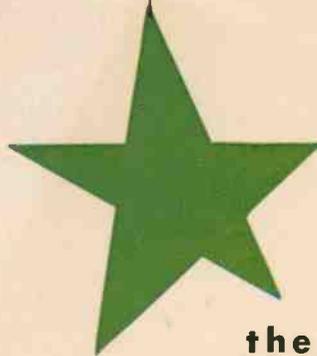


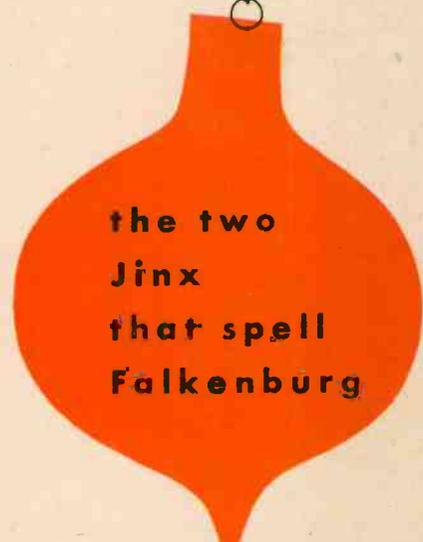
TELECAST

December 1949 25¢

THE NATIONAL TELEVISION PICTURE MAGAZINE

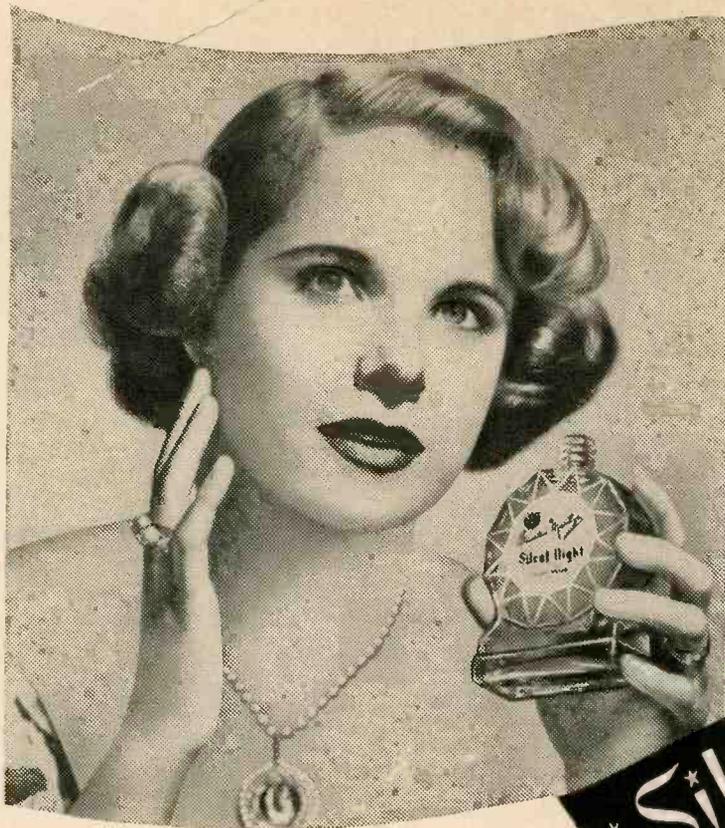


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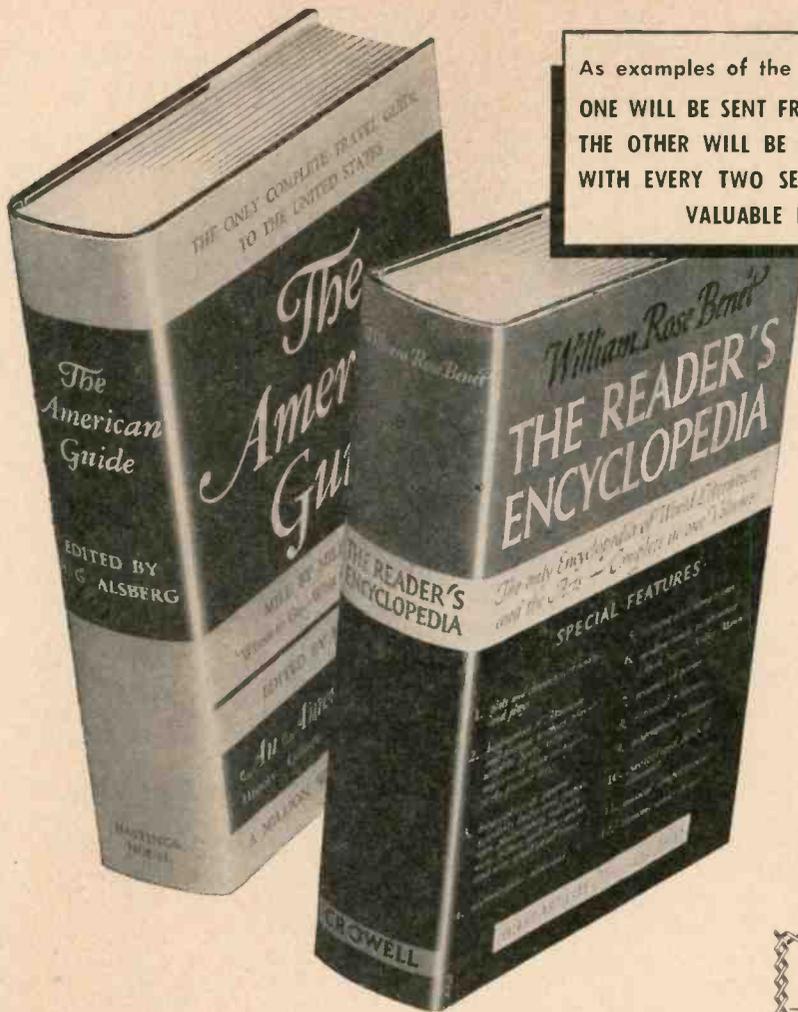
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THE NATIONAL TELEVISION PICTURE MAGAZINE

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**be
pretty
like a
Christmas
tree**



by Candy Jones

Candy Jones, model and television personality, directs the Conover Career School

Christmas is the most exciting holiday of all. By the zero hour of Christmas eve, I think that all of us, teen-ager included, have a brand new grey hair and a line or two in our faces. Since this is the season of giving, I want you to play Santa Claus to yourself and give yourself a beauty formula that can help make you sparkle and catch all eyes as well as every girl's rival at Christmas time—the Christmas tree.

First of all, let's start with a gift to your hands so that no one will label you "Miss Sandy Claws"!—your hands will be "on stage" as you give gifts, open surprises, pass out delicacies and sip your New Year's toast. If you want your hands their very whitest, squeeze the juice of one large lemon into a saucer and dunk your hands and wrists up and down in it for five minutes. Immediately, follow your lemon rinse with a rich cold cream massage, using an upward movement to your elbows. Rub gobs of cream into your elbows and cover with a swab of hand lotion-soaked cotton and tape on with adhesive overnight. Slip your creamy hands into a pair of cotton gloves and secure for bedtime with elastic bands over each wrist.

We have found that *white* iodine coated on problem nails that break and tear does much to strengthen your nails. You can use it right under your nail polish.

Cigarette stains on a pretty girl's fingers are as uncalled for as B.O. A pumice stone rubbed over that area can remove it, but why get it in the first place? When you're smoking your cigarette, smoke should always rise upward perpendicularly and your cigarette should be held perpendicular in your fingers. Many girls do feel that cigarette holders have an affected look, but many other girls know that filtered holders do help prevent unattractive cigarette stain on your teeth.

If you can't visit your dentist for a good cleaning of your teeth in time for the holidays, try this old-fashioned brightening. Pour some kitchen-type baking soda on your dampened tooth brush and clean away, using downward strokes on your upper teeth and vice-versa on your lower teeth.

A real lush skin massage should be yours for the holiday season, especially if you have dry or normal skin. Whip one-half glass of heavy cream into a lather (you can color it with vegetable dye tablets). Making sure that it's as firm as the topping on hot chocolate, take it back with you into the bathroom and steam your face, using a fresh, hot washcloth to open your pores. Now coat your face and throat with the cream, massaging it in with your fingertips. Pay special attention to your eyes, forehead and chin. If it's your bath time, relax in your tub with it on your face—but be sure to lock your bathroom door. Pink or green whipped cream is a little frightening to mother or sister! A whipped cream facial is fun and pays off in the super softness that it gives to your skin.

Add a breath of glamour to your hair-do before that important date, by spraying your favorite cologne or perfume into your hair. I don't recommend this as a daily practice, because it will dry your hair out, but once in a while—who doesn't want to go a little gay?

As a final sparkle to add to your holiday face, try this Conover Girl trick. Over your completed makeup on your cheeks, blend in a very thin film of cleansing cream. This will give your face the freshest, dewiest glow you've ever worn.

Above all, to look your most radiant self—remember that makeup alone will not do the trick. A well-balanced diet is a must to keep your skin young and your disposition ever charming. Your beauty rest is equally important for your whole physical and mental preservation.

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who want to write
but can't get started**

Do you have that constant urge to write, but fear that a beginner hasn't a chance? Then listen to what the former editor of Liberty said on this subject:

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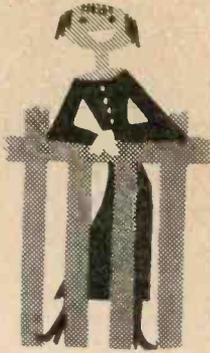
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**telecast
talks
it
over**



WCAU-TV Promotion Director Bob Pryer gave Philadelphia press agents the jolt of their lives and a pre-season Christmas present by inviting them to bring their clients and causes to the *Take Ten* three hour variety show whenever they wished. He even promised to put them before the cameras and permit them to introduce their clients to TV-viewers themselves. . . First religious program to adopt network television techniques was ABC's *Young People's Church of The Air* over WFIL-TV, Philadelphia. . . *City at Midnight*, WNBT, New York, took a long step toward naturalism in television as the first live, dramatic show to be presented directly "on location." Action in the series takes place in various New York City locales.

Television Chapel, presentation of WPIX, the Daily News in New York, which offers devotional services conducted by the major faiths, has been cited for its public service and aid to religion by the National Conference of Christians and Jews and the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America. . . Televiewers along the Eastern Seaboard from Boston to Baltimore get a chance to bid for auctioned objects right in their own homes through new show *Auction-aire* over ABC-Television. Everything from automobiles to zebras will be put on the block. Viewers



Ben Gage, KTTV emcee and wife, swimming star Esther Williams, pause on the ice rink, to select a tiny pair of skates for their new arrival

desiring to make bids call their local TV stations by telephone.

Top Views in Sports, a major sports newsreel program telecast by KNBH incorporates news gathered by cameramen stationed in 18 key spots throughout the nation. . . Sam M. Harper has been appointed director of special products division for the John Meck Industries, Inc., of Plymouth, Indiana. He will supervise development, sales of contract and private label television items. . . Belated birthday congratulations to WENR-TV, which was one year old September 17th. The station has gained the distinction of telecasting more programs and more hours of programs to the Mid-Western and Eastern video network than any other Chicago station.

Fireside Theatre, seen Tuesday nights on the NBC Tele-network, consists of two teleales each week, original stories and short story adaptations filmed in Hollywood especially for video. . . Latest entry into the field of tele-



Elsie was a recent guest on Dennis James' *DuMont's Okay Mother* program. Our press deadline prevents us from waiting for a quote

vision films is Cornell University, through the establishment of Cornell Films. New operation will produce 16 mm. sound films ranging from one minute spots to full-length documentaries and serials for rent to stations and advertisers. Resources and facilities of the University will be utilized for production of the films which will rent for less than current prices.

Cecil Barker, former production aide to David O. Selznick, has been appointed Executive Producer for the Don Lee Television System. This is the first of a projected TV plan to staff the Don Lee Network with key top-flight motion picture men. . . Dr. Thomas E. Coffin, author of *Television Effects on the Family's Activities*, has been appointed research associate for the NBC Television Network. . . New members of WDTV's staff, Pittsburgh, Pa., are Harry G. Munson, film director for the station, and John J. Cole, sales service manager of the outlet. . . DuMont's lovely Latin-American ambassadress of song, Delora Bueno, received an award from Hildebrando Accioly, Brazilian ambassador, for her devotion to Brazilian music and the good will she has created between the United States and Brazil.



Baby beware! Wife Mary Kay looks away as proud papa Johnny Stearns mixes the baby formula. Baby Christopher is safely tucked in bed

Rita Colton, being groomed by NBC to be the Lana Turner of Television. . . WMAL-TV, Washington, introducing daily movie serials in their local program line-up. First of the series is *Burn 'Em Up Barnes*, starring Jack Mulhall, Frankie Darro and Lola Lane. . . Theatergoers no longer have to worry about SRO signs when top Broadway shows can be seen in their own homes via CBS video's *Tonight on Broadway*. . . WJAC-TV, Johnstown, Pa., has joined the Du Mont Television network.

The new Allen B. DuMont Laboratories located in East Paterson, N. J., is the largest television assembly plant in the world. Every 22 seconds a finished receiver will come off the production line. The site, former Wright Aeronautical plant, was purchased from the War Assets Administration for \$1,350,000, and more than \$750,000 has been spent in converting it to a television assembly unit.

Frank Veloz, nationally known dancer and instructor,



Versatile Nina Foch, Broadway, Hollywood and TV star, is caught in the act of preening herself for NBC-TV's Philco Television Playhouse

now has his own show on KNBH, Hollywood. . . Archdale Jones, chief investigator of DuMont's *Key To The Missing*, reports that they have solved 70 per cent of all cases brought to them since the show's inception. . . In a survey conducted by the Mrs. America Committee, *Mary Kay and Johnny* was tabbed "best liked" show among homemakers of the country. . . *Silver Theatre* will present a monthly Silver Award to the actor or actress who has turned in the best supporting performance of the month. A leading drama critic will make the presentations.

Sportsmen have been made happy with the transition to video of *The Fishing and Hunting Club of the Air* over the DuMont Network. The show had long been a favorite on radio. Fish and Game Commissions of most of the 48 states, plus government agencies in Canada and Latin America, are cooperating to supply background material and unusual films of outdoor life. . . Football highlights still to come:—On ABC Television for Sun Oil Company spon-



You don't fool us one bit hiding behind those Harold Lloyd glasses, Mr. Garroway. And watch out or you'll miss that train, Dave

sors: Los Angeles vs Chicago Cardinals Nov. 20th, Chicago Bears vs Detroit Nov. 24th, Green Bay Packers vs Chicago Cardinals Nov. 27th, Green Bay Packers vs Washington Dec. 4th, Cardinals vs Bears Dec. 11th. . . Mel Allen and Jim Britt do the play-by-play of Iowa vs Notre Dame Nov. 19th and California vs Notre Dame Nov. 25th on the DuMont network.

WBZ-TV is bringing all 35 home games of the Boston Bruins to home viewers with veteran hockey announcer Frank Ryan and station sportscaster Bump Hadley handling the play-by-play.

Jimmy Vandiveer, director of remote telecasts for KECA-TV, Hollywood, devised several innovations for football coverage of the USC and UCLA season. One was placing large pictures of each starting line-up before the camera just prior to the kickoff, thereby giving viewers a close-up of how each player looked. Another was showing the picture of players scoring a touchdown.

Twelve-year-old Quiz Kid Mike Mullin's hobby is collecting prize pets. . . Lovely Colleen Mortensen, brunette television star of KDYL-TV, Salt Lake City, took a post-

telecast talks it over

(continued)

man's vacation by visiting friends at television station KTSL in Hollywood recently. . . Latest of the "family series" to make the radio-to-TV switch is *The Aldrich Family*, with newcomer Bob Casey portraying Henry. . . Development of a variable focus lens, known as "Electra-Zoom," by television station KTSL, Hollywood, gives the effect of bringing the spectator closer to the action without corresponding movement of the camera. It operates on entirely different principle than the "Zoomar"



Robert Garland, newspaper drama critic, may start a trend. On the CBS television show, *We The People*, he was the first critic to turn actor in 18 years

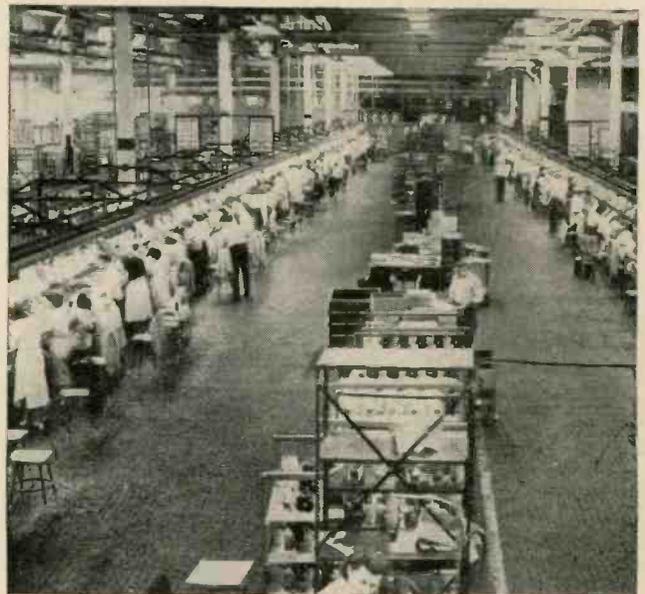
telephoto lens extensively used for outside daytime remotes.

Branch Rickey, Jr., head of the Brooklyn Dodgers farm system and Dodger first sacker Gil Hodges managed to join the long list of notables who have been hoodwinked by master mentalist and magician Dunniger. They attained the honor by appearing on this season's first telecast of *The Bigelow Show*, starring Dunniger and ventriloquist Paul Winchell. . . Television actor Hal Cooper took a sabbatical to play the title role in *The Male Animal* at the Dock Street Theatre in Charleston, S. C. . . Cape Cod supplied the vacationland chosen by Conrad Thibault, baritone star of *The Music Room* on WJZ Television. . . ABC Television scored a beat with its telecast of films borrowed from the Navy's official files showing for the first time detailed operations of underwater demolition "Shark Teams." The presentation was a feature of the *Action Autograph* program. . . Victor Campbell, creator of TV puppet *Howdy Doody*, is new production chief for WBAL and WBAL-TV in Baltimore.



Hubie Boscowitz is not trying a Paris chapeau on Maggi McNellis' head. They're making a "Forward Pass" from their new book, *Party Games*

WCAU-TV stepped up its programming to bring Philadelphia viewers continuous TV fare from 2 o'clock in the afternoon until 11 o'clock at night on an across-the-board basis. The station now provides its audience with an average of 66 hours of actual programming each week. . . The American Broadcasting Company has filed application with the Federal Communications Commission for a construction permit to move its New York television transmitter site to the roof of the world's tallest building—the Empire State. . . Jimmy Blaine, featured singer on the TV *Stop The Music* show auditioned for an announcing stint and wound up vocalizing instead. . . In order to enable Ralph Bellamy to star in the television series *Man Against Crime*, on CBS Television Friday nights, producers Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse arranged a 9 p.m. curtain for Sidney Kingsley's hit play *Detective Story*, in which he stars.



The new DuMont Assembly Plant in New Jersey can turn out a television receiver every 22 seconds. Now all they need are the television viewers



Rita Colton has a right to smile. Discovered on the NBC Television play series, she was whisked to Hollywood before she could wink her pretty eye

lavender

by *solon*

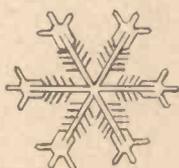
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Best holiday wishes to all



Christmas is a wonderful time of the year, any year. For the Editor and Staff of TELECAST it holds special magic this year in affording our first opportunity to extend traditional greetings to friends with whom we now share a new meeting place.



We hope that cheer and good tidings will prevail in every household this merriest of seasons; and that Santa's pack will be crammed with glittering gifts (including TV sets) for everyone.



To our readers and all TV fans, we wish continuing pleasure and excitement in television, and a gala spirit. To the great roster of TV Talent we wish a full share in the joy and happiness they bring to millions. And to all the behind-the-scenes people engaged in spreading the development of this exciting new realm, we wish the keen satisfaction they deserve for the work they do well.



The editor

tenor
with
the
GOLDEN TOUCH



Two generations have
thrilled to the Irish Thrush
yet Morton Downey
keeps rollin' along and
the money keeps rollin' in

By **BOB KALB**

WHEN Morton Downey celebrated his 47th birthday last month and considered the time-table of success in the career of a singer, he could be pardoned for suddenly exclaiming to his manager: "Gee, Harry, we have to get a list up. I can't remember the dates!"

It's not much wonder. If a candle had been planted in the cake served up to him at the Stork Club for every year he has been singing for money, they would have totalled nearly 39. This year his tremendous fan following is being further augmented through television.

Three nights a week—Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays—Downey thrushes his tuneful melodies for a nationwide television audience. Like everything else he does, Downey prepared carefully before invading the new medium. After working hard to perfect his performance for video, he made several guest appearances to learn the nuances of the new art under fire, and only then agreed to accept an offer to star on his own program.

This year his total income from singing, according to

his own estimate, will be more than half a million dollars. Of that, he says, once taxes and expenses are taken out, he'll be lucky to net ten percent.

Whether this estimate is exaggerated or not, it is only the beginning. For Downey, the singer, is also Downey the business man. His personal holdings, in addition to being a major stockholder and member of the Board of Directors of the Coca Cola Corporation, include real estate, oil, South American investments, shares in numerous small manufacturing concerns (one of which exclusively manufactures a small steel ball extensively used in mixing cement) and interests in a French chemical company, on whose product more than 1,000 patents have already been issued and whose multitudinous uses are still in the process of being investigated.

More widely known, but not necessarily the most profitable of the lot, is his one-third partnership with Stork Club proprietor Sherman Billingsley and New York publicity man Steve Hannagan in a perfume concern. According

to the story, Downey himself organized this combine after observing that the Stork Club had been considerably smelled up with a perfume bottle accidentally dropped by a visiting actress.

"If that stuff has resisted the scrubbing and deodorizing that this place gets," he reportedly told Billingsley a week after the accident when the subtle aroma still accosted his nose, "it must be pretty good. Let's see if we can buy out the company and get into the business."

But generally, his sinking fund goes down on a more guaranteed board than playing his own hunches. Through his years as a top-notch entertainer, Irish wit and raconteur, Downey has built lasting friendships in high places. In addition to Jim Farley of the Coca Cola board, investment banker and former Ambassador to England Joseph P. Kennedy, and others, Morton holds intimate associations with many of the world's leading citizens.

"They look out for me," he'll tell you frankly. "And for a fellow like me who doesn't know too much, it's better to follow advice from experts I know than to take the tips of some young college fellow just starting to sell stocks from Wall Street."

What his take is from these gilt-edge investments, he prefers not to say, and judiciously so. It's been estimated that he is three times a millionaire—which Downey ascribes as an unfair and fallacious statement.

To understand his reluctance, it is necessary to know that he is seriously and painstakingly attempting to build up an estate that will take care of five children. "I've done all right for myself," he will admit, "but if something should happen, I want to know that those kids will be taken care of."

To round out the week, and remain faithful to radio, Downey also broadcasts Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays for Coca Cola. Both programs are on the NBC network and combined, total the greatest listening-seeing audience in the world.

His radio program reaches more than 156 American stations—with Alaska, Honolulu and Puerto Rico getting the show by transcription. His video audience, thus far limited to the United States, is even more startling in proportion. Some 25 stations get it direct, and at least three more boast kinescope recordings.

When a story describing his wealth appears in print, Downey (1) generally finds it over-optimistic in elevating him into the brain trust class, and (2) quite a deterrent to his relations with his youngsters.

He has four boys and a girl. Mike, the oldest, entered Notre Dame this fall, where the singer is vaguely hopeful he will turn out to be a football player. Sean, 16, and Tony, 13, are attending military school. Lorelle, 14, is being schooled at a convent on the Hudson. That leaves only Kevin Peter, 11, at home and attending day school in Wallingford, Conn., under the care of his grandfather and grandmother.

Illustrating his point about the children reading his publicity and deciding for themselves how rich he is, Downey calls up the story of Sean this summer. The boy wanted to attend a dance for which he had figured at length that the cost for himself and his girl would be three dollars.

He attempted to borrow five dollars from his grandmother, who in turn had already decided to give him two. Refused, he blurted out: "That's a fine thing. A boy whose Dad is a millionaire can't even" (Continued on page 52)

A second generation, viewers, are now enjoying the highly styled songs and voice of Morton Downey over the NBC network



TV's Coming Generation

Twinkle, twinkle little star

no matter where you are!

Chances are success will be

easier if you are the child

of an established performer

Picking tomorrow's stars is a difficult business at best. This month Telecast visited the homes of five famous TV parents on the hunch, "great oaks from little acorns grow."

Our report straddles the fence on the heredity versus environment issue. If the children become famous also it mostly will be due to their own native ability. (The heredity angle.) There is nothing so annoying in television or elsewhere as a parent—even a famous one—attempting to push their "darling" into the limelight.

If the child has talent, as in the case of Margo Whiteman, the way can be smoothed by her father, orchestra leader Paul Whiteman's knowledge and contacts in show business. Margo's ability to conduct her own show has been proven by her popularity on the Teen Age Club.

Among the smaller fry, Dickie and Jill Kollmar have had the biggest taste of fame. They have posed for magazine covers and feature art besides having worked the morning radio broadcast of their parents. Richard Kollmar,

Sr., hasn't had them on his Broadway Spotlight evening television show yet, but you can't blame him for hoping they one day will, can you?

Pint-sized Vicki Berle has become adept at the Berle mugging art and appeared briefly on her dad Milton's show. (Since she is only four, her future is too unsettled to predict.)

Pat and Mike Godfrey and Gregory Amsterdam have shown little interest in following their respective fathers Arthur Godfrey and Morey Amsterdam, in a television career.

This much is clear. If any of these children want to go into television their parents can smooth the way. However since the parents know both sides of the hard, competitive life show people lead they may even discourage their offspring, urging them to follow more prosaic professions. But whatever their youngsters decide to do, like parents everywhere, they will stand behind and encourage them.

Arthur Godfrey of CBS-TV's *Talent Scouts* and *Arthur Godfrey and His Friends* takes his wife and family for an outing. Perched merrily on a haystack, Mike, age 9, points out nature's beauty to sister Pat, age 7

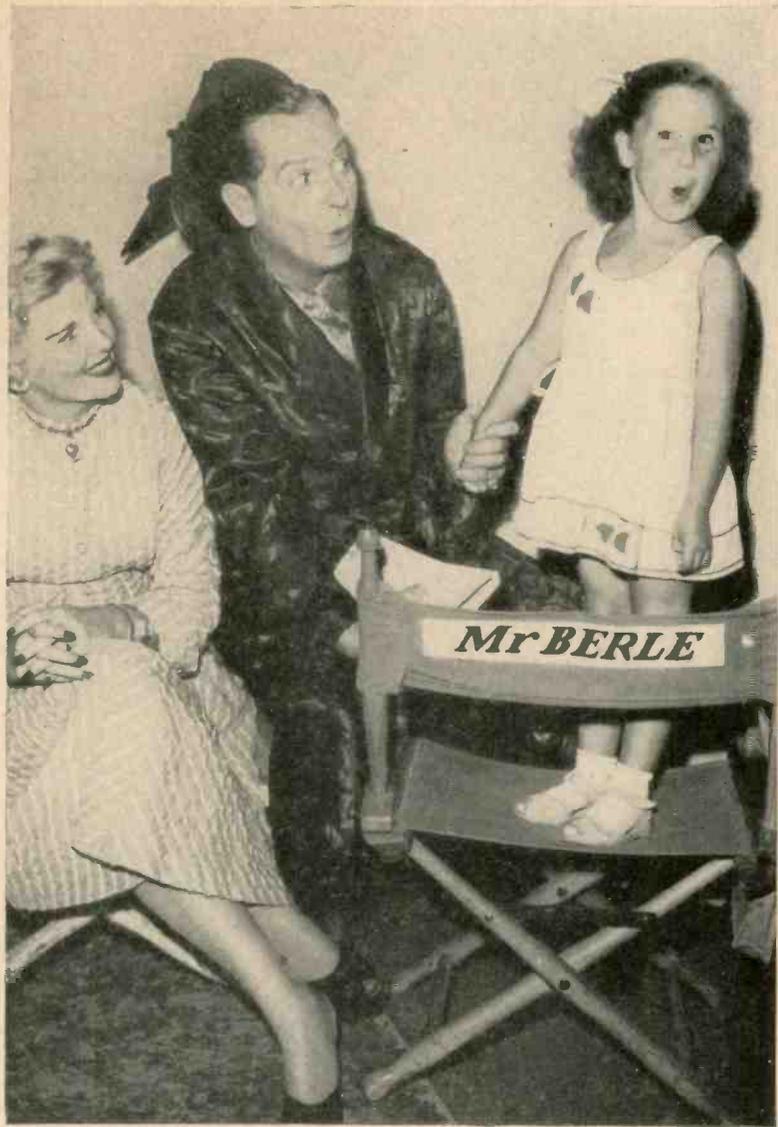




Three generations of Amsterdams see the sights. Gregory, 7, doesn't take after his father, the noted comedian of *The Morey Amsterdam Show*, on DuMont. Gregory likes Westerns.



Jill and Dickie Kolmar, 6 and 8, already camera wise, join their parents for a "radio breakfast." Mother is Dorothy Killgallen, newspaper columnist. Father is Richard, Sr., TV star.



The little Muffet, alone on a star's chair, is four-year-old Vicki Berle. Her nonchalance speaks well for the coaching of Milton and Mrs. Berle. Vicki has appeared on NBC-TV *Star Theatre*.



Pictured here and close to stardom is Margo Whiteman with her famous 'Pop' Paul Whiteman. The King of Jazz, as they appear on WFIL-TV's *Teen-Age Club* broadcast in Philadelphia.



Though Eleanor Kilgallen's desk is piled high with photos, she still brightens at the good news of a budding television personality

talent's open door

Eleanor Kilgallen, CBS casting ace, is probably the best-known authority on TV talent. Her advice is sought by veteran troupers and young hopefuls

by judy shepard

ONE out of every four actors has the ability for television," Eleanor Kilgallen, CBS Television Casting Director stated recently. She should know. For through the portals of her office, Room 606, in the CBS building on 52nd Street, pass thousands of actors, singers and dancers—all anxious to get their first crack at performing on television.

"Although television is a new medium," Eleanor explained, "and needs new talent to grow with it, we must require some professional background before we consider an audition." This is often a hard line for Eleanor to hew to, since she's one person who finds it hard to say "no" to the countless hopefuls who besiege her with photos, mail and telephone calls.

Three times a week, Eleanor Kilgallen and her three assistants, Dorothy Gabriel, Monique James and Betty Greechan, hold two hour talent auditions. Two sessions are for dramatic tryouts and the other for music or variety acts. The daily applicants are divided into three groups. Eleanor hears the most professional group, Dorothy takes the middle group, and Monique auditions beginners. Considering that the "women," Kilgallen and crew, handle casting for *Studio One*, *Suspense*, *Front Page*, *54th Street*

Revue, *Winner Take All*, and the *Earl Wrightson Show*, to mention only a few, it's no wonder the area around Room 606 is in a constant state of motion, efficiency and bustle.

To date there are some five thousand actors carefully catalogued as "active" in the Kilgallen casting files. These range from zither players to contortionists to "wet-behind-the-ears-college-boy" types. In the latter case, truth is stranger than description. It is not unusual for Eleanor Kilgallen to get a last minute request for a knife thrower, a man who can dress like a woman and change clothes in split seconds, or a distinguished professorial type dressed in short pants.

This might more than provoke one to the "wake up screaming" stages but Eleanor Kilgallen has been schooling her blood pressure to maintain its status quo, since the day she entered Erasmus High School. After a year and a half of battling the crowded conditions that existed in the school, she transferred to Berkeley Institute for two years. This more or less completed the necessary rudiments of education, as Eleanor explained it, and she decided to further her artistic talents. Possessing a more than pleasant

singing voice, the idea of becoming a student of opera took hold. Eleanor's parents enrolled her in the Juilliard School of Music. She also started taking private dramatic lessons to prepare for what seemed a new and glamorous career. However, when time drew near for performing before an audience, a fatal self-consciousness defeated her. Eleanor claims she became too critical of her own voice. There was too much concentration on how she thought she sounded rather than on what she was singing.

Acting, however, had come much easier to her. She was intrigued with the creative advantages this art form offered. Knowing that she would never be a replacement of Kirsten Flagstad, she left Juilliard for the theater. Her first attempt met success as a member of a summer stock group in Ivoryton, Connecticut. At the end of the season, she returned to New York to make the rounds of radio stations and theatrical agencies. Eleanor recalls this period vividly for the best experience in "how *not* to treat people." She underwent all the elements of rudeness ever developed among casting directors. She had her taste of phony talent scouts and the carbon promises they perpetrate. She had her share of the "closed door" policy, curt secretaries and receptionists. It helped her learn "actors are human beings."

Although Eleanor never got to be John's Other Wife, she had a few small parts on soap operas and dramatic shows. But a chance to help her sister, journalist Dorothy Kilgallen, in the production of her radio show seemed more intriguing than battling for a bit part. Eleanor took to this new branch of radio operation with enthusiasm, a watchful eye, and a critical ear. The program was primarily a commentary show based on New York happenings, night life, theater and personalities. It was Eleanor's job to gather news, get guests, coordinate material, time the show, and . . . in her spare moments work on items for the daily Kilgallen column.

The hours were long but the experience was good. When the show eventually went off the air, Eleanor rightfully felt she had a substantial background in the production end of radio.

Combining persistence, determination, topped with the

Kilgallen dimpled smile, she got the job of assistant to NBC's Casting Director, Winnie Law. "If radio ever had a course in basic training, this was it," Eleanor claims. "I ran errands, carried scripts, typed cards, filled water pitchers—oh, and once in a while arranged for singing and acting auditions, just so the word casting wasn't an 'in name only' affair."

There were a few directors who valued Eleanor's judgment in selecting actors. They knew she had a retentive radio program memory and ability to associate voices with names developed from an "eager beaver" approach to radio when she was very young. Even today Eleanor can give you the complete resume, cast names, character description and complete credit listing of some of the earliest soap operas.

When Winnie Law switched to CBS, Eleanor moved into her job at NBC, "with more authority, a title, and a few dollars more in the till." But when, a year later, Miss Law deserted CBS for marriage, Eleanor's first big opportunity arrived. After clearing through masses of red tape, she became part and parcel of CBS as Casting Director for their radio operations.

It was around this period that the power and the glory of television was first beginning to take hold. A few of the networks were experimenting with occasional shows, but in general the advertising agencies were doing more with the medium than anyone else. Therefore when Young and Rubicam, one of the largest agencies, offered the job of Casting Director, Eleanor was their eager catch. Agency life turned out to be a more than adequate finishing school. She learned the fine arts of how to develop ulcers, cure sponsor hysteria, and diplomatic handling of the sponsor's wife. After absorbing this information, Miss Kilgallen became associated with Mark Hanna Productions, where she had a chance to learn the polishing techniques of production. Last year when it became apparent that this thing called television might not blow over, the networks began introducing special television branches into their general set-up and operations. CBS, one of the first to realize the tremendous needs of the medium, founded a separate casting (Continued on page 50)



The all female casting department of CBS—Monique James (standing), Miss Kilgallen and Dorothy Gabriel (right)—continue their never-ending search for new talent

PRIMER

for television comedians



Metropolitan Opera star Mimi Benzell is the lovely foil for Jack Carter who played Sir Lancelot on his television show

How to be funny
though visible as told
by one of video's
newest funnymen who
once forgot he was in
front of a camera

By JACK CARTER

The best view anyone got of me, my first night in television, was a close-up of my belt buckle. I'm enough of a ham to want to be near my audience, so I waltzed downstage to get chummy, and walked right past the cameras.

That's how I learned my first lesson in this hectic but exciting new medium—and I'm still taking courses.

Early this spring I was lucky enough to be signed to m.c. the *Cavalcade of Stars*. (I'm permitted one unabashed, unblushing plug, so here it is. *Cavalcade* is telecast every Saturday night at nine o'clock over the DuMont Television Network, and I hope you tune in.)

Seriously, it is quite an honor. The show has one of the highest budgets on TV today; there's a \$10,000 weekly talent bill alone. That's a lot of talent, and the m.c. has to do a good job or see his guest stars' value diminished. So my two years of learning TV the hard way have helped out. At least, I know now some of the things not to do.

Here's a capsule version of Prof. Carter's textbook for TV comics:

First of all, thank your lucky stars that the TV lights aren't as hot as they used to be. In the early days, the gag was: "Please laugh fast; the lights are fading my suit."

They were really hot. You'd step in front of the cameras and before you could say "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen," perspiration was already rolling off your nose. After a few minutes it had cut channels through your make-up, leaving your face looking like a topography map.

The lights are a little easier now, but the TV comedian still has his studio and home audiences to worry about. And believe me, TV studio audiences are tougher to wring



Versatility is one of the requisites of an emcee. In addition to telling jokes, Carter can also do a song and dance routine. This is one of the tasks required of him on the hour long *Cavalcade of Stars* telecast Saturday evenings over the DuMont network

laughs from than those in radio. Yet you need those on-the-spot laughs to keep the home audience chuckling.

Recently I sat in on the radio show of a top-name comedian. In a dead-pan manner, he read jokes from his script and got howls. If we ever tried reading jokes from a piece of paper on television, it would be a toss-up as to who would shoot us first—the audience or the sponsors.

Radio-studio fans are used to scripts and they'll laugh from force of habit. But TV-studio audiences are as demanding as Broadway first nighters. They expect more from a scriptless comedian, and you'd better give it to them or you're dead.

The warm-up is important to get a studio audience into the right frame of mind to laugh. Then when you go on the air, they're with you. However, I've found one interesting thing about TV warm-ups. Don't use your strongest material.

When I first went on the *Cavalcade* show my writers and I would get together and turn out some good material just for the warm-up. They got terrific laughs, all right, but when the program went on the air and I used slower material to open the show, the studio audience went as cold as a Garbo stare.

I finally figured out the trouble, and the material was only half of it. Before the show, when I was delivering the warm-up, I'd be right down in front of the audience. Then when the program started I'd move back behind the cameras. Since I was farther away, the studio audience didn't think I was as funny.

So now I just horse around in my warm-ups. I make fun of the cameramen ("Look, ma, (Continued on page 51)



Carter enjoys working with his guests, especially fellow comics. When Zero Mostel appeared on the show they really cut capers

TELECAST *peeks at new shows*



Peter Lind Hayes, star of *Inside U.S.A. with Chevrolet* mimics the Director at rehearsal time. The show's theme is American



Sheila Bond makes the most of a country square dance. Like the CBS-TV audience, the singing chorus enjoys her dancing



Hayes plays a traveler who explores every nook and cranny of U.S.A. With Jim Kirkwood and chorus girl, he tries college



Jay Blackton, who leads the band, accompanies Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy at the piano in a singing duet



The ballerinas and a male dancer interpret American Life. The show was inspired by John Gunther's book *Inside U.S.A.*

Inside U.S.A. with Chevrolet

Inside U.S.A. with Chevrolet (CBS-TV, alternate Thursdays) is dedicated to a new video idea—a musical extravaganza with a story. Unlike the usual type of song and dance revues, *Inside U.S.A.* is a narrative of the different adventures befalling a traveler in America.

The title role of the series is played by comedian Peter Lind Hayes. As the rugged traveler, he interprets the "big" city, the fishing hamlet and prairie town in songs, sketches and dances. Hayes, a comedian of great note in movies and night clubs, is admirably equipped for this role. The intimate size of a television screen helps make his performance sparkle.

A large cast of singers and dancers assist in the production. Featured is Mary Healy, Peter's real-life wife. Mary is one of the program's most valuable assets. New to television she sings as beautifully as she looks. The dancing lead is Sheila Bond, who was a great hit in the Broadway productions, *Street Scene* and *Make Mine Manhattan*. An additional highlight is The Star of The Week which has included Margaret O'Brien, Celeste Holm, Beatrice Lillie and Veronica Lake and many other famous stars.

From Broadway to television characterizes the history of the show. Neither money nor effort was spared to garner a top-notch production. The show is the baby of Arthur Schwartz, the producer. Two summers ago, Schwartz was toying with the idea of producing a song and dance musical on Broadway with Americana as its theme. Inspired by John Gunther's book, "*Inside U.S.A.*" he converted it into a musical revue for the stage with Jack Haley and Beatrice Lillie as the stars. The program, however, does not contain any of the original numbers of the Broadway musical. All that remains is the theme. Samuel Taylor (who has to his credit the CBS-TV comedy, *Wesley* and the *Philco Television Playhouse*) writes the script.

Arthur Schwartz started in show business as a composer with Howard Dietz as his lyricist. They are again collaborating for the television show.

Other part-time lyricists are the famous Ira Gershwin, Oscar Hammerstein II and Albert Stillman. Sherman Marks was chosen to direct the show because of his fame for innovation. He combined film and live action for the first time on television in a program called *Lucky Night*.



Sheila Bond and Mary Healy (Peter's real-life wife) watch Hayes do the unpredictable—a mock dance with shoes



Margaret O'Brien, recent guest star on the program, joins Lee Goodman, Hayes and Jim Kirkwood in a barber-shop vocal

peeks at new shows

(continued)

Flight to Rhythm

Each week on the DuMont network, *Flight to Rhythm*, a variety show, honors a different Latin American country by bringing South of the Border music and culture into American living rooms. Set in the mythical Club Rio, this sparkling show stars Miguelito Valdez and pretty, dark-eyed Delora Bueno.



Under tropical skies, Delora, a singer on the show herself listens to the melodic serenade of Miguelito and his guitar

Voice of Firestone

NBC's *Voice of Firestone* brings to television's music lovers all the color and beauty achieved over many years before its vast radio audience. The permanent star of the half-hour weekly show is famous Metropolitan Opera star Eleanor Steber, who sings to the strains of Harold Barlow's concert orchestra.



Before hurrying off stage, Miss Steber graciously accepts her well-earned plaudits from the audience for a song well-done

Designed for Women

Lee Hogan's weekly show, *Designed for Women*, over KNBH, Hollywood, combines homemaking, glamour and guest participants. It's a wide-awake half-hour of top interest for the feminine audience whether the week's topic is a fashion presentation or what-to-cook-on-top-of-the-stove.



Lee Hogan plays a garbled version of Chopsticks with Minnie Pearl, when the star of Grand Ole Opry guested on Lec's show



Roberto and Alicia excitingly interpret a Latin American dance. Authentic research on native customs go into each dance



Miguelito Valdez expresses the beauty of South American culture in his love song to two beautiful guests at Club Rio



At rehearsal time conductor Harold Barlow and producer Don Gillis discuss the musical arrangements for the next program



Barlow and the *Voice of Firestone* orchestra give eloquent support to the lovely qualities of Eleanor Steber's voice



It may be a little early for swim suit previews, but who cares! The girls are beautiful and the suits are . . . ah . . . nice, too



Often movie stars drop in for a visit with Lee Hogan. Above Rudy Vallee, a recent guest, demonstrates how to keep healthy

the Eugenia

introducing the busy wife and careful mother who lurks beneath the glamorous falkenburg facade

BY MARGARET McCLANE

SHE'S Jinx. To millions. And to millions she's something of a jinx-killer.

For millions of married-and-mother-of-two's, reluctantly waxing their floors or dexterously spooning liver soup into Junior's unwilling mouth, she's lifted the jinx from "Age: thirty"—the gal who, approaching thirty-one, can spoon soup with dexterity and then fly off to interview Bernard Baruch. To their husbands she's the joyous Jinx of the magazine covers, who gives them an opportunity to protest, "Honest, Mary, you're just like her—typical windblown American girl."

To millions of ex-G I's she's the gal who did 42,000 miles of USO stints, not dancing wondrously, not singing

very nobly, but somehow lifting the jinx, for a brief moment, from combat-dulled days. To adolescent hopefuls she's a good Jinx to have when a word of advice is needed. To Manhattan cabbies who flit her from one appointment to another, to lounge lizards at "21," to bellhops, to diplomats the world over, she's Jinx. To her parents, her brothers, she's been Jinx. Only she—well, possibly Tex, too—knows that behind all this is Eugenia.

The thoughtful replies to the querulous adolescents, detailing the involvements of a modeling career, questioning their chances in television, how to improve their looks, are signed "Jinx" *but* it's Eugenia Falkenburg McCrary who insists, in the first place, on answering every one



Never too busy to take time out to feed son Kevin, aged 2½, Jinx arranges her schedule to permit time with the children



Jinx competently manages her complex affairs in close teamwork with the various members of her large office staff

Jinx' office is a reflection of her personality. Decorated with a far eastern motif, its warmth, charm and glamour created by exotic pottery, pictures and beautifully carved antique furniture

behind the Jinx

herself. When those ex-G I's set forth: "Dear Jinx, I am writing a book about the war. What was your most interesting experience in China? Do you have an anecdote about Italy?"—it's Eugenia who gnaws at the end of a pen until she has recalled an experience or an anecdote. When the spooners of the soup—and their husbands—want to know, "How do you keep so slim?"—Eugenia gives out with the secret.

It's Eugenia who knows that writing those friendly, personal replies is plain good business and good public relations. The recipients remember her, spread the word, and write back.

It's Jinx who clings to wearing red and yellow, who can don a carload of costume jewelry and get away with it. Eugenia is the small voice that insists there have to be a few times when a "simple black" is in order and the one ounce of bauble withheld that might tip the carload. Eugenia knows that the elated smile, the pulsating personality of Jinx is a sincere and natural trait—but Eugenia also keeps in mind that it's Jinx's trademark. Jinx is the gal who made the snap decision to marry John Reagan McCrary; Eugenia is the one who has made the snap decision to pay off, who has kept the marriage on a normal plane for four years, who has had two children and thinks about their going to college. While Jinx whirls through day after day of work, Eugenia keeps that work in a wage-earning category and views the future as more than a series of shows.

Long before *Hi, Jinx* hits the airwaves, Eugenia has been out of bed, had coffee with Tex, and completed the preparations—brief and spasmodic though they may be—which contribute to Jinx's being so natural on the program. After it's over, John Reagan McCrary III, aged three, Paddy to his friends, presides over the breakfast table. Tex is usually desperately deep in editorials, and Kevin, adventuring on his first wobbly steps, scoots around the table.

The morning two hours with the kids is a highlight in the life of Jinx; an established, unchangeable part of the life of Eugenia. She examines teeth, wipes noses, admin-

(Continued on page 59)





TELECAST NOMINATES FOR STARDOM

Discovered by Fred
Allen the man who hates
television these four
former Coast Guardsmen
are now going great
guns for Godfrey

WATCHING the Mariners do one of their relaxed numbers on *Arthur Godfrey and His Friends*, a viewer remarked that the boys must have been singing as a unit for a long time. Actually, the quartet has been knocking out tunes since 1942. But before that they were scattered from coast to coast, and it took a war, a Coast Guard officer's order and, of all things, Fred Allen, to bring them solidly together.

Allen, at least until now, hasn't been one of television's boosters. But he did television a resounding service on the night of December 22, 1945, when he had four lads, just out of the Coast Guard the day before, as guest singers on his radio show. That night marked the quartet's first try at the big time, and they've been going like Citation ever since. It also was the first time they were tagged "The Mariners," something they whipped up in tune with their salty background. Before this, in the service, they were known by the official-sounding name of the U. S. Coast Guard Quartet.

After that Fred Allen stint, the boys were on their way and now, of course, it just wouldn't be the Arthur Godfrey show without them. But ten years ago they had as much chance of getting together as Leo Durocher had of managing the New York Giants. And that happened, too, come to think of it.

If you take the boys as they line up to deliver, say, *Never Turn Your Back on a Woman*, you'll see (left to right on the screen) James Lewis, Thomas Lockard, Nathaniel Dickerson, and Martin Karl. You'll also see, in the same order, a fellow who planned to be a lawyer, another who wanted to play the piano, a third who, strangely enough, was a singer all the way, and a fourth who figured on playing the fiddle.

Jim, 31, hails from Birmingham, Ala., and first cut loose with what was one day to be a fine baritone when he was three. However, though he's always done plenty of singing, Lewis majored in sociology at Talledega College and intended to go on and study law. At college, being 6'2" and 195 pounds, he also played football and basketball, as well as the sax and clarinet. Plus some activity in debating and dramatics.

After college he came to New York to continue his studies and, to pick up some money, turned to singing. That did it, of course. He got some occasional assignments, then a job in burlesque, more and better spots, finally a chance to appear with Bill Robinson in *Hot Mikado*. Then he was summoned to sing in such clubs as Ruban Bleu and Cafe Society. After which he got a summons to a different kind of club, the Coast Guard.

Tom Lockart, who turns loose a neat tenor on Lewis' left, is a Pasadena, Calif., boy. He went to Pasadena Junior College, where he studied music and dramatics and was on the wrestling team for a change of pace. For a time he quit school to have a try at concert singing and, while he made a living, it wasn't long before he returned to study music, this time at the University of California, Los Angeles. Here he paid his way by working for KPPC, a tiny radio station which could be heard about a mile. Since Tom's home was about three miles away, as Arthur Godfrey flies, from the station, it took mighty good conditions for the folks to hear him sing over the air.

Tom, now 31, joined the Coast Guard in 1941 and had a year's active duty before he hit Manhattan Beach, N. Y., where he met the other three Mariners. He's 5'9" and weighs about 180, which seems to be a good singing weight for him and he does plenty of work in the garden to keep it there. His other hobby, though he says he can't play it like Godfrey, is the ukelele.

Nat Dickerson, the jaunty-looking third man, is another tenor and has been singing most of his 29 years. Born in Waycross, Ga., he came to Philadelphia as a kid and became well-known as a classical soloist when still in high school. Now weighing 163, and a wiry 5'10" in height, he was a good 440-yard runner in high school but most of his time was spent studying voice. Later he was a featured soloist with the Jubilee Singers at Fisk University, went on to the Juilliard School of Music in New York, and made Broadway in "Porgy and Bess" and "Finian's Rainbow." All this, naturally, wasn't as easy as it sounds; and Nat had some tough going on the way. But, as he says, "it seems as though I always got a scholarship when I needed it." He got six in all, including one of the (*Continued on page 64*)

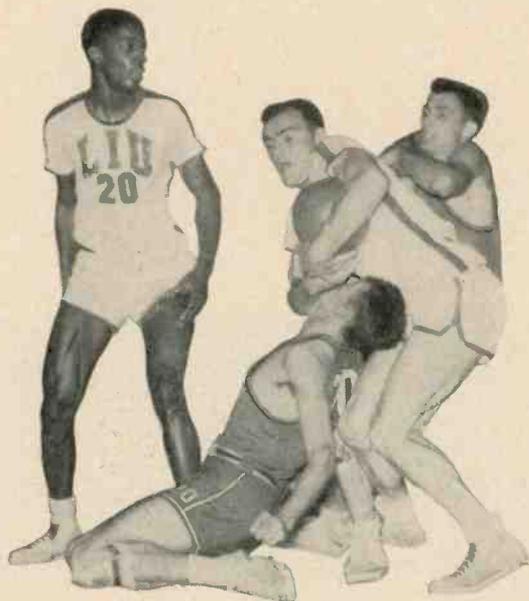
The Mariners

Former coast guardsmen and today one of the leading male quartets in the country, the Mariners sing out in order (l to r) James Lewis, Tom Lockard, Nathaniel Dickerson and Martin Karl.

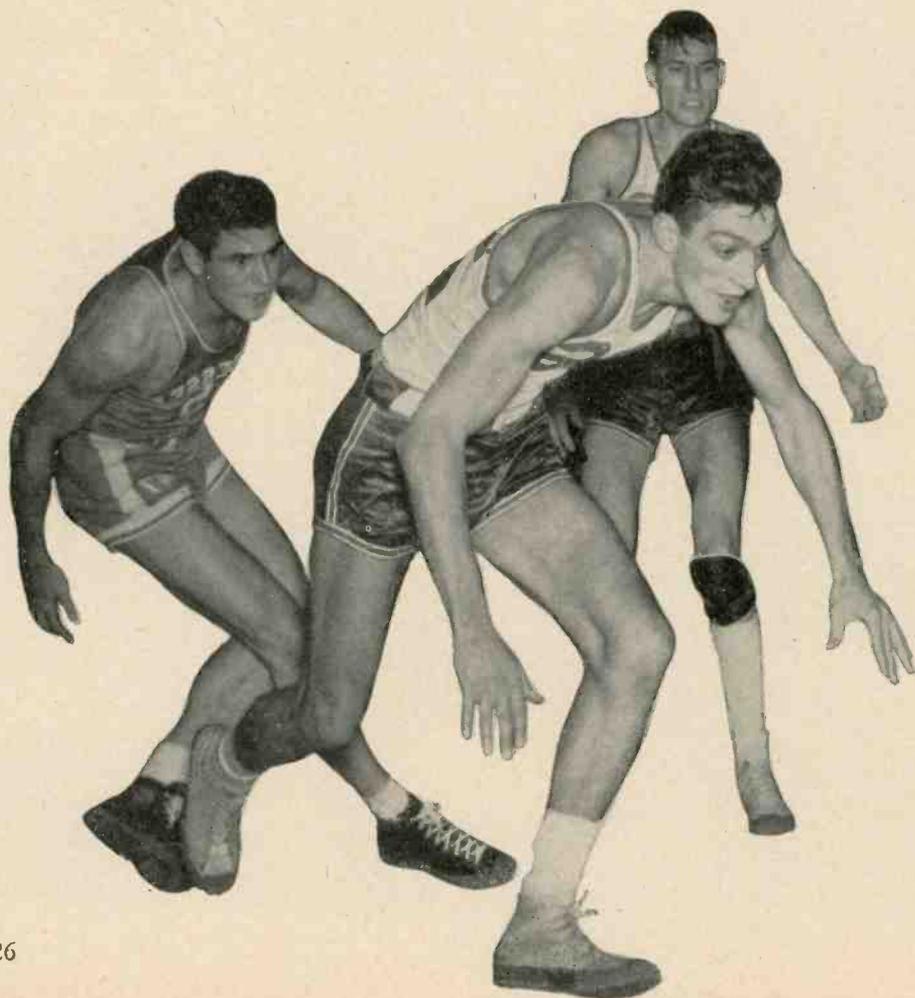




Clair Bee
the Blackbird's coach
has sometimes held
as many as six
jobs at once—but none
has tested his
mettle as much as TV



Clair Bee, television sportscaster, describes the thousand and one intricacies of action-packed college basketball games at Madison Square Garden, that only an expert can recognize.



Bee as in Basketball

BY BOB COOKE

If you ask Clair Bee which of his twenty-five seasons around a basketball court has left the deepest mark, he might tell you 1935-36, when his Long Island University Blackbirds were national champions. He might, but chances are he'd say 1948-49, because that winter the genial Bee had his patience tried in a dozen new ways. He took to television.

Working hand-in-hand with Mel Allen, CBS, and a cigarette company, Bee served as an analyst in the telecasts of the Madison Square Garden double-headers. "My job," he recalled, "was educational; turning the fans into students and the students into experts I'd explain the styles of play, defensive maneuvers, patterns of offense, and the thousand and one other things that are there to see if you know how to look. Often a coach would drop up and we'd talk and, for a wind-up, I'd set up a blackboard and chalk in plays, like in skull sessions with my team."

The response was terrific. The blackboard televised beautifully, and it soon became one of the most popular features of the telecasts. To hear Bee tell it, it was a lot of fun for everyone, but there were some rough moments.

Like the evening when Allen casually asked Clair during a time-out, "How about a cigarette?" Just as casual was Bee's reply. "No thanks, Mel. You know I never touch the things." There was an anguished pause—time enough for Bee to remember that he was on the air and who was sponsoring him. "But," he gulped, "my wife smokes, if that'll help and she likes the brand you're offering." Apparently it did help, because the show remained sponsored.

The blackboard had its drawbacks, too. Wedged into a two-by-four cubicle, Bee had to handle a microphone and the blackboard and the chalk. Because he only has two hands, Clair devised a technique of propping the board up against a support. This worked fine for most of the season, but one night in February the board started to slip. Only a sensational grab by Bee prevented the slate falling twenty feet on the heads of a row of spectators.

Horrified at what had almost transpired, Bee burst out, "Is CBS too cheap to hire someone to hold this thing?" Broadminded CBS didn't take it personally, but the televiewers all got a little something extra that night.

Actually Bee brought a lot extra to all who saw his televised lectures, for he is among the top basketball technicians in the world. His L.I.U. coaching record—88% victories in 19 years—proves this. Slim, wiry, and quick on the trigger, Bee has tremendous energy, which is probably why he's come so far from humble boyhood.

Clair Francis Bee was born in Grafton, W. Va., in 1900

and spent most of his boyhood on a farm in Kansas. Educated at Ohio State, Waynesburg College in Pennsylvania, and Rutgers, Bee acquired knowledge by degrees: specifically the degrees of B.A., B.S., M.C.S., M.A., and M.S. As an undergraduate Bee captained teams in football, tennis, and, of course, basketball, and in his spare moments he played baseball and did some wrestling.

After graduation from Waynesburg, Clair was successively an accountant, a teacher of accounting, and, for the five years preceding his coming to L.I.U., director of the Department of Accounting and Business Administration at Rider College.

In 1930 Clair came to L.I.U. as basketball coach and chairman of the Department of Accounting, Economics, and Business Administration. He acquired an imposing list of positions in the ensuing years, and after taking time during the war to serve as a Lt. Commander in the Navy was made assistant to the President. He now holds that job, coaches basketball, and directs physical education. This is something of a vacation for him, as he has held as many as six jobs at one time in other years.

An able writer, Bee has written eight sports novelettes, sixteen technical books on basketball, and the introduction to the history of basketball written by the late Dr. James Naismith, inventor of the game.

Clair is high on televised basketball. "There are many times during a game when I'm scouting another club when I prefer to watch the action in the monitor rather than the game itself. You can grasp the team's pattern of play more easily. Then there's the angle. On the bench you see most of the game. Up where the cameras are you see all of it. For timing and the spacing of the men I'll take TV."

Yet Bee thinks that television won't affect basketball attendance. "Basketball is a very intimate game," he explained. "In most arenas the fans are close to the players, know their faces and can see their expressions. This closeness to the boys and the action is one of the big reasons basketball draws more fans than any other sport. Of course, you don't get that on television and so most people would rather go. Garden attendance figures bear me out on this, but I can't speak for other sports."

Last year's televising was a wonderful beginning, and where basketball video will go from here is a bit confusing, for commercial programs prevent any of the networks from undertaking a full-time contract to handle the cage game. But, however it is worked out, last year will have laid a sturdy groundwork. For that, Mr. Clair F. Bee, basketball wizard, can take a long and deep bow.

WHEN BOY MEETS GIRL

and it happens

in front of the

video camera

telev viewers get

a first-hand

glimpse of love

in bloom



Separated by a partition, a typical gal contestant on *Blind Date* (ABC Television) chats with a possible escort. She has a choice of two. Three couples are selected in all for a gay whirl of free entertainment at some glamorous New York nite spot

A wartime radio show planted with the idea of handing a good time to a serviceman has blossomed into one of the biggest comers in television. The name of the show is *Blind Date*, with winsome Arlene Francis as mistress of ceremonies.

If all the world, as Shakespeare says, loves a lover—all the universe and its brother love to eavesdrop on budding romance. That's the human element that spurs the show, and the formula is loaded with fun, laughs and right-at-home human interest as gossipy as your next door neighbor.

The basic principle of *Blind Date* is as elemental as they come. It's the age-old theme of boy-meets-girl—with variations. The variations emerge in Miss Francis' high-spirited fem-seeing, Producer Richard Lewis' penchant for thinking up angles, the surprises that crop up whenever a group of amateur extroverts get on stage, the ancient appeal of romance, and the biggest razz-matazz in show business today—free gifts for everyone.

To get back to where this show came in: it is a brain-child out of the New York offices of Bernard L. Schubert, with Lewis as the man in charge of production, and Miss Francis introducing the sexes. It came into the public eye in July, 1943, when the world was at war and sponsors, entertainers and John Q. Public were trying to make the circumstances as happy as possible by extending a hospitable hand to the lads in uniform wherever occasion permitted.

Searching for a summer show, a national coffee company took one look at the prospectus for *Blind Date* and signed it up. When their regular show came back on the air in the Fall, they turned the tab over to a well-known hand lotion company, who sent dreamy-eyed couples along to the Stork Club without a break until 1946 when the war was over. During this period the show also went on theatre tour around the country and stirred up as much enthusiasm in the provinces as Mr. Billingsley's Balloon Nights do among debutantes Sunday night in merry old Gotham.

One thing had been overlooked. No provision had been made for the transition to civilians. And when the war



Mistress of ceremonies Arlene Francis, half-matchmaker, half-chaperone, continues her job after the telecast. (L. to r.) Elsie Robinson, Marilyn Lottman, Miss Francis and Drusilla Berger



At the Latin Quarter the happy guests, now well acquainted, relax. Front, George Munroe, Drusilla Berger. Rear (l. to r.) Miss Lottman, David Keller, Elsie Robinson, Michael Gold

slipped off the front pages in 1946 and the boys were coming home, *Blind Date* hit the casualty lists. But only as far as the public at large was concerned. Since the show's inception, one expert after another had told Producer Lewis—"This show is going to be a natural for television when you get set for it."

This year Lewis decided the time was now—and began developing the program for a viewing audience. In May he was ready and *Blind Date* went on the ABC-TV channels on a top-rated sustaining level. By late September it had achieved a Telepulse rating of 16.3, which virtually assured its place among the top 15 programs in television.

What keeps drawing TV-viewers back again and again to one of the 33 ABC live stations or kinescope relay points on which *Blind Date* is screened is the spontaneity, human appeal, and challenge of 30 minutes of fun between male and female.

The format for this unrehearsed show is simple. Six competitors of one sex vie for the evening's approval of three of the opposite gender. Then the three thrown-together couples haul off to the Stork Club for some pleasantly exciting hours of carefree fun—and *Blind Date* picks up the check.

Generally the ratio is six males competing for selection by three lasses. On occasional switches, the girls are out in strength and the men have the exacting chore of making choices.

All of it is guided by Arlene Francis' cheerful, showman-wise banter as she introduces each of the three "hosts" for the evening, and unseen to them, each of the six contestants who vie for their favor. The deals are sewn up when she leads the contestants to a telephone to exchange views on mutual entertainment through a stage partition—and then introduces them to each other.

By the time Miss Francis has finished with them, the audience has a pretty well-rounded thumbnail of how to get a romance going if it's given a half a push.

Everybody, even the losers, gets gifts, and at the conclusion of the show the mistress of ceremonies calls on the applause meter to determine which of the three couples have been "most perfectly" (Continued on page 63)



Marilyn Lottman forgets school-teaching, and Elsie Robinson her secretarial work as they fox trot with Mr. Keller and Mr. Gold. The three men are employees of the post-office



The evening ends pleasantly for Dave on Marilyn's doorstep. Many of the couples, introduced on *Blind Date*, which had a war time beginning, date on their own and eventually marry



Buddy and Mary in a tender love scene from the first and only motion picture they ever made together, when Mary Pickford was known throughout the world as America's Favorite Sweetheart



Rapidly becoming a television favorite, Buddy is besieged by women, upon leaving the theater after one of his TV shows



Buddy Rogers greets Mary Pickford on her arrival in New York to celebrate his birthday, an occasion they always share

buddy rogers' 4th career

BY FLORENCE PREVER

When the pattern of present-day television programming began to take shape a couple of years ago, it was hailed by everyone in show business as a marvelous, nationwide showcase for young, undiscovered talent. And, of course, they were right. Names and personalities that were all but unknown only two short years ago have, in that short span of time, become household favorites.

But what was not foreseen then was that many established stars in the entertainment field, known only in limited circles, or favorites of years gone by but completely unknown to the younger generation, would, through television, reach new and greater heights of popularity.

Buddy Rogers, who achieved fame and fortune as a movie star, band leader and motion picture producer, has done just this. He has brought to television his talent, charm and versatility and, as a result, is now enjoying still another meteoric rise to success.

The story of Buddy Rogers and television is a thrilling



Buddy in an off guard serious moment as he studies the script for his new weekly video program over the ABC-TV network

after a successful career as band leader, movie star, and producer, he has found new fame and a new audience on television

one. Last winter, Rogers, a highly successful movie producer with seven hits under his belt since the end of the war, presided over a local show in Los Angeles called *Punch with Buddy*. He did it mainly to find out first hand what this new medium was all about. Early last summer, when Buddy was in New York to raise funds for the City of Hope Hospital, one of his many charities, Ed Sullivan—about to depart on vacation—asked him to take over on *Toast of the Town* for one week.

What happened next made television history. Buddy was so well received by the public and critics alike that he was literally swamped with offers for guest appearances. During the two weeks that he was in New York he appeared on no less than 14 radio and television programs, and before he returned home to Hollywood had received several offers for his own program series.

Although these offers were extremely attractive, Buddy was hesitant about accepting any of them. After all, his home and family were in Hollywood, and his wife, Mary Pickford, America's sweetheart of silent films, had her own business interests there. One night, when Buddy returned to his hotel suite after another triumphal guest appearance, he followed his daily habit of calling Mary in Hollywood. As they talked, he told her of all the offers he had received and said that accepting any of them would mean moving the family to New York.

"Sit tight, darling," she said, "I'm taking the first plane East."

Two days later, Mary was in New York.

This glamorous couple, one of the most famous "Mr. and Mrs." teams in show business, was faced with a problem that has at times probably confronted most of us. The husband had a great opportunity to further his career, but to take advantage of it would mean uprooting their family and moving to another city.

Their decision is perhaps the best example of why this marriage has been so successful while so many other Hollywood matings have gone on the rocks. It is Mary's belief that a wife belongs with her husband and so a week later they returned to the Coast to close their lavish home in Beverly Hills and to prepare to move to New York.

Now, with their two adopted children, Ronnie, 13, and Roxanne, 8, they live in a richly furnished house in Manhattan's swank Beekman Hill (Continued on page 60)

Talent Parade



Arthur Godfrey does double duty as a gem-cutter among the hopeful youngsters who each week bring him talent-in-the-rough. Only those who have reached professional status are considered for this glittering showcase, but a single appearance on the CBS-TV "Talent Scout" show means sloughing off years from the tedious climb toward recognition and usually a fat contract.



Zany comic Leo De Lyon was graduated from the *Talent Scouts* to nationwide popularity. Personal bookings in nightclubs and theatres followed rapidly. De Lyon is an outstanding example of the star-making magic of Godfrey's TV program



Mary McCarty received rave notices for her performance in the Broadway musical *Small Wonder*. Soon she was raised from featured to star billing. A past winner of *Talent Scouts*, she is currently being hailed for her work in *Miss Liberty*



Bill Dillard also rose to fame via the *Godfrey Talent Scouts*. As a featured performer, he added hot licks to the musical drama *Carmen Jones*. Now in *Regina*, he blows his trumpet for the enjoyment of that new musical's attentive audiences

Arthur Godfrey and Paul Whiteman are pioneering the search for fresh, young talent as television emerges a brilliant new star-maker



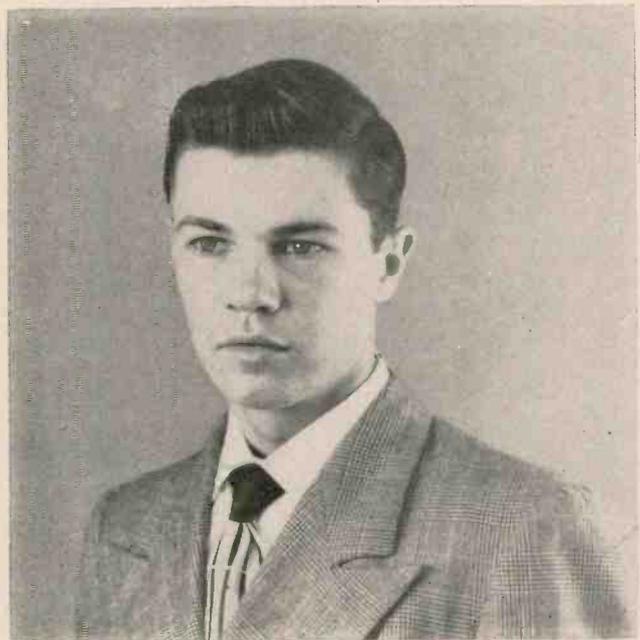
Paul Whiteman is "Pops" to every musician who played with his world-famous dance band. He is also "Pops" to the aspiring teen-agers who compete as entertainers on the weekly "TV Teen Club" which he emcees with his daughter, Margo, on WFIL-TV, Philadelphia, and the ABC Network. His nod assures winning performers many a tempting offer from talent seekers



Trenton, New Jersey's Melody Makers, (l. to r.) Bill Baggott, Jack Pyrah, Bill Mathay, and Pat Bellis are veteran troupers. Besides winning on the Whiteman show, they have appeared in many home-town minstrel and variety entertainments



One win on the TV Teen-Age Club was not enough for dancers Tommy and Rosemary Barth. Aged 14 and 12 respectively, their second visit found them winners again. They plan to make a permanent career of their brother and sister act



Drum major Bill Quilty has been twirling a baton since he was a Junior in High School. Now nineteen years old, Bill has many amateur contests to his credit. On Paul Whiteman's TV Teen-Age Club, he ran true to form and won again



In keeping with *Studio One's* policy of adapting top novels, plays and short stories for television, Margaret Sullivan and Dean Jagger play the leading roles in *The Storm*



video's

MASTER

Tony Miner deserted

Broadway to

become one of TV's

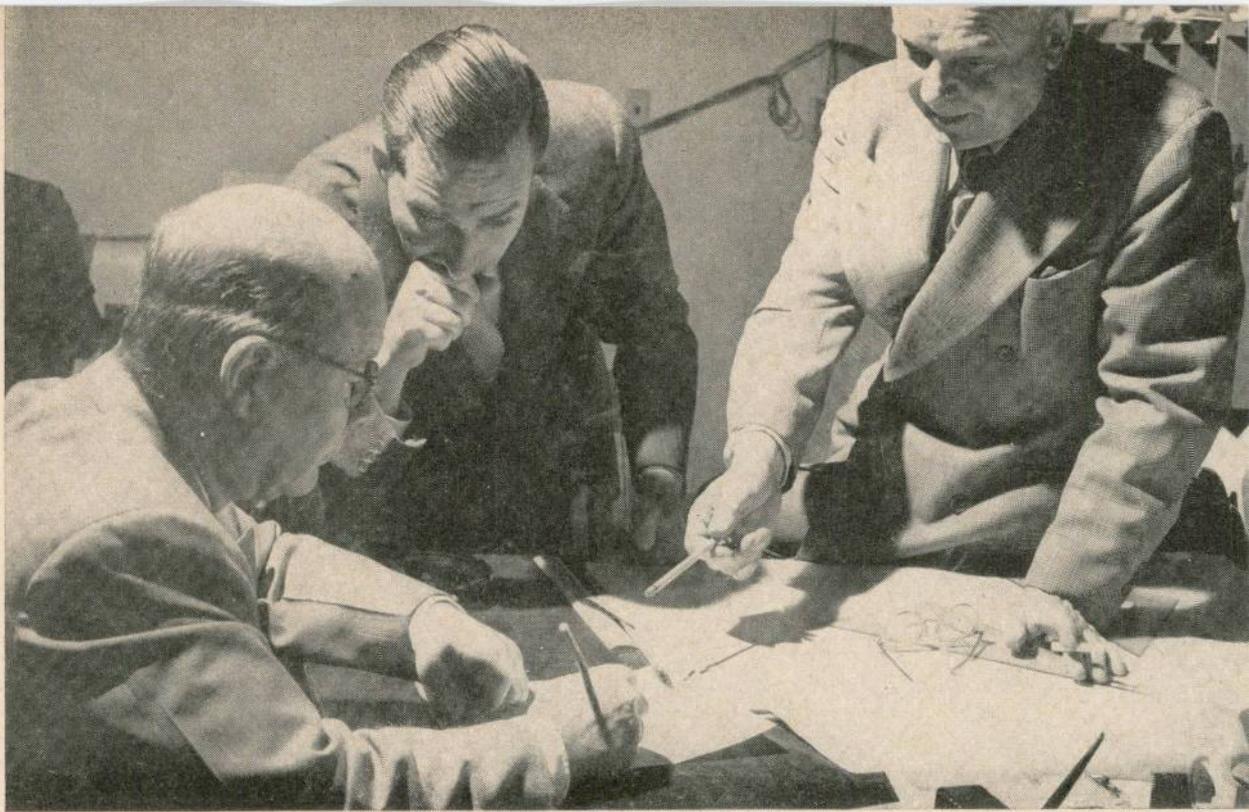
top producers

Here's a

behind-the-scenes

view of a

master mind at work



Worthington Miner (seated) checks sketches for the sets of *Studio One's* interpretation of *The Glass Key*. (l to r) Director George Zachary, and designer Richard Rychtarik

IN August, 1939, Worthington C. Miner, director of 27 Broadway plays including the Pulitzer Prize-winner *Both Your Houses*, turned his back on a highly successful career in the legitimate theater to join the Columbia Broadcasting System as general program director of its then virtually unknown television service. He did so—over the objections of many of his friends and business associates—because he saw in television a new exciting extension of the theater with a tremendous future as a social force.

Tony Miner's faith in television has paid off, and today he is generally regarded in the industry as its top creative producer. His credit line is seen three times a week, on *Studio One*, week in and week out the best dramatic series on the air; *The Goldbergs*, and *Mr. I. Magination*.

Although supervising any one of these three shows is in itself a full time job, Miner is presently working on plans for two new programs, details of which cannot be divulged as yet. In addition, he personally adapts for TV about 80 percent of the stories dramatized on *Studio One*.

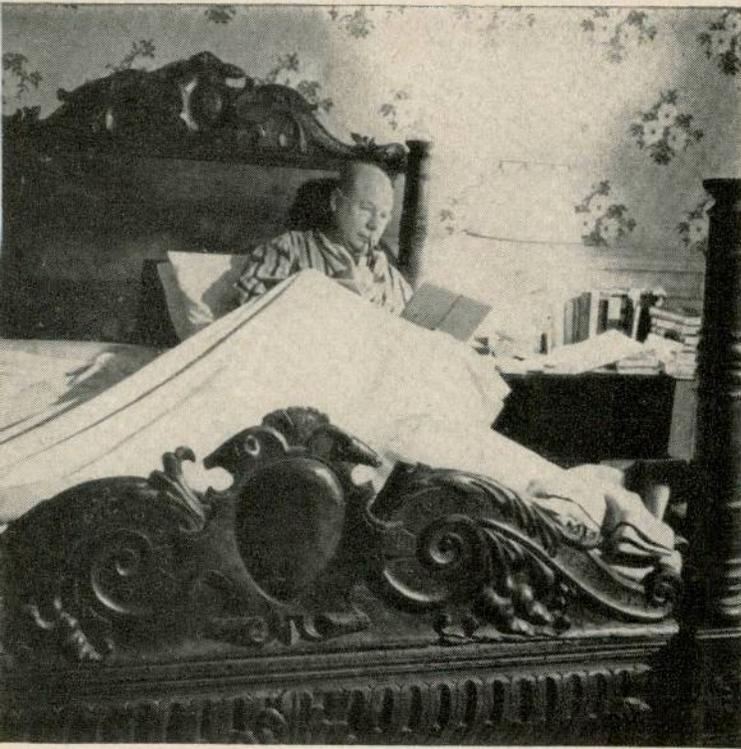
A balding, stocky man of medium height, Miner was 49 years old on November 13. Born in Buffalo, N. Y., he attended Kent School in Connecticut, where the headmaster shortened his given name to "Worthy" and still addresses him that way, although everyone else calls him Tony. During the first World War he served 19 months in the 16th Field Artillery, Fourth division. He graduated from Yale in 1922 and then studied at Cambridge University in England until 1924.

The following year he entered the theatrical field as assistant to Broadway producer Guthrie McClintic, and after four years of "apprenticeship" he became a director. Some of the better known plays he directed are *Jealousy*, 1929; *Five Star Final*, 1930; *Reunion in Vienna*, 1932; *Her Master's Voice*, 1934; *Bury the Dead*, 1936; *On Your Toes*, 1936; *Excursion*, 1937, and *Father Malachy's Miracle*, 1938.

During the summers of 1933 and 1934, Miner served as author and director at RKO Pictures. He also collaborated at intervals with the late Robert Benchley on dialogue for some Broadway plays which he later directed. (please turn)

SHOW MAN

by Irwin Rosten



Miner literally works around the clock. After a long day at rehearsal, he reads in bed in search of material for *Studio One*. He selects all stories and writes adaptations for 80% of them.

Why then did he give up all this for television ten years ago, when TV was little more than a scientific toy in the eyes of most people?

Miner's answer to this question is characteristic of his entire personality. "I thought it would be more exciting," he said.

"Actually," he continued, "I began to become intrigued by television in 1938 and asked a few people I knew in the field to let me know when they thought I should get in. Then, in 1939, two very close friends of mine—each acting independently of the other—said they thought I could do some good in television. That made up my mind. I made the move and never looked back; I've never regretted it."

Miner's schedule is indeed a grueling one. He usually arrives at his office in the CBS building at 9:30 every morning. After attending to his correspondence and other matters, usually for about an hour, he begins work on the four shows he has in rehearsal each week. (Two *Studio One* programs are in production all the time.) After lunch, almost invariably spent with writers, directors, designers, etc., discussing program plans, he returns to the studios and spends most of the afternoon there. His dinners, more often than not, are additional production meetings, and evenings, when he's not at a broadcast, usually find him working on a script for *Studio One*.

To Miner, the most important part of any production—in any entertainment medium—is the story. "In every case," he says, "the selection of the story is the major challenge." And once the story has been chosen, the adaptation becomes paramount in importance. "The largest share of creative effort, on which the success or failure of a production depends, is focussed on the adaptation."

With the story and adaptation as the foundation of a dramatic program, what about production techniques?

"The only technique I know anything about is how to tell a story effectively in terms of the medium in which you are working . . . at a specified period of time," Miner says. "A sound technique of story-telling is the first, and most essential tool of the television producer. Without it, every other effort is meaningless."

Before beginning to write in making an adaptation, Miner, whose hobbies are oil painting and architecture, draws a ground plan of the sets in which the scenes are to be played. These designs are often changed, he says, "but a very important aspect of good writing for television is an awareness at the moment of writing that characters will be able to move in certain visually effective patterns within a definite scenic enclosure . . ."

Selecting the cast for a show, he says, is "one of the most exacting techniques for a producer or director to acquire." Actors must be chosen not only for their talent and appearance, but for their suitability for the medium.

An actor must know how to move, and it is Miner's belief "that a knowledge of dancing is as important and obligatory a tool to a television performer as a capacity to pronounce the King's English."

Miner regards the television camera as an optical pen. "Never use two cameras if one is sufficient. The effort should always be so imaginative to arrange a given shot that the whole story would pass in proper perspective within that one field of vision."

This then, is Miner's approach to television production. Now let's look at the results. Of all the *Studio One* shows, none, perhaps, has received greater acclaim than "Julius Caesar." Miner himself adapted Shakespeare's tragedy for television, and personally supervised every detail of the production.

In reviewing the show, Jack Gould, astute radio editor of the *New York Times*, wrote: "Let there be no quibbling this morning. Worthington Miner's production of 'Julius Caesar' in modern dress . . . was the most exciting television yet seen on the home screen—a magnificently bold, imaginative and independent achievement that stands as an event of the season."

All television dramatic programs require arduous rehearsal, but *Studio One* probably rehearses longer than any other show on the air. An average of 40 hours "dry" rehearsal (without cameras), and 15 hours on camera are required to perfect the weekly one-hour program. *The Goldbergs*, which uses virtually the same cast week after week, and runs but a half-hour on the air, is rehearsed for a total of 25¾ hours a week, compared with the seven hours rehearsal needed for the radio version of the series.

Although almost all *Studio One* productions to date have been adaptations, Miner is constantly looking for good original plays to use. He thinks it's only a matter of time before television develops its own school of writers in much the same manner as radio and the movies.

For young actors, he offers this advice: "Do all the acting you can, wherever you can, and be ready for your opportunity when it arises. The tragic cases," he says, "are those actors whose opportunity comes along when they are not yet ready to take advantage of it."

About television he says, "We have only begun to scratch the surface of its potential impact. Things have changed very rapidly in the last year. But as I look at what lies ahead, I am far more impressed with how far we have to go than with how far we have come."



YOUR RECEIVER

what about eye strain?

The one question that is uppermost in the minds of the hundreds of readers who wrote us about "Your Receiver" in last month's issue of TELECAST is the problem of eye-strain. "Is television harmful to the eyes . . . Does it cause headaches . . . Should the viewing room be light or dark?"

These are some of the questions that were sent in to us. Those with the greatest concern were, of course, parents of young children who are arduous fans of many kiddie shows on the air.

To get the answers to these questions and to present the facts about television and eye-strain, TELECAST rounded up the opinions of outstanding ophthalmologists and members of the nation's leading optometric and medical associations—men whose job it is to protect the public eyesight.

The consensus of their opinion is—*television does not harm the eyes!*

Then what about persons who show symptoms of eye fatigue after sustained viewing? Dr. Franklin M. Foote, executive director of the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness, answers:

"Television cannot cause eye injury. In some cases a person with minor visual defects may complain of eye fatigue after spending hours focusing on a small screen. He may discover he needs glasses. But he would have needed them if he started to read books or went to the movies every night. *Television didn't cause the trouble. The trouble already existed.*"

Dr. Elmer M. Soles, of the American Optometric Association, said: "Great technical improvement has been made in television equipment, and vision specialists are in agreement that viewing television is not likely to create visual problems. Discomfort in television viewing, however, may call attention to the uncorrected visual problems of long standing."

The American Optometric Association lists the following rules for ideal viewing:

- 1 Make sure that your set is properly installed, with particular attention to the antenna, for clearest possible reception.
- 2 In tuning, adjust tone setting before turning the picture up to desired brilliance. Strike a comfortable balance between steadiness of image and brilliance. Either an unsteady image or too much light will result in visual discomfort.
- 3 Avoid both intense darkness and bright light in the room in which television is viewed. If the room is totally

dark there will be too much contrast between the bright screen and its surroundings. If there are bright lights they will distract you from the screen. Mild, indirect light is preferable.

4 Sun glasses should not be worn for televiewing because they adapt vision to unnatural conditions.

5 Avoid excessively long periods of close concentration on the television screen.

6 In case of discomfort, have your vision examined by a competent vision specialist and follow his advice. Many older persons who wear bifocal glasses may find neither segment suited to television viewing. They may be helped by special lenses prescribed for the proper distance.

The experts agree that in viewing you should sit at eye-level with the screen and as close to perpendicular as possible. The widest divergence from perpendicular should be 30 degrees because too much of an angle produces distortion and makes fusion difficult.

Room size, placement of furniture and, above all, individual preferences are factors in determining how far away from the screen you should sit. The following table, drawn up by the Television Broadcasters Association, is a suitable guide, although their distances seem to be the maximum.

tube size in inches	20	16	15	12	10	7
viewing distance in feet	16	13	12	10	8	5

Remember, these figures are to be used only as a guide. Your own experience will best determine the distance for you.

You should be careful, however, about your children. Many youngsters like to sit too close to the screen in the mistaken belief they will be able to see more. Children should sit at approximately those distances listed above.

Another thing, be sure your children sit at *eye-level with the screen*. Some youngsters may sit on the floor and look up at the screen. Looking up is very tiring, so be sure your child has a chair that will place his eyes on a direct line with the screen.

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.



his naturalness and
charm first on radio
and now on television
have made him the
song idol of millions

meet perry como



Perry Como's friends claim "he would rather golf than sing." Above he teaches his son Ronnie the fine points of the game.

BY GERSON MILLER

WHEN Perry Como's NBC televised Chesterfield Supper Club expanded this fall to half an hour, another chapter was written in an already legendary career.

Since Perry's popularity is based partially on his being a "family" man, his teen-age admirers treat him with special respect. Once Como was called in on short notice as a replacement for Sinatra at New York's Paramount Theatre. As a result, the Sinatra fans who hadn't heard of the change and the Como fans who had, appeared in equal numbers. The Sinatra adherents, to keep in practice, let loose with mighty squeals as Como stepped out on the stage. Only the early Christian martyrs, being thrown to the lions, would have understood his feelings. He "broke down" after a few notes. His supporters protested so forcefully the theatre had to put in a riot call. When peace was finally restored the Comoites explained to anyone who would listen: "You aren't allowed to scream. Perry doesn't like it and it's against our rules."

Perry's fame as a singer is not due to any "special" technique. Rather his sincerity as he ad libs or reads a script is his chief characteristic. He is relaxed and natural on the air. When he explains the difference in style between Crosby, Sinatra and himself, he remarks: "There's no difference unless it's that one's bald, one has curly hair and I wear my hair short."

Perry has chosen to publicize the ingredients least cal-

Perry Como and his wife Roselle spend a quiet evening at home when Perry's busy schedule permits. Perry, a devoted father, reads his two children to sleep many nights with a fairy tale.

culated to make him seem glamorous to the fans. (1) His love for his wife, the former Roselle Beline, after 17 years of marriage, and for their two lovely but mischievous youngsters Ronnie 10, and Terry, 2½. (2) His money-making activities at the age of 11 as an apprentice barber. (3) His aversion to dinner jackets and tuxedos. (4) His informal speech and dress.

Perry Como has always put his family and children before his career. It was his decision to create a home and security for his children that led to his availability for an NBC sustaining program in 1943. That program skyrocketed him to fame. The Chesterfield Supper Club show, movies, records, and personal appearances followed rapidly.

Como and family live at Flower Hill, L. I., with their two pets: a prized Kerry Blue (a breed of terrier) and a good-sized Boxer. The Boxer was come by unexpectedly. Perry was in a barbershop and a man walked in offering to give away the dog. Perry liked it immediately and accepted the offer. On the way home he began to worry about the possible havoc caused with two dogs in one house. But they warmed up to each other at first sight and are hard at work becoming steadfast companions.

The Flower Hill home is a comfortable house but a man who began work at the age of 11 isn't satisfied with only one acre of land. He wants a ranch in New Jersey or Connecticut where he can raise dairy cattle and give the kids enough space to run themselves ragged.

A year ago he had the idea that his son Ronnie, and the Port Washington, L. I., boys' choir Ronnie sang with, would make his Christmas Eve telecast a festive occasion. "You haven't lived," he says (Continued on page 49)



An old-fashioned family portrait of CBS's "Mama" and the whole Hansen crew. (Standing l. to r.) Ruth Gates, (Aunt Jenny), Judson Laire, (Papa), Peggy Wood, (Mama), Malcolm Keen, (Uncle Chris). (Seated l to r) Dick Van Patten, (Nils), Rosemary Rice (Katrin), and Iris Mann, (Dagmar)



A quiet evening at home with the O'Neils is an event they look forward to with great expectations, what with the many escapades that involve the famous family. A former highly successful radio show for many years, Ma O'Neil now lights Uncle Bill's pipe for viewers over DuMont network

Breakfast with the Goldbergs is an informal affair. (l to r) Molly, (Gertrude Berg), Jake, (Philip Loeb), Rosalie, (Arlene "Fuzzy" McQuade), and Sammy, (Larry Robinson) talk it over



Good-will Families

TV's Goldbergs, Mama, Truex

and O'Neils are building

better understanding as well

as being top entertainers

ALTHOUGH barely out of its own infancy, television has been quick to recognize the entertainment value and human interest inherent in society's best established institution—The Family.

Almost any night in the week your television screen invites you into the home of a family group to share their troubles and enjoy their pleasures during a warm half hour visit. Moreover, these friends have an international flavor. Television viewers have the opportunity to look in on home circles differing in customs and modes of living from their own and find greater understanding with them. TV has a UN all its own.

On Mondays you may visit with the Goldbergs, Tuesdays take you to the O'Neils, on Thursdays a TV visit can be made with the popular Truex theatrical family, and on Fridays you may spend an evening in the Norwegian home of "Mama" and her family.

Through weekly situations, often comedy, sometimes drama, the television watcher gleans a better understanding of the other national and religious groups who may be next-door neighbors or the family across the street. Many times the problems of such a group and the realistic way they were solved have served as a working example for those in the audience confronted with similar difficulties.

Virtually without exception, these programs are based on incidents and characters from real life. Characters for the Goldbergs were created by Gertrude Berg, who plays the role of Molly. She has drawn this kindly, understanding mother and guiding spirit of the family from the true-to-life figure of her grandmother as she remembers her. Other members of the Goldberg family also are based on people Mrs. Berg either knows or knew at some time. This life-size quality and the construction of the story line along joys and griefs which touch everyone is explanation enough for the steady success this series has enjoyed for the past twenty years. It has been acclaimed by members of every profession for its moral values as well as its entertainment and understanding of human nature.

The Goldbergs is Mrs. Berg's first and only major



Cooperation is the keynote in the O'Neil family. Sally (Janice O'Neil) dries while Peggy (Janice Gilbert) and Danny (Michael Lawson) pitch in to help with the dinner dishes



19 year old Sally Truex, one of the 8 members of the Truex Tribe, shows photos of her father, Ernest, playing Hamlet at the age of five to WPIX Pres. F. M. Flynn and Bernard Gimbel

writing effort. Since its radio debut on November 20, 1929, it has spiraled to a classic position in the field of entertainment. The Goldberg family has been the basis for a play titled *Me and Molly* which ran on Broadway for more than a year and a half; its members have appeared in various vaudeville acts, and under Mrs. Berg's supervision have been drawn into a syndicated newspaper comic strip. The first television version made its appearance last January to the praise and commendations from critics which should guarantee it an unending history on TV.

Thousands of letters pour in each week from viewers who offer sympathy, suggestions, solutions or congratulations to Mrs. Goldberg and the way she handles her family problems. After watching a particular show in which there was a strong emotional crisis, one woman wrote: "I realized my own shortcomings and had a reconciliation with my daughter whom I hadn't seen in several months."

The actors who breathe life into the Goldberg family are personally chosen by Mrs. Berg on the basis of their resemblance to the life-like characters whom they portray. Young Larry Robinson who is Sammy; Arlene "Fuzzy" McQuade as Rosalie; Philip Loeb as Jake; and Eli Mintz as Uncle David are all known for their fine work in the theatre. The show requires 32 and one-half hours a week rehearsal, but when the shade is pulled up and you are in the Goldberg living room, you forget it's all a production and feel as if you are actually visiting some friends in the Bronx.

Veteran stage actor, Ernest Truex, enters video as himself on the new Truex family comedy series over WPIX, in New York



Transferred with equal success to the medium of television is the O'Neil Family, the Irish-American household in Brooklyn, U.S.A. Here again the characters are worked from a living family whose name, coincidentally, happens to be—O'Neil.

The producer of the show, Ed Wolf, lived next door to this family and was so enchanted by their warmth, sincerity and zest for living that he wove a dramatic series around their daily lives. After 14 years they still provide for TV the same interest that first endeared them to radio listeners.

The real Ma O'Neil is 82 years old. Her continuing letters to Wolf to keep him informed of the things that happen in the family usually supply the story-line idea for each week's show.

On the TV screen, Mrs. O'Neil is played by Vera Allen. Michael Lawson as Danny, and Janice Gilbert as Peggy portray her two teen-age youngsters. Other important roles are cast from leading Broadway actors chosen for their likeness to the real life counterparts.

As "Mama," Peggy Wood, who has long been one of Broadway's most popular stars, fitted into the role of the Norwegian family woman with the skill that has graced her other theatrical successes. Nevertheless, for realism, she visited the Norwegian Consulate weekly to check her pronunciations and gain a clearer conception of the country's history and customs. When other members of the cast followed suit the Consulate established a special class for the TV family to help them convey to the video audience the true spirit of a family of that nation. The series is based on Kathryn Forbes' book, *Mama's Bank Account*, a story of the activities of a Norwegian family living in the United States in 1910.

Supporting Miss Wood are Judson Laire as Papa, Malcolm Keen as Uncle Chris, Rosemary Rice as 15-year-old Katrin, Dickie Van Patten as the oldest child, Nels, Iris Mann as the convincing 8-year-old kid sister, Dagmar, and Ruth Gates of the Broadway adaptation, *I Remember Mama*, as Aunt Jenny.

The television family requiring the least effort to achieve real life quality is the Truex clan. They portray themselves. The television presentation duplicates the Truex home right down to the carving knife Father Ernest Truex uses for holiday turkeys.

In addition to Ernest Truex and his wife, Sylvia Fields, two of the Truex children appear regularly on the show. Barry, at 15, has made up his mind about his future career as an actor and carrying on the family tradition. Sally, 19, is a rising young copywriter, enthusiastic about life, ambitious, conscientious, and eager to make the most of every opportunity. Two elder sons, Philip and James, and their respective wives and children, make frequent appearances on the program. Various celebrities in the theatrical and allied fields who are friends of the Truex family also drop in from time to time. But whether it is one Truex on camera or the full family circle and their friends, the ease of relaxing with this group makes you glad you decided to pay them a channel visit.

In capturing the spirit of the international family, television has captured the hearts of the American people. And as Molly Goldberg might say: "Answer me, Jake . . . is that bad?"

Canary

on the keys

one of television's
cutest songbirds
is Roberta Quinlan
what's more, her
grandpa was a
famous zither player



Roberta Quinlan has found that there's a place where they don't care whether television shows start on time or not. That's England.

"You know how the British are about their tea," Roberta told us. "The director may be sipping his mid-afternoon cup and munching a crumpet in the studio, when along comes an assistant and reminds him in a gentle sort of way that a show is scheduled to start at 4:00. It is now 4:12. The director replies that his silly-old tea is so silly-all hot that it will take him another silly-few minutes to finish it. So the show goes on at 4:35."

Roberta explains that since British television, like British radio, is government owned, there are no advertisers or agency watchdogs to satisfy. The resulting approach to program timing is, shall we say, "somewhat informal." Otherwise, according to Roberta, English video is about on a par with our native brand.

Her own television program, on NBC, Tuesday and Thursday evening starts promptly at 7:30. A tiny blonde with a husky voice and a light and winning touch on the piano keys, Roberta is already a TV veteran at that age which press agents refer to as "the early twenties." Dropping that subject as quickly and delicately as possible, we can at least reveal authoritatively that her first video appearance was on a DuMont variety show in 1941. Today she is one of the prettiest, most popular, and—we are happy to say—highest paid young ladies on the NBC network. Her sponsors are so well satisfied with her talent and

ability that they have taken a five-year option on the same.

It was Roberta's husband, Jack Quinlan, who was responsible for her broadening experience with our British cousins. At the time of their marriage in 1945, Mr. Q was assistant to the president of Grumman Aircraft Corporation, on Long Island, where a number of dance-band musicians were employed as airplane builders. "There were a lot of sax players and trap drummers who thought it was a good idea to have a job in a defense plant," Roberta's lord and master explains. "We organized a company band, and put Bobbie up in front."

With Roberta as its leader and vocalist, the band helped entertain war workers and service men at factories and camps around New York. A year later Jack and Roberta made a business trip to England, where she got up and sang one evening at a country club outside London. A languid British Broadcasting man took a look and a listen, and spilled his Scotch and soda hurrying to Roberta's table after her performance. She consented to help lend glamour to England's new-born video industry.

For two years the Quinlans lived abroad, completing their visit with a tour of U.S. Army bases in Germany. Roberta sang to thousands of occupation-weary GIs, and ended the tour on Christmas of '47 at Supreme Headquarters in Frankfurt.

Bobbie confided to us that she comes of a very musical family. At any rate, she was born Roberta Engelmeier, which is an old German name, (Continued on page 56)

Hopalong hits the TV trail

As a fearless, faultless
hero of the west, Bill Boyd
draws hugs from the
young'uns, kisses from their
mothers and one of
video's biggest audiences

by kenneth morrow



FOR THE past 15 years William Boyd has played a single role—that of Hopalong Cassidy—and played it in 66 movies. Hopalong's second season as a TV attraction is now under way.

To millions of youngsters he is America's version of Robin Hood—in a cowboy suit. Instead of forest green he wears faultless black, and two gleaming six shooters tied on his hip take the place of the long bow.

He protects the weak, helps the unfortunate, and fearlessly rides herd on wrong-doers. The majority of parents are willing to agree that Hoppy's straight shooting adventures pack a whale of a moral lesson in every blast of his Colt .45's. One young mother once went so far as to comment that as an influence, one of his pictures was the next best thing to Sunday School.

When it's time for one of Hoppy's fast draws the situation is critical, for he never misses. Anything less than a life-and-death fight he can finish off with his fists. When duty calls him into a saloon he orders sarsaparilla.

In 66 thundering films, Hoppy has kissed a woman in only one. In that solitary lapse, the heroine was dying and the fleeting caress was a deathbed request. Hoppy met the crisis like a soldier. He is always chivalrous with females, respectful to the aged, and affectionate with children and animals.

It would be hard to find a more exemplary pattern of manhood for youth to follow. Keyed to the colorful traditions of the early American West, Hoppy is rightfully a native classic.

The credit for these stalwart qualities must go directly to William Boyd, whose screen characterization of Hoppy differs slightly from that created originally in Clarence E.



Mulford's novels. On the printed page, Hoppy was a gun-slinging hombre of the type who kept out of trouble by shooting from either hip at a sneeze, and when *he* leaned on the mahogany he called for the bottle.

Boyd got his chance at injecting a kindlier disposition into his hero in 1934 when a Hollywood studio decided to introduce Hopalong on the talking screen and offered him a role in the film as a villain. After reading the script Boyd liked it so well he talked himself into the title role. Since then he has portrayed no other character, and no other actor has portrayed Hoppy.

Some years ago he acquired full rights to use of the name from Mulford and began producing his own films. Although made on a low budget, the Hopalong pictures preserve the authenticity of the period more closely than do most of the horse and rider epics. At the time he first visualized the value of the series, Boyd realized with considerable foresight that it possessed a timeless quality which could go on forever. With a simple cattle country background, Hopalong films have never been permitted to emerge from their late 1800's setting.

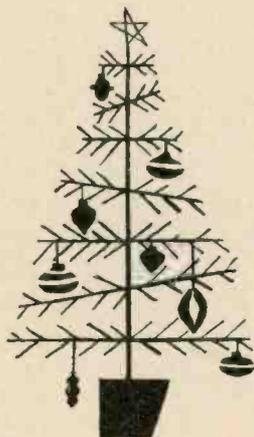
More modern westerns permitting the hero to receive his messages by radar, dash to the scene in a sleek station wagon, and rescue a fashionable Eastern sweater girl, may have a pleasant 20th-century atmosphere, but they date as quickly as yesterday's paper when a change in body lines ages the speeding auto, or fashion short-changes the heroine by decreeing a shift in hairdo or hemline.

Boyd's yardstick measures morals as standard as the Golden Rule and avoids getting tangled with automobiles, airplanes, or atom bombs. *(Continued on page 57)*

Few performers have ever been greeted with the flattering ovation William "Hopalong Cassidy" Boyd received on his recent nation-wide tour. Over one million fans of all ages fought for the right to shake hands, hug or kiss him. The stalwart upholder of law and order covered 15,000 miles in only 7 weeks on the trip that took him to 26 cities.



To quicken childish ears—
 unbreakable Permadisc records
 for every age group, by
 Young People's Records, Inc.
 Each \$1.39 plus tax



Sparkle for a lovely lady.
 A unique rhinestone lapel watch
 by Wiseman. 17 jewel movement,
 the whole covered with finest
 rhinestones. At better jewelers
 everywhere, \$39.75 plus tax



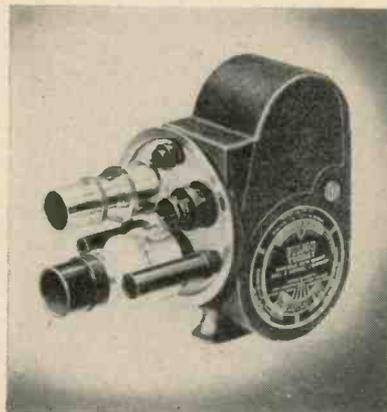
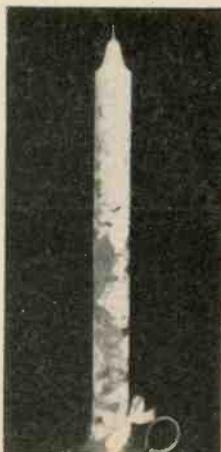
TELECAST



For the Lord of the Manor,
 matched pipes of aged,
 imported Briar in natural
 or walnut finish. Pair \$5;
 with sterling silver bands
 \$12.50. Shipped ppd. by
 Abbott Pipes, 62 E. 87 St.
 New York 28, N. Y.

Gift suggestions for the entire family

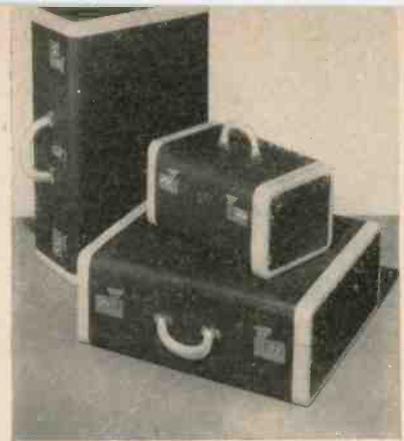
A birthday candle for the
 first 21 years of their lives.
 It comes with name and birth
 date of the "young 'un" and
 will serve year after year. From
 Susan Jay Gifts, Inc.
 302 E. Fordham Rd., N. Y.
 With holder—\$3 ppd



For the movie-maker
 something special in Bell &
 Howell's Tri-lens, 8mm.,
 Filmo Turret camera.
 \$117.86 plus tax

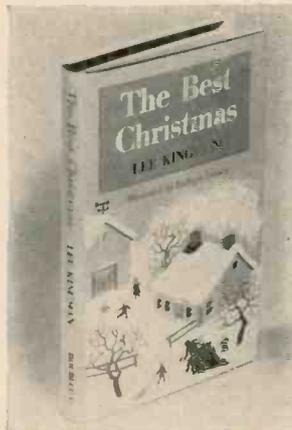


For the "Growing-up's" Jerry Giraffe serves double duty as a nursery costumer and as a measuring stick. All wood with a hardy non-tip base. \$3.50 ppd. from Susan Jay Gifts, Inc 302 E. Fordham Rd., N. Y. 58, N. Y.



Smart traveling companions by Lido. Sturdy fabric covering and leather trim in costume colors. The Vanity about \$30; the Wardrobe Case about \$48; the Weekender about \$27, plus tax

The most fastidious man you know will appreciate a box of Arrow handkerchiefs. In fine lawn or Irish linen initialed or not, as he prefers. Moderately priced



Exciting titles from the Doubleday list to take a favorite place in young collectors shelves. Various priced and on sale at all book dealers

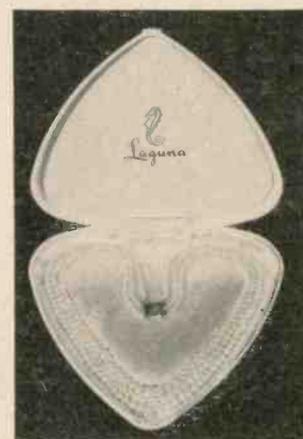
For the handyman at home Casco's 25 piece power tool kit. It carves, saws, grinds, buffs and polishes—on metal, wood, glass or leather. With instruction book and plastic chest—about \$15



For lovely necklines—one, two or three strand simulated pearls with sterling silver or rhinestone clasp. In a plastic case with satin lining—from \$2.50, plus tax



Why not treat the whole family to a television set? There's fun for everyone in this RCA Victor television console. Walnut or Mahogany finish, \$469.50. Blond, \$499.50



By Peter David

she lights the stars



TV Lighting Means More Than Just Illumination, as Mildred Hatry Proves.

The show's cast included "five of the prettiest babes in Manhattan; yet on my screen they looked like hangovers in search of an aspirin bottle."—Those are the words of no less an authority on beauty and show business than Billy Rose, the mighty mite of Broadway. Yes, Billy was talking about television, through the medium of *Pitching Horse-shoes*, his syndicated newspaper column.

But that wasn't all he had to say on the subject. "If the cathode moguls want their cheesecake to look more like cake and less like cheese," he went on, "I would suggest they hire . . . some . . . stage lighting expert to fix it so that the TV cameras can pick up a pretty girl and make her come out a pretty girl."

Billy wasn't the only one who felt strongly that lighting of video shows wasn't what it should be. Most persons aware of the problem merely said, "something should be done about it." One dynamic photographer named Mildred E. Hatry, said, "I *can* do something about it."

She voiced the conviction one day to one of the top NBC executives and now—she says with a smile—she works eight days a week designing the complex arrangements that light some of NBC's most popular programs.

Mrs. Hatry is especially well qualified for her job as lighting consultant to a major television network. For years she has won wide acclaim as one of the nation's foremost photographic pictorialists. She has been honored abroad.

Prints of her work are in the permanent collections of many museums. She has had numerous one-woman shows, including exhibitions in the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia, the Brooklyn Academy of Fine Arts and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Her most recent show was last June at the Smithsonian Institute in Washington.

Since then, however, Mrs. Hatry has had virtually no time for photography because of her arduous duties at NBC. When assigned to a program, Mrs. Hatry first reads the script and in her own mind interprets it in terms of visual action. Then she meets with the producer, director and set designer. At this production conference the floor plan and elevations are worked out.

Next she attends a "dry" rehearsal—where no cameras are present—to observe the actors and study their facial

characteristics and actions. Now thoroughly familiar with the set, the cast and the script, she receives a copy of the floor plan and begins to plot out the necessary lighting.

In any form of show business, lighting means much more than merely providing sufficient illumination for the audience to be able to see what's going on. Lighting is often responsible for the success or failure of a show—especially in television where electronic pickup and transmission and small screens complicate the problem a hundredfold. Lighting also helps set the mood of a show.

Mrs. Hatry successfully overcame one of her most challenging problems during preparations for a recent airing of Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows" on the Philco Television Playhouse. At the beginning of the play the heroine appears as a very plain girl, but when the last act rolls around she is a ravishing beauty. Most persons who saw the show were amazed at the transformation that took place between the first and last acts. It looked like magic—and so it was. But it was not the magic of mirrors and prestidigitation. Rather it was the magic of a master craftsman, Mildred Hatry, skilfully blending and balancing lights to make the beautiful first seem commonplace and then restoring it to its true exquisiteness.

After Mrs. Hatry has plotted her lighting, she turns the diagram over to the head electrician who, with his crew, carries out her instructions.

Bright and early on show day, Mrs. Hatry is at the studio to attend camera rehearsals. Dividing her time between the set and the control room, where she sees what the cameras see on a screen just like the one in your home, she makes whatever corrections are necessary.

Now past 40, Mrs. Hatry has been taking pictures "ever since I can remember," she says. But whereas her first movie camera was a cumbersome contrivance that had to be cranked by hand, the pictures she works on now flash out 30 times a second to millions of homes.

No wonder Mrs. Hatry is so thrilled with her new work, and looks forward to the day in TV's development when all beautiful women and handsome men will look beautiful and handsome. "And what comes then?" she was asked.

"Why, color, of course."

Meet Perry Como

(Continued from page 39)

humbly, "until you've heard kids sing. And especially when one of them is your own son."

Ronnie balked at the notion. Perry convinced Ronnie he should appear by telling him all his friends would be on the show, in any case. Ronnie decided to sing rather than lose face with his friends. To his surprise, he enjoyed himself!

Perry Como's first job was at the age of 11. He cleaned mirrors and swept the floors of Steve Frapagano's one-chair barber shop in Canonsburg, Pa., his home town. Como's pay for these chores was 50 cents a week. He was also permitted to hang around the premises and receive lessons in the fine art of barbering.

He remembers these experiences fondly from his comfortable office which overlooks Broadway. Unlike most business offices no telephones are in sight and the visitors' chairs are large and soft. An oil portrait of Franklin D. Roosevelt hangs on the wall facing him. Beneath is a spinet piano which supports busts of Wagner and Beethoven and a grinning bunny which was the gift of a youthful admirer. (This last is likely to end up in the possession of his daughter, Terry.)

Perry's dislike of tuxedos has caused some disagreements with Hollywood. Como prefers well-cut grey flannels or gabardine suits, colorful sport shirts and shapeless sweaters to dressing for dinner. So far as formal attire is concerned, Perry is like the miserly millionaire who when told he "couldn't take his money with him," replied, "In that case I won't go."

Como has made four movies: "Something for the Boys," "Words and Music," "Doll Face," and "If I'm Lucky." He remarks concerning these epics: "I was cast as a romantic lead. It never failed, but by the end of the second reel, there was Como, in a tuxedo crooning to a line of beautiful girls. This boy," he talks about himself in the third person, "just isn't the glamour-boy-with-dames-type." He won't take another movie role until he has his say on the script. No tuxedos is one reason for liking television as a movie-substitute. Finally Perry feels television is preferable to movies since it will do him more good personally. "On television I'm allowed to be myself, in pictures I'm always some other guy."

He tries hard to supply a good show without relying on excuses such as those attributed to television's infancy and experimental period. The danger he feels most shows face is an attempt to transfer the techniques of another medium to television. The result is an over-produced show. To create an original, non-imitative program, the director must bear in

mind the limitations of space and lighting in the studio and the size of the viewer's screen in the home. To obtain the best entertainment, Perry welcomes suggestions from any and ever person connected with the show.

Perry has come a long way since he was romping on the streets of Canonsburg, Pa., one of thirteen brothers and sisters. Perry was born 36 years ago, the seventh son of a seventh son (a combination which should set betting men thinking). His playing of the guitar and organ as a child caused his mother to muse wistfully: "You should grow up to be a great musician." "Don't be silly, Mom," he retorted, "barbers eat regularly." By the time he was 15 he owned his own barber shop. His parents however insisted he return to high school for his diploma.

While studying and barbering part-time, he thought seriously of singing. One of his first experiences almost made him call it quits. He auditioned with an orchestra for a summer spot at a local outdoor dance hall. The band was hired on the spot but with the proviso that "you get rid of that singer." The manager didn't like crooners, not even a handsome 5 foot 10, dark-eyed and curly black-haired one. The bandleader objected that they needed Como. The band moved on.

On a vacation one year in Lorraine, Ohio, he heard Freddie Caralone's orchestra. On a friend's dare, he auditioned. He was hired as vocalist at \$28.00 a week. He was making more as a barber, but

Perry had changed his mind and was after the long range "pot-o-gold." Perry remembers the date, because that was the year he married his childhood sweetheart. Four days after the ceremony, he was on the road with the Caralone orchestra. Eighteen months of one-night stands, separated from his wife resulted in a vow Perry hasn't broken—no more jobs that meant leaving Roselle.

Ted Weems came to the rescue, with an offer to sing with his band at \$50 a week. And Roselle could accompany him on the road. Traveling about the country isn't easy under any circumstances—with a baby it was almost impossible. But in 1940 Ronnie was born. Perry said if the child was a girl he would buy his wife the most beautiful car she ever saw. If it was a boy the loveliest Persian lamb coat money could buy. When she left the hospital both the coat and car were waiting at the curb. "We used to heat Ronnie's bottle on the automobile radiator," he reminisces, "and wash his diapers in the beer cooler."

In 1942 Ted Weems broke up his band to join the Merchant Marine. Perry Como returned to Canonsburg, Pa. determined to build a home that would be proper to bring his kids up in. This, despite the fact that he was so broke that he was down to one suit. Five years later he was to be voted one of the "ten best dressed men."

Suddenly his luck changed. He had decided to take up barbering again, but NBC intervened with an offer of a sustaining show. That proved to be his springboard to success. Perry was heard five times a week. Chesterfield picked



Ronnie Como and the Port Washington L.I. boys' choir were reluctant guests on Perry Como's television show last Christmas Eve. Perry finally persuaded him and his friends. The boys talked about it for weeks after

him up and made him the star of The Supper Club. This year on NBC the Chesterfield Supper Club is being simultaneously presented Sunday evenings on radio and television.

Perry Como has appeared at popular night clubs like the Copacabana, the Versailles, and Cafe Society. An RCA Victor record contract also followed. Practically every record he cut for Victor has sold over a million copies. Como was the first popular singer to reach the two million mark in sales on two releases, *Till the End of Time*, and *If I Loved You*, at the same time. (Crosby and Sinatra average 500,000.) Perry's latest recording is *Dreamer's Holiday*. Como won the second poll of the Automatic Music Industry (Juke Boxes) on the basis of his popularity.

Perry never took a singing lesson in his life. He didn't need one because what makes his singing go over is "heart"—something no one can teach. His favorite song is *Temptation*, but he sings "any song that I can do something with. Of course, when a song becomes a hit, I've got to sing it; in fact by then it doesn't matter how you sing it. I prefer ballads but have to do some rhythm and novelty tunes for "pace."

It was one such novelty tune, *The Pussy Cat*, which gained him the American Feline Society's citation on behalf of America's 21 million cats. His award read in part: "he raised the status of cats and

increased their popularity as personal pets."

Como's vocalizing appeals to teen-agers especially. Once when he was in Hollywood on a movie assignment he sang over a long distance telephone for his Chesterfield supper show. His voice was piped in to the New York studio where the program was assembled. The regular Como fans who attend the broadcast week-in and week-out, came mainly out of habit. On the stage a guest performer waited to do his number when Como finished his long distance singing. He yawned, polished his nails and exhibited other signs of complete boredom. The fans kept calm until the broadcast ended. Then they tore off the guest star's clothes, blackened his eye and kicked his shins.

Perry considers his fans a barometer of his popularity. An inveterate worrier who still carries his card in the barber's union, he earns over \$10,000 a week from his various enterprises. "You never can tell about this business," he jokes. "I may need something to fall back on."

One of his fans, a small, red-haired, freckled girl caused him much anguish at one telecast. Though one of his "regulars," she failed to appear in a front seat at "stand-by" time. Perry managed to go through the show though he thought he saw the handwriting on the wall. But all was not lost. When he left, he met her outside the stage door. "I lost my ticket and couldn't get in," she tearfully

cried, "I waited here to apologize."

If Perry had any further doubt about his security a window display in Lord and Taylor's, the sophisticated Fifth Avenue Department store should have displaced them. The store designed a Perry Como window as an eye-catching eyedrop to youthful fashions. Three life-size blow-ups, 50 records, and 4 attentive wax models made up the uninhibited display. All that would have been necessary to tie up traffic would have been a loudspeaker playing one of his records.

Additional evidence of his fame and modesty occurred on a visit to his home town which lies deep in the coal-mining regions. A big shindig was planned during which the Governor of Pennsylvania renamed the street on which Perry was born from Third Avenue to Perry Como Avenue. (Arthur Godfrey later remarked with a touch of envy: "They will probably put up barber poles instead of telegraph poles along the curb.")

Perry was overwhelmed by the reception. "I was pleased, honored but it was kind of embarrassing. Here were all the people I knew cheering and applauding me as if I had done something really big. I guess I was embarrassed because I don't feel I'm worth it. Changing the name of Third Avenue is the thing you do for a real hero, a guy who has done something. I appreciated it—and all that—but it's still Third Avenue to me, and will always remain that way."

Talent's Open Door

(Continued from page 15)

division. Eleanor, offered the chance to head it, didn't hesitate. From the one woman-Kilgallen set-up it branched into a feminine foursome in shortly over a year. Dorothy Gabriel came in from an agency, where she had been in charge of casting and Monique James joined with a comprehensive background of the theater.

The quartet of Kilgallen, Gabriel, James and Greechan have television as their steady diet. They eat, drink, live and breathe TV twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. In addition to auditioning, setting up voice tests, attending casting conferences, scanning applications, considering photographs, reading weekly scripts, and studying characterizations, the girls also make all the contractual agreements between talent and the station.

But in spite of the last minute changes in the script, character-interpretation alterations, calls that reach far beyond the stroke of midnight, each will tell you "we still have a whale of a good time on the job." Even when a few leisure hours present themselves, as far as the girls are concerned, it's a busman's holiday and

they dash home to watch television.

Eleanor reflects happily that many of television's busiest actors were given their first opportunities through her office. Doris Brown, guardian of *Lucky Pup*; Joe Silver, now a steady on *54th Street Revue*; and Sandra Deal, currently understudying Mary Martin in *South Pacific* are a few of the new video group she's watched move up.

One way to get a TV job is to fit the part visually. Eleanor Kilgallen maintains that everybody is a "type" and therefore a potential bet, no matter the level of their acting ability. Therefore on this point the Kilgallen office strongly emphasizes the necessity for sending in good photographs. These should be natural rather than posed or even retouched. And for character actors she recommends composite photos that depict their varied capabilities.

Another "rule of approach and efficiency" she suggests for the budding video personality is that newcomers be intelligent about the material they select for auditioning. "If you're an ingenue be an ingenue and don't turn siren. If you can't

do dialects well, don't attempt them," are Eleanor's words of advice. She also berates people who "break their necks" being versatile.

"It isn't necessary in television because there are so many opportunities, styles and techniques developing with the medium all the time. I can't over emphasize enough, that actors, especially, should stick to type, whether wide eyed, open faced, sexy or villainous."

Another major regret of Eleanor's is auditionists who write their own material. She cautions: "Nine out of ten people can't do it. With all the material available it seems silly that time should be wasted on ill-fated efforts."

Kilgallen and associates heartily advocate actors watching other actors perform in the medium; being punctual for appointments whether showtime, rehearsal or audition; and sending reminders to casting directors to catch their performance on a new show.

Remember the ratio for successful actors is one out of every four and that one could be you. Keep your hopes high, and never stop trying.

Primer For Television Comedians

(Continued from page 17)

those men are watching dirty pictures"), the sponsors, their wives, and so on. This nonchalant horseplay doesn't create any belly laughs, but it serves the purpose; it starts them laughing.

The comedian's second big worry is the camera. Cameras are wonderful in their ability to catch a comedian's facial and body expressions. But they can be tricky too, and liable to be watching you at embarrassing moments. For example, in one of our early shows I strayed out onto the stage to watch a dance team. I didn't realize how much the cameras were picking up on each side of the dancers. Before they got me out of there, home viewers had been given a wonderful view of the Carter rear.

Cameras can double in brass as comics themselves. During an Arabian desert production, one of our cameras picked up a small Christmas tree that had been left over from a previous number. It was such an odd thing to be found next to a sheik's tent that we got big laughs from home viewers. Ever since then, we've been using the camera in small bit parts to steal an occasional scene.

Home audiences insist on simplicity and directness. You can't expect people at home to follow a show as intently as they would in a theatre. Therefore, you've got to stay away from involved plots that require close attention.

On the other hand, a TV comedian can't go to the other extreme and use old pie-in-the-face routines. He's got to strike a balance somewhere in between.

A good TV comedian has to keep his camera in mind constantly, as well as his two audiences and, of course, his lines, while looking at the show from an overall point of view. He must map out his acts with a central theme in mind, and in the final sketch make this theme clear to act as a climax. At any rate, that's what we've tried to do on *Cavalcade*, and it seems to be working out very well.

I try to weave the whole show into one package by doing bits with all the performers after they've finished their specialties. I don't try to hog the act, but I'm interested in making it one big show instead of just six or seven isolated sketches.

For instance, if we have a dance team, I work out a little sketch like this. I say to them: "Do you know I'm the fastest dancer in the world?" Of course, they don't believe me, so I ask for a little fast music from Sammy Spears, the band leader. He plays a few bars but I tell him it isn't fast enough. So he plays faster and I stop him again. After we've done this three or four times, each time with the music getting faster, I finally stop him once more and say: "I'm sorry. I

guess I'm just too fast for this band." And I walk away.

I do these bits with singers, dancers, piano players—in short, with any star who's on the show (and on this show, everyone's a star). I do them with comedians, too, and although some of my friends won't believe me, I like to work with other comics.

If a young comedian asked me how to break into TV, I would suggest he get plenty of jokes and a hammer. Seriously, though, he'll need plenty of material to stay when he gets the door open. One show can use up a lot of jokes. And he'd better be able to sing and dance, because you never know what you are going to be asked to do next.

Right now the emphasis in television is on the variety or vaudeville-type comedy program, rather than the situation shows.

That's because it is very difficult to get good material for situation comedy, and it gets used up too fast. On the other hand, we're moving away from the

straight variety type of show on *Cavalcade* to a middle-of-the-road position and I think other TV comedy shows will follow us. We're trying to get certain permanent fixtures on the show (something like Jack Benny's Rochester, perhaps, but not necessarily a stooge) which will give *Cavalcade* a trade mark that's easily recognized. Thus we'll be able to use more situation comedy, but not drop variety altogether.

This movement toward more situation comedy might be pushed by the big-name comedians when they come into TV. Personally, I'd like to see Groucho Marx on television. He's my favorite comedian (next to Carter), and I think the new medium is just right for his zany humor, that nutty look, and the bent-over way he walks.

One thing about television is that every night is "Opening Night" for a TV show. Despite all the rehearsing you've done, you still worry. Then, good or bad, it goes out, and because you can't do it over, all you can worry about is next week's show.

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Tenor with the Golden Touch

(Continued from page 11)

scrape up five bucks to go to a dance!"

History has it that Sean and his lady fair reached the dance and enjoyed themselves to the extent a five dollar bill would cover, but Morton feels a wise parent shouldn't be hammered over the head with such things.

A conscientious, loving father, he manages to spend every weekend at Wallingford unless he is on one of his numerous trips out of the country. Since the Downey residence in Wallingford is the only in town sporting a swimming pool, the assemblage he encounters is often reminiscent of a YMCA. No holds are barred, and as long as the Wallingford younger generation can make themselves happy in his pool, Morton is a willing and beneficent host. As a henchman says, when the Downey entourage (adult) descends on the 22-room house, "it resembles the Waldorf Astoria lobby in mid-afternoon, so what are a few kids enjoying the swimming pool?"

One of the near tragedies in Downey's life occurred a little more than four years ago when a telephone call to his Park Avenue apartment informed him that Lorelle had contracted infantile paralysis. Distraught as only a father could be, he reached a prominent news executive who only the day before had been telling him of having his own children examined and declared clear of the disease. The newsman put Downey in touch with the man believed to know more about polio at the time than anyone else—a noted diagnostician at Yale.

When Downey arrived at Wallingford a few hours later, he learned that the great man already had been called in—by his local doctor. It made a great impression on him. For days he watched his little girl suffer, and then miraculously, she asked one day for her paint set. The expert encouraged its use for the restoration of her muscles. The child's response, he said, was hopeful. Otherwise, everything had been done. All anyone could do was wait and hope.

Lorelle recovered and today shows not the least effect from the dreaded malady. Downey affectionately calls her a "tomboy" and paternally boasts of her prowess at basketball, tennis and archery. But that day he learned the value of fame and fortune—when the greatest could only wait and hope. If there is a man who is grateful to whatever powers there be, it is Morton Downey.

Downey was born in Wallingford, November 14, 1902, of native-born Irish parents. Both are still living, as are his two sisters and two brothers. His father, a native of the town, combined the duties

of village fire chief and tavern owner. His mother had been raised in Brooklyn.

Morton's start in show business came when he was eight, and resulted from his family's flair for throwing parties at which all members of the group entertained. His particular specialty was singing and playing the piano. After one of the parties an old family friend drew him aside and asked if he would like to sing the following week for a club social. He promised the boy five dollars.

Downey thought that he was joking, but promised to appear for the fun of attending an adult gathering. After his platform appearance, the friend gravely handed him a five dollar bill. The youngster didn't need his eyes opened twice to the fact that he could make money singing. "From then on," says Downey, "I went professional."

Whether the legend that his mother attempted to discourage his singing and whistling at home by paying him off with nickels is true, it is apparent that she was outclassed financially. Morton kept showing up at every social function he could ferret out, and more times than not emerged clutching his five dollar bill. Before he was ten he had teamed with an equally ambitious young accordionist and they had put together an act.

The act toured Wallingford within a radius of 25 miles for a few years until young Morton's voice abruptly began to change. It was real tragedy, he recalls, because by then he had worked up to where he was demanding and receiving \$15 an engagement. "That," he says, "was real money."

Used to the jingle of cash in his pocket by this time, the youthful Downey got a job first as an office boy, then as a store clerk, and finally as news and candy butcher on the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad. He held the latter for nine months and was approaching his 17th birthday when his voice came back. Morton had been surreptitiously trying it for several weeks by singing out the quality of his wares as he wandered down the commuter aisles between Connecticut and New York. When it returned to a steady pitch—and one that sounded even to his ears like a marvelously fine tenor—he took unauthorized leave from the railroad to sing over a holiday weekend at a session of functions in Hartford.

The railroad as promptly canned him.

Undismayed, Downey prevailed on his mother and father to permit him to visit his mother's relatives in Brooklyn and look for a singing job in New York. His frequent trips to the city as a rail employee had convinced him it was the place for

an artist to expand any career he hoped to achieve.

They agreed and Downey packed his valise for the Big Town. But while he assured his mother that he would seek the hospitality of her relations, Morton actually paid them only a respectful call. Then he bounced back across Brooklyn Bridge into Manhattan and determined to give his all to the Muse without family assistance.

It proved a dismal undertaking for a time. "I was singing everywhere I could find," he says, "and between jobs I was living wherever I could." He was virtually broke when he made the acquaintance of a Tammany politician whose campaign time was near and who hired him to sing at political rallies.

The happenstance proved a fortunate break. At one of the rallies Downey won the attention of James Hagan, another politician of greater influence and considerable heart. Hagan took one look at the half-starved youngster singing his soul away and took him aside.

"Where do you live?" he demanded.

"Brooklyn," replied Morton, as the first legitimate address he could think of came to mind.

"What street?"

"Uh-h-h," the singer stammered and Hagan nodded. "Come along," he ordered brusquely. "I'll get you something to eat."

Over a supper table at a Child's restaurant near Columbus Circle, the Manhattan politico and the Connecticut lad who was to become one of the most beloved troubadours in the world came to an understanding. "Come along home," Hagan instructed, "and stay with my kids for the night."

Downey has had many friendships in loftier places since, but none that he values more fondly. "He was wonderful to me," he says simply. "He had eight children of his own—six boys and two girls. And he had a huge Airedale dog. Then he added me to the lot."

Hagan's house became a second home to Downey and remained as such for many years. Downey says he stayed there for eight years, even after he began filling club dates for as much as fifty dollars a night. When dates were too far between and he was broke again, Hagan would slip him a few dollars for spending money. Years later when he was well on the road to fame, Downey would still return to spend a few days whenever he could with Hagan and his wife.

It was during this period that Downey got his first stage break. He was engaged to appear, costumed as a cowboy, at the Sheridan Square Theater in Greenwich

Village and sing Irish songs. It was here also that he got his first billing, later to become world famous, as "The Irish Thrush." Downey was a hit but the cowboy suit wasn't. Long before the engagement was over he successfully ditched it and has foresworn any costume outside of a business suit or evening dress since.

During his stint at the theater a scout for Paul Whiteman heard him one evening and invited him to see the orchestra leader. After a quick audition Whiteman hired him at \$75 a week to sing with the band whenever they played a club date.

When Whiteman organized his famous S.S. Leviathan orchestra a short time later, Downey was continued on the payroll. The band was to tour the country prior to the first sailing of the refurbished liner, and then cross and return with it to play for afternoon and dinner dancing. On the strength of the deal, Downey found himself boosted to \$100 a week.

A snarl developed, however, when the band was booked into the Palace theatre on Broadway—then the Mecca of every live entertainer not playing Shakespeare. Simultaneously with the booking, Downey got his notice that he was through. The booker at the theatre didn't believe a singer belonged with a band.

The notice gave him a week, at least, to shine on the Palace stage and Downey determined to go down in history with colors flying. He went on stage, lifted his Irish trills to the roof top, and virtually stopped the show. Gallery enthusiasts set a pattern for later day bobby-soxers by whistling and shrieking their approval. It was the same at every performance during the week.

After the last show Downey was morosely packing his bags when Whiteman himself came into his dressing room.

"Where are you going?" the band leader demanded.

Downey, overlooking what appeared to him to be obvious, replied that since he had gotten his notice he was leaving.

"Nonsense," Whiteman snorted. "You don't quit on me. I'll straighten that booker out."

With the echoes of the balcony still ringing in his ears, Downey refused to be so easily placated. When negotiations were finally completed it had been agreed that he was to get a raise to \$250 a week and equal billing with the band—something never before heard of in musical circles.

Such small details at last attended to, the band went on a 40-week tour of the United States, playing practically every city of major size in the Union, and stopping in Chicago to pick up a French horn player of whom Whiteman had heard much by reputation, and who later was to prove of considerable temperament on the high seas.

As singers were still uncommon to top name orchestras, Whiteman decreed that Downey be equipped with a silent saxophone before he could sit with the band while waiting his time to warble. For some reason, when the tour was completed and the band finally boarded the waiting Leviathan, the orchestra leader decided to remove his prize singer from the sax section, provide him with a French horn, and seat him next to the colorful Chicagoan.

One of the highlights of the orchestra's nightly renditions during the voyage was a special arrangement of *Indian Love Call*. It gave particular prominence to the French horn player in allowing him to play a number of solo passages. So highly did the instrumentalist think of this assignment that he would "sit out" the entire previous number in order to rest his lip for the exacting performance to which he was about to be called.

When the magic moment arrived a spotlight would single out the section, the French horn virtuoso would stand, and with all the artistry of his being, bring forth the pure, pealing notes of the mating call while violins sobbed softly in the background.

Eager to do his part, Downey would rise with him, breathe with him, caress his own instrument as if he too were summoning an Indian maiden, and carefully not toot a note. The audience could take its pick as to which of them was playing and more times than not be wrong.

Three evenings of watching Morton beam at the inevitable polite ovation were too much for the French horn man. He resigned in mid-Atlantic and refused ever again under any circumstances to play the *Indian Love Call*.

"The man had no sense of humor," Downey says. "He lived for applause." Whiteman straightened it out by moving Downey behind a drum.

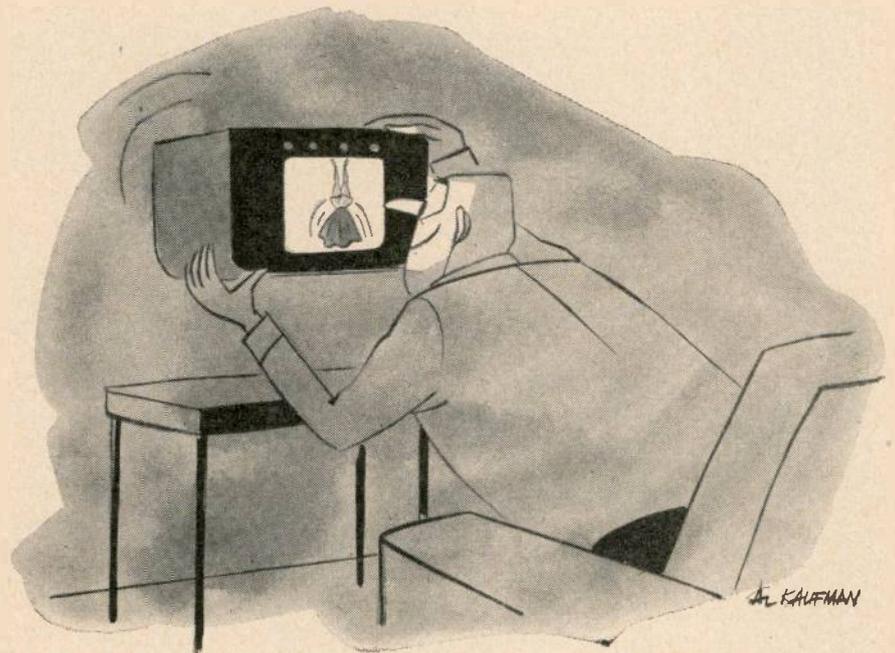
Downey stayed with the Leviathan for about nine months, making some 20 crossings, then joined the Whiteman concert orchestra in the States. After a year he decided he was ready to go on his own. At the time he was making \$350 a week.

His first contract after leaving Whiteman was in Palm Beach, where he worked for Florenz Ziegfeld for \$750 a week. Shortly later he made the first of his many European trips to sing in the smartest clubs on the Continent.

It was during his first club appearance in London that the foundation was laid for another often quoted story in the Downey legend. The Duke of Windsor requested and received eleven encores of *You Took Advantage of Me*. Downey was singing in the Cafe de Paris. One of the first things that a visiting entertainer was instructed, he learned, was that when royalty was on the floor, the entertainer or band continued to "give" until a halt was indicated. "The bands really got a workout. The Duke would often dance for an hour or more at a time and not once leave the floor," Downey marvels.

"The entrance was down a huge horse-shoe-shaped staircase and I was in the middle of my first set when Windsor and his party arrived. I couldn't see them because my back was to the stair, but later I was told that the Duke waited patiently in the middle of the stairs until I had finished my songs. One of the first numbers I had done was *You Took Advantage of Me*. It was a new Cole Porter song and very popular then.

"Having just sung it, I was a little surprised when the Duke's party had been



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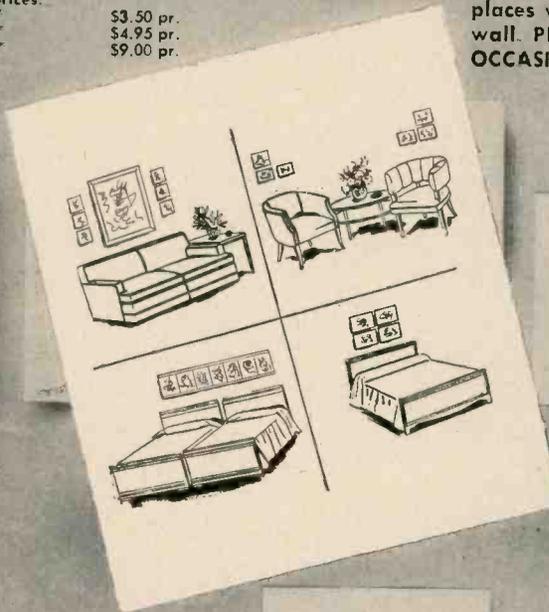


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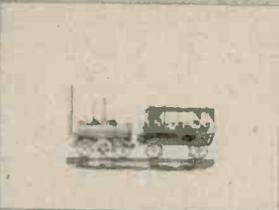
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seated and his equerry came over with a card and asked me to sing *You Took Advantage of Me*. Remembering about the band, however, I did, and the Duke applauded and yelled 'Fine, Fine. Again?' I sang the darn thing eleven times before I got away. The audience, of course, had caught on right away."

On his return to America, Downey opened at the old Casanova Club, where he proved a sensational New York hit. Hollywood summoned him to the West Coast, where he made three pictures, including the feature-length *Syncopation*, which was possibly the first all talking-singing production filmed.

About this time Downey returned to Europe on what was to become nearly an annual journey before World War II interrupted travel. When he returned to New York that fall he opened the plush Delmonico Club in the Delmonico Hotel. It was a non-speakeasy spot in a speakeasy era. Downey figured a singer building up a big name couldn't afford to get mixed up with the cops. But it did business. "We'd give them two chairs and a table cloth on a little coffee table out in the foyer where they could sit and wait for a table inside, and still charge them five dollars a cover," he reminisces. "Sometimes they never did get inside, but the place was always crowded."

The Delmonico Club was his first business venture and proved his introduction to radio. During the winter he did a sustaining broadcast from there, and then with a contract to start a network broadcast for a cigarette company in the coming autumn, he closed the club for the summer and didn't reopen it. "By that time," recalls Downey, "I was having all I could do on the radio."

From then on, Downey's place in radio history was secure. His show in the early '30's attracted 95,000 fan letters a week. He took time out for a personal appearance tour of the United States and came back to go on the air for a cosmetics company, to play guest spots, and to aid a laxative. In 1932 a New York paper concluded at the close of a popular poll that Downey was the favorite singer of the nation and would earn a quarter of a million dollars that year.

Suddenly he tired of it all, decided the public had grown weary of him, and left the air entirely. He filled in the time with club dates—in New York, out of New York, at the World's Fair. He also stopped recording. As he says now, "I listened to some of my own records and decided it sounded like somebody else singing. So I quit it."

The chances are there will be a number of new Downey recordings on sale for this Christmas. He was giving a lot of thought to getting back on wax this Fall.

In 1940 came his divorce from Barbara Bennett, former film actress, whom he had married in 1929 and for whom he

had built the vast, multi-roomed house in Wallingford.

A new era for Downey was heralded in with 1942. The highlight was a \$4500 a week contract to broadcast for Coca Cola. And with it he found the stimulus to return to New York clubs. In one triumphal success after another he lifted his lilting tenor in the Plaza, the Wedgwood Room and the Starlight Roof of the Waldorf Astoria, and started the circuit again of other major niteries throughout the United States.

He also resumed his hike to Europe—this time with a USO group to entertain American soldiers. Back he came again, more in demand than ever, to play the Copacabana, and as usual, the cream of the crop—the Waldorf.

The expression is current that Downey has "come home" when he trots out his pint-sized piano and dashes into *Carolina Moon*, *Molly Malone*, and naturally *When Irish Eyes Are Smiling*. His gala return to the Waldorf in 1947 topped all house records. A year later when he went back to the same room, Sherman Billingsley, owner of the celebrated Stork Club, congenially commented that Morton chummily went the length of his tavern, cleaning out the solid celebrity crowd and taking them en masse over to the Waldorf for his seasonal debut.

Billingsley himself and Walter Winchell went along with the crowd and found themselves back at a banquet table far in the rear of the room. There wasn't another place vacant and even that space was at a premium. Winchell that night was suffering from a severe cold and couldn't have been expected to have enjoyed a performance by Mother Machree in person. After each Downey encore he would rise from his table and make his way toward the exit in physical misery. But each time, as Downey dashed back to the piano, Winchell would duck back to his table, remarking enthusiastically to his unknown, next-table companions:

"Good. We can hear more!"

Downey attracts that kind of audience.

In a kind of closed club which includes Billingsley, Downey, Steve Hannagan and himself, Winchell occasionally takes unholy glee in chiding one or another of the members. In a recent column he wrote: "What Hedy Lamarr sees in pot-bellied, balding and false-tooth'd M. Downey, none of us nail-biters can figure out!"

Although the description more closely fitted a good half-dozen top radio comedians than Downey, the blue-eyed, compact Celtic tenor, the Irish Thrush took it in stride. "Winchell was around all night poking me in the ribs and demanding 'Did you see it?'" he confides. "If you are one of Walter's friends, you are allowed 20 minutes after the paper comes out to see his column and still be forgiven. I read it a couple of hours later—in bed—and could still hear his chuckle when I fell asleep."

Downey is no slouch at a practical joke himself. A favorite story around the radio studios concerns the time he and Broadway columnist Earl Wilson ambushed Ted Husing in a broadcasting booth. Waiting until he was well into his scheduled sportscast, they suddenly pounced out, denuded him to his shorts, and left him stranded at the microphone and gesticulating wildly as a studio guest audience came around the corner.

Getting back to essentials, Downey is the kind of guy few people can leave after meeting without feeling they have clasped the hand of a friend. He gave up formal schooling before he had graduated from high school, and he makes no pretense of being among the world's intellectuals.

"For a guy like me," he'll tell you, "it'd be nice if they paid off in green and red money—the green I could keep and the red the government got."

Then he adds: "At that, I always figure each night—I've come a long way from what I started with."

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Canary On The Keys

(Continued from page 43)

and everyone knows that Germans are very musical people. Roberta's grandfather, in fact, was a famous zither player. If you didn't know zither players could be famous, we can assure you that Grandfather Engelmeier played before the crowned heads of Europe. When zithers proceeded to become obsolete, Roberta's father deserted the musical tradition, emigrated to America, and became a member of the St. Louis police force, where he is still on active duty.

It was left to Roberta to carry on the melodic line. She studied piano, harmony, and arranging while majoring in music at Washington University, and became an accompanist to several singers. One day she trotted along to a local radio station to accompany a friend on an amateur contest. There was a shortage of contestants, and the program director looked longingly at Roberta. "You're so cute, it's a shame you can't sing," he said.

Roberta agreed that this was too bad, and then realized that no one knew whether she could sing or not, since she had never tried. She won the contest.

This event was followed by the appearance of Roberta Engelmeier at various nightclubs and cocktail lounges in and

about St. Louis. She became something of a local celebrity, until one day Will Osborn and his orchestra arrived in town, minus a vocalist. They departed with Miss Engelmeier.

Roberta soon decided that as a band vocalist she was using only about one-third of her talent. She quit the band to become a completely independent, one-woman act, with her own arrangements, her own piano playing, and her own sweet-and-low vocal style. She appeared at one of Manhattan's best-known refuges for the rich and famous, the Copacabana. From there it was only a hop and a skip to radio, movie shorts, and video.

Today, in spite of the pretty smile that's making her TV fortune, Bobbie is a serious young lady with a philosophic approach to her work which would do credit to a college professor or a corporation president. She has decided that there is just one way to get ahead: "Do one thing, and do it well."

As a practical application of this worthy notion, Bobbie has refused all offers from nightclubs, orchestra leaders, and Broadway producers eager to lure her away from television. She is determined to concentrate on one field, and with com-

mendable foresight has put her chips on video as tomorrow's top entertainment medium.

"I sort of feel that television and I were born and raised together," Bobbie told us. "When I did my first show eight years ago, my piano got so hot under the lights that I couldn't touch the keys. I met an old friend the other day who recalled how I solved that problem. 'I remember you,' he said. 'You're the little girl who used to play with mittens on.'"

IT'S NEWS TO US

Howdy Doody will make his debut on records for RCA Victor under the title of the Little Nipper series of Children's Records.

Bob Smith will be the narrator with a musical background especially written for the album.

DuMont Television Network has stepped up programming activities for its affiliates 80% over last year, made possible through the expansion of the coaxial cable facilities. 75% of the network's programming will originate in the WABD studios of New York, with the remaining 25% provided by WGN-TV, Chicago. The Chicago organization is a new move for DuMont.

If the Norwegian atmosphere on the CBS television show, "Mama" seems unusually authentic—don't be surprised. It should be.

Star Peggy Wood started it all by not being satisfied with just memorizing her lines. So she took her problem to Sven Ofpedal of the New York Office of the Norwegian Information Service. Mr. Ofpedal, delighted with the "good, sympathetic" manner in which the Norwegian family was being portrayed, began coaching Miss Wood in the correct way to pronounce English with a Norwegian accent, as well as the true Norwegian idiom. Miss Wood's enthusiasm for this coaching was infectious, and before long other members of her cast began trooping down to Mr. Ofpedal, with results that are apparent to viewers.

Further coincidence, the book upon which the series is based "Mama's Bank Account," was authored by Kathryn Forbes, born here of Norwegian parents; Frank Gabrielson, author of the television version is American born of Norwegian parents; and so is Ralph Nelson, who produces and directs the show.

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Hopalong Hits the TV Trail

(Continued from page 45)

As a result, one of his pictures which may have been filmed ten years ago is still as good today or tomorrow as the next script on his production schedule. Happily, his premature white hair aids the illusion. In perfect health and physical trim, he looks exactly the same as he did 20 years ago.

This quality of timelessness has given natural impetus to the popularity the Hopalong series has found on television. Of the 66 existing Hopalong films, 54 are now available to video and are being screened by some 20 stations. The remaining 12 are playing out various balances of the seven periods for which they are restricted to theater distribution.

But the Hopalong Cassidy picture does not begin to end here. In addition to screen and TV releases, Hopalong stories have been recorded for children; a scheduled radio program for this fall called for a 515-station hook-up in the United States and Canada; Hopalong Cassidy comic books are displayed on the newsstands; and there is a full line of his cowboy-style merchandise on sale in department stores.

So closely does the public at large associate Boyd with Hopalong that when the comic book was first drawn, the artist given the assignment automatically based his sketches on portraits of the actor, and didn't even bother to consult him until legal representatives amiably brought the technicality to his attention.

The comic book, incidentally, has been Boyd's single and decidedly minor contribution to juvenile delinquency—in this case the Black Market. Since the book's inception, the publisher has never been able to keep up with demand. Enterprising young business fry, particularly on the West Coast, have been losing no time in panning gold while such a beneficent sun shines. Minutes after the newest edition of the comic book has been unwrapped at the neighborhood newsstand, the little rascals have bought up every available copy—to deal out under the table to their Johnny-come-lately friends at a neat penny or two profit.

On his recent tour Boyd not only learned the make-up of his fans, but learned at first hand the adoration all the groups have for him. In at least one case, the throngs that turned out to greet this smiling, blue-eyed hero who stands just a heavy pencil scratch under six feet and packs a solid 180 pounds of firm muscle in his riding clothes, were so much heavier than the accommodations for them that the appearance had to be cancelled.

The tour took him before unpaid audiences in 26 cities along a 15,000-mile circuit from Coast to Coast. In 51 days he

made 28 appearances, generally in department stores. Two hundred and fifty thousand people lined up in downtown Los Angeles to pay him homage and witness a parade that was no more than a quarter-mile long. It consisted of a high school band and Boyd bringing up the rear on a white horse.

In New Orleans the crowds over-taxed the available facilities so heavily that store executives spirited him away in fear the turnout would wreck the premises. Before leaving town Boyd took a full-page newspaper ad to thank them for coming, explain the circumstances, and promise he would be back to wind up the tour in their town.

By the time he had reached his 24th appearance he had shaken hands with, hugged, kissed, or spoken a personal word to 840,000 fans—an average of 35,250 an appearance—and expected to greet at least a million before heading back to the West Coast. What made the tour more rigorous than most was that he set no time limit on his visits—regardless of the size of the

crowd which came to see him, he stayed at the post until the last man, woman or child in the slow-moving lines had been spoken to and handed one of his lucky coins.

Paradoxically, any kissing the actor has missed in his pictures was more than paid in full on his tour. Little old ladies and aging hefty ones would clamp themselves on his neck and wait expectantly for a hearty smooch. Pretty secretaries, sales-girls, and bobby-soxers unhesitatingly tossed their modesty aside and openly demanded resounding busses. Mothers, leading their offspring proudly up to the beaming Hopalong, would coyly prompt, "Give your nice Hoppy a big kiss, dear," as the kids happily climbed into his arms; and would make no effort to conceal the hope that Hoppy might have one for Mummy, too.

After such sessions it is no wonder that Boyd greeted his beautiful, blonde wife, Grace Bradley, with a firm man-of-the-plain handshake when he rejoined her at their hotel.



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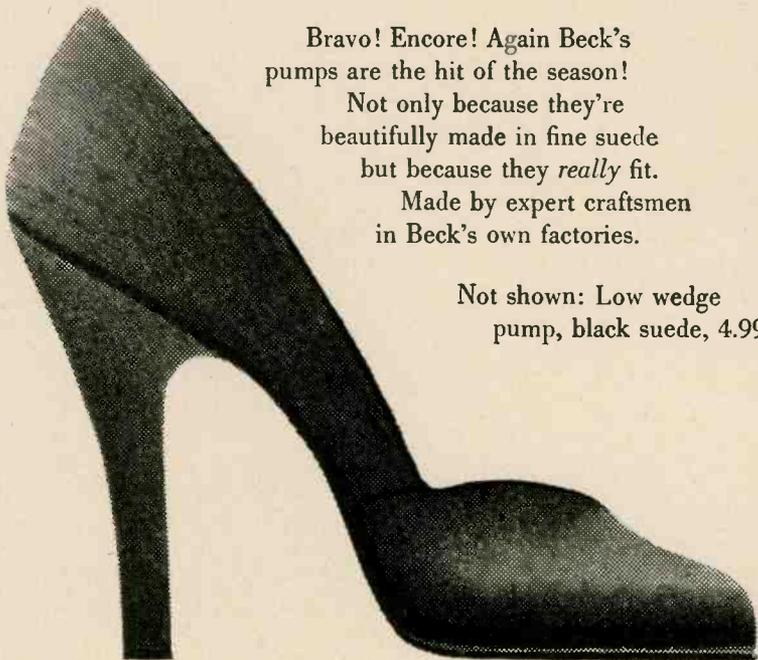
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The Eugenia Behind the Jinx

(Continued from page 23)

isters percomorph oil. The schedule is never allowed to loom so large as to infringe on the time with the children. When she's home, "Ganks" belongs to them.

"If I clean a closet, one or both of them is bound to be in there with me," says Jinx. If an eyebrow is raised at the idea of a Falkenburg cleaning closets—"Well, everybody has closets and they have to be cleaned, you know," is matter-of-factly added by Eugenia. "I never do anything on Saturday and Sunday, though, because then Tex is home. That probably sounds funny—people always think of us as being together all day. But between shows, he has his work to do and I have my own chores. Sometimes even on the show, it's as though he were just another person sitting across from me. So he's really only 'home' on weekends."

"His work to do" and "my own chores" could be a hodgepodge of tardily met appointments if Eugenia didn't carefully schedule everything to the minute. For all his stability and foresight, Tex has an upsetting habit of saying "yes" to any last-minute telephone caller wanting to make a date, whereupon Eugenia drags out the calendar, examines the day before and after his tentative appointment, and points out how it can or can't be done. Usually it can't be done, because the McCrary calendar is full up for weeks ahead. Although the morning show is done "live" from home, the interviews are recorded and must be completed a week ahead of time, in case of emergency. Besides the actual recording time, for every half hour of interview heard on the air there are four of editing. Until *Preview* was discontinued in September, there were endless TV rehearsals. A column for newspaper readers has to be written each day. The column was syndicated after it had run a week in the New York Herald Tribune—Eugenia's comment being, "I guess that's pretty good."

Whatever time isn't required by the many pies in which Jinx and her husband have a finger is immediately snatched up by groups and organizations who feel Tex-Jinx is the only possible sponsor or guest of honor for their opening night or all-out drive for funds. Jinx, in her capacity as a member of the community of Manhasset, likes doing things for her town. Eugenia, on the other hand, astutely thinks that you have to do the same thing for Westchester, New Jersey, etc. Neither McCrary has ever accepted a penny for services so rendered. During their first year on the air, the two spent an average of three nights a week doing

various benefits. One night with friends, one night for Tex to work—it began to add up. Eugenia took a firm hand and now, "Unless it's something really desperate, we don't do anything more than one night a week. Well . . . at least, we tell ourselves that. But the days—they're always so full of so many and such different things to be done. Sometimes, once in a great while, we'll have just one thing to do the whole day—like the time we viewed the naval operations from the *Midway*. Of course, we were guests of the Navy and there was a luncheon and while we were there we thought we'd record some interviews—we did seventeen. We sort of alternated—one of us was recruiting interviewees and the other one was recording. But it was just one thing to do."

"On the other days, though, even though there are a lot of different things, everything is so well organized that it works out all right—except for that habit of Tex's. Tex will just break the whole chain by not looking at that calendar."

That should go on record as the closest thing to criticism ever to issue from the mouth of Jinx or Eugenia about Mr. McCrary. It's accepted as a matter of course by now that getting Jinx to talk about herself without "Tex" entering every other sentence is attempting the impossible.

"I wouldn't do a single thing if I weren't married to Tex. Why, I wouldn't know how! Tex always says he wanted a wife who could work. When I was in Hollywood, I ran away the minute I was free—to play tennis. Tex says if he left me with three hours on my hands now . . . Tex says . . . Tex says . . ."

But the records seem to indicate that Before Tex, Jinx never had a manager other than Eugenia; that the "running away" was done with an eight-hundred-dollar-a-week contract clutched in one carefully manicured hand; that without anyone telling her what to do she managed to appear in over 2,000 ads, her picture selling everything from beer to theater tickets; that she was a swimming and tennis champion; that she managed to be Miss-You-Name-It-She-Did-It for a number of successive years.

The records also show that right now she takes care of the business of signing each and every check to leave the Tex-Jinx home office in the East Sixties. ("But Tex *made* me be family accountant and business bookkeeper!")

Tex did—"because Tex doesn't know or care what I or anyone else spends. I could buy a mink coat or a Cadillac right now, and he'd say 'Fine.'" Still, it's Eu-

genia who watches every bill and autographs the little pieces of paper that pay everything from the butcher to salaries for the staff to payments for guests on the show to flowers for those guests.

And she handles all the mail. "Tex isn't a great letter-writer—I mean, he writes wonderful letters, but he doesn't write very often. So I answer all the mail—the business mail and all kinds of things like 'what did so-and-so say on Thursday morning's program' or 'what color dress did whosit wear Monday night' or 'what color negligee do you find revives you most?'"

On a recent show, Tex left her early to take Paddy off to school. Jinx filled up the last few minutes with complaints about being deserted, about her throat always catching, about not ever knowing what to say without Tex around. Coming from anyone else, it might have flopped. But Eugenia knew exactly what Jinx was doing. The fans loved it.

There was that time, for example, when the McCrary's were leaving for Pompton Lakes to interview Joe Louis and his trainer. All set to go, they stopped in front of NBC to pick up their engineer, since they were going to shoot film for television and set up a portable recorder. As they pulled up, an assistant rushed out and panted, "Mrs. Roosevelt just called . . . said you can interview her at 11:30 . . . has studio and everything all set. . . ."

The McCrary's had to be at Pompton Lakes. The McCrary's couldn't miss an interview with Mrs. Roosevelt. Said Tex, "Well, you obviously can't spar with Ezzard Charles for the movies—you go do the interview." And while Jinx couldn't do a thing without Tex, Eugenia managed to turn out one of the most lucid and pleasant interviews they've put over.

"Only a high school graduate," is the song Jinx sings. But maturity—this Eugenia—seems to have set in strong from the time she first had her picture taken, swimming with her mother at the age of eighteen months. Eugenia has stayed with her through the cover girl madness, the Hollywood maelstrom, the meteoric business success, and is still going just as strong. Eugenia's the one who, while Jinx was caught up by the films, studied alone to be graduated by the Los Angeles Board of Education at age sixteen and a half. Eugenia is the one who knows that now, "Every day, I meet someone to whom I have to talk for one hour about his life. I'm learning all the time now because I'm bound to be listening. I'm bound to be listening because I have to

—it's my job. It might be Morris Ernst talking about law or Mrs. Roosevelt talking about polio or John Foster Dulles talking foreign policy. It's a good way to learn—to listen to people. . . .

"Do you know," she muses, "when I was young I think perhaps the one person who helped me most to realize how important it is to learn was Paulette Goddard. She studies like mad. But now every day I learn just by listening to people."

When *Preview* came to a rather inglorious end, Tex and Jinx chalked it up to experience. They lost money—drawing no salaries for themselves and sinking some of their own capital into it—but they "got in on the ground floor" and they're high among "Those Most Likely To Do Something For Television." They know what it's all about now. And Tex is

dickering for a new show, fifteen minutes Monday to Friday, around six or six-thirty. It's all right with Eugenia, "If it's something simple to do—technically and by us, simple. If we can just sit there and have guests drift in and out—no flaps to stills or movies—no camera moves and where to step and 'this is your mark.' If I don't have to think of what I wore the day before and have on something different and worry about makeup . . . well, the truth is, I hope it doesn't start until after the first of the year. We have six radio deadlines, six column deadlines—that would be five more daily deadlines. It's too much."

Too much—because if she can possibly get home to the kids after five, she does it. Her fans possibly picture Jinx fluttering to daily after-five cocktails. She doesn't. Eugenia doesn't like cocktails

or smoke-filled rooms or walking in and having to look around for someone to make conversation with. It's a waste of time to Eugenia and so are social luncheons. Both Jinx and Eugenia have their own type of poise. About the luncheons, Jinx is poised enough to tell you confidentially that she visits "21" four, maybe five times a year "with one of four or five girls I like very much. It's really a big event for me to go there. . . ."

And Eugenia is poised enough to be completely unflustered when just at that moment, as Jinx has finished announcing it's a rare and big event, her secretary walks in to state casually, "You're to have lunch with Sarah Churchill at '21' Friday."

Yes, Eugenia.

Tell a friend about TELECAST.

Buddy Rogers' Fourth Career

(Continued from page 31)

section. Buddy is one of the busiest men in town, doing five radio shows a week and his Wednesday night TV variety program, both on the ABC network. Mary, full of vitality, is writing the biography of her mother in addition to watching over her movie interests. Mary is a most gracious hostess and, in the short time they've been in New York, her dinner parties have become a gathering place for the famed and the great of many lands.

No matter how busy they may be, their weekends always belong to the family. Their favorite diversion on Saturday and Sunday is one that they share with a great many American families. They pile into their car, Mary and Buddy in front and the children in the back, and they go on long trips into the country. Many times they spend Saturday night at the home of friends and don't return to the bustling city until Sunday evening.

Both Mary and Buddy are thrilled with television because they think it is a boon to show business. Mary has applications on file with the Federal Communications Commission for three TV stations in North Carolina, and in association with their manager, Mal Boyd, they recently set up a company—housed in a Fifth Avenue penthouse overlooking Central Park—to develop programs and talent for video.

The story of Buddy Rogers' career is one of success in many fields. A top motion picture box-office attraction in the late twenties and early thirties, he left Hollywood in 1932 to accept the leading role in Ziegfeld's "Hotcha" on Broadway. While appearing in the musical, he organized a band and for the next nine years, when he was not making a picture,

he played every major dance spot in the country.

Always eager to help new talent, Buddy has furthered the careers of many who are today top names in the entertainment field. In his first band, the drummer was a young chap from Chicago named Gene Krupa. Johnny Green, composer of "Body and Soul," played the piano and Barry Wood played in the sax section.

Wood, incidentally, is the only performer whose talents Buddy ever misjudged. Barry always asked to be allowed to sing with the band, but Buddy didn't think he was good enough. Later on, however, when Barry became the regular singing star on "Your Hit Parade," Buddy was one of his biggest boosters. Wood is also in television now, as producer of some of CBS's biggest shows.

MGM's blonde beauty, Marilyn Maxwell, sang with Buddy's band for a while, and Mary Martin got her first paying job in radio as guest singer on a Rogers program. This fall, when Buddy began his radio series, Mary Martin, now the star of the smash hit, "South Pacific," was on hand to welcome him back to New York.

On Saturday night, December 6, 1941, Buddy and his band played to a packed house at San Francisco's Golden Gate Theater. The next day, after hearing about the attack on Pearl Harbor on the radio, Buddy was reluctant to return to the theater, but realized that he had to fulfill his engagement. "When I saw just a handful of persons in the audience that night," he says, "I said to myself, 'That's all, this is the end of the band business for me.'"

The next day Buddy began to disband his orchestra and a few weeks later he

enlisted in the Navy. He served four years—as a ferry command pilot the first two years and a test pilot the last two—and held the rank of lieutenant commander at the time of his separation.

Until he began his current programs, he spent his time since the war producing pictures. He also appeared in United Artists, "Don't Trust Your Husband" with Madeleine Carroll and Fred MacMurray.

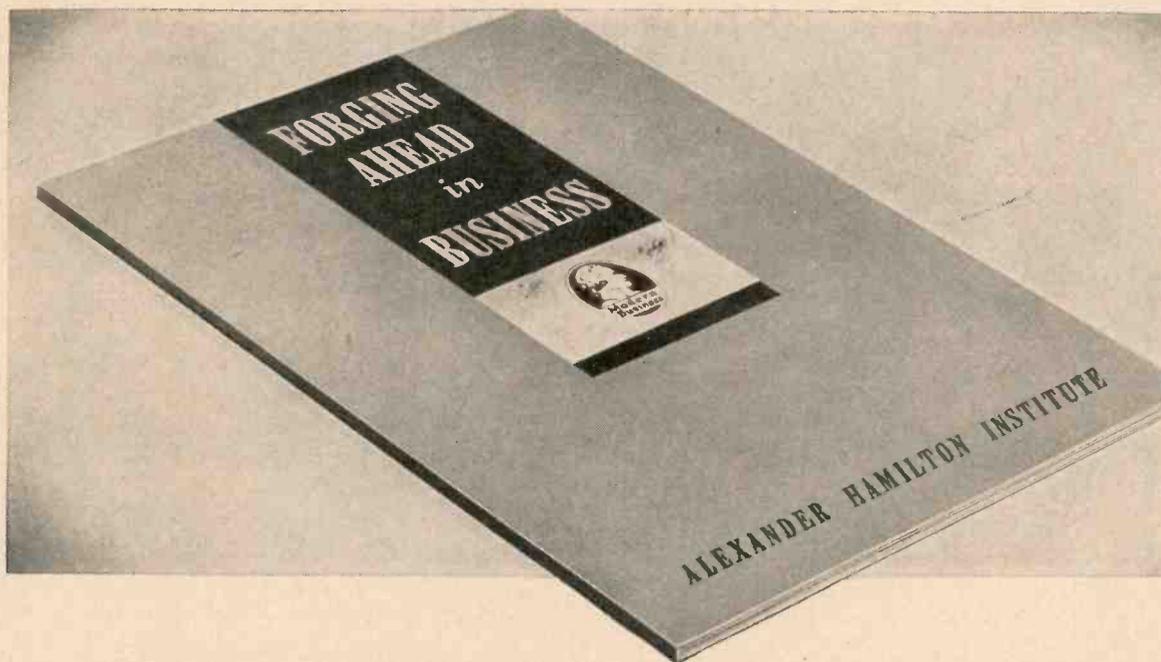
Born in Olathe, Kansas, where his father was editor of a weekly newspaper, Buddy intended to follow in his father's footsteps and majored in journalism at the University of Kansas. While in college he organized a small band and for playing at local dances he received \$10 on Friday nights and \$12 on Saturdays.

One day Buddy's father was visiting a friend in the Kansas City office of Paramount Pictures and heard of a nationwide search for young candidates to attend a motion picture school at the company's Long Island studios. When his father jokingly suggested Buddy, his friend arranged a test. Buddy and his father promptly forgot about it until a few weeks later when the studio sent for him and Buddy was on his way to stardom.

Now 45 years old, with his brown hair turning gray, Buddy is even more handsome than he was back in the twenties. He stands six feet, one inch tall, and his weight, 175 pounds, is the same as it was at the peak of his movie fame. With three successful careers behind him—movie star, band leader, producer—Buddy now begins his fourth, and we think, greatest: television. With Mary and the children at his side, he can't miss. They are counting on him to make good.

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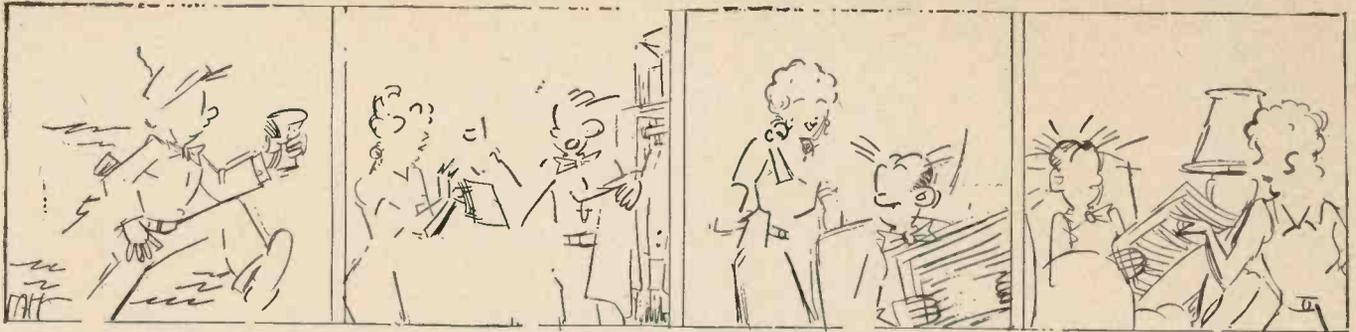
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Then when each panel in a strip meets his approval, he makes a careful pencil rendering as above.



After this, the pencil rendering is carefully inked in, as you see here.

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And, cartoonist Chic Young, together with millions of other smart Americans, will tell you that the step-by-step method is the easiest, surest way of doing anything worth while.

Particularly, saving money.

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So set aside a *regular* amount week after week, month after month, year after year. Then in 10 short years you will have a mighty nice nest egg tucked away for you and your family.

Get started now. Get your Bonds through Payroll Savings or at your bank or post office.

AUTOMATIC SAVING IS SURE SAVING—U. S. SAVINGS BONDS



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When Boy Meets Girl

(Continued from page 29)

matched" for the evening. The winners of this late-round jackpot get more and still handsomer gifts.

The moment the program is off the air the three lucky couples, together with Miss Francis and Mr. Lewis, pile into a waiting limousine and are whisked off to the Stork Club or some equally prominent nitery. At this point Miss Francis and Mr. Lewis are cast in the role of chaperons. Regardless of the ages of their guests, they fulfill the obligation dutifully, sticking until the last survivor has been delivered personally to his or her door by Cadillac.

Meanwhile, the party has included dinner, dancing and drinks—"whatever they want," as Lewis expansively explains. He congenially adds that thus far, no one has tried to take advantage of the show's hospitality by attempting to set up champagne for the house.

Romantically speaking, *Blind Date* has scored a perfect record in that there hasn't yet been one divorce among couples thus introduced. In all justice, it should be stated, however, that so far as the producers know there hasn't yet been a marriage result from the sudden introductions, either. But at least one romance has budded into an engagement, so there is hope. It is a pretty high quality one, too—between a Harvard boy and a Vassar girl.

There may have been others which the interested parties just haven't got around to telling the program about. "We're only responsible for one evening," Lewis says sagely. "But I know a lot of kids have gone out together after that."

Since romance most often springs quickest among the youthful, *Blind Date* accentuates the positive but doesn't allow itself to become stodgy. "There are lonely hearts in all ages," Lewis confides. "Our program is for everybody."

As examples of the latter, there have been *Blind Dates* devoted to widows and widowers, persons over 70 (in this one a sharp old-timer of 91 competed heatedly with a junior of 87 for the interest of a little 84-year-old lady), and classifications devoted to contests between professions as in the case of the New York Fire Department vs. Department of Sanitation employes, doctors vs. lawyers, and even deputy sheriffs vs. newspaper reporters.

In the truly "young love" set, Lewis relies heavily on college groups but insists on flying competitive colors. At such times three crew cuts from Yale, for instance, may be matched against three of their counterparts from Harvard, to the interest of three pretty students from Smith. Between 20 and 25 colleges have been represented to date on the program with

Princeton vs. Pennsylvania, CCNY vs. NYU, Lehigh vs. Temple, and Navy vs. Notre Dame as memorable examples. As a variation from girls' schools, Lewis may come up with a panel of Conover models, film starlets, Broadway lovelies, or business career girls. Not long ago he permitted six Air Force cadets to toss away some of their best lines to three air line hostesses.

Selectees and selectors are chosen from volunteers, or by scouts working to keep up with an idea once a classification has been chosen. If it is decided that a particular college will supply the raw material for a broadcast, Lewis sends his representative to the campus in point. There the agent may settle quickly on a fraternity or other school group, and either accept enlistees or allot the chosen roles to elected lucky ones of the voting membership.

Occasionally the mail brings a contestant and an idea. One woman won her place by submitting a rhyme which gave Lewis the idea for a call-up of widows and widowers, and naturally brought her an invitation to take part in the fun.

Since the program is unrehearsed, it frequently encounters homespun humorists. Most of them, however, are worth their plaudits in gold. In a recent switch, one male's response to a lady's modest boast that she possessed a nice figure was: "Honey, do you mean physically or financially?" It brought down the house.

Contestants are warned before the show as to the use of censorable material and no one has offended. If they get carried away in their own enthusiasm for the big moment, Miss Francis manages to ease them out of the spotlight without slighting their feelings. Even that isn't necessary often. Knowing they are going to be "on stage," most of them privately polish up a little joke or two they manage to get off and feel well pleased with themselves.

Sometimes they tote along a musical instrument, odd invention, or other implementa or impedimenta. When they show it to Lewis he rules on whether they may carry it on stage for a demonstration or not. If they are instrumentalists he arranges a quick rehearsal for them with the orchestra.

Miss Francis, in keeping with the idea that the show shall be spontaneous from the word go, and that everyone meets for the first time on stage, never sees such additional props or their owners in advance. She comes to grips with what the evening will bring on the same surprise level as her audience.

One such character recently confronted her with his burglar-scare invention. It was a pocket police siren, he carefully explained, and she innocently asked if she

might hear it.

"Of course," said the happy gentleman, pressing a button that released a caterwaul capable of summoning massed squads from Centre Street. As the crescendo and fall continued, Miss Francis asked rather desperately if the thing didn't run down. "Oh, yes," the man replied, beaming. "Eventually."

It was still moaning quietly for police when the program ended and the party took off for the Stork Club.

Another proud male, making his pitch via stage telephone to a waiting lady, told her frankly that he thought she would have to take her chances in line for his attention. "Why?" she congenially demanded. "You can only choose between two of us."

"Don't forget," he reminded her. "Tonight millions are seeing me. I'm on TV!"

Like GRANDMA
used to make

Smooth
Sweet

old fashioned American

BLACKBERRY
WINE



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BLACKBERRY
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THE MARINERS

(Continued from page 24)

Marian Anderson scholarships, which allowed him to study voice privately for a year.

If you saw the last show in which Robert Q. Lewis filled in for Godfrey, you'll remember Lewis mentioned that someone was taking movies of the show. That someone was Nat, who is a photography bug from away back and shoots everything from skylines to TV sets.

Which brings us to the plumpest member of the combine, Martin Karl, who holds down one end with 200 pounds and a beautiful baritone. Martin, from Stanberry, Mo., in the Ozark Mountain country, always oozed musical talent and just naturally stayed with it. He studied the violin as a kid, and has worked with quartets and ensembles since he was 12. He studied voice in Chicago and, with the American Opera Company there, Martin sang leading roles, directed, handled the costuming, and learned all the ropes of grand opera production. He also did some television directing with the Zenith TV labs in Chicago.

The youngest of the four at 26, Martin has come a long way in a short time. And he says he owes a lot of it to the church. "Activities in the church," he points out, "offer young people a wonderful opportunity to display talent when, in most cases, there would be no other way to show it."

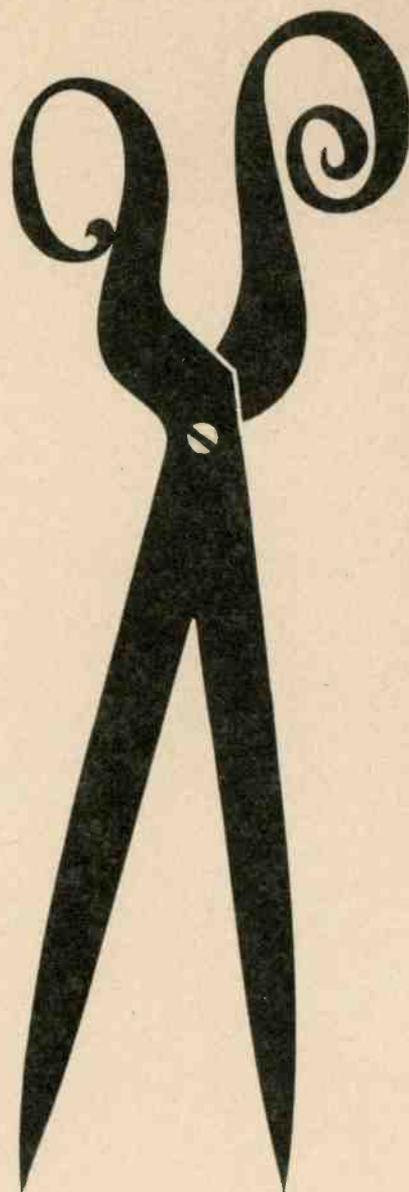
Martin, of course, like the others, entered the Coast Guard. And they all wound up at Manhattan Beach together. Each one, as a professionally trained performer, was in demand as a singer. But they performed singly until one night when a Coast Guard officer asked them to sing as a group. Once the boys turned it on as a unit, "The Mariners" was a going concern. And from that time until discharged, they sang for bond drives and entertained GI's in hospitals, canteens and theatres. Their commanding officer at Manhattan Beach was Bob Edge, who later became a sportscaster for CBS television.

Now established as TV standouts, under contract to Columbia Records, and in demand for concerts, "The Mariners" are a cinch to rack up more acclaim and coin. But, while happy about everything, it hasn't made them cocky. They have the assurance of real professionals who can deliver any tune from classical to ragtime with polished ease. "Anything but a scat tune," one of them says.

Being on Godfrey's radio show as well, five mornings a week, the boys have to handle about 30 tunes a week. And, to keep them sharp, Godfrey never lets them know the exact sequence of the songs until they're actually on the air. This means plenty of rehearsal, and a mighty busy week. But the group is accomplished enough to have a number just right after one run-through. They usually have a gin-rummy game going and they'll drop it long enough to do a number, then get back before the hand is cold.

Jim Lewis is the tallest of the lot and, in some ways, the most dignified and studious in appearance. And he has a remarkable collection of classical records. This doesn't impress the other Mariners, however, though it might someone else. "There's no head man in our group," Jim says. "We don't do anything unless we all agree. If one is at odds with the others, he just backs down, that's all. It's a real democratic arrangement."

Godfrey, of course, had the boys on his radio show and then brought them on TV. And where he's concerned, there has never been any difference of opinion. Martin Karl puts it like this: "I guess we feel about Godfrey the way most viewers do—that he's the kind of fellow you'd like to talk to, a real friend." We couldn't leave the boys on a better note, which is why TELECAST readily nominates the Mariners for stardom.



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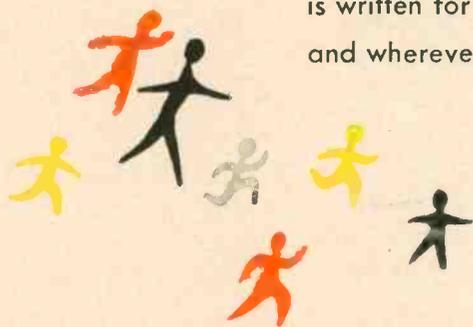
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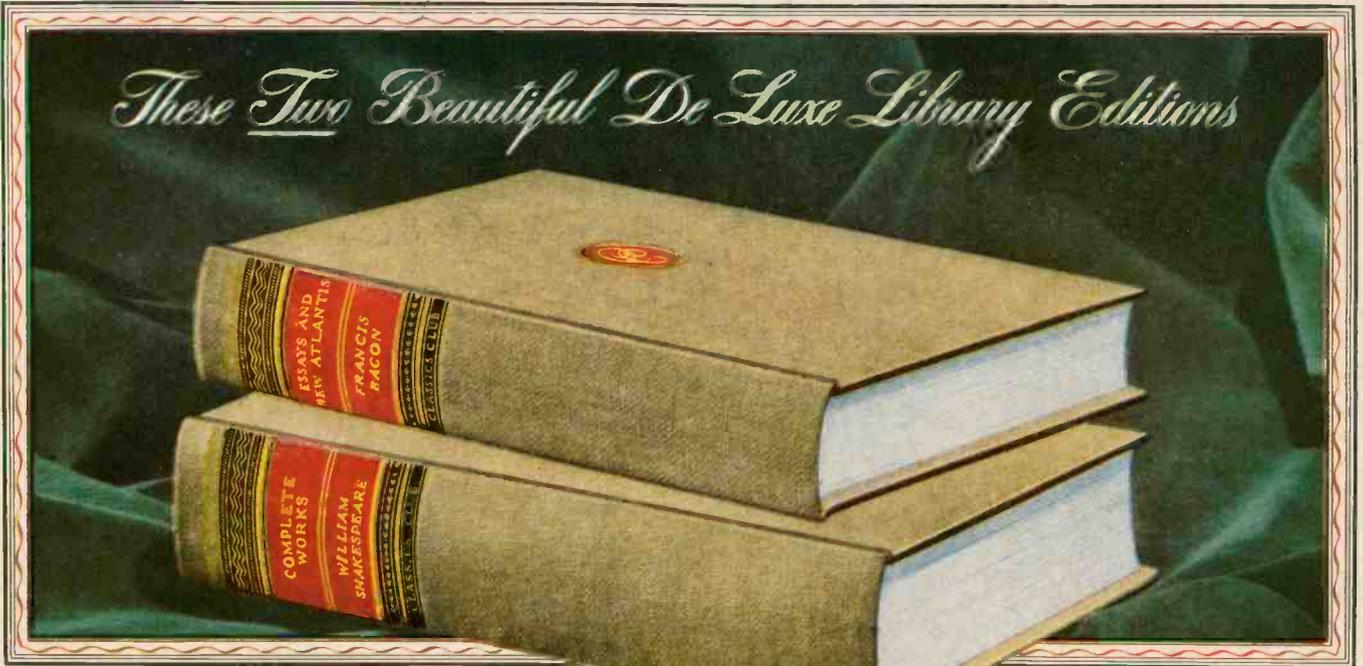
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