

# TELECAST

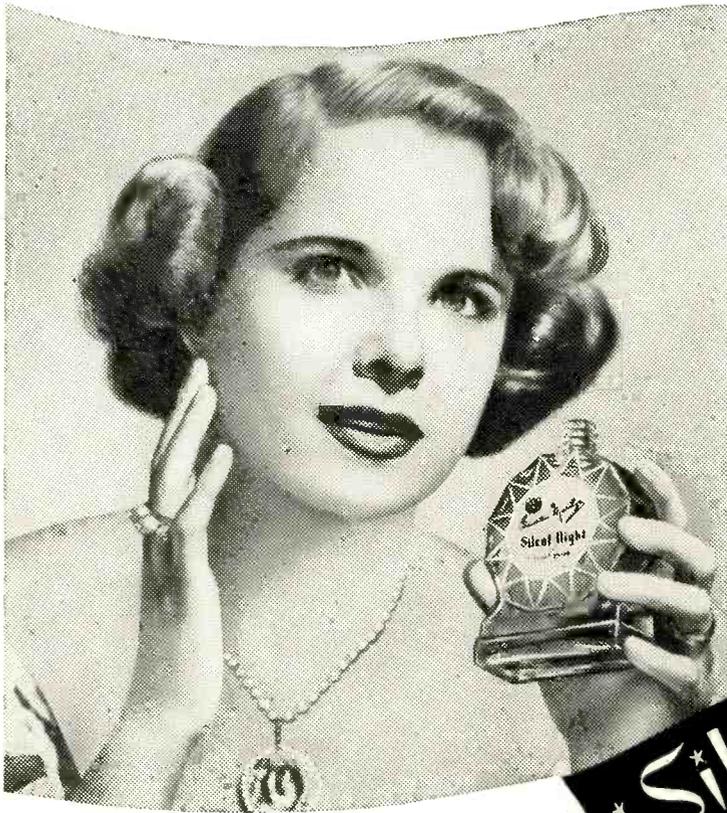
February 25¢

THE NATIONAL TELEVISION PICTURE MAGAZINE



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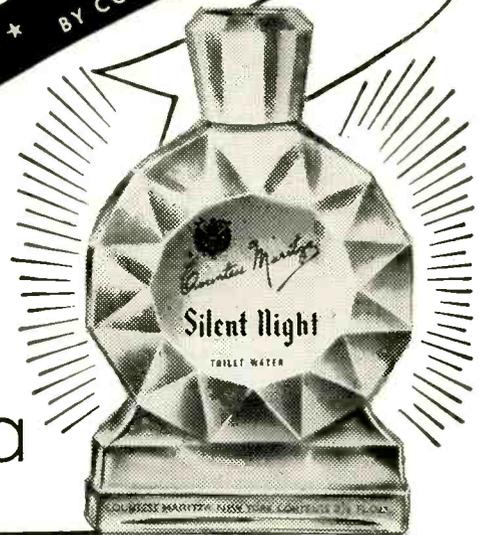


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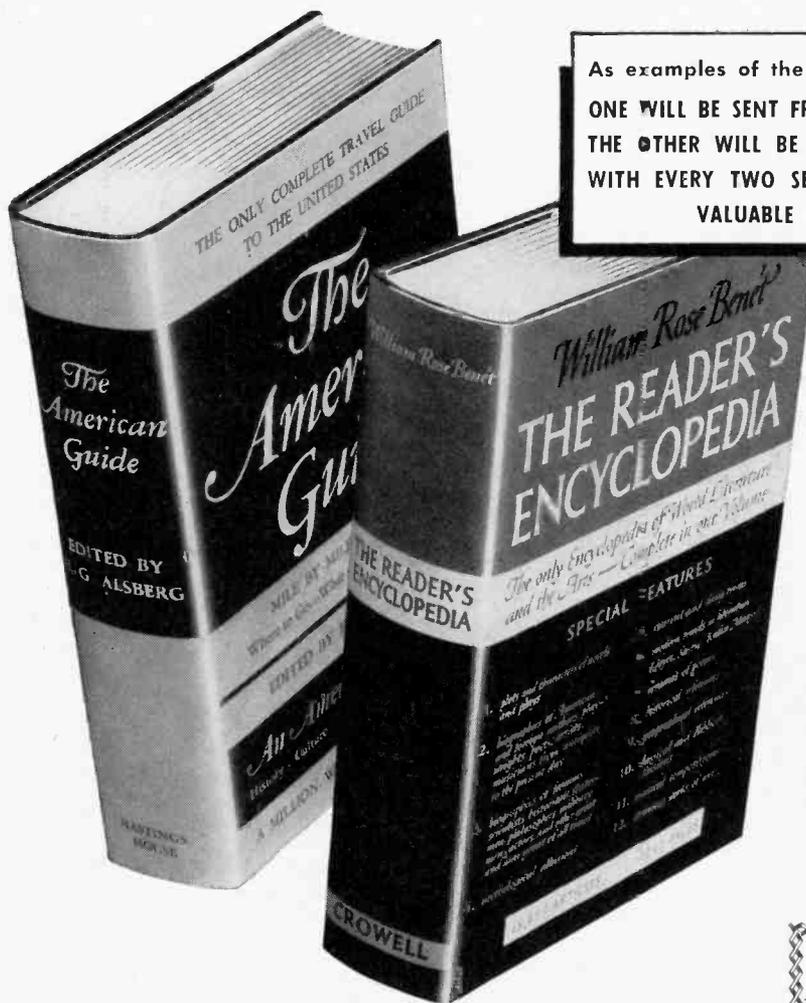
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# TELECAST

THE NATIONAL TELEVISION PICTURE MAGAZINE

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MRS. BELCHER

Garrison-on-Hudson, New York

# gloopy and me



Beginning a series of original stories by Doris Brown, CBS-TV's narrator of Lucky Pup

I have a little wooden man who is about two inches tall. He sits over my desk and whenever I work and sometimes feel blue, I have only to look up and see him and I laugh. His name is Gloopy and I must admit that is a very silly name but if you saw him you'd know the name fits him perfectly. He has a long pointed hat that sits on his head just like a mushroom. Under it his cheeks are round and pudgy, so pudgy that his eyes are only merry little slits above them. His nose is absolutely tremendous, nearly bigger than all the rest of him. His mouth is set in a foolish grin that appears to curl right round his face. Gloopy has his hands in his pockets, and his pockets are in a droopy pair of suspender pants. His feet are so big that he sits back on them as if they were the slats on a rocking chair. He's quite something, Gloopy is. After all there are very few people like Gloopy who can smile day in and day out, year in and year out.

I never in all this world thought I'd find Gloopy again and I very nearly didn't. First I'll tell you how I met him. When I was littler than I am now I had a very nice grandfather who told me stories each night before I went to sleep. In fact, it was often just about the nicest time of the day for me because he was a very good storyteller. My favorite stories were fairy tales about elves and imps and fairies and goblins and all the little people who peek out at you when you least expect it. We had a special name for those kinds of stories. They were called Changly-Dang. So whenever I'd want to hear about the fairies and the beautiful little elves who fly on gossamer wings, I'd say:

"Grandfather, tonight I want to hear a Changly-Dang story." And if there weren't another story that just had to be told then he'd tell me a Changly-Dang. You know it's a very funny thing, there are stories all around us. They happen every time the clock ticks away a second.

Well, to get back to Gloopy and the way I happened to meet him. I was telling you how my grandfather told me stories

each night, but the strangest things would happen sometimes. He'd be telling me a story about a fairy called Luellen who wore a green dress of spider webs when all of a sudden the funniest little man would jump into the story.

"What's he doing in here?" I'd demand to know very angrily.

And grandfather would just laugh and laugh and I'd get madder and madder and say again: "I want to know about Luellen and the white knight!" but all he would tell me would be more about this little man who was as round as he was tall. It seemed that every time grandfather started telling about Luellen this little man would sail down from nowhere, his big hat acting like a parachute. Of course the story would stop. You can imagine how I felt when each night almost without fail right in the best part of the story up he'd pop like a jack-in-the-box and poor Luellen would vanish into thin air.

"You tell him to go mind his business! Who does he think he is butting into other people's stories!" I would say.

But it was no use. In he'd pop and rock back and forth on those big flat feet of his and smile his silly grin until quite without my realizing it or certainly wanting it I found myself laughing too. Then grandfather and I would laugh and laugh and when we found out his name was Gloopy we'd laugh louder until I thought surely I'd pop right down the middle and I'd have to hold my stomach. I must say Gloopy had much more exciting adventures than did Luellen. She was always wispy and romantic and rather a soupy character. Gloopy was much more interesting and unexpected. He arrived at the wrong time in the wrong place continually, and all he'd do then was rock back and forth on his big feet. He never spoke directly to me as he was quite shy. Gloopy would whisper softly in grandfather's ear and then grandfather had to lean way over and pucker up his face and ask:

"What was that, Gloopy? What did you

*(Continued on page 7)*

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contests summon young  
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hazards of this  
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For an exciting and  
raucous story of the  
cyclone on wheels—  
read the March

## TELECAST

## letters to the editor



Dear Editor:

Picked up the first issue of your new magazine TELECAST and found it extremely interesting.

Shall be looking forward to the next issue.

*O. E. Voigt  
Milwaukee, Wisconsin*

Dear Sirs:

As a Vic Damone fan club, The Moaners of Damone, we are naturally interested in Vic Damone's welfare. We have noticed that your magazine is a new one out. We would like to suggest that you print articles concerning Vic Damone. We believe that because of his ever-growing popularity, his many fans would enjoy reading about him.

*The Moaners of Damone  
c/o Myrna Finwohman  
Brooklyn, N. Y.*



Vic Damone

• Unfortunately Vic has only made very few appearances on television. When he makes more regular visits we'll be the first to get his story and pictures.

Dear TELECAST:

I have been looking for a good magazine for a long time. TELECAST proves to be super. I enjoyed your magazine very much.

*Carl R. Loeb  
Canadensis, Penna.*

Dear Editor:

As an actress turned press agent turned performer once again, it's quite a thrill having the tables turned and finding my own show in print instead of getting some one else's there.

Many thanks for the strip of pictures and the nice words in the December issue of Telecast.

Every good wish for now and the year of 1950.

*Lee Hogan  
Designed for Women KNBH-TV  
Hollywood, Cal.*

Dear Gentlemen:

Thank you so much for the cover and article on Perry Como, the most underrated but greatest singer there is. (Well, I think so.)

In fact I liked the whole set-up. Nice paper, too.

Getting back to Perry—my favorite subject—it certainly was nice to see his handsome face on a cover. I'm so glad you think so too. He's a wonderful guy and fine person.

*Audrey Kouba  
Berwyn, Penna.*

Dear Editor:

Congratulations on your new enterprise and such a magnificent, informative job. I cannot help but see success in the future.

I am publicizing the magazine among my "Morristown" friends and my daughter Linda has taken the copy to school today to acquaint the high school students there with its contents.

With our fondest regards and sincere wishes for "big things to come."

*Mrs. Martin Perlmutter  
Dover, New Jersey*

Dear Sir:

I've been reading TELECAST Magazine for as long as it has been put out on the stands and I can't remember ever seeing a story about Alan Dale. In my opinion Alan is the finest of all singers. Alan has his own television show in New York. I have seen Alan on television and his personality is carried right into your home. Alan has such a beautiful voice and he's very handsome. Besides that he's young.

We hope you will soon do a story on Alan Dale.

*Dolores Bedford  
College Park, Maryland*

• We are sure the story of Alan Dale would make very interesting reading. We would like to postpone the feature though until people all over the country will be able to see him on television as well as read about him in TELECAST.

Dear Editor:

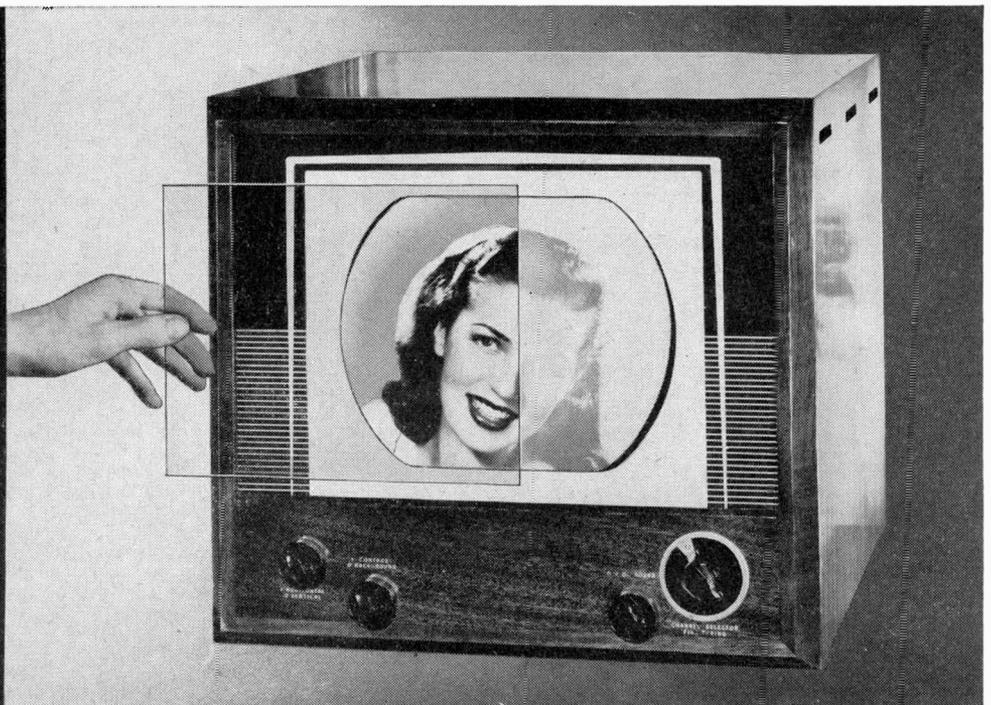
As a reader of the first issue of TELECAST, I have but one regret and that is I have been unable to purchase a copy of issue number two! I want you to know that I am a real booster of your great magazine but I cannot find the December issue on any newsstand.

Your first issue was excellent, both interesting and informative. As a suggestion

# NATION-WIDE TELECAST ADVERTISING TEST TO PROVE THE SELLING POWER OF THIS MAGAZINE

In order to determine the advertising effectiveness of this new publication, we are taking steps, as we do in all of our national advertising, to secure actual proof. We have selected what we believe to be an article in great demand by TV owners as shown in actual sales, and we have slashed the price to a point where it is far below the retailer's wholesale cost. In short, we have made the price irresistible! Although we must, by request of the maker, conceal the famous brand name, you will immediately recognize it and be delighted or back comes your money in a flash. Yes, you may use this wonderful TV accessory on your set FREE for 5 days. If for any reason you are dissatisfied, you are not obliged to keep it. We urge you to act quickly because, remember, this offer is a test.

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# letters to the editor

(Continued)

for the future, I believe a story with photos of the various TV stations around the country would prove very acceptable.

If you have a December copy please mail it to me. I will remit 25¢.

Harold Esch  
Orlando, Florida

• Your December copy has been mailed to you. If you would like to enter a subscription, you could assure yourself of prompt delivery by the first day of publication. For the pictures and story of Chicago, TELECAST's City of the Month, see Page 31.

Dear Editor:

I have just purchased your November issue of TELECAST and up until now I think it is the best book of its kind.

As editor of a magazine I am sure you would be interested in a story of a little eleven year old girl, that slowly but surely, is going to reach the top. She has already appeared on 17 television shows. 12 on WATV and 5 on WJZ-TV (*Market Melodies*).



Connie Franconero

This girl was recently given a one year scholarship on WATV, Newark, N. J., for receiving more votes than any juvenile performer on this channel.

On WJZ-TV, New York City, she sang and played a number that she composed (words and music) herself. It is so well done that it may even stand a chance of being published.

She has also done work for the Red Cross at Halloran Veteran's Hospital on Staten Island, where she was a tremendous hit. Bob Howard (CBS-TV) has already mentioned her as a future star.

She can play and sing Jewish and Italian songs. She has appeared in person, on stages with Bobby Breen, Bob Howard, Jerry Cooper, Cass Franklin, Monica Moore, and Carlo Butti. I am enclosing a photo of her for your use.

Mr. George Franconero  
Newark, N. J.

Dear Sir:

Congratulations! I just want to tell you that I think TELECAST fills a much needed position and I want to wish you the very best of luck in the future. There have been so many TV magazines that have started out and faltered along the way but I would be willing to wager that TELECAST will not be listed among these casualties. I think your format is terrific, your paper and art work good and your cover particularly arresting.

Schuyler C. Chapin  
WNBC-WNBT Press Director  
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

Being a brand new owner of a television set, I started looking for a publication on the subject and would up with your first edition which is interesting, and as time goes by, will continue to be interesting as well as helpful to folks in general.

Robert Warner  
Springfield, Massachusetts

Dear Sir:

Congratulations!! And many thanks! You have done it—a complete high class TV magazine, concise, to the point; a magazine we shall all be proud to display in our magazine racks.

TELECAST No. 1 was delightfully presented on a much appreciated quality of paper. At last you have come up with a TV viewer's answer to a worthwhile periodical we can all browse through in the time we like to kill between our favorite shows.

My husband and I have spent eight months searching the newsstands for such a magazine. Usually we came up with another true-to-form radio periodical with just one or two TV items. After all, now that we have television our radio is practically obsolete. So TELECAST was like finding in the "Pot of Gold." We are looking forward to next month's issue as well as many more.

Best wishes on your inauguration: One of the greatest experience for TV viewers.

Mrs. Cedric Spence  
Mt. Pleasant, Pa.

## WANT TO BE AN EDITOR?

Here's your chance. If you will spend the next minutes completing the query below, the columns of our magazine for the next few issues will be practically your choice. Check the stories you liked best and mail this coupon to:

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Which ones didn't you like, if any? .....

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

My name ..... Age .....

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City ..... Zone ..... State .....

# Gloopy and me (Continued)

say?" I had a slight suspicion then that he wasn't too bright although I hope he doesn't read this over my shoulder.

I first heard about him when I was across the sea over in Scotland. When I came over to America I thought I'd left Gloopy far behind and I missed him and grandfather's stories very much at first. I was very lucky, for soon after I met Lucky Pup and Foodini and Pinhead and my pal Jolo and they made me forget how badly I felt. That really is how I came to find Gloopy, through television. One day I was down at the studio waiting to practice with Jolo. Foodini was in his laboratory having a great time mixing chemicals and Pinhead was getting in his way as usual. After a while I turned on a television set at the far end of the studio. The picture was quite clear at first but then rather strange things began to happen. The people looked a little odd. Sometimes they'd be normal and then suddenly shoot way up and be thin as paper and just as fast they'd be fat and squatty. At first I laughed but when it got worse I tried to fix it by turning the different dials. Nothing helped; in fact, it started to make queer wailing noises. Then I did get worried and was about to call one of the engineers when I stopped and listened. Sure enough I heard it again. It was a shrill piping little sound of someone laughing, really giggling, and to my surprise it seemed to be coming from inside the television set. I went around and looked in the back and what do you think I saw? Right in there along with the tube and wires and nuts and bolts and thousands of gadgets there he stood. Funny and fat rocking back on his big feet chuckling merrily to himself, it was Gloopy! His back was turned so he couldn't see me and I spied on him for a minute. One second he'd twist this wire and then that one and then pull this knob and then that one, all the time chuckling to himself and giggling extra loud when the set sputtered and wheezed. I certainly couldn't have mistaken him and when I remembered who had ruined my television picture I got quite angry.

"What are you doing?" I said in a very sharp tone of voice. He spun around and very nearly fell over. When he saw who it was he started back in surprise and then seeing my frown got very embarrassed.

"Well?" I repeated. "What have you to say for yourself. You know very well you're not supposed to be in there and what are you doing here anyway?" What happened next really startled me for you see it was the first time I had ever heard Gloopy speak. And in a strange high wobbly voice he said, "I came to see you." And then got just as red as a lobster.

"Me!" I said trying not to sound too surprised. And he nodded.

"But how in the world did you know I was in television?" You see it struck me very oddly that a little man two inches tall would know anything about television. His head was still buried on his chest but I prodded him. "Well?" I repeated.

Gloopy swallowed quite hard and said: "I have a cousin who's in television and he told me he'd seen you and were you the girl I'd told him about and I said yes and he said to come and see for yourself and I did!" All this was said very quickly and it hardly made any sense to me. But then I wondered, hadn't he said he had a cousin in television?

"Did you say you had a cousin in television?" I asked. He nodded yes. "Well, what in the world does he do?"

"He's a television gremlin," he whispered.

"A television gremlin!" And I began to laugh and had to lean on the set I laughed so hard. Gloopy looked up at me and I saw the start of a frown grow as he eyed me and when I did not stop but laughed harder seeing him, he spoke again, "I wouldn't laugh so hard. He's quite a big man and if he hears you he'll really mess you up." I stopped sharply because I had seen before what a bad picture could do to a perfectly normal face on television. I had better watch myself if I didn't want to go out over the air looking like a Halloween witch. For I remembered hearing about his cousin and how he'd blown camera tubes right in the midst of a big scene and made actors forget lines and directors lose their place and cameramen get out of focus and pulled out the light switches and twiddled sets in people's homes. I shivered at my narrow escape. Yes, I'd heard about his cousin.

I was still curious but I spoke much softer now. "But what are you doing inside there?"

His eyes grew quite large and he looked around to see if we could be overheard. "I'm an apprentice."

"An apprentice!" And I almost shouted. "SHHHHHHH!" He said and put his finger over his lips.

"But what . . ." I started to say.

He came nearer me and said very pointedly, "I heard that television is the coming thing and I wanted to get into it. I asked my cousin to put in a good word for me and here I am!" He was obviously very pleased with himself.

And there he is.

So you see, perhaps you know Gloopy, or his cousin quite well. His cousin is quite an expert at messing things up but Gloopy is no slouch. He's learning very quickly; they say he has a natural talent. Let me tell you about . . . well, I don't have time now, but next time I'll tell you about Gloopy and the volume control. Now there is a story! **END**

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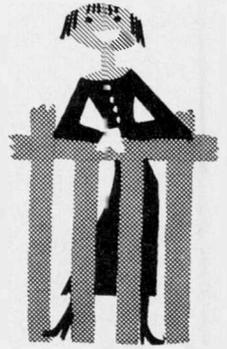
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AT MODERATE COST**

# talking it over

WITH RAHNA MAUGHAN



Child movie star Peggy Ann Garner, now 17 and a full grown TV star, models an original John Fonda coiffure when they guested on Wendy Barrie ABC-TV show

According to John Hodiak, when NBC-TV trained its cameras on the ultra plush world premiere of MGM's *Battleground*, video audiences almost missed seeing George Murphy, one of the picture's stars, who was expected to attend the festivities. A half-hour before the stars were due at the Astor Theatre, MGM officios were to pick up George and drive him in style to the affair. At the hotel several calls on the house phone went unanswered, so, everyone, including Hodiak, another *Battleground* star, trooped up to George's suite. The door was locked and as far as they could make out no one was in. Finally, after learning from the desk clerk that Mr. Murphy hadn't gone out, they summoned the manager who produced a pass key and let the worried group into the empty apartment. It wasn't until all the speculating and loud talk had ceased for a second that they heard George's voice coming from behind a closed door—a closet door locked tighter than Jack Benny's bank vault. Two handy-men eventually got the lock unjammed and George was released. What had hap-

pened was: George went into the closet to get a coat and a draft blew the door shut. Everyone got to the premiere on time but George still shudders over the thought that if no one had found him, *he* might have become the family skeleton in the closet. . .

Morey Amsterdam, the DuMont television comic, who worked at many different callings in his salad days, tells of the time he lost his job as a shoe salesman when he told a finicky woman customer: "Madam, I know just what you want. A shoe big on the inside and small on the outside". . .

Besides being an oil tycoon and television distributor, Bob Hope has been made Honorary President of The National Television Dealers Association because: "He's the most popular television merchant in the country." Wouldn't be surprised if some day, they made Hope Honorary President of the United States. If he keeps on amassing all these business deals, he'll wind up owning the country, anyhow! . . .

Even though be-moustachioed Jerry Colonna has a TV show all wrapped up



Joan Diener, The Blonde Bombshell, of CBS-TV's *54th Street Revue*, conferring with a stage director, is being rumored for the lead in a film to be shot in New York

## CALAHAN OR COY

Pictures of both Bill Callahan and Johnny Coy will be shown in the March issue of *TELECAST* to clarify the mistaken caption in "Telecast Peeks at New Shows," January, which identified a picture as Bill Callahan, seen with Bill Slater on *Dinner at Sardi's*.

## A FIRST ANNIVERSARY PARTY

Many stars of television, stage and screen attended B. F. Goodrich's *Celebrity Time*'s first anniversary party held backstage at New York's Elysee Theatre



Chic authoress-actress Ilka Chase and Conrad Nagel, star of the recent Broadway play *Goodbye My Fancy* share cake with John Collyer, Goodrich (right) Prexy at the start of the party



As the festivities continued, Conrad Nagel, moderator of the informal video presentation, chats with Kyle McDonnell, TV star who took a vacation from NBC-TV's *For Your Pleasure*



Guests who appeared on the show during the past year were invited to the reception. Latecomers actor Sir Cedric Hardwicke and actress Geraldine Fitzgerald were gay companions



Television stars Arlene Francis (m.c. of ABC-TV's *Blind Date*) (left) and Wendy Barrie congratulate commentator John Daly, a *Celebrity Time* regular as they were leaving

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!!

**P. S.** Remember, too, that every \$3 you invest now in U. S. Savings Bonds returns \$4 to you in just ten short years.

Automatic saving is sure saving — U.S. SAVINGS BONDS



Contributed by this magazine in co-operation with the Magazine Publishers of America as a public service.

## talking it over

(Continued)



Star of popular *Vanity Fair*, Doris Doan m.c.'s over CBS-TV the first public New York masked ball held in years. Special permission was granted by Mayor O'Dwyer

and tied, pretty-like, the price tag is still too much to have potential sponsors interested. . . TV dynamo Ben Gage has two new video shows in the works: *Backstage with Ben*, and *Milestones in Showbusiness*. Ben and Esther Williams also own a drive-in restaurant which Howard Hughes frequents. The millionaire-plus producer is quite a popular patron. He leaves the waitress a \$2 tip. . . Estelle Taylor is following other once-famous stars by busying herself with a television show called *Taylor'd Lady*, a fashion film for kinescoping. Estelle's ex-husband, Jack Dempsey, is also being paged by a network for a sports show. . .

Tele-audiences are still talking about the terrific job Charles Laughton did on New York's WNBT, *Paul Whiteman Goodyear Revue*, but "Chuck" would like to forget about applause for a while. He's in the market for a nice quiet vacation. Plus having made a picture in Paris, he's just finished a nation-wide tour of all leading colleges where he gave dramatic recitations. . . . If Milton Berle's show appears every two weeks instead of weekly, maybe he'll start putting back those ten pounds he says he loses with each show. (When *Always Leave Them Laughing* opened, one of the comments was how Mr. Television could stand losing 10 or 15 pounds.) Weight or no weight problem, his chums are hoping for the bi-monthly telecasts. Not only is the weekly schedule a drain on his nervous system and material, something Berle refuses to admit, but he's set to do another movie this summer. . .

Paulette Goddard, back from one of her frequent trips to Mexico, talking about video down thataway. Mexico City is getting daily experimental telecasts in

black and white, or color. The same receiver is used for either. Not to be outdone, Emilio Azcarraga, Mexico's leading broadcaster and owner of XEW (the country's major station), has also applied for a TV license. Could be while CBS and RCA slug it out and call each other names in the battle as to who has the best color transmission, our neighbor south of the border will jump the gun on us by having color video for the public. . .

Almost five out of every six members of Waring's Pennsylvanians on CBS-TV's *Fred Waring Show*, hail from any state other than Penna. To make matters worse, when he went to Pennsylvania State College, Fred tried to get into the glee club but failed to meet their standards. . . Video companies are on pins and needles waiting to see which one gets the new dramatic hour-long show starring Robert Montgomery. Bob isn't partial to anyone—he's jest bidin' his time to see which company puts the most zeros after the figure on the weekly pay check. . . Vice-president Alben Barkley has no one but himself to thank for the dignified way NBC handled their exclusive rights to televise his wedding. Everyone loves and admires the Veep so much, they felt they just had to do right by him. . .

Soprano Rise Stevens disappointed male televiewers when she appeared on

NBC-TV's *Voice of Firestone*. Her voice couldn't have been better, but Rise wasn't wearing one of those transparent skirts she dons when she does *Salome* at the Met. Commissioner Murtagh who's had Broadway jittery with his investigation of theatre ticket scalpers, would be starting a new clean-up campaign if he knew what those kids hanging around outside TV studios were doing. The young entrepreneurs are charging 75c and up for free TV tickets to popular telecasts. . . It was nice hearing Paramount Pictures O.K.'d a TV shot for Bob Hope in Chicago. . .

Irrepressible Wendy Barrie, who disappeared from movies then turned up like a bright new penny on TV, was one furious female not too long ago. Several VIPs at ABC-TV, the network for whom Wendy does a show, insisted that a certain bandleader be a guest on her program. Before the telecast, Wendy found out that ABC wanted the bandleader on her show for 15 minutes—just half the time allotted to the entire show, and that they wanted to make a kinescope film of him to show possible sponsors. Hong Kong-born Wendy seethed and promptly sent a signed blank check to Robert Kintner, executive vice-president, with a note saying she'd gladly pay for the bandleader's kinescope test if they were that short of money. The offer was rejected



French movie star Denise Darcel set all the men agog during her TV appearances drumbeating for MGM's *Battleground*. Here she sups with friend Louis Stoecklin

## talking it over

(Continued)

and the bandleader had his 15-minute guest spot. However, Wendy wasn't finished. She huffily snatched, told her TV audience the whole story, and was pleased when her fans wrote back tsk-tsking over the network's thriftiness. . .

Evidently it runs in the family. Gene Kelly's younger brother Fred is breaking into the dance field, too, by doing the dance routines for Kay Kyser's new NBC-TV show. . . John Derek, handsomer off screen than he is on, if that's possible, slightly miffed at enterprising TV cameramen who trained the cameras on him in a nightclub. His movie contract emphasizes no video. . . Rudy Vallee, whose contract for TV rights on Dick Tracy lapsed, paid a short visit to New York for a look-see into television prospects and introduce the new Mrs. V. to brother Bill. This is Rudy's fourth marriage, and he's of the firm opinion that it's about time magazine writer Bill, who never married, added another Mrs. Vallee to the family. . . Bill Dawes, star of WCPO-TV, Cincinnati, looks enough like Bobby Clark to have been his understudy. . .

After eleven days of rehearsing, Lee Bowman, of the movies, and co-star of the CBS TV *Ford Theatre* production *Skylark*, was stricken with gastro-indigestion 24 hours before show time and rushed to Doctors' Hospital. It didn't look as though Lee would recover on time, so director Marc Daniels assigned Francis DeSales, cast in a minor role, to take over Bowman's part. While Lee spent the night in the hospital, DeSales stayed 'up drinking

gallons of black coffee, memorizing lines and cues. Looking haggard, and feeling slightly sick from so much black coffee, DeSales arrived at the studio the next afternoon with Bowman's role down pat. On hand to greet him was Lee, still sick as the dog everyone gets sick as, but determined the show must go on—but it almost didn't, again. Bowman handed DeSales a large container saying he couldn't drink the stuff and maybe DeSales would like it. His bleary-eyed understudy looked at the contents of the container and turned green. Uh-huh! More black coffee. . .

Nobody who saw Gale Storm make her television debut could believe she's the mother of three boys. Looking as young as she did when she first started making pictures some seven or eight years ago, it's no wonder Gale's Sunday School classes are always a capacity audience of interested small-fry. . . While sitting in a friend's apartment viewing the opening night at the Met on television, Mary Garden, the famous singer, got a hefty shock. The announcer, commenting on the throng of notables present, listed Miss Garden and said she was wearing the type gown the singer wouldn't be seen wearing to a petunia planting. . . San Antonio really whooping it up because they now have TV-station WOAI-TV, and those Texans sure can whoop it up! One of the few Texans who is reserved when talking about his native state is Tex McCrary. Maybe the fact that wife Jinx Falkenburg gave birth to two New Yorkers might account for Tex's quiet.

Even so, Tex salvaged his conscience when he and Jinx flew their first-born, Paddy, to Texas for a right-fittin' christening. . .

When KLAC-TV, in Hollywood, made its daytime debut, Al Jarvis proved himself a man among men. He carried on as emcee for 4 hours and 4 minutes, and ad-libbed all the way. There's a nasty rumor circulating around the station that Jarvis arrived at his talent for talking by eavesdropping on two women holding a "brief" telephone chat. . . Princeton undergraduates had a tough time concentrating on their studies when CBS-TV planned to take a mobile unit to the ivy-covered university town for some test demonstration films in color. Was it color-TV that had the student body bubbling? Heck, no! To add to the scenery, CBS's troupe included red-headed Helen Hagen, brunette Louise Venier, and blonde Elana O'Brien—three curvaceous models. At the last minute the test was transferred to Washington, much to the regret of those Princeton men.

Furniture manufacturers elated over what TV is doing for their business. Since more people are staying home, and having a lot more guests dropping in to see video, families have become more furniture-conscious. TV set-owners usually wind up redecorating the entire living-room. . . Newsreel theatre owners say TV has ruined their box office receipts. By the time newsreels get to the theatre, it's all old stuff for video set crowds. . .

One of Memorial Hospital's more famous surgeons consented to perform an operation for CBS color TV tests on a



Quizzmaster Dick Shepard wears a sheepish grin as he prepares to pay a contestant on ABC Television Bowling Headliners. It was so easy to win



Comedian Jack Carter of DuMont Network's *Cavalcade of Stars* takes a breather by dining with his wife Jane at the Wedgwood Room of the Waldorf-Astoria

# lavender

by *solon*

*patmer*  
SINCE 1847



*Throughout a Century  
Its Quality has Endured Supreme*

## talking it over

(Continued)

closed circuit. Because he gave such an interesting commentary, enthusiastic members of the press, who saw the operation, marveled at his efficiency as a surgeon and the theatrical suspense with which he described the various phases of the operation for the laymen. That the doctor was a master showman seemed obvious enough but how much of a showman's temperament the surgeon possessed was found out a little later. Several days after the premiere performance before the TV cameras, he was asked to do another operation for TV. He did but discovered they had cut his videoed operation off after 45 minutes. He became wild: "How could they do that?" he yelled indignantly. "Why, I was just coming to the best part of the operation. . ."

Bob Stone, director for WRGB-TV, in Schenectady, wants to know if a certain men's undies manufacturer will be influenced by those cute commercials used to advertise the product, and if the brand name will be changed to TVDs? . . . Another man by the name of Stone, Ezra Stone, radio's *Henry Aldrich*, believes in bringing up his two youngsters a la the James Mason's theory. At a recent cocktail party feteing the TV and radio casts of *Henry Aldrich*, Ezra trotted his children along. Nor did any of the sophisticates seem to mind the homey touch of two children happily sliding across the dance floor of the Rainbow Room, where the party was held. The guests just smiled, clutched their cocktail glasses tighter and clodged out of the way whenever necessary. . .

The Academy of Television Arts and Sciences — quite an important sounding name, hey—set up nine awards for meritorious work in TV. The only catch is, the awards, called Emmy, only go to shows originating in Hollywood. How's that for an impartial award idea for television which belongs to an entire country and not one city alone? . . . Jennifer Holt, Jack Holt's dotter, is a TV star on WENR-TV, Chicago. Born in Hollywood, Jennifer went to the Windy City to act in a documentary film and liked the town so much, she stayed. . . With the housing shortage still going strong, folks are wondering why Paul Winchell, TV ventriloquist, allowed a press release to go out saying that two rooms of his nine-room Manhattan apartment are tenanted by Jerry Mahoney,

Winchell's wooden dummy side-kick. . .

At the B. F. Goodrich *Celebrity Time* ABC-TV show's first anniversary party, Sonny Tufts, whose socks generally bag around his ankles, was asking John Collyer, president of Goodrich, how come men's garters were so uncomfortable, when Geraldine Fitzgerald interrupted with a suggestion that smacks of womanly logic. "Why," she wanted to know, "didn't

Sonny try to hold up his slipping socks with adhesive tape. . . Jerry Fairbanks, one of Hollywood's busier producers of television films, hasn't enough time left him to whack a gold ball around a green now that he's started organizing a huge-scale TV producing and distributing organization. This project definitely promises to be the biggest of its kind yet to hit New York and Hollywood.



Newspaper columnist Earl Wilson and his noncommittal B.W. interview a Latin Quarter chorine on CBS TV's *Tonight On Broadway*. For Earl it was just a day's work



Phillips Lord, radio and television writer-producer and creator of numerous shows (*Black Robe*, *We The People*) often squires daughters Jean and Patsy

# a letter to our readers

David was given little chance against mighty Goliath. Television was regarded as a rank upstart too when it told the movies to make room. Like David, television has proved the experts wrong. It has already slain a smaller dragon—the news-reel theater.

If there is a basis for this internecine strife, who is to blame? Let's look at the record. Before television achieved comparative status movie studios wrote a "no TV" clause into most players' clauses. The movie magnates felt their investments would be lost if these actors and actresses competed on television simultaneously with their appearance in a film.

There may be some justice in this attitude but is there any reason why viewers must suffer through the same old westerns and Grade B movies? Hollywood with its tremendous facilities is capable of preparing films that could be a delight to television set owners and a profit to the company. These bones of contention are only two of many!

Barney Balaban, President of Paramount Pictures, commented: "Television is not a threat. There is no challenge, by any medium of entertainment, that cannot be met and overcome by the production of good pictures." We are not as sure it is that simple.

In our March issue, authorities from both factions will present their views. After that it will be up to you to make your voice heard. Only then will we get the type of entertainment we should have on television.

**the editor**

# queen of the bargain hunters



**Kathi Norris, the housewives' girl Friday, spends many hectic days combing the town for aids to better living**

**A**LL women love to shop. But large families and bad weather frequently keep many women at home. That simple fact has made a tremendous success of Kathi Norris' unique show, *Your Television Shopper*, seen daily Mondays through Fridays over WABD, New York. By believing that most women are as interested as she is in knowing the latest gadgets and household items for saving time and money, Kathi has been able to pour all her energy and enthusiasm into finding and demonstrating the many wonderful, weird, and unusual items on her show.

In the course of the past year, she has shown over four thousand articles to the TV audience. Naturally manufacturers and retailers have been clamoring to sponsor the show, but alas, Kathi can't sell for all of them, so there's now an increasingly long waiting list of potential sponsors.

On the show, Kathi places all the items to be demonstrated each day in either a living room setting or a kitchen setting. And to help her discuss the many advantages of the items, she invites three guests to appear with her. One frequent guest has come to be known to the viewing audience as "sweetie"—though his real name is Wilbur Stark, Kathi's husband.

Originally, Kathi conceived the show as a half-hour program on which she'd perform the service of telling her audience where they might buy each article and at what price. But the show grew at such an astounding rate that it now leaves Kathi breathless when she pauses to think of all that has to be done to make the full hour lively and entertaining as well as commercial. To take care of the deluge of shopping requests and to assist her in finding interesting items for the show, Kathi has a staff of nine people. This service has been very costly, but Kathi feels sure that it is one of the program's biggest assets. And even though it's a lot of fun to shop for other people, it can become a little exasperating when Kathi has to go chasing around town searching for such things as live penguins and a monkey with a sweet face. Those, according to her assistant Babs Doniger, are only mild compared to many of her unusual requests.

With her vivid blue eyes, long dark eyelashes, warm smile, and dark hair, Kathi looks like a typical pretty young mother on a billboard. In private life as Mrs. Wilbur Stark she doesn't miss the picture by much. The Starks have a very normal home life and a four year old daughter, Pamela. About her daughter, Kathi says, "There's nothing unusual about my daughter—she's just a normal, average genius."

The energetic Miss Norris is no newcomer to the TV field, having written radio and TV shows in the past and made her TV debut on Teen Canteen over WRGB-TV in Schenectady. But the past year has really brought her to the peak of popularity. In addition to *Your Television Shopper*, she is also the mistress of ceremonies on the Saturday night DuMont network show, *Spin the Picture*. Her name is speedily becoming a household by-word, yet Kathi is constantly compelled to deny emphatically that she is Kathleen Norris, the novelist. **END**

Let the salesmen beware when Kathi Norris, who is *Your Television Shopper* on the DuMont network, goes on a shopping tour. Here, Kathi begins her trek by searching for the names of manufacturers in the fabulous wholesale district of New York



First stop is at the Wolf Products Company for a look at new bathroom and kitchen supplies. Manufacturers' representatives like Leon Shusterman often tip Kathi off to new products and handy household hints

Next, Kathi shops for the kiddies. Since women with large families have no time to shop, Kathi considers this service important. Herbert Sand of Ideal Toy and Novelty Co. shows her a lion while Kathi rests on a rocking horse that must pass the test of holding her before she will recommend it to children



Continuing her trek, Kathi stops in at the Dazey Corporation for a combination ice-crusher and cocktail shaker. When it comes to labor-saving gadgets, she needs little sales talk from Jerry Lane; her mailshows most people like anything that makes life easier



(Left) An ever-efficient assistant, Babs Doniger takes a few moments during an interlude in Madison Park to brief Kathi on the remaining places to be visited in the late afternoon, despite Kathi's tired feet. On the show (above) Kathi has shown housewives more than four thousand articles during the past year. There's now a long list of sponsors who want to buy her selling charms — definitely insuring her future on television as New York's foremost woman shopper



After ten years as the late Major Bowes' associate Ted Mack is following in his footsteps. He and Lloyd Marx, director, are largely responsible for reviving the show on NBC television with many old members of the original Bowes' staff

# WHEEL OF FORTUNE

Ted Mack is the man to see if the show bug bites you. He has auditioned 500,000 eager amateurs already in his search for talent

By JACK LEROY



Thanks to Mr. Mack, "Wee Willie" Smith, a three-time winner, landed a movie contract

IF you want to be in show business, there's no sure cure, but we do our best." That's how Ted Mack briefly explains the aim and purpose of that great American institution, the *Original Amateur Hour*. Since he was for ten years the associate, and is now the professional heir of the late Major Edward Bowes, who built the *Amateur Hour* to a top radio attraction in the '30s, Mack knows how serious it is when the show-business bug bites an otherwise normal citizen. He has seen it happen to some half-million victims.

Under Major Bowes the *Amateur Hour* made America aware of the vast untapped reservoir of talent in the country. It gave thousands of frustrated "life-of-the-party" folks their chance to caper for a nation-wide audience, and became one of the most popular shows in radio history. Major Bowes died in 1945, and the show died with him. Television and Ted Mack brought it back to life.

Mack and his staff, many of whom are former Bowes associates, have proved that the performing fever is still as virulent as ever throughout the nation. And in what

amounts to a personal triumph, Mack, himself, has proved that the show could succeed despite the absence of its widely known and widely admired founder. Ted modestly denies that credit for the revival belongs to him, and gives most of it instead to the rise of television.

After the show was off the air for more than two years following Major Bowes' death, the DuMont Television Network was persuaded in January, 1948, to try it on a sustaining basis. The *Amateur Hour* promptly shot to a top Hooper score and captured the high-priced sponsorship of Old Gold cigarettes. It is now one of the leading programs of the fast-growing NBC-television network (every Tuesday night from 10 to 11, EST) and has gracefully bowed its way back into radio via the American Broadcasting Company. Both Mack and his weekly collection of hopeful amateurs are established as prominent features of the entertainment landscape.

Although today's show is still the "Original" *Amateur Hour* and its producers are Bowes' originals as well, televiewers and radio listeners detect certain subtle differences from the old days. In television this was to be expected as a result of the new visual dimension. The musicians and singers who were the main attractions on the old show have been joined by a host of hopeful jugglers, tumblers, dancers, and fire-eaters, whose art must be seen to be appreciated. But there is another difference as well—the difference between Major Bowes and a black-haired, soft-voiced and rather serious Irishman of 45 named Ted Mack.

After the Major's death there was general agreement among radio's bigwigs that nobody could possibly replace him, and therefore the *Amateur Hour* was finished. Even today it is acknowledged that there is no one exactly like the Major, who combined in his monumental person the characteristics of St. Nick distributing gifts, Moses handing down the law, and a gruff but kindly country school-teacher. In the studio among his perspiring contestants, Major Bowes often seemed as distant as Buddha, enthroned behind the fearsome gong which signalled the failure of the less talented.

No one could differ more from this awe-inspiring figure than does Ted Mack. In a well-cut light gray suit, a bright, splashy tie, and tan shoes, Ted could be mistaken for a popular band leader or master of ceremonies in any leading theater from New York to Los Angeles. He has been both of those things and in most of those theaters.

The great contrast in these two personalities results from the fact that Major Bowes came to the *Amateur Hour* a wealthy middle-aged man who had learned show business as managing director of the Capitol Theater and director of station WHN, New York. Ted began learning show business the day he started playing sax in his school band in Denver, and he followed the rugged trail from small-time clubs and one-night stands up to the big time. He learned that you can be on top one day and find yourself broke and hungry the next. He also knows that anyone who's had a taste of show business doesn't care about such minor matters as eating regularly.

All of this adds up to a tight bond of sympathy and understanding between Ted Mack and the fourteen frightened and hopeful amateurs who appear on each show. "The greatest entertainers in the world were all amateurs once," Ted declares. "And they got where they are because someone gave them a chance. That's what we're trying to do." Ted realizes that any week's program may bring on a future Frank Sinatra, Bert Parks, Paul Winchell,

or Mimi Benzell, to name a few among hundreds of stars who were given their first boost by the votes of the *Amateur Hour* audience.

In spite of the fact that he has been in show business for more than 20 years, Ted is not far away in spirit from the greenest young zither picker trembling under the glaring lights and merciless stare of the *Amateur Hour's* three-TV cameras. The peculiar bug that makes people want to get up and perform in public bit Ted while he was still a youngster learning to play the saxophone at Sacred Heart school in Denver. He found from experience that singing or playing in a group—such as a dance orchestra—is an easier way to overcome stage fright than going it solo at first.

Ted didn't step out in front of an audience by himself until he'd spent a few years safely hidden behind his sax, first as a student at the University of Denver, then as a professional. His father, a railroad man who is now retired and living in Colorado, hoped for a while that Ted would choose a secure and respectable career. Ted dutifully attended law school for two years, but as he's said himself: "When you want to be in show business, there's no sure cure."

He left law school in 1926, in the heyday of prohibition and jazz. In a short time he had played his way into the No. 1 band of that red-hot era, led by Ben Pollock. Glenn Miller, Jack Teagarden, Bix Beiderbecke, and Red Nichols were on Pollock's star-studded musical roster, and Ted also remembers a teen-age clarinetist named Benny Goodman, who was wearing short pants when he applied for a job.

Ted and the orchestra parted company one day in California, when Pollock announced that they were going on the road, and Ted announced that he was going to settle down and get married. The girl in the picture was a college sweetheart named Marguerite Overholt, who recently celebrated her 23rd anniversary as Mrs. Ted Mack.

Helping Mack unpack and catalog the innumerable gifts from cities where he's held contests is his secretary, Mrs. Mildred Witt. From the Museum of Arts and Sciences in Rochester, New York came an ancient Indian ceremonial burial mask



As a first step toward settling down, Ted organized an orchestra which played in a chain of theaters around Los Angeles. This was the era of vaudeville and variety, before talking pictures had threatened to kill off live entertainment. It was also the year 1, M.C. Until that time, Ted recalls, no one had ever heard of a master of ceremonies. Each act was announced on a sign placed at the side of the stage, usually by a pretty girl in tights. Then it occurred to some unsung genius that perhaps orchestra leaders could talk. Why not let them introduce the acts, and maybe brighten things up with a few gags in between?

Ted Mack thus became one of the first representatives of a whole new twentieth century tribe. Another early M.C. was Paul Ash, also leading a theater orchestra in California, and a third member of the strange species was a young fellow named Jack Benny. In fact, while Benny appeared at the Orpheum Theater, in Los Angeles, Ted Mack was playing in nearby Glendale. Between them they hired a gag man whose job was to think of bright things for a master of ceremonies to say, thus proving that two can be funny as cheaply as one.

By 1929, Ted had reached the top of the ladder, and was leading the show at the Paramount Theater, Times Square, New York. "I used to think, 'How can anything go wrong?'" Ted says. "I was sitting on top of the world."

Then came 1929, the crash, the talkies, and musicals made in Hollywood. For the next two years, Ted watched the stage shows fold up under him as he jumped from one to another across the country. At the Paramount Theater, Toledo, his contract expired and there were no more stages to jump to. He and Mrs. Mack left their trunks and drove back to New York to look for a job. A week later they received a wire from Toledo: the theater had been burglarized, their trunks broken open and the contents removed.

"I decided it was time to wire California and get some of my savings out of the bank," Ted says. "The answer to that one was that the bank had closed. I counted up

"Wee Willie" Smith reminisces with Ted Mack and Nicholas Keesely (right) about the night he danced before the late Bill Robinson who said through his tears that he saw himself as a youngster taking his first steps of dancing entertainment



the total Mack assets: \$30 in cash and a Cadillac, no job and no clothes."

Ted sat down and composed one last telegram, this time to a hotel manager in his home town of Denver. "My band is at liberty," ran the wire. "Can you give us a booking?" Of course Ted had no band, but he knew plenty of musicians who needed a square meal just as badly as he did. This time the answer came back: "Bring in the band for 13 weeks." After a few phone calls and a few more telegrams, Mr. and Mrs. Mack and 18 hungry instrumentalists were on their way to Denver.

The next two years were spent keeping a short jump ahead of the wolf and the sheriff. Sometimes they were both pretty close. Ted recalls a typical night of insomnia in Indiana, when the rest of the band slept while he worried about how to pay the hotel bill and get on to the next town. In the early A.M. he greeted the manager. "How much do I owe?" he asked. The sad news added up to some \$600 for all hands. "Well, I can't quite make it," Ted answered, pondering the fact that he didn't have more than \$6 in his pocket.

"Can't quite make it, eh?" The manager smiled knowingly and leaned closer to Ted. "Would \$50 help you out any?" he whispered.

Acts of kindness such as this helped keep the organization together, although it was seldom well fed. In the little town of Mound, Minnesota, Ted discovered three talented girls called the Andrews Sisters, and added them to his organization. Patty Andrews was a mere precocious 14 at the time, and it was only the reassuring presence of Marguerite Mack that persuaded Patty's parents to allow her to go along with her sisters. They would have entertained even more serious doubts had they known that the orchestra frequently dined at roadside stands on a menu of hot dogs and pop corn—the only table d'hote they could afford.

When the digestive systems of his band members had finally absorbed all the punishment they could take, Ted called it quits and took a job as musical supervisor for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Prosaic as it sounds, this assignment led directly to his present fame and fortune with the *Original Amateur Hour*.

Major Bowes, who was associated with MGM and Loew's—through his directorship of the Capitol Theater, had started the *Amateur Hour* in 1934. By the following year the program was a solid success, hundreds of would-be stars were knocking at the door for auditions each week, and the Major found himself swamped with talent—good, not-so-good and hopeless. Ted Mack was hired to run the auditions and separate the possible from the merely wishful.

"The job appealed to me from the start," Ted says today. "I'd been kicked around in show business so much myself that I thought I could do some good with the newcomers. I knew how tough it was to get started and how long the odds were against success. But I also knew that when somebody really wants to be in show business, he's going to try if it kills him."

Ted's statistics show that since he started running the auditions for the *Amateur Hour* in 1935, he and other staff members traveling over the country have screened nearly 500,000 applicants. About 10,000 of these were talented enough to appear on the air or with road-show units. Of the 10,000 who had their chance to be heard publicly, some 500 are now permanently established in show business. Considering this ratio of 500 to (Continued on page 59)



## *Back home again*

If your life depended on it, could you remember what you were doing at the age of 40 months? Arlene "Fuzzy" McQuade can. And she can prove it too by the thousands of listeners who heard her youthful rendition of *The Kitten With The Big Green Eyes*, over the NBC network.

When Arlene discovered her \$2.00 paycheck for this lark could be translated into forty ice cream cones an army of ogres couldn't have stopped her from devoting herself to a professional career. The "Helen Hayes of the Future" has now reached a new eminence as Rosalie on the Monday night CBS-TV telecast of *The Goldbergs*.

Playing on *The Goldbergs* is like returning home. She appeared on the radio version even before she could read. Mrs. Gertrude Berg, the authoress and leading light of *The Goldbergs*, enjoys reminiscing about the times she had to give Arlene a pat on the fanny to let her know it was her cue to speak. And Arlene who has been able to talk since she was a tot of 11 months, would swing into action with a veteran's poise.

Arlene, or Fuzzy as she is called by her fellow performers, when they want to tease her, was tagged with her nickname while still in the cradle. Webster defines the word as "having light particles of fluff." "As a baby, I used to pull the fuzz off my blankets and stuff it in my mouth," she recalls. "Mother would come in and take it out. But as soon as her back was turned, more fuzz went into my mouth." The moniker has stuck much to her regret. "It isn't sophisticated enough," she claims. Actually Arlene's brown hair is straight and has a fine, lovely texture. It goes well with her pert nose and the soft contours of her face.

Born May 29, 1936, in New York City, Arlene made her radio debut 40 months later. It must have been a success for she remained on *The Original Children's Hour* off and on for five years. She branched out (*Continued on page 57*)

Arlene "Fuzzy" McQuade needed no introduction when she started playing Rosalie on *The Goldbergs*. She was a member of the radio cast even before she learned to read

By C. K. FREDERICKS

# TELECAST *peeks at new shows*



Dedicated to a presentation of the ceremonies and beliefs of all faiths, *Television Chapel* (WPIX, New York, Sundays) asked Rev. Hozen Seki, Buddhist pastor of a New York church to present the first ceremony in Chinese ever to be telecast



Supervised by the American Jewish Committee, children from a New York synagogue dramatize the festive Jewish Purim service commemorating the events in the Book of Esther



The Rev. George Kraus of St. Mathews Lutheran Church delivered his sermon in "touch language" in the palm of the hand of Mrs. Ruth Askenas, who is deaf and blind, while an unseen interpreter repeated the stirring message to televiewers



To heighten the spiritual and artistic beauty of *Television Chapel*, the Church of Christ in Hanover, New Hampshire, sent its rhythmic chorus to do a dance interpretation of hymns

## Television Chapel

Seen every Sunday evening over WPIX in New York, *Television Chapel* has performed a valuable public service on television. For two years this program has proved that religion can be presented with such artistic beauty that it can constantly sustain interest and intensify the spiritual feelings experienced by the audience.

The first regularly scheduled religious program, *Television Chapel* came into being when WPIX realized the great number of people who are naturally anxious to learn of the beliefs and ceremonies of religions other than their own. And in order to be completely impartial in its presentation of religion, the program devotes one week each month to representatives of the Protestant faith, one week to the Catholic faith, one to the Jewish, and one to a lesser known faith such as the Buddhists.

For authenticity and effectiveness, the settings for the studio services are selected by the various clergymen. In addition, each clergyman is given complete freedom to choose his subject matter, music, and other things necessary for an accurate and realistic ceremony to best represent his church. This has not only given the show an amazing flexibility but has also served the purpose of spreading truthful interpretations of the different ceremonies.

As one of its Christmas features, *Television Chapel* presented the Rhythmic Choir of Hanover, New Hampshire, in an interpretation of Christmas carols in modern dance. Yet the flexibility of the show permits it to range from something of this nature to deeply profound messages from church notables.

Undoubtedly one of the most effective services of all was given by St. Mathews Lutheran Church for the Deaf and Blind. The Reverend George Kraus, associate pastor of the church, gave his sermon in "touch" language in the palm of the hand of a deaf and blind woman, Mrs. Ruth Askenas. Standing nearby, an interpreter gave the touch language sermon in words for the television audience. Because of such impressive events as this, *Television Chapel* and its director, Ed Stasheff, have been showered with more citations from church groups than have been awarded to any other television program of a religious nature. And we feel that similar programs will be a great benefit to the nation once they are begun in every television city. **END**



Vitally important is the explanation of ceremonial symbols. The Rev. Father C. Justin Hanley of St. Ignatius Loyola Church, assisted by an acolyte, demonstrates Catholic rites



When a Negro church, noted for its community activities, presented its group of folk dancers, Harlem taverns closed their bars and invited the public in to watch the telecast

peeks (continued)

### Mr. I. Magination

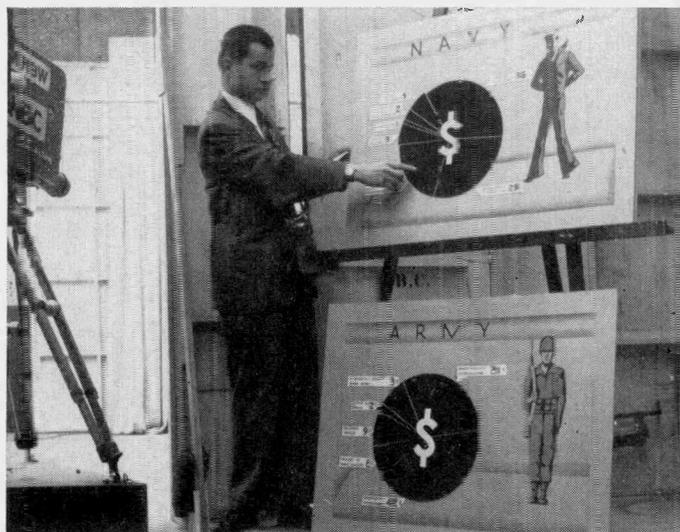
Dreams come true for children whose wishes are dramatized on *Mr. I. Magination* (CBS-TV Sunday evenings). On the premiere telecast, a boy who'd always wanted a chance to be a major league pitcher saw his first throws to Sid Gordon ricocheted all over the studio with glass-smashing results. During the second half of the show, a major figure in history is depicted by a child actor for the benefit of those children who wish they might have been Christopher Columbus or Abraham Lincoln. Paul Tripp, *Mr. I. Magination* himself, is a playwright-actor and an author.



Child actor Jackie Diamond (left) asked Mr. I. Magination (Paul Tripp) (right) to re-enact the 1849 gold rush days

### Armed Forces Hour

Beamed your way on Sunday afternoons over NBC television the *Armed Forces Hour* weaves guns, food, the latest military tactics, new inventions, and talent—all into one gigantic panorama of the unified forces. Showing taxpayers how their millions of defense dollars are spent, the *Armed Forces Hour* was designed with two aims: (1) to reassure the nation of future security through the union of the Army, Navy, and Air Corps within the Department of Defense, and (2) to make the best use of the great amount of talent hidden within the rank.



Producer Ben Greenberg shows the breakdown of Army-Navy barriers on the Department of Defense sponsored program

### Magic in the Air

There's *Magic in the Air* when genial magician Richard DuBois astounds his audience with his amazing repertoire of tricks every Sunday evening over WOR-TV in New York. Making the air even more charged with magic, DuBois invites professional and amateur magicians, ventriloquists, and puppeteers to appear with him. As an encouragement to the struggling junior magicians of his audience, DuBois likes to have teen-agers show him as well as the audience a few new tricks of the trade, even he was startled when two youngsters sawed each other in half.



Richard DuBois uses child psychology as well as sleight of hand tricks to keep his many young admirers very attentive



In the musical comedy version of the gold rush to fulfill Jackie's wishes, Ruth Enders (Mrs. Tripp) plays "Clementine"



Cliff Tatum (extreme left) wished he could have been Christopher Columbus at the court of Ferdinand and Isabella



Yeoman Wilma Marshall receives her weekly *Armed Forces Hour* script from Mr. William Frye, Director of Information



On the opening telecast, the staff of actors and technicians forecast highlights of the talent appearing on future shows



Many amateurs are guests on *Magic in the Air* but not all of them are as pretty as ventriloquist Lynn Applegate (left)



Pulling rabbits out of nowhere is old hat to Hank Lifson (left) and Don Blau (right) showing DuBois that age isn't everything

Earl Wrightson's  
singing  
career was  
almost nipped  
in the bud  
when he learned  
a college  
degree was  
necessary for a  
page boy's job  
By GERSON MILLER



# from rags to riches

ONE of the biggest man-hunts of 1949 ended recently with the spotlight on Earl Wrightson.

"We want a singer with 'guts.' He's got to be sincere, personable and charming with a top quality voice that will attract a family audience." That's what a top executive of Anderson, Davis and Platte told Vic Seydel, Director of Television, when he joined their firm last year.

Many apparently eligible singers and programs had already been eliminated. The advertising agency knew what it didn't want. It had only a vague notion of what it did want. The search narrowed down to the handsome, brown-haired, mustached baritone, Earl Wrightson.

Television has become a salesroom as well as an entertainment medium. It has challenged the stronghold of advertising. Through television, products that need *sight* salesmanship are now on an equal footing with those that don't. The still bigger problem of selling a trade name in a field notorious for customers who walk into a store and say: "Let me see some carpets," is also being solved. As a result of Wrightson, the mouth twister goes like this: "Let me see a Masland Beautiblend Broadloom."

When the rug company and its agency entered the TV market, and Wrightson proved amenable to the assignment, the show was developed on the basis of Earl's special abilities, the needs of the client and the type of potential audience desired. The result was turned over to Franklin Heller of CBS TV to direct.

Each Wednesday since September 14, Wrightson has been hawking carpets on 18 "markets" or stations. In the words of the sponsor, the guy who pays the tab: "He's the nuts!" Most viewers are in whole-hearted agreement.

Wrightson has wide latitude in selecting the guest that appears weekly and the popular songs, ballads or show tunes they each sing. He has only one restriction. The proverbial sponsor's wife, on reasonable grounds, objects to

liquor being mentioned in any manner. This prohibition even extends to the drinking song from *The Student Prince*.

Perhaps that is for the best. Earl, who doesn't smoke and isn't a drinking man, once got himself into a very embarrassing situation during the war through a few sociable drinks. It happened in New Guinea, where he was one of the first entertainers to go overseas to the South Pacific. He got there so early in fact that the Japs, who didn't quite appreciate the necessity for morale-building tours, insisted on using live ammunition in the areas in which he performed.

After one such harrowing experience, he sat down for a few drinks with some Marines who were parachuting on Leyte the next morning. One leatherneck kept joking about how nice it would be to take Wrightson along for the ride. Earl took it good-naturedly. But the next thing he remembered was flying over Leyte and seeing flak around the plane. No one took him for a Marine and he was able to return to New Guinea.

Among this group of Marines was a young boy who asked if Wrightson remembered him. Earl did—the Marine had been an elevator boy for NBC. Two years later he met him again—back at NBC running the elevators.

At this time Wrightson recalls, "I had the reputation of being the only man on New Guinea who was gaining weight, and I weighed over 200 pounds." The war has caused a lot of men to do some serious thinking. Wrightson is no exception. "I sat up one night and said: 'I'm 27 years old and I look like 45. What am I doing to prepare myself for my career?'" This grim question was answered the next morning by a firm resolve he has not regretted. He limited himself thereafter to one main meal a day—composed of all-bran and condensed milk. It was filling but not fattening. He kept up the diet for six months, and shed 35 pounds off his 5'11" frame. It was the turning

point of his career "though it almost killed me. I don't recommend that method of dieting to anyone. And to this day I can't look all-bran in the face.

"I'm like a fighter who has a special weight—my best singing weight is 165. Five pounds either way will throw my voice off. Losing that 35 pounds was like dropping a weight I had been carrying around." Wrightson feels the girth most opera singers claim is necessary for richness of voice is just a culinary indulgence. For Wrightson, a gourmet who sometimes sits up half the night to read a cook book, holding his weight down is an ordeal. He limits himself to meat courses and green salads except on rare occasions.

Wrightson left New Guinea ill with malaria. Though he wanted to continue on to the European Theater, the authorities forbade it.

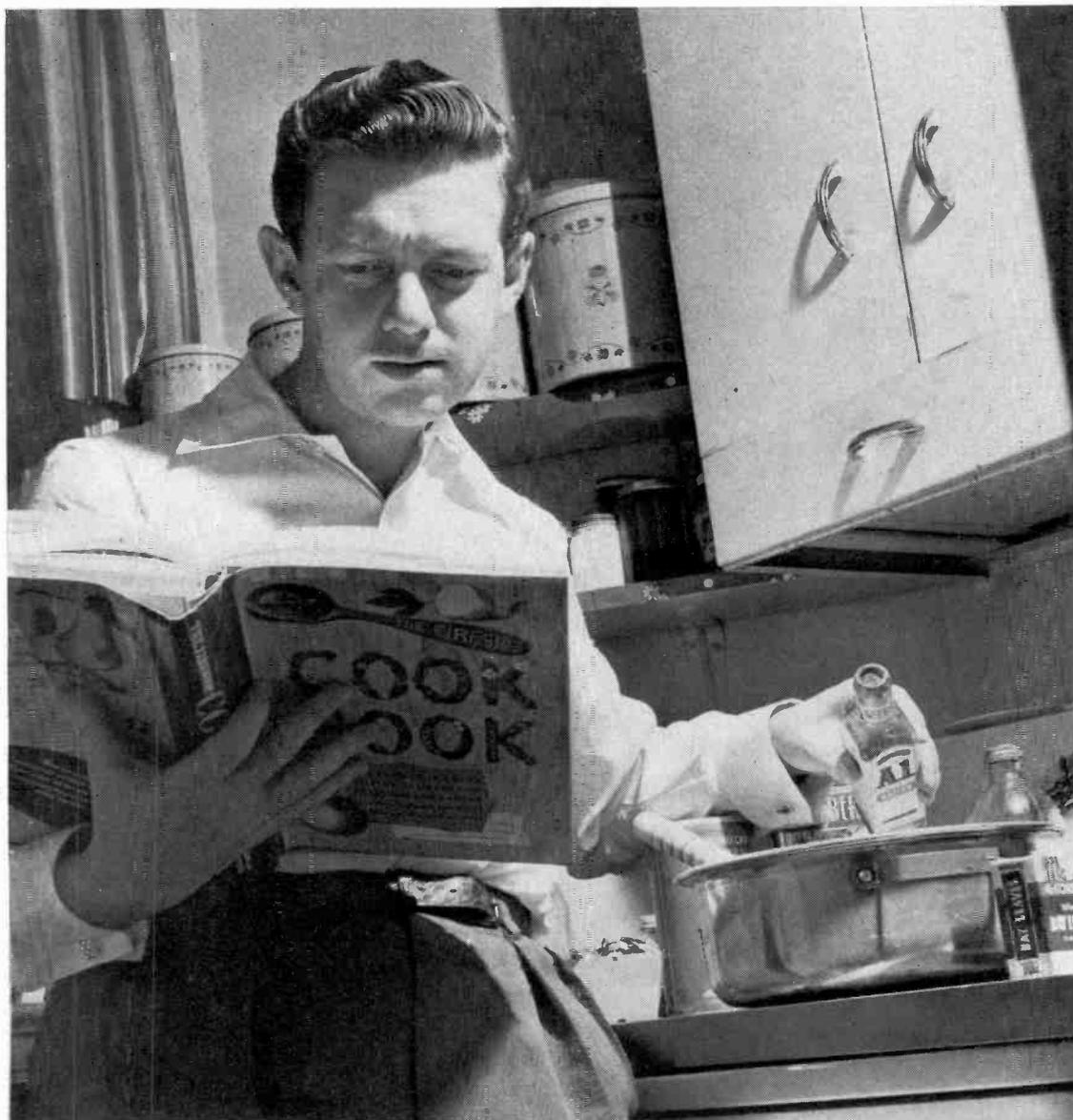
He resumed his career. He had already learned that a good singer has to study long and hard. One of his biggest laughs occurs when someone remarks: "You never had it so easy. All this success for just utilizing a natural gift." The truth is quite the reverse. Wrightson feels the best singers are those who have a good voice and then learn to develop and control every tonal quality of their voice. Peculiarly, the better the voice, the harder it is to become a great singer. Then, the singer doesn't have to work as hard to put himself across.

Reducing is a hardship also since exercise gives a legiti-

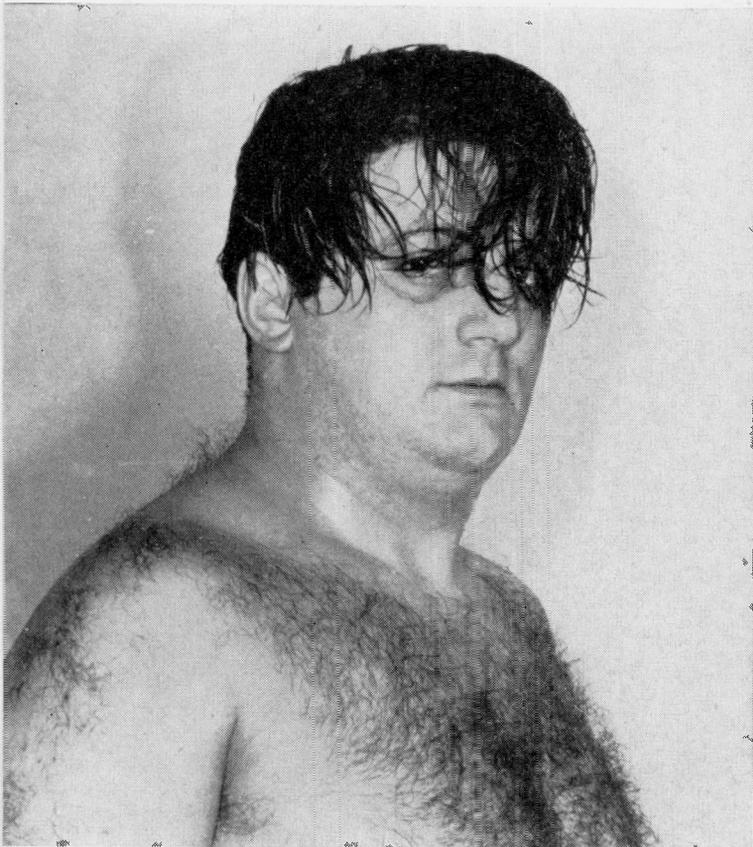
mate singer unwanted tight muscles. Unlike the popular crooner-type vocalist whose tone comes from his chest or throat, the operatic singer sings from his stomach. Wrightson does play some tennis and swims during the summer. He walks an average of five miles a day, which, while it doesn't help in reducing, is a fine type of exercise.

The traveling comes easy for Earl who was born in Baltimore on New Year's day, 1916—is the eighth and youngest offspring of an itinerant Methodist preacher. His father had parishes in Maryland, Washington, D. C., and West Virginia before his death in 1927. This religious background is significant in Earl's career though it wasn't readily apparent. The family returned to Baltimore, where Earl attended the Baltimore City College, a high school. When he was 17, the principal called him in and they had a short talk—the conclusion was: Earl could resign or be suspended. He resigned. Earl, never very happy under a formal school system, points with pride to his brother who was kicked out the same year but is now the President of a Baltimore bank.

His trouble was truancy, not grades. That year he spent sixty days in the Baltimore courtrooms—as a spectator, not a defendant—gaining experience to be an actor. "I would leave home bright and early for school with my lunch box under my arm—instead I would end up in the Court Building." He attended each session with the regularity of a litigator. At recess time, (Continued on page 58)



Though five pounds either way changes the quality of his voice, Earl Wrightson, sensational baritone of CBS-TV's *At Home Show*, frequently spends half the night reading a cookbook, then he wakes up everyone in the house with clattering pots and pans while trying a unique recipe



# the biggest men in television

BY CAMERON DAY

Wrestlers used to clamp holds on each other—but now they've got one on the television audience



Frank T. Hewitt (left) the mild mannered manager and owner of New York's Golden Slipper Ball Room is a 250-pound terror to contenders in the TV wrestling ring (upper left)

If you were compiling a quick "Who's Who in Television," you'd probably rattle off Fran Allison, Berle, Cassidy, Godfrey, Garroway and Howdy Doody at once. But about here you'd probably skip the name of Frank T. Hewitt. In fact, you might not recall the handle at all, though Hewitt has been on TV more than most of the others. As Tarzan Hewitt, the wrestler, our hero has been on telecasts over stations in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Denver, Washington, Baltimore and other cities—possibly a television first in itself. And, different from most other "names," his reputation is strictly a television product. Before those coaxial things, he was just another grappler, making a catch-as-catch-can living.

Tarzan Hewitt has been on television three years and, during that stretch, he has built up a following without the aid of script writers, name bands or station plugs. But

◀ "Argentine" Rocca is a master of the double drop-kick—a simple flying leap that ends in pouncing on his opponent with a stomach-smashing kick. Other entertaining tortures make him one of the biggest drawing cards of TV wrestling

he has become an able exponent of the gentle art requiring the ability to twist a man's ear half off. And doing it with a clinical detachment which both delights and enrages the crowd. Hewitt practices his profession, inside the ropes, as any smart businessman operates his without. And, as well, like many other wrestlers, Hewitt has his own business on the side, which he handles most capably.

Meeting him as the owner and manager of the Golden Slipper Ball Room, in New York's Times Square section, you'd be impressed with this pleasant-looking, soft-spoken young giant who already was established and on the way. You might, also, think that this kind of an inactive job had made him a bit flabby. And that would be a mistake. About like picking Navy over Army last fall. Frank Hewitt in the garb of a young executive is one matter; Tarzan Hewitt, applying a Japanese armlock in the ring, is quite another.

Hewitt is 6'1", weighs 250, has a back like a barn door and arms like red oaks. Recently he has been having a feud with Dennis James, the DuMont sportscaster and *Okay Mother* kid. James, it seems has taken to calling him "Poodles," because of the way his hair falls down over his eyes. One night he had nothing handy to throw at James except his opponent, who was Steve Gob, a spindly 230-pounder. So he let go with Gob, who went through the ropes, breaking one strand, and landed in the lap of Sam Laine, James' assistant.

This sort of thing, of course, is considered good-natured horseplay and no one is supposed to get hurt. Well, that viewpoint is strictly for the audience. Hewitt, in his task of bringing joy to the family circle, has had a leg and an arm broken. And one night he sailed out of the ring and landed hard enough to smash his jaw in three places. "That," says Frank, making a new high in understatement, "was tough. I couldn't eat anything but soup and liquids for so long that I went to a sickly 190 pounds."

Hewitt has had plenty of rough experiences in 12 years of pro wrestling. One terrible night in a Southern city he made the mistake of beating the local champ, and the mob turned on him with murderous vengeance. They stormed the ring, waving knives and razors, swept aside a few policemen and went for Hewitt, who tried and failed to

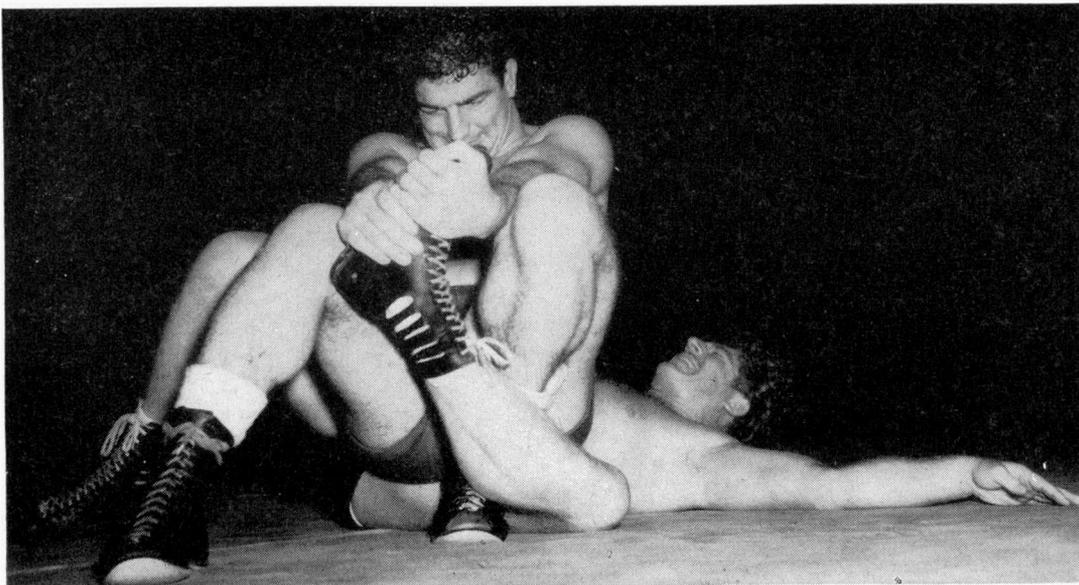
duck under the ring. When they left him, Frank was slashed with deep gashes all over his legs. And he carries a number of long, white scars to prove it. Television, of course, has done away with that kind of a tank-town stop, which doesn't make him like it any less.

For that matter, though, TV made Tarzan Hewitt, as he's quick to admit. Born 30 years ago in Toronto, Canada, he started wrestling as an amateur at 16 and turned pro two years later, with Ed "Strangler" Lewis, the old-time great, as manager. Like many in the trade, he was also an all-around athlete. He attended the University of Toronto for a while, and has played pro football and hockey with the Toronto Maple Leafs' farm team. Pro hockey, as everyone knows, is one of the roughest sports, but compared to wrestling "it's like playing patsy," says Frank.

For many years Frank grappled with the best all over the world, hitting South America, Australia, New Zealand and England, as well as all the big towns in the States. But for much of that time wrestling here was getting about as much pull as the present Republican party. There were quite a few lean years, and then he wrestled in some New York matches which were televised. This, to Frank, didn't mean much at the time. He didn't even bother to pin his man so the camera got a good shot. But when he toured through Connecticut shortly afterward, he performed for one sellout house after another. And he realized that something called a coaxial cable was the best press agent he'd ever had.

Hewitt is now a headliner, along with a batch of other behemoths. In a good week, when he goes several times, his take will be \$400 to \$500, figured on a percentage of the gate. And he's had enough good weeks so that last September he bought his own business. Hewitt is a good example of one of wrestling's bright young men—educated, intelligent, and able to do a good job inside the ring and out. And there are many others like him, though some aren't as young.

If you were to wait around in the arena some night, after the matches were over, you'd see a group of fellows come out of the dressing-room who look like pudgy, prosperous businessmen. Many are, and they have little resemblance with the fellows who (*Continued on page 64*)



**Chick Garibaldi and Ford Carlton use the old toe hold for a bit of showmanship. Are the matches fixed? Are they real? Most fans don't really care at all**

## YOUR RECEIVER



### is television affecting your life?

A few months ago some of our readers in all parts of the country were among those visited by interviewers for the Elmo Roper research office and asked many questions regarding the effects television has had on their spare time activities. Since then several subscribers have written to TELECAST inquiring about the results of Mr. Roper's survey. The study has just been completed and we present herewith the facts on how television is affecting all America, as discovered by Mr. Roper.

"The recreational habits of those bitten by the television bug bear little resemblance to those who have not yet been exposed," Roper says. "The non-owners of television are what America used to be like. The owners are, in all probability, very much like what we are all going to be."

As might be expected, television has curtailed the "going-out" activities of its owners. "In the television way of life," Roper says, "the world comes into your parlor. You don't have to go out onto the street to find it."

The pollster quotes one set owner he interviewed: "I used to go out to the fights once a week, play poker another night of the week, and maybe go to a ball game another night. Now I stay home and look at that set of mine. I can't take my eyes off it. And my wife is as pleased as she can be. She never saw her old man at home like he is these days. That television is great. We both think so!"

In addition, our at-home habits have also been changed. No longer is listening to the radio the major evening pastime for those who own TV sets. Reading too has fallen off sharply. "We found that 33 per cent or one-third of that part of America which hasn't experienced television usually sits down to the evening paper or reads a magazine or book after supper. But among video owners, only 18 per cent, or half as many say that they usually read in the evening," Roper reports.

Also on the decline in TV homes are visiting friends, playing cards and other entertainment people make up themselves. While 15 per cent of non-TV owners just sit around and talk with the family during the evening, six per cent, or only one-third as many video fans engage in family conversation after dinner.

"Now this last point, of course, is a fairly serious thing," Roper says. "It certainly alters the traditional relationship of a family. Father might be home more often, but apparently he spends less time talking to mother and the children, when there is a television set around. Now, whether this drop-off in family conversation will lead to a happier married life in the homes of America, or will lead to more marital difficulties than we already have, our survey didn't pretend to find out. It's easy to see that there are arguments on both sides."

The study also revealed that set owners report improvement both in reception and in program quality.

"There is a particularly hopeful sign in what has happened to TV programs," it points out. "The longer people have had their sets, the greater the improvement in quality of programs they have noticed. For example, almost two-thirds of all the people who have had their sets for two years or more say that the programs they have seen have gotten a good deal better."

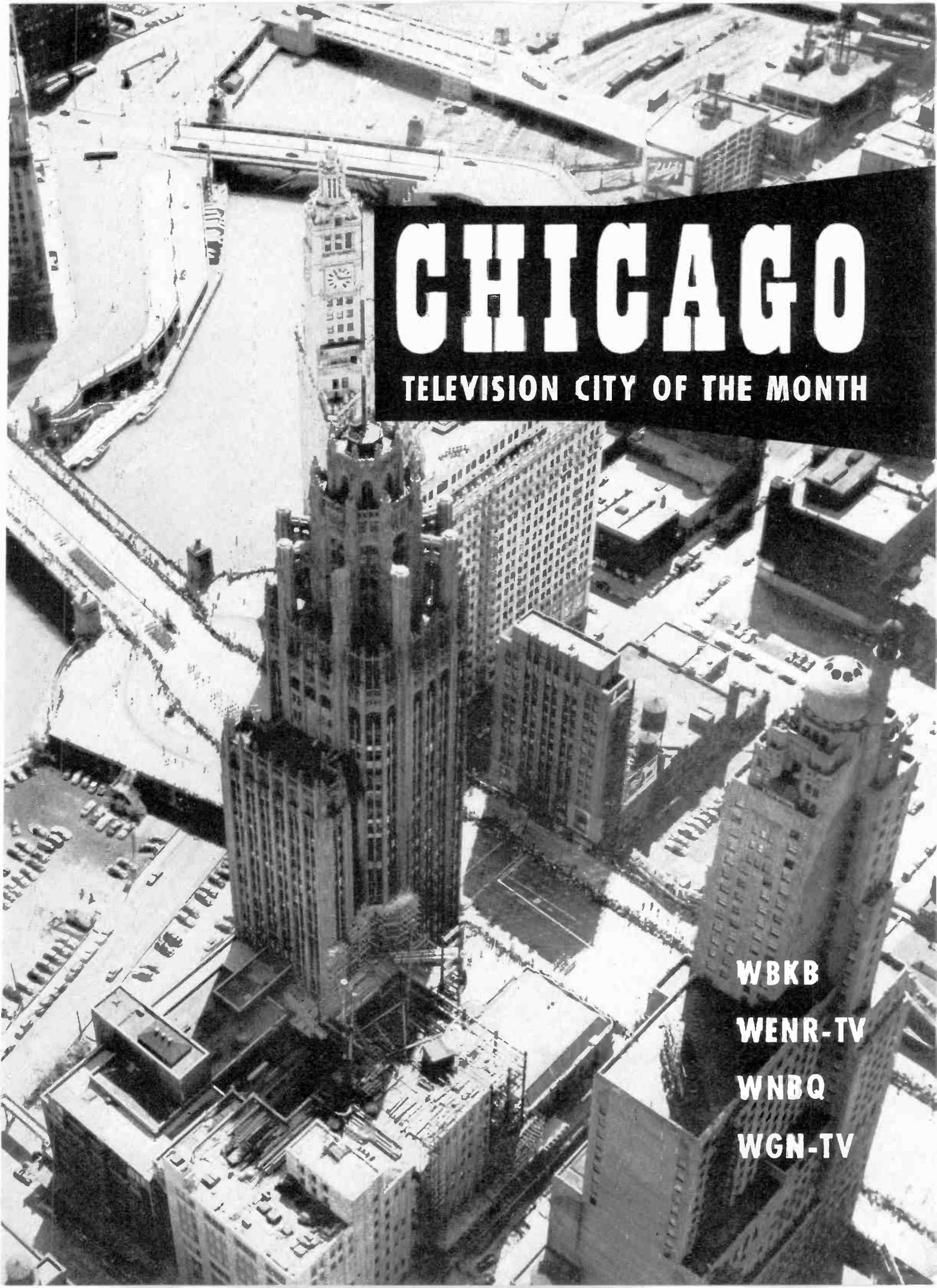
"Now, of course, these particular results merely mean that things have taken a turn for the better in the quality of television programs. Needless to say we received some choice and unquotable remarks as to what some people thought of TV programs two years ago. But, as of today, people think they are getting better all the time."

Does all this mean that TV fans will do virtually nothing except watch their receivers? Not at all, says Roper, "the longer people have had their sets, the less time they spend looking at them." Those who have had a set less than three months spend almost 17 hours a week viewing. Those who have had sets two years or more watch them slightly more than 13 hours a week.

This is still a lot of time, Roper comments. "But those old television hands, we found, do get back—more or less—to such traditional leisure time activities as reading newspapers and just plain visiting with friends."

*Remember, this column is intended to serve you. If you have any suggestions for future articles or questions you want answered, send them to:*

TELECAST, 475 Fifth Avenue, New York City 17, N. Y.

An aerial, black and white photograph of the Chicago skyline. The image shows several prominent skyscrapers, including the Willis Tower (now known as the Trump Tower) on the right and the Willis Tower (now known as the Willis Tower) in the center. The Chicago River is visible on the left side of the image. A black banner is overlaid on the right side of the image, containing the text "CHICAGO" in large, white, bold, sans-serif capital letters. Below "CHICAGO" is the text "TELEVISION CITY OF THE MONTH" in smaller, white, bold, sans-serif capital letters. In the bottom right corner of the image, there is a list of television stations: "WBKB", "WENR-TV", "WNBQ", and "WGN-TV", all in white, bold, sans-serif capital letters.

# CHICAGO

TELEVISION CITY OF THE MONTH

WBKB

WENR-TV

WNBQ

WGN-TV

# CHICAGO TV EMPIRE OF THE MIDWEST

Long ago destined  
to become the  
crossroads of  
the nation,  
Chicago has  
again made its  
mark as a  
pioneer  
in television

BY WILLIAM PARKER

## JOHN BALABAN

Owner-founder of CBS affiliate WBKB  
His dream: video in all movie theaters



It was an ordinary day in the windy city, but the scurrying crowd on the sidewalk suddenly stopped. People were aghast. Had they been drinking too much, or was Mars falling in pieces all over the earth? For blocks, neither man nor beast was safe from the huge spots of orange paint that spattered people's noses, clothes, and automobiles. But when the crowd looked up into the sky, their frowns turned to grins. They cleaned the paint off their noses and shrugged it off as just another mistake of the nation's new-born babe, television. For high on top of the Civic Opera Building, in the midst of a fierce wind, WENR-TV's bright new transmitting tower was getting a coat of rust-proof paint.

Like all stories of pioneer days, the saga of Chicago's TV empire is filled with tales of ingenious men, leading a colony of people with faith and courage. But the personnel of the windy city's four video stations, WBKB, WGN-TV, WENR-TV and WNBQ, have learned modestly to poke fun at themselves when they make mistakes. They know the value of trial and error. And now, this ability to learn quickly has paid off. The programs that originate in Chicago, as well as the stations themselves, have made a sensational record and set an example for other television cities that are still having growing pains.



## JULES HERBUVEAUX

NBC's energetic manager of WNBQ  
His aim: to top the list with new talent



## FRANK P. SCHREIBER

Manager of DuMont affiliate WGN-TV  
His boss: the "world's greatest newspaper"



## JOHN H. NORTON, JR.

Vice-president of ABC and WENR head  
His claim: the nation's largest TV studio



Innocent bystanders may receive free theater passes or embarrassing jests from Ernie Simon (holding microphone) who is WBKB's "man in the street" on *Curbstone Cutup*

## THE MOVIES PLAN A TELEVISION TIE-UP

The great bitter dispute between the movies and the television industry rages hot and heavy in most cities. But in Chicago, it's just the opposite. The first television station there was launched, to the amazement of everybody, by John Balaban, president of the Balaban and Katz chain of a hundred movie theatres. And to complicate matters further, John Balaban's older brother, Barney, is the President of Paramount Pictures.

Balaban knew that most men in the movie industry think of television as their keenest competition, but he disregarded the current opinion and pledged his strongest support and financial backing to Chicago's first experimental station, W9XBK, which has grown into the new CBS affiliate, WBKB. This nine-year-old station represents an estimated investment of four million dollars, but its progress has completely rewarded both Balaban and the station's hundred employees.

Just being first on the scene wasn't enough for WBKB. They were determined to be first in a great many ways: (1) first to telecast full length dramas, complete with costume and setting; (2) first to telecast an account of the impressive *Midnight Mass* from Holy Name Cathedral; (3) first to telecast the first baseball game ever to be televised from Wrigley Field, home of the Chicago Cubs.

But there was one other big "first" that John Balaban wanted to try—the biggest of them all. He wanted to see television projected on the movie screen—wanted his theater audience to be able to see the news as it was actually taking place. But this mammoth project proved not to be as simple as he'd thought. Four separate processes (costing \$65,000) transcribed the news shown on WBKB and projected it on the screen of the Chicago Theater (also owned by Balaban and Katz) twenty yards across the street. And for the first time, a movie audience was able to view television on the huge movie screen—all in only forty-five seconds from the time the same thing was appearing on the TV screen.

Very few television stations as large as WBKB and without any radio station affiliation have been able to make a profit. Even WBKB was known to lose as much as ten to eighteen thousand dollars weekly at one time, but now its 106 national and local advertisers have brought it up out of the red. Which is proof positive that Captain William C. Eddy, manager of WBKB from its inception in 1939 until 1948, and his successor, Mr. John Mitchell, have fought a good financial fight and come out on top.

Of course, WBKB has its lighter side too. And one pleasant aspect of that is that performers on the TV shows are no longer told to look at the "birdie" when the cameras are going. Because WBKB has provided something much better than a "birdie"—their cameras are manned (or rather, "womanned") by the only two girls in the nation who are actually TV camera operators. Rae Stewart and Esther Rojewski are two members left from the very able all-woman staff that kept WBKB going in the war years.

Already a second *Burl Ives* to Chicagoans, young Tommy Sands has a style of his own and a well-known repertoire of heart-warming tunes





Torrid TV studios drive camerawomen into cooler togs. WBKB claims they're the only women operating video cameras in the nation

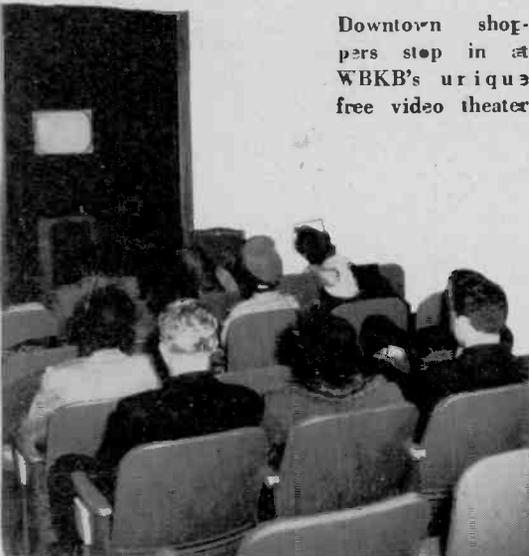
Naturally, a television station is only as good as its programs. And while WBKB has many that are easily worth mentioning, such as Tommy Sands, a twelve-year-old budding Burl Ives, there is still one show that always gets a terrific amount of publicity, a huge audience, and creates chatter, rumors, gossip, and even scandal all around the city. And that show is Ernie Simon's sensational *Curbstone Cut-Up*, a new twist to "the man on the street."

Usually, for Ernie's show the TV cameras and equipment are carried right out on the sidewalk. And there he has calmly shocked the station, the populace, and the sponsor by doing such things as breaking RCA Victor unbreakable records before the TV camera.

But never, as long as Ernie's name is tossed across backyard fences, will Chicagoans forget the night he decided to do a remote telecast from atop a raised drawbridge. Knowing his screwball ideas pay off usually, in one way or another, the station co-operated with Ernie. The cameras, the lights, and everything needed was all strapped to the sides of the drawbridge across the Chicago River—and then it was raised. Bystanders stretched their necks and pushed their way through the crowd to get a good look at Ernie on the drawbridge. And sure enough—there he was, sixty feet in the air clinging to a stanchion. On one side of him was the grimy Chicago River, and on the other side the gears and machinery of the drawbridge were grinding fiercely. And imagine what Ernie was doing—calmly talking to a pigeon that was roosting overhead on a beam.

On other shows, you're apt to see him kidding fat men, giggling girls, and repressed wives. With his jet black hair and a mustache, plus a facial expression as innocent as a babe's, Ernie gets away with a lot that no ordinary funnyman could ever pull. He can seem completely convincing, even when putting his arm around a dignified society matron and asking blandly, "Tell me, Mama, just between you and me, is it true that you were over the hill before you married all that dough?"

Downtown shoppers stop in at WBKB's unique free video theater



# TRADITION AND TELEVISION GET TOGETHER CHICAGO

A man whose name is almost a symbol to Chicago is Colonel McCormick, executive giant and owner of the Chicago Tribune. And since the Tribune already had a radio station, WGN (meaning "world's greatest newspaper") it came as very little surprise to anyone when the second television station in Chicago was opened in April, 1948, and called WGN-TV.

It's a well-known fact that TV receiver sets don't sell in areas where the television talent doesn't come up to par. In Chicago, there were only 17,000 receiver sets when WGN-TV began operation. But now there are over 150,000—which is as high a compliment to the station's talent as they could possibly want. Originally, WGN-TV was on the air only forty-two hours a week, but after acquiring more room for studios and offices by moving from the Daily News Building to the Tribune Tower (as seen in aerial view of Chicago on page 31) the station has added ten more hours a week to its long list of hit shows.

The fabulous Al Morgan originates his DuMont network show there at WGN-TV and is rated as one of the cream of the crop of top performers. Al's ingenious arrangement of *Jealous Heart* when he changed it from a hill-billy tune to a popular number for full orchestra has not only made him a considerable sum of money but also brought him stage appearances and television offers galore. It's not very often that a pianist can hold down a full half-hour show, but Al is especially noted for his showmanship and particularly for what musicians call the "flying-hand" style. In the old days of small stage appearances, Al noticed that nothing would hold an audience like flinging his hands high and wide when playing a dull piano number. And that little knack he developed a long time ago has proved to be his ticket to TV success—nothing beats that visual appeal.

The late Tom Breneman found a gold mine and a world of happiness in paying a little attention to the kind of fun women like to have on a radio show. And now with the advent of television, Chicago's Harold Isbell has come up with the claim that Breneman bequeathed to him the right to present kisses and orchids to elderly ladies and to model the funniest hats belonging to women in the studio audience. Many a Chicago woman is mighty proud of the prize (or prizes) she's won on Isbell's *Stop, Look, and Learn* for having the funniest hat or for having thought up the cleverest time-saving household trick.

But of course women aren't the only ones who watch television. So to keep the men happy when they're watching sports events, WGN-TV has a first-rate sports announcer, Jack Brickhouse. Every town, big or small, has its favorite sports announcer—a title not easily come by or held for too long—and in Chicago, the name Jack Brickhouse has become almost as closely associated with ball games as ham is connected with eggs.



The fabulous Al Morgan made a small fortune converting a hill-billy tune to a hit—*Jealous Heart*

Accused of crimes and left to battle their own trials without the aid of a script, professional actors are defendants and witnesses on *Cross Question* (DuMont, Sunday evenings). The judge (John W. Costello) and prosecutor (Harry I. Parsons) are lawyers in real life; witness is actress Marian Russell (center)





With the aid of little "Pee Bee" 250-pound "Uncle Harold" (Harold Isbell) became famous on radio, but now he no longer needs "Pee Bee." On television, Isbell's inherited Tom Breneman's right to bestow orchids and kisses on elderly ladies on WGN-TV's *Stop, Look, and Learn*

If you've ever been in a tough situation that you couldn't talk your way out of, then you can appreciate the feelings of the actors on *Cross Question*, another WGN-TV highlight that's telecast on the DuMont network. Actual lawyers and judges are used to fill the legal roles, while professional actors who are given no script portray the plaintiff, defendant, and witnesses. The rapid fire cross-questioning that actors undergo in this imaginary courtroom battle often becomes so intense that those watching the telecast feel completely exhausted by the time the show ends. *Cross Question* is done with such accuracy and realism that they are flooded with letters from people who want to know where some trial took place.

Topping off the shows at WGN-TV is a magnificent array of guest stars including Sally Rand, Billy Gilbert, and Gloria Swanson. Even President Truman was televised there, his first and only time on Chicago television, when he spoke at the Swedish Pioneer Centennial. Exclusive television coverage of that type can often be seen on WGN-TV since their newspaper and radio affiliations keep them well posted on news of who is coming to the city and when. In the past, newspapers have been known to carry a competitive grudge against radio, but now that the towering and traditional Chicago Tribune has turned the tables and wed itself to both a radio and a television station, there's hope for other prospective stations getting similar financial backing. For every newspaper, radio, and television man knows it's a heavy blow to a city's progress when mediums of public information fight to keep each other quiet.

Forty million Frenchmen can't be wrong, and neither can Godfrey, Amsterdam, T. Dorsey, Frankie Carle, and Blue Barron when they predict fame for their ex-songstress Nancy Wright, now on WGN-TV Wednesdays and Thursdays with "The Temptones," a band of four men who sound like a million





## BEAUTIES AND BEASTS AT WENR-TV

Home of the American Broadcasting Company's pride and joy, *Super Circus*, is WENR-TV (called "wiener" in Chicago) the station that became Chicago's third and most unusual in September of 1948. Plans for "weiner" television were so big that Paul Mowrey, national director of all ABC television, went to Chicago to personally launch the station on its successful voyage. Since then, ABC Vice-President John Norton has been the guiding helmsman.

Since the Civic Opera Building houses the "weiner" television studios, they can easily claim the largest television studios in existence. This building, which was erected by millionaire Samuel Insull to serve Chicago's music and drama lovers, has one theater with a seating capacity of 3600 and a smaller theater, designed for producing plays, that seats 833.

Yet even with this enormous facility, hundreds of circus-worshipping Chicago kids have been turned away from the doors of *Super Circus*. The line around the Civic Opera Building begins early on Sunday morning, and by program time in the middle of the afternoon the line has extended completely around the block and is always at least four or five deep. The studio is constantly apologizing for not being able to fill its weekly requests for three thousand seats. And that fantastic number exists despite a ruling that says: "No adult admitted without a child."

The circus big-top, that great big wonderful place where a kid is king, comes to life on *Super Circus* when ringmaster Claude Kirchner puts almost every animal from a puppy to an elephant through their paces. Then there's a beautiful blonde with long flowing hair conducting the band, Mary Hartline. Mary's been voted "the sweetest television star of 1949" and "America's most beautiful band leader"—two titles that the kids will tell you are mere understatements.



*Super Circus'* prince and idol of every kid—"Cliffy the Clown" (Cliff Soubier)



To make *Super Circus* as much like a real big-top as possible, WENR-TV selects three carnival acts each week from circuses and road shows all over the country

But the big favorite and idol of all kids everywhere are the clowns: Cliff Soubier, as "Little Cluffy in pusson," and "Scampy" Patton, a little clown that any child would like to swap places with, played by Phillip Bardwell Patton, Jr.

Most exciting of all, however, is that moment when kids in the studio audience, wide-eyed with eagerness, are given a chance to get into the act. They're invited to compete in everything from bobbing for apples to pushing their faces through pie pans of flour to get a fifty cent piece at the bottom. Then there's that huge container of pennies, and each kid who has competed for the other prizes is given all the pennies he can hold in one hand. After the show, of course, there's a mad clamor for the pennies that have fallen all over the stage.

The biggest problem of the entire show is left up to producer Phil Patton whose job is to get all the animal acts, trapeze artists, magicians, and dozens of other performers. He recruits them from carnivals and vaudeville acts from coast to coast. But he doesn't mind his job the least bit when he sees the big thrill the kids get out of it when they turn the audience into a near riot.

Five huge elephants, weighing enough to break down the stage of most studios, kept the entire staff of the show mighty worried for several hours before their appearance. First they had to be brought on the stage by the concrete delivery entrance, then doors had to be dismantled to make way for them to get on stage. And finally, when director Greg Garrison, producer Patton, ringmaster Kirchner, and all the rest were near exhaustion from getting the elephants to co-operate, the show began—and any viewers of *Super Circus* that day who thought getting five elephants to appear on television was easy, never knew how wrong they were.

Chinese jugglers and talking birds, nothing is too unusual for *Super Circus*. But not all of them co-operate. A chimpanzee nearly wrecked the place by throwing everything he could get his hands on at the audience. Then came the day that camels were to appear. All during rehearsal they went through their routine beautifully, but when the show actually started—they stopped dead still, wouldn't budge—and just out of camera range!

Everyone from Spike Jones to Metropolitan Opera stars and ballerinas are apt to be seen standing behind the scenes getting just as big a kick out of *Super Circus* as the kids. Because the *Super Circus* studio adjoins the opera hall, and backstage it's an exciting mixture when clowns, animals, and opera stars get together.

As the sponsor of *Super Circus*, Canada Dry, has well learned, this show is visual advertising at its highest level. Beyond all doubt, WENR-TV has set forth many examples of superb showmanship while pioneering television in the mid-west with the nation's biggest audience-packing show, *Super Circus*.

Bandleader Mary Hartline (left), Cluffy the Clown, and ringmaster Claude Kirchner (extreme right) always make the young contestants (three shown below) the centers of attention. Motto of *Super Circus*: "No adult admitted without a child"





Besides collecting titles like "America's most beautiful bandleader" and "the sweetest television star of 1949," Mary also has collected a dozen medals for her outstanding mastery of the trumpet.

## CRADLE FOR TWO FAVORITE SHOWS

Staying true to form, the National Broadcasting Company descended on Chicago with the determination to have a television station there that could feed into the network the very tops in talent from that area. But with three others already so well established, there were doubts as to how much good talent was left, how much space there would be for studios, and whether there were enough sponsors.

NBC vice-president I. E. Showerman and the general manager Jules Herbuveaux gave the new station, WNBQ, a royal send-off in September, 1948. They took the problems confronting them and easily hurdled every one. By setting up their studios and offices in the tremendous Merchandise Mart, Herbuveaux and Showerman made sure they'd never have to worry about space.

As to sponsors, only time would tell, but prospects were hopeful. There was no difficulty in finding talent, because WNBQ seemed to have what the stars wanted. Simply and hurriedly WNBQ acquired Dave Garroway to put on *Garroway At Large* (see page 42) and then with *Quiz Kids*, plus sensational *Kukla, Fran, and Ollie* (see page 40) WNBQ couldn't miss. Their future was secure.

Taken all together, Chicago's four stations have become legendary milestones in television's brief history. More than just a credit to the city, they are a credit to the entire television industry for having given the ultimate in good entertainment. For these reasons, TELECAST salutes Chicago, television city of the month.



**CHICAGO**

from left to right — they're wistful, winsome and wonderful — all in all the happiest show on earth

# KUKLA, FRAN AND OLLIE

BY IRWIN ROSTEN

Burr Tillstrom, creator of Kukla (below) has immortalized the philosophic wit and gentle whimsy of his Kuklapolitan Players. As much loved by adults as children, Tillstrom's creations owe their convincing qualities to his own unquestioning belief that they actually exist





As Uncle Sam's mail carriers make their daily visits to the Chicago studios of NBC in the huge Merchandise Mart, the heaviest bundle is invariably destined for the offices assigned to the Kuklapolitan Players, a talented, carefree troupe that holds forth five nights a week on *Kukla, Fran and Ollie*. Many of these letters are written in scrawls that reveal the tender age of their senders; others are from persons more advanced in years, but equally young in heart and spirit.

Recently, in the package of mail addressed to Burr Tillstrom, creator and impresario of the sensible, reliable Kukla, and Ollie, the dashing dragon, as well as the seven other Kuklapolitans, there was a request from a harassed parent for a cleanser for a home television screen to remove the smudges made by the children as they kissed Kukla goodnight.

Children and adults who feel the same way about little Kukla and his friends now number in the hundreds of thousands. They are a tribute to the genius of Burr Tillstrom and the talent and charm of Fran Allison, who, as Dorothy in *Oz* or Alice in *Wonderland*, shares Tillstrom's faith in his creations and helps transmit this belief to all who have fallen under their enchantment.

It would indeed be presumptuous and quite futile to try to explain the appeal of *Kukla, Fran and Ollie*. Those who have made the acquaintance of the Kuklapolitans know the warm feeling of gentle happiness they get from watching the show. To those who haven't we merely say see it for a few days and you too will notice its tonic effect.

Besides Kukla and Ollie, the troupe includes Mme. Ophelia Ooglepuss (pronounced Oglepuss), a slightly aging diva; Col. Cracky, a suthen gentleman, suh; Fletcher Rabbit, a loquacious, flop-eared rabbit who delivers the mail; Buelah Witch, a somewhat hard-of-hearing alumna of Witch Normal who thinks her broomstick should have electronic controls; Cecil Bill, the stage manager who devised his own jargon when he became fed up with everyday talk; Mercedes, a spoiled child, and Clara Coo Coo, a frivolous bird who used to work in a clock in Santa's workshop.

Kukla, a wistful, sentimental practical fellow, is the first born. Tillstrom created him for a friend in 1936, and Kukla was wrapped for shipment when Burr discovered he couldn't part with him. Thereafter he lived in Tillstrom's pocket while the boss traveled with puppet, marionette and stock shows.

It wasn't long before co-workers and friends would automatically ask: "Where's Kukla?" whenever they met Burr. From then on Kuk began to bob up everywhere Tillstrom went. He got his name when Burr, a lover of ballet, showed him to the ballerina Toumanova and the dancer exclaimed (Continued on page 55)

Fran Allison, one of the few, if not the only actress who can ad-lib a role of genuine sincerity as the mother, sister, and sweetheart of Kukla (a worrying, elfin fellow) and Ollie (sweet-natured dragon)



Though *Kukla, Fran, and Ollie* is not written into script form, the general situation and music must always be worked out during the day—leaving Burr Tillstrom little time for having lunch outside

CHICAGO

# GENIUS AT LARGE

Dave Garroway has created a new television humor by playing to only two viewers.

In the process he has won many thousands of fans

BY DON C. HAYNES

Movie, radio, and TV veteran Connie Russell and WNBQ staff singer Jack Haskell are a love-lyrical background on Chicago's popular *Garroway At Large*



If Dave Garroway is right, and TV humor should be entirely different from other types of humor, then *Television For Two* instead of *Garroway At Large* might well be the title of his Sunday night television show. For the Chicago disc jockey-turned-TV-humorist aims his show directly to two people in a living room—not two hundred people in a studio audience. That takes a touch of genius.

Garroway slants his humor toward a mythical couple he calls "Mr. and Mrs. Abercrombie." The *Garroway At Large* show invites them, by its relaxed pace, to take off their shoes and relax and enjoy themselves. Dave occasionally invites them out of their chairs into the studio where he shows them around; the cameras at work, the prop men hurrying around with such items as a pink cloud to be placed behind a pretty girl vocalist.

Garroway's conception of television humor is "small humor," which he defines as "the intrinsic funniness of a perfectly normal situation, or the normal humor of a macabre situation." That "small humor" is the keynote of the program, the most frankly experimental of the big television variety programs.

The easygoing, relaxed pace of the Garroway show is inevitable. Dave is one of the most relaxed, easy-going personalities in radio and television. By being himself, and tailoring a half-hour show to fit his particular talents, he has been named by critics as one of the freshest, most original personalities to watch in the new year.

Despite his introduction of a new style of humor into television, Dave is no crusader. He's a particularly keen businessman who believes in what he is doing artistically and financially. Actually, Dave is no comedian, he's a humorist; his program isn't comedy, it's humor. On this fine difference he has built his individual style.

Recently an enthusiastic page boy at NBC in Chicago excitedly cornered Dave and declared that he and several other Northwestern University students had watched the previous evening's show. "We all just howled," the page boy declared.

Dave shook his head sadly. "It must have been a terrible show," he mourned.

Most important to Dave on *Garroway At Large* are two individuals not seen—unless accidentally. They are Charlie Andrews, long-time Garroway writer, and the show's producer, Ted Mills. Charlie writes the stuff Dave frequently doesn't bother to say, as well as dialogue for the cast and all situations for the show. Mills directs the ingredients into the program's easy-going action, but only after seven not-so-easy-going hours of frantic rehearsals.

The visual members of the cast, all originally selected by Dave for his show, have widely varied backgrounds. Connie Russell, the beautiful brunette singer, has been in show business all her life, as were her parents. She has done movie bit parts, and has been in radio and night club work since her teens. Betty Chapell, the other girl singer, is a comparative newcomer to show business. She was singing in a Chicago night club when discovered by Dave on one of his frequent nocturnal rambles. He liked her voice, but wasn't overly impressed with her television possibilities until he saw her on another television show.

Jack Haskell, the handsome young baritone, is a former vocalist of Les Brown's dance band. He's currently staff singer on NBC, and is also featured on Dave's Monday night NBC radio network broadcast. Cliff Norton, the comedian, is a veteran Chicago radio actor whose mobile facial features made him particularly adaptable to television.

Garroway's ideas for subtle gag situations usually furnish novel endings for his shows. Instead of a hackneyed "This show came to you from Chicago," Garroway brightens up the old routine with a few new tricks. One gag that was sheer inspiration had Garroway close with: "This show came to you from Chicago, where, unlike Hollywood, you can trust your friends." Garroway then turned his back to the camera to show a butcher knife protruding from his back.

Another show, after the routine close, had the (Continued on page 63)



**WE NOMINATE FOR STARDOM**

# *Pat Meikle*

Over 900 letters daily have proved the popularity of Pat's and husband Hal's original creation, Wilmer the Pigeon. With subtlety Pat relates Wilmer's gay adventures





Pat and her actor-husband Hal Cooper have proved a happy marriage and careers do mix. Handyman Hal built the loud-speaker hook-up to their phonograph; Pat is the coffee-maker. They only disagree on Hal's ties—Pat's taste is too wild for him

As custodian of  
 The Magic Cottage  
 on the DuMont  
 network, she leads  
 a double life. A  
 whimsical godmother  
 to children, off  
 camera Pat Meikle  
 is a serious,  
 bright young woman

I'D rather see you dead than in India," Pat Meikle's grandfather told her father. "Here's passage money to America." Indirectly that's how Pat Meikle came to star on *The Magic Cottage*, a fairyland for children.

Like the cottage Hansel and Gretel discovered in the forest, DuMont Television's *The Magic Cottage* is a thing of wonder. Peppermint sticks grow in the garden, the house is built of gingerbread, a large ice cream cone sticks prominently up where a chimney usually sits and best of all the gatekeeper is a magical lady named Pat Meikle. Children between the ages of 3 and 10 adore her and her little friends: Wilmer the Pigeon, Maxwell the Mouse, Tootsie the Turtle, Simon the Squirrel and Oswald the Owl.

A letter from a Farmingdale, New York, housewife (one of 900 daily) eloquently tells of the close identification children have with Pat and her friends. "My little girl is three years old and she is one of your greatest admirers. . . . Candee would like a little picture of Maxwell some day. We have a mouse that has been raiding the pantry for some time now, but I dare not trap him. Candee, of course, is quite sure this particular mouse is Maxwell."

Pat Meikle's amazing rapport with children stems from two facts: An extreme interest in children, she studied psychology at the University of Michigan, and what people close to her jokingly refer to as her "child-like mind." Actually they mean her capacity to associate with youngsters on a child's level, without talking down. "Most adults are embarrassed," Pat says, "and don't know how to act in front of children. The most important thing is to treat them intelligently and be natural."

But it is also true there can be too much of a good thing. Inevitably the younger set gravitates to her off-stage. This adulation embarrasses Pat. She would rather talk about her husband, Hal Cooper, her program, which is the result of both their ingenuity, or anything else rather than herself.

Pat and Hal's marriage, to their minds, is a beautiful reconciliation of two careers. Neither expects that success will develop at the same place. They have a standing custom that they take turns being the prima donna of the family each week. They have an added ally in television. "Because," as Pat says, "you can't afford to leave the area or you will become an unknown overnight," their only separation has been a brief one month acting stint Hal did in Charleston.

They are now living in a small but very cozy one-room apartment that Pat decorated from bed-spreads to bric-a-brac. Until the apartment gets bigger, the bank account larger and life more stable, this couple which has so much to do with children aren't having any of their own. At the moment Wilmer the Pigeon is like their baby. But Pat says: "When I want a child emotionally, even if we're starving or walking the streets looking for a job, I'll have one." Hal wants four but Pat would be satisfied with two. Questioned together they compromise on three—with one set of twins, like having a ready-made family.

They don't entertain much at home but center their lives around exotic restaurants, where they have friends in much as they would in their own home. They both love fine foods, Pat especially goes for the chicken tetrazinni and vichysoisse Hal whips up. When Pat is literally dragged to the stove, she sticks to her specialty "lukewarm" roast beef. No matter. (Continued on page 60)

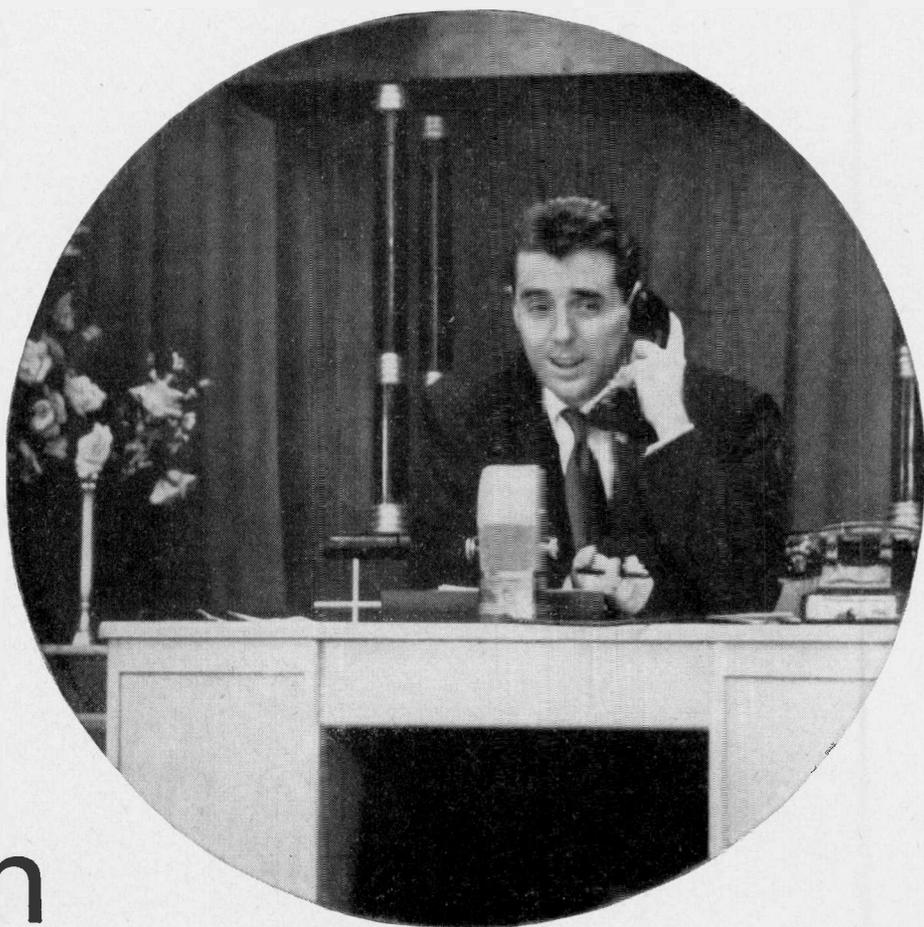
# ART FORD birth of a salesman

By MARGARET McCLANE

Since he's filling in "Age: 28" these days, a little fundamental arithmetic makes 1921 the year that saw the birth of the salesman. Modern science having blasted any medieval notions that something like selling ability is even remotely hereditary, it must have been his environment. Either way, it figures, because Art Ford, one of the most inoffensive, easily digested and effective hawkers of wares on the airwaves, had for a mother one of our first women commentators, and his sire was up to his eyebrows in the advertising field.

The jockeyer of discs who, in six months on television, has rocketed the sales of all his sponsors to the top of the graph, had still another "in" during those much-brouited formative years. Television was a reality to him at a time when other kids had never heard of it and the *avant garde* of the high school crowd were primarily concerned with the first tentative onslaught of something known peculiarly as "jitterbugging." Father Ford had an extra-curricular activity. In the thirties he was working with some other pioneers on the spinning disc version of video, and Art sprinkled television along with sugar on his breakfast cereal.

One specific thing he had in common, though, with striplings forever before and forever after him. At some fleeting moment during adolescence the stage beckons. With Art, the invitation was R.S.V.P. and he did. In his late teens he managed to get himself some bit parts in a few shows his brother was doing in Pennsylvania. John



On his own WPIX, New York show, Art Ford interviews dynamic comedienne Yvonne Adair of the recent Broadway hit *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*



Having been much impressed by French television while abroad Art returns the favor by introducing French models to television in the U.S.A.



Barrymore came around to see them and—"probably out of courtesy," Art grins, complimented the productions.

"I didn't know much about acting. As a matter of fact, I guess my only principle was that you had to speak loud—so I shouted my three lines at the top of my lungs. Later I asked Barrymore what he thought of my acting."

Typical, the cryptic reply of the Prince: "Why, I think you'd make a fine radio announcer."

"I felt a little sad about it," the now top-flight announcer recalls, "but it planted a seed."

The seed and the not-too-great reliability of acting as a lifetime job evolved into Art's first radio venture announcing on station WWRL in Queens, Long Island. Various other celebrities furnished encouragement at this stage of his career, Katherine Hepburn among them.

From that first stint to the present indestructible *Milkman's Matinee*, Art has never been off radio for a week in seven years. During his European trips, his broadcasts were transcribed. Those trips were unique in that they were made for the specific purpose of enlarging his knowledge of television when most people interested in the medium were just that—interested. Over five years ago, he was a charter member of the Television Producers Association here, and he's probably the only person in New York who, during the past two years, has made three trips to France and Britain to observe their progress in the field.

Comparing, he remarks: "A couple of years ago the British were ahead of us in production smoothness, I think. But we've caught up now. The French, though, are way ahead in pictorial quality. They have something like eight hundred nineteen lines to their screen. Ours is about five hundred plus."

Part of the French success seems to be based on their motion picture technique. That, too, he studied carefully. That his know-how and personality made themselves felt in France is indicated by the fact that he's been for some time an advisory program director of the French National Radio, which controls French television. He denies being a Francophile—"Why, I don't even speak French, and I don't worry about it." But he's one of the accepted among devotees in Paris of "le jazz hot;" he just brought in a French import named Simone Langois; he's been working on some film in France for WPIX; he gives out with the standard reaction for modern males to any mention of French women and French wine (by preference, *Chablis*); sometime soon he'll be transcribing an American jazz show for French consumption. No Francophile. Just likes France and anything that has to do with it. Sometime in the near future he'll work on some shows which will illustrate the results of his observation in Europe, combining the techniques he picked up there.

That French import, Simone Langois, a sixteen-year-old actress whom Art has under contract for recordings, was the result of another of his capabilities. Some of his French friends might say, over a *pernod* in a little sidewalk café, that he has *le long nez*—and his nose is long indeed—for talent. By having them as guests, by plugging their records, he's helped along a number of names—Fran Warren for one, Tony Arden at the moment, Benny "I Don't Wanna' Set the World on Fire" Benjamin for another. His newest protégé, nineteen-year-old Dick Hayes, who appears regularly on *Art Ford's Saturday Night*, is appearing on Mercury records these days, and Dick would probably be the last one to say it wasn't Art who dood it. (see next page)

Tony Arden, an Art Ford find, was an unknown till she made her TV debut and sang for two months on *Art Ford's Saturday Night*



On the initial telecast, Art (center) rewards a pretty model with an introduction to Alfred Drake (right) top star of *Kiss Me, Kate*



A vocalist of recent fame, Fran Warren claims much of her success is due to the pushes given her on Art's radio and TV shows



Fans of velvet-voiced Mel Torme (right) got a big surprise when Art asked him to exhibit his mastery of the drums on the show



Whether he wields it or not, the Milkman has moulded himself a mighty sizable stick out of wax. Recording companies regard him as a fair-haired child and stars who turn down high-paying invitations to appear on other shows would gladly chat with Ford—for nothin' if necessary—because it's the best kind of boost they can get.

*Saturday Night*, Art believes, is probably the only show on television with absolutely no rehearsal. His guests are startled and sometimes flustered at the lack of preparation. Actually, therein lies the tale of his appeal. Why does he sell anything he mentions? Why has he broken sales records? Why did one sponsor who dropped three shows on another channel get big results from Ford? Why the terrific phone and telegram response? He says, "Because I'm trained in the Martin Block technique of selling."

That's too simple. Let's add that he has inherently what other personalities develop ulcers trying to attain—informality. The Godfrey-like quality of "well, well . . . here's a commercial. If you're interested, listen." It's smart. And it's hard, using what's actually a basic non-authoritarian principle in influencing the tastes and thinking of a people. No loud gimmicks to attract attention, no obvious exaggerations—a simple presentation of "here we have something we think is good for you—y'want it?" And when there *has* to be a gimmick or *has* to be an exaggeration, the Ford voice (one of the most quietly insidious on the air), the Ford manner (lightly flavored with Will Rogersism), the Ford ad-libbing, make it easy to swallow.

You look at a commercial written on paper and it's just another standard attack at the public's defenses, by now having much in common with baked enamel. Art verbalizes it, switches it a little, it has life and warmth. You invite him into your parlor and he comes.

Another prop in his successful sales structure is the fact that he works closely with the sales people of his show. Last November, when the "Buy by Television" gimmick was first tried out on the Gimbel's show, offering the

viewers a special shirt bargain open only to them, Art delivered what seemed to be, on paper, a pretty lengthy piece of selling material. The sponsors are more than inclined to agree that partial credit for the three hundred per cent increase in their shirt sales the following week was due to Art. When he began selling the Metro washers, the audience was invited to call for a home demonstration. One indication of whether he put them over is the sponsor's statement that they never had so many leads before, and that they'd never had so many leads converted into sales so easily. Another indication is the story that WPIX, New York, had one of the washers in its offices for display purposes and that at one point the Metro salesmen had to remove it to use for their home demonstrations.

There's nothing disinterested about Art's attitude toward his success. If he gives a sort of sleepy-eyed, somewhat abstracted, thinking-about-other-things impression, that's Ford facade. Beneath it beats the heart of a Wall Street stock broker. He's intensely interested in selling—and for a solid reason. "If TV can pay its own way," he says earnestly, "I'll be able to do what I want—produce."

He did produce a few things for radio, among them one of the original teen-age shows which he ran for forty weeks and then turned over packaged to NBC. It's what he likes to do—and he's got to sell to do it.

Sidelights on his make-up? Ties and shirts which one of his friends dubs "bookie;" his New York apartment painted completely white, including white silk drapes. An analyst could probably reconcile the first extrovert tendencies with the fact that the relaxed, completely comfortable Ford of the airwaves is a somewhat withdrawn Ford in a large crowd. The second "quirk" isn't peculiar at all when you add to it that every room has extensive indirect lighting and smart Art changes the color of a room simply by changing his lights. Despite the fact that he's solid for American cars, a small boy somewhere in him goes for the low-slung, jet-propelled foreign makes. He's owned a lot of them and dearest to his heart for the moment is the Alfa-Romeo.

His "morning" is frequently spent cruising around with the press cars—"morning" to him being the dead of night to Mr. Average Man, since the *Milkman's Matinee* makes him a day-time sleeper. An unusual form of relaxation, he gets a big kick out of it: "There's usually about six of us go along. We come up about ten seconds after the police, usually. It can be anything that you see in the papers next morning, from murder to burglary."

The man who does thirty-one hours of radio and two and two and a half of television every week doesn't have any "correct wall space" of any room anywhere in his apartment adorned with a video set. It isn't another quirk. Some sage man of medicine decided thirty-three and a half hours of it a week was enough.

It isn't only the general public that takes to Art. Numerous personages with some claim to experience, critical ability and importance—Gertie Lawrence, for instance—have at various times given him the boost he himself gives others. Walter Winchell is consistently "nice" to him; Al Jolson says he's his favorite d. j. and—height of compliment—a younger edition of The Great Jolson. Art seems to feel such reactions are pretty important. In fact, he seems to feel that having such "important" names on his side adds to his own prestige. Could it be that the salesman doesn't know his greatest job of selling is himself? **END**



Proving Art Ford's a good judge of performers, John Hammond (left), vice-president of Mercury records, signed Art's protegee, nineteen-year-old Dick Hayes, to a recording contract



**REBEL RANDALL—THE TELECAST GIRL** Previously hailed as the Coca Cola Girl, the Jantzen Bathing Suit Girl, the Sunkist Orange Girl, Rebel is fast becoming the Telecast Girl of 1950. Photogs describe her as possessing the allure of Hedy Lamarr's hair, Ann Sheridan's chin, Vivian Leigh's mouth, Greta Garbo's eyes and Linda Darnell's cheeks. Chicago-born Rebel, now 23, has had a successful career as a model (tops in Chicago at 17), actress (32 movies), disc-jockey and singer (on WDSU and WDSU-TV, New Orleans), writer (3 books, 2—*The Lying Lion* and *Daffy Daffodil*—for children), cover girl (*Harpers Bazaar*, *Redbook* and *Vogue*), and painter (exhibited at La Cienega Galleries in Hollywood). Now on Libby's *Auction-Aire* (ABC-TV) Rebel's beauty is evident in her near perfect measurements: 36, 24, 36.



Completely at home while making love before a director, an electrician, a prop man, and a floor manager, plus thousands of snoopers who view *Apartment 3C* on WOR TV in New York—Barbara and John Gay are newlyweds off the set too

## TV FOR TWO

BY R. M. GJESSING

John and Barbara Gay are proving that marriage is a public affair

For some time now, it's been an established fact that the public goes for the "Mr. and Mrs." type of program. The popularity of all these intimate glimpses into someone else's marital strife and bliss could be attributed to that singular American interest in the other guy and how he compares to you. Then, there's another theory advanced by a disarmingly honest housewife who tunes her TV receiver in on New York's WOR-TV *Apartment 3C* which stars Barbara and John Gay. This lady has a much more direct attitude—she's just plain nosy, and watching *3C*, according to her, is like seeing your next door neighbor with the shades up.

The Gays, who developed, write and act on this particular Mr. and Mrs. show, are charmed to pieces with this snooping, or whatever you want to call it, so it's doubtful that the housewife and thousands and thousands of other Gay enthusiasts will ever find the shades of *3C* pulled down . . . uh, that is, hardly ever. After all, the Lawrences, whom the Gays portray, are newly-weds.

Light, breezy and sometimes naively ribald, Barbara and

John really don't have to reach too far into the recesses of their minds to come up with authentic, straight from the feed-bag material. Like the characters they play, 21-year-old Barbara and her husband John have been married six months, and, living in what young moderns term a "quaint" apartment in New York City's Greenwich Village, it follows that their source of supply is limitless.

On television, the Gays "live" in a sleek apartment that's almost palatial compared to what they go home to after each telecast. In their two-room, for real, apartment which was subleased from someone who thought life so impermanent that he put up drapes and curtains with scotch tape, the Gays are making the best of their housing problem: If the ice-box pan runs over and the ceiling plops on the head of the tenant downstairs, they apologize profusely. If more than three guests drop in, and Barbara has to drink her coffee out of the bottom of an orange juice squeezer, nobody notices. If the window of the bathroom (which happens to be off a public hall) can't be closed, the Gays ignore drifts of dead leaves and snow and ask

themselves: "What can you expect for \$25 per month?!"

Life, as the Gays put it, couldn't be more rugged than if they were living during the dark ages of 1800—probably the construction date of the non-steam-heated, bathtub-in-the-kitchen-type tenement. However, being young, happy and so much in love, they wouldn't trade all they have together for anything. Furthermore, the exuberant Barbara and her more reserved Johnny are pretty hardy individuals. Both are as resigned to the unpredictable as the average young groom expects indigestion for the first six months. Things just have a way of happening to them—on and off TV.

Not even the brief Gay honeymoon was according to the books. After an ultra formal wedding at Barbara's home in Plainfield, N. J., they headed for a honeymoon retreat in a borrowed jalopy. Since Barbara had a television show to do a few days later, John decided to splurge his entire fortune on three lavish days. He wanted swank surroundings, but not quite as swank as they got. When their car coughed to a stop in front of the hotel, three uniformed attendants were on hand to carry their two suitcases through the toney lobby. Somewhere along the line, John's suitcase, which had been a wedding present, split down the side—laughing, no doubt—and treated startled lobby-sitters to a view of his more intimate apparel. Horrified, the Gays slunk off to their room and that was the last seen of them for three days. When it came time to leave, they had to pool their small change to allow for some meagre tipping and arrived back in New York with a joint exchequer of 17 cents, six bars of hotel soap and a penny stamp. Beside borderline poverty, there was also the unromantic prospect of having to start right back to work in order to revive finances.

John, a tall, not too good-looking but delightfully guileless lad got right to work on writing scripts for *Apartment 3C*. Since he can't write with Barbara around—a very understandable weakness, too—his attractive wife made herself scarce by doing television shows and keeping up their business contacts.

Besides being nice to look at, Barbara has good thinking equipment. It was she who had hit on the idea of doing their own video show. Before they were married, John, a Californian, was an actor in summer stock and a typist

during the winter months, and Barbara was modelling, acting in stock and TV. Following one gosh-awful video show, Barbara got to thinking she and fiancé John would be out and out lame-brains if they couldn't work out a better show than the mess she'd just been through. John liked the idea fine. Both of them got busy and *3C* became a wonderful 15 minutes' show devoted to the comic situations, mild frustrations, and inevitable booby-traps that spring closed on two newly-weds. It's gotten so that they don't know where reality begins and the script ends.

Everything they do as the Gays seems to become a Lawrence incident—even a mouse that shares the Greenwich Village apartment with them was put into the script. Recently, the situation reversed itself and a mere episode on their TV show moved permanently into their private lives. Thinking it would be a cute gimmick, John and Barbara rang in a dog on one telecast. An obliging pet-shop owner had loaned them a lugubrious-faced cocker spaniel puppy and when it came time to return the six-weeks-old puppy, the three of them were carrying on too big a romance to have it broken (Continued on page 62)



The modern kitchen on the television set of *Apartment 3C* (left) is like a world of make-believe to Barbara and John Gay—especially when they compare it with their own "quaint" kitchen in New York's Greenwich Village (above). Being young, happy, and just married, they wouldn't trade their lives for anything



# in the catbird seat

## THE STORY OF RED BARBER AND TELEVISION

By BOB COOKE

Bovine obstetrics, the study of birth among cows, probably does not strike you as being a very stimulating subject. It isn't, except for cows. But if some forgotten scientist had not written a lengthy script on how calves come into this world, Brooklyn would still consider a *rhubarb* a vegetable, the *catbird seat* a resting place for weary catbirds and the *old red-head* Joseph Stalin.

For Red Barber, the congenial telecaster and broadcaster who explains that a rhubarb is twenty-five Dodgers pitted against three umpires, that a catbird seat is what the Dodgers are in when they have a ten-run lead and that the old red-head is a certain congenial telecaster and broadcaster; the same Red Barber, who is director of sports at CBS, first broke through the ether with a spritely little announcing job on pregnant cows."

"I was working my way through Florida U., back in 1930," Barber recalled, "waiting on tables for meals. When the boarding house closed for the Christmas vacation it seemed as if I'd have to learn to do without food for a while. But luckily some professor who was to read his bovine obstetrics epic on a farm program over a station in Gainesville caught cold. I was asked to substitute. The fee was a free dinner. I accepted.

That was the start of one of the most successful careers in radio history, and for the next seventeen years the romance between Barber and radio blossomed as freshly as the blue grass of Kentucky when Derby time is near. Unfortunately, however, in 1947 the romance was doomed—television appeared in Brooklyn. The duet was on the spot and either had to become a trio or face the consequences of competition from the newer, broader medium.

It is doubtful whether any veteran radio hand encountered a tougher time than Barber in coping with video. In 1939 when he first came to Brooklyn he had a fine reputation but it was known to only a few. After several months with the Brooks he was the talk of the borough; after several years, of the nation.

"Words are my tools," he would say and he used them well. Carefully mixing "homey" talk, sound baseball knowledge and light, apt anecdotes, Barber developed a style that many feel has never been equalled. The sheer warmth of his personality came over so well that thousands of housewives who didn't know second base from a popcorn butcher tuned him in regularly.

For many years when the Dodgers were traveling, Red remained in the studio, receiving pitch-by-pitch reports of the play on Western Union wires. Total reading time for these reports ran about ten minutes in an average game. The other hour and fifty minutes were all the Barber personality. Sometimes a wire would break down and there would be long periods when all that stood between baseball fans and an interlude of recorded organ music was Red's gifted tongue. But the tongue, the personality,

even the man, were all geared for one thing—radio. Television could have knocked the red-head out, but today he's doing better than ever on radio and TV.

"The change from radio to TV technique was tremendous," Barber admitted. "On the radio I was free to discuss anything that happened anywhere on the playing field. When I found a monitor in front of me for the first time, I felt confined to describing only the action in the camera's scope.

"It was a while before I learned that camera and voice can supplement each other, but there are ways and I've found some. Here's an example: Suppose a pitcher has a particularly adept way of coming to his fielding position after he lets the ball go. That's part of the game, but if the camera is focused on the plate or even if there is a long-range shot of both the batter and the pitcher, people are not going to take notice. We've overcome that difficulty with the supplementary approach. I'd set up the feature a few plays in advance, telling the fans what to look for. Then, when the lens would pick up the pitcher, concentrating on his move, I'd ignore the monitor and describe the pitch and whatever action followed. In that way we enlarged the TV coverage range.

"But as I said, it was a while before I learned how to mix pictures and voice. I'm still learning and there's a lot left to discover.

"No one knows the best way to telecast. We do know that too much talk bothers the fan and we do know that too little talk is equally bad. When the time comes when we solve the problem of telecasting I think there'll be more talking on more diverse topics, but it will never be in the chatty style of radio."

The engineering end is tougher, too. CBS used a sixteen-man technical crew for baseball TV as opposed to the single engineer required for radio broadcasts.

Even the complexion of power trouble—dead air—has changed. In radio when the power was out, it was out and the announcer had a paid, though brief, vacation. On TV technical difficulties usually kayo only the picture. The air is only half dead and the announcer, instead of a vacation, gets double work.

Yet working under all these new difficulties, Barber has sustained himself with only a slight increase in his aspirin consumption. So successful has the Columbus, Miss., boy been in video that last year (1949) CBS appointed him director of televised sports, a position he holds in addition to his radio sports directorship. In line with his latest job, he runs a show called "Red Barber's Clubhouse" where he interviews athletes, speaks for himself and generally exhibits the poise that distinguished him in radio.

He's faced with one serious problem though. If color TV is ever adopted, his big secret will be out. Red Barber's hair is sandy.

END

# there's fashion in your future

By Candy Jones Conover



Sketch by Blotta

**N**O MATTER how beautiful nature makes a girl, nor how brainy a girl becomes—she just “ain’t clicking on all cylinders” unless she dresses the part of the woman she wants to be.

Without a doubt, fashion is one of the most fascinating games that a girl can play—and also can be the ruination of a well-planned budget—if not played wisely and with caution. But, that’s the fun of it; it’s a challenge—a girl making \$35 a week naturally won’t be clothed in garments that a \$60-a-week pay check can afford.

However, the game of fashion has no price limit attached. We’ve even had baby sitters making far less weekly than the actual career girl, dress themselves with much better style sense. What’s

style sense? Is a girl born with it? Can she develop it as one does a talent? The answer is Yes. Fortunately, most girls are born with the true love of getting all dressed up in mothers’ clothes, and this follows through the ensuing years. Style sense is knowing what’s good for you to wear—and when to wear it. Style sense does not mean finding the best type for you and sticking to it, for like everything in life, too many rich desserts dull your palate for others and here the old bromide “You’re in a rut” springs up. Do practice the other familiar bromide “variety is the spice, etc.” and develop your desire (which is necessary for accomplishment) and ability to use fashion as a means of exploiting the various personalities you possess.

Color and your choice of it should play a vital point in the co-ordinating of your wardrobe. If you are a career girl with a modest salary of less than \$40-a-week, you should purchase your wardrobe with an eye to short-term wearing and low-priced buying. Basic colors: brown, navy, black, gray, beige, go with all girls’ colorings and can be sparked by the use of accessories to look much more than their original cost. Keep your basic dress, suit and coat inexpensive. Utilize the left-over dollars and add color to your outfit and your personality.

Invest (you girls of 40-a-week and under) in belts, scarves, gloves, and bonnets in color to create individuality for your personality.

A big point to remember for the “C.G.” who is in line for an addition or two for her wardrobe is to buy costumes with an eye to the coming season. The pace-setters of fashion today are outstanding, because *they are not wearing* what everyone else has on. Keeping the advance season in mind, perhaps requires more shopping around, than if you are just looking for a suit or an after-five dress; but it pays off in estab-

lishing you as “in the fashion-know.” For instance, fashion purchases made in this month of January should combine the practicality of wearing in the climate where you live and still suggest that Spring style sense has already entered your mind and wardrobe. I’ve made a list of some of the Spring-Fashion highlights for our Conover Career Girls to start looking for and have included them for you, too.

**Suits:** Shorter jackets and quick, slim skirts are Spring headliners. In boxy jackets the length should reach your waist or hipbone rather than at last year’s wrist-length. Pockets are placed above or below the waistline, in clusters—or at the backs of jackets. One unusual combination costume suit is dramatized by Anthony Blotta with the use of tweed with chiffon. In other words, almost any type of fabric now goes into suiting with lightweight worsteds still remaining most popular.

**Dresses:** It’s a “two for the price of one” season in dresses for Spring. The dress plus the little jacket—large at top with a cover-up available. The silhouette trend is definitely slimmer and straighter looking. Always good is your “shirtwaist style,” meaning all with bloused bodices and gently tailored detail. (Flat pleats are a big feature of these.)

Sleeves and their many variations—lantern, bloused, flounced, and big bow sleeves, are the most newsworthy signs of a Spring dress—and because of their size, point out the slimmness of your figure.

**Coats:** Toppers receive top honors again, with shortness (20 to 24 inches), spelling high fashion. Designed along “mandarin” lines is the loose coat which promises to have great appeal. The cape-suit is a good novelty costume investment and any cape—from the shoulder hugging topper style to your skirt hem length is good. Sleeves in coats are fashion news. All are bloused with push-up or long lengths; wide and short, deeply cuffed are especially interesting.

# Kukla, Fran and Ollie

(Continued from page 41)

joyously "Kukla!" Literally, Kukla is doll in Russian.

Now in his early thirties, Tillstrom showed the first traces of his talents as a member of the Chicago kindergarten set when he tried to make two toy teddy-bears perform and soon after was using all kinds of toys on stages made of orange crates and old lace curtains. His first "show," during junior high school days, was a presentation of *Rip Van Winkle*, with dolls as stars.

When the Tillstrom family moved to a different neighborhood, two new neighbors moved his horizons far ahead. Next door lived a teacher of arts and crafts whose library contained many books on puppets and marionettes. Burr immediately began to make and string puppets, and at 14, was launched on the project that was to become his career. The other neighbor was the sister of Tony Sarg, one of the most famous marionette artists of all time. Both women encouraged Burr and his first "paid" performance was given in the garden of Sarg's sister.

On his graduation from Chicago's Senn High School, where he studied dramatics, Burr was awarded an honor scholarship to the University of Chicago. He didn't stay there very long, however, because his marionettes called him—to the Century of Progress Exposition in 1933 and then to the WPA-Chicago Parks District Theater. During this latter period Kukla was born.

Tillstrom took his puppets to state fairs, into vaudeville and night clubs, and found time to do summer theater on the side. In 1939, he turned down a trip to Europe with a marionette show to be on his own as manager of the puppet exhibits and marionette theater at the Marshall Field department store in Chicago. The day after he said "no" to Europe, he saw his first television show and decided that TV was the medium for him. Thereafter he did television shows for RCA Victor, one of the current sponsors of *Kukla, Fran and Ollie*, at the New York World's Fair, in Bermuda, where he did the first TV in mid-ocean, and in Chicago.

By this time, Kukla had been joined by Ollie and Mme. Ooglepuss. Ollie's appearance was due to tradition—almost since the first puppet show was given, a dragon has been a member of the troupe. Ollie is a braggart and a prankster, but he's the most lovable dragon you ever saw. He has auburn hair, the jaws of an alligator, the body of a leopard and a single prehensile tooth. He hails from Dragon Retreat, Vermont. Here his mother, Oliver Dragon, is hostess of the popular resort where Burr and the other Kuklapolitans spend their summer vacations. Incidentally, neither Ollie nor his family are fire-

breathing dragons because his father swallowed a great deal of water while swimming the Hellespont a long time ago and extinguished the flames in Ollie's branch of the family for all time.

When Tillstrom was rejected for war service, he packed up his family and gave shows as a volunteer for the Red Cross in hospitals throughout the Midwest. He became a pioneer in television with Chicago's first station, WBKB, where *Kukla, Fran and Ollie* originated until last year. Aided by Beulah Zachary, producer of the show, he teamed up with Fran Allison and on October 13, 1947, the program made its debut over WBKB for RCA Victor. When network television became a reality, it was extended to the NBC hookup and became an immediate success.

(Buelah Witch is named after producer Zachary, while Cecil Bill is named after Bill Ryan, stage manager at WBKB.)

Burr's choice of Fran Allison as big sister and girl friend of Kukla and Ollie was no less than ideal. Fran's charm and wholesome personality are completely captivating on and off the air. An established radio star, as Aunt Fanny on Don McNeill's *Breakfast Club*, she found new joy in association with the Kuklapolitans.

A native of LaPorte City, Iowa, Fran studied music and education at Coe College, Cedar Rapids. In 1934, after four years as a rural school teacher, she dusted the chalk off her hands and showed up at a small radio station in Waterloo, where she was signed as a staff vocalist.

One day as she walked into the studio, a waggish announcer interrupted a program with, "Why, here's Aunt Fanny—step up to the mike and speak to the folks."

Her years as a teacher had taught the naturally quick-witted Miss Allison to cope with brashness, and so with monumental calm, she created one of the most famous roles in radio out of thin air. She harangued for five minutes in the manner of a Main Street gossip. The customers loved it and from then on her singing career slowly retreated before the popularity of the rural conversationalist.

Fran's ability to ad lib is invaluable in her work with Tillstrom because *Kukla, Fran and Ollie* is completely unrehearsed and Fran is totally unprepared for some of Burr's witticisms and the Kuklapolitans' costumes when a pageant is in order.

Burr begins to think of the day's show first thing in the morning. He mulls it over during the day and then talks it over about an hour before telecast time with his "sounding board"—Fran, pianist Jack Fascinato, who writes original music for the show, and director Lew Gomavitz.

When the show became a national favorite, Burr was besieged with offers from

manufacturers who wanted to make dolls and other toys patterned after the Kuklapolitans. In constantly refusing these offers, Burr has turned down a fortune because he and Fran would feel broken-hearted if they were to see a counter full of Kukla and Ollie dolls in a drugstore.

Tillstrom has also rejected fabulous offers for theater and night club appearances because of his loyalty to his TV audience. He always finds time, however, to take his troupe for performances in hospitals, orphan asylums and other places where he can cheer the less fortunate.

The director and camera crew working on *Kukla, Fran and Ollie* are completely enthralled with the show and its characters. Before they go on the air director Gomavitz may call from the control room:

"Kukla, you'd better move over a couple of inches—the lighting's better. Ollie, turn your head a little more toward the camera, and Mercedes, change your dress before the show; the one you're wearing doesn't light up too well."

Recently, as the troupe was entertaining the crew just before a telecast, Ollie opened his mouth to its fullest. His jaws promptly locked and Kukla dived backstage to return with a hammer. Fran and the cameraman shouted: "Kukla, drop that," and dashed for the theater to rescue their favorite dragon. **END**

## CHICAGO SEES RED

*Is color television here? What was happening that night in Chicago when circles of red, green, orchid, and yellow began to appear on video screens? There's*

*one man who really knows, and that's Paul Stadelman, ventriloquist and magician.*

*Using a disk of black and white, which he calls the "rotacolor," Paul produced these colors on television while being interviewed by WBKB's Ulmer Turner on the popular show, Midwest Viewpoint. The "rotacolor" looks like a child's toy, but when Paul rotated it before the TV camera, it actually accomplished the magic of producing color on ordinary black and white receiving sets.*

*Since black is the combination of all colors, and white is the complete absence of color, Paul Stadelman explained that all colors fall between black and white in various wave lengths. By rotating the disk before the TV camera, he separated the colors. According to Paul, this simple principle may someday have a practical use.*



Paul Stadelman

# teen age school for television



Make believe TV cameras and boom mikes are all that's needed by Joyce Barker (left) and Irene Montwell (center) when they give realistic television performances in the video classroom where Edward C. Gruber (extreme right) is their instructor

Teen-agers, also  
anxious to get  
into television  
are looking for a  
good school. New  
York's High School  
of Performing  
Arts is the answer

**H**UNDREDS of teen-agers from coast to coast are fretting and fuming. The reason they're mad (and it's a good reason) is that there's no place they can go to get an early start in learning something about this wonderful new world of video. Sure, they have great fun having parties where all the gang can drop in to see the favorite television shows, complete with refreshments. And it's a big thrill to sit in the studio audience of a show or meet the stars at the stage door. But those who want to start preparing seriously for television while still in their teens are having a hard time getting a chance.

High schools have almost always given students a chance to study the Broadway stage, and a few have even originated radio programs in the schools. But there's not more than one or two, at the most, that have put television on the curriculum along with algebra and biology.

The school that answers this by developing a full-sized program is the new High School of Performing Arts in New York City. Students can spend half their school day studying music, drama, dance, radio, or television; the other half of the day they cram themselves with the academic subjects—biology, English, history, French, etc.—in preparation for admission to college.

An expensive private school? Not at all. The school was formed by the New York City Board of Education under the leadership of an enthusiastic principal, Dr. Franklin J. Keller.

Just imagine what happens in a school where the students are so eager they practically put their teachers to shame. No one is ever late. Nobody plays hookey. And the classes, instead of being sounding boards for academic tyrants, become enjoyable places where teachers can guide the enormous amount of activity.

Naturally, the school is flooded with applications from stage-struck and television-struck teen-agers, so all must be auditioned. All together, 1125 auditions have been held this year but only 500 students could be accepted for this first year of the school's existence. Hereafter, new students will be limited to the number of classmates who've graduated or dropped out during the preceding year.

One student who is a fair example of those in the television class is Irene Montwell. It wasn't necessary for her to have professional experience in television or the stage. But it was necessary for her, to have a strong enthusiasm for the class.

Irene, sixteen years old, was enrolled

during her first year at another well-known New York high school for those artistically inclined, Music and Arts. To transfer to the High School of Performing Arts necessitated passing two rigid auditions. These consisted of monologue, pantomime, and sight reading. The first audition was designed to hurriedly weed out those who were not quite as well prepared or eager as their fellow competitors.

The High School of Performing Arts doesn't demand that its students be geniuses, but they must be apt pupils of relatively high intelligence. Irene's highest grade was a 95 in English, but her other grades were not as outstanding.

During the first half of each television class, Irene is taught theory—cameras, make-up, technical terms, and directors' signs and signals. Occasional guest lecturers, usually directors or producers, are invited to the classroom to give the students a personal and accurate picture of the professional side of the industry. Then the last half of the class is devoted to teaching the students to sing, dance, act, or play before dummy cameras.

A number of the students have already used some of their training to advantage. One girl has done a great deal of professional modeling. Others have appeared on DuMont's novel show *Birthday Party*, NBC-TV's *Amateur Hour*, and the popular CBS television children's show *Mr. I. Magination*.

To quote DuMont director Louis Sposa, who was one of the guest lecturers to the teen-age prodigies of TV, "School was never like this!" **END**

# Back Home Again

(Continued from page 21)

to *Report To The Nation*, *The Goldbergs'* radio show, *Behind The Scenes At CBS*, *My Story* and forty other programs on major networks before she was eight.

Her stage debut came at the age of seven in Dwight Deere Wiman's production of *Violet*. She was selected by the author, Whitfield Cook, who called her "one of the most natural little girls I've ever seen on the stage!"

The play only lasted one month so Arlene, not hesitating in her rise to fame, switched to movies—in a series of film shorts produced in the east.

That left only television as a major entertainment field to conquer so she "got her feet wet" in a number of experimental TV programs for NBC. On the side, she did war-time radio broadcasts on short wave to the children of England.

By the time she was nine, Arlene heard the siren of the stage calling again. Moss Hart featured her in his production of *The Secret Room*, starring Frances Dee, Joel McCrea's wife. Like *Violet*, this play ran one month. But the play is notable for containing the longest part, up to now, a child has ever had on the New York legitimate stage. Her role contained 44 "sides" or different speeches. In addition, Arlene was supposed to play a piece from Beethoven to ring down the final curtain. A stickler for realism, Arlene was playing the composition with technical brilliance by opening night.

A year later Arlene stepped before the footlights in a summer stock production. At her side was her mother, Mrs. McQuade, a professional dancer before her marriage, but now making her stage debut. History hasn't recorded it but veteran trouser Arlene must have helped mother over the rough spots.

On coming back to New York at the age of 11, Arlene's friends posed a difficult question: "Why are you an actress? It takes up so much time." Their influence resulted in a year's vacation from the theatrical world. She soon realized though that if "you stop for a few weeks, it takes a couple of years of small parts to get back to where you were." The only mark this experience has left is that now most of her friends are fellow performers.

Arlene's return to the theatre in 1948 was a triumphant one. Tennessee Williams picked her immediately after his arrival from Europe to play in the prologue of *Summer and Smoke*. On stage for the first seven minutes, Arlene remembers the spectacular fireworks, beautiful sets and technical tricks that make it her favorite play.

When *Summer and Smoke* closed in 1949, Mrs. Gertrude Berg cast Arlene as her stage daughter. Arlene fell in love with "Rosalie," a natural, wholesome

American girl. Good-natured Rosalie, Arlene is convinced, battles with her brother more for the sake of fighting than over any disagreement. Arlene imagines herself to be much like Rosalie except "I have a quicker temper." In real life, Arlene hasn't a brother but only a seven-year-old sister Patricia, her most avid fan.

Fuzzy McQuade is often as playful as she appears on the CBS series. She lives in upper Manhattan, close to Baker's Field, the home of Columbia University's football games. A few years back when Columbia's teams stirred the imagination Arlene and friends used to practice a bit of chicanery on the management. They would dress in their Sunday best and approach the main gate nonchalantly. Managing to get in front of a dignified gentleman, they would stroll through the entrance, pointing to the man when asked for tickets. Once inside they quickly scattered to a pre-arranged point to enjoy the fruits of their deception. Other youngsters of her crowd on the other hand put on dungarees and tried to crawl under the fence. They were always spotted. Arlene is proud of her scientific approach to crashing—it wasn't a question of money as once inside the girls would spend an amount equal to the ticket on candy, hot dogs and soda pop.

Due to the necessity of travel and rehearsal in show business, Arlene can't attend the regular public school system. Instead she's registered in first year high school at the Professional Children's School. Her favorite subjects are geography and ancient history. Spelling used to rank high until it got so cut and dried that it became easy.

Though school and work leave little time for games she has been able to pursue her hobbies of drawing and painting, collecting sea-shells and fashion designing. Mrs. McQuade, an artist and designer, has on occasion put this latter gift to work designing Arlene's clothes.

Arlene reads books, like school children all over the land, so long as they aren't included in the general curriculum. She dotes on Shakespeare, Kipling, O. Henry, Tarkington's Penrod and girl mystery stories, even though she knows "each one will be the same thing all over again." Bystanders are amazed too at her excellent knowledge of poetry.

*The Goldbergs'* rehearsal schedule, which runs six days a week, leaves Arlene little time to keep up with the new plays—since her only day off, Saturday, is family get-together day.

Though she constantly associates with adults and knows the discipline of a self-controlled actress, Arlene is a very normal child. She will lapse into girlish glee when talking on a subject close to her

heart. At all times though she is well-mannered and polite. Credit for this goes in large part to her parents. Too easily a professional child star may be spoiled by her family and public attention.

Arlene has had her share of the latter. Autograph seekers have sought her out in department stores and on subways. Once in Boston, she left the theatre after the tryout of *The Secret Room* by herself. The crowd penned her in and only the "wonderful" policeman who carried her to safety lessens the memory of "the most frightening moment of my life."

Going home after rehearsal, she is often recognized by neighborhood children. They all want her autograph: though she remembers one girl who approached her and said: "Someday you'll be asking for mine." That experience emphasized in her mind "that every one should try to do what they want, even if they fail. That's the most important thing in a person's life. Of course, if they fail repeatedly, they should change to something else—but they should try."

Arlene's only formalized dramatic training has been a few classes in diction. "They taught me to say 'cahn't' like an Englishman, but now I *can't* remember how it was pronounced." But this self-taught actress conscientiously abides by strict rules. She always answers but rarely takes to heart the flattering fan letters. "People write to say nice things about you—but that doesn't help you develop as an actress. You imitate the things people say they like and it gets you in a rut."

Arlene's remedy for stage fright, the bane of many famous performers, is never look directly at the audience. However, she often scares herself by forgetting what her next scene will be. But her cue telegraphs the situation and, once started, her fear vanishes. She doesn't remember ever having muffed a line on the stage—but she has had her embarrassing moments.

In *The Secret Room* she had a quick change to make in the darkened backstage. After one such transformation, her re-entrance was greeted by titters from the audience. "The play was a melodrama so I couldn't understand why they were laughing. When I went off-stage they began to laugh back there too. It seems in the confusion my dress had been put on backwards." Like all experienced hands, Arlene shrugs it off as one of those things.

Her favorite roles have been *The Goldbergs* and *The Secret Room*. The latter was a morbid tale about a woman who goes mad and attempts to kill Arlene's stage mother. "The play was so scary that one reason it closed was even men were afraid to come." Arlene jokes. She has always distinguished between real-life and make-believe so it didn't bother her.

Arlene has only one objection to television. "You have to wait around so long to go on." But those who have seen her skillful dramatic performance agree it is worth waiting for her. **END**

# From Rugs to Riches

(Continued from page 27)

he would step out in the corridor, gulp his lunch and be the first one back for the afternoon session.

This pleasant interlude ended with his "expulsion" from school. He then clerked in a bank where his brother was assistant manager. Earl didn't take as kindly to the adding machine as the ambitious young girl in the next booth. The lass insisted: "No talk during working hours." Earl was equally as stubborn and spoke to her repeatedly—they continually battled. The only way Earl could remain on friendly terms was to quit the bank for the jewelry store up the street. Five years later, in 1938, Earl and Alta Markey married.

While working in the jewelry store, Wrightson took his first singing lesson with Earl Evans, a Methodist choir master. The fee was \$1.50 an hour but Evans refused payment for he felt Earl had a *terrible* voice! Earl had been teased by his family for failure to stick to one thing. When it came to singing, he proved them wrong. He stuck to it.

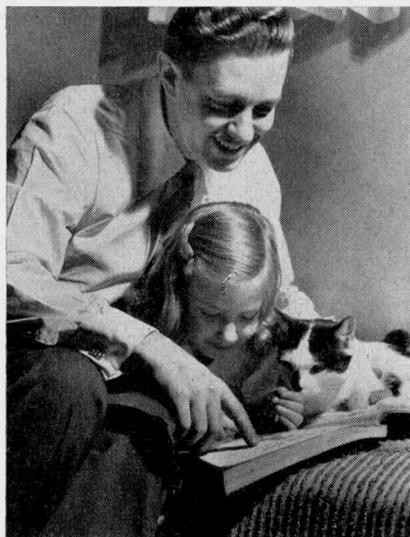
In 1938, his success over station WCAO in Baltimore led him to New York with a bankroll of 23 dollars. The first stop was NBC personnel office. He asked for a job as page boy but they were only accepting college graduates. Earl's motto was: If at first you don't succeed, try, try again. In desperation, NBC accepted him—their only non-college graduate—saving face by agreeing such perseverance should be rewarded. His pay was \$15 a week. Earl entered the pages' locker room fearing he would be out of place "with all those Phi Beta Kappas." One look at his colleagues, some still wet behind the ears, made him realize six years of working experience made him a man of experience. He eventually achieved guide status and five additional dollars in the pay envelope. Markey came north, took a job in the Wall Street district and they married. "We lived more comfortably than any time since," he is apt to say of the good old days.

The main difficulty in gaining employment at NBC was based on the assumption the pages' job was a training ground and source of talent. There was also the remote possibility of being discovered. Wrightson had his first contact with television through a comic opera he wrote for NBC-TV called *The Pages and Guides Review*. It mimicked all the stodgy, operatic tricks he had ever heard. The review was highly praised and when the FCC scheduled TV hearings Wrightson's show was one of those demonstrated. In 1939 (there were only 4000 receiver sets in the New York area) the station sent out postcards when it telecast a program.

About this time he met Robert Weede, a fellow Baltimorean and a Metropolitan

Opera singer. Weede liked him and offered to exchange singing lessons in return for errands. More than anyone else Weede helped Wrightson to the "top swim." Eventually he shared his apartment with the Wrightsons, until their daughter, Wendy, now 9, was born. They moved to an apartment then where they have lived ever since—but they plan to buy a suburban home soon.

While living with Weede, Earl ran two errands that made him a professional



Earl Wrightson's toughest critics are daughter Wendy and Charles the cat. Wendy turns away when Dad makes fictitious love on TV to strange women

singer in practice as well as theory. The first happened when he returned some music to a choral group and he added timidly: "My father was a minister and I sang in the choir." Forty-five dollars for each appearance with the group was added to the family's exchequer. The second and more important occurred on the occasion of NBC's surprise 80th birthday party for Walter Damrosch in 1942. The party was a surprise to everyone but Damrosch, who getting wind of it, practically scheduled the whole affair. Robert Weede had offered to sing if a prior engagement in St. Louis could be cancelled, but when he found he couldn't get out of it, he sent Wrightson to Damrosch's office with the musical score.

Damrosch, the grand old man of music, politely ushered Wrightson into his inner sanctum and seated him in a plush chair, when he heard Earl timidly venture: "I can sing too." Mr. Damrosch soberly asked the messenger: "Do you know the score?" Earl replied, "Well, I've listened to Mr. Weede and I think I know it." Ac-

tually he had spent the entire morning scanning the music for such a possibility. Damrosch heard him, called the director of the show immediately and Wrightson shared the program's spotlight with concert and opera luminaries.

"For the first time in my life," Wrightson recalls, "I had confidence in myself. I needed it too with all those celebrities. And it wasn't till the last year or two that I've been as similarly sure of my ability to satisfy an audience."

The audience for that particular broadcast was composed of studio executives. After the broadcast they flocked around and shook his hand. Fame was beckoning. He obtained a contract for a five-a-week radio program; he made a nation-wide tour in *Barber of Seville*. He became soloist with the NBC symphony orchestra and made his first concert tour, but he dropped everything to make a USO tour of the South Pacific.

On his return he had a second concert tour, began making records for RCA Victor, appeared as soloist with practically every outstanding orchestra, co-starred with top operatic singers and appeared in play revivals. The roster reads like a Who's Who in the musical world.

But for all his many programs and sponsors, Earl still says: "I am the greatest customer they ever had. Unless I believe in their products I won't appear."

For proof he cites the *Prudential Family Hour*. "I bought \$150,000 worth of annuities while I worked there. When I'm fifty I'll be well off. Right now I'm broke." (Editor's note: He left Prudential shortly after the purchase.)

Earl intends to perform as long as he can, only directing a show when he's in it himself. The *At Home Show* allows both opportunities at one time.

He writes the script two weeks before it is scheduled to go on the air, suggesting many of the camera shots and directions. He then submits it to the director and together they iron out the wrinkles. So far CBS-TV and Wrightson have gotten along famously. His only complaint was the teaser announcement the station used two days before the show's first telecast. It read: "Listen to Earl Wrightson, singer of light classical music." Earl feels that's "the kiss of death. Call it show tunes or anything else." He sings sweet ballads and old time tunes like *Sweet Adeline* and *Smoke Gets In Your Eyes* from famous musical plays of the past.

Wrightson appreciates the station's supervision. If allowed enough rope, he might easily play a fast-talking comic but he realizes: "the thing you want to do most may not always be the best thing."

Off camera, Earl is likely to say during a conversation: "I certainly run on when I talk about myself. But that's the subject I know best." Actually, he talks about a variety of topics without realizing it. And that statement could never be true about

his CBS-TV show. There is remarkably little dialogue on the show. The camera acts as your representative. The shots of the three cameras are matched so that when Earl or his guest finish a song, they don't have to freeze a smile until the camera switches. "I don't use any trick camera angles either," Earl adds. "If the performer is any good and can sell himself, the audience will be happy to stay with him for the whole song. If the performer isn't any good, nothing will help."

This simplicity of presentation results in a smooth, fast 15 minutes. One complaint viewers have is that it moves so fast it is over too quickly. The commercials are blended in with the songs. For example, a Masland carpet is rolled out to introduce the guest who walks in singing.

Wrightson feels, "It is an insult to the audience's intelligence to have a person walk out, and have the host ask: 'Hello! What's your name? Who are you and what are you doing now?' The audience knows the show is rehearsed!" At the end of the guest star's song, Earl joins in with a chorus. He never "upstages" or steals the scene from the guest. "It's my show and I don't have to prove it to anyone."

Though the format of the show, down to the brief history of the play and song he honors each week is well thought out, the actual dialogue isn't.

Earl's performance is largely spontaneous because of thorough preparation. There isn't much rehearsing: an hour, one day; an hour and a half the next; and then two hours before the cameras. Since he is familiar with the script he doesn't have to memorize it. He figures out four or five ways to say the same thing and then blacks out his mind before his performance by chatting with the backstage crew. When he goes on, his material is natural and original.

Wrightson does the commercials on the program too, because of his sincere belief in the product and his concern for smooth pacing. Doing your own commercials can sometimes be embarrassing he discovered the night a tiny telegenic moth took over the show. It flew out of the carpet sample and fluttered gracefully before the cameras. The moth wasn't signed for a return engagement.

After such tribulations Earl looks forward to the pleasant hours he can spend at his real home with his family and Charles The Cat, so named by his daughter Wendy, who insists on formality even when referring to an alley tom cat.

But even these hours are suspect now. One night, after a telecast, Wendy greeted him solemnly at the door. "Daddy," she declared, "I want to have a talk with you." Soberly, she read him a lecture on the folly of making love to strange women each week on the show. With the exception of Kyle MacDonnell, a family friend, Wendy, to this day, turns away from the television screen whenever the woman singer appears.

END

# Wheel of Fortune

(Continued from page 18)

500,000, Ted feels that the figures bear out his own observation. "One in a thousand makes the grade," he declares, "and there's no use trying to kid anyone."

On the other hand, there's no use trying to discourage anyone, either, as Ted has found out from long experience. Every day he meets some eager young garage mechanic, bright young lawyer, or pretty sales girl who tells him the same story: "I've got a pretty good job, Mr. Mack, but I want to be in show business."

So whether they are singers, mouth organ virtuosos, or exponents of the musical saw, they get their chance to outstare the television cameras and prove what they can do. Ted feels that the *Amateur Hour* accomplishes a lot even for those least blessed with talent, since, as he says, "The sooner they find out that they don't belong on the stage, the better for everyone."

There are, paradoxically, some with plenty of talent who would rather be in any kind of business *except* show business. A Chinese boy named Huey Kong, from Washington, D. C., was urged by friends to try for the *Amateur Hour*. His voice won a flood of votes from listeners and he was offered a well-paying job with a traveling unit. Huey's only concern, however, was to earn enough money to quit singing and open a restaurant. He spent five years on the road, thrilled millions with his voice, and now operates a prosperous Chinese eating-place in Washington.

Ted, himself, has certain moments when he feels that while there may be "no business like show business," it's necessary once in a while to get away from it all. He does so at the 7-room, ranch-style home which he and Marguerite built recently in the Hudson River valley, 40 minutes by train from New York City. Ted is a confirmed dog-and-gun man who loves to

roam the hills with his English setter, chop wood for his fireplace, and build stone fences, brick terraces, and other improvements on his property.

No pleasures of country life, however, will take the place of the thrill that comes to Ted—perhaps once in a year—when a talent that's touched with genius appears on the *Amateur Hour*.

Not long ago Ted experienced something even rarer, which he classifies as a once-in-a-lifetime moment. A 17-year-old Negro boy named Wee Willie Smith came to New York to try out for the *Amateur Hour*, on train fare collected by his school mates in the North Carolina orphanage where he grew up. Ted watched Willie dance, went back to his office, and made a phone call. On the night Willie appeared on the *Amateur Hour*, Bill "Bojangles" Robinson was in the audience. He came up on the stage, put his arms around Willie, and made a brief speech to the boy and to the audience. What he saw in his mind, Bill explained through his tears, was himself as a youngster taking his first steps as an entertainer. "You got to crawl before you walk," he told Willie. Then he made a statement which has since been quoted by columnists and editorial writers all over the country: "Manners and behavior," Bill said, "can take you where money can't, no matter what color you are, in America."

A few weeks later Bill Robinson died and America lost one of her best-loved entertainers. "I'll never forget," says Ted, "that Bill's last public words were spoken on a program whose purpose is to encourage everyone who's hoping and trying to follow in his footsteps."

The spirit of the *Amateur Hour* might be summed up in that one short statement: "You got to crawl before you walk." END



"Come on, Teddy — you can do it — over the fence — show 'em where ya live — hit that ball—"

# Pat Meikle

(Continued from page 45)

how she cooks it or how soon she serves it, it is always lukewarm. Pat takes a lot of joshing on this point but she is just as playful in return. To rib Hal she calls him Harold, something he dislikes because whenever his mother was angry or scolding him, she called him Harold. When Pat gets more affectionate, "Harold" becomes "Puppy."

As with most young married couples, selection of ties is a crucial point of difference. "My taste isn't conservative enough for him," she relates. In the matter of furniture and decorations their tastes coincide. The chairs, tables and such have a modern decor. Lamps grow out of plants and a loud-speaker was rigged up by Hal to gain the highest fidelity when playing their collection of classical and especially Dizzy Gillespie bebop records. In keeping with the modern life, coffee is a central point. This is especially true in their case since Hal's father is the head of the Ben Cooper Coffee Company, something that comes in handy in these days of dollar a pound prices. Pat's favorite hobbies are art, sewing and reading mystery stories like those of Eric Stanley Gardner—she likes the legal angle; Hal's are photography and records. "Hobbies should be separate," Pat feels.

That Pat should have very definite ideas on marriage, children and life in general is not surprising for her entire childhood training was designed to enable her to meet those problems.

Her parents demanded excellence in whatever she did. She was allowed to do anything she wanted so long as she tackled it seriously.

Pat's father, an engineer, was born in

Scotland. When he became of age, he was offered a job as manager of a tea plantation in India. But when his father heard of this project he was irate, and gave him passage money to the United States. Mr. Meikle settled in Detroit and married. Pat, an only child, was born March 20, 1923.

When Pat was seven the family moved to Ann Arbor, Michigan. Mr. Meikle, planning on sending his daughter to the University of Michigan, wanted her to receive the benefits of the public school system which was closely related to the University. (Some people register a child at a school years in advance but few would move.)

The Meikle home on Sunday afternoons soon became renowned for musical recitals. Though an engineer, Mr. Meikle was a cello player of professional caliber. The tiny, red-haired Mrs. Meikle would have been an actress except for parental disapproval. The Meikles encouraged each other in their artistic inclinations. In Ann Arbor she became a leading member of the amateur theatrical group.

Pat's first love was dancing, but since her mother was often at the theater, Pat became enamored of the theater. When there was a call for a child's part, Pat read for and often got it. She learned her way around backstage, helping with costuming and make-up. When she was 11, set designing became a prime passion, and she began making sketches on her own. (At the age of seven, she had been enrolled at a dramatic school and had started studying the piano, and drawing.)

Pat recalls a grade school teacher—Miss O'Brien—who set her students on fire.

Under her encouragement Pat wrote a play. But the biggest boost came from the family. When she was 12, she beefed that the family wasn't consulting her on decisions which affected her. The family was thinking about moving. After all, there are neighborhood friendships that one dislikes breaking. "My parents made me go to the real estate office and dig and dig the facts so I would be qualified to speak." She finally agreed moving was a good idea. They moved.

Between the ages of 11 and 12 Pat began to grow rapidly—some months a whole inch. By the time she was 13, she looked and acted like a girl of 17. This enabled her to go to camp as an efficient junior counsellor in charge of swimming, diving and horseback riding.

Since she was larger than the other students, she devoted herself primarily to acting in high school. She was given first choice of practically every character role.

Upon graduating in 1940, she was delighted to discover she had been named the school's best actress. Pat then went into summer stock at Ogunquit, Maine. After one week she wrote her parents: "Maybe I'll come home in the fall and maybe I'll go to New York."

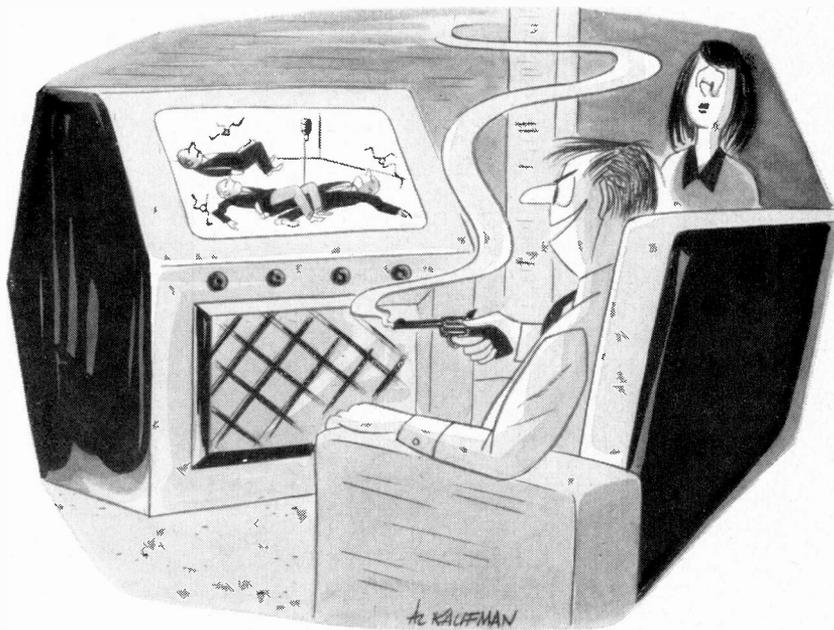
Ogunquit taught her the fundamentals of all aspects of the theater. At the end of her first season, she asked the taciturn director if she should continue on the stage. He grudgingly admitted: "You have talent, lots of it," but, "go back to school and study." Pat wrote her parents: "I'm coming back to attend Michigan University and I'm going to study ballet."

Pat met her future husband, Hal Cooper, in her sophomore year. Hal, who had been the youngest m.c. in the country at the age of ten on the Rainbow House, had many years of radio experience. He was a campus celebrity but that didn't stop Pat from getting embroiled in a fierce argument on whether radio acting could be compared to the legitimate theater performance.

Young people generally go from one extreme to the other and soon Hal was an evening caller at the Meikle home. But in 1943 he enlisted in the Navy. While on active service in the South Pacific, months later, Hal wrote asking: "Would Pat marry him?"

In 1944, Pat and Hal were wed in a double ring ceremony in New York. Mrs. Meikle died a month after the marriage so Pat returned to Ann Arbor to keep house for her father, while Hal returned to duty. Mr. Meikle, now retired and raising rabbits in Florida, designed the medium heavy tank used during the war.

Pat spent the summers of '42, '43 and '44 at Michigan Repertory Theater in Ann Arbor. In 1945 she returned to Ogunquit but in '46, when Hal was discharged, they attended the Repertory summer theater to allow Hal the opportunity to graduate also. Pat received her B.A. in 1944.



While there, Bob Whitelaw, the Director of the Dock Street Theater in Charleston, South Carolina, came to the Repertory Theater to see a teacher, Chris Meredith. On the day he came Hal was on one floor playing the lead in *Angel Street* and Pat was on another rehearsing the *Apple Cart*. At Meredith's suggestion, Whitelaw watched both. He offered them the job of assistant director at the Dock Street Theater (the oldest theater in the U.S.A.). Actually there was only one job so they went—two for the price of one.

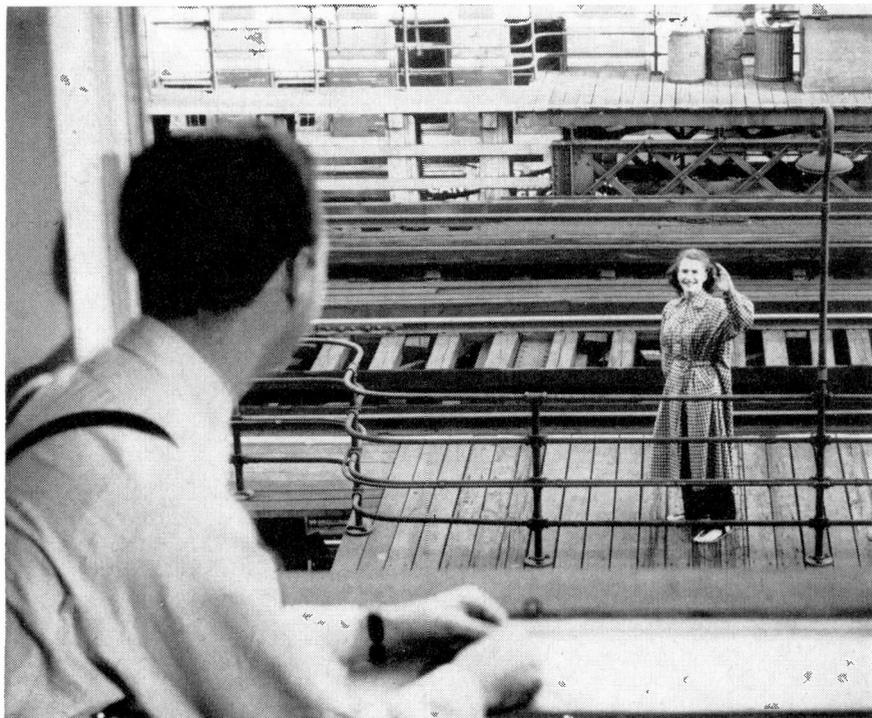
For the next two years they directed and played in productions and taught classes in speech, set design, acting and theater history. During the summers they both worked at Ogunquit Playhouse. At the end of two years of learning and experimenting with themselves as performers they decided they had done all they could at the Dock Street Theater. They took a leave of absence (which they are both still on) and came to seek their fortune on Broadway and television.

That was in May, 1948, when as always, dreams are brighter and more real than reality. There were no jobs for two eager, talented players without Broadway experience. They were practically "starving" until Bob Emery came to the rescue. Emery, who ran the Rainbow House, suggested that Pat and Hal go up to DuMont and see if they couldn't fit into the new daytime programming James Caddigan was launching November 1, 1948.

Pat Meikle's success proves at least one thing—opportunity only comes to those who prepare for it. Pat Meikle and Hal Cooper were given two shows: *Your School Reporter* and *The Baby Sitter*. A woman in Boston actually thought out the preliminary idea but Mr. Caddigan was the guiding spirit. *Your School Reporter* was the second daytime program heard. Its time was 7:45 but it later moved up into the afternoon. Designed for high school students, Pat and Hal gave them news of the schools around town, interviewed two guests and worked with the Board of Education. It lasted till March 1949 when the daytime showing of baseball and the program's format forced it off the air. Though this show helped Pat to formulate ideas on a program for teenagers it was *The Baby Sitter*, which eventually grew into *The Magic Cottage* that gave her the most stimulus. *The Baby Sitter*, starting at 8:30 in the morning on November 1, lasted until the late spring of 1949.

Divided into four segments, the first part consisted of the adventures of Pat and Hal's original creation, Wilmer the Pigeon and implicitly contained a moral; the second part taught the alphabet; the third was a fairy tale without the gore most such stories have; and the fourth was the Work Bench.

*The Baby Sitter* was intended to care for the pre-school-age child so Mother



Soot and noise are drawbacks of New York's quaint Third Avenue "L" but the neighborhood is informal. It goes unnoticed when Pat and Hal shout last minute instructions

could dash about the house knowing Junior would be up to no mischief. It was never proved whether this idea worked out in practice but it was a beauty in theory. It was learned though that most mothers wanted to be with their children so it was tried at various time spots during the day. Pat and Hal helped considerably in creating the show.

When *The Baby Sitter* was in temporary drydock last June awaiting a new name (*The Magic Cottage*), form and schedule (five days a week), its many fans were slightly bewildered and dismayed. One boy was taken aside and told that it took time to build *The Magic Cottage*. The little boy was relieved but immediately thought of a plan. "Look," he said, "I've got some candy and blocks. I'll send them to Pat and she'll be able to build it faster."

For *The Magic Cottage*, Pat rehearses three hours a day, three times a week, and two hours a day, twice a week. Hal occasionally appears in the play which occupies the first 15 minutes of the program. Pat ad-libs the after-show, chats with the character in the fairy tale who comes alive through the cottage. Then she converses with six child guests whom she questions about the play. She doesn't feel this is always fair as the children don't actually see the play but sit on one-half of the set. Then Pat draws a picture of Wilmer, or Simon or one of the other animals and tells a story which embodies a moral lesson. "Children," she says, "shouldn't be told not to do anything, because then they will do it. The best

way to teach them is to show someone else's difficulties and then explain how the trouble could have been avoided. The morals range from safety lessons to teaching good manners.

*The Magic Cottage* will never attract an adult audience since the logic of these situations is understandable only to children. Pat playing "Star Bright" (she has made make-believe appearances as a young child, a man with a beard and other recognizable poses) brought Oogie in his jail cell a cake containing a file. Unfortunately the cake was of a cocoanut variety and Oogie didn't eat cocoanut. Oogie stayed in jail. (For an adult analogy imagine John Dillinger in the same situation.)

A novel aspect of the play is the fact that the characters talk out loud and very often seem to be asking the child viewers what to do. In some unexplained child telepathy, the children are able to communicate the answer to the actors.

Pat relies on her camping experience, psychology training and the fact that she can clearly remember her own childhood back to the age of six, for the show, but as she emphasizes, all the study in the world wouldn't do any good if children didn't like her on television.

Her chief fear is being type cast. "Don't be surprised to find me playing the prostitute in a Broadway play," she warns. "We all have many facets to our personalities. I do enjoy work with children—but I enjoy women of the world parts, too." Telecast is sure, no matter what Pat Meikle does, she'll do it well. **END**

# TV FOR TWO

(Continued from page 51)

up by a mere \$20. They promptly named her Tres-C, that's French for 3C, Zeke, bought her a sexy red sweater because she had the sniffles and when last described, she was just about the smartest, cutest personality in dogdom. A complete ham, Tres-C is a fixed member of the show, only now the stagehands and prop men regard her more kindly. She's finally become paper-trained—a luxury no country dog would believe possible.

As a matter of fact Tres-C is the only other "actor" beside the Gays to appear on the show. As the Lawrences, they mention couples who have become definite characters on the program but the audience has to imagine what they look like. Barbara's sister, Janet, a fledgling concert singer, sang on several telecasts but no viewer saw her.

Actually, the Gays' own circle of friends are rather like the Lawrences'. They know 'em, but hardly ever see them. The three shows a week schedule puts a damper on any possible social life. Every other night, which is when they're not on TV, they sit around *supposin'*, as Barbara calls it, that if such and such happened how would they react. After they decide, which usually takes several hours, John starts typing up the idea. When the show first started on video, it took him two days to finish a script. Now, it takes four hours. As he says, it's amazing how many useful words you can find in a dictionary.

That the six-foot-twoer likes being an actor-writer goes without saying. Too many unhappy things occurred when he was strictly an actor. Because he only played character roles in summer stock, the other members of the Booth Bay Harbor stock company thought he was much older than he was—a fast 25—and they clucked in shocked tones about how that "poor Bobbie Meyer was roped in marrying a man so much older than herself. . . ." Being taken for 45 when you're actually in your mid-twenties is a nasty blow even for a man.

Then, there was the time he tried out for a part in a Ruth Chatterton play on Broadway. The casting director took one look at him, beamed approval, and said John was ideal. Later, when Miss Chatterton met him, her reaction was even better: his face! his voice! his expression! All so perfect! What was the role? A gangling moron whose vocabulary was limited to "daa-aaa-aaahhh." That, John admits, is even a worse stigma than having his birthday fall on April Fool's Day.

Becoming an actress was much easier on Barbara's self-esteem. A lithe blonde, Barbara was never cast as anything other than a lithe blonde. Even the most unhappy memory of her theatrical career (that started when her father, a sales man-

ager, allowed her to go to dramatic school), turned out to be a very fortunate thing indeed. While appearing in summer stock, the villain of the play twisted Barbara's arm with so much enthusiasm that as soon as she rushed offstage, she began to cry. The nearest solid shoulder she could turn to happened to belong to John. That's how they met and went steady since.

Although they have a lot in common, the Gays are still different enough in likes and dislikes to give an extra added touch to a very interesting marriage. Barbara, who put in fifteen years at dancing school, and was a dance instructress, likes dancing—natch. John, on the other hand, prefers listening to the music instead of cutting up a dance floor. He's mad for pudding—tapioca preferred—and Barbara can't stand the stuff, especially when he asks her to whip up a batch at 1 a.m. Barbara is definitely the more talkative of the two. However, normally quiet as he is, WOR-TV folks are still chuckling over the way John shushed a too eager female interviewer who was carrying inquiry into their personal life too far. Finally, after telling her that Barbara usually got up first in the morning, uses tooth powder instead of toothpaste, etc., etc., he also noted that his wife used to wear pyjamas but now is crazy for nightgowns. A few minutes of bedlam ensued while onlookers pounded the back of the interviewer who was choking on a swig of tea.

Being the Lawrences on *Apartment 3C*, Barbara and John seem to have little time for hobbies—still another parallel to their own lives. Spare time for them, as you can gather, is just something that isn't. Besides a social life that's nil, John doesn't even get a chance to do much

reading, nor does Barbara find time to finish a pair of Argyle socks she started knitting for John two years ago. Their energies and thoughts are so wrapped up in the show that work has, out of necessity, become a hobby, too.

The only breather they get, at present, is remembering the wonderful time they had last summer, deep-sea fishing, posing for a magazine cover, and swimming. An ex-Coast Guardsman, swimming is about the only sport John says he likes. In the first place, neither of them are the athletic type, and in the second place, he's so near-sighted, TV audiences have seen him grope around for a ringing phone that's right in front of him on the desk. He wears glasses constantly, but not on the show which means he has to remember where all the props are.

One time, Barbara forgot her lines and John, of all people, had to search, surreptitiously for the script so he could prompt her. That particular show ended with Barbara talking hysterically about anything that came to her mind, and John with his nose two inches off the floor, crawling around and looking for the script. The producer of the show, Harvey Marlowe, almost went home to his wife and two-and-a-half-year-old daughter in a well-padded ambulance.

Aside from that one time, Harvey thinks the Gays are a darn wonderful couple. So do a lot of other folks who have met the Gays. Maybe having Barbara and John around to entertain you doesn't solve world problems, but it sure is a nice happy feeling to know that two youngsters can start on nothing and zoom to the top just by being themselves . . . and maybe world problems *could* be solved if everyone else were the same way. **END**



A pup full of personality, "Tres C" (French, meaning 3-C) won the hearts of Barbara and John Gay so completely on *Apartment 3C*, they took the cocker spaniel home

# Genius at Large

(Continued from page 42)

camera focus on Dave to show him chopping the co-axial cable with a hatchet. Viewers then saw a flash of light on their screens, then a complete blackout.

"I don't try to be funny, I try to be interesting," Dave says. How he tries to be interesting is almost a seven-day story. Early in the week preceding the Sunday show, Garroway, producer Mills and writer Andrews meet for dinner to go over primary plans for the next show. An outline is made, the music selected and a special sketch drafted for Cliff Norton. Another conference produces some idea of the visual activity necessary. It's written into script form, but it's still a skeleton script, something like this: 1) Opening remarks, 2) Garroway starts walking, stops to tie his shoe, 3) Camera stays on his feet. He walks up to Connie Russell, does introductions while camera is on their feet. 4) Connie sings *Walk It Off*.

Sunday at three o'clock, musicians, actors, singers, producers, cameramen—and all six feet two inches of Garroway—crowd into the largest studio of WNBQ, NBC's Chicago headquarters. There's still the skeleton script, no dialogue. Seven hours of steady rehearsing begins.

Each bit, each scene is rehearsed and re-rehearsed, with Mills, Garroway and Andrews constantly changing and re-arranging props, dialogue bits, camera positions and action. By show time, probably the show has undergone a complete change except for the original skeleton idea. If everything has worked out close to normal, there's time for a dress rehearsal, the completely indispensable part of the pre-program routine. But the *Garroway At Large* show has been known to go on without one integrated rehearsal, let alone a dress run-down.

One of the most entertaining things about the show is its constant use of striking camera effects and visual gags. Sometimes the gag backfires, perhaps due to lack of a dress rehearsal—like the time Dave's tie was to be caught in a wringer. According to plan, a prop man was to bring scissors and cut him out of it immediately. But the scissors broke, and it took ten frantic minutes to free the nearly strangled Garroway.

Dave is completely unpredictable on his show. Likely as not, after seven hours of rehearsing and polishing his conversational bits, he will say something completely different as he stands before the cameras. Accustomed as the cast is to the unexpected, even they are taken unawares occasionally.

Garroway has been in radio since 1938, though his debut was not outstanding. He was just one of many page boys at NBC in New York City, and he received

\$16 a week salary like the others. He lost his first big chance at an announcer's job, placing 23rd out of 24 in an audition. But his long hours of study and rehearsing finally paid off, and he joined KDKA in Pittsburgh in 1939 as special events announcer. He joined the NBC network on radio station WMAQ, Chicago, in late 1940, handling most of the dance band remotes from night clubs around town. As Garroway loves night clubbing and popular music, he enjoyed this particular assignment to the fullest.

The Navy got Garroway in 1942. He studied at Harvard for several months, even became an associate instructor in astronomy while still carrying on his full load of studies. After receiving his commission, he was shipped out for Pacific duty, but he had such a severe case of sea-sickness that he was landlocked in Honolulu until his discharge a year later. Dave says he was the most thoroughly sea-sick officer in the Pacific.

When he returned to Chicago and his old job at NBC, in late 1945, all was not perfect. The station found a returned announcer on their hands with no place for him. There was nothing for NBC to do then but keep the station on the air an hour longer each night, from midnight to 1 a.m., and give Dave that time to do with as he wished.

Garroway, the disc jockey, was born at midnight, January 15, 1946. "No one was listening—WMAQ had never been on that late before," Dave says, "so I put on a few jazz records I liked and talked to myself."

What happened immediately after that neither Dave nor NBC can explain, but the last two years Dave has been voted as the disc jockey's disc jockey by Billboard (the trade voice of the record business). The show, the *11:60 Club*, caught on at once. He was soon the vogue of the younger set in Chicago; then throughout the middle west. When Garroway said Sarah Vaughan was esoteric (an adjective he made a household word in Chicago), 10,000 Vaughan recordings were sold that week. When he promoted a series of jazz concerts, his fans came to see him, not the famous musicians he featured.

Garroway's heart and soul are in television now, but his radio activities go rolling along. His *11:60 Club* jazz show is still riding the crest of popularity among the mid-west's night owls. A half-hour daily record show at 5:15 p.m., a top radio listening time, has brought him before a much wider audience than his specialized midnight show could reach. He's had a half-hour live network show every Monday night, built along the same basic style as his television show, and it undoubtedly has been the proving ground

for many of the situations and ideas used on television's *Garroway At Large*. He also has a local five-minute television spot each week night to make a few choice Garrowayisms. It's called *Reserved For Garroway*.

Garroway personally is much like Garroway televised. A bachelor and 36 years old, he's big, rugged looking, and knows something about almost everything. Besides work and jazz his main love is automobiles, particularly ancient foreign models he can rebuild. His latest passion is a British Jaguar, and he briefly tried his hand at sports car racing with it. His Jaguar was voted the most beautiful sports car in America at the International Sports Car Meet last fall at Watkins Glen, New York. Dave drove the Jaguar to New York for the meet, and entered a cross-country race, in which he placed third. He drove it back to Chicago and as he was driving into the garage the front wheel fell off. The vision of that happening at 100 miles per hour brought on his decision to quit racing and just enjoy the car esthetically.

He has several other cars, his "town car" being a Lincoln Continental with leopard skin upholstery and a special convertible top. The cars are his main vice, and almost only financial extravagance. He has his suits tailor-made at \$59 per suit. A friend recommended one of Chicago's better tailors to him, one who charges \$250 for a suit. Pressing the point, the friend asked what Dave's tailor had that the more expensive one didn't. Answering in typical Garroway fashion, Dave said, "Three more suits for the same price."

Garroway and his Sunday night program have received more critical acclaim in 1949 than any other new television personality and show. 1950 should be the year a good part of the television audience catches up with the critics in appreciation of the Garroway technique. **END**

## PICTURE CREDITS IN THIS ISSUE

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# THE BIGGEST MEN IN TELEVISION

(Continued from page 29)



to many he's

**CAPTAIN  
VIDEO**

to others he's  
the persistent  
suitor of the  
glamorous

**MAE WEST**

but you will get  
to know him as

**RICHARD  
COOGAN**

in next month's

**TELECAST**

were snarling and growling in the ring a while before.

Some wrestlers are "characters" in and out of the ring, but not many. Jim McMillan, for instance, who still wrestles though over 50, is vice president of the Chicago Bears football team. Danno Mahoney has a nite club in Los Angeles, as does Steve "Crusher" Casey in Boston. Tony Cosenza, who grapples on and off, was a concert pianist. Bobby Bruns was a Lt. Commander in the Navy, and has a law degree; and Jesse James, now out of the game, does both oil paintings and charcoal drawings. He left to continue his art while Mike Condos left to go into politics in Connecticut. For Johnson, billed as the Super Swedish Angel, has a chicken farm in Van Nuys, Cal., and the bearded hillbilly, Elmer Estep, has a hillbilly band and a hog farm in Mountain View, Ark.

Sam Laine, who has been Dennis James' assistant in announcing many years of wrestling, has compiled background information on all these, and hundreds of other wrestlers. Abe Stein is especially noteworthy since he is an accomplished actor (outside the ring), having appeared on the stage with name performers and was in *Kiss of Death* and *Naked City*. Al Jolson got him started in pictures and he was Jimmy Cagney's instructor in judo.

Gene (Mr. America) Stanlee, one of the biggest moneymakers in the business, reportedly invests his earnings in real estate. Now about 24, Stanlee runs the risk of becoming a millionaire by the time he's 30, along with that of acquiring cauliflower ears. And he's single, girls.

Stein, you might say, had good training for acting, since all the top-notch grapplers seem to have a flair for it. Not how much acting is done in the ring is hard to say, but the boys certainly know how to play to the audience, both in the arena and at home. They are also, of course, well aware that the TV cameras are on them and, when one of them applies a step-over toe-hold or shies an opponent through the ropes, it usually happens that the camera has a good shot of it. Which is all smart showmanship, of course, since many of the fans have acquired quite a knowledge of the various holds.

In Chicago, a hotbed of fans, housewives are among the most avid of all. The story goes that, during a female gathering for some fund-raising purpose, a lady speaker exhorted her audience to "go out and put a double wristlock on this drive." And none of the listening ladies seemed the least surprised by the expression.

Holds in wrestling, of course, have gotten more spectacular along with the sport generally. Hammerlocks, head holds and

half-nelsons are still good; but such gruesome grips as the arm stretch, leg stretch and Indian deathlock are more exciting because of the punishment meted out. And the flying-mare, Arkansas buggy-whip, and the drop-kick appeal because of the acrobatics involved.

Antonio "Argentine" Rocca, one of the greatest drawing-cards at present, makes a specialty of the double drop-kick in which he flings himself through the air and applies both feet to his opponent's stomach. He also is an exponent of the Argentine backbreaker. This is a variation of Hewitt's pet hold, the backbreaker, a delicate little maneuver by which Tarzan picks up his adversary bodily and drapes him across his knee, preparatory to snapping his spine like a stale pretzel. This is a submission hold, one that wrestlers cry uncle on before they're too far out of shape.

Other entertaining bits of torture can be achieved by other holds. And attempts to copy these primitive tactics, by small fry, have often made shambles of previously quiet and serene households. For the fact is that wrestling appeals to fans of all ages—kids, teenagers, wives and farmers. And the audience is growing, both at home and in the arena. Gene Stanlee, who always points out that he's single as well as having godlike proportions, has a huge, squealing bobby-sox following, and his Star Brigade fan club has thousands of members. Because of TV, wrestling has taken such an upswing that matchmakers are planning to have a series of eliminations to determine a real champion, instead of the dozen or so champs that appear now. This brings up the matter of whether or not the matches are fixed, and how often. Which really doesn't matter to a real fan. These TV performers on the mat offer comedy, tragedy, pain, pathos, apparent brutality, and every kind of hair-dress and garb imaginable. And a grappler can be twisting a man's arm off, and still keep the pensive look of a listener to Brahms' lullaby. The shows pack more variety of talent than almost any on the air. So who cares who wins?

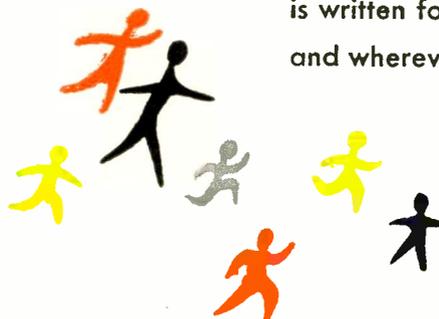
In any case, Tarzan Hewitt has taken few lickings. Rocca is about the only one to beat him, and he struggled to draws with Gene Stanlee and Walter Podlock, the Golden Superman. But win or lose, Hewitt loves it. "It's a wonderful sport, and I just can't stay away from it," he says, thoughtfully rubbing that jaw that was broken in three places.

He has a television set in his office, and watches it regularly. A friend dropped in to see him one Tuesday night, and found him so glued to the set that it was hard to pry him loose. Was it Milton Berle? No, you guessed it—wrestling. **END**

# telecast

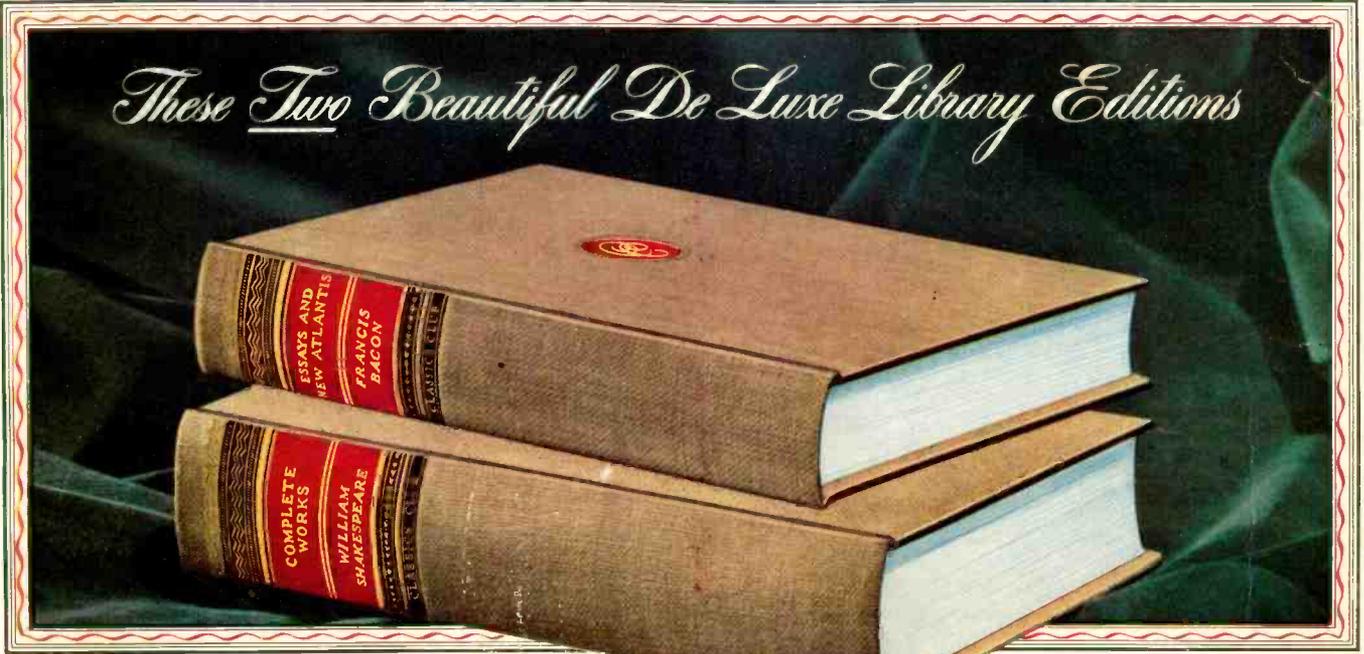
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