedy lines in skits, and wants to do serious drama.

Her present hope is to combine a TV career with worthwhile roles on the Broadway stage, which is exactly the fairytale-like combination which brought her to show business attention two summers ago.

Leaving Sarah Lawrence in Bronxville, she came to New York to audition for television and on a chance walked into a casting call for the Broadway revue *Small Wonder* in which she immediately won a part. Before the show ended its run the following Spring, she also had managed to appear on a wide assortment of television shows. These, in turn, led to her role in *54th Street Revue*.

Born 19 years ago in Cleveland, Ohio, Joan already has packed a lot of training and theatrical experience into her ambition to become a star. At three, she was attending dancing school; at five, she was studying piano and setting her eye on a concert career; between the ages of five and thirteen she had given three concerts in Cleveland's Carnegie Hall and was studying voice for operatic roles.

The year following her graduation from Shaker Heights High School in Cleveland, she acted with the Cleveland Playhouse Company, and the next year, when she entered Sarah Lawrence, continued her theatrical interests by majoring in drama subjects and playing leads in college productions. She also was a regular on the college radio station.

As a result of her role in *Small Wonder*, Joan was a *Life* cover girl. This brought her the usual number of movie offers but she declined them all, convinced that it would be better for her career to be working steadily in New York TV studios than sitting around doing nothing in Hollywood for six months—a fate which frequently befalls

cover girls who must wait patiently to be rediscovered.

Joan is enthusiastic about television, both because she feels at home in it, and because she knows she has gotten a firm start in the new medium. Rehearsals take up five of her mornings or afternoons a week but she looks forward to them as the most exciting part of her daily routine.

Although she loves to eat, she by-passes food until she can have a hearty brunch on days when she has morning rehearsals. By dinner her appetite has progressed to a real hunger for steak or roast beef (rare) and "thick, gooey desserts."

Joan hates to go to bed because she can't get to sleep early, so she goes late. That's when she settles all her problems. Generally, she rises about ten, goes to rehearsal or shopping, and sunbathes whenever she can.

She confesses that her weakness is expensive clothes, with emphasis on sportswear. Her taste in jewelry centers on excellent costume pieces in which she seeks the unusual in design and wears only one piece at a time.

Her favorite spectator sport is hockey. One of the few in which she will participate is swimming. She is vehement on the subject of French bathing suits. "There's nothing sexy about being nude," Joan states aggressively. "Nothing done blatantly is attractive."

When she can find time she likes to read "anything from Dorothy Parker to Philip Wylie," listen to records, study the styles of top vocalists, and go to the movies and theatre. Although she is fond of dancing she hates nightclubs and may shun them for weeks. When she can borrow a friend's car she likes to leave the city and drive in the rain along country roads. She doesn't own her own convertible yet, but hopes to soon.

Joan and her mother live in a Manhattan apartment hotel for women, but maintain separate suites because of the difference in their hours. Joan's friends are mostly other youngsters in show business who find the only time they can get together is after theatre hours. And, as Joan says, her mother is "a career girl, too, but with business hours, so the arrangement works out better."

Joan will feel she is really making strides toward top success when she achieves more roles which do not type-cast her as a gorgeous blonde. Television, she is sure, will give her that opportunity to develop her talents.

UNLIMITED HORIZONS

BY IRWIN ROSTEN **Allen B. DuMont, television's foremost pioneer, is building a legend and an empire by looking to the future and not the past.**

As the sixth decade of this tumultuous century gets under way, there are indeed few persons in this broad land of ours who are not familiar with the name DuMont. As television itself has spread its electronic magic across the country, the name DuMont has kept pace and now appears on hundreds of thousands of receivers and daily is flashed through the air by the scores of stations comprising the DuMont Television Network. But of these millions who know the name, how many are aware that it is more than a trademark or symbol—that behind the name is a man who, perhaps more than any other individual, is responsible for the present development of video.

That man is Allen Balcolm DuMont, a bald, stocky, triple-threat dynamo—engineer, inventor, executive—who will be 49 years old on January 29. And behind the man is a story that some day may well be one of the foremost legends in the annals of American enterprise.

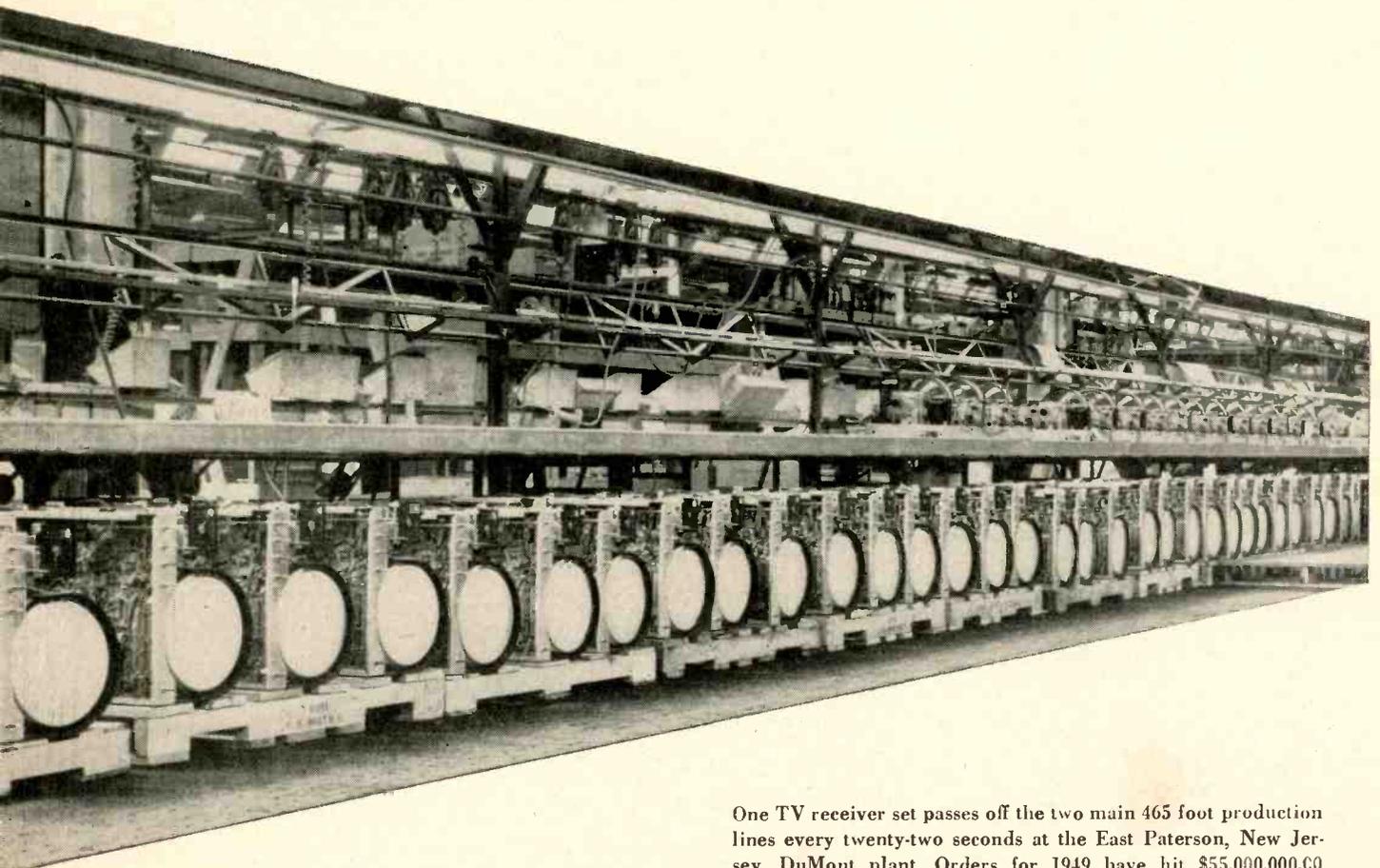
Today Allen DuMont's growing empire—formal title Allen B. DuMont Laboratories, Inc.—owns three television stations, a network comprised of 40-odd independently-owned affiliated stations and a manufacturing operation that makes receivers, (in quantity surpassed only by the radio giants RCA and Philco), transmitters, video cameras,

oscillographs, and many other electronic devices and components. The firm's total business for the year 1949 is estimated at \$55,000,000.

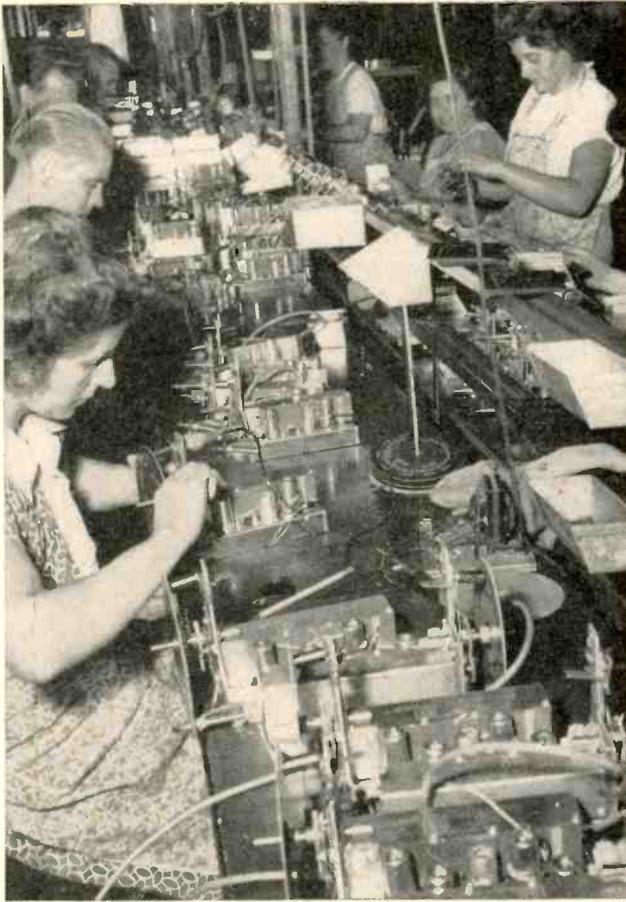
DuMont maintains constant personal supervision over all of these wide-spread activities, and to do so he works at a pace that would incapacitate most men. Television is his life, and when he can get away from his busy office in the firm's plant at Passaic, New Jersey, he usually goes to his field laboratory—a bright brick building resembling a chateau, located atop the highest hill in northern New Jersey.

Reaching skyward from the tower and other parts of the roof of the three-story building, which is not far from DuMont's home in Upper Montclair, is a cluster of antennae. Some are identical to those seen on most homes boasting TV sets, and others are new and strange-looking. There is also the large rectangular grid of radar, a reminder of the days when much of the work carried out inside the building was under the strictest of military security regulations.

Whenever the DuMont receiver division introduces a new model, one of the first sets is brought to the lab for his personal inspection. Before a single receiver is shipped



One TV receiver set passes off the two main 465 foot production lines every twenty-two seconds at the East Paterson, New Jersey, DuMont plant. Orders for 1949 have hit \$55,000,000.00



Even with top speed production on assembly lines such as these, the new DuMont receivers can't be made fast enough. Their distributors are allowed only limited numbers of the new sets

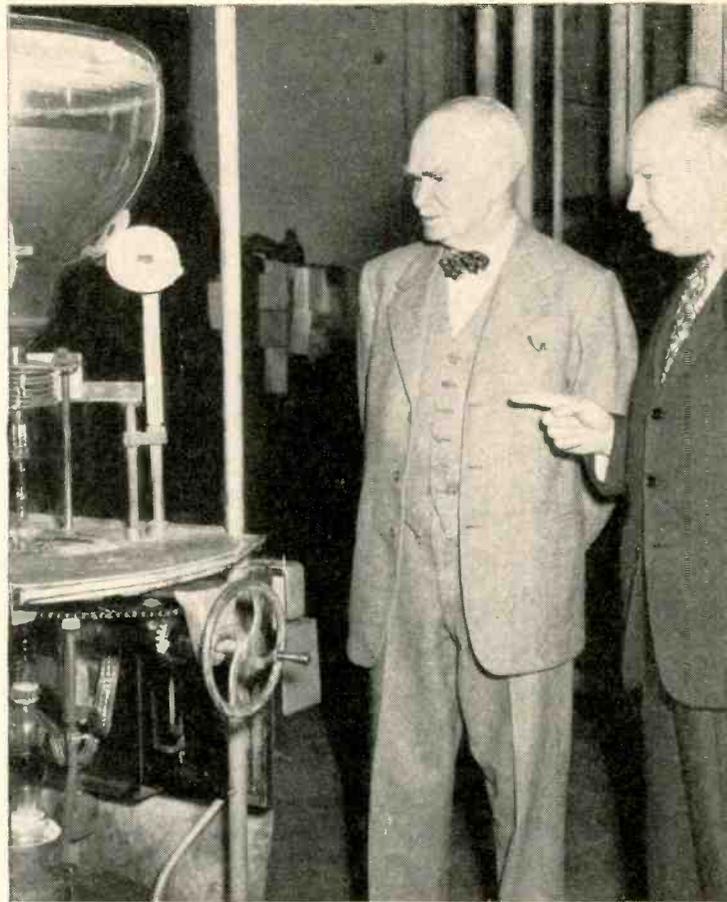
out, DuMont subjects the model to rigorous performance tests and reports the slightest flaws, along with suggestions for improvements, to his engineers.

Although the press of duties prevents him from engaging in personal research, DuMont charts the course for all new developments made by his staff. Not too long ago he conceived the idea of a large metal-coned picture tube—19 inches in diameter—one-third shorter than previous models. This short neck, he reasoned, would cut tube costs, allow a bigger screen in a smaller cabinet, and provide the public with more picture for less money.

"But," he says, "the engineers said it couldn't be done. They said that the short electron throw (the distance between the electron gun in the neck of the cathode ray tube and the picture surface) wouldn't provide a sharp image. I finally had to pull rank on them and order them to make it. Results were even better than I expected and the sets are selling as fast as we can make them. In fact, we had to set up an allocation table on shipments so everyone would get a fair share."

In another room, DuMont compares his sets with those made by his competitors. At any one time, there may be well over a dozen sets here, all tuned to the same channel. The varying degrees of picture quality are truly surprising.

DuMont is constantly comparing his products with those of his competitors, and in another room in the lab he watches the programs of his New York television station, WABD, to see how they stack up against the other New York stations as well as those in Philadelphia. This is



Dr. Lee DeForest (l), early pioneer and inventor in radio, is shown the latest cathode-ray tube by Dr. DuMont who was vice-president of the DeForest Corporation while in his twenties

accomplished through the use of ten DuMont table models lined up in two rows, each tuned to a different station.

In the basement of the lab is the equipment for another amazing DuMont development, Photovision, which transmits television signals on light waves instead of radio waves. Although it is still strictly a laboratory development and probably will not be put into use for at least ten or fifteen years, its possibilities are exciting.

Principally, DuMont says, Photovision may be used by broadcasters in picking up programs away from the studio. It makes possible portable transmitters which a station's special events crew could take to almost any location to cover an almost unlimited variety of news and sports events. But it is also possible that Photovision may someday be used as an auxiliary broadcasting service. There is no limit to the number of channels it may use and, because it does not utilize radio waves, it does not require a license from the Federal Communications Commission.

Although he is rather reluctant to discuss it at this time because he does not want to raise any false hopes, DuMont feels that Photovision may, many years from now, bring television service to many small towns and villages that are beyond the range of metropolitan stations and cannot afford a local operation. Photovision transmitters and receivers could be produced at low cost, thus allowing a station retransmitting network programs to operate in all but the smallest communities.

Although the rags-to-riches theme does not apply to DuMont—his father was secretary-treasurer of the Ingersoll

Watch Company—his career was, for many years, a struggle greater than those of Alger's heroes.

Born in Brooklyn, he was stricken with polio as a boy and still walks with a noticeable limp. His illness, however, encouraged an interest in radio and electricity developed while he was in elementary school. He built his first two-way telegraph set at the age of eleven, and at fifteen he obtained a license as a first-class commercial operator.

Always a lover of boats and a powerful swimmer, he went to sea during his summer vacations from 1915 to 1920 as an operator on coastal and transatlantic steamers. In the latter years of that decade, when wireless telephony, or radio, was making strides toward perfection and popularity, he built and operated amateur transmitting station W2AYR.

About the time that young DuMont was ready for college he chanced upon a book published by Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, in Troy, N. Y., to illustrate the work of its alumni. In the collection of pictures was one of the Brooklyn Bridge which, along with the other accomplishments of the graduates, influenced him to enter the Institute in 1919. One year during his summer vacation from college, he again went to sea as a radio operator. The ship was bound for Copenhagen, but its ports of call included more than those originally scheduled, with the result that DuMont did not return to school until after Christmas. Thus, because of his enthusiasm for radio and the sea, he was compelled to remain an additional year at RPI, and he received his degree in electrical engineering in 1924.

Twenty years later his alma mater awarded him the honorary degree of Doctor of Engineering for "pioneering in the development and use of the cathode-ray, the heart of radar . . . and his improvement in the art and science of television." In 1949, he received a similar Doctorate from Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute for "achievements in the science, art and industrial management of television . . . and acknowledgment of these achievements and contributions to the profession of engineering and great benefits to the public." He is always referred to and addressed as Doctor by all who work with him.

During his years at RPI, DuMont first became interested in the wave forms appearing on the oscillograph in one of



The earliest known picture of the DuMont Laboratories, Inc. taken in the basement of Dr. DuMont's home in 1931. The staff is (l to r) Al Steadman, Dr. DuMont, and John Hineck

the laboratories, and planned some day to put the cathode-ray tube—a scarce, costly (\$500) and complicated device—to use not only in the oscillograph but in many other instruments as well. This was an extremely ambitious and difficult project because it called for the production of the cathode-ray tubes in great quantities and at a minimum cost. Because he had no resources, DuMont had to defer his plan and look forward to returning to it in the future.

Following his graduation, DuMont landed a job with the Westinghouse Lamp Company, in Bloomfield, N. J., as engineer supervising the manufacture of various types of radio receiving tubes. In those days the development of radio was virtually stymied by a bottleneck in tube production and DuMont immediately went to work on the problem. In all he applied for ten patents, all improvements in tubes and tube equipment. The most important of these was a wheel-shaped machine that automatically seasoned and tested tubes at the then unheard-of rate of five thousand an hour. In 1927 and 1928, for thus paving the way for mass-production of radio receivers, DuMont received the first two Westinghouse awards for the most valuable contributions to the progress of the company.

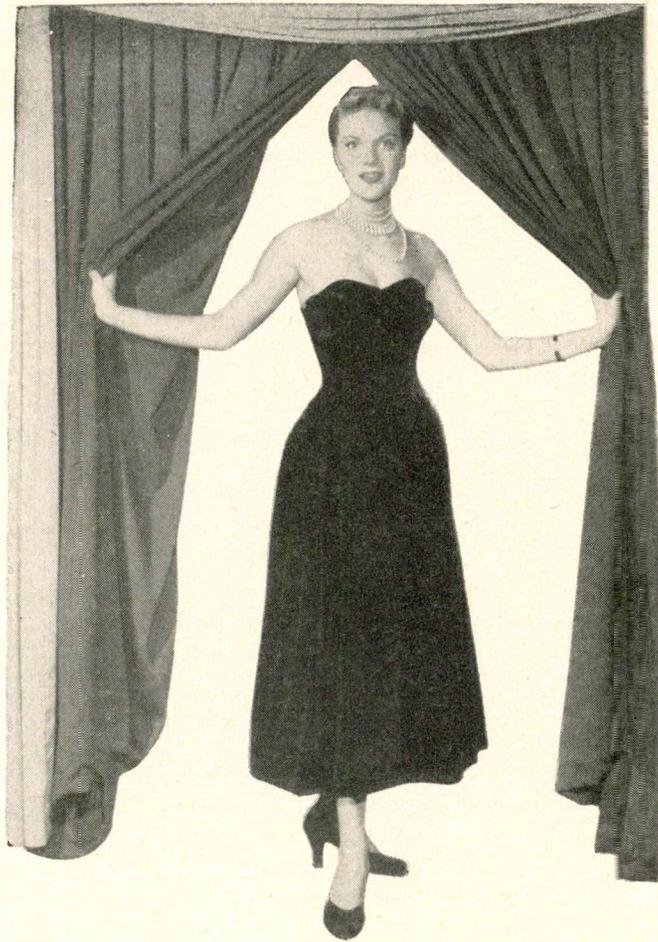
In 1928 DuMont joined the De Forest Radio Company, of which Dr. Lee De Forest, inventor of the audion tube, was President. The Passaic, N. J., firm was in the middle of a drastic reorganization; it had not been in operation for almost a year, and its outdated machinery had to be discarded or remodeled. Within a year, first as chief engineer and then as vice-president, DuMont developed a new organization and a new production layout to produce 30,000 tubes a day.

But even more important, DuMont's association with De Forest turned his interest to a new field—television. The two engineers set up an experimental transmitter, W2XCD, the first in the country to transmit both picture and sound. The De Forest experiments at that time used a cumbersome device called the Jenkins scanner, a spinning disc punctured with holes. DuMont rejected it as impractical and argued that the "way to develop television is to do it electronically—with the cathode-ray tube."

DuMont was thirty years old and just beginning his work harnessing the cathode-ray tube to video when the De Forest Radio Company folded. With the country in the grip of the depression, the young engineer decided to strike out on his own and to prove his conviction that the future of television lay in the commercialization of the cathode-ray tube. With capitalization of \$1,000—\$500 of which was borrowed from a friend—DuMont began his experiments in the basement garage of his home. During the first two years, DuMont borrowed on his insurance and from his friends, mortgaged his house to keep the infant company alive. During this time he spent between \$45,000 and \$50,000 and produced items for sale totalling \$1,920.

America was racked by the depression and television was far away when, at the end of two years, DuMont found that he could at last mass-produce cathode-ray tubes. These had a guaranteed life of 1,000 hours, compared with the 30 hours of the old tubes, imported from Germany, then in use, and sold for a fraction of their \$500 cost. The primary market for the tubes was for oscillographs and almost all of the orders came from colleges and universities.

As production got under way, the garage was restored to its originally-intended use (Continued on page 56)



The rewards are great
but the going is
rough—even for our
most popular models . . .
when they make the
switch to television

Out of the Bandbox—into Video

YOU there—you with the bandbox . . . can you play a camera? Can you cue on? Cue off? How's your smile? You look slick, but have you got a personality?

Those are a few of the questions a number of young hopefuls grinding their bread and butter out of the tough mill of modelling thought they could answer, ever since television pushed back the horizon of opportunity for them. Some did fill the bill. Some didn't. To make the grade on television, you have to have all the ability and experience of a Grade-A model—*plus*.

A good example is Florida-born Madeline Tyler, Conover model, who appears regularly on the Saturday night quizzifier, "Winner Take All." The beginning, for Madeline, was simple. The agency simply sent her to CBS for a test. She had a few qualms—for at that time, the men who make the stars who appear on the ten-inch screen had definitely stated they were looking for the "short, cute" type. Madeline's five-foot, eight-inch, thirty-four, twenty-four, thirty-four and a half seemed to place her in the "tall, willowy" category, if anything. It didn't seem to matter, however, and even the test didn't seem to differ too sharply from a regular once-over for a modelling job. But she noticed that besides the usual careful scrutiny of her looks and walk, she was asked to smile a good number of times, to read a few lines, to look at the camera as if she were looking at an audience. And while one of the producer's eyes was on her, the other was on the screen on which she was coming over, to get a good idea of what she looked like. Girls who are photogenic, it turns out, are not always telegenic.

Those were the only major differences noticeable at the time. It was only when Madeline got into the business of her first rehearsal that all the little "extras" demanded of a television (Continued on page 57)



Predictions that tall girls would not be telegenic were proved wrong when Conover model Madeline Tyler made her hit on TV. She's five feet eight



Mary Healy and Peter Lind Hayes have trouped all over the U. S. A. and now they're inside it on TV

YANKEE DOODLE DANDIES

BY CAMERON DAY

A punch-drunk fighter, an aversion to algebra, and a secretary from New Orleans don't have much connection. But each had something to do with bringing Peter Lind Hayes to the starring spot on CBS-TV's *Inside U.S.A. With Chevrolet*. His dislike for studies got him into show business, the fighter gave him the comedy routine which pushed him ahead, and the secretary is Mary Healy, his lovely wife, who is also featured on the show.

Hayes and Healy got rave notices on their first *Inside U.S.A.* performance, and they'll get more as the show goes on. Which makes things a lot different from the first time they appeared together. That was in 1940 when Jimmie Fidler, the movie columnist, organized a troupe of Hollywood lovelies and young male hopefuls for a road tour. The junket, according to reports, was no great shakes. But at least it was successful in bringing together a charming starlet, Mary Healy, and a brash, young comic called Hayes.

"We didn't hit it off well at the start," Hayes recalls. "We were supposed to do a dance together and, since neither of us could dance, the small talk was off-beat, along with the steps." But the affair picked up when Hayes, a veteran trouper, became the hit of the tour. "I guess Mary fell in love with my vaudeville act," says Peter. And so they were married, as it says in the story books.

Different from Pop, young Peter Hayes, plump, six months old and unworried by rehearsals, has gotten off

on the right foot from the beginning. He has just made his first road trip, from Hollywood to New York, and landed in a suite at the Waldorf, which puts him well ahead of the old man at that stage of the game. The family is living at the Waldorf while Mary and Peter have an engagement at the Waldorf's Wedgwood Room, but they'll all move into a home as soon as possible. As a matter of fact, it's on the youngster's account that they are so much interested in making good in television. "We were very fortunate in the saloons (as he calls nightclubs)," Peter admits, "but we came East to stay in one place and get settled with our baby."

If anyone would want to settle down, it should be Peter Lind Hayes. Now 34, he has been in show business since he was 15 and most of that time was spent on the move. Even before that, he didn't stay long in one place. He was born in San Francisco, moved to Cairo, Ill., and went to high school at the Irish Christian Brothers School in New Rochelle, N. Y. Shifting about is so characteristic of Hayes that it even affected his name. His real handle was Joseph Conrad Lind ("they named the writer after me") but, since his mother's name was Hayes, by a second marriage, he became Conrad Lind Hayes. Then some movie star bobbed up with a similar name so Hayes emerged finally as Peter Lind Hayes, almost as impressive a tag as his first one. Such is show business.

Hayes' accomplishments suggest an I.Q. at some awesome level, but you could never prove it by his school

record. He remembers that he got "expelled regularly every two weeks, like air from an old tire, because I had a habit of listening to radio bands instead of hitting the algebra. Art Jarrett and Tony Wons were my favorites, for the record."

Hayes left algebra to shift for itself at 15, and joined his mother, Grace Hayes, on the stage. They had the first vaudeville act which ever used a microphone and "you had to slap it a lot in those days." Peter made his debut at the RKO-Fordham theater in the Bronx and, next day, moved into the old Palace, a spot which has probably pulled more stars into the limelight than the Hayden Planetarium.

Mother and son did well with their act, a take-off on a radio show, but finally left the East and went to North Hollywood where they opened the Grace Hayes Lodge. This became quite a hangout for movie stars who would chip in with some informal entertainment. From this Peter picked up a lot of his impersonations which he still uses today.

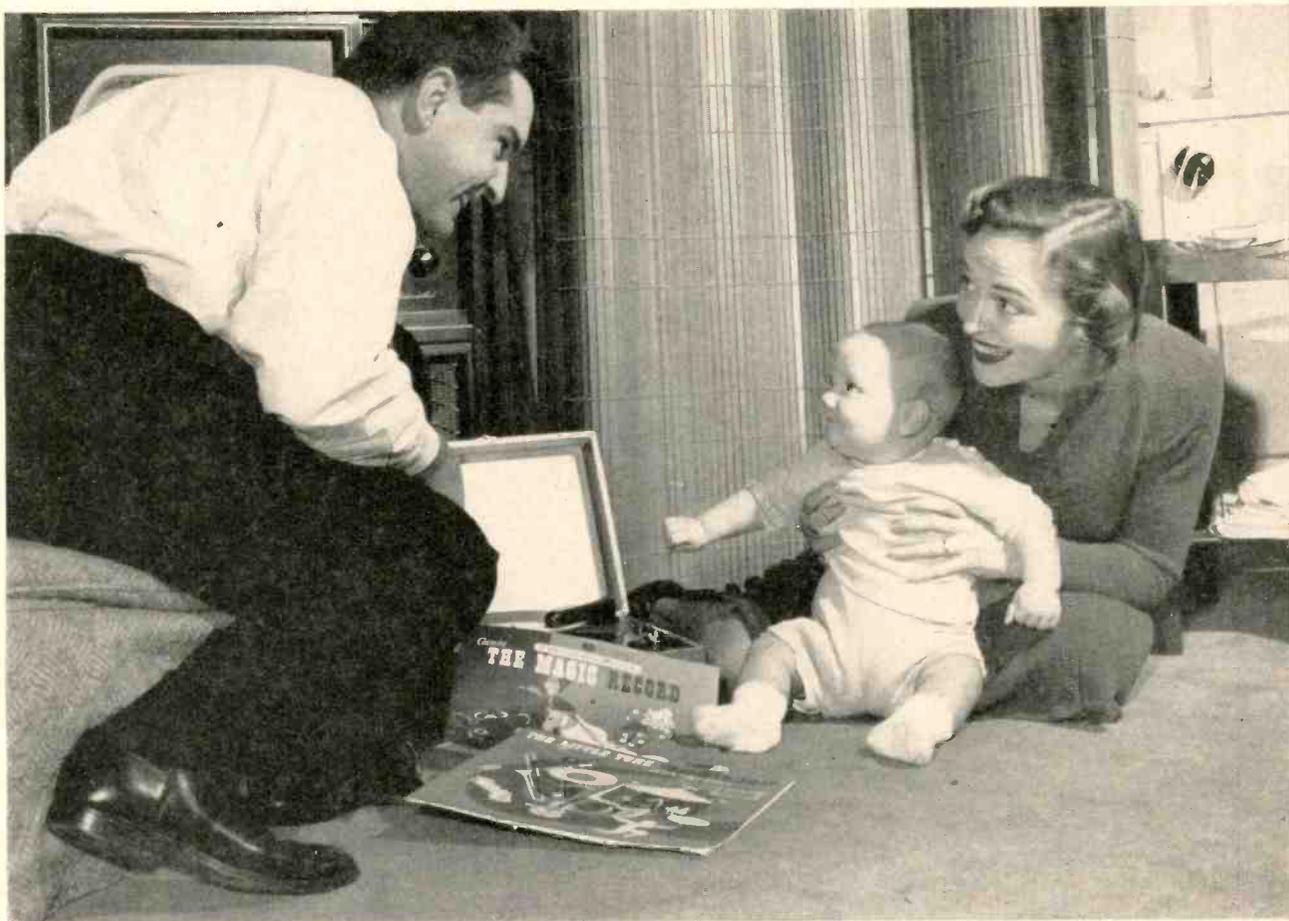
All through the 1930's Hayes played vaudeville houses, nightclubs, made some movies, and then hit the clubs again until his Air Corps engagement. And through these years he built up a talent or talents which even amazes him a little. "You know," he says, "I wonder if the real Hayes ever emerges from all this." All this meaning, to rattle it off like a diner menu, that he sings, dances, mimics, makes recordings, acts and gives young Peter his bottle on schedule. As well, of course, Hayes is a



A veteran trouper since he began in vaudeville at 15, Hayes is glad his new TV career allows him more time to be at home

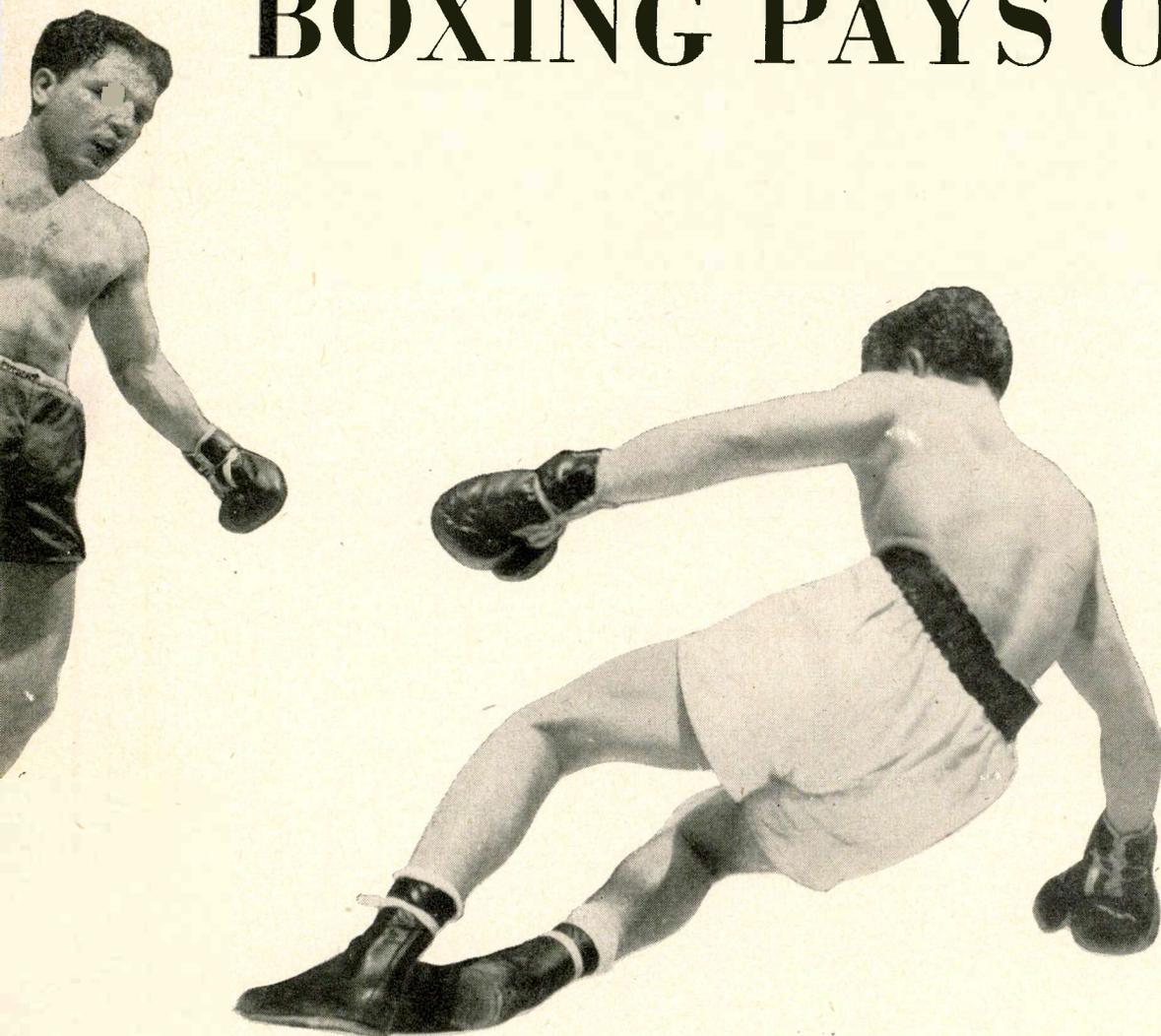
radio veteran. He has impersonated the voice of Fred Allen on 15 Jack Benny shows, to mention one stint. And he first hit the air way back with Joe Penner. Another talent is playing the piano, and he was good enough to play in a fine dance band, which he led years ago. He's pretty modest about his movie career though he has acted in 16 pictures. "They kept the pictures and released me," is his way of putting it.

The fact is, in any case, that Hayes does all these things with rare skill. And his comedy routines all have a distinctly original quality, something in itself that makes him unique among comedians. It's not only that he has his own style and mannerisms, (Continued on page 51)



Peter Lind Hayes and his pretty wife Mary Healy are never too tired after starring on *Inside U.S.A.* to put on a show for their son Peter Michael (age six months). Dad gives him a personal rendition of his famous kiddie platter *Genie, The Magic Record*

BOXING PAYS OFF



The International Boxing Club is in the "big time" now. CBS and NBC have obtained the indoor television rights to all their fights—for a mere three quarters of a million

BY BOB COOKE

The International Boxing Club, the gigantic monopoly which controls America's leading fighters, managers, rings, state athletic commissions and candy butchers, has accepted television. But it all happened under the influence of money.

For last June when the coy mistress of boxing surrendered video rights to indoor productions for the next two winters, CBS-TV and NBC-TV surrendered \$750,000, between them, in exchange.

Still, although the contract has not yet stood the tests of time, its very existence is a milestone. Until it was signed, boxing had been almost unanimous in rejecting television. A specter of meager gates, falling revenues and poverty-stricken old age appeared in each promoter's mind whenever the ugly word video was mentioned.

But not at I.B.C., where men are hard to scare. "We felt and feel," said a spokesman, "that the theory of meager gates is probably true in the short run, but eventually enough new interest will be aroused so that attendance will be higher than ever. Sure some folks stay home—the

sport televises beautifully and even a ringside seat isn't like a sofa—but when people who've never seen boxing suddenly become fans, they'll want to see the fighters in the flesh. That's when we'll start collecting."

(I.B.C. apparently does not feel that ringing up \$750,000 is "really collecting," a view not shared by the author.)

The terms of the agreement call for televising on Wednesday nights via CBS and Ballantine Beer and on Friday evenings via NBC and Camel cigarettes. CBS selects the best fight offered at either the St. Nicholas Arena in New York or the Olympia in Detroit. NBC chooses from Madison Square Garden, the Chicago Stadium and the Olympia.

Russ Hodges, who has broadcast Yankee and Giant baseball games and telecast the National Leaguers, will be the voice behind Columbia. Jimmy Powers, sports editor of the *Daily News*, promoter of countless Golden Gloves and a boxing expert from bare knuckle days or thereabouts, will speak for NBC.

Clearly this is the biggest and best boxing hook-up yet. From the first fight ever televised—it was in April 1939—until the I.B.C. pact was signed, television has been aiming for a contract like the present one. The years were filled with mix ups, misunderstandings and arguments but it is doubtful if television, or boxing, will ever face as ticklish a situation as that first fight.

In '39 New York's World Fair was big news and the World of Tomorrow was high on television. Sets were displayed in the NBC building and various little shows were etherized on the closed circuits.

Bill Stern, who was then as now sports director at NBC, decided that it would be worth while to put on a fight for video; to hold it in a studio rather than a ring and transmit it on the closed circuit.

Everyone thought that would be fine and Mike Jacobs, the I.B.C. of his day, was consulted.

"Fine," said Jacobs with an eye on the cash register. "Lou Nova is going to fight Max Bear in June. He's a good looking fighter and he won't mind the workout. You can have him if it'll help television.

"And the publicity might even fatten our June gate," he added softly.

Nova was promptly signed and delivered and Stern turned to search for an opponent who would look like a killer, sound like a killer, act like a killer but could not possibly damage Jacobs' boy.

Steve Ellis, man about sports was called in, and promptly produced a man whose name is lost to history. Trouble was the name was lost to the present too and Stern vetoed Ellis' boy because he couldn't agree to a fighter "even I never heard of."

A second search produced one Patsy Perroni, a heavy-weight who had stayed on his feet for 10 rounds with Joe Louis and was a good boxer but quite harmless. Stern was pleased because Perroni's record against Louis sounded impressive. Jacobs was pleased because the publicity would help his gate and Nova was pleased because he couldn't get hurt.

When the fateful day arrived the two men met in a small ring under large Kleig lights and with an audience of boxing moguls, television cameramen and technicians.

Nova took one look at the Kleig lights and said could he please go home. "Hot lights spoil my breathing and hurt my lungs," he explained. He was a Yogi and he had strong ideas.

Jacobs said that his reputation was at stake and was he a slacker.

"Hot lights spoil my breathing and hurt my lungs," Nova answered.

"You will now begin to fight, please," hinted Jacobs.

The scheduled five-rounder began.

Perhaps Nova's breathing actually was spoiled. Perroni swarmed all over the Yogi and when a minute and a half of the three minute round had elapsed one of Nova's handlers became upset, pushed aside the timekeeper and rang the bell.

"Well?" scowled Jacobs.

"Hot lights spoil my breathing and hurt my lungs," Nova declared.

"Try throwing punches," he was advised, "and maybe you'll breathe better."

But Nova preferred to worry about his respiration and the second round was worse. Nova concentrated on breath-

ing, Perroni concentrated on Nova's ribs and Jacobs lost all powers of concentration.

After thirty seconds the thought of empty seats in June restored Uncle Mike and he raced frantically to the bell and banged it hard.

"The fight," he announced, "is over. Nova wins by decision after two rounds."

Certainly they were two of the shortest rounds in history.

When the "verdict" was announced Nova wore his laurels lightly. "I would have done even better," he stated, "but the hot lights spoiled my breathing and hurt my lungs."

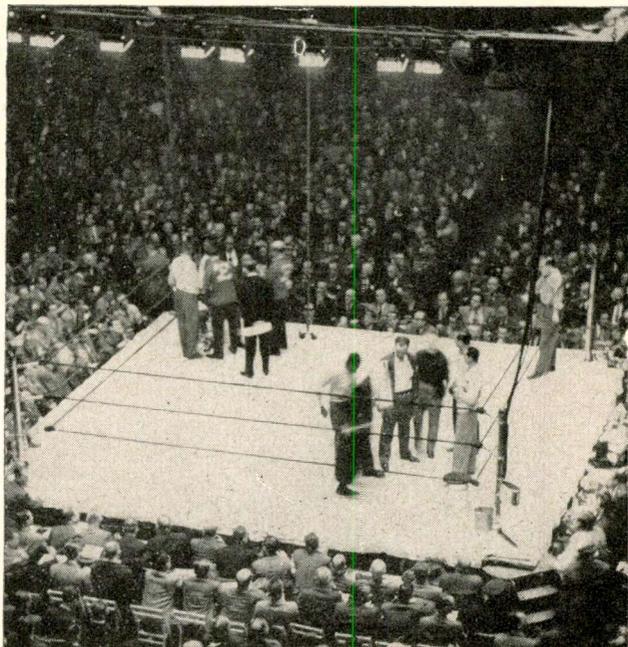
Jacobs left the premises in haste, a thoroughly shaken man. But for all his fondness for the dollar, Mike is a progressive man. During all the years when television was an experiment, an unrealized dream, he was the only boxing promoter who had faith in the new idea. And in his last active years when video was always "just a year off," he was constantly alert to contract possibilities, if and when.

Jacobs stepped down before much had been done but when I.B.C. was formed to don the mantle of his 20th Century Sporting Club last May one of its first acts was signing for television. And, of course, at a figure that must have made Jacobs smile.

Naturally television has changed the sport somewhat. A common request today is for a seat "where the wife at home can see me." A more common request is for *seats* out of the camera range.

Referees' decisions come in for wider abuse now, as telephoned complaints are a rule, but so far even the officials are accepting video.

Boxing and television will go hand-in-hand for a long time now that I.B.C. has signed the marriage contract. Will there be a divorce? It doesn't look that way. \$750,000 is better than a shot gun any day.



Since the first Louis-Walcott fight was shown on NBC TV in Dec., 1947, boxing officials have retracted their fears of empty seats and predict that more fans will see the fights in person

Bridal Shower



Success of surprise shower on TV for Pat McDaniel (in doorway) encouraged Mrs. Ruth Crane (at right of bride to be) to stage another a year later. Friends and relatives cooperated by bringing gifts and keeping the secret till program time

This age-old tradition,
with a new twist,
is playing havoc with
female emotions



Second shower recipient Barbara Schneider being toasted by her mother, Mrs. A. B. Beale, and future husband William Groome at a reception after the shower

Tears, gasps, and near-collapse, all add to the excitement of the surprise bridal shower staged on WMAL-TV's *The Modern Woman* program in Washington, D. C. Misty-eyed brides-to-be shake their heads with disbelief as they confront tables piled high with wedding gifts, and groups of smiling friends shouting: "Surprise! Surprise!"

This party for prospective brides is the creation of Ruth Crane, the genial mistress of ceremonies on *The Modern Woman* show. Realizing that astonishment is a basic emotion, Miss Crane decided that the television audience would enjoy participating in the surprise of a young woman at one of her happiest moments—her bridal shower.

The bridal showers are presented at widely separated intervals and are always kept secret till program time. The brides-to-be are usually told by a friend that "We've been invited to watch a TV show. We'll meet the boys there before we go on to the dance." This ruse enables the honorée and her companions to dress suitably for the occasion.

The first of Ruth Crane's television showers, held two years ago, caught the bride-to-be Miss Pat McDaniel, a Y.W.C.A. instructor of Washington, D. C., by surprise. Miss McDaniel blandly walked through the studio door looking for her fiancé. She took one startled glance at the assembled guests and almost collapsed. While Pat ran the gamut of emotions, Miss Crane quickly explained to her that she was appearing on television. "Oh, no," Pat cried. "I don't believe it."

The second bridal program was telecast eleven months later. This time the guest of honor was Miss Barbara Schneider of Washington, D. C. As the program opened, the cameras caught guests adding last minute touches to refreshment tables and decorations. Miss Schneider then entered to a shower of confetti. Unknown to her, the groom-to-be, coincidentally named William Groome, was watching from the sidelines. As a flourishing climax to the television party, Miss Crane, contrary to shower traditions, invited Groome to join the festivities, and the audience was treated to a hearty pre-marital kiss.

Miss Crane delights in telecasting these programs, but fears that on some future show the bride-to-be will enter while she is giving the audience the low-down on the performance. "Then," she exclaims, "the surprise will be on me."

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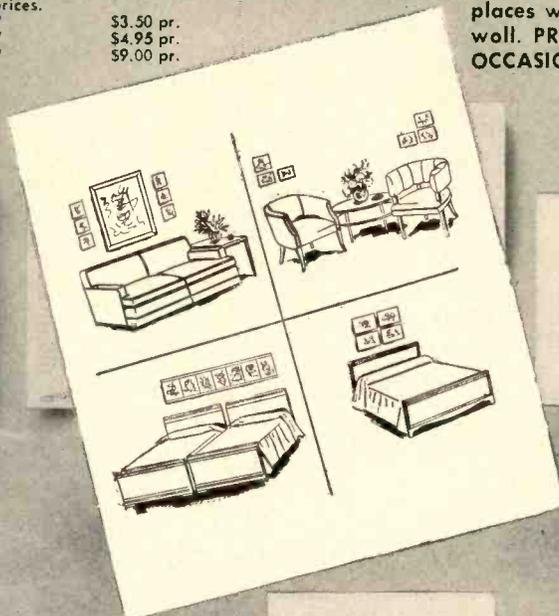
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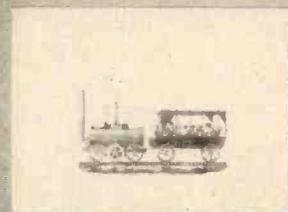
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“IT”

can be

yours



Doris Gorka, Conover career girl is one of the many lucky students who go through the assembly line of beauty hints from Mary Dean (l) and director of the school, Candy Conover (r)

By Candy Jones Conover

“IT” is the most important thing for a girl to possess this year. “IT” is the tiniest word we know that means “she has everything”—good looks, terrific style sense, a good job, a well filled date book, and a marvelous personality. Every girl can get “IT”—if she analyzes herself—her faults and good points—and does something about them. Include with your New Year Resolutions, the goal of developing all of your beauty assets and fashion know-how as a physical part of achieving “IT.” Listed below are some fashion and beauty tricks practised by the Conover Girls that you too enjoy doing.

Beauty

1 Experiment with various make-ups. You’ll notice more make-up talk this spring than ever before. Deeper-toned lipsticks will be especially good.

2 Make sure that your hands are in A-1 condition, because nails have become a definite part of the spring beauty picture and are fashionably longer—not claw-like though. The nails should wear a darker color. White iodine applied to your fingernails at least once a week (under polish) does much to strengthen your nail and lengthen its life.

3 A faint touch of rouge (cream or lipstick blended under your eyebrow from

center of brow to outer edge, picks up the sparkle in your eyes. Try this for special dates; the Conover Girls do.

4 For sensitive skins, instead of using a regular complexion brush to keep your skin lovely, try using a man’s shaving brush. Clip the bristles to your desired resiliency and lather away, especially around the nose and chin areas.

5 For problem skins, or for those who do not wish to wear a regular make-up, a hand lotion base dusted with powder will give a smooth, natural look.

6 Rouging is an art, and it must be applied carefully to appear natural. Remember that the main purpose of rouge is to signify the hint of a blush. A cream rouge should always be used when you are using a cream base or liquid foundation. The rouge is blended in over your base and your powder goes over the rouge. A dry rouge is used when only powder completes your make-up—and again it belongs under the powder. (Apply dry rouge with cotton or a rabbit’s foot.) It can be used under a cake makeup if no base is applied. I think every girl knows that her lipstick can be substituted for a cream rouge. Soften your lipstick with cold cream, before trying to dab it on your cheeks.

7 Girls with faulty smiles should never attract attention to their mouth or teeth

by wearing a bright lipstick. A soft medium tone will minimize defects, whereas a dark or bright shade accentuates a negative feature—and we all want to “accentuate the positive!” If you want to emphasize the shape of your pretty mouth, here is a trick made just for you. Use two shades of lipstick, one light and one darker, (they both must blend in one basic tone—not one with a purple cast and the other a pink. With the darker of your two shades of lipstick, outline your lips with your lipstick brush. Fill in the space with your lighter shade. Always use downward (perpendicular) strokes to eliminate that “quick paint job” look. If you want to make your lower lip seem fuller, try this trick. Outline your lips with the darker lipstick. Use the lighter shade on your top lip and fill in your lower lip with the darker stick. Smooth a very thin film of vaseline over your lower lip to catch the highlights. A few drops of cologne on your lips before applying your lipstick will help prevent your lip rouge from running at the edges.

8 Incidentally, I’ve seen girls with broken-off hair mistreat their hair with their combs. Never yank through your hair roughly with a comb. Use your brush to untangle snarls and gently (almost tenderly) use your comb on your hair. Here’s

Yankee Doodle Dandies

(Continued from page 45)

an idea that Grandma must be credited with discovering—a homemade hair lacquer which really works and can't harm normal hair. It consists of sugar in a small water glass of lukewarm water. The sugar dissolves in a minute and your lacquer is ready to put on those straggly hairs. (Very good for your short bob.)

Fashion

1 Tall girls who especially wish to cut their height by their selection of clothes should include in their wardrobe any of the following items: peplum dresses, bolero suits, short capes and any garment with broken lines.

2 A short girl who wishes to appear taller should wear well-fitted, unbroken lines in her garments. A fitted coat with the "princess line" will give a longer line to her torso. Long tight sleeves, narrow belts, single breasted suits and form fitting evening gowns can add extra inches to the short girl. Don't forget the importance of good posture—I know girls who seem to have grown an inch by just standing up straight and holding their heads up.

3 Girls who wish to have longer looking legs will be wise in selecting darker than flesh tone stockings. Girls who want their legs to appear slimmer and more streamlined should wear dull (not shiny) stockings with a decidedly darker tone than their own skin coloring. There should be no hint of pink or flesh color in the hose, and of course, the stockings should always have seams. Girls with heavy ankles or too large calves must be especially careful in their selection of footwear. The best shoe style for these girls is the opera pump with a low cut vamp.

4 If you have a full face or a broad, square-shaped face and want to minimize its width, choose a neckline with a deep V. If you are a very tall girl with a thin face and you'd like your face to appear fuller and your torso shorter, wear a heart shaped or deep square neckline. Strapless evening gowns will help to fill out your face and shorten your figure too.

5 A quick trick to halt a run in your stocking and not discolor it with nail polish as an emergency repair, is done with plain soap. Wet the soap pad lightly, rub it in a circular motion at the end of the run plus an inch beyond. It's a smart girl who carries a small, wrapped cake of soap in her purse for times such as this!

6 Invest in a well fitting bra and girdle—a good girdle can always pull in at least an inch of you at your waist and hips. Be sure to measure yourself first without the girdle and then check those measurements with it on.

By following these suggestions for good grooming, you will start the new year on the right foot. The confidence gained from knowing you look and feel right will help you develop a more pleasing personality. These methods which *Conover Girls* have learned through long experience can be of benefit to everyone.

but he has always written his own material. Up to now, that is. On TV he learns skits that are created by others and "that's rugged, when you've always worked with your own stuff." Peter and Mary rehearse eleven days for 28 minutes of air time on *Inside U.S.A.*, which gives some idea of just how demanding TV is.

But, of all his talents, Hayes says that "making kiddie records is my real business." By which he means that it's given him the most satisfaction. One of his platters, *Genie, the Magic Record*, has sold more than any kids' release ever made by Decca. And Hayes gets more fan mail because of it, from parents, than from any other audience he ever entertained. Some time ago a youngster in Chicago had a series of eye operations and, before and after each operation, the only thing that would quiet her was *Genie*. When Hayes heard of it, he went to see her in the hospital and got a warm reception he'll never forget. "That's why I call it my real business," he says.

The *Genie* record also has another value. Seems the kids love to turn up the volume when Hayes does his imitation of a siren and, by letting them do it, the parents have broken a lot of leases.

Breaking leases has been no concern of Peter but, if it were, Mary could probably advise him. She was the hard-working secretary to the manager of the Roosevelt Hotel in New Orleans when she decided to enter a beauty contest. The next thing that happened she was Miss New Orleans, and headed for the coast with a Twentieth-Century-Fox contract. The only person Mary knew in Hollywood was Al Donahue, who was a great friend of Peter. Dating with Al, it was inevitable that she would meet Peter. And one night she did, without much apparent excitement. But two weeks later they were off on the Fidler talent tour; and the rest is history.

Peter owes a debt to Fidler for this; and another one to a forlorn, punch-drunk fighter who used to shuffle about in Central Park. Hayes did some training there during the war and the old pug used to watch the goings-on regularly. Always interested in people, Hayes would talk to him sympathetically and the result, of course, was his now-famous Punchy Callahan routine. The Callahan act wasn't built on ridicule, but actually gave an impersonation of a pathetic, battered old derelict. Which was so unusual for a night club comic that the routine, more than anything else, gave Hayes his big break after the war. The act was pictured in magazines, applauded in the Copacabana, and in general caused much talk about a rising new comic.

This rising new comic business was nonsense, of course, since Hayes had been a top performer for some time. But he was in the Air Corps four years during which, he says, "Mary went out and got a job and I became Mr. Healy." And mighty little of the time was spent around Central Park. More was at Guam with the 20th Air Force as a Tech Sergeant. It was at Guam that he organized eleven former *Winged Victory* players and they put on more than 620 shows for over a million men in Guam, Iwo Jima, Saipan, Tinian, Okinawa, and in Japan proper. Hayes collected the Bronze Star for this but, before he left the States, he demonstrated that he could pick talent. While in Marfa, Texas, he met a young giant, then 267 pounds, who at the time was eating a meal of something like a dozen fried eggs, give or take a yolk. This fascinated Hayes and, when the fellow told him he could sing, Hayes was ready to listen. The big fellow was right, as it developed, for his name was Mario Lanza. "He's my discovery," says Peter.

Hayes got out of the Army in 1945 and soon his crewcut, chuckle, and Callahan were bobbing up in clubs all over the country. It was a rough grind but he has always kept in shape. He weighs about 170, is 5'10" tall, and plays an excellent game of golf. "Do you know what comedians dream about?" he asks. "Well, this one dreams about his mashie-niblick shot." Last year he beat the crack golfer Bruce McCormick two days running, with some luck. So, when McCormick was picked for the Walker Cup team, Hayes sent him a one-word telegram—"Politics."

Hayes also likes photography and he once had a collection of pipes. He got up to 50 pipes but one night, just after they were married, he came home to find Mary had washed them all out. "She said they smelled bad. So I gave up on that."

Like any trouper, Hayes has had his share of heckling. And he particularly recalls one night at the Blackstone in Chicago. Every time Peter got well into the Callahan-punch-drunk routine, a fellow near the front, who was rather the worse for wear, would let out a whistle. This went on until finally Hayes stopped and said, "One drunk at a time, please."

PICTURE CREDITS IN THIS ISSUE

Pages 18-21, 34-37, 44-45, John Nebel
Pages 16-17, 30-31, Ed Ozern
Pages 38-39, CBS photo, Urgo
Page 43, CBS photo, Stahman
Cover, CBS photo, Irving Haberman

the

facts

about color

For the past several months the question of color television has caused considerable excitement among all who have ever seen a TV broadcast; the addition of color would undoubtedly open unlimited possibilities for improved home entertainment. But this air of eager anticipation has been accompanied by sober thought over the problems of transmission and reception of color broadcasts and of the availability and cost of color receivers and converters and adapters that would allow present sets to continue in service after color comes. Actually the color situation justifies neither elation nor concern.

It now appears certain that it will be at least two years and perhaps as many as five before color is available to the public.

The Federal Communications Commission, which sets all standards for broadcast service and licenses stations, held extensive hearings on the color question last September, October and November. It saw demonstrations of the color systems proposed by Columbia Broadcasting System and Radio Corporation of America; it conducted its own tests of this equipment. These hearings are now in recess and are scheduled to resume on February 6. At that time the FCC will observe demonstrations of a third proposed color system, by Color Television, Inc., of San Francisco. These are to be followed by comparative tests of all three systems and on February 13 the Commission will resume its color hearings.

An FCC decision on color, therefore, is not expected until spring, at the earliest. Even if the Commission adopts one of the color systems now before it—this is considered doubtful by many high officials—it would be at least two years, in the opinion of most manufacturers, before the necessary equipment could be placed on the market.

Briefly, the major difference between the two color systems that have been shown to the FCC is that the CBS development is mechanical and RCA's is all electronic. The Columbia system employs a color wheel, one in the camera and one in the receiver, which breaks down the image into its primary colors (red, blue and green) in transmission and reassembles the color in the receiver. The wheel in the receiver is about twice the diameter of the picture tube, and spins at 15,000 revolutions per minute.

The same principle—that of breaking down the image into its primary colors—is followed by the RCA system, but is accomplished without the use of any moving parts. Instead, three separate tubes are used and the primary colors are mixed when the signals are shown on the screen. In both cases, the blending of the primary colors gives the impression of full color pictures.

Although his firm has developed one of the systems now being considered by the FCC, David Sarnoff, chairman of the board of RCA, said last May that color is on the way but will not be ready for at least three or four years. Allen B. DuMont said, "Final determination of commercial color television requires extensive experimentation and field tests (which) will take years."

In a recent article in *Tide*, Frank Saunders, television editor of the trade journal, pointed out three big bottlenecks to the early availability of commercial color:

"(1) the fact that the extremely high-powered transmitting tubes needed for good color transmission . . . haven't yet been developed; (2) the fact that adequate studio equipment for color transmission, adequately field tested and proven, hasn't yet been developed; (3) the fact that no manufacturer or broadcaster has yet field tested and worked out detailed specifications for color TV converters or receivers."

Cost is another important factor. CBS president Frank Stanton has estimated that the CBS color adapter for present black and white receivers might cost about \$75 when in mass production; Benjamin Abrams, president of Emerson, on the other hand, says that converters would sell for between \$300 and \$500 and complete color receivers for no less than \$1,000.

"Industry officials as a whole," Saunders said in *Tide*, "tend to agree that when color does come, sets to receive it will cost two or three times as much as present black and white sets. That would make color TV a high income item, and black and white transmission would have to be continued for owners of present sets."

On the positive side, when color is ready you may be sure that your present receiver will not be obsolete, because the FCC has stated that compatibility will be one of the major requirements for a color system. This means that the color system may be received on today's sets with only minor changes. Color pictures with both the RCA and CBS systems may be received on present sets by means of adapters or on new color receivers. Under the CBS system, however, present sets would require adapters in order to pick up color transmissions in black and white, while under the RCA system present sets would be able to do that without any change.

In sum, the only thing completely certain about color is that someday it will be with us—perhaps two years, perhaps five, or more. Until the FCC makes its decision and the future direction of television becomes apparent, let's all relax, sit back and enjoy the entertainment the medium now offers. It's good, and it's getting better every day.

Bill Lawrence

(Continued from page 21)

He signed a two-year contract with RCA Victor for a monthly recording session. His most popular seller has been *Jealous Heart*. Other hits were *Dreamer With A Penny*, *If I Could Be With You*, and *I'm Beginning To Miss You*. He is credited with reviving *Again*. Personal appearances at the Blue Angel twice and the Astor Roof and at benefit performances were additional rewards. Last summer Bill subbed for Perry Como on the radio Chesterfield Supper Club.

For all his success, Bill remains the same, unaffected small-town boy he was when he started out. He is still very close to his family and as soon as he became established he asked his mother and only brother to join him in New York.

When he came to New York he fell in love with the city, its tall buildings and the many things you can find to do. Living in an apartment he found strange at first but he is becoming accustomed to it. Eventually he would like to buy a house.

The ordeal of apartment-hunting was spared him through the aid of Janette Davis, a fellow singer and good friend on Godfrey's show, who heard of an apartment being vacated. Bill moved right in taking the furniture and decorations as they were.

Bill enjoys puttering around the kitchen though he denies it. Brought up to eat most every kind of food, he still missed his mother's cooking. When he shops about the refrigerator for a between-meal snack his tastes run to raw foods, vegetables and meat.

Partially due to his singing engagements and partially due to desire, Bill is something of a night owl. He doesn't care how he gets his sleep, which he takes without pillows, as long as he gets eight hours a day. Usually he naps in the afternoon on the couch.

When he does go out he enjoys good movies of every kind and musical and dramatic plays. On the rare occasions when he takes in a night club he prefers places with good entertainment like the Copacabana and the Blue Angel.

At home Bill doesn't have any particular hobbies, though he has a fine collection of records, mostly popular. He swims and plays basketball when his schedule permits but enjoys lounging about the house just as much.

Bill likes his women to have an attractive personality with a sense of humor rather than the made-up-to-be-beautiful type. But looking for the right girl is more important than looking for a single type. He has no plans for marriage at present but we can tell the girl who becomes Mrs. Lawrence that she couldn't have married a nicer guy.

The man who took over

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Which one did you like best?

Which one did you like the least, if any?

Who is your favorite male performer?

Who is your favorite female performer?

What programs would you prefer to read about in future issues?

Is there any particular type story you would like to see in future issues?

My name Age

Address

City Zone State

Sincerely, Maggi McNellis

(Continued from page 15)

always have surprise pink in your lights."

Maggi didn't know that, either. Today surprise pink is her favorite color.

La Lawrence also decided that "Marge," as Margaret McNellis was known then, would never do as a tag for a budding entertainer. "It will have to be Maggi," she pronounced. "No 'e'—just M-a-g-g-i."

Maggi thinks that moment precipitated the flood of "e"-less *nommes de theatre* which have since inundated the entertainment world. Still, today, some friends who knew her when like to stick to "Marge."

Gertie sent her orchids on her opening night—"They absolutely covered the front of my dress. I looked like some kind of gangster's moll, I guess. And some people hung a lei of carnations around my neck—you'd think I'd won a race."

Moll, orchids, carnations, prize filly, surprise pink and all, Chicago took Maggi and her five notes to its gusty bosom, and after a more than satisfactory engagement at the Pump Room, the gal without a voice came to warble for Manhattan, in the Monte Carlo, Armando's and Le Coq Rouge. It didn't seem to matter whether she could sing or not. People just liked her.

Proof of how much people like her doesn't lie merely in publicity agent's fantasies or the premeditated praises of some windy starlet who got a break on Maggi's show. Dorothy Kilgallen, who might wear eyeglasses which are harlequin, but certainly not rose-colored, wrote of her not long ago: "... she had a flair for chumminess. In no time at all she got to know the cop on the beat as well as the millionaire around the corner."

And the autograph album which Maggi kept for celebrities who appeared on her subsequent radio program is crowded with straight-from-the-heart comment, almost all of them thanking her for something, certainly all expressing appreciation of some particular facet of her personality or connoting a down-to-earth humanness behind that glamor-gal facade. "To Maggi McNellis with the wonderful trellis," penned Charles Kenny; Glenn Langan wrote frankly and concisely, "From one hang-over to another"; hearts accompanied William Powell's observation of "Willie loves Maggi"; from the gourmets—"You make the finest clam chowder—Zero Mostel nè Grover Whalen" and "Your pressure cooker is my favorite—Hunt Stromberg, Jr." Super-sophisticated Maggi hangs on to her autograph album like a high school senior with a yearbook.

The radio engagement which started the album had its conception about the middle of 1944. William Randolph Hearst, Jr., remarked to her, "I see you everywhere I go—you seem to know about everyone.

Why don't you do a column on the air?"

Why not? Maggi spoke daily about Hollywood, radio, Broadway, places to eat and, of course, interviewed guests. She wrote every word she said, and everything the guest said—about 2400 words a day. "Someone figured out I wrote the equivalent of forty-eight full-length novels," she sighs.

Her speech, on the air and off, has always been flavored with the current idiom. She "natched" and "def'd" and "just talked whatever came out of my head." Somehow or other, whatever came out of her head in whatever way she chose to express it netted her an annual award from the Linguaphone Institute for outstanding voice in radio. The judging was based on "good tonal quality, clarity and diction, and understandable vocabulary." Herb Sheldon's explanation was, "Maggi's speech is natural. She doesn't try for any arty effects. She's always herself, even when she's broadcasting. . . ." But it still puzzles Maggi.

Herb was the announcer who appeared with her on her other radio spot, "Latin Quarter." Maggi confesses now that she was glad when that particular show was closed, because she found herself in the restaurant business. The natural warmth which puts her over so well got her into trouble. "If they didn't like the food," she exclaims, "I got a letter. If the headwaiter was nasty—I got a letter. And I couldn't do anything about it!"—the mouth, the eyes, the flourishing hands, the drooping shoulders assuring you that she really couldn't.

Radio laid a good groundwork for her to switch to television, but the structure to be erected on that groundwork, she discovered, had to be created in an entirely different fashion. Aside from the new and multiple technical demands, she found she had to drum up gimmicks, on her *Crystal Room* show, for example, for meeting her guests. She walked to the door or danced with them or waved frantically, all within the restrictions of the TV camera. Maggi believes the *Crystal Room* was the original of video's supper-club shows. She feels with a lot of other people, though, that the biggest problem isn't technical demands, but a lack of television personalities. "TV eats up acts and people so fast—there just aren't enough to go around. That's why you keep seeing the same faces. You know, one thing it takes which radio never did is years of appearing before the public. Stage experience, actually. In radio you can take a shy, inexperienced person and have him read lines with reasonable success. But you can't read lines on television, and there just aren't many personalities who can look

good and memorize or—more important—speak on the spot."

Because Maggi did have that all-important ability to speak *extempore*, the writing of the equivalent of forty-eight novels for *Maggi's Private Wire* has been cut down to one and a half hours of work a week involved in *Leave It To The Girls*. That is, the actual rehearsing and putting on of the show involves one and a half hours. In addition, she has letters to read and has to go about the delicate business of selecting the male guest. Originally, the four-woman panel was intended to be permanent, but the time of celebrities can't be scheduled that definitely, and now Maggi usually has to garner two women a week for the show. Some of the mangled males who foolhardily took a chance were Morey Amsterdam, Bennet Cerf, Henry Morgan, Lawrence Tibbett, John Carradine, all having in common a ready wit. But as a whole they prove no match for such representatives of the distaff side as Binnie Barnes, Eloise McElhone, Florence Pritchett, Kitty Carlisle, Claudia Morgan, etc.

Other than planning who shall appear, Maggi prepares in no other way. She opens the program with a question submitted by a listener, ad libbing from that moment right through the half hour. Most of her energy is exhausted in the business of "moderating." "I try to keep it impersonal," she moans. "That's the way it was supposed to start out. We put into words what most women think—but it's supposed to be on an objective level."

Frequently, as is well known—and it's an important factor in the success of the show—it isn't quite objective. Some of the gals, like Kilgallen, approach a problem with their feet pretty firmly planted on the ground; some have a wonderful knack for turning a phrase, like Binnie Barnes; some, like Ilka Chase, have a brittle humor. But, surprisingly, the principal difficulty seems to be with men who happen to know their opponents pretty well in private life, and who try to introduce an atmosphere of "Who are you to say that, when . . ." Maggi's job is to clear the atmosphere. Of course, war is renownedly one of the two fields in which all is fair, and *Leave It To The Girls* isn't exactly a mere skirmish. One man lashed by the tongues of four females out to get him is hardly likely to abide by Marquis of Queensbury rules. But Maggi feels it isn't fair, it isn't good business, and often it isn't true. "Why, Ham Fisher said to me once—'Look at you there in your three-hundred-dollar dress' . . . and the truth of it was, the dress was a \$29.95 Ceil Chapman mark-down."

Listeners have tagged the girls with

adjectives of their own creation—"luscious Florence" for Pritchett, for example. It goes almost without saying that the adjective popping up in Maggi's fan mail most frequently with reference to her is "gracious." She's also been dubbed, for her successful attempts to keep peace between the sexes, "the female King Solomon."

In those same letters, the question asked of her over and over is "Where can I get that dress?" It used to be "What was the skirt of the dress like?" That caused a major change in the format of the show. Originally, it opened on the participants all seated behind desks. Now Maggi *walks* in, introduces the guests, and each girl walks across the screen individually. "We have so many questions on what kind of skirt, we realized we must be just half-people to the audience, and we just had to do something about it. But we didn't change the position of the man—nobody seems to care what kind of pants a man has on."

One way in which Maggi's keen awareness of the business aspects of her job expressed itself was her frank delight at being switched from eight-thirty to seven o'clock, so that she no longer competed with the Ed Sullivan show. Maggi felt that he had a wonderful program and that also, since he began an hour-long stint at eight, she lost a good audience because listeners are not inclined to switch in the middle of a program. "Yes," she told people, "I'm switching to seven because Sullivan is such formidable competition."

Another tag pinned to Maggi is "The Hat"—for obvious reasons to anyone who knows her. She always has one on and it's always a knockout, whether a John-Frederics gift to high fashion or a little number she picked up in a bargain basement and clipped some jewelry to. But hats in themselves aren't enough to rate the four-year-running award of one of America's ten best-dressed women, which is precisely what McNellis has rated. Although her tastes in clothes are of necessity varied, she has a weakness for Ceil Chapman, whom she considers one of our outstanding designers. "She can turn out something that has all the look of a French dress at a price most women can afford at least once a season, anyway," she pronounces.

All of this is the public Maggi. In private life she seems to have hit a surprising level of normalcy. The outstanding thing is that her marriage is "it." So much "it" that she gave up singing in nightclubs when she met husband Clyde Newhouse "because he had to wait too long at night for me." Clyde, who owns a gallery on 57th Street and is one of the youngest outstanding connoisseurs of art in the country, has never attended one of her shows. "He says he likes to watch it at home," she remarks—but with a knowing grin.

"But then, I hardly ever go to the Gallery. I don't know a thing about art, but I'm learning slowly. And then, Clyde

doesn't know a thing about television. But we like it that way. We keep our businesses separated, and we just have a marriage—no 'career problem.' After we first met, I concentrated on radio because my singing interfered. And if my work now ever interfered, I'd give it up!" (Exclamation point Maggi's.)

People know she takes her marriage seriously. At the Colony, at 21, to the elevator boys at NBC, she's "Miss McNellis" until six o'clock. At one minute after six, everyone starts calling her "Mrs. Newhouse." Offhand, Maggi's culinary abilities might be considered a sizable factor in her marital success. It wasn't without reason that Zero Mostel and Hunt Stromberg commended her "clam chowder" and "pressure cooker." But it isn't very prominent in her regular home life, for the simple reason that Clyde is a "steak and corn-on-the-cob and salad with all kinds of things mixed in it" man. Maggi herself has an enormous appetite for exotic dishes. For breakfast, which she cooks at eight-thirty every morning Clyde wants the bacon and eggs routine. . . . "But me! I love corned beef hash fried with pineapple; or thin, thin pancakes with sour cream and peaches. You know, of course,"—Maggi the gourmet speaking—"when you make those thin pancakes you always have to throw away the first three or four. Heating just doesn't have anything to do with it. The pan has to have had something cook on it."

This from the gal of whom Ernie Byfield said, "Maggi's one of the greatest gourmets I know. She can tell the difference between twenty brands of peanut butter."

"That happened," she explains guiltily, "because at the time I was in the Pump Room, I'd just be surrounded with the most exotic dishes in the world. They'd have some sort of wonderful curry served in one of those marvelous things with

minarets—and I'd have a peanut butter sandwich. . . ."

She can appreciate a good curry now, with or without minarets.

Whether Maggi knows anything about art or not, she seems to have something which pleases artists. On the wall of her office in the RKO Building are hung three different interpretations of the woman McNellis in the medium of the artist. Fred Frederics of the John-Frederics combination painted her (hatless), as did Gloria Stokowski, and Esme O'Brien Sarnoff.

Maggi's favorite painting of herself was done by Werner Philipp. "You know—the landscape artist. He does only a few portraits, so it was pretty flattering. Apparently, he saw my picture in the paper, and found somebody who knew me. He said he wanted to paint me for an exhibition—and he did it in eight hours! Four two-hour sittings!"

When, at one point, the picture was displayed in the window of a mid-town gallery, Maggi developed a case of telephinitis from people who called all day to scream, "Oh, I sa-a-aw your picture!" Philipp, who reportedly can get \$5,000 for a painting, gave her the portrait after it had toured on exhibition, and it hangs prominently in her new Park Avenue home.

Multiple-threat Maggi, whose great-grampa traveled in a covered wagon, is doing some pioneering herself in a new field at the moment. Prentice-Hall is publishing a book of party games she co-authored. "The gimmick is that each game is a favorite of some movie star. I just realized that during my running around I'd collected a lot of them and it seemed like a good idea for a book. I think it will be a success."

Since the idea of the book is to have fun, since McNellis is in on it, we think it will be, too.



"That darn recipe program is causing interference again"

THERE'S NO ANONYMITY IN TV

By Arthur Godfrey

Has television changed my life? I'll say it has!

Years ago, B.T. (before television), I used to be just a radio voice. Clothed in anonymity, I could go about my business peacefully, any place I pleased, without much of a stir.

Then came television, projecting my puss into homes and bars and doggone it, I can't even go around the corner for a pack of cigarettes (three guesses what brand) without running into fans and a million questions: "Hey Godfrey, how's that farm . . . that new plane . . . that was some crack you made. . . ."

But don't get me wrong, though. I love people, although sometimes I wish I could go to Bali Hai and stay there for a while. I never want to become one of those stuffed shirts who hides from his public. But this kind of pressure that television brings makes you build a fence around you, just to get some time to yourself.

Television is a terrific medium. It has impact. While I'm still learning things about it, I've found that it is no different from radio, the stage or any other medium. People still seem to like a guy who is himself and not a Broadway gag writer's dream. I have to be me because I haven't got the talent to be anybody else.

Now, when people congratulate me for being so relaxed and at home in front of the cameras, it hands me a laugh. I'm only being myself and confidentially, I'm too doggone tired from all that radio work to try to be something else.

Every new show still is a great big adventure to me. I get a kick out of our guests, the big names and the unknowns from ping-pong champions to Inca Indian Princesses.

Sure, maybe, I'm naive and I never quit being a little boy, but I figure that's a help to me on television. Also, I've found that the less formal rehearsing I do, the better the show goes over.

And while I'm counting my blessings, let me list my gang, the little Godfreys: Janette Davis, Bill Lawrence, the Mariners, the Chordettes, Archie Bleyer's orchestra and Tony Marvin.

They help make television a pleasure.

HORIZONS UNLIMITED

(Continued from page 42)

and operations shifted to a store in the business section of Upper Montclair. Total sales for 1933 amounted to \$12,261, with the concern still operating in the red. However, orders for oscillographs began to mount, walls to the four adjacent stores were knocked out and the entire building was taken over. By 1935 Allen B. DuMont Laboratories was firmly established in the electronic field as the one company manufacturing cathode-ray tubes and oscillographs.

In 1935, a DuMont invention, the cathode-ray tuning indicator known as the "magic eye" was sold to RCA for \$19,750 and the money was used to buy a defunct pickle plant in Passaic. The three-story building became, and remains, DuMont plant number one.

After three more years of continued growth, DuMont again turned to television and decided that the time was right for the production of receivers. But before receivers could be sold, there had to be programs on the air, and so DuMont decided to build his own station. To finance this latest expansion, DuMont made a deal with Paramount Pictures whereby the movie firm received 56,000 shares of DuMont stock for \$56,000. After a while the stock was split ten for one and Paramount's 560,000 shares are now worth \$7,560,000. Although DuMont has time and again tried to buy out Paramount's holdings, the film giant always refused and recently a spokesman for the company said that its DuMont stock was worth at least \$10,000,000. On an investment of \$56,000, that's not bad.

DuMont's station, now WABD, went on the air in 1939 to become the third station on the air in New York, (the other two were WNBT and WCBS-TV and the plant in Passaic was making, and selling, a handful of home receivers, many of which are still in use.

The war and government contracts for the manufacture of cathode-ray tubes, radar components and other specialized electronic instruments put the DuMont organization on a sound financial basis. In 1946, when commercial television received the green-light from the FCC, DuMont zoomed ahead with the rest of the industry, but his firm grew faster and showed a greater profit margin than any of his manufacturing competitors, while in telecasting, where everyone is losing money by the bushel, the DuMont network has managed to lose less than the others.

Lest it be construed that DuMont owes its corporate existence to the largesse of the government, it should be reported that as long ago as April, 1933, DuMont applied for a patent covering many of the basic principles of radar—discovered during his cathode-ray research. The War De-

partment asked him not to file because of military security and he complied. Several years later a French patent covering the same principles was filed and DuMont was out in the cold.

Last September, DuMont took still another gigantic stride forward when he opened the largest television receiver assembly plant in the world—480,000 square feet of factory space under one roof located on the former Wright Aeronautical 58-acre site in East Paterson, N. J. Purchased from the War Assets Administration in December, 1948, for \$1,350,000 and converted to video at a cost of more than \$750,000, the new plant is capable of turning out one completed receiver every 22 seconds, more than five times the rate of production of DuMont's Clifton, N. J., installation bought in 1946. The new factory contains more than one and three quarter miles of conveyor systems with electrical and mechanical devices that move receivers from start to completion. Once on the assembly line, the sets are not lifted by hand throughout the entire manufacture and test operation.

DuMont's loyalty to those who stuck with him during the lean years of struggling growth is indeed heartwarming. He gave Henry Crowley, the man who lent him the first \$500, 25,000 shares of stock now worth \$337,500. John Hinck, his first employee who holds plant badge No. 2 (DuMont himself wears badge No. 1), received 5,000 shares worth \$67,500. Stanley Koch (badge No. 3), who blew by hand the glass casings for the first cathode-ray tubes, is now supervisor of the firm's tube research laboratory. Oscar Brandt (badge No. 4), presides over the field laboratory. The call letters of DuMont's station in Washington, D. C., WTTG, are made up of the initials of Dr. T. T. Goldsmith, Jr., (badge No. 14), director of research who joined the firm in 1936 soon after he finished college.

Because he gave away so much stock, DuMont himself no longer owns a controlling interest in the company. His own holdings, however, combined with those of his friends and old-time employees, add up to more than the 51 per cent majority needed for effective control.

On those few occasions when DuMont manages to get away from the business, he takes his family for a cruise aboard his 54-foot yacht, *Hurricane III*. But even on vacation, DuMont and television are inseparable. The luxurious yacht includes a DuMont console receiver and while cruising coastal and inland waters, DuMont likes to check on the reception and programming of all stations en route.

The combination of DuMont and television is great indeed, and, judging from past accomplishments, the best, for both, is yet to come.

Out of the Bandbox—into Video

(Continued from page 43)

model became apparent. "It's lucky I wasn't the hollow-cheeked type," she recalls. "Some of the gals with shadows under their cheekbones are wonderful in shows or still shots, but the television camera, I found out, slims everything down, and hollow cheeks really look it. For the same reason, I didn't have to lose any extra weight—a regular camera will make you look heavier, but the over-all impression through a video camera is about the same as you really are. The engineers even worked out a definite way of making a girl's legs look slimmer."

In its infancy, television was notorious for its heavy make-up and brown lipstick, so Madeline anticipated having to make up her face like something out of a surrealist's fantasy. But she discovered that through some improvement in lighting or camera she could wear her regular street make-up—powder perhaps a shade darker, but a true red lipstick. The wardrobe problem had various ramifications. Because the models are moving, the "stunning simple line" loses its value on television and most of the dresses Madeline models on the show have rather complex lines, just as most of them are pastel in shade rather than navies, blacks or dark greens, which appear as blobs on the screen.

The dresses which Madeline models are, of course, loaned to her for that purpose but—an important factor—she found that she frequently had to wear something of her own. There were occasions when she appeared simply as part of a "question" or handed a prize to a winning contestant—and no dream dress was provided for that. So one of the aspects of modeling for television was a little more demand on her private wardrobe. At such times, she makes a careful mental note of what she has on, so that she won't wear the same thing for at least the next three or four programs. In her first rehearsal, she also discovered that she had to remove make-up from her lower eyelid. Only upper lid make-up is used, since TV makes heavily made up eyes look like sockets in an empty skull. As with photography, no rouge is used.

"I do away with the super-sophisticated stuff, too," Madeline points out. "Modeling for fashion, you have to be pretty suave and slick, but on video they seem to want someone who can appeal to the larger, more general audience. You have to be fashionable, but not sophisticated. And I'm going to let my hair grow, because the producers and directors don't like this high-fashion shingle. I suppose that's why they concentrate on the smile too—they just want a good-looking girl who looks human."

That works both ways. The audience likes a girl who looks human, and the girl responds more warmly to such an audience. In modeling for press shows or buyers, the model is usually just a flesh-and-blood robot on which a particular piece of clothing looks best. With an audience watching, looking at you with an expectant, friendly smile, there comes a *rapport* and the desire to do your best.

The model's time can't all be given to a studio audience, though, because *the* audience is "out there"—behind the inflexible, fixed eye of the camera, and so the model must have an ability to "play the audience" and "play the camera," both. Particularly when the close-up camera is on her, Madeline turns to smile directly into it, to speak to it as though it were actually the vast viewing audience it symbolizes. How does she know she's on close-up? Either from her television script, beforehand, or because the camera obviously moves to her. How does she know she's on camera at all? The directing light on the camera itself helps, but principally this is where the "cuing" comes in. She appears, as does a stage actress, when her cue is called. And she can't leave until she's cued off. Madeline learned that the hard way—by leaving the screen blank on two occasions.

There's more of thespian art required in this particular type of modeling than an alertness for cues. The development of her capacity for acting has been, Madeline feels, with many other girls, one of the chief contributions television has made to her. She had first to develop a technique for pantomime, particularly on her steady *Winner Take All* show. Even if she's only playing at charades in a Marie Antoinette costume, she must have a talent for expressing something that goes with the costume. And whereas in general clothes modeling, all that is required is to turn and walk gracefully within a prescribed space, her modeling in this case also demands some acting talent. The announcer may be describing her dress for five minutes, and "you can't just keep turning around in circles for five minutes. They make up skits—maybe I'm walking the baby in the park or something—and I have to act out giving the baby a bottle or meeting someone I know, keeping in mind at the same time what part of me is supposed to be facing the camera."

Therein lies one of the biggest attractions in television for models—the possibility of being "discovered." Madeline went from pantomime to speaking lines, and has since played a few bit parts on various shows.

Aside from positive action, she has to listen constantly, too, and remember her

television script. While she's pantomiming talk with the someone she knows in the park, the announcer may be describing an embroidered pocket on her dress, and she casually slips her hand into it to attract attention.

Such points have to be made much more obvious for a mass television audience than for a small fashion show group. If she's carrying luggage, she has to move it around to display the points being described. If the camera goes into close-up on some jewelry, she has to remember to move her hand to her throat to display a ring or bracelet, or bring attention to a pendant. And she must constantly remember to move slowly and to be at the right place at the right time while she's saying the right thing.

One way to learn a good deal about whether you're progressing in your TV-ability is to make sure you see any films that are taken of the show you're on. Madeline discovered, from viewing such "recaps," that she showed her full face to the camera too much. A three-quarter angle is most advantageous for her and, provided it can be done naturally and with ease, she makes sure that's the angle at which she most frequently appears. She also decided that although the smile was important, there can be too much of a good thing, and cut down on the Cheshire cat routine. On one occasion, when she had tripped over a chair just before doing the actual display of a pair of shoes, she discovered from the recaps that on the screen her feet were still trembling and wiggling.

"One thing I found out from looking at the films was awful. I had stepped on a piece of glass on the floor—and I didn't know the camera was on me. Well, I made a terrible face—and there I was on the screen, face and all. But I made up for it another time. They were describing a dress on another girl, and I was to follow her on the stage. She just forgot somehow or other. Like so many of us, she would have been all right if she'd waited for that cue-off—but she walked off into the wings as I came on, instead of waiting for me. I was halfway out by that time and I just sort of improvised having something I wanted to show her, and called her back that way. It worked out all right."

Breaking into a new field always breaks into your way of living, and this job is no different. Preparation for a fashion show merely meant a fitting. Preparation for *Winner Take All* means rehearsal on Saturday afternoon from two to five, an hour break, back to rehearsal from six to eight, and then the actual putting on of the half-hour show. In an emergency when extra rehearsal time is demanded, there is

sometimes no dinner until nine. Being on *Winner Take All* cuts Madeline out of football games and usually out of Broadway shows, sometimes out of Saturday night dates completely. On the other hand, simply because it is on a Saturday, she can carry on her customary modelling activities during the week and television turns out to be so much "gravy" in her case. In its pioneer stages, modelling for TV didn't pay well, but now as a whole it pays better than general modelling. "And if you can find a steady show as I did, it pays much better, and you're sure of work from one week to the next."

The job has its demands and its leniencies, its advantages and its drawbacks. Madeline seemed to sum it up when she said, "The first time you go on, you know what the big difference is. In a fashion show you can always look in the mirror and know how you look. On television, you just look at that camera and wonder what the audience is seeing—and you do your best to remember everything and pray it comes out all right."

Pinhead To-night

(Continued from page 27)

attitude towards Foodini. One wrote Pinhead saying, "Don't let that Foodini get away with anything. Punch him right back." Another young and devoted admirer wrote in with a sentiment a little more in keeping with Saroyan's letter. He told Pinhead: "Give Doris a kiss for my Daddy."

Pinhead would not have gone wrong. Doris is a very attractive young miss, with brown hair, a pert nose and rosy cheeks, born 23 years ago in Kilmarnock, Scotland. She has traveled quite a bit. Her father, in the sugar business, moved the family when she was two to Puerto Rico, and when five to New York City. The family lived in various sections of the city before they settled down when Doris was 13, in Westchester. There she attended Bronxville High School. At present she is living with her mother in a rented house in New Canaan, Connecticut.

During the spring and summer in her free time she rakes leaves, prunes the apple trees and picks raspberries and strawberries that abound on the surrounding acres. Followed by her faithful pet, Scottie, she tramps the countryside and picks apples. This last fall, apples were a drug on the market—so either by taste or necessity apple pie became her favorite dish. Doris leaves the cooking to her mother because she feels too many cooks spoil the broth and her mother is a fine cook.

A near-by neighbor is Bob Dixon, the leading spirit of *The Chuck Wagon*, show. With his 12-year-old daughter, Doris often goes riding. "I'm sort of horse-crazy," Doris says. It was because of Dixon that she took a recent trip out to Hotspur Springs, Colorado. "I wanted to see if the West was really like the West," she comments. It was. She was amazed to discover the youngsters there receive Lucky Pup as wholeheartedly as in the East. One boy stopped her and said: "You're Pinhead." "No, I'm Doris," she replied. It took some convincing to settle that.

During the winter months, Doris writes and plays the piano. She has finished one (as yet unpublished) book for children, tentatively entitled, "City in the Clouds." There is another in the works and one other long-range project that she expects will take her 15 years to write. It is a story of a young girl growing up, based on her own experiences, but *definitely* not the story of her life.

Writing should not come hard, for Doris while waiting to crack television, wrote articles for trade magazines to "keep my spirits up." In college (she graduated from Barnard) she was an English composition major.

While at Barnard she received the en-

couragement and advice that started off her dramatic career. After seeing her direct a production of *The Taming of the Shrew*, for her class in Shakespeare, Professor Minor W. Latham of Bernard College persuaded her to try a season of summer stock to follow-up her interest in dramatics. She did this in 1947 with the Westchester Playhouse where she appeared in *Dear Ruth, Years Ago*, *The Trial of Mary Dugan*, and *The Philadelphia Story*. Broadway did not come knocking after the summer was over and she began the usual discouraging round of producers' offices. During this time she modeled for the Conover Agency.

Then came the opportunity to audition for Rodgers and Hammerstein in an American National Theatre showcase called *Talent '48*. The play was seen by producers and agents only. Doris had been studying singing with the teacher of Betty Garrett and also dancing with private instruction. She auditioned as a singer but the consensus of opinion was that her voice would never do. When she reported this back to her teacher he was floored but it didn't stop Doris. When offered a chance to appear as an extra on Barry Woods' *Places Please*, television show, she eagerly accepted.

It was her first introduction to television and it almost was her last. She showed up for rehearsal attired in a suit of rompers. This might have been fine for a musical show rehearsal but it seemed a little innocent for the sophisticated powers-that-be of television.

Though it wasn't intentional it made her stand out. One of the best spotters of talent in the new industry, Eleanor Kilgallen, CBS casting director, happened by at the rehearsal, watched her and made a mental note that here was a girl with punk.

When the auditions for a narrator were held a few weeks later, Miss Kilgallen called Doris in. Doris bested competition from 100 other girls and has been with the show ever since it started on August 23, 1948.

Now Doris is as much a part of The Lucky Pup show as the puppets. Though she is interested in television as a career she wouldn't want to jeopardize her marriage, when she meets the right man, by attempting to work and keep a home. Since she has plenty of "quantity," but hasn't met the "one and only," yet, she is postponing her decision.

Anyway she would very much like to play in musicals or dramatics. She is afraid, though, that since she isn't a known quantity there is too much of a gamble. Anyway, she jokes, "they won't let me be funny," on the stage—in the manner of a

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Nancy Walker or maybe, a Celeste Holm.

She makes up for this longing by seeing all the shows on Broadway. Her favorites are *A Streetcar Named Desire*, *Death of a Salesman*, and *South Pacific*, which she has seen three times. She adores Mary Martin and Ezio Pinza, the stars of *South Pacific*. While backstage to catch a peek at the "great man," Pinza, Doris recalls, "I was speechless for the first time in my life." Mr. Pinza came running over and said, "You're Doris. My son watches you every night." Doris still can't get over it. Here she had come to stare at Pinza as an unknown and instead she was warmly welcomed.

Most of the people who see the show always call her "Doris." It is part of the friendly spirit of the program. Doris is quite proud of that and also the fact she has been able to use her singing voice on the show. At Christmastime a year ago she sang Czechoslovakian carols to show American children how similar all the children of the world are. On religious holidays, she explains on the program why these holidays are celebrated and further aids the children's education.

Though the show is presented for children much of the dialogue is adult and topical in reference, sometimes way over the heads of the kids. Recent references to the deep freeze and the mystery quiz contests may have been slightly puzzling to the youngsters but a source of humor to their parents. The Lucky Pup show has changed during the year and a half it has been on the air. Completely sponsored, it has added a half-hour Saturday round-up for those who miss it during the week. The sets have grown from one to three. Lucky Pup himself has become a rare visitor. The props are so numerous that the creators, Hope and Morey Bunin, have had to move from an apartment to a four-story home to house all the gadgets.

In all, 28 cities from coast to coast follow the mad doings. Its popularity can easily be determined by two recent events. On one occasion a contest ran for ten shows. Within a week 28,000 replies had come in. Then a 15-year-old Brooklyn puppeteer, Robert Vierengel, fashioned a set of puppets after the characters of the program. He reproduces the episode of the evening before each day for children who haven't television sets.

The popularity of the Lucky Pup show has served a humanitarian purpose. Recently, the father of a polio victim wrote to Miss Brown asking that since his son, a faithful listener, wouldn't listen to *him* perhaps *she* could influence him to eat his meals regularly and follow the regimen necessary to regain his health. Doris, of course, wrote the boy immediately.

Doris Brown is a sympathetic, reserved young lady. Even when she doesn't like something, instead of simply attacking it, she will think out her answer carefully trying to understand why conditions are

bad. For example, she feels many small towns lack the tolerance of a big city. However, she doesn't forcefully denounce them but attempts to understand the reason for it happening. Motion pictures like *Champion* and *Home of the Brave* impress her because they are sympathetic and understanding as well as good entertainment.

For her own entertainment she likes to see all the good movies, though she specializes in the French and English ones. She enjoyed the recent *Devil in the Flesh* enough to see it twice. She reads all the new books, concentrating on fiction. While commuting she has read recently: *Point of No Return*, *The Aspirin Age* and some of Maugham's works.

Her idea of a perfect evening would be a long leisurely supper, followed by a visit to the theatre. Since it is a perfect evening she would include a visit to a quiet spot where a pianist plays soft music. Otherwise she doesn't like to go to night clubs much. She doesn't smoke and drinks only a little but believes everyone else should do as they please in those respects.

Like so many other performers in television Doris is always off on a busman's holiday after finishing her own show. She just can't get enough of television. The *Ford Theatre* and *The Goldbergs* are special lures. She thinks *The Goldbergs* are terrific. "Who doesn't?" is her appropriate afterthought.

Many of the viewers of television have the same feeling for Doris. A recent letter from 13 doctors of the Bryn Mawr Hospital in Pennsylvania said in part: "We, the resident and interne staff at the hospital, hereby notify you that we have selected you as 'Best therapeutic agent of the year.' Pulses and respiration pick up and the group shows an alertness (after the show) not frequently seen at other times of the day or night."

Doris' charm has not always had such beneficial results for her adult viewers. One Woodside, N. Y., housewife wrote recently saying in substance what may be sauce for the goose may not be sauce for the gander. Her husband, it seems, has become ecstatic in praise of Doris' distinctive hair-style. (Doris' hair has bangs in front and page-boy effects on the side and rear.) The wife decided she had better match it. She sat down with scissor, comb and mirror one day and fashioned her own locks. Then she impatiently awaited her spouse's arrival and approval.

Her husband snorted when he came in: "What the devil did you do to your hair?"

This example of how people can be influenced is worth remembering in assessing the importance of Doris Brown and the *Lucky Pup* show. It shows our children are being educated while we entertain them. Parents can feel safe in entrusting their children to Doris, Foodini, Pinhead, Lucky Pup and Jolo.



TELEVISION TO ME

By Abe Burrows

Our modern electrical homes are wonderful. A guy puts in electric dishwashers, electric mixmasters, electric garbage disposers, electric toasters, electric washing machines, and above all, an electric television set.

Then one day, while he's sitting in his electrical breakfast nook, having electrically popped-up toast and electrical coffee, he opens his mail and is electrified by his final notice from the electric company.

Of course, if he's smart, he doesn't find himself in that predicament. When he gets his television set, he puts up in front of his house the sign "Bar and Grill," and charges admission.

I also have a television set at home, but I have never been able to watch CBS-TV's *This Is Show Business* on it. Maybe that's because I'm in the studio at the time appearing in *This Is Show Business*. On this show, I've got the best pair of eyelashes, much better than those of Clifton Fadiman and George S. Kaufman. I'm pretty fond of my eyelashes. They represent the only decent batch of hair on my head.

But I'm fond of television. Really I am. It's the one medium on which Burrows got a sponsor, which means Burrows eats regular, something with which I'm in complete sympathy. Of course, I may have to change my jokes if television completely replaces radio. On radio, I can ask rhetorically: "Am I fat? Am I sloppy? Am I bald?" Then I supply the punchline: "Well, my answer is yes!"

On television, this obviously won't work. After all, the audience can see me. The only answer to that is for me to get in front of the camera and croak "I'm a singer." Somehow, that's a sure laugh every time.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION

Jo Stafford—America's Queen of Hearts

"During the coming year, I will do all I can to help the Heart Association get their messages to the people. I will continue to search for and bring the music of America to the American public. During 1950, I will make another concert tour to thank my audience personally for the way they have received my efforts."



Howard Hoyt and television producer Tom Weatherly interview actress Joyce Van Patten, one of the first to register with the new Hoyt Television Casting and Registry Service

TV TALENT CENTER

*A new casting service
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to producers' offices
for TV performers*

The birth of a central television casting office, located in New York, may be considered symbolic of the tremendous growth of the television industry in the past year. The operation will duplicate that of the West Coast film capital's famed Central Casting.

The idea is a result of the combined brains and intuitiveness of two of the theater's more successful members, Tom Elwell and Howard Hoyt. In the more than ten years Elwell has been associated with casting and production for the theater, he has handled such outstanding hits as *The Red Mill*, *Laura*, *The Front Page*, and countless others. Howard Hoyt has been responsible for promoting young stars such as Tom Drake, Harold Lang, Penny Edwards, Carol Bruce, and more recently, Sarah Churchill. In addition, he has managed to tuck under his belt such productions as *High Button Shoes*, *Look, Ma, I'm Dancin'*, and the forthcoming *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*.

What Hoyt Television Casting and Registry will offer exclusively to video performers is a casting and telephone message service.

As a casting service the organization will have contact with television network, agencies that handle television shows and advertising, film packagers and general show packages. Registrants will be categorized as to type, ability, and experience, and will be called for television roles and appearances as requests are made from the various outlets.

Both Tom Elwell and Howard Hoyt feel that the service will be of particular aid to theater people who need an outlet or middleman to enable them to make the conversion from footlights to klieg lights. It will also be of help to members of the television industry who wish to save time in casting and need professional selective assistance as to talent.

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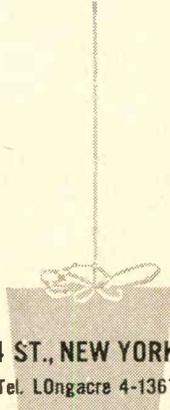
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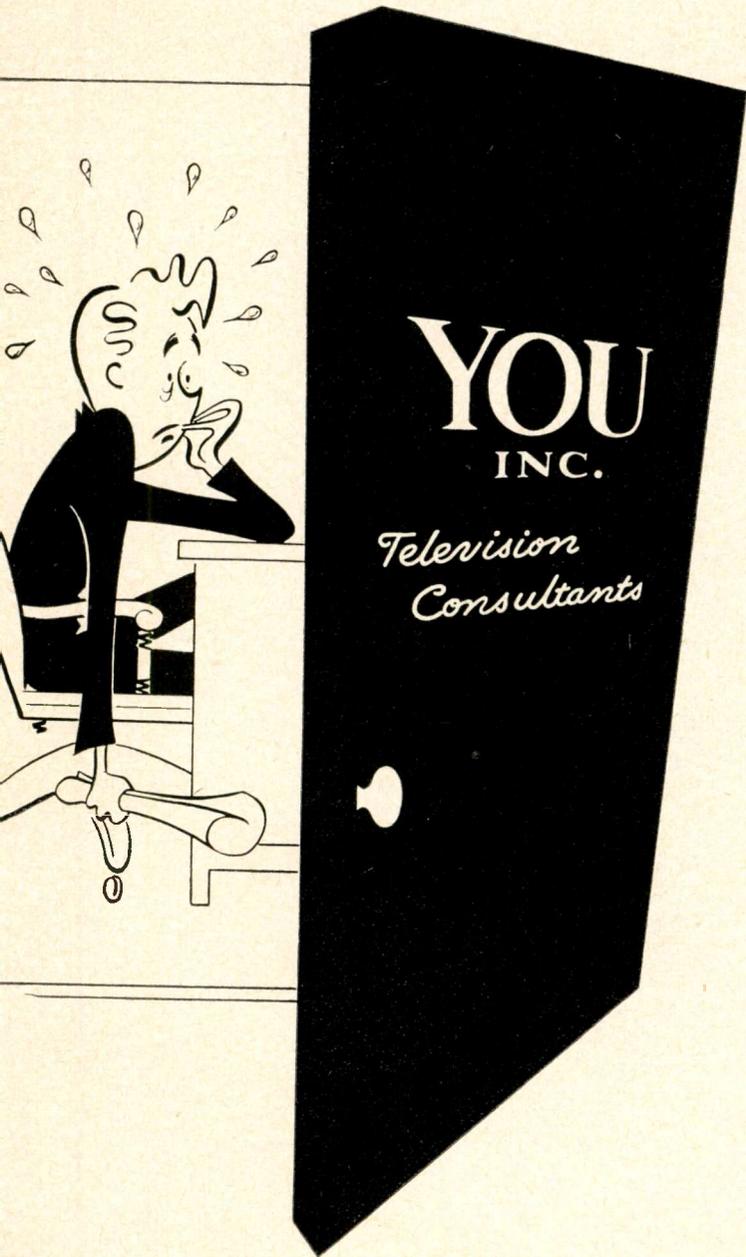
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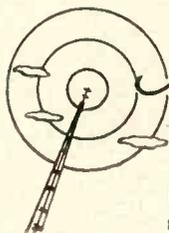


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FRANCEY LANE

(Continued from page 33)

her new high school, Broad Ripple, she entered a contest staged by a local radio station to find the most talented singer in the Indianapolis high schools. Unlike fiction stories, she didn't win any prize. By the same token she didn't even come close. The station directors, however, impressed by her colorful voice, signed her to a radio contract.

Her first radio show, at 17, was of the hillbilly variety. She played the part of a farm maid, Clara Belle. Francey has never lived down the name. To this day, friends still call her "Clara Belle." As she aptly puts it, "Your first job lives after you."

Francey continued with her radio work after graduation, dividing her time with work at the local munitions plant. She wanted to go overseas as an entertainer, but she was too young. A year and a half later, she gave up her promising radio career to enroll at Columbia University, where she planned to major in speech, music and dramatics. Her father was against her leaving home, but this enterprising young miss was determined to go—even if it meant working her way through school without family support.

College life was wonderful, but it lasted only one semester. Francey, low on funds, had to drop out and seek work. Fortunately, a girl friend introduced her to Johnny Long who needed a vocalist. She joined his band, touring the country for three and a half years, finally returning to New York to take a vocal spot with Lopez.

Francey is crazy about Manhattan, its bright lights and gaiety, that give an emotional lift to anyone living there. She favors a city that "lives twenty-four hours a day," to a small town like Indianapolis. If life in New York ever becomes tiring, then a ranch in Colorado would be ideal to rest her "weary bones."

Of the many activities at her command in New York, tennis, bowling and horse-back riding have caught Francey's fancy. It isn't unusual to see this pretty lass cantering along the bridal paths of Central Park on a Sunday morning, or throwing a neat curve as she whips a bowling ball down the alley to rack up a strike on the score pad. She attributes these sporting instincts to her "childhood tom-boy days."

Aside from sports, Francey's pet hobby is collecting phonograph records of past and present vocal artists. In her estimation two of the greatest singers today are Perry Como and Frank Sinatra. Como is more of a favorite, though, because he never seems to be acting or putting on airs. When he sings a ballad-type song, the naturalness of his expression conveys the meaning behind the words to the audience. Francey, however, doesn't try to emulate Como when she is on her own

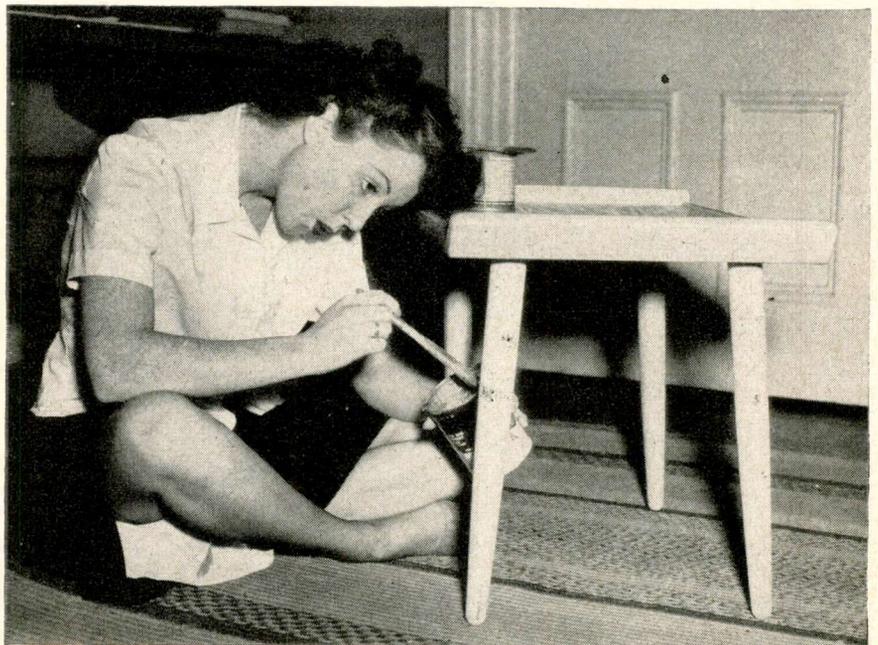
program. She usually "hams" a straight acting part.

On Francey's show grooming is a problem. She complains that she must wear sleeves and high necklines on her dresses, and—she can't cut her hair. Since this red-haired lass has a multitude of freckles on her arms and shoulders, she must wear clothing that prevents these "spots" from appearing on the screen. Much to her chagrin, her dresses can't be sleeveless or have a plunging neckline.

The desire to cut her hair to fit the new styles has always drawn a rebuke from Alan Handley. Someday, Francey claims, she will go ahead with her plans for a haircut and leave it to the gods to decide her fate.

Extenuating circumstances during her months of telecasting have, on frequent occasions, caused Francey to suffer from bashful blushes. One night, during a hero and villain melodrama, she had to retreat to the stage wings for one of those "quick changes" required by the part. As she was busily pulling her dress down over the old-fashioned "bloomers," the camera suddenly switched and caught her in the act. Francey's face was as red as her flaming hair.

The fact that her hair does not show up on the screen has also brought crimson tints to Miss Lane's face. When she walks along the street with Johnny Andrews, people invariably say hello to him and ignore her completely. With color mounting upon her delicately carved features, she wryly declares, "Some of them even have the nerve to ask him, 'Where is Francey?'"



Intending to continue her career, Francey believes she should remain unmarried, but that doesn't stop her from getting domestic urges to fix up her apartment

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

made by WOR-TV talent

"I resolve to stop reading the newspaper at the breakfast table," John Gay. "I resolve not to interfere with my husband's resolutions for the coming year," Barbara Gay. The Gays are seen on WOR-TV in *Apartment 3C*.

"I resolve to get tickets to South Pacific for all my friends," Al Siegal, proprietor of *Al Siegal's Music Shop*.

"I resolve to do my Christmas shopping early—next year," John B. Gambling of *Get-Together with Gambling*.

"I resolve never to give other women the once-over while walking with my gal," Argtie Malvin of *Toon-a-Vision*.

"I resolve never to talk back to my director (Al Garry) except over a public address system," Hazel Shermet of *Hazel Shermet*.

Al Garry made two resolutions: 1. Forget women. 2. Forget number 1.

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next month in

TELECAST

From Beethoven to Be-Bop

(Continued from page 25)

set until the program goes on the air. While waiting for the show to begin, Bob is busy charting his schedule for the numerous requests he receives. His fan mail has reached tremendous proportions and he tries to answer as many as he can.

Bob, whose full name is Bob Howard Joyner, began his musical career in Boston back in 1923 as part of a vaudeville show. Having had little training in the music field, Bob states "I entered several amateur contests that were staged as part of the regular showbill. I won a couple of them too." His "uke" playing and singing enabled him to get steady billing in vaudeville. He played the New England circuit for two years, finally giving it up to take a job at Tillies, a Harlem night club.

His show background reads like a script for a Hollywood musical production. After playing piano and entertaining the evening crowd at Tillies, for six years, Broadway agent Ed Riley came to the rescue with a contract for theatre showings. Riley secured spots for him at Loew's State and the Palace Theatre. From there he received bookings at Billy Rose's Casa Manana, sharing the spotlight with such stars as Ozzie and Harriet Nelson, Willie and Eugene Howard and the Andrew Sisters. Play dates at the Zanzibar, Greenwich Village and Reuben Bleu followed soon after.

Radio and recording work has kept Bob going during the past years, but he likes television best. "I try to please all my fans by singing their favorite numbers," he states with a broad grin. After receiving letters for memory tunes, he sets the style of the piece according to its age.

A song that was familiar during the era of the "Twenties" would be "jazzed up," while a modern song would be played in "swing tempo." Bob even styles his playing to fit songs that were on everybody's lips during the Gay Nineties. Hymns and concert pieces are included in the Howard repertory.

Television and a few club dates take up most of Bob's time these days. After the broadcast he commutes to his home in nearby Wakefield, N. Y. There, he relaxes in his spare time by taking pictures, with his 16mm movie camera, of his wife and the surrounding countryside. He also plays an occasional game of billiards, "but," he laughs, "my attempts to imitate Willy Hoppe have not succeeded very well."

Through TV, Bob Howard has been able to reach a wide audience. The knowledge that he is cheering many viewers who are bed-ridden, has made him a happy man. That is one of the reasons why, to him, "there is no more rewarding medium than television."

IT'S NEWS TO US

KFI TV of Los Angeles has come up with a brand-new show that will pit various schools against each other in a contest of talent and intelligence. The first two schools to stage the battle of brains are Los Angeles High School and its long-time rival Fairfax High.

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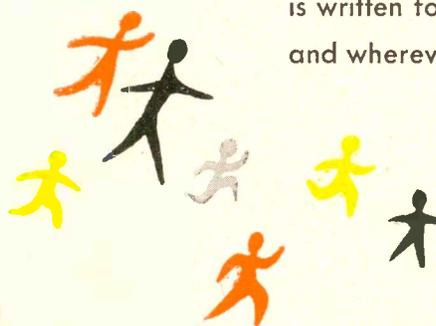
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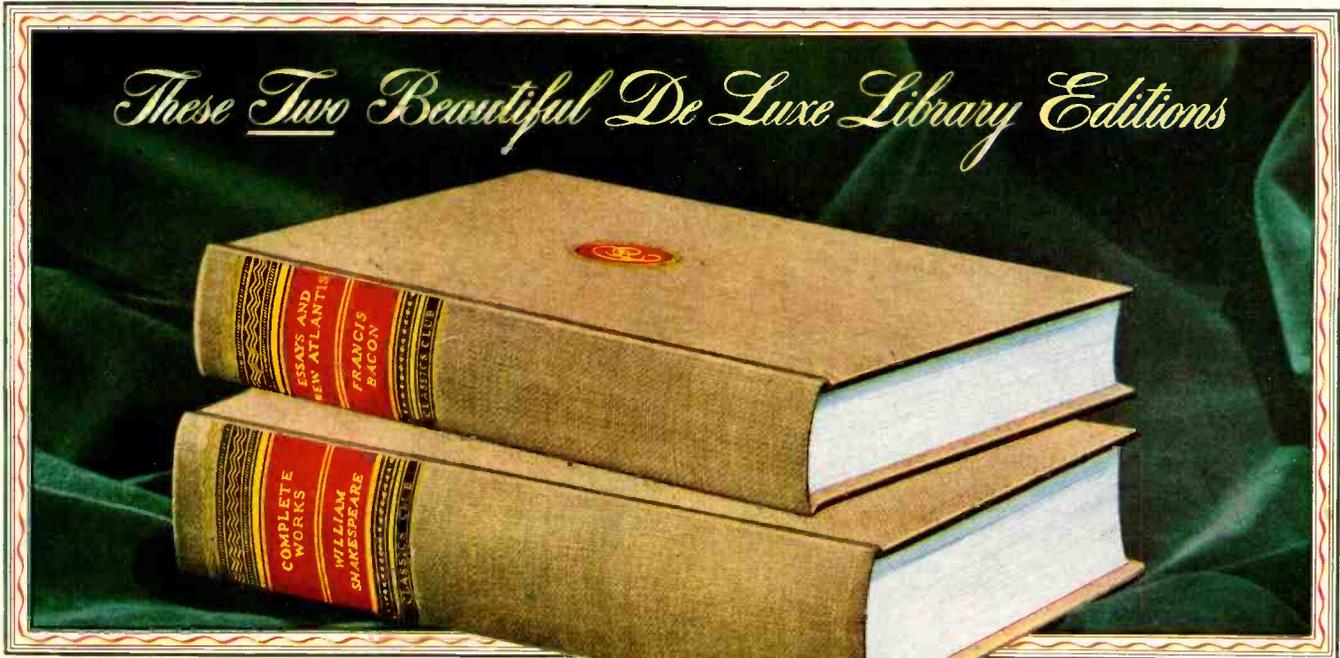
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