

# How Televisionary Can You Get?

NEW YORK—Grandma used to read me fairy tales, and I missed them terribly until television came along. Now I don't need Hans Christian Andersen any more, because I got what they call the real-life end of the TV thing to keep me warm.

Some horrid mischance took us to Philadelphia some time back to watch the birth of a circus program which is designed to sell more dairy products. We will skip gags about Philadelphia, but all of a sudden you get intrigued with the strong man named Dan Lurie.

Here is a new use for muscles. Dan is the boy in the commercial. He lifts a bar bell, and his muscles ripple. But Dan will not lift an ordinary, light prop bar bell. He insists on a bell weighing 200 pounds. Artistic integrity. The rest of the time he delivers ice-cream cones to the kids who flock to see the elephants and the clowns. Does not insist on heavy ice cream.

Also very fond of Dan's back. On it is painted all the credits of the show—writer, producer, music and so forth. When the producer's name comes up for the cameras, Dan makes his biceps jump. I tell you, there's no business like show business.

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ONE OF THE FINE THINGS that has happened in television lately is that a professional strong man—Dan's predecessor—broke out of an advertising agency. A man named Stan Elkin got drafted, suddenly, and in a fit of nerves missed his train to Philadelphia. He went back,

late, to a fine and fusty firm at the fine and fusty address of 30 Rockefeller Plaza, to await new orders. He got in, but couldn't get out.

He felt exactly like the late gorilla, Bushman, who suddenly discovered he couldn't lift a window sash when he came loose from his cage. Mr. Elkin busted out of the office to the consternation of the cops. First time anybody ever busted out of an agency, although many have wished to.

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I HAVE SEEN SOME THINGS LATELY in the medium to curl the hair. So help us all, the other night, a sister team employed the old burlesque technique, on a big show, of spitting in each other's faces. That is correct. Spit is a horrid word. It is used as humor today on television.

Another thing that is used in lieu of humor is the homosexual approach to wit. This is with the lisp and the swished wrist and the hand-on-the-hip routine, and is not funny. There is no humor in homosexuality, as there is no humor in cancer, blindness, or insanity.

Also I heard an actor say "damn" in a dramatic bit. I say it all the time and it never bothers me, but on television damn is a horrid word. Like spit.

It is certainly an odd pastime for a grown man, but I keep hovering around the set, wondering what will come up next. If they can make you believe that cigarettes march, and that an imitation of Harry Richman is still funny, here is an art form that will never wither, never die.