

GOOD OR BAD, TELEVISION . . .

Video—the Great, Irresistible Force

. . . HAS FASCINATION FOR MILLIONS

By H. I. PHILLIPS

LIVING-ROOM SQUAT

Television is developing a race of sitters—a vast, immovable population of living-room squatters, as it were. In all areas of the country where video has come into play, great masses of people are "set-tin'" glued around the set, absorbed and silent, neglecting small talks,

books, papers and even the racing results. The decline in conversation at house parties in television belts has become alarming. Guests hardly speak to one another or to the hostess. Whole evenings are spent in which "come in" and "good

night" sum up the total exchange of words.

The old man doesn't go down to the store for the papers or a cigar. Mom cuts the cinema. It isn't because television is all sheer entertainment. In fact, it has been rather trying, often downright annoying. Video is still in the baby stage. It doesn't look like an extra smart kid. But there is such a diversity of attractions on so many channels that there is a fascination for millions in it, good or bad.

So many more thrillers, playlets, vaudeville sketches, hockey games, fights, wrestling bouts, debates, concerts, newsreels, soap operas, comedians, tragedians, actors, dancers, scientists, clowns and puppets come zooming into the old homestead that the audience at least gets action. The reactions are curious. We know one addict who says, "It's so bad that it's absorbing." Another demands, with more enthusiasm, "Show me another medium through which I can get a hockey game, a ski tournament, a forum, a circus, a Broadway show, a couple of westerns, a book review and a carload of miscellaneous entertainers and celebrities without getting out of my chair!"

We have even discovered a fellow who finds some commercials attractive on television. He hated commercials on the radio, but a close-up photograph of a mince pie, a layer cake, a stack of wheaties, a bubbling glass of beer or a gal whipping up a dinner on a cooking program intrigues him. He gets sore if a plate of frankfurters and beans doesn't screen well or if a display of gelatins is out of focus. His chief interest in all products seems to be their degree of screen clarity.

take their regular radio or let it alone have been known to go nuts over television. The business of operating the various dials to bring in the entertainment gives them the feeling of being producers, stage directors, dramatic coaches, vaudeville kibitzers and movie promoters. They are never satisfied. They are always monkeying with the dials, trying to achieve the perfect show.

The American public is getting more and more amusement-mad and it looks as if books, magazines and newspapers may have to go all out for showmanship. Man's house used to be his castle; it is now his fight arena, his ball park, his theater, his concert hall, his information bureau and his personal clambake.

The answer to "Shall we go out somewhere tonight?" is "Why?" People used to leave the apartment to kill boredom and seek some diversion. They now accomplish the same objectives with an "aerial stack" and a "booster."

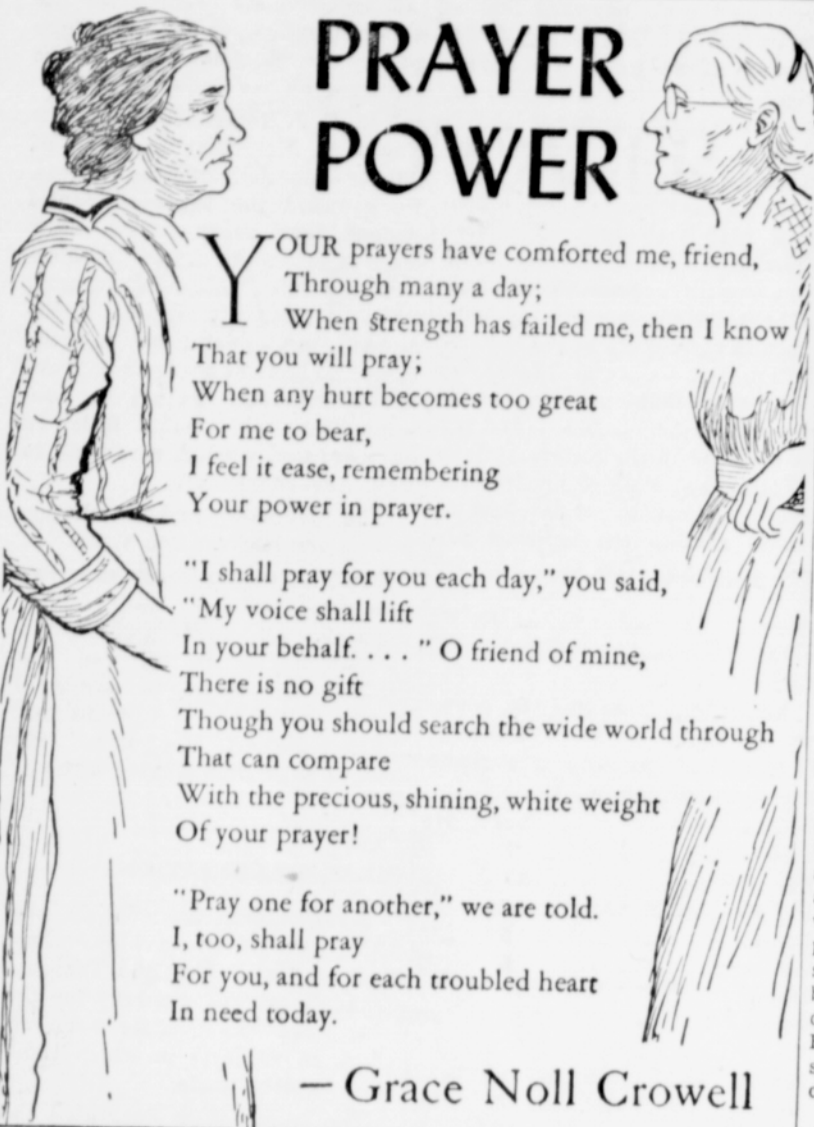
Hurry up with the dinner, mom! There's a prize fight, a wrestling show, six musical revues, a tour of the nighties, four westerns, a travelogue, a newsreel, four mystery dramas, 18 newscasts, a rodeo, a mardi gras and a sailfish tournament on the video tonight!

This 'n' That

Armour and Co. omitted its preferred dividend, saying meat prices have fallen 20 to 30 per cent . . . Steaks and chops are now worth little more, in fact, than their weight in gold.

Those Ford cars are of new design, but the strike comes in the same old shape at both ends and in any color so long as it's dark blue.

Men and women who could



PRAYER POWER

YOUR prayers have comforted me, friend,
Through many a day;
When strength has failed me, then I know
That you will pray;
When any hurt becomes too great
For me to bear,
I feel it ease, remembering
Your power in prayer.
"I shall pray for you each day," you said,
"My voice shall lift
In your behalf. . . ." O friend of mine,
There is no gift
Though you should search the wide world through
That can compare
With the precious, shining, white weight
Of your prayer!
"Pray one for another," we are told.
I, too, shall pray
For you, and for each troubled heart
In need today.

—Grace Noll Crowell

Star Dust
STAGE-SCREEN-RADIO

BY INEZ GERHARD

VANESSA BROWN typifies everything that a young actress ought to be. Very pretty, with chestnut hair and blue eyes, she has managed, at 20, to complete her college course and make pictures at the same time. Asked how it happened that she was chosen for the maid of the all-star cast of Paramount's "The Heiress," she laughed and said she'd been



VANESSA BROWN

teaching William Wyler's daughter to swim; after testing older actresses he realized that Vanessa was right for the role, her ninth. You've heard her on the air—she toured Alaska with "Vox Pop," has appeared on the Screen Guild and other important shows. She writes, too; has sold three stories to a newspaper syndicate.

Joan Fontaine in "Bed of Roses" will be back at RKO for the first time since she starred in "From This Day Forward" in 1945. A modern drama, it stars her as an iron-willed girl with an insatiable desire to have her own way. Friends who knew her and Olivia de Havilland in their school-girl days say the beautiful Joan herself always had a way of getting what she wanted.

John Miljan deserted films two years ago to devote his time to his avocado ranch at Vista, Calif., but could not resist the role of "Mr. Howard" in "Mrs. Mike," the Dick Powell-Evelyn Keyes starrer being produced for United Artists.

Five of filmland's glamour girls recognize a voice that has made love to them when they tune in Mutual's "Scattergood Baines." Wendell Holmes, who plays "Scattergood," has played the romantic lead opposite Joan Fontaine, Dorothy McGuire, Veronica Lake, Claire Trevor and Madeleine Carroll. He's also topped at impersonating Winston Churchill on the air.

The Fiction Corner

NO REGRETS

By

Richard H. Wilkinson

VALERIA'S AFFAIR with Eliot Harvey had proved extremely gratifying. After all, Eliot was the most handsome and the most glamorous man at Newfane Lake, and the confession of his love had rather flattered her vanity. But the duration had been brief. Two months, to be exact. She had smiled a little wistfully the night she handed back his ring.

"It's been swell fun, Eliot, but it can't last. The feeling's all on the surface. It isn't real."

"Not real?" He stared at her, unbelieving. "Good Lord, Val—" But she interrupted him with a gesture of finality. "It's no use, Eliot. You're far too glamorous and handsome to fall in love. I tried hard, but it didn't work." She patted his hand maternally. "Summer romances are fun, and this has been the best ever. No regrets."

A hurt look came into his eyes, to be replaced an instant later by exaggerated indifference. He tossed the ring, caught it, pocketed it. "O K, sister. I guess I can stand it." His eyes held that smug, "it's-your-funeral" look that so fitted his role. She felt released, free again. When Doug Metcalf asked her to attend the Country Club ball with him she accepted without qualms of conscience. Doug was big and homely. "Thought there was no harm in asking," he grinned. "You won't find me as spectacular as Eliot."

He looked at her curiously, seemed on the point of asking a question and thought better of it. She knew that he, like everyone else, was wondering if her heart was broken. Well, let them find out for themselves. Their pity annoyed her. Who was this Eliot Harvey, a god or something?

The night of the ball, dancing with Doug Metcalf, she saw Eliot floating by with Sheelah Jackson. He was looking down into her upturned face, oblivious to everything else. Valeria felt a little pang, and, impatient at herself, gave her attention to Doug. Doug was watching her and there was worship in his eyes.

SHE WAS DANCING a dreamy waltz with Doug when Eliot cut in. Surprised, she found herself in his arms scarcely before his familiar features became recognizable.

"Well, well, well. Look who's here! How's the Don Juan of Newfane?"

"Val, let's go out and get a punch." His tone was almost harsh. Valeria hesitated. "All right," she said. "I could use something like that. It's been a destructive evening. I'm worn out."

They moved into the alcove

where the drinks were being served. He led her beyond and through French doors that opened onto the terrace. The place was crowded, but they found a vacant bench behind some shrubbery, and Valeria sat down. It was good to sit. Eliot bent over her.

"Listen, Val, I can't stand it! I've been crazy ever since you gave me back the ring. I'm going mad! You've got to come back to me!"

Amazed, she stared up at him. His eyes were burning coals. He stood there stripped of his pride and dignity, no longer the confident Don Juan, the breaker of women's hearts.

"Eliot, you're drunk!" "I'm not! Val, don't you see I'm not! Don't you see how much I love you!" He dropped down beside her, and suddenly his head was against her breast. He wept.

Val was frightened and bewildered. So all his indifference, his

casual acceptance of her decision to break their engagement, his interest in Sheelah Jackson—it had all been pretense! A sham! A mask! An attempt to maintain his Don Juan standing, to nourish his pride and vanity and conceit.

She stood up, suddenly contemptuous, ashamed of her own doubts, disgusted with his weakness. She looked down at him, without pity or compassion or regret, turned away and went eagerly back to find dependable Doug.

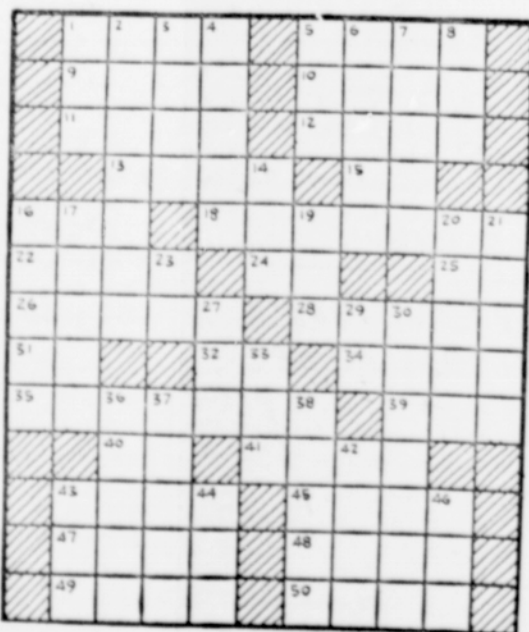
Discovery of Iron

Iron—according to legend—was discovered by primitive man in campfire embers or in meteorites. Iron tools were used in constructing the Pyramids about 3000 B. C. The ancients produced iron in fires built on the windward side of banks, or in pits or rock furnaces, using bellows.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

- ACROSS
- Part of a check
 - An aromatic spice
 - Irish Free State
 - A king of Norway
 - Seaweed
 - Habit
 - Furnished temporarily
 - Negative reply
 - Spawn of fish
 - Propose tentatively
 - River (Spain)
 - Board of Ordnance (abbr.)
 - Biblical city
 - Plaster of Paris
 - Kind of dance
 - Roman pound
 - Perform
 - Make hot
 - Native of Nevada
 - Bitter vetch
 - Jewish month
 - Benevolent
 - Like a wing
 - A brown, bitter nut (var.)
 - Attractive (colloq.)
 - Back of the foot
 - Note
- DOWN
- Body of water
 - Levers used for turning rudders
 - Incite
 - Kidney-shaped, edible seeds
 - Cut, as grass
 - Together
 - Light boat
 - Newt
 - A slow-moving boat
 - Otherwise
 - One of King Lear's daughters
 - Fat
 - Obtained
 - Sweeten
 - Jogs
 - Bone (anat.)
 - Exclamation
 - Sewing instruments
 - Tree
 - Price
 - Subside
 - Wall recess
 - Christmas song
 - Tree
 - Color
 - Malt beverage

A New Series of Puzzles to Test Your Wits



People Ran Congress

AS A USUAL THING folks out in the home towns and rural communities of our country are ahead of congress and the politicians here in Washington in their thinking on what is good for, or what is best for our country in the matter of national legislation.

As a rule the measures before congress are merely translations of the thought and action of the people themselves. And Washington is simply the mirror which reflects the will of a majority of the people.

There is a definite trend here in Washington however, which your Home Town Reporter is not attempting to interpret. I am going to ask for an interpretation from the grassroots on this trend which leads to the question—"Are we moving toward a socialistic national government in this country?" So if you will, please write me a letter giving me your thoughts on the question.

Perhaps I am too close to the forest to see the trees, but my mail is flooded every day with publicity, brochures, pamphlets and just plain propaganda seeking to brand every liberal piece of legislation before congress as "socialistic."

All Are Branded

The housing and slum clearance bill, federal aid to education bill, the bill for compulsory health insurance, expansion of social security laws, the various proposals to create river valley authorities, any bill which would provide for a federal grant-in-aid to the states, the Brannan agricultural program and numerous other measures . . . all have been branded as definitely socialistic in nature by one or more of the large organizations which maintain lobbies here to influence legislation.

Even our farm cooperatives have been branded with the socialistic label. It has come to the point that every so-called liberal piece of legislation which comes before congress is being measured by the socialist yardstick. Of course there are as many definitions for the word "liberal" as there are writers, but as this reporter views it, liberal legislation is any measure which has for its objective the elimination of any inequalities or tribulations of any great mass of the people through federal help in money or regulatory control.

Socialism Defined

The dictionary says socialism is a reconstruction of society on the basis of cooperation of labor and community of property; or government control of economic activities so that competition will give way to cooperation and the rewards of labor be equally apportioned. That is the orthodox Marx brand of socialism, but the modern or garden variety of socialism appears to be content with a more adequate distribution of wealth through social reforms by political agencies. They want nationalization of such resources as railroads, mines and other properties, but do not advocate abolition of the profit system nor the right to own private property.

Although anyway you view it socialism does not fit into the American system of free competition and individual freedoms, the question arises—does any reform advocated by the Socialist party become socialistic in fact? For instance as far back as 1908 the Socialist party platform advocated conservation and development of natural resources; scientific reforestation; storage of flood waters and utilization of water power; establishment of minimum wage scales; five and one-half-day week; old age pensions and survivors insurance; a graduated income tax; equal suffrage; direct primary; vocational education; a separate labor department and conservation of public health and establishment of an independent health bureau. These reforms are in the law today. Are they socialistic?

Address Given

This reporter believes, however, that a measuring stick should be whether or not, you as a citizen have lost or may lose your individual freedoms guaranteed you by the constitution and the bill of rights; whether controls by the government to keep employment on the farms and factories up and prices down are socialistic; whether taxation plays such a role in your economy as to become unbearably oppressive.

So let's hear what the folks in the home town think on this subject: Is the government moving towards socialism? Write me, if you will—address, Walter A. Shead, care Western Newspaper Union, 1057 National Press Bldg., Washington 4, D. C.

As late as 1936 the Socialist party platform advocated a public health program for adequate medical aid financed by taxation; a 30-hour week; creation of a federal marketing agency for purchase and marketing of agricultural goods.



Richer Harvest

By MICHAEL TIFF

MELISSA FINCH would have fainted from shock if Joe Sutton had told her she was a pretty girl or even smiled at her. His pa, Jake, did that right along, which was fair enough.

But Joe did like her cooking. Otherwise she'd have gone away before this; but today was definitely her last day as housekeeper for Jake Sutton and his son, Joe. Melissa hoped she had taken at least a part of the place Joe's ma had left some six years ago when she had passed beyond. She knew that Joe lived with the memory of his ma; acted as though she were in the next room. Melissa had never lost the idea of being an intruder.

"I'm leaving today," announced Melissa. Joe kept moving toward the door. "I'm leaving today," Melissa repeated. Joe stopped, and she could see his great fingers clench.

Melissa went back to the pump and sink. She began washing the dishes. At the same time she remembered that this was her last day. Three years ago she had started

ed in this house of the Suttons—Jake Sutton and that son of his, Joe. She had nothing against Jake because Jake had the sense to look at her as if she was a human being. But that Joe—he was a born woman-hater if ever she saw one. Then she considered—wiping the damp towel over the plates—that Joe had lost his ma.

She watched Jake come in for a packet of carrot seeds. Jake didn't glance at her as he rummaged in the seed pile. "Reckon as how Joe an' that Blossom Appenzeller gonna be hitched come this fall," Jake announced quietly.

Joe wouldn't marry any girl, not even Blossom with her fancy ways, Melissa thought. And, as for herself, she had stood about all she could. If Joe hadn't noticed her for three long years he sure wasn't going to change overnight.

HER suitcase was packed and she sat down on it to close it tight. Then she wondered what Joe was doing. She could see him through the window plain as day. She had to admit that he looked mighty like a man as he wheeled that tractor round the field. He'd make any girl a providing husband.

So Jake thought Blossom Appenzeller was for Joe. Maybe Blossom would have liked to nab Joe but Joe had no eye for painted-up lips and chalked-up eyes.

That blue dress on her suited her blue eyes. Melissa stood straight up in front of the dresser glass. Her hand halted midway to her face powder box. She was looking at Joe's ma, an old photo encased in a frame of gilded wood. For the first time, though she had seen that picture every day, Melissa could see why Joe remained aloof from girls; how could any girl come up to Joe's ma?

On her way down, carrying the suitcase, she wanted to cry but sob-



Melissa was awfully small; a speck of dust blown here by the wind.

bing eased that sickening feeling of departure. As she came out into the afternoon sunshine she could see Jake looking at her from the chicken yard.

"Joe!" Jake shouted. "Ain't you goin' to say good-by to Melissa?" And then she saw Joe stop the tractor and turn to stare at her.

Melissa felt another lump in her throat as Joe stood near her, like a great pine tree. She was awfully small; she was a speck of dust that had been blown here by the wind and now was being blown away.

"Why don't you look at me," he said, very low, and his voice came from a distance. She looked up and winced because he was aloof. "I wasn't certain," he said, "but now I know. It's the way you kept house. Ma had a blue dress like that. You're like her."

He took the suitcase from her. Without knowing it, she walked at his side, back to the house. The sun was hot on the fields, a white butterfly floated toward the cabbage patch, and Joe's arm felt good around her waist.

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