

Rowland Says Movies Need New Blood Transfusion

HOLLYWOOD UP—The trouble with movies, a director says, is that people who have been seeing Clark Gable for 20 years aren't willing to shell out 75 cents to see him again.

Roy Rowland says the movies literally need a transfusion of new blood.

It doesn't matter much whose blood Rowland says they can make a movie star out of almost anybody.

The industry does develop some new faces Rowland says, but they don't go at it systematically. We ought to conduct a regular, organized search through the colleges and little theaters for talent.

And while they're at it, he added, don't stop with actors. The movies need some new talent in the writing department too.

There are about 1,200 writers in Hollywood but the way most pictures turn out would show they were only one lot.

Build-Up Needed

You can't just throw a new face at the public, of course, Rowland said. You've got to build them out with publicity and the right kind of parts and a name opposite them.

Janet Leigh for instance, she got a face in a photograph when Norma Shearer discovered her. She had never been in a picture at all when she played the lead in one of Rowland's pictures, "Romance of Ross Ritz," about the life of Van Johnson.

The point is that she had been a part of the picture, she had spoken of personality, she had been in front of a camera, she had been in a picture, she had been in a picture.

You can teach them everything, Rowland said, but you can't teach them to be a star.

A lot of new faces Rowland predicted will come to the movies from television.

Television doesn't pay very much, he pointed out, but it's a new play has a better chance to get started without competing with old-timers.

"KISS AND TELL"

Susie Learns About Life From Toyland

By DOROTHY ROE

AP Newfeatures Writer

Parents may expect some jolts from the new realism of 1948 toys. But Santa's theory this year, backed up by leading child psychologists, is that modern toys should reflect life as it is. Children, he explains, don't like to be kidded.

The newest baby doll will perform almost all the human functions. It can be fed crackers (after removed from a container in the back of the neck). It takes water from a bottle and later ejects waste in a diaper or performs the same function on a small pot. It has hair that can be washed and when its stomach is pressed it burps.



SO THAT'S HOW IT'S DONE! Susie watches in amazement as gaily painted toy hen cackles, lays three eggs and then walks majestically away.



OH BOY—REAL MILK! Toyland's modern cow stands patiently while Susie milks her. The milk is inserted from a bottle through an opening on top.



FAMILY GROUP... Toyland's modern cow stands patiently while Susie milks her. The milk is inserted from a bottle through an opening on top.

SANTA and the SNOW MAN

BY LUCRECE HUDGINS

Chapter 4

DANNY COMES TO SANTA LAND

When the elf disappeared, Danny was left behind. He had never seen Santa before. He had never seen the reindeer. He had never seen the snow.

"Where are you going?" wondered Danny. "I don't know," said the elf. "You must go to the Tree Wizard."

"What is a Tree Wizard?" Danny asked. "He is a wizard who lives in the Valley of Wasoon. He is a very smart man. Once he cured a woman of a broken heart and once he cured a man whose heart was made of stone. He can cure you if you do what he asks."

"Oh—I will!" cried Danny. "I'll do anything you ask me—this very minute!" and he began at once to pull on his coat.

"Wait," cried the Snow Man. "Do you imagine you are going without me? You made me and I shall follow you wherever you go. Besides, I might come in handy. Who knows?"

Then Santa told them where to find the Valley of Wasoon and off they started hand in hand.

Now the Valley of Wasoon wasn't so far away but Danny and the Snow Man had hardly left Santa Land when Flounroy, the evil elf, popped from behind a hedge.

"Ha!" he cried. "So you, too, are leaving Santa Land. Perhaps you'd like to join in my plans?"

"Of course he did not say what his plans were and Danny was delighted with such friendliness. 'You must join us instead!' he said.

But the Snow Man, though he knew nothing of Flounroy's evil



"YOU MUST DO WHATEVER THE TREE WIZARD REQUIRES."

the bounce in 2000 bouncing balls before sundown. But before the fairies could return to work Danny and the Snow Man arrived!

"Fancy that—a snow man who talks!" cried the fairies when the Snow Man introduced himself.

"My," said Santa admiringly. "What a fine toy you would make!"

"Sir," said the Snow Man with dignity, "I could never be tucked away in a Christmas stocking. I am too large. And I could never be placed before the Christmas fire—I'd melt away. So please do not think of me as a toy."

Santa laughed. "What can I do for you then?"

"I should like to stay here in Santa Land for, to tell the truth it is the only climate in the world that will agree with me."

"Stay," said Santa happily. "And be my friend. But tell me first where did you get your wonderful red hat?"

Then the Snow Man told Santa about the fairy putting the red hat on his head to bring him alive. "If I ever take it off I shall be just a plain snow man and the hat will never work for me again."

"My goodness," gasped Santa. "You must watch out for Mrs. Claus. She so dislikes my own cap she will surely try to trade it for your own!"

So, laughing merrily, Santa led the Snow Man and Danny into his house and welcomed them to dinner.

And what do you suppose they had for dinner?

Fifteen different kinds of ice-cream! Vanilla, chocolate, strawberry, caramel, lemon, orange, macaroon, peppermint, pineapple, pistachio, peanut brittle, cherry, chocolate chip, butterscotch and banana.

Now all the time they were eating ice cream Santa kept watching Danny out of the corner of his eye. He was worried because Danny ate some vanilla and a little peppermint and didn't so much as touch another dish. This was a very strange way for a boy to act and Santa knew there must be something on Danny's mind.

Finally he said, "I can make most any kind of toy in my workshop. What would you like me to fix for you?"

Danny looked at Santa his eyes filled with hope. "Would you—would you fix my crooked leg?"

"Then Santa's heart was heavy. He could bring Christmas joy all over the world but how could he fix a little boy's crooked leg?"

"Would you?" cried Danny again, his face white with expectancy. Santa slowly shook his head.

"Oh, don't say no," cried Danny desperately. "Perhaps—some medicine—some herb—some tonic—"

suggested the Snow Man hopefully. He couldn't bear to have his little friend disappointed.

And suddenly Santa remembered the pill.

He rose from the table and walked back and forth across the room four times thinking and thinking

doings in Santa Land, didn't like the elf's face or the way he grinned at them. He said, "Thank you but we'd rather have nothing to do with you." And he pulled Danny along leaving Flounroy growling with fury.

"Why were you so rude?" Danny asked. "I think it would be fun to have an elf for a friend."

"That elf gave me the shivers," said the Snow Man. "And, being made of snow, I don't shiver easily. He has something mean on his mind and I don't want anything to do with him."

Danny laughed. "Well, neither do I. Then, come, let's hurry, hurry!"

So hurry they did and it would have astonished you to see how fast they travelled; the Snow Man heaving along on his great snow legs and Danny limping along beside him like a giant grasshopper.

Before the day was over they arrived in the Wasoon Valley. Here was a place of magic such as you could never imagine.

Only thing; there were at least a thousand trees growing there and every tree was different. One was a climbing tree—with twin trunks fashioned like a ladder and every limb a solid perch where a boy could sit and look over the world.

Another tree glowed with lights and tinsel—a Christmas tree that never died but stayed brilliantly aglow the whole year through.

Another tree was laden with fruit of every kind: bananas, oranges, apples, pears, pineapples, grapefruit—all on the very same branch!

Soon they stood before a tall tree—so tall you could scarcely see the top. Suddenly one of the branches moved right down the tree and stood before them.

"Well," it said, "What are you staring at?"

"Danny gasped and the Snow Man hiccoughed they were so astonished. For it wasn't a limb but the Wizard himself!

Indeed, he looked like a tree! Tall and straight and narrow. Brown-skinned and hard.

The Snow Man said, "If you please sir, if you are the Tree Wizard we have come to ask your help." Then he told the Wizard of Danny's leg and how they hoped he could cure it.

"Yes," said the Wizard, "I have a pill which will surely cure it and make you as fit as any boy you know."

"Oh, thank you!" cried Danny. But the Snow Man was more practical. He said, "What will be the price, Mr. Wizard?"

The Wizard said, "Ah, yes, there has to be a price. You must bring me another tree for my Valley! A tree more remarkable than any you have seen here today."

Danny and the Snow Man looked over that vast valley of incredible trees and then looked at each other. Where in all the world would they find a tree even half so wonderful as any of these?

Tuesday: The Stone Tree

Water flows into the Mediterranean from both the Atlantic and the Black seas to make good losses by evaporation.

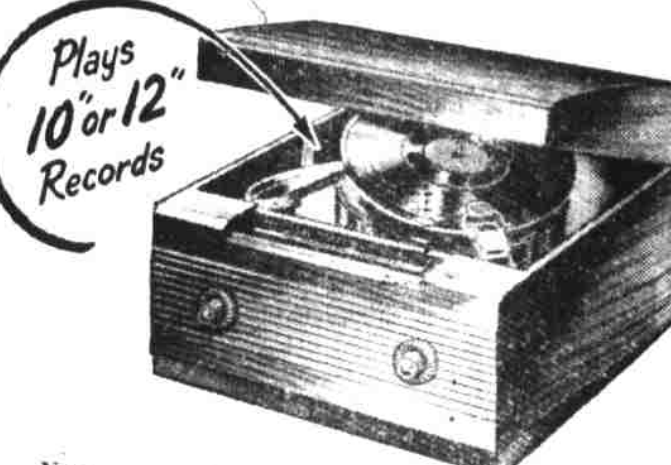
SCOTT'S SCRAP BOOK

By R. J. SCOTT



THE SEDATE CITIZEN OF KOREA WEARS AN OILED PAPER UMBRELLA TO PROTECT HIS PILL-BOX HAT FROM THE RAIN.

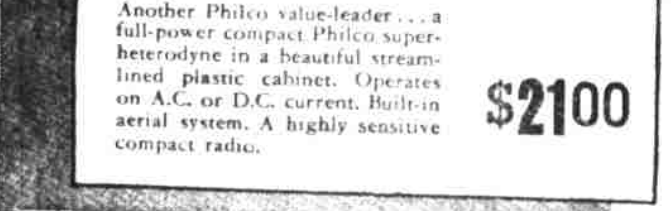
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Powell To Address Safety Council At Asheville Meeting

Clyde R. Powell, director of public relations for Eastern Ligon Corporation and its Ligon Safety Shoe Company, will be the featured speaker at the December meeting of the North Carolina Safety Council. The meeting is scheduled for 7:30 p. m. on Tuesday, December 7, and will be at the room of the Coca-Cola Bottling Company in Asheville.

Mr. Powell, one of America's outstanding industrial publicists, has traveled extensively throughout the country and is well known as a speaker, lecturer and hypnotist. He will speak on "Putting the Safety in Safety" and will probably do some hypnotism and magic to illustrate his talk.

The election of council officers for 1949 will be held prior to Mr. Powell's talk. It was announced by John M. Burt, of the Champion Paper and Fibre Co., council chairman.

WHEN TO QUIT DRINKING

HAMMOND, Ind. (AP)—Wagon man is 74. It's time for him to stop drinking, says Alvin Karp, who is serving his 10th birthday. Karp's ski stopped drinking 20 years ago because "I was getting hard."

Box 506 Also Started Chicks

Haywood Hatcher

BUY YOUR CHICKS THIS YEAR FROM Haywood Hatcher's shires. These breeders are Barred Rock and New Hampshire with pedigreed sires. This will produce chicks that will have an inheritance of high egg production. All of our chicks are hatched from breeders on our own farm. Mail your orders early. Chicks available each Monday. North Carolina U. S. Pullorum clean.

don't DO that!



DON'T BE A LAST-MINUTE LIZ... If you wait until Christmas Eve to mail cards, you might as well skip it.

Pink Automobiles Latest In Fads

PHILADELPHIA (U.P.)—Now it's pink automobiles. What's more, two Philadelphia women say the strawberry-colored cars make their driving easier. This is how Mrs. Parker Smith and Mrs. John Gerth figure it out: Men drivers, anxious to ogle the startlingly-painted cars, give Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Gerth the right of way. Mrs. Smith, however, recalled that once two male motorists plowed into each other while gazing at her pink convertible. Mrs. Gerth's husband says he has suffered indignities from other motorists while at the wheel of his wife's "Powder Puff". As for Mr. Smith, he drives his own canary yellow convertible, thanks.

Static electricity generated when you scuff your feet across a rug will generate as much as 18,000 volts, engineers estimate.

KORVO

stops scalp itch, dandruff, oily and dry type dandruff, removes scalp film

KORVO—the same wonder-working germicidal preparation that was successfully for 10 years by noted dermatologist to correct stubborn cases.

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