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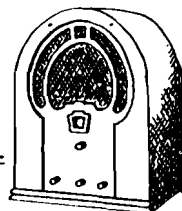
EST. 1975

#126 - APRIL, 1987



André Kostelanetz

THE OLD TIME



RADIO CLUB

# NICK CAI

## THE NINE O'C

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### THE OLD TIME RADIO CLUB MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION

Club dues are \$17.50 per year from Jan. 1 through Dec. 31. Members receive a tape listing, library lists, a monthly newsletter (THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS), an annual magazine (MEMORIES), and various special items. Additional family members living in the same household as a regular member may join the club for \$5.00 per year. These members have all the privileges of regular members but do not receive the publications. A junior membership is available to persons 15 years of age or younger who do not live in the household of a regular member. This membership is \$12.00 per year and includes all the benefits of a regular membership. Regular membership dues are as follows: If you join in January, due are \$17.50 for the year; February, \$17.50; March, \$15.00; April, \$14.00; May, \$13.00; June, \$12.00; July, \$10.00; August, \$9.00; September, \$8.00; October \$7.00; November \$6.00; and December, \$5.00. The numbers after your name on the address label are the month and year your renewal is due. Reminder notes will be sent. Your renewal should be sent in as soon as possible to avoid missing issues. Please be certain to notify us if you change your address.

**OVERSEAS MEMBERSHIPS** are now available. Annual dues are \$29.50. Publications will be air mailed.

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Jerry Collins  
 56 Christen Ct.  
 Lancaster, NY 14086  
 (716) 683-6199

#### ILLUSTRATED PRESS (letters, columns, etc.) & OTHER CLUB BUSINESS:

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 Fenwick, Ontario L0S 1C0

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Dominic Parisi  
 38 Ardmore Pl.  
 Buffalo, NY 14213

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**DEADLINE FOR IP#128 - May 4**  
 #129 - June 1  
 #130 - July 6

\*\*\*\*\*  
**ADVERTISING RATES FOR MEMORIES:**  
 \$50.00 for a full page (ALL ADS MUST BE CAMERA READY)  
 \$34.00 for a half page

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**SPECIAL:** OTR Club members may take 50% off these rates.  
 Advertising Deadline - September 1

He dropped back to the room of baled cotton, searched out the hose line. He found it near the trap he had come through. He unrolled it, opened the valve, shot a solid stream through to wet down the fire in the room of the two corpses. For perhaps ten minutes he sat on the edge of the hatch, playing the hose.

Suddenly, there was a violent explosion. The floor shook. A burst of wind and fire came through the door toppling Chick over, driving him back.

Too late he knew what had happened. The steam of water had acted as a catalytic

agent, stirred up the dust, mixed it faster and faster with the air. It had exploded, like the steel dust.

The blast of flame lapped in behind a row of cotton bales, ignited them.

Chick climbed to the top of a pile of bales to direct his stream. The vaults shook to almost steady explosions now. The air ducts! Gases had gathered in those not blowing, ignited, shot their flames out to catch combustibles! There was a distant roar as some volatile liquid let go. Then a heavy thump and a terrific S noise.

A heavy pile of stores had fallen, knocked loose the valve of a water pipe. It sprayed on acetylene, set up a rising sound of escaping gas.

A brilliant light flashed. The gas had caught fire!

Chick glanced back at the cotton bales. The fire was spreading, eating into their hearts. A bale burst open. Flame leaped. Choking fumes shot up. Then the bales were walking! The alley in which he had stood minutes before was closing. It was no larger than six inches now. Five!

He cursed himself, tumbled across the bales to shut off the water valve. He should have known better. The water was spreading the bales, expanding them. Heaven knew what would happen when it hit, if it hit, the bales of paper and rags. Those would expand twenty percent with a moving force no wall or floor could withstand. And there was no twenty per cent free space in the paper vault! There was not more than five--if that.

And the stock of volatile inflammable liquids! If either fire or water reached them, the whole block might go up. Fire would ignite them, cause explosive gas. Water would free the hydrogen in them--worse! Hydrogen, free, was one of the most highly explosive gases.

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# NICK CARTER

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THE NINE O'CLOCK FIRES May, 1935

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Chick reached the edge of the bale pile, started to crawl down to shut off

the water valve. He gasped, stunned by fate. The bales had swelled solid against the pipe valve! He could not reach it!

He turned up the ladder, dropped the trap behind him. He rushed to the pump switch, snapped it off. But the throb continued in the pipes. That was only a priming and starter switch. The main pump controls were elsewhere.

Chick raced madly through his little prison now. He rounded a pile of bales, tumbling over a scurrying figure. Instinctively, he leaped on the man before even looking, knocked a gun from his hand. It was Kyle.

The man was slobbering with fear. He looked at Chick as if he were a ghost.

"You're dead!" he gasped. His voice rose shrilly with hysteria. He thought he was talking to Nick Carter. "You're dead!" he shrieked again. "I had you trapped between two fires!"

Chick snapped him to his feet, shook some of the hysteria out of him. He was sure it had not been Kyle he was following before. Besides, it hadn't been two fires, but one he was supposed to be trapped in.

"I don't know what you're talking about," Chick said. "But we're trapped in here. Where'd you come from and how do we get out?" He had been frisking Kyle the while, took another gun from the man.

Kyle had dropped down from above, he finally managed to explain. Fire was roaring up there, all outlets were closed. He was panic stricken by the flame.

"There's an exit to the Fly High beneath," he said. "But we're shut off from the stairs and the elevator doors are locked."

"We'll fix that," Chick said. The Fly High. Nick might be there. At least the place was being watched by police, he could turn over his captive and go back to look for Nick.

He found small stores of nitric acid and magnesium. Swiftly, he dragged bales and sacks, built a heavy rampart against an elevator shaft door. He left a small opening at the bottom, another at the top. He found several hundred sacks of cement--a blessing!

Around them the floors shook. There was a sinister roar and screech amplified by the ventilators. He sweated pounds as he rushed to build his rampart. His hands were raw and bleeding from hurling bags.

At last it was finished. He made

a fuse of waste soaked in turpentine, packed it into the bottom hole, stretched a train across to the doorway. Into the top he carefully packed loosened nitric and magnesium. He sealed the hole with bags of dampened cement, leaving only a small opening. He had, practically, a huge bomb, a makeshift blasting charge of immense strength--if it worked.

He wiped the sweat from his forehead, stood on the other side of the door. A hose, nozzle streaming water, was in his hand. He directed the stream toward the small hole at the top of the rampart. With the other hand he lit a match, by some miracle still in condition, dropped it on the waste train.

A ball of fire raced across the floor, burst into flame at the mouth of the big rampart. Water sizzled on top. There was a noise like a cough. Then a violent flash, an echoing roar. A gust of wind tore into the control room, whipped around Chick, knocking him into a corner.

He arose half dazed, glanced through the door. The lights had been blown by the shock, but a blaze leaped along the edge of the elevator shaft, lit up the room.

And the lower half of the iron shaft curtain had been torn loose!

Chick picked up the hose, deflected the stream over the leaping flames.

"You follow me," he said to Kyle after a swift glance at the man. Kyle was shaking, driven into a real panic by the thought of a fire trap. Chick would have to take a chance on him, but it was his guess Kyle was too hysterical at the moment to be dangerous to any one who could get him away from the flames.

He rushed up to the torn door, knocked a section of it aside. A few feet forward were heavy chains--not cables! His bruised hands would never have stood the climb on cable.

He leaped, caught the cable, began the downward climb with the long reaching, slow, regular rhythm Nick had taught him to use. He rested at intervals. He could brace himself on the rail bolts. The shaft was desperately quiet and dark. Far above, a tongue of flame was making its way along the edge, into a corner of the shaft, like an orange garter snake.

At intervals, Chick stuck out his foot, reaching for the half way ridge of the elevator door. There would be an inside catch somewhere. He found it, sprang the door open. There were lights on this level. He brought out his flash, thankful that the reflector was non breakable. Kyle landed beside him after an interminable wait.

"I didn't do them, I swear!" he gasped as if suddenly recollecting who

Chick was supposed to be. "That's why I came tonight, Carter. To find out who did. They were going to pin it on me. It was too easy. I knew you were coming and I got frightened when the door opened, ripped out the high tension wire."

"How'd you know the layout? How were you ready to start a fire?" Chick asked, mouth suddenly grim. He didn't know what Kyle was talking about. But it might be that his chief had been trapped and the bringing of justice would be up to him.

"I was told you'd be here tonight, that somebody was going to frame me. I brought rubber gloves for just that purpose. In case I had to pull aside wires, I mean. The place is alive with high voltage. When you came in I as just going through the trap. I'd come down an air duct. Somebody started the fans. I got scared--"

"Cut it!" Chick ordered sharply. "We'll get that settled later. Get a move on and don't try anything funny."

Running now, with the vaults echoing to distant rumblings, they headed across many rooms, made out through a narrow passage. Rats scurried across steep steps in the ray of light. They climbed through cold damp places where the walls oozed slime and trickled water. The air grew warmer and less sickening. Suddenly they came into a cellar.

"This is the Fly High," Kyle said. He turned and faced Chick, defeat written on his face. Long sobs suddenly tore from his throat. "Don't let me get the chair!" he pleaded. "The only fire I started was that tonight".

"How about the night you washed up in the lumber yards?" Chick asked.

"I suspected Oles and Cook might be trying to frame me. Cook's tunnel, one he used on the waterfront racket, runs to a lot of houses I own. Most of them aren't listed under my name. I was over breaking up the doors so the arsonist wouldn't make a getaway through there again. He must have used the tunnels several times."

"Get going," Chick said. He was pleased with the confession. He had complete belief in Nick's luck. If Nick was safe he had probably grabbed the man who laid Chick out. Between him and Kyle they'd make a complete picture of the case.

But Nick would have done that anyway. What pleased Chick was that if the arsonist was caught, they had uncovered an immense fence. It would be destroyed once and for all, the public danger of the giant sumps and vaults removed. And they could get the complete layout of Cook's tunnel from Kyle before the night was over.

They climbed through three cellars which heavy floors and elaborately concealed trapdoors, came up in a small passage between the walls. Kyle pushed a bar. A heavy solid section of wall swung back, let them out behind a curtain in a corridor of the Fly High.

"Straight out the front," Chick commanded. He dropped the flash into his pocket, produced his other gun. They walked down deep carpeted stairs. The sound of music and distant sound of screaming sirens came to them.

At the Fly High, the climax was over. Nick Carter had sprung the trap; he had found his way out of the cellars of the garage, had followed his quarry to the inner office at the Fly High. There he had listened while Cook and Oles were brought face to face by the third party--by Dawson!

It was there that Kyle was brought by Chick Carter, and it was there that Nick explained to his young assistant how he had come to close up on the band.

Dawson was the fire bug--and Dawson's real name was Delancey, a former Cook lieutenant who was supposed to have lost his life in a Florida hurricane. But he hadn't. Delancey had saved himself, got rich on his own right, and just when he was fixing to place himself in society by his marriage to a society girl, Cook saw through the man, and sprang some old evidence on Dawson as blackmail. Dawson didn't trust him to keep quiet, even when blackmail was paid, so he set about destroying the evidence.

"Why didn't he just bump Cook off?" Chick asked.

"That was the rub. Morelli was the go-between. Dawson didn't know how many were in on the racket. He knew Cook never kept valuables in a safe deposit vault or in his own headquarters. So he set out to systematically wipe out every place Cook had ever used."

"When'd you figure it out?"

"Night the two men were killed. Somebody was trying to cover something. They were taking an awful chance to do it. But they knew their territory intimately. Of course, I might have been wrong and then it looked like two groups were mixed in things so I had to keep after the bunch. But when two men were killed on different floors and the fire started on a third, I knew something was up."

"Oles and Morelli double-crossing Cook?" Chick asked.

"Yes. But Cook wasn't dumb. He had Oles shadowed. Dawson ran into the shadow making his getaway. Oles and Morelli had tailed Dawson that night, but they lost him and the fire got started around them. Morelli started to break up at sight of the fire and lose his head. So Oles popped him, made his getaway

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through one of the tunnel spurs while Dawson went through another."

"That gets Oles life for Morelli's death," Chick said. "How about Cook?"

"About sixty counts which broke when the case cracked. We'll hang him for forty years at least between the evidence of Dawson and Kyle. We'll get his whole mob on possession of stole property. They were all caught moving hot cars and truck loads of hot merchandise out of the end section of the garage."

Nick scratched the back of his neck. "I'd like to nail Kyle too," he said. "He's a rat. But all we've got is that he was in the Westside tonight."

Chick grinned broadly. "Did you happen to get stuck between two fires tonight?"

Nick shook his head, suddenly recollected. "By golly, that makes the case! Kyle lit the fire on me and I lost his trail and stumbled into the others! You're getting to be a better detective than I am, fellow."

"I wouldn't say that. It was luck," Chick said, reddening. "I followed Dawson, I guess, got bopped and almost baked and stumbled into Kyle." The sound of a passing fire siren suddenly brought his face straight. "How about the fire? She's raging."

"Five alarm's out," Nick said. "But it won't be bad. They'll shut off the air blowers, smother it and remove one vault at a time."

"Guess that clears things, then except for the routine. But how'd you guess about Dawson?" Chick still wanted to know.

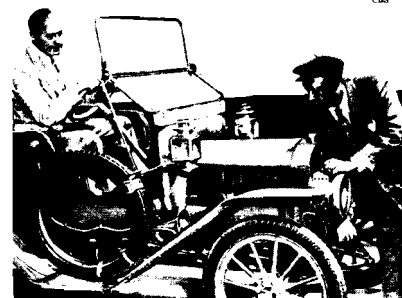
"Well, of all the suspects, Dawson was as good as any. He had the brains, fires. And when he first came to see me, he wouldn't take off his gloves. The second time, I noticed his hands--and they were hands that might have been used in chemical experiments; they were strong, and scarred by chemicals and burns."

"But that didn't mean--"

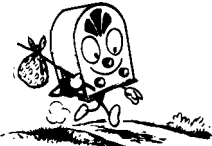
"No, Chick, it didn't mean he was the man. But it meant he might be, and his later actions made it seem more so. But I had to play along and get everything there was to it, and here we are!"

T H E E N D ! ! ! !

Rochester cranks the Maxwell for Jack Benny



# Wireless Wanderings



## JIM SNYDER

In the late 1920's the RADIO DIGEST awarded a gold cup to John R. Brinkley for running the most popular radio station in the United States. This was KFKB ("Kansas First, Kansas Best: the sunshine station in the heart of the nation"). In another popularity poll, Brinkley himself collected four times as many votes as the nearest runner up for the title of "the most popular personality in radio." I doubt if you have ever heard of Brinkley, or his station, and each brings us another episode of medical fakery involving early radio.

Brinkley tried to enter the medical school at Johns Hopkins University when he was 15 years of age. They refused him admission, so he practiced medicine in three southern states without any training at all. In 1915 he spent \$100 buying a diploma from the Eclectic Medical University of Kansas City, Missouri. This degree was recognized by eight states, so he set up practice in Kansas. He was drafted into the military in 1917, and while he frequently referred to his "brilliant military career," in actuality he was discharged after only one month.

He built a hospital in Milford, Kansas, and that put him heavily in debt, so he hired advertising people to promote his new medical operation. He specialized in the treatment of diseased prostate glands. His operation was the implanting of the gonads of goats in his patients (victims). His "goat gland operation," along with other medical matters, were heavily promoted on KFKB, his station. He took in millions of dollars from his listeners who wanted to believe.

His station started up in 1923 and was powerful enough to cover much of the central portion of the country. He answered letters daily on three half hour programs, all titled the "Medical Question Box." Using this forum he organized and promoted the "National Dr. Brinkley Pharmaceutical Association," with about 1500 participating druggists. Brinkley would read a letter over the air, and then prescribe his medicines by code numbers. Patients would then purchase their remedies at their "neighbor-

hood Brinkley pharmacy." This was done very much in the manner of the old western medicine show. A sample of how this was done is as follows: "Here's one (a letter) from Tillie. She says she had an operation, had some trouble ten years ago. I think the operation was unnecessary, and it isn't very good sense to have an ovary removed with the expectation of motherhood resulting therefrom. My advise to you is to use woman's tonic number 50, 67 and 61. This combination will do for you what you desire if any combination will after three months persistent use. Now here is a letter from a dear mother, a dear little mother who holds to her breast a babe of nine months. She should take number 2 and number 16, and yes, number 17 and she will be helped. Brinkley's 2, 16 and 18. If her druggist hasn't got them, she should write and order them from the Milford Drug Company, Milford, Kansas, and they will be sent to you, Mother, collect. May the Lord guard and protect you, Mother. The postage will be prepaid."

All these "medicines" contained mostly castor oil and aspirin. Yet, the "Medical Question Box" remained on the air for 13 years and brought in about three-quarters of a million dollars each year. His "goat gland operation," advertised in his medical broadcasts, brought in over 16,000 patients and over 12 million dollars. He again resorted to the testimonial, such as this one broadcast in 1934: "I figured this Doctor Brinkley was talking about something that had these other doctors bothered. I figured that Dr. Brinkley was writing these letters himself that he read over the air, and so, to check up, I took down the names and addresses of some of the men whose letters he read and wrote to 'em asking what they knew about it. To my surprise, most of 'em answered me, and every mother's son that did answer was sure ace high for Dr. Brinkley and this treatment." The man went on to explain how he had the "guaranteed" goat gland operation and then continued, "Now what I can't figure out is this, with Dr. Brinkley pulling right down the main line under full head of steam and able to take care of all passengers, and right on schedule, why do so many of these regular members of the Doctor's Union try to rum him in on a blind siding? That's what I don't understand."

Because of these practices Brinkley lost both his medical and broadcasting licenses. He then ran twice for governor of Kansas, coming in a very strong third each time. Some historians feel that he really did win the first time, as somewhere between 10,000 and 50,000 of his votes were thrown out by the "election officials."

He then built a station in Villa Acuna, Mexico in 1931 and started up his medical programming again, until the Mexican government expropriated his station in 1941. That ended the broadcast career of John R. Brinkley, the goat gland surgeon.

James L. Snyder  
324 North Colony Drive #2-D  
Saginaw, MI 48603

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**SEE!**  
a real  
**RADIO BROADCAST**  
"MOHAWK VALLEY TRAILS"  
Broadcast over WIBX every Monday at 8:30 P. M. from the stage of The Players Theater in New Hartford.  
Complimentary tickets may be secured FREE from your own Meat Dealer. Seats are limited. Ask for tickets for next Monday's broadcast NOW!  
**G.A. DURR PACKING CO.**  
makers of  
MOHAWK VALLEY MEATS

10/22/37

**RCA'S 10-POINT Check-Up**  
Scientifically locates any trouble and includes inspecting, cleaning and adjusting your radio for only **\$1.50**

Take the **SQUAWKS** out of your **RADIO!**

Call (Phone) **4-3212** NOW!

**TONIGHT**

**Coca-Cola PRESENTS**

**The Song Shop!**

Starring **KITTY CARLISLE**  
Featuring **FRANK CRUMIT**  
Reed Kennedy... Alice Comett  
The Song Shop Quartette... 24-Voice Glee Club  
under the musical direction of **GUSTAVE HAENSCHEN**  
with a 50-piece orchestra

**WIBX 10 P. M. EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT**

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**Editor's DESK**



"NEW EDITOR"

Linda DeCecco will assume "editorship" of the IP with the June Issue. If you give Linda the same cooperation I have received over the past 6½ years, I'm sure the quality of the IP will continue and probably surpass our efforts. To ensure an orderly transition, Linda will be assistant editor for the May issue and then we will reverse our positions with Linda becoming editor while I will become assistant editor for the IP. At this time, we do not plan to change the club's mailing address. Welcome aboard Linda!!!

\*\*\*\*\*

**WHEC**

THE STATION LISTENERS BUILT!

**TONIGHT**

**HOLLYWOOD STAR PLAYHOUSE**  
8:00 P. M.

Tonight Dick Powell plays a jeweler who travels halfway around the world to right a wrong in "Street Of Jewels", a mystery thriller by Leonard St. Clair. Don't miss it!

**And Don't Miss:**

- 6:45—Lowell Thomas Time
- 7:00—Garry Moore Show
- 7:30—Stepping Out
- 7:45—Lory Lesueur
- 8:30—Broadway Is My Beat
- 9:00—Too Many Cooks
- 9:30—Granby's Green Acres
- 10:00—Leave It To Joan



HY DALEY

True, by 1950 radio was being edged out by TV, but many folks in small town America were not near a TV station nor could every household afford a picture box. The national Magazine RADIO-TV MIRROR still gave its major coverage to radio. Here are some of the top shows of the 1952 season:

**STOP THE MUSIC!** with Bert Parks was a Sunday Night mainstay on ABC. By 1952 it had virtually put Fred Allen and Charlie McCarthy off radio. To win on this contest show, you had to be listening to identify the song being played by Harry Salter's orchestra. 1952, however, would prove fatal for **Stop the Music** because it too bit the dust that had already buried many radio greats.

ABC also had the **BREAKFAST CLUB** with Don McNeil, Johnny Desmond and Sam Cowley. I dimly remember this show when I was a kid, sitting in the kitchen on summer mornings. I do remember Sara Cowley's "Fiction and Fact from Sam's Almanac." In 1952 "The Club" still had a large following.

**THE GRAND OLE OPRY** with Minnie Pearl and Rod Brasfield was still a Saturday night NBC favorite.

CBS had its **LIFE WITH LUIGI** program starring J. Carrol Naish and Allen Reid. Recently I picked up a VHS copy of this TV show and I really enjoyed watching it even though the Kinescope quality was distracting. Luigi was getting his citizenship papers. Cy Howard spent two months in Italy getting first hand information on his character before creating the show.

**SUSPENSE** was still going strong on CBS in 1952. Elliott Lewis was producer-director then during its 10th anniversary year. Lewis felt the popularity of the show stemmed from the fact that the person in the show as very much like the listener except that complex circumstances had led that person to stay outside the law. "It's difficult to explain, within the time limits of radio, the motive behind a crime committed by someone who is neither a hardened criminal nor a pathological case," confessed Lewis.

Jack Webb's **DRAGNET** which started

as a summer replacement on NBC was now in 1952 a full fledged radio hit. So successful was Dragnet as both Radio/TV show that NBC decided to take two radio crime shows, **DANGEROUS ASSIGNMENT** (with Brian Donlevy) and **MARTIN KANE, PRIVATE EYE** (with Lee Tracy) to TV as well, so both radio and TV audiences could enjoy them.

In 1952 the Lux Radio Theatre was in its 18th year; Ma Perkins' stars, Virginia Payne and Charlie Egelston, traveled to WLW in Cincinnati, (I listened to that station when I was a kid!) There they celebrated the very first Ma Perkins show, first broadcasted there in 1933. The recreated show was also done there to celebrate WLW's 30th year on the air. In 1952 the daytime soaps were still going strong. Perry Mason over on CBS was involved with a collector of rare jewels, a lonely wife and charming Casanova. Helen Trent on CBS immediately after Perry was in less turmoil but was worried about the gossip surrounding her and the lawyer Gil Whitney. Oh, My!

Good ole Stella Dallas over on NBC had saved Jared Stone from the sordid murder of Muriel Drake. I wonder if Jared Stone was a relation to Jabis Stone who Daniel Webster saved from the devil in Benet's famous play?

Even Young Widder Brown after Stella at 4:30 pm is having problems with Dr. Anthony Loring since his long missing wife Ruth has returned.

The soaps may not have been your favorite part of what made radio important to millions of housewives in America in 1952 but gosh, they're still important to the housewives of 1987, at least those who aren't working full time to help their husbands maintain households.  
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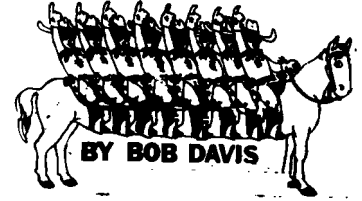


HUGH GRANNUM/Detroit Free Press

Bob Burnham's collection of old radio shows is noteworthy for both size and quality.

PAGE 10

SAY!  
WHO WAS THAT MASKED MAN?



Well, gang, it appears that I'm caught up in the middle of something again. The IP #124 had a letter from Thom Salome about me that I just could not let go by unanswered. I'm not going to make a big deal about all this and I promise that, no matter what, it will never be brought up again in this column. So..... **AN OPEN LETTER TO THOM SALOME**

You state that I, like everybody else, sooner or later abuses my column. Also you say that people like Jim Snyder and I are draining the hobby of the people that help it most, without caring about the other hobbyists who keep it alive.

First of all, if we didn't care we wouldn't be doing our columns. I won't attempt to defend Jim. He can and does take care of himself. As for myself, my column is my way of entertaining, amusing, and to an extent informing those who read it. If I wrote nothing but Pollyanna columns stressing only the good aspects of OTR collecting and fluffing over the bad then I would indeed be abusing this column. If bringing to light something that is not right causes discomfort to some then so be it. The intent of those kind of columns is not to drive out those people but to persuade them to straighten up their act, which yours definitely needs.

Think about it Thom. Never in the articles did I ever even mention your name or address. I never even hinted at it. And until you spouted off in the IP chances are that most of the readers had no idea about who the article was about...now they do. Hey guy, smart move!

I did mention the names of those that took pains to do a good job in their products. These are the people that are helping to keep the hobbyists active and interested and the hobby alive. Someone buys from them and they know they have little or no worry about what they've brought.

Mistakes happen. There's no denying

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Mistakes happen. There's no denying

that. But I still find it hard to believe that reels of different series were recorded back to back and I just happened to pick out those reels with the same defect on each. With luck like that I should play the lottery.

You went into great detail about your prices which, I must admit, were below the normal but then you brag that you dropped the cassette prices down to 35¢ each. You didn't mention that this happened the last hour before the dealers tables were closed and you were in effect dumping your stock so you wouldn't have to "carry it all back home". I heard you say that and I find nothing at all wrong with the statement but don't come on like you were just being altruistic about the whole thing.

Your generosity in donating tapes to the club library is not and never has been, questioned and I hope that no matter what the feeling between us, it will not affect any future donations. This column is written by me and reflects my opinions!

I'm happy that your profits are going for your daughters education. Your statement that your customers were "actually donating their money to my daughters future" and are "a donation in actual preservation of this hobby and it's future", well I read that as a rather biased opinion on your part. In actuality your customers were buying old radio shows on tape...period!

I could drag this thing on at much greater length but I won't because I don't want to bore my readers so I'll finish this off with my answer to the line that really ticked me off.

"So Mr. Davis after all your B.S. about me, what have you done for this hobby?"

Mr. Salome I've been in this hobby before it was a hobby, dating back to when OTR was current radio. Over the years I've fought to help keep alive a hobby that only had dozens of enthusiasts nationwide with only a few hundred radio shows available to them. I didn't start the hobby by any means but I feel that I helped to a small extent to breath some life into it.

Year after year I've donated tapes, time, money and services to help propagate interest in OTR. In 1975 I was one of the people that got together to form this club to which you belong! I'm not trying to make out like I'm a goody-two-shoes or a Mister Wonderful or the Father of the Hobby but I have done my share...and more. I consider it an insult that you imply that I only criticize and take and do not give anything in return. Mister Salome, that is the biggest B.S. of them all!

You make it sound like a sin if

I utilize the club library instead of buying a tape for \$10 - \$14. I freely admit that I do this and so do many others! What do you think the library is there for anyway? Do you think we should use the library to sell shows???

For the record...I have and do buy shows in that price range. I also trade for them and copy rebroadcasts off the air. Maybe you consider that as something reprehensible too? If so, I cannot figure you out at all.

At the convention I bought from many dealers and had some problems with a small handful of the things I bought. I've written to them all (and you must admit they were not nasty letters) and have had all the problems straightened out quickly. Even yours, which I acknowledged in IP #125. They all admitted that they goofed in some respect and no big deal was made out of it. All of them but you Mr. Salome, all of them but you!

You've gone so far as to call Dick Olday long distance and complain and threaten. John Barber, a collector with a great reputation, says you also threatened him (IP#124). You told Jim Snyder that you were going to break his legs because he criticized you!

Is that what a collector has to put up with when he deals with you? To me, dealing with Thom Salome and his current attitude is something that I just can't and will not do. Who needs it?

I apologize to my readers but this guy really burned my buns.  
See ya next time.

# Tuned in to radio

By JAMES RICCI  
Free Press Staff Writer

After Garrison Kellor's "Prairie Home Companion" — that wizardly transformation of present into past — leaves the airwaves this June, lovers of old-fashioned radio will have to make do with the real thing. And Bob Burnham will be ready for them.

In the dehumidified basement of Burnham's small Westland home, radio's history silently waits to take voice again. Trim tape boxes cataloged along one wall contain more than 30,000 old radio shows in as pristine a state of sound as modern technology can preserve or reconstruct.

Among old-time radio hobbyists across the United States and Canada, Burnham's collection is noteworthy for both size and quality. It includes the complete run of "Gunsmoke," nearly every installment of "The Jack Benny Show" and 850 episodes of the highly regarded mystery program "Suspense," as well as thousands of hours of such fare as "The Lone Ranger," "Fibber McGee and Molly," "Our Miss Brooks," "Dragnet," "Superman" and "The Shadow."

The collection is a commercial proposition, as well as a labor of love. Burnham publishes a catalog and sells one-hour cassettes (for \$6 apiece, or 10 for \$25) and six-hour reel-to-reel tapes (for \$8 apiece) copied from his library of masters.

**INTEREST IN** old-time radio has been waxing since the generalized nostalgia fad of about 15 years ago. It has been nurtured by the success of "Prairie Home Companion" and, more recently, by the popularity of the Woody Allen film "Radio Days," a loving evocation of the medium and the hold it had on ordinary people two generations ago.

It is surprisingly widespread, veteran collectors say, among people who were too young to have known radio in its heyday.

Burnham, who is 30 — a self-described "born-too-late" — is living proof of old radio's appeal to the adult generation steeped from infancy in television and modern, rigid-format radio.

"Warren Pierce used to play old-time radio from 6 to

DETROIT FREE PRESS/WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1987

## Area man cashes in on nostalgia for radio

**OLD-TIME RADIO**, from Page 1B  
10 p.m. on Sunday on old WCAR in the late 1960s. I loved the stuff from the first time I heard it and started recording cassettes of the broadcasts and selling them for 50 cents apiece to my friends," Burnham says.

"I found you could really get caught up in the dramas while you were doing something like cutting your parents' lawn. It wasn't like TV, where you have to sit and watch it and can't do anything else. And it wasn't like modern radio, which is just music and information, the type of entertainment you don't really have to pay attention to."

**BURNHAM'S COLLECTION** is far from the largest in existence. The Library of Congress has more than half a million old radio shows, most of them uncataloged. David Siegel, a Westchester County, N.Y., school superintendent, is widely believed to have the largest private collection — approximately 120,000 shows.

Siegel, like most collectors, trades but does not sell.

Burnham, a collector since his teens, quit his job as manager of a bottle-printing shop in Detroit last year and went into the radio nostalgia business full time. He and his wife, Debbie, comprise BRC Productions, and they hope to do \$100,000 worth of mail-order business this year.

**BURNHAM PLACES** particular emphasis on getting tapes that have been copied directly from the old transcript discs on which radio networks originally recorded their programs, or are only a re-recording or two removed from the originals.

"The farther you get from that disc," he says, "the more the sound deteriorates."

Burnham, who has published a book called "Listening Guide to Classic Radio Programs," hopes to double

his collection. Like all collectors, he keeps an eye peeled for such rarities as "The March of Time of 1935," the lost first episode of "Latitude Zero" and the pre-1935 installments of "The Lone Ranger" (which, with "The Green Hornet" and "Sgt. Preston of the Yukon," was produced in Detroit). "People would be drooling for those all over the place," he says.

**RECORDINGS** of old shows deemed lost or nonexistent turn up regularly.

"Ten years ago, we thought the only programs that existed were those we knew about," says Siegel, whose collection lines the walls from floor to ceiling of three rooms. "But somehow, every year somebody who may be a grandson or widow of somebody who performed on radio decides they're going to leave their collection of discs to a local library or school, and you discover some programs you thought were lost, but were not lost."

Some hobby purists look askance at dealers. They contend that, because dealers get their tapes primarily by trading with other collectors, they ought not then sell copies.

"The argument against selling is that you're selling something you don't own," says Siegel. "The people who wrote the scripts and did the acting were not as fortunate as some current television performers who have rights for almost ever and ever. The sellers, on the other hand, say they're not selling rights to the broadcasts, but just selling a service. And, anyway, the newer collectors are probably happy to come across people who sell. I found out when I started 16 years ago that if you don't have many programs in your collection, you can't trade."

For Burnham's catalog, write BRC Productions, P.O. Box 39522, Redford, Mich. 48239.

### WHAT IS AN OTR COLLECTOR?

By: Lomar P. Gantz

An OTR collector can name you every show in his collection by memory but cannot tell you who the current Vice President of the United States is!

A long time collector has children named Lamont, Britt, Matt, or Tonto. (TONT0???)

He/she scorns the use of cassettes in collecting OTR but has hundreds of them in the collection!

The collector loves to hear OTR shows rebroadcast on the radio but usually already has the shows being broadcast.

The collector usually has better sound than the ones being broadcast!

He/she usually finds that a show they have to dub is the first show on Side Two of their master.

The deeply involved collector gets up in the morning, starts his recorders into action, then goes for his morning coffee!

A true collector will watch every radio related tv movie or program all the way through..no matter how bad it is!

Usually, the OTR collector's spouse has no interest in the hobby at all!

He/she always has a roll of splicing tape handy but abhors using a reel with a splice in it.

A true collector doesn't like getting involved with controversies (see recent IP's) but does have definite and strong opinions about the hobby and related matters!

The dedicated collector will scrounge, bargain, beg, or buy the latest material for his/her collection then freely pass the material out to any that are interested. 'Tis the nature of the beast... thank heavens!

The confirmed OTR enthusiast can rattle off names of former big time radio stars to the youth of today. Their reaction is usually "never heard of 'em" but to the collector these are still the big stars of today! Rob Lowe?? Never hear of 'em!!!!

Quite often the OTR collector will help out those just starting in the hobby. They do it without any expectation of publicity or payment, often they receive neither. These unheard collectors are the backbone and the lifeblood that will keep OTR alive.

The addicted OTR collector has a tape deck in his/her car so they can hear their shows on the way to, and from, work. Many have portable cassette players that they take in the garage, cellar, attic, etc. to make the chores go a little easier.

The smart OTR collector belongs to at least one radio club. If you are

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**OLD-TIME RADIO**, from Page 18  
10 p.m. on Sunday on old WCAR in the late 1960s. I loved the stuff from the first time I heard it and started recording cassettes off the broadcasts and selling them for 50 cents apiece to my friends," Burnham says.

"I found you could really get caught up in the dramas while you were doing something like cutting your parents' lawn. It wasn't like TV, where you have to sit and watch it and can't do anything else. And it wasn't like modern radio, which is just music and information, the type of entertainment you don't really have to pay attention to."

**BURNHAM'S COLLECTION** is far from the largest in existence. The Library of Congress has more than half a million old radio shows, most of them uncataloged. David Siegel, a Westchester County, N.Y., school superintendent, is widely believed to have the largest private collection — approximately 120,000 shows.

Siegel, like most collectors, trades but does not sell.

Burnham, a collector since his teens, quit his job as manager of a bottle-printing shop in Detroit last year and went into the radio nostalgia business full time. He and his wife, Debbie, comprise BRC Productions, and they hope to do \$100,000 worth of mail-order business this year.

**BURNHAM PLACES** particular emphasis on getting tapes that have been copied directly from the old transcript discs on which radio networks originally recorded their programs, or are only a re-recording or two removed from the originals.

"The farther you get from that disc," he says, "the more the sound deteriorates."

Burnham, who has published a book called "Listening Guide to Classic Radio Programs," hopes to double

his collection. Like all collectors, he keeps an eye peeled for such rarities as "The March of Time of 1935," the lost first episode of "Latitude Zero" and the pre-1935 installments of "The Lone Ranger" (which, with "The Green Hornet" and "Sgt. Preston of the Yukon," was produced in Detroit). "People would be drooling for those all over the place," he says.

**RECORDINGS OF** old shows deemed lost or nonexistent turn up regularly.

"Ten years ago, we thought the only programs that existed were those we knew about," says Siegel, whose collection lines the walls from floor to ceiling of three rooms. "But somehow, every year somebody who may be a grandson or widow of somebody who performed on radio decides they're going to leave their collection of discs to a local library or school, and you discover some programs you thought were lost, but were not lost."

Some hobby purists look askance at dealers. They contend that, because dealers get their tapes primarily by trading with other collectors, they ought not then sell copies.

"The argument against selling is that you're selling something you don't own," says Siegel. "The people who wrote the scripts and did the acting were not as fortunate as some current television performers who have rights for almost ever and ever. The sellers, on the other hand, say they're not selling rights to the broadcasts, but just selling a service. And, anyway, the newer collectors are probably happy to come across people who sell. I found out when I started 16 years ago that if you don't have many programs in your collection, you can't trade."

For Burnham's catalog, write BRC Productions, P.O. Box 39522, Redford, Mich. 48239.

### WHAT IS AN OTR COLLECTOR?

By: Lomar P. Gantz

An OTR collector can name you every show in his collection by memory but cannot tell you who the current Vice President of the United States is!

A long time collector has children named Lamont, Britt, Matt, or Tonto. (TONTOT???)

He/she scorns the use of cassettes in collecting OTR but has hundreds of them in the collection!

The collector loves to hear OTR shows rebroadcast on the radio but usually already has the shows being broadcast.

The collector usually has better sound than the ones being broadcast!

He/she usually finds that a show they have to dub is the first show on Side Two of their master.

The deeply involved collector gets up in the morning, starts his recorders into action, then goes for his morning coffee!

A true collector will watch every radio related tv movie or program all the way through...no matter how bad it is!

Usually, the OTR collector's spouse has no interest in the hobby at all!

He/she always has a roll of splicing tape handy but abhors using a reel with a splice in it.

A true collector doesn't like getting involved with controversies (see recent IP's) but does have definite and strong opinions about the hobby and related matters!

The dedicated collector will scrounge, bargain, beg, or buy the latest material for his/her collection then freely pass the material out to any that are interested. 'Tis the nature of the beast... thank heavens!

The confirmed OTR enthusiast can rattle off names of former big time radio stars to the youth of today. Their reaction is usually "never heard of 'em" but to the collector these are still the big stars of today! Rob Lowe?? Never hear of 'em!!!!

Quite often the OTR collector will help out those just starting in the hobby. They do it without any expectation of publicity or payment, often they receive neither. These unhealed collectors are the backbone and the lifeblood that will keep OTR alive.

The addicted OTR collector has a tape deck in his/her car so they can hear their shows on the way to, and from, work. Many have portable cassette players that they take in the garage, cellar, attic, etc. to make the chores go a little easier.

The smart OTR collector belongs to at least one radio club. If you are

reading this then you've joined one of the best...The Old Time Radio Club.

The true OTR collector has six or seven copies of "The War of the Worlds" with Orson Welles!!!

All OTR collectors have their all-time favorite shows that they can play over and over and never get sick of hearing. This could explain the above mentioned "War of the Worlds"!!!!

A lot of collectors will trade for dozens of shows they've never even heard of on the off-chance that there will be a few gems hidden amongst them. Sometime it happens, sometimes it doesn't.

The concerned OTR collector worries about the future of the hobby. After all, there must a finite number of shows available and sooner or later that number must be reached. Fortunately that number is nowhere in sight.

The perceptive OTR collector realizes that they are involved in a hobby that will amuse and entertain them for the rest of their life. Entertainment at their fingertips. Drama, comedy, or variety available when ever they feel like it. The biggest stars at their beck and call, always ready to help pass a lonely hour or calm down a jangled nerve.

I'm glad that I can fit into any and all of these above-mentioned groups .....An OTR COLLECTOR!

**TAPE LIBRARY RATES:** 2400' reel - \$1.50 per month; 1800' reel - \$1.25 per month; 1200' reel - \$1.00 per month; cassette and records - \$.50 per month; video cassette - \$1.25 per month. Postage must be included with all orders and here are the rates: For the U.S.A. and APO, \$.60 for one reel, \$.35 for each cassette and record; \$.75 for each video tape.

**CANADIAN BRANCH:** Rental rates are the same as above, but in Canadian funds. Postage: Reels 1 Or 2 tapes \$1.50; 3 or 4 tapes \$1.75. Cassettes: 1 or 2 tapes \$.65; for each additional tape add \$.25.

**REFERENCE LIBRARY:** A reference library exists for members. Members should have received a library list of materials with their membership. Only two items can be borrowed at one time, for a one month period. Please use the proper designations for materials to be borrowed. When ordering books include \$2.00 to cover rental, postage, and packaging. Please include \$1.00 for other items. If you wish to contribute to the library, the OTRC will copy materials and return the originals to you. See address on page 2.

**JUST THE FACTS MA'AM**  
By: Frank C. Boncore

Recently I was watching a Laurel and Hardy Movie with my daughters when it occurred to me how old they would have been if they were alive today. Laurel would have been 97 years old and Hardy would have been 95. I pulled out my almanac and checked the birth dates on several different OTR stars and discovered that they would have given Frank Bork, Our Elderly Librarian Emeritus, a run for the money when it came to age and I was really surprised when I found out that some would even have been older than him. I thought that it would be at the least interesting to read about: Listed below are the names, year of birth, and their age today.

- Bud Abbott; 1895; 92
- Fred Allen; 1894; 93
- Gracie Allen; 1906; 81
- Louis Armstrong. 1900; 87
- Edward Arnold; 1890; 97
- Ethel Barrymore; 1879 108
- John Barrymore; 1882 105
- Lionel Barrymore; 1878; 109
- Bea Benadaret; 1906; 81
- William Bendix; 1906; 81
- Jack Benny; 1894; 93
- Edgar Bergans; 1903; 84
- Humphrey Bogart; 1899; 88
- William Boyd; 1898; 89
- Walter Brennan; 1894; 93
- Joe E. Brown; 1894; 93
- Nigel Bruce; 1895; 92
- Billie Burke; 1889; 102
- Eddie Cantor; 1892; 95
- Charlie Chaplin; 1889, 98
- Maurice Chavlier; 1888; 99
- Lou Clayton; 1887; 100
- Gary Cooper; 1901; 86
- Charles Correl; 1890; 97
- Lou Costello; 1908; 79
- Bing Crosby; 1903; 84
- Walt Disney; 1901; 86
- Jimmy Durante; 1893; 94
- W. C. Fields; 1879; 108
- Oliver Hardy; 1892; 95
- Alfred Hitchcock; 1899; 88
- Ed Gardner; 1901; 86
- Floyd Gibbons; 1887; 100
- Al Jolson; 1886; 101
- Marion Jordon; 1897; 90
- H. V. Keltornborn; 1878; 109
- Stan Laurel; 1890; 97
- Chico Marx; 1887; 100
- Groucho Marx; 1890; 97
- Harpo Marx; 1888; 99
- Basil Rathbone; 1892; 95
- Robert Ripley; 1893; 94
- Paul Whiteman; 1890; 97
- Walter Winchell; 1897; 90
- Ed Wynn; 1881; 101

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**DIAL WHEC TONIGHT!**

STARTS TONIGHT!

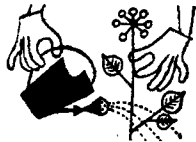
THE  
**SHOW GOES ON**  
ROBERT Q. LEWIS  
M. C.

9:30-10:30

A full-hour variety show with a difference. Here is a showcase of professional acts, like a booking office of the air, with genial, witty Robert Q. Lewis as host and emcee.



**DIAL WHEC TOMORROW!**



THE  
**GARDEN GATE**

9:45 A. M.

Ferry-Morse Seed Co. presents horticultural expert Sam Caldwell airing gardening news and tips.

**OLD TIME  
RADIO  
&  
NOSTALGIA  
COLLECTABLES  
SHOW & SALE**

**MAY 1-2, 1987**

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**OLD RADIO SHOWS • RADIO PREMIUMS  
BOOKS • MAGAZINES • POSTERS • VIDEOS**

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For  
Club Members Only**

**TAPESPENDENTS:** Send in your wants and we'll run them here for at least 2 months.

**WANTED:** John Wayne Material. Books, Posters etc.

John O'Mara  
20 E. Union St.  
Holley, NY 14470  
(716) 638-6221

**WANTED:** Extended runs of adventure serials on cassette (Hop Harrigan, Terry & the Pirates, etc.) Also articles about Fred Allen.

Ken Weigel  
7011 Lennox Ave. #126  
Van Nuys, CA 91405

**WANTED:** Radio shows with Veronica Lake. I am especially interested in the 4 following.

LUX RADIO THEATRE: "Sullivan's Travels", November 9, 1942.

LUX RADIO THEATRE: "So Proudly We Hail" November 1, 1943

SCREEN GUILD PLAYERS: "This Gun for Hire", April 2, 1945

THIS IS HOLLYWOOD: "Ramrod", February 21, 1947.

I am also interested in other shows, but please write before sending if you have any shows; so there will be no duplication. In trade for your effort, I will trade 10 blank Sony HF 60 cassette for each tape that I want.

Fred Bantin  
743 43rd Avenue  
Greeley, CO 80634

**WANTED:** A copy of Tune In Yesterday. I have lobby cards, posters and rare comics to trade for quality sound radio shows. A lot of my trading material is original 3 Stooges

Chuck Wheeler  
6210 Shull Road  
Huber Heights, OH 45424

**WANTED:** Reel to Reel deck (or trade for a good cassette deck) and a turntable that plays 16" transcriptions. If any member has one for sale.

Walter H. Keepers, Jr.  
6341 Glenlock St.  
Philadelphia, PA 19135

**FOR SALE:** Teac A-2300SX reel decks in almost new condition and one Sony TC-580 in very good shape. \$300 each. I will pay shipping, and provide a 3 month money back guarantee - return for any reason (or no reason as the case may be!).

Jerry Chapman  
8707 Village Rd. #4  
Playa del Rey, CA 90293

Tapespondents is a free service to all members.

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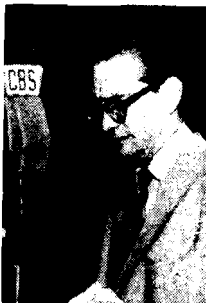
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STARTS TONIGHT!

THE SHOW GOES ON  
ROBERT Q. LEWIS  
M. C.

9:30-10:30

A full-hour variety show with a difference. Here is a showcase of professional acts, like a booking office of the air, with genial, witty Robert Q. Lewis as host and emcee.



# DIAL WHEC TOMORROW!

THE GARDEN GATE

9:45 A. M.

Ferry-Morse Seed Co. presents horticultural expert Sam Caldwell string gardening news and tips.



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2380 VICTORY PARKWAY CINCINNATI, OHIO 45206

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THE GAYEST SHOW ON THE AIR BROADCAST FROM A DIFFERENT COLLEGE EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT

WSYR AT 9:00 P. M.

# PLAY-BY-PLAY BROADCAST

TUNE-IN

TOMORROW AT 1:45 P. M.

COLGATE-HOLY CROSS

and hear a thrilling play-by-play description of the big game.

THE OLD MAESTRO SWITCHES STATIONS TONIGHT, FOLKS---- WITH A NEW OPENING SHOW AND A GRAND NEW SPONSOR



# BEN BERNIE

"and all the lads"

SPONSORED BY AMERICAN CAN COMPANY

DON'T FORGET BEN BERNIE IS ON STATION

WSYR 9 P. M. E. S. T.

M. B. C. NETWORK

10/29/35

COMEDIANS TALK ABOUT COMEDY—IX

By Larry Wilde

Durante Tells of Hard Early Years— And Then the Breaks Began Coming

JAMES FRANCIS DURANTE was born in New York City on Feb. 10, 1893. As a youngster, he took piano lessons and soon began playing in the neighborhood saloons.

While working at the Club Alamo in Harlem in 1915, he met singer Eddie Jackson (who is still his partner and close friend) and then later, when Jimmy opened his Club Durant in 1923, Lou Clayton joined them and the legendary Clayton, Jackson and Durante comedy team was formed.

It was Clayton who coined Jimmy's world-famous nickname, Schnozzola, and later became Durante's business manager, until his death in 1950.

On Broadway, Mr. Durante appeared in Cole Porter's The New Yorkers (1930), and in Strike Me Pink (1934), Jumbo (1935), and Red, Hot, and Blue (1937), the latter with Ethel Merman and a new comic named Bob Hope.

HIS EARLIER screen credits include: Roadhouse Nights (1929), Get Rich Quick, Wallingford (1931), Her Cardboard Lover (1933), The Passionate Plumber (1932), and the Phantom President (1933), with his idol, George M. Cohan—the only film Mr. Cohan ever made.

After years as a radio headliner on NBC with Garry Moore, Jimmy entered television in 1950. He starred on All-Star Revue, Colgate Comedy Hour, Taxaco Star Theater and Hollywood Palace. In 1960, Mr. Durante married Margie Little. They have an adopted daughter, CeCe Alicia, born in 1961. The Durantes live in Beverly Hills, California.

To paraphrase Will Rogers, there's never been a man who met Jimmy Durante that didn't like him. After four and a half hours with the indestructible Schnozz, I left knowing I had been with one of the great human beings of our time.

AT THE HOLLYWOOD Palace Theater, Mr. Durante opened the door to his expensively decorated duplex dressing room. He greeted me warmly, and said: "You came all the way from New York, just talk to me?" "Yes, sir!" I answered. He shook his head, removed the

ubiquitous gray felt hat and said, "Okeh, wot d'ya wanna know?"

WILDE: When you were a boy, how much piano training did you have?

DURANTE: Well, I started to take lessons when I was about twelve years old — ten or twelve — I can't remember. And you know you had one of those professors who wants you to be an opera piano player. But I was crazy about the piano and I wanted to be a great, great ragtime piano player.

WILDE: Which was the style of the times?

DURANTE: Yes, yes. Sure, and in my neighborhood — I was born on the East Side of New York, on Catherine Street

DURANTE: Transpose? No! That baffled me at the beginning. Yeah. It was a terror when a guy came up there and I had to play in his key. To this day, I only play in C, D flat . . . B . . . give me anything in A natural, you know.

WILDE: When you and Eddie Cantor worked together at that time did you have any idea that one day you would both become internationally known?

DURANTE: (Chuckling) No, no. I wanted to be a great piano player and Eddie wanted to be a great actor, you know. He really wanted to be a great actor. But he was a comedian then, you know? I liked him . . . both of us sure had some fun.

We'd make up something if a guy asked for a song we didn't know. Eddie'd make up the words and I'd make up the music to a song as we went along. Sometimes it'd work, sometimes not.

When the customer'd shout: "That ain't 'South Nebraska Blues,'" we'd answer innocently: "You mean there's two 'South Nebraska Blues'?"

Eddie never played a cafe after that. No, he went with an act called, oh, Geeze, a big, big act . . . Bedini and Arthur.

WILDE: Then how long did you work in Coney Island?

DURANTE: Well, Coney Island was just the summer. Then the next year I went to Chinatown at the Chatham Club. Then back to the Chatham — that's when I met Cantor. We used to play after hours. They closed the doors, took away the chairs, and then they used to dance, nice and soft . . . just you alone playing the piano.

WILDE: At this time you still had no ideal of doing an act?

DURANTE: Noooo. Then I went to Chinatown and that was a great experience. Chinatown, at that time was like Broadway and 42d Street — at three in the mornin' . . .

WILDE: Was it during this period you found you were able to get laughs?

DURANTE: No, no . . . I went years after that. Irving Berlin used to come around . . . he used to sing his own songs . . . And the song pluggers used to come around . . . they'd come in sing their songs and leave . . . boy, that used to be a shame to go back to the piano after they played — geeze, I wanted to be a great pianist.

So now, I went back to the Island, like I told you, and after that year, I went up to Harlem, place called The Alamo. Now, instead of being alone, at that time . . . the Dixieland Jazz Band came out in Risenwebers . . . so I went to New Orleans and I got myself a band — what a clarinet player, oh, great jazz men.

And now, that's where I thought everybody loved me . . . I used to get up, while they're dancing to this dixieland . . . and while they were dancing you'd kid around with the people . . .

WILDE: You're putting on a show . . .

DURANTE: (Tapping foot, singing, and snapping fingers) "Somebody wants my gal . . . Sing it, Jimmy boy!" — while they're dancing, never nuthin' alone, you know.

And Eddie Jackson was working up there . . . and from then on every place I worked I took Eddie . . . I worked up there for seven, about, eight years . . . and the first break came when — that's when I first knew people loved me — I went down to the Nightingale on Broadway, my first job on Broadway, with a six-piece band.

WILDE: By then you must have been in your twenties?

DURANTE: Easy. Yeah, oh yeah. I think I was twenty-eight. I brought Jackson in there and that's when we had the fun with the customers . . . I used to get up and announce the balloon game and I used to kid around

WILDE: How long did you stay there?

DURANTE: Three years. Then we opened up our own joint. That's the break.

WILDE: Was that the Club Durant?

DURANTE: That's right. I didn't want to go in it, I said, "I'm doing all right, I'm making enough money — a hundred and a quarter — what do you want off me?" They said, "You're very popular, Jimmy. . ."

Then Jackson got to be a partner in the Club Durant, then Clayton came in.

WILDE: Did Clayton do an act?

DURANTE: Clayton was one of the big acts of his day. Clayton and Edwards . . . remember Ukulele Ike? He was headlining in vaudeville and every show, I think, that Schubert ever put on.

WILDE: Was he basically a dancer?

DURANTE: Basically a dancer. And a great straight man.

WILDE: So he became a partner in the club?

DURANTE: Yeah, after we had opened a couple of months. And that was the turning point of the whole thing.

Excerpted from "The Great Comedians Talk About Comedy" by Larry Wilde. Copyright 1968 by Larry Wilde. Published by Citadel Press Inc.

NEXT: More talk with Jimmy Durante.

COMEDIANS TALK ABOUT COMEDY—XI

Bob Hope Fondly Looks Back To Becoming All-Time Comedian

FROM a Bob Hope monologue:

In my family, we were seven boys and one girl. She died young. She never had a chance at the table.

I like to see politicians with religion—it keeps their hands out where we can see them.

Once I was flying in a plane that was hit by lightning. A little old lady sitting across the aisle said: "Do something religious." So I did—I took up a collection.

On champagne flights, some stewardesses serve too much. Once I got on as a passenger and got off as luggage.

LESLIE TOWNS HOPE was born on May 29, 1903, in Eltham, England. When Hope was four, his father, a stenographer, brought his wife and seven sons to Cleveland (which Bob now considers his home town). In 1933, after several years of vaudeville, doing a black-face act, dancing, and doubling as a saxophone player and scenery mover, Hope hit Broadway, where he starred in "Roberta," with Fred MacMurray and George Murphy. This was followed by Ballyhoo, Ziegfeld Follies, and Red Hot and Blue, with Ethel Merman and Jimmy Durante. In 1933, Mr. Hope began his own radio program in his first motion picture, The Big Broadcast of 1933. (This is the movie in which Hope sang "Thanks for the Memory" — later to become his theme song — to Shirley Ross.)

BOB HOPE made his first appearance on television in June, 1950. He has been a regular ever since.

Aside from the "Road" pictures with Bing Crosby and Dorothy Lamour, Hope's biggest hits were: Monsieur Beaucaire, The Paleface, Sorrowful Jones, My Favorite Brunette, and The Seven Little Foys.

Bob and Dolores (Reade) were married in 1934 and have four adopted children: Linda, Tony, Nora and William Kelly Francis.

Bob Hope has received over 300 awards and citations for his humanitarian and professional activities. He started entertaining the troops during World War II and has since traveled more than a million miles, playing to more than ten million troops in every corner of the globe.

ALAN KALMUS, Mr. Hope's public relations director, arranged this interview and was present in the NBC Studios dressing room where it took place. Bob had come to New York to tape a television segment at the Rockefeller Center studios. In preparation for his television appearance, he wore a midnight blue suit, light blue shirt, and dark blue tie.

WILDE: Mr. Hope . . . when did you first become aware that you could make people laugh?

HOPE: "I think when I was here in New York . . . I was doing a dancing act and one day I went down in the subway and stuck my head out to look for the train . . . and that was the



BOB HOPE

first laugh I got. I was doing a funny ever since.

WILDE: Did you do comedy by

HOPE: No, no. I was dancing at Cleveland and I took jobs in between and that's how the first tab got started. I did blackface on all styles of comedy. I did everything — singing, dancing, actually how I got into it. I was in Pennsylvania, manager of the me to announce was coming in and started doing

I'd add a job time and finally said: "That's the should do. That doesn't compare. That gave me a single act. So I double and I comedy.

WILDE: From long did it take aware of the fitted you and best?

HOPE: Oh, developed in four, five years.

WILDE: What material?

HOPE: Well, ceremonies at Theatre in Cleveland to change midweek so I material . . . I act would come you have any jokes I could

WILDE: How there?

Ed WANAMAKER'S CORNER

By Larry Wilde

# Hard Early Years— Peaks Began Coming

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sang in?  
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DURANTE: Transpose? No! That baffled me at the beginning. Yeah. It was a terror when a guy came up there and I had to play in his key. To this day, I only play in C, D flat . . . B . . . give me anything in A natural, you know.  
WILDE: When you and Eddie Cantor worked together at that time did you have any idea that one day you would both become internationally known?  
DURANTE: (Chuckling) No, no. I wanted to be a great piano player and Eddie wanted to be a great actor, you know. He really wanted to be a great actor. But he was a comedian then, you know? I liked him . . . both of us sure had some fun.  
We'd make up something if a guy asked for a song we didn't know. Eddie'd make up the words and I'd make up the music to a song as we went along. Sometimes it'd work, sometimes not.  
When the customer'd shout: "That ain't 'South Nebraska Blues,'" we'd answer innocently: "You mean there's two 'South Nebraska Blues'?"  
Eddie never played a cafe after that. No, he went with an act called, oh, Geese, a big, big act . . . Bedini and Arthur.  
WILDE: Then how long did you work in Coney Island?  
DURANTE: Well, Coney Island was just the summer. Then the next year I went to Chinatown at the Chatham Club. Then back to the Island—that's when I met Cantor, we used to play after hours. They closed the doors, took away the chairs, and then they used to dance, nice and soft . . . just you alone playing the piano.  
WILDE: At this time you still had no ideal of doing an act?  
DURANTE: Noooo. Then I went to Chinatown and that was a great experience. Chinatown: at that time was like Broadway and 42d Street — at three in the mornin' . . .  
WILDE: Was it during this period you found you were able to get laughs?  
DURANTE: No, no . . . I went years after that. Irving Berlin used to come around . . . he used to sing his own songs . . . And the song pluggers used to come around . . . they'd come in sing their songs and leave . . . boy, that used to be a shame to go back to the piano after they played — geeze, I wanted to be a great pianist.  
So now, I went back to the Island, like I told you, and after that year, I went up to Harlem, place called The Alamo. Now, instead of being alone, at that time . . . the Dixieland Jazz Band came out in Rizenwebbers . . . so I went to New Orleans and I got myself a band — what a clarinet player, oh, great jazz men.

And now, that's where I thought everybody loved me . . . I used to get up, while they're dancing to this dixieland . . . and while they were dancing you'd kid around with the people . . .  
WILDE: You're putting on a show . . .  
DURANTE: (Tapping foot, singing, and snapping fingers) "Somebody wants my gal . . . Sing it, Jimmy boy!" — while they're dancing, never nuthin' alone, you know.  
And Eddie Jackson was working up there . . . and from then on every place I worked I took Eddie . . . I worked up there for seven, about, eight years . . . and the first break came when — that's when I first knew people loved me — I went down to the Nightingale on Broadway, my first job on Broadway, with a six-piece band.  
WILDE: By then you must have been in your twenties?  
DURANTE: Easy, Yeah, oh yeah. I think I was twenty-eight. I brought Jackson in there and that's when we had the fun with the customers . . . I used to get up and announce the balloon game and I used to kid around . . .  
WILDE: How long did you stay there?  
DURANTE: Three years. Then we opened up our own joint. That's the break.  
WILDE: Was that the Club Durant?  
DURANTE: That's right. I didn't want to go in it. I said, I'm doing all right, I'm making enough money — a hundred and a quarter — what do you want off me?" They said, "You're very popular, Jimmy . . ." Then Jackson got to be a partner in the Club Durant, then Clayton come in.  
WILDE: Did Clayton do an act?  
DURANTE: Clayton was one of the big acts of his day. Clayton and Edwards . . . I remember Ukulele Ike? He was headlining in vaudeville and every show, I think, that Shubert ever put on.  
WILDE: Was he basically a dancer?  
DURANTE: Basically a dancer. And a great straight man.  
WILDE: So he became a partner in the club?  
DURANTE: Yeah, after we had opened a couple of months. And that was the turning point of the whole thing.  
Excerpted from "The Great Comedians Talk About Comedy," by Larry Wilde. Copyright 1964 by Larry Wilde. Published by Citadel Press Inc.  
NEXT: More talk with Jimmy Durante.

## COMEDIANS TALK ABOUT COMEDY—XI

# Bob Hope Fondly Looks Back on the Road To Becoming All-Time Comedy Great

FROM a Bob Hope monologue:

In my family, we were seven boys and one girl. She died young. She never had a chance at the table.  
I like to see politicians with religion—it keeps their hands out where we can see them.  
Once I was flying in a plane that was hit by lightning. A little old lady sitting across the aisle said: "Do something religious." So I did—I took up a collection.  
On champagne flights, some stewardesses serve too much. Once I got on as a passenger and got off as luggage.  
1950. He has been a regular ever since.  
Aside from the "Road" pictures with Bing Crosby and Dorothy Lamour, Hope's biggest hits were: Monsieur Beaucaire, The Paleface, Sorrowful Jones, My Favorite Brunette, and The Seven Little Foys.  
Bob and Dolores (Reade) were married in 1934 and have four adopted children: Linda, Tony, Nora and William Kelly Francis.  
Bob Hope has received over 300 awards and citations for his first laugh I got and I've been funny ever since.  
WILDE: Did you really start doing comedy by accident?  
HOPE: No, not really. I did a dancing act with a girl in Cleveland and we used to do little jokes in between dances . . . and that's how I started. Then the first tab show I was in — a musical comedy which was very popular back in those days — I did blackface comedy . . . I did all styles of comedy.  
I did everything on the stage — singing, dancing — and that's actually how I started. I think what you're referring to is the incident in New Castle, Pennsylvania, when (the manager of the theater asked me to announce the show that was coming in and I went out and started doing a monologue . . .  
I'd add a joke or two every time and finally the manager said: "That's the kind of act you should do. This dancing act doesn't compare with those laughs you get standing up." That gave me the idea to do my single act. So I broke up the double and I started doing comedy.  
WILDE: From that point, how long did it take you to become aware of the kind of jokes that fitted you and your personality best?  
HOPE: Oh, that was developed in the next three, four, five years . . .  
WILDE: What did you do for material?  
HOPE: Well, I was master of ceremonies at the Stratford Theatre in Chicago and they used to change the show in midweek so I did two shows a week and I needed a lot of material . . . So if a vaudeville act would come in I'd say: "Do you have any jokes? You know any jokes I could tell?"  
WILDE: How long were you there?



BOB HOPE  
300 Awards Say We Love Him

LESLIE TOWNS HOPE was born on May 29, 1903, in Eltham, England. When Hope was four, his father, a stonemason, brought his wife and seven sons to Cleveland (which Bob now considers his home town). In 1933, after several years of vaudeville, doing a black-face act, dancing, and doubling as a saxophone player and scenery mover, Hope hit Broadway, where he starred in "Roberta," with Fred MacMurray and George Murphy. This was followed by Ballyhoo, Zigfield Follies, and Red Hot and Blue, with Ethel Merman and Jimmy Durante. In 1938, Mr. Hope began his own radio program and in the same year played in his first motion picture, The Big Broadcast of 1938. (This is the movie in which Hope sang "Thanks for the Memory" — later to become his theme song — to Shirley Ross.)  
BOB HOPE made his first appearance on television in June.

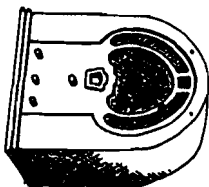
HOPE: I was at the Stratford Theatre about six months and the audience got to know me . . .  
WILDE: That seems to be a very important aspect in the development of a comedian — being able to stay in one place, one club for a long . . .  
HOPE: I don't think that's important. I think just work for a comedian is important, that you go on . . .  
WILDE: Don't you believe that having an American institution and having so many millions of people see you, that when you walk out on stage they're laughing before you get . . .  
HOPE: Yes, you've got a head start but you've still got to come up with it. How long are they going to applaud for you? They like you, that's fine — but then you've got to prove yourself.  
WILDE: Jack Benny made a similar point when he —  
HOPE: Oh, sure, because you have to satisfy them. They're expecting a certain quality and you have to come up with it. And Jack Benny, by the way, don't mention his name to me cause he's the biggest ham in our business . . .  
WILDE: He loves you . . .  
HOPE: Well, that's a mutual thing. Jack's been one of my great friends for years. He said something the other day that tickled me. He called to ask me about his playing in a college and I said: "You'll do marvelous in a college!" He said: "Can I do my night club material?"  
I said: "You can do anything."  
Because you know he's never been really in bad taste. He does a couple of nude jokes . . . but I said, "I'm going over to London for the Command Performance."  
AND HE SAID: "No kidding. I'm going over to the West End and rent a theater and do a one-man show!" I said: "Why?" He said: "Well, I just want to show off!" . . . and to me that's a marvelous expression for people, they want to show off.  
WILDE: In the beginning did you study other comedians?  
HOPE: Oh, yes, I studied a lot of people. Jack Benny . . . and I studied Frank Fay a lot . . .  
WILDE: Were there specific elements that you looked for when you watched them work?  
HOPE: No, not really. I think you have to be gifted with a certain sense of timing and if you have any sense of comedy, you absorb different things just watching.  
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NEXT: More talk with Bob Hope.

Ed  
WANAT'S  
CORNER

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