

# AIR CHECK

NEWSLETTER OF THE RADIO ENTHUSIASTS OF PUGET SOUND (REPS)

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SPRING • 1998

## THE 1998 PEMCO/REPS RADIO SHOWCASE VI JUNE 19-20 AT THE SEATTLE CENTER



### Front row, l to r:

Art Gilmore, Harry Bartell,  
Merrill Mael, Norma Jean  
Nilsson, Rhoda Williams,  
Tyler McVey, Esther Geddes,  
Peg Lynch, Parley Baer.

### At table, seated l to r:

Peggy Jordan, Stewart Conway,  
Ray Erlenborn, Dick Beals,  
Gil Stratton, Jr., Herb Ellis.

### Standing, l to r:

Larry Dobkin, Ginny Tyler,  
Sandra Gould, Doug Young,  
Bob Hastings, Jim French,  
Pat French.

(Not shown-Frank Buxton)



THE RADIO ENTHUSIASTS OF PUGET SOUND ARE PROUD TO ANNOUNCE THEIR 1998 CONVENTION PROGRAM. THIS YEAR'S EFFORT IS AGAIN BEING LED BY OUR ERSTWHILE CONVENTION PRODUCERS AND ORGANIZERS MIKE SPRAGUE AND JOY JACKSON. MIKE HAS PROVIDED A BACKGROUND OF THIS YEAR'S SHOW STARTING ON PAGE 3. WE ARE VERY EXCITED ABOUT THEIR EFFORTS AND WE KNOW THAT YOU WILL BE TOO.

## SPRING 98 FEATURES

Our Spring edition of AIRCHECK is featuring our annual convention, being held this year at the Seattle Center. We are enclosing a program and registration form for your application on page 14. We are also including a ballot for the REPS Radio appreciation award on page 15. This is a chance to recognize one of your favorite performers and contributors to Old Time Radio. You should have already received this ballot but we thought that we would send you a duplicate in case that you misplaced the original.

*continues on page 2*



# THE 1998 PEMCO/REPS RADIO SHOWCASE VI

## "RADIO FAMILIES" ■ JUNE 19-20 ■ AT THE SEATTLE CENTER BY MIKE SPRAGUE

### A LITTLE HISTORY

On the one hand, nothing has changed for Showcase VI. On the other hand there have been some big changes...for the good. And the name of the event gives us a clue.

Though a wonderful experience and with nice feedback each year, our OTR convention is relatively small when compared to others like SPERDVAC in Los Angeles and Friends of Old Time Radio in Newark. They have many more attendees and they have sizable donations made to them. Thus their budgets have been pretty substantial.

We haven't had that luxury so far. For each of the previous Showcases, our out of town actor friends have been kind enough to handle a big chunk, if not all of their expenses, other than registration of course. The Board and the Committee have always felt extremely appreciative and also embarrassed at the generosity of our friends.

### CORPORATE PARTNER...A NEW ERA?

This year, REPS determined to do everything possible to be more involved financially with the special guests. We contacted the folks at PEMCO Financial Services with some ideas about their possible involvement. They are a highly respected group of companies, serving customers in Washington state on insurance, banking and credit union needs, along with other services. (See their ad on page 7 of this issue of Air Check.)

Last year, we did a special re-creation and program for a large group of PEMCO's customers. It was very well received and another was done on March 12th of this year. In 1997 they made a nice donation to REPS.

This year, they responded to our inquiry with a very large donation that allowed us to pay a big piece of the transportation and lodging expenses of the Showcase stars. The Board determined that it made much sense to include the PEMCO name in the Showcase name.

### THE NEW LOCATION

One more item could help us financially. Since we were forced to move the Showcase to the Seattle Center, we will spend about the



▲ "One Man's Family"...The Barbour's at Christmas

same amount of money on the facility, and we could accommodate a much larger crowd...something we couldn't have done in Bellevue.

### NEW ATTENDEES?

The hope is that quite a few PEMCO customers will hear about the event and come. Also, we are attempting to reach into a couple of school districts to see if we can get word to the kids and their families. They will be offered special pricing to get them involved. If readers have any other ideas, please get them to Mike Sprague or Joy Jackson.

### THE STARS

They always hate it when we call them that, but they sure are. Presently, we are expecting to hang out with: **Harry Bartell** *Gunsmoke, Ft. Laramie, Sherlock Holmes...*

- **Dick Beals** *Lone Ranger, Six Shooter, Speedy Alka Seltzer...*
- **Stewart Conway** *Sound effects, The Whistler, Arch Obler...*
- **Larry Dobkin** *Ellery Queen, Escape, Gunsmoke...*
- **Sharon Douglas** *2nd Mrs. Burton, OMF, Life of Riley...*
- **Sam Edwards** *Corliss Archer, Gunsmoke, Suspense...*
- **Ray Erlenborn** *Sound effects, Jack Benny, Dr. Christian...*
- **Barbara Fuller** *OMF, His Honor-Barber, Stepmother...*
- **Page Gilman** *One Man's Family-the only Jack Barbour...*
- **Art Gilmore** *Red Skelton, Dr. Christian, Dragnet...*
- **Sandra Gould** *Duff's Tavern, Jack Benny, Bewitched...*
- **Merrill Mael** *Vic and Sade, Dr. Kate, Mystery Play...*
- **Tyler McVey** *OMF, Glamour Manor, Fibber McGee...*
- **Bill Murtough** *Engineer Lowell Thomas, Big Bands...*
- **Norma Jean Nilsson** *Father Knows Best, Jack Carson, Blondie...*
- **Gil Stratton, Jr.** *My Little Margie, Life of Riley, Stalag 17...*
- **Ginny Tyler** *Voices, Dr. Doolittle, Mouseketeer...*
- **Janet Waldo** *Corliss Archer, OMF, Ozzie & Harriet...*
- **Anne Whitfield Phillips** *OMF, P. Harris & A. Faye, Hallmark...*
- **Rhoda Williams** *Father Knows Best, Lux, Life of Riley...*
- **Douglas Young** *Mystery Playhouse, Augie Doggie, Lux...*
- **JoAnna March** *Second Mrs. Burton, The Burglar*

story continues on page 4



# RADIO SHOWCASE VI...continued from page 3

## THE PROGRAM

This year's Showcase will begin at 3 PM on Friday June 19. After a dinner break with everyone on their own, we'll return at 7 PM and go until about 9:15 PM. On Saturday, registration will continue and a continental breakfast is provided beginning at 8:30 AM, with the program commencing at 9. After the lunch break, everything goes on until the social hour from 5:30-6:30 PM. Then comes Dinner With The Stars, awards and special music. The Showcase will conclude with a major re-creation and the wonderful group photo op.

We are planning to do re-creations of The Aldrich Family, The Life of Riley, One Man's Family, Ellery Queen and Vic & Sade. In almost every case, at least one actor will have had a key role in the original show. There will also be a Cold/First Read of another show. That was well received when we did it last year. With Larry Dobkins as Director you can be assured of a lively production.

Panels include the following: The Best Five Family Shows, The Five Worst, Up Close With Special Guests...and more. And, the very popular Just Sittin' Around and Visiting will be back. All of our OTR guests will be together in one place at one time, interacting with each other and also responding to audience questions.


After dinner, music from the 30's, 40's and 50's will be performed by the talented Valerie and Mike James. They're good! And, Valerie is Ray Erlenbom's daughter.

A major highlight of this Showcase will be the highly anticipated Tribute To Parley Baer. Parley will be with us in spirit and his many co-worker friends will be involved in a highly personal, positive and loving accolade to Parley.

## OLD TIME RADIO SCHEDULE ON THE EVERGREEN RADIO

— LARRY SISKIND AND BOB HERMAN —  
8 PM SATURDAY NIGHTS ON THE CHANNEL 9 SAP CHANNEL

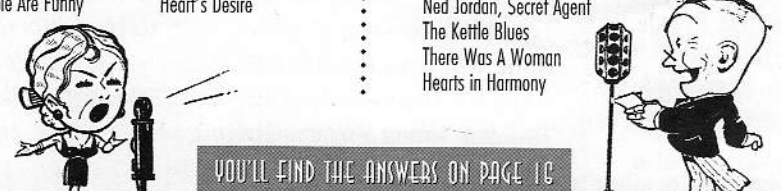
<b>MAY 23...Larry Siskind</b>	Falcon "Plenty Twenty", 7/25/51	A better who done-it private eye drama
	Falcon "Hypocritical", 8/1/51	
<b>MAY 30...Bob Herman</b>	Old Time Radio	
<b>JUNE 6...Larry Siskind</b>	Falcon "Silent Butler" 8/21/52	
<b>JUNE 13...Bob Herman</b>	Old Time Radio	
<b>JUNE 20...Larry Siskind</b>	Theater Guild (U.S. Steel) "Lillian" 11/30/52	Hour radio drama
<b>JUNE 27...Bob Herman</b>	Old Time Radio	
<b>JULY 4...Larry Siskind</b>	Rogers of the Gazette, 8/12/53	Radio Drama stars Will Rogers, Jr. as crusading editor of small town newspaper.
	Rogers of the Gazette, 8/26/53	



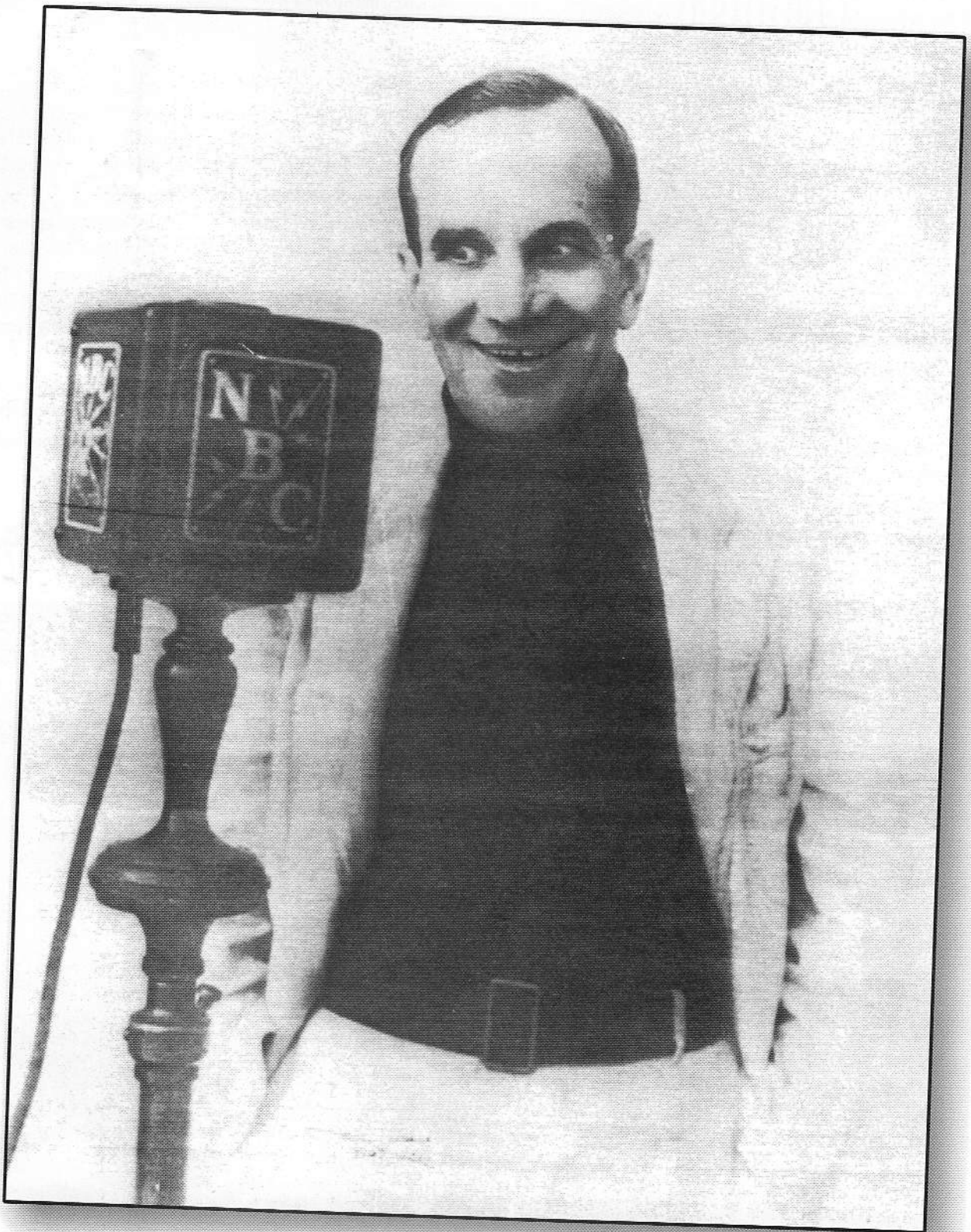
## TOUGH AND EASY QUIZ by Larry Siskind

### HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR OLD-TIME RADIO? LET'S FIND OUT!

<p><b>1. BLACK SWAN HALL</b> was the home of?</p> <p>Our Gal Sunday      Ma Perkins Helen Trent        The Goldbergs David Harum        Big Sister</p>	<p><b>3. THE BLUE NOTE</b> was a tavern often frequented by?</p> <p>Harry Lime (The Third Man)      Just Plain Bill Chester Riley (Life of Riley)      Casey, Crime Photographer Count of Monte Cristo              Phil Harris and Frankie Remley</p>	<p><b>5. Match the cereal to the children's adventure show</b></p> <p>Quaker Puffed Wheat &amp; Rice      Tom Mix Cream of Wheat                      Jack Armstrong Kellogg's Pep                          Let's Pretend Grape Nuts Flakes                      Superman Wheaties                                Hop Harrigan Ralston                                    Terry and the Pirates</p>
<p><b>2. Which Old-Time radio show had a town named after it?</b></p> <p>Queen for a Day                      Truth or Consequences Double or Nothing                      Lassie People Are Funny                      Heart's Desire</p>	<p><b>4. Which radio show never existed?</b></p> <p>The Fishing &amp; Hunting Club of the Air Grandpa Burton Ned Jordan, Secret Agent The Kettle Blues There Was A Woman Hearts in Harmony</p>	<p><b>6. Match the home town to the radio program?</b></p> <p>Fairbrook                                David Harum Glen Falls                                Life with Luigi Summerfield                                Big Sister Homeville                                Great Gildersleeve Rushville Center                        Ma Perkins Chicago                                    Our Gal Sunday</p>



**YOU'LL FIND THE ANSWERS ON PAGE 16**



**▲ THE ABOVE PICTURE WAS SUBMITTED BY DICK BONESTEEL WITH THE FOLLOWING NOTE:**

*"This is a publicity photo for Al Jolson's premiere radio series "Presenting Al Jolson" which began November 25, 1932. Jolson signed with Chevrolet for 26 broadcasts at \$7,500 per show. The last 11 were never done. The format of the program had Jolson working with two microphones so he could move freely between them. I found the style of the old time mikes interesting."*



# LIBRARY ACQUISITIONS

The library has broken the ceiling of 2900. Yes, we've got more than 2900 tapes in our library. Congratulations and 'thank you's' to all of you who have donated tapes and those of you who helped duplicate them.

The December-January Supplement included the following: Air Stories of WWI, BBC Radio Presents, Beyond Midnite, Bulldog Drummond, Carling Country, Challenge of the Yukon, Chandu, Charlie Chan, Clyde Beatty Show, Don Quixote, Dragnet, Epic Casebook, Ethel and Albert, Firechief Show, Fred Allen, Great Gildersleeve, Gunsmoke, Inner Sanctum, Jack Armstrong, Jack Benny, Joe DiMaggio Show, Jungle Jim, Lone Ranger, Mercury Theatre of the Air, Mr. Chameleon, Mr. Keene, Murder at Midnight, Murder by Experts, Murder Clinic, Mystery Classics, Nero Wolfe, Nick Carter, One Man's Family, Saint, Scarlet Pimpernel, Sherlock Holmes, Sounds of Darkness, Spotlight Bands, Suspense, Tarzan, Top Secret, Unsolved Mysteries, Whistler, Whitehall 1212, Your Hit Parade, Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar.

In the works for the next supplement: Stan Freberg's Show. I bought a bunch of Vic and Sade tapes from McCoy's Recordings, but I am not happy with the quality

of them. They've been hard to listen to. I hope the ones I've tried are anomalies, and that some of them will be of good enough quality to add to our collection.

Cliff Glaspey has made copies of his collection of Damon Runyon Theatre, to cover the ones that were damaged or missing from the fire. Yeah, Cliff! He is persistent in trying to get the missing list narrowed down, and keeps prodding me for a new missing list.

Inevitably, there are tapes that return to me with assorted problems—no recording on either side, broken tape, episode doesn't match the label, etc. I have to admit I'm a little slow at fixing the problems. If you have been asking and asking for a tape but have never gotten it, that might be the problem. Don't give up hope, however. With over 2900 tapes, surely something there will tide you over.

If you run into a problem, make sure to attach a note to it, as you send it back to the Andersons. If it's correctable, we'll try.

I would enjoy any suggestions for shows that you might like to have the Air Check Library concentrate on obtaining. Just drop me a line, or leave a message at (206) 632-1653. I even have an e-mail account: [jjljackson@aol.com](mailto:jjljackson@aol.com).

## LARRY ALBERT'S VIDEO CLIPS OF RADIO ACTORS

VIDEO CLIP	TIME	ACTOR 1	ACTOR 2	ACTOR 3	ACTOR 4	ACTOR 5
Lady & The Tramp		Barbara Luddy	Bill Thompson			
		(1st Nighter)	(Fibber McGee)			
FBI Story		Jimmy Stewart	Parley Baer			
Young Lions			Parley Baer			
Look Who's Laughing		Jim Jordan	Marian Jordan			
Gildersleeve on Broadway		Harold Peary	Walter Tetley	Richard LeGrande		
Dragnet	early 50's, b/w	Harry Bartell				
Dragnet	mid 60's, color	Harry Bartell				
Cheyenne (TV)		Sidney Smith	Sam Buffington			
		(Ellery Queen)	(Luke Slaughter)			
Dragnet	1954	Olin Solee	Vic Perrin	Georgia Ellis	Stacy Harris	Virginia Gray
		(1st Nighter)	(Gunsmoke)	(Gunsmoke)		
Ghost of Frankenstein		Barton Yarborough				
Falcon		Gerald Moore				
		(Philip Marlowe)				
Crime Doctor		Steve Dunne				
		(2nd Sam Spade)				
Auntie Mame		Willard Waterman				
Look Who's Laughing		Edgar Bergen & Charley McCarthy	Ray Noble	Isabel Randolph	Gale Gordon	Bill Thompson
Peyton Place		Stats Costworth				
		(Casey Crime)				
Day the Earth Stood Still		Larry Dobkin	John Brown	Olin Solee		
			(Digger O'Dell)			
Hello Frisco		John Archer				
Flaming Frontier		Ralph Bowman				
Maverick (TV)		Carl Swenson	John Dehner			
		(Lorenzo Jones)	(Paladin, FG)			
Judgment at Nuremberg		Ben Wright	Virginia Christine			
		(Hevbo on)	(Mrs.)			
Dead Men Tell (Charlie Chan)		Truman Bradley	Paul McGrath			
		(announcer)	(2nd host inner)			
Shadow (the serial)	1940's	Griff Barnett				
		(Phil Harris)				
Pete Kelly's Blues		Herb Ellis				
Dragnet	1950's	Irene Tedroe	Jack Kruschen			
		(Chandu)	(Dragnet)			
Phantom (the serial)		Jeannie Bates				
		(One Man's Family)				
Born To Be Wild		Larry Albert				



“Your generation is unique. There never will be another one like it. With all the technological advances in your lifetime, you’ve gone from shoe leather to the stars. ...You’re responsible not just for much of our growth, but for the growth of our country. We thank you.”

– Stanley O. McNaughton,  
speaking to retired Washington teachers

When REPS offered us the chance to support the Radio Showcase, our friend and leader Stanley O. McNaughton had just passed away.

Stan’s words came to mind, and we thought supporting the ‘98 Showcase might serve two purposes: We could thank radio enthusiasts for their patronage, many of who likely are longtime customers of our companies. And we could thank the radio performers themselves for years of wholesome entertainment.

PEMCO Financial Services is pleased to support REPS. We hope you enjoy the Radio Showcase.



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# OUR CONTINUING SAGA FROM OLD TIME RADIO

The exciting conclusion to "Corliss Archer, Poet Laureate" which first appeared in 'Radio Mirror' magazine in October, 1946.

School was a problem for Corliss the next day and she found it hard to concentrate. The last class was barely over when she was on her feet and flying homewards. There were things she had to do. In fact, so many things to do that she only just made it—with a flying leap downstairs into the living room as she heard the sound of the family car spurting gravel in the driveway.

He was here! Byron Warwick was coming into this house!

Indeed he was. The young man, following Mrs. Archer through the front door and into the hall and struggling with a suitcase in either hand, was indeed the young man of the portrait. The profile was there and the dark, shadowed eyes and the hair cut longish and curly. More than this, Corliss couldn't see very clearly, because part of her preparations had been to lower all the blinds, leaving the living room in a sort of undersea gloom.

She looked at them through horn-rimmed spectacles which weren't her own. When she spoke her voice was sepulchral. "O World! O Life! O Time! On whose last steps I climb—" you know."

"Shelley," Mrs. Archer supplied automatically, and then recovered her poise with a gasp. "Corliss, stop that! Mr. Warwick, this is my daughter, Corliss."

"Mr. Warwick!" Corliss came out of her trance with a bounce. Even the horn-rimmed spectacles couldn't conceal her excited eyes. "You must forgive me. But being a poet yourself, you'll understand how rapt a person can get when a person is communing with her psyche."

Perhaps Byron Warwick's communing had never been done in the middle of a living room, in front of an audience. At least, there was a slight hesitation before he spoke.

"Ah yes. When one is—ah—*communing*—it is certainly a soul-shattering experience to be so interrupted. I find it so." He picked up a statuette from the end table—a piece of sculpture Mr. Archer privately believed to have been conceived in a nightmare. "You know, this is almost—well, nearly quite good, you know. I knew a girl in Paris, once—" giving the two entranced women the full benefit of his profile as he seemed to gaze back into memory—"who did this sort of thing. Wonderful artist, Mimi. Kept goldfish in her coffee-pot and made coffee in a pie-plate. Said it kept her out of a rut, you know."

Corliss was in ecstasy right down to her tingling toes. Mr. Archer, coming in the front door and overhearing, was downright disgusted.

"Mr. Warwick—my husband, Mr. Archer."

Mr. Archer thrust out his hand gingerly. And then he winced. Strangely enough, this poet-fellow really had a grip!

But now he was elevating that chin again and looking soulful.

"The sun!" he exclaimed as Mrs. Archer raised the shades. "Oh, the sun. Great Giver of Life and Healer of Sorrows—as a poet, I'm a sun worshipper, you know."

"I thought poets were moon-gazers," Mr. Archer muttered.

For just a second he thought he caught a glimpse of something that looked peculiarly like laughter in the back of Byron Warwick's eyes, but

then the visitor strode to the fireplace and leaned his arm negligently against the mantel. Again the profile. Mr. Archer decided he must have imagined the laughter.

"Please do sit down, Mr. Warwick," invited his hostess. "We so rarely have this opportunity of meeting an authority on modern verse. Your visit here is exciting—like someone from an outside world. I read your *Streams Flowing Softly* and I enjoyed it—"

"That? My worst effort, a weakness of my sentimental adolescence." His tone was superciliously rude and Mrs. Archer's cheeks turned pink.

To Corliss the rudeness was the poet's prerogative and her eyes were still adoring. But to Mr. Archer it was inexcusable and he had opened his mouth to tell this young puppy what he thought of him, when Louise entered with the tea tray. The awkward moment was saved.

"A crumpet, Mr. Warwick?" Corliss offered.

"Thank you, no," he replied, absentmindedly, putting his untasted cup of tea on the mantel. "I had a hamburger on the train—"

He stopped. Three faces stared at him in consternation. Byron Warwick's face was a study... but he recovered himself, quickly.

"Ghastly things, those hamburgers—but as a poet I believe in forcing myself to these experiences. It's a part of Life, you know."

Corliss nodded her head solemnly as if she certainly did know, and her pleasure was almost unbearable when he condescended to occupy the big easy chair near her ottoman.

And then she saw Dexter, his head poking surreptitiously around the kitchen door. Mr. Archer saw him too.

"Come in, Dexter! Come in, my boy! Never was so glad to see anyone! You must stay for dinner—sit down—I won't take no for an answer." As often as he had considered Dexter a nuisance around the house, here at least was someone who talked normally—who didn't talk about Life and Experiences.

"But I don't know anything about poetry, Mr. Archer," Dexter objected. "Are you sure I won't be in the way?"

"If you want my opinion—yes—"

But Mr. Archer cut in. "What Corliss means is 'yes,' you certainly are welcome, Dexter. Sit down, my boy. Mr. Warwick, this is a neighbor of ours, Mr. Dexter Franklin. He and Corliss being around the same age, they naturally see a lot of each other and we naturally see a lot of *him*—" conscious that he was rambling a bit disconnectedly, Mr. Archer stopped short.

In fact, all conversation stopped short. Even if the others could have thought of something to say to their guest—what could you do when Byron Warwick wasn't listening?

Byron Warwick was fast asleep in his chair.

When he woke a half hour later only his host and hostess were in the room. Dexter and Corliss had been sent on errands.

"Oh—look—I'm terribly sorry!" Still not entirely awake, the superciliousness and the rudeness had vanished from his face and he looked honestly ashamed. He had forgotten his profile. "That was an awful thing to do, going to sleep when you were talking to me. But I'd had a long train trip—"

"It's quite all right, Mr. Warwick," Mrs. Archer



They said it was an opium den, a smuggler's cave. Even Mrs. Archer looked worried.

reassured him. "I'm always glad when my guests feel enough at home to relax and be comfortable. We're very informal people."

"Thank you, Mrs. Archer." He looked at her gratefully. "You know," he went on, rubbing his eyes to get the sleep out of them, "I think this is the first moment I have felt really relaxed for months, ever since I started on this tour. I almost feel like I'm back home, with my own folks."

Harry Archer's baleful regard faded, although there was still wariness as he looked at the poet. "Where are your folks?"

"Iowa. I was born there and when I get through with these lectures next month I'm heading back there as fast as I can... they're real people there—real friends and neighbors. I do my best work there."

His tow listeners sat stunned, their mouths open. *Iowa!* A far cry from the Left Bank!

"Well—Great Godfrey—young man—" Mr. Archer finally managed, outraged—"if you didn't put on

such an act with people—all that rudeness and that business of Life and goldfish and the Sun, the Great Giver of Life, and that nonsense, you'd find people here are just the same as they are in Iowa."

Byron Warwick's tone was humble, but he shook his head. "They may be just ordinary with other people, Mr. Archer, but there's something about a poet that makes them dithery. They expect a show. They'd be disappointed if they found out I liked hamburgers and country fairs and that I helped my mother do the family shopping. Putting on that act, I try to live up to their expectations of what a poet is like. At least, those are my instructions from my publicity agent who arranged this lecture tour."

Mr. Archer began to laugh. "Sure—look at Corliss. And look at—"

"Harry!" warned his wife, her cheeks flaming. And he subsided into chuckles.

At dinner, Corliss was still in a daze. She was sitting right next to Byron Warwick, their elbows so close they almost touched!

"Did you have a nice nap, Mr. Warwick?" she asked, timidly.

"He certainly did," chuckled her father. "He had quite a snooze. Of course," turning to his guest, "Corliss, here, was hoping to discuss iambic pentameter with you."

"Oh?" the poet smiled back at his host. "Do people really *discuss* such things?"

*Of course they don't.* Corliss thought to herself, furiously. *At least, not in front of—of—unbelievers like her parents and Dexter. And who wanted to be bothered with the more mechanical things of poetry, like pentameter. Once she and Byron were alone, she was sure she knew the way to draw him out, to let him pour out the pent-up beauties of his soul.*

Poor Byron! In spite of all she had tried to do for him, here he was eating creamed chicken and peas, and forced to listen while Dexter and Daddy did their usual armchair quarter-backing of last Saturday's football game! What must he think of them?

"Daddy—we mustn't bore our guest. Mr. Warwick doesn't care about Lefty Polchak's left-side run, or whatever it was. Football is such a primitive sport," she apologized to Byron, "but grown men do seem to have a childish delight in seeing other men run down a field with a silly old ball and beat each other up over it."

"It's our psyches, Corliss," Mr. Archer said, complacently. "It's the real *us* coming out."

There was a definite twinkle in Byron Warwick's eyes. "Oh, I don't know, Miss Archer. Have you ever seen a fast quarter-back streaking down for a fifty-yard, weaving in and out, straight-arming the safety man? That's real poetry—poetry in action. It's a game, yes. But isn't much of life a game?"

*This was something like it!* Corliss thrilled to her fingertips. "Isn't much of life a game?"—now he was talking like he had before! "You're right, of course, Mr. Warwick. You're so right. Life is just a game and we are merely players, all of us. Actors who speak our few paltry lines and then



exit off the stage when Death gives us the cue."

And the resemblance to his picture was much more marked when he tilted his head that way and gave her that side-long glance. Even his eyes seemed to be infused with strong emotion and the muscles around his mouth twitched. "I see what you mean, Miss Archer. You feel that all life is futile and empty, but, remember—*A thing of beauty is a joy forever, It's loveliness increases; It will never pass into nothingness.*"

"Keats!" breathed Corliss in rapture. And so transported was she that she quite missed the long look that passed between her father and their guest. She didn't even notice that the conversation had reverted to football.

"Mr. Warwick—" breaking into the passing strategy of Ohio State—"when you were struggling for an existence on the Left Bank in Paris—"

Byron coughed. "I'm sorry, Corliss, but I never was on the Left Bank. My publicity agent took a few liberties, I'm afraid, with that biography. I was in Paris, but I was taking a college course at the Sorbonne and working my way through by being night clerk in a hotel. I didn't have much time for the kind of life my biographer so delightfully describes."

Dexter whooped.

"Dexter, you're being impolite," Mrs. Archer admonished.

"Don't worry, Mrs. Archer...I've had a few laughs, myself, reading that biography." Then, seeing Corliss' crushed look, he added, kindly, "But I did go up into the Eiffel Tower, once. And I wore a beret—one day."

The rest of the dinner was a hurried affair. The elder Archers and Byron Warwick were due at the Reading Club by seven-thirty and Mrs. Archer rushed them through dessert.

When they were finally left alone, Dexter turned on Corliss.

"Now what do you think of old June-Moon Warwick? I think he's a phony. He's no more of a real poet than I am."

"You just don't understand him," Corliss defended hotly. "You can't see under that polite, sweet manner of his to the sensitive soul beneath. You heard what he said about life being just a game. Well, that's how he feels. He knows families like ours have certain habits and he's kind enough to play up to us and pretend to like the same things we do. I saw how he was suffering...you and your football!"

"For a man whose soul was suffering he sure knew plenty about triple plays and T-formations."

"Oh, Dexter, you just can't see!"

"Nuts. I can see you're acting dopey—as usual." Corliss drew herself up. "If that's what you think of me and my aspirations for better things, then you can just go home."

Dexter folded his arms and settled himself back in his chair. "Not me, chick. I'm sticking around to see Lord Byron get settled into his little nest under the eaves."

At the mention of the attic room, a warm glow of rapture spread over Corliss. Yes, that would make up for it. "A place," she gloried aloud, "where he can escape the shackles of civilization and be himself."

"Yes—that's what it is, that attic. A home away from home." Dexter snickered.

But Corliss wasn't paying any attention. She was re-living her first sight of the poet. The pin-pricks of disillusion were vanishing. She could forget Byron sleeping in the armchair, she could forgive his not ever having lived on the Left Bank in Paris. She could overlook Dexter's and her father's disparaging remarks.

She was living in a dream world. Soon the others would be coming home and she would be able to take Byron up to his room. She would show it

to him, nonchalantly, and then start to leave him.

But he would put his hand, softly, on her arm. He would say, "My dear girl—how did you know—?" *No...that wasn't emotional enough.* He would say "Corliss, why didn't I know I would find you someday, like this, waiting for me?" Then he would kiss her hand and drop it and turn away into his sanctuary, the fire of inspiration burning in his eyes.

And she would sit, through the long night, huddled on the steps outside his door, knowing her presence there would help him. And he would find her there in the morning—when his candle had burned low—and he would say—

"Corliss!" The door banged open.

She jerked herself back to reality. She was still in the living room, with Dexter playing Harry James records.

"Yes, Mums...I'm here. Wasn't it a simply thrilling experience? Did he read his poetry? Aren't you just overwhelmed?"

She could hear him coming up the walk outside, his laughter mingling with her father's.

"Yes, dear. It was lovely. He has a way of making poetry seem almost—well, almost understandable, if you know what I mean. But that's not why I called you. I want you to fix a tray of sandwiches and milk, or would you rather have coffee, Mr. Warwick?"

"Neither, thank you, Mrs. Archer. Don't bother for me. I have to watch my diet—my publicity manager insists on it. He says fat poets don't have publics. So I think, if you don't mind, I'd like to go straight to bed tonight."

"Bed?" Mrs. Archer's bright smile faded away and an expression of horror stole over her face.

"Bed."

"Yes, Mums. I'll be glad to escort Mr. Byron to his room."

"No—let me." And Mr. Archer grabbed his guest's suitcases and firmly took the head of the procession, as the whole family trailed after and up the stairs...Corliss exulting in anticipation...Dexter hovering behind her...and Mrs. Archer agonizing.

So close were they on each other's heels that when Mr. Archer stopped short on the second-floor landing, they couldn't stop. For a moment there was a confused jumble.

"Oh—excuse me—!—this way, Mr. Warwick. Follow me, Mr. Warwick," Corliss called gaily, edging towards the door that led to the attic. "This way—Daddy! Angell!—you're going the wrong way! You're taking Mr. Warwick's suitcases into my room. They go up—"

"No, Corliss. *You* go up. The suitcases stay here, and so does Mr. Warwick." So fast it happened Corliss couldn't take it all in—but in a second the suitcases were in *her* room, Mr. Warwick was in *her* room, and his goodnights were echoing through *her* bedroom door!

Stunned, she faced her father.



*Here, thought Corliss, is a truly inspired being, a representative of the artistic psyche. Byron Warwick would teach her how they lived on the Left Bank.*

"Oh, I agree with you, Corliss," he said, hastily. "That attic room is just the thing for a poet—for a budding young poet who wants to learn about life the hard way. But I talked it over with Mr. Warwick and, unfortunately, he has one of these odd, artistic attachments to a soft bed and curtains at his window and he even has a detective story he wants to read before he goes to sleep. So, you see, we just had to give in to his whims."

"Angell!" Corliss wailed. "You mean I've got to go upstairs and sleep on that hard old camp bed?" An awful thought struck her. She remembered, suddenly, that strange reflective look her father had given her when she had first shown him the attic room.

Harry Archer tucked his wife's hand inside his arm, moving her along the hall. Laughter shook

his shoulders. "Why, I'm doing you a favor, daughter! You'll never have an opportunity like this again to expand your horizons and grapple with Art." And firmly their door closed behind them.

It was a crushed and dejected Corliss who followed Dexter down into the living room.

"Gee, Corliss—do you really want to sleep in that attic? It seems such a funny place, but I guess you do. I'm so dumb about poets."

"Dexter Franklin, you're just plain dumb! Who wants to sleep there?—oh, to think I trusted that man! That—that Byron Warwick—he's nothing but a fraud—" and she bowed her head on the arm of the chair.

Dexter's hand stole awkwardly to her shoulder. "Don't you care. He doesn't know anything about poetry. He and Mrs. Thackeray at school—"

"What about Mrs. Thackeray?" the words came muffled, ominously, from Corliss.

Dexter looked as if he could have bitten off his tongue. "I'm sorry, Corliss. I didn't mean to tell you like that. You left school so fast today you didn't stop to find out about the poetry contest. Mrs. Thackeray said your poem showed lots of imagination but she gave the prize to Betty again and she's going to be poet laureate this year." Since no answer came from the huddled form beside him, he hurried on. "They don't know anything. In books all famous people are misunderstood when they are young. Some day—don't cry, Corliss!"

She sat up suddenly and threw her hair back off her face in a coltish movement. "I'm not. I'm not crying, Dexter. Jeepers—I'm so relieved."

"You're *what*?"

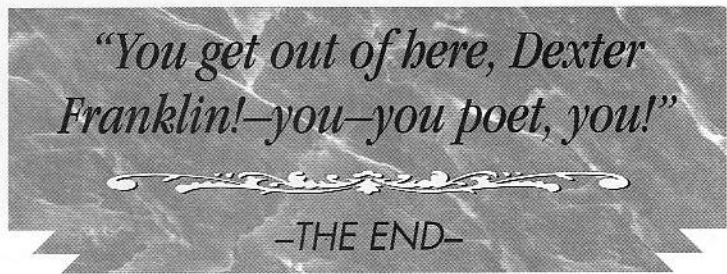
"I'm simply, utterly glad. You've no idea what a strain it is, upon a person's life, being a poet. Having to go around with a dreamy expression all the time and looking up things to quote and I always get them mixed up—I mean, I just never know Shelley from Kipling! And not being able to talk like a human being and gazing up at the stars all the time when I'd much rather listening to Dorsey records. Oh, it's a terrible strain, Dexter. And now I've been so cruelly disillusioned—it just isn't worth while! All I was trying to do was be kind to Byron Warwick, and now I have to go up and sleep on that awful camp bed and think about mice! Dexter...nobody understands me but you! I never want to hear another line of poetry."

In a second he was transported to happiness. "You mean that? Then—tonight—will you do me a favor, Corliss? Will you really kiss me tonight, instead of just blowing a kiss at me the way you usually do?"

"Well—just this once, Dexter. It's no more than you deserved."

He swayed, awkwardly, towards her—when, suddenly, to his horror, out of the associations of the past ten days, out of the treachery of his subconscious—he heard himself saying—"Oh, Corliss! What bliss—!"

She sprang away from him, her eyes shedding sparks. She ran up the stairs. She stamped her foot.







# SPRING MEETINGS

## JOANNA MARCH - February "THE SECOND MRS. BURTON" AND MUCH MORE

At the February 7th meeting, we were treated to a delightful presentation by JoAnna March. Now a resident of Bainbridge Island, JoAnna spent many years as an actress in radio, television and on the stage.

She grew up in Lawrence, Kansas, graduating from the University of Kansas there in 1954. ("I'll always be a Jayhawk fan.") By that time she had developed an interest in acting, which brought her to New York. Making the rounds of the radio studios, JoAnna supported herself in many jobs, including hat-check girl, and soon met the actress Jan Minor who was playing the title role in the long-running soap opera, 'The Second Mrs. Burton.' A lunch with Jan Minor led JoAnna to audition for the show, and she was soon a part of the cast, playing Edith, the girlfriend of the Burton son.

'The Second Mrs. Burton' had started in Hollywood in 1945, moving later to New York. The plot revolved around Stan Burton, a divorcee with a son Brad, who then married Terry, his second wife. There were many complications with mothers and mothers-in-law, leading to many dramatic twists and turns. In the original cast, Stan Burton was played by that famous REPS no-show, Gale Gordon. At the onset, the director told JoAnna, "You're going to have to lose that Kansas twang." She was in the cast for five years, and we heard several excerpts from the show including the sad announcement of the last broadcast on November 25, 1960, a date that saw the wholesale cancellation of six "soaps".

JoAnna appeared in two Broadway shows and on live TV, and she told us about the harrowing experience of getting permission from IATSE, the stage hand's union, to allow her to move a chair on the set during a live broadcast. She kept us entertained with many other stories from her life as an actress.



▲ JoAnna March receives an honorary membership in REPS from Mike Sprague.



▲ JoAnna and Mike entertain questions from the audience.

JoAnna March is currently appearing in a TV commercial for "Peppermint Patties", where her "husband" suddenly goes from laying back on a relaxing chair to laying on a luge speeding down a snowy track. Watch for that one! And many thanks to JoAnna for her fun presentation.



# DICK BEALS, SPECIAL GUEST AT MARCH MEETING

*Where would REPS be without Dick Beals?*

*This consummate acting professional has taken a prominent part in every single REPS Showcase since the beginning. He has played roles in many Showcase recreations, and has led panel discussions on both acting and sports announcing. But this was the first time that we have had him all to ourselves at a monthly meeting.*

Dick has written a very inspiring book, 'Think Big', about his life experiences, and he touched on some of his basic ideas in talking about his life. He grew up in Birmingham, Michigan near Detroit, where his father worked for General Motors. By the time he entered Michigan State University, Dick had had experience doing children's parts on local radio, but his passion in college was to study to become a sports announcer. But assessing his vocal characteristics, one of the faculty asked him if he had ever considered becoming an actor and doing children's parts on radio.

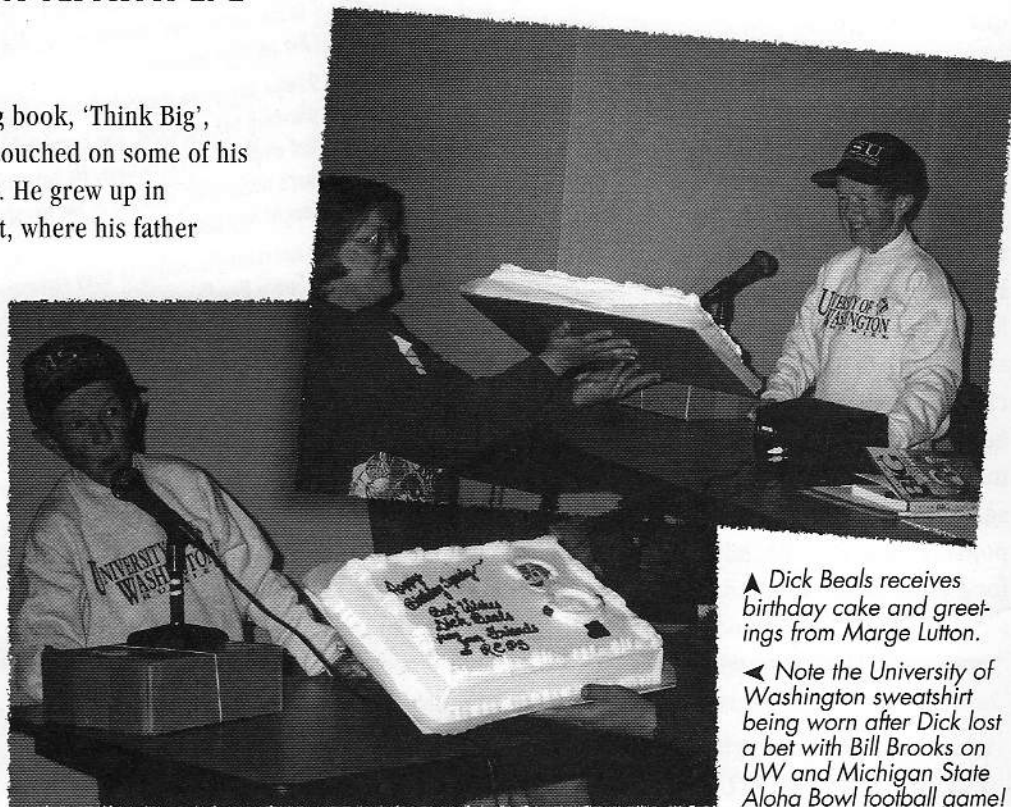
Characteristically, Dick accepted this change in direction whole heartedly. "I practiced auditioning and being told 'no', and I concentrated on the most important things: articulation, vowels, consonants, and taking direction willingly. The actor is never any better than his director." By the late 1940's he was working for WXYZ, the powerhouse Detroit station that produced 'The Lone Ranger', 'The Green Hornet', and 'Seargent Preston'. He has a very funny story about Brace Beamer (the Lone Ranger) barking his shin on a stand that raised Dick up to the microphone, destroying it with a kick across the room, and leaving Dick to be hoisted to the mike by the other actors.

In 1952 he headed for Hollywood, with few contacts but with a burning desire to become an actor. "'Think Big' has been my philosophy all my life. I learned at the age of five

: that winning, or the desire to win, is everything." He  
: believes that "angel voices" have directed him through his  
: life, and that "every time a door closes, a bigger door has  
: already opened." A quotation he has always remembered is:  
: 'Stand guard at the portals of your thoughts.' Having  
: difficulty landing children's parts, he met the actress  
: Virginia Gregg who whisked him into the office of studio  
: chief Jaime del Valle. "I want Dick to have all the children's  
: parts from now on," she told del Valle. "All right dear, what  
: are we having for dinner?" was his response. She was, of  
: course, his wife.

: In 1953 Dick was one of the many actors who auditioned  
: for the voice of 'Speedy Alka Seltzer' and, no surprise to

...continued on page 12



▲ Dick Beals receives birthday cake and greetings from Marge Lutton.

◀ Note the University of Washington sweatshirt being worn after Dick lost a bet with Bill Brooks on UW and Michigan State Aloha Bowl football game!

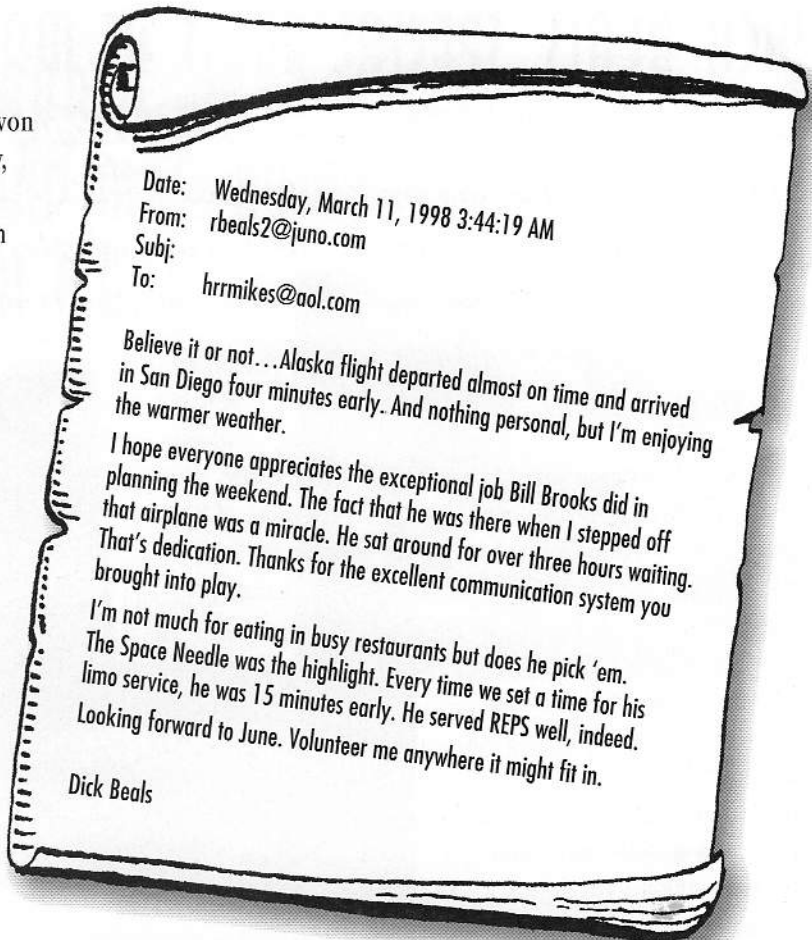


# DICK BEALS...MARCH MEETING

*continued from page 11*

those of us who have come to know him, he quickly won the part. He has been playing it for over 45 years now, and he treated us to some videos of commercials he did with Sammy Davis, Jr., with some inside stories on how they were done. "The first year the Speedy ads were on TV," he told us, "the revenues of Miles Laboratories quadrupled. The next year they quadrupled again."

Dick told us many stories about doing cartoon voices and working for Hanna-Barbera. But he has done many things outside the acting field. He has coached little league, flown his own airplane for years, and recently served as a play-by-play radio announcer for the Bakersfield team, fulfilling his lifelong dream. He has also recently been Michigan State Alumni President, and he told the students in a commencement address: "Only you can hold you back." "There is no such thing as a born actor, born director, born anything," he told us. "You have to learn your craft." Maybe so, but if there was ever a man with multi-talent potential, it is Dick Beals. Many thanks, Dick, for a grand afternoon.



Date: Wednesday, March 11, 1998 3:44:19 AM  
From: rbeals2@juno.com  
Subj:  
To: hrrmikes@aol.com

Believe it or not...Alaska flight departed almost on time and arrived in San Diego four minutes early. And nothing personal, but I'm enjoying the warmer weather.

I hope everyone appreciates the exceptional job Bill Brooks did in planning the weekend. The fact that he was there when I stepped off that airplane was a miracle. He sat around for over three hours waiting. That's dedication. Thanks for the excellent communication system you brought into play.

I'm not much for eating in busy restaurants but does he pick 'em. The Space Needle was the highlight. Every time we set a time for his limo service, he was 15 minutes early. He served REPS well, indeed. Looking forward to June. Volunteer me anywhere it might fit in.

Dick Beals

▲ A "Thank You" letter from Dick Beals.

## Old-time radio was the beginning of silencing stories in the home

ORLANDO - It was a rainy day in Florida. I had a few hours before I had to be somewhere, and I didn't feel like hanging around the room.

I rode the elevator to the hotel lobby, and saw that one of the bars, while not open for business, was available to sit in and pass the time. The barroom had a view of the water, and was designed to look like an old-fashioned library - couches, chairs, books lining the walls.

I walked in, and I noticed something else: There was entertainment of sorts.

It was radio - an old radio drama, featuring hard-boiled police detectives and tough-talking gangsters. Part of the decor of the place consisted of antique radio consoles - the kind around which families once gathered to listen to FDR giving his fireside chats - and the consoles worked.

Well - not really. This was all a gimmick; the radios weren't real receivers. They had modern-day speakers built into them, and a tape of the old radio show was being piped into the bar. It was all put together to give the illusion of the era.

I listened to the voice of the announcer, describing the hero of this particular radio serial:

... He hunts the biggest game - public enemies who would threaten our America. ...



**Bob Greene**  
Syndicated columnist

I sat down. Nothing else to do; might as well listen.

And for more than an hour I sat in this empty room, listening to various episodes of the old radio dramas, and it was not a bad little object lesson. The radio shows themselves were amusing enough, but more intriguing was the way that listening to them gave a mind-picture of the way our parents' and grandparents' generations received their entertainment.

The dominant thought, listening to the shows, was what an effective form of storytelling radio drama was, while at the same time being so much simpler than what we have become accustomed to in our contemporary world. All those expertly produced video images compete today for our attention - while the old radio dramas could draw our parents and grandparents in with

the simple, so-powerful lure of one voice talking.

The network radio dramas that had national audiences back then - shows like "Philo Vance, Detective" and "Casebook of Gregory Hood" and "Broadway is My Beat" and the original "Dragnet" - seemingly had a more personal connection with their audiences than television programs do. You had to pay closer attention to a radio drama than you have to pay to a TV show - you can sort of half-watch TV and still keep up with the plot, but if the sound of the radio drama was interrupted, listeners at home could easily lose track.

In fact - in this little barroom on this Florida day - when some other people walked in, talking somewhat loudly to each other, it was a real annoyance. In the days of network radio dramas, quiet in the room must have been much more essential than it is in living rooms today - if real voices compete with radio voices, both the literal storyline and the willingness of the listener to lose himself or herself in the show are interrupted.

As personal as the radio-program-to-radio-listener connection seemed, it was also the opposite - the antithesis of personal, the first incursion against the sense of family, the sense of localness. It was an outsider

coming into the house, the first time in American history that such a thing had happened in such an overwhelming way.

It was this: It was the story from somewhere else becoming more important than the stories going on inside a house. It was a carefully scripted combination of voices being sent into all those millions of homes all at once - and although those voices reached one set of ears at a time, the voices from the air above the houses silenced millions of real, individual voices that might otherwise have been speaking to each other. Whatever the sound of network radio drama was, it was a sound that undoubtedly drowned out voices that voluntarily stopped when a favorite show came from the air and into a home.

At least that is the way it seemed on this rainy Florida morning, in a room I hadn't planned on visiting. The voices that came out of the air back in America's radio days must have had a tugingly addictive quality to them. At one point in this room the tape of the old radio shows ran out. And when the tape stopped - when the voices ceased talking - there was a silence most silent.

Bob Greene is a Pulitzer Prize-winning columnist with the Chicago Tribune. His column runs occasionally in The News Tribune.

▲ An article about Old-Time Radio from syndicated columnist Bob Greene. 2/16/98 edition of The Tacoma News Tribune.



# COLLECTORS SHOW THEIR WARES AT APRIL GATHERING

# April

At the April meeting, Phyllis Zornes introduced a panel of REPS members talking about their collections. And many and varied they are, as we know from our own interests.

In her introduction, Phyllis told about a collector who started with one coin the size of a dime, and ended with 50,000 coins minted over a 5,000 year period, for which a museum was eventually established. There are museums for everything from fighting cockroaches to 'Lum and Abner'. "Collections take us back to our childhood, and they keep us young," Phyllis told us.

**John Hura**, our printed materials librarian, started collecting at the time he joined REPS, and now has 300 books and 150 radio guide magazines among his many items on old time radio. **Allen Van Cranebrock** did a presentation for us some years ago on postage stamps related to radio, and he brought us up to date. Pioneers in the development of radio, such as Marconi and Lee de Forrest, have been honored by many countries (1995 was the centennial for Marconi's broadcasts). 1970 marked the 50th anniversary of U.S. commercial broadcasting, and although our postal service didn't honor the occasion, Britain and Australia did.

**Bob Herman** collects all radio shows "except soap operas and Chandu the Magician." and has 5,000 to 10,000 programs. He started by trading with a collector in South Portland, Maine, and things developed from there. He is looking for "Walk Softly, Peter Troy", a rarity. **John Jensen's** home was the "last house-

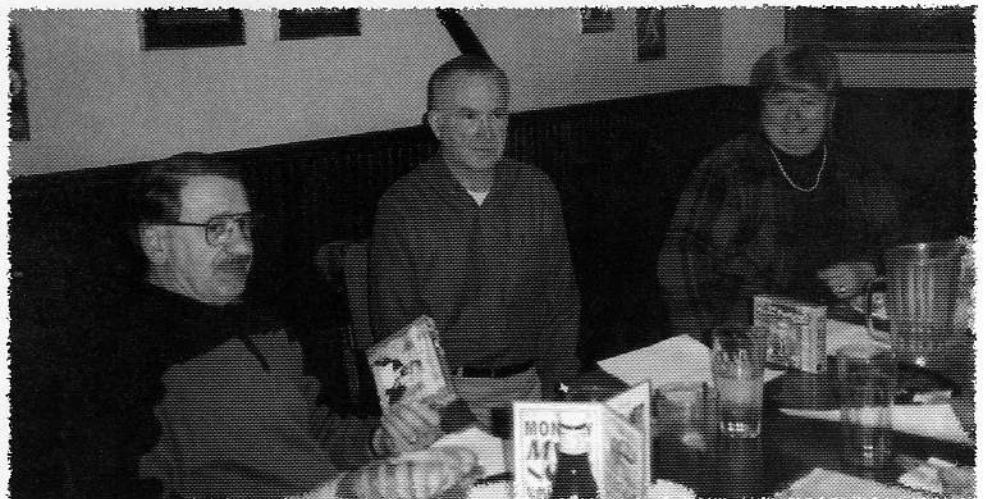
hold on the block to get a TV set," so he grew up on radio and developed a yen to go into broadcasting himself. John has a collection of about 11,000 LP records with a lot of the songs from the 1930's and 1940's. At this point much of it is in storage and uncatalogued.

As a kid, **Cliff Glaspey** had to compete with his brother for the family radio so he could hear 'I Love a Mystery' (his brother wanted to hear Burl Ives at the same time). Since 1977 Cliff has collected about 9,000 hours on reel to reel, and he searches flea markets for old radios and tape recorders ("the Russians still make radio tubes.") Cliff concentrated on all the hits of 'Your Hit Parade', 1930's through 1950's. He also belongs to the Puget Sound Antique Radio Association. We have all come to know something about **Don Allen's** collections from his vendor's table at the Showcases, and from his generous donations to our door prizes. Don says the postage stamps are his main collection, which he started when he was in school. He sells many varieties of collectibles at his store in Tacoma. And **Glenn Sisson** spent 20 years in the military, where he picked up many radio shows being broadcast overseas. He has been collecting since 1968, when he began to listen to radio drama on KGO in San Francisco. Glenn concentrates on such series as Ellery Queen, Black Museum, Secrets of Scotland Yard, and Richard Diamond.

Many thanks to Phyllis Zornes and her panel for a very entertaining and informative afternoon!

## A FEW OF OUR ILLUSTRIOUS BOARD MEMBERS!

*Sam Simone—Vice President,  
Richard Haviland—Treasurer,  
and Joy Jackson—Advisor, at  
a recent monthly board  
meeting.*





# THE 1998 PEMCO/REPS RADIO SHOWCASE VI

JUNE 19-20 AT THE SEATTLE CENTER

## "Radio Families"



### WE WANT TO HONOR THOSE WHO REALLY WERE OTR

Look at that list below! There couldn't have been Old Time Radio, the way we know and love it, without them. That's why we're so thrilled to honor them. If they have a good time, you can bet that the rest of us will too.

### THE RADIO FAMILY THEME

REPS always has a theme. For example, Show-case V was "180 Days 'Til Christmas". Showcase IV looked at shows and news 50 years back with "Twisting the Dial in 1946".

And now for Show-case VI, it is "Radio Families". Details are still taking shape, but everything will be connected to families on radio.

### PROGRAM PIECES

**One Man's Family Reunion** with Page Gilman (Jack), Barbara Fuller (Claudia), and several others who worked on OMF.

**Vic & Sade**, again featuring Merrill Mael as Uncle Fletcher.

**Ellery Queen**, starring Larry Dobkin.

Other possibilities are The Second Mrs. Burton, Family Theater, The Life of Riley, and even others like Ft. Laramie or Frontier Gentleman... if the episode featured a family.

Each re-creation selected will have at least one actor who worked on the show.

There will be a wide variety of panels and workshops, along with a good exhibitors room.

## THE STARS

<b>HARRY BARTELL</b> <i>Gunsmoke, Ft. Laramie, Sherlock Holmes</i>	<b>MERRILL MAEL</b> <i>Vic &amp; Sade, Dr. Kate, Mystery Play</i>
<b>DICK BEALS</b> <i>Lone Ranger, Six Shooter, Speedy Alka Seltzer</i>	<b>JOANNA MARCI</b> <i>Second Mrs. Burton, The Burglar</i>
<b>STEWART CONWAY</b> <i>Sound effects, The Whistler, Arch Oboler</i>	<b>TYLER MCVEY</b> <i>OMF, Glamour Manor, Fibber McGee</i>
<b>LARRY DOBKIN</b> <i>Ellery Queen, Escape, Gunsmoke</i>	<b>BILL MURTOUCH</b> <i>Engineer Lowell Thomas, Big Bands</i>
<b>SEARCH DOUGLAS</b> <i>Second Mrs. Burton, OMF, Life of Riley</i>	<b>NOEMA JEAN NILSSON</b> <i>Father Knows Best, Jack Carson, Blondie</i>
<b>SAM EDWARDS</b> <i>Corliss Archer, Gunsmoke, Suspense</i>	<b>CH STRATTON, JR.</b> <i>My Little Margie, Life of Riley, Stalag 17</i>
<b>RAY ERENEBORN</b> <i>Sound effects, Jack Benny, Dr. Christian</i>	<b>GINNY TYLER</b> <i>Voices, Dr. Doolittle, Mouseketeer</i>
<b>BARBARA FULLER</b> <i>OMF, His Honor-Barber, Stepmother</i>	<b>JANET WALDO</b> <i>Corliss Archer, OMF, Ozzie &amp; Harriet</i>
<b>PAGE GILMAN</b> <i>One Man's Family—the only Jack Barbour</i>	<b>ANNE WHITEFIELD PHILLIPS</b> <i>OMF, P. Harris &amp; A. Faye, Hallmark</i>
<b>ART CILMORE</b> <i>Red Skelton, Dr. Christian, Dragnet</i>	<b>PEGGY WILLIAMS</b> <i>Father Knows Best, Lux, Life of Riley</i>
<b>SANDEA COULD</b> <i>Duffy's Tavern, Jack Benny, Bewitched</i>	<b>DOUGLAS YOUNG</b> <i>Mystery Playhouse, Augie Doggie, Lux</i>

### TRIBUTE TO PARLEY BAER

The name Parley Baer is high on every fan's list of favorite OTR performers. Parley is still recovering from his stroke, but he's part of the REPS family, having missed only one Showcase. So, even though he is unable to come, we're going to do a tribute to this super guy. This event will have participation from many of Parley's OTR acting buddies and others.

### NEW LOCATION / NEW HOTEL

This year, the Showcase will be held at The Seattle Center, location of the famous Space Needle.

The rooms are more spacious, with many eating options in the area.

The new hotel is really an old hotel—The Inn at Queen Anne. This quaint and spotless older hotel is less than one block from the entrance to our meeting rooms.

Rates are \$71.10 plus tax for a single, and \$80.10 plus tax for a double. The hotel is sold out but will recommend another hotel. Their number is 206-282-7357.

NOTE that Friday's programming will begin at 3:00 pm for the first time.

**RADIO ENTHUSIASTS OF  
PUGET SOUND  
RADIO SHOWCASE VI  
REGISTRATION FORM**

*Please list all registrants*

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City, State, Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Phone [ \_\_\_\_\_ ] \_\_\_\_\_

Date	Member (each)	Non-member (each)
Friday only	\$15	\$20
Saturday-Day	\$30	\$35
Saturday-PM*	\$34	\$40
Saturday-All	\$64	\$75
Friday & Saturday*	\$70	\$83
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>\$</b>	<b>\$</b>

\*Includes Dinner With The Stars Banquet with the Golden Age actors spread around at all of the tables.

**Mail To: Showcase VI, 16511 Lake Hills Blvd., Bellevue, WA 98008. Information...425-488-9518**

Confirmation letters will be sent, including driving and parking instructions.



# - OFFICIAL BALLOT -

## REPS RADIO APPRECIATION AWARD

*T*his award is presented each year to a Showcase guest for whom a majority of the membership has voted. As you vote, think of it as a "Thank You" expression to someone who has demonstrated involvement with REPS and with radio.

*A*s some members will recall, we also present the REPS Radio Achievement Award, voted on by a panel of professionals and/or previous recipients. Previous recipients of this award have been Parley Baer, Ray Erlenborn, Jeanette Nolan, Harry Bartell and Art Gilmore.

Previous recipients of the REPS Radio Appreciation Award, in chronological order:

John Archer, Merrill Mael, Jim French, Herb Ellis & Dick Beals

Of course, these folks are not eligible again.

The brief comments below are incredibly incomplete, but are provided to jog memories.

### H E R E I S T H E W A Y Y O U V O T E :

- A. Read over the list and see who is eligible.
- B. Place a "1" on the line in front of your first choice, a "2" for second choice, and a "3" for third choice.
- C. Mail or hand your completed ballot to:  
David Selvig, 7604 SE 41st Street, Mercer Island, WA 98040

## - T H E N O M I N E E S -

_____	STEWART CONWAY	Sound effects, The Whistler, Arch Obler	6 Showcases
_____	LARRY DORRIN	Ellery Queen, Escape, Gunsmoke, Have Gun-Will Travel	2 Showcases
_____	SHARON DOUGLAS	Second Mrs. Burton, One Man's Family, Life of Riley	1 Showcase
_____	SAM EDWARDS	Corliss Archer, Gunsmoke, Suspense, Have Gun-Will Travel	4 Showcases
_____	BARBARA FULLER	One Man's Family, His Honor the Barber, Stepmother	1 Showcase
_____	PAGE GILMAN	One Man's Family—the only Jack Barbour	2 Showcases
_____	SANDRA GOULD	Duffy's Tavern, Jack Benny, Bewitched	2 Showcases
_____	TYLER MCVEY	One Man's Family, Glamour Manor, Fibber McGee	5 Showcases
_____	BILL MURTOUGH	Engineer Lowell Thomas, Big Bands	3 Showcases
_____	NORMA JEAN NILSSON	Father Knows Best, Jack Carson, Blondie	6 Showcases
_____	GIL STRATTON, JR.	My Little Margie, Life of Riley, Stalag 17	3 Showcases
_____	GINNY TYLER	Voices galore, Dr. Doolittle, Mouseketeer	4 Showcases
_____	JANET WALDO	Corliss Archer, One Man's Family, Ozzie & Harriet	1 Showcase
_____	ANNE WHITEFIELD PHILLIPS	One Man's Family, P. Harris & A. Faye, Hallmark	5 Showcases
_____	RHODA WILLIAMS	Father Knows Best, Lux, Life of Riley	5 Showcases
_____	DOUGLAS YOUNG	Mystery Playhouse, Cisco Kid, Lux	6 Showcases

COMPLETED BALLOTS MUST BE RECEIVED BY JUNE 6TH

MEMBER NAME \_\_\_\_\_

9936 NE 197th Street  
Bothell, WA 98011

## SECOND PRINTING - GOOD PEOPLE!

OUR NEWSLETTER IS DISTINCTIVE, DON'T YOU THINK? WE CONTINUE TO THANK JAY SECOND OF SECOND PRINTING FOR MAKING IT SO. HIS KINDNESS IN DONATING SO MUCH TOWARD THIS EFFORT IS SUPER. AND HIS DAUGHTER HERI, ALONG WITH BRENDA ELLENBERG, THE GRAPHICS/LAYOUT STAR, BOTH TAKE A REAL INTEREST IN AIR CHECK. YOU COULD SAY THANKS BY SENDING SOME PRINTING WORK THEIR WAY. 425-882-2182

## PUGET SOUND RADIO LISTINGS

Both Old Time Radio and current materials (designated C) are on the air. To the best of our knowledge, this is when and where. THE ONLY WAY WE WILL BE ABLE TO CORRECT THIS LIST IS WHEN WE RECEIVE NOTES AT THE ABOVE ADDRESS. If you know of others, or if any of these need correction, please let Air Check know. One such change is Jim Dolan's Radio Entertainment Network, now each weekday instead of Sunday. Please let the stations and sponsors (if any) know of your appreciation.

Mystery Playhouse (C)	KIRO	710 AM	9:06-10PM	Saturday
Mystery Playhouse (C)	KIRO	710 AM	9:06-10PM	Sunday
When Radio Was	KIRO	710 AM	10PM-1AM	Saturday
When Radio Was	KIRO	710 AM	10PM-12AM	Sunday
When Radio Was	KLKI	1340 AM	6PM-7PM	M-F (Anacortes)
OTR	KKOL	1300 AM	10-12PM	Monday - Saturday
OTR	CFMS	98.5 FM	9-10PM	Saturday (Victoria)
OTR Siskind/Herman	ERRS	SAP FM	8-9PM	Saturday
OTR Dolan	ERRS	SAP FM	11PM-2AM	M-F (note change)
Odyssey/children (C)	KCIS	630 AM	7:30AM	Saturday
Odyssey/children (C)	KCIS	630 AM	7:30PM	M-F
Ruby In'galac. Gumshoe (C)	KUOW	94.9 FM	10:30PM	M-F
Unshackled (C)	KCIS	630 AM	9:30PM	Sunday
OTR	CFMI	101.1 FM	10PM	Sunday (Vancouver)
Radio Replays	CKNW	980 AM	11:10 PM	M-F (Vancouver)

ANSWERS TO THE TONGUE  
AND EARLY QUIZ ON PAGE 4

Give yourself 10 points for each correct answer for questions 1-4. Give yourself 5 points for each correct part of questions 5 & 6.

1. Our cat Sunday

2. Truth or Consequences, New Mexico (you can visit it today)

3. Casey, Crime Photographer

4. The Blue Note was the central hangout for the main characters

5. Terry and the Pirates

6. Cream of Wheat, Let's Pretend

7. Kelllogg's Pop, Superman

8. Grape Nuts flakes, Hop Harrigan

9. Wheelies, Jack Armstrong

10. Katsun, Tom Mix

11. Farbrook, Our Cat Sunday

12. Gen Falls, Big Sister

13. Summerfield, Great Gildersleeve

14. Homeville, David Hartman

15. Rushville Center, Mo Perkins

16. Chicago, Life With Luigi

17. IF YOU RECEIVED -

18. or over, Oron Welles and Jack Benny were your third cousins

19. Superior

20. to 4.3

21. to 4.3

22. Below Average

23. The Sad Sock and Mortimer Snerd were your first cousins