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ILLUSTRATED PRESS

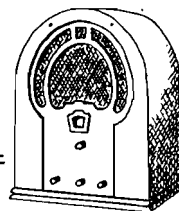
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JULY, 1987

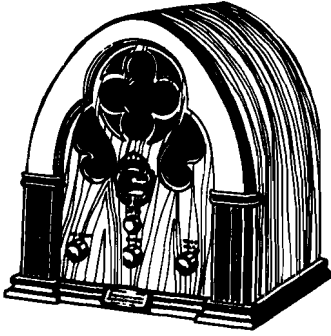


The "I Love A Mystery" cast in 1949. From left, Russell Thorson (Jack Packard), Jim Boles (Doc Long) and Tony Randall (as Reggie York). Using scripts Carlton Morse wrote for a different cast several years earlier, the New York cast performed the famed stories in 15-minute weekday segments.

THE OLD TIME



RADIO CLUB



**THE OLD TIME RADIO CLUB
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Club dues are \$17.50 per year from Jan. 1 through Dec. 31. Members receive a tape listing, library list, 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, dues 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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Dominic Parisi
38 Ardmore Pl.
Buffalo, NY 14213

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DEADLINE FOR IP: 10th of each month prior to the month of publication.

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

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

July 10, 1909. **NICK CARTER**
The Mystery of a

CHAPTER TWO

AN ASTOUNDING CIRCUMSTANCE

The disappearance of Sally Cross from her sleeping room was, this time, decidedly different from that other occasion which has been referred to in the foregoing chapter.

Her room was found to be in perfect order. The bed had not been occupied. Nothing had been disturbed. There was only one circumstance which likened that incident to that other one, and this existed in the fact that the same window was found open, and a ladder, whereby passage had been made from it to the forking branches of a cherry tree nearby, was still in place, where it had been used to facilitate her escape, for escape it seemed to be this time; not an abduction.

Investigation developed the fact that a suit case, and also a large Gladstone bag, belonging to Sally, had also disappeared with her, and that each had been packed full of her belongings.

Nick Carter lost no time in hastening to her room after the minister came to him with the information as described in the closing paragraph of the last chapter.

He saw at a glance, as he entered the room, that this had not been an occasion like the former one. Everything about the room indicated that Sally had gone from it of her own free will, and, to the best of the detective's judgment, her departure was not very long after the hour for retiring.

He had gone to his own room within half hour after she bade him good night; he had dropped into sleep almost at once, and had slept soundly and well, undisturbed throughout the night.

It had been the same with Reuben Cross, and with Mrs. Cross. Neither they nor the servants had been disturbed by any sound at

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The Mystery of a Hotel Room

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He saw at a glance, as he entered the room, that this had not been an occasion like the former one. Everything about the room indicated that Sally had gone from it of her own free will, and, to the best of the detective's judgment, her departure was not very long after the hour for retiring.

He had gone to his own room within half hour after she bade him good night; he had dropped into sleep almost at once, and had slept soundly and well, undisturbed throughout the night.

It had been the same with Reuben Cross, and with Mrs. Cross. Neither they nor the servants had been disturbed by any sound at

all, and it was not until the minister went to his daughter's room to awaken her, that morning, that the discovery of her departure was made.

It struck Nick Reuben Cross manifested more anguished sorrow than should have been occasioned by the facts as they were presented and he presently drew the minister into the study and questioned him.

"You will pardon me, Mr Cross," he said, "but I cannot help wondering if this is a matter with which I am called upon to meddle. It seems to me that you more than half expected some such thing as this to happen. If you wish me to seek your daughter, and to find her for you, I will do so, but I must first know everything about this circumstance which seems to be so plain to you."

Reuben Cross hesitated. Twice he attempted to reply, but restrained himself before words came out. He walked to the study window, and stood before it for a time in silence, biting his lips, snapping his fingers against his thumbs, and otherwise denoting the nervous condition into which the circumstance had thrown him. But he turned, and came toward the detective after a time, and he said:

"I think, Mr. Carter, that if I should not hesitate to be entirely frank with you. The point is that I do not know what to say, and I am afraid that in telling you what I feel, I will be influenced by my suspicions, rather than my judgment

"I do not in the least understand you, Mr Cross," said Nick. "Do you suspect your daughter was in love with some young man of the neighborhood--with some young man, of whom you do not approve, and that she has eloped with him?"

The minister bowed his head in affirmation. For a moment he made no reply; then he said:

"I fear that to be the case."

"How long have you suspected this condition of mind on her part?"

"For the better part of a year, sir."

"Who, if I may ask, is the young man?"

"Chauncy Graeme."

"What do you say?" exclaimed the detective, astonished out of his usual self-restraint by this unexpected announcement. He would not have been surprised at all had the name of Benjamin Spaulding been used in making the answer to his answer to his question; only in that case there would have been no occasion for an elopement, because the attitude of the minister and his wife toward Spaulding had been of the warmest character.

Reuben Cross repeated the name of the handsome young man who was his distant kinsman.

Nick Carter laughed pleasantly, and he said in reply:

"I think, Mr. Cross, that you entirely misapprehend the circumstance. Your daughter has not eloped with Chauncy Graeme. I feel constrained to assure you of of this, and to do it from no better knowledge than was afforded by my observation, last night."

Reuben Cross shook his head.

"That has been the general impression that Sally has succeeded in giving to everybody, Mr. Carter. But it is a wrong impression. Sally had always been fond of Chauncy. Their fondness for each other began when they were the merest of children, and I don't think it has ever abated."

"There was no evidence of it last night; that is, of the fondness to which you refer; of its abatement there seemed to me to be every indication."

"There was a quarrel between them some time ago," said the minister thoughtfully. "I do not know what it was about, and I now suspect that it was not real. I now suspect that it was play-acting on the part of each of them, to pull the wool over my eyes."

"But why should that be necessary?"

"Because Sally knew, and Chauncy knew, also, that I would never consent to a to a union between them."

"Have you regarded him as in every way unworthy of her?"

"Entirely so; worse than that. Chauncy Graeme is an 'unmoral' young man. He has not an instinct for good in his soul. Sometimes I think he is like the animals, and has no soul at all. Ah, it is terrible, sir, this Monday morning awakening of mine."

"I am inclined to think, Mr. Cross, that you are the victim of your suspicions, rather than of your judgment, as you announced a little time ago. Is it your wish that I should go into this matter more deeply?"

"Yes, sir; distinctly so."

"What part does Benjamin Spaulding play in this affair?"

"No part at all, save only that he is, and always has been, in love with my daughter."

"And what has been her attitude toward him?"

"That of a friend."

"No more than that?"

"Never any more than that."

"Are you quite sure?"

"I feel positive of it."

"Yet, last night, Mr. Cross, I thought I detected every sign of affection between young Spaulding and your daughter; and every indication of contemptuous dislike on the part of your daughter toward Graeme."

"You were deceived."

"You say that as if you knew it to be so."

"I feel that I do know it to be so."

"Your judgment is perverted, my friend. Your daughter loves Ben Spaulding, and feels only distaste for Chauncy Graeme, if I am any reader of youthful signs; and I think I am."

"I might say, as you suggested a moment ago, Mr. Carter-- that you speak with overpositiveness."

"I speak as I feel, and as my judgment dictated. The first thing learned by a detective in his profession is not to be influenced by mere suspicion, but to depend solely upon his judgment, which has its source in years of experience, and in the deep study of cause and effect. If I see a leaf traveling along the highway yonder, I know that a draft of air is carrying it past. If I see a flush upon a young woman's cheek, I know that some emotion has produced that flush. If the brightness of her eyes, the smile upon her lips, the tone of her voice, and the general expression of her features denote pleasure I know that the flush was induced by a thrill of joy, or, at least, of anticipated happiness; but; if those side issues, to which I have referred, express distaste, I know, then, that the flush was induced by annoyance, and the anticipation of unpleasant moments. Twice, last night, I saw such flushes on the face of your daughter."

Once they were accompanied by the expression of pleasure; on the other occasion by that of annoyance. The first one was when Benjamin Spaulding presented himself before me; the second time was when when Chauncy Graeme appeared. I base my judgment upon those two unerring observations on my part."

"May God grant that you are correct in that, Mr. Carter."

"I believe that I am not mistaken," said Nick.

"But why, then, if you are right, was there an elopement at all?" exclaimed the minister, leaping to his feet, and pacing the foot

"Possibly there has not been one," suggested the detective mildly.

"Not been one? Not, when there has been every evidence of it in Sally's room?"

"My experience tells me that evidence can be manufactured, sir."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I don't know that I have any satisfactory meaning for that statement. I was only endeavoring to assure you that it is not well ever to leap at conclusions. In doing so we are apt to find quite often that we have taken our leap in the dark, and that we alight upon insecure footing. May I suggest something, sir?"

"I wish you would."

"Use your telephone, and summon Benjamin Spaulding here; that is if you know where to find him."

"He is at the hotel; or should be."

"And Chauncy Graeme, also?"

"He had taken a room there, yes."

"Summon them both."

The minister permitted himself to smile bitterly, but he made no remark in reply. Instead he went to the telephone, and having called for the necessary number, asked that Benjamin Spaulding be sent to the phone.

Nick, watching and listening, saw Reuben Cross give a sudden start, and heard him cry out:

"What's that?"

Then for a time he seemed to listen intently at the receiver, and presently he replied over the wire:

"You amaze me! You utterly amaze me! Please ask Mr. Graeme to be good enough to come here to me at once;" and he smashed the receiver, on the hook with a vehemence which was astonishing

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in a man of his calling.

Then he turned angrily to face Nick Carter, but it was anger at what he heard over the telephone, not toward the detective.

"What is your information, Mr. Cross?" asked Nick with a reassuring smile.

"It is most amazing, sir."

The minister was still angry, and for the moment was more like a man of the world than Nick had ever seen him. "The proprietor of the hotel informs me that Ben Spaulding paid his bill, and gave up his room at the hotel last night. He also informs me that Chauncy Graeme is still there, and is even now at the breakfast table."

"What do you understand from this complication of affairs, Mr. Cross?"

"I do not understand it at all. I cannot comprehend it. It is utterly beyond me. Sally could never have had occasion to run away with Ben. I would have given her to him, gladly. I would have approved of their marriage thanking God that they pleased each other. They should have had my blessing. I am ever come with amazement. I do not know what to say."

"We will await the arrival of Mr. Graeme," said Nick, "and, while we are waiting, I will leave you alone, so that you may collect your thoughts, and decide how best to proceed when he arrives. If you will accept a word of advice, you will treat your kinsman with all courtesy and kindness, and give him no sign, no indication, whatever, of the suspicions you have felt against him."

"I will endeavor to do as you say," was the reply.

Nick left him alone in the study, and went out upon the piazza, where Chauncy Graeme had been seated the preceding evening.

While he stood there, his eyes wandered around the dooryard, and presently encountered the latter which still stretched between the tree and window, by which Sally Cross was supposed to have made her flight. Then his glance wandered from object to object; to the tennis court on the lawn, to the picket fence that surrounded the minister's grounds to the pathway between the piazza and the gate, and finally was arrested by two small, white objects lying in the grass beyond the gravel of the path which passed along in front of the piazza. The two white objects were the butts of

cigarettes, and Nick approached them and secured them; then he uttered a low whistle of surprise.

Each of them bore a monogram easy to decipher; it was composed of the letters C.G."

This fact was not so astounding in itself, since Nick knew that Chauncy Graeme had smoked those cigarettes, and had thrown those butts away; but once before, his attention had been particularly attracted to that same monogram on the stumps of cigarettes, and that other occasion came about during his pursuit of the midnight marauders immediately following the forcible abduction of Sally Cross from her home. Then he and Chick had found this same sort of cigarette stumps along the route they had traveled in trailing the abductors, and they had afforded the only visible clue by which the two detectives had been able to trace the abductors.

But when the abductors were finally arrested, there was no person among them, or near them, to suggest the identity of Chauncy Graeme.

The circumstance, to say the least, was an astounding one.

CONTINUED NEXT MONTH



HY DALEY

One problem early T.V. had was its casting of popular radio shows to video. Many actors just didn't look like the characters they portrayed. For instance, The Aldrich Family's Ezra Stone who played Henry by 1949 was baldy and chubby, hardly a teenage type.

The Life Of Riley was so locked into William Bendix as Riley that Jackie Gleason's version failed utterly especially since Bendix had already starred in a film version.

Clayton Moore who had starred in many others and serials was a natural for Brace Beamer's role as The Lone Ranger.

Beradine Flynn of Vic And Sade film did nail down The Sade role on T.V. but Vic was portrayed by Frank Dane who also portrayed Tom Bryson on Backstage Wife and "Never Fail" Hendricks on The Story of Mary Marlin.

Although Joe Curtin and Alice Frost handled the role of Mr. and Mrs. North, the video roles were given to Joe Allen Jr. and Mary Lou Taylor.

A real shocker was to discover that CBS was going to sign Jackson Beck and Jay Jackson to play Amos 'n Andy on T.V. Beck, of course, was radio's Philo Vance. Apparently this deal fell through because I don't remember those thwo in any version of A&A. Does anyone out there?

In the fall of 1949, Low Cowan was packaging a New York version of Quiz Kids for NBC. Durward Kirby emceed. The Kids were to be paid \$10.00 per appearance. I wonder what Kirby got?

Ozzie Nelson was no dummy when it came to business. In July of 1949, he signed a 10 year pact with ABC with NO periodic renewable options and the contract was non-cancellable by either party. The contract called for a T.V. version to start anytime after the fall of 1950 and some guest appearance on T.V. Ozzie must have gotten some good advice from the soda shop!

In 1949, Petri Wines decided to bring back Sherlock Holmes to radio. Ben Wright wss Sherlock while Dr. Watson was played by Eric Snowden. Ben Wright was great as "Hey Boy" on the radio Have Gun Will Travel Show.

In 1949 Arch Obler attempted to bring off a sustaining drama nugget for NBC called "James And Pamela Mason." Noting the show was going nowhere. Arch jumped ship just before the premiere of the show. It got lousy reviews.

Recently I watched an old kinescope of the T.V. version of Obler's Lights Out. The show was about an evil spirit who was collecting souls. A homicide cop got into the act because the victims were suddenly disappearing. The cop had a confrontation with the devil's hench-man anc came out victorious, at least he saved his own soul!!!.

REPORT ON THE CINCINNATI OLD TIME RADIO CONVENTION.

by Bob Burnham

On May 1st and 2nd, 1987, the Cincinnati Old Time Radio Club held their first-ever convention for collectors and fans of what else? OTR. The Cincinnati club seems to be a largely local-oriented type club, and this seems like their own unique way of going "national". Many clubs have established publications and very extensive lending libraries (such as THE OLD TIME RADIO CLUB), and receive national recognition and acceptance by collectors and this is how they prosper. While other clubs have given major conventions--notably, one based in California--very few clubs which are relatively small and unknown to hobbists around the country. put on a convention and do it with the class and style of the Cincinnati group.

I have been friends with many of their members for many, many years. and it is this central core of people who are also publishing OLD TIME RADIO DIGEST.

I first heard rumblings about this convention a year or so ago, when Paul Meek mentioned it to me in passing. Paul is a collector from that area I've known quite a while, whom I first met in person back in 1980 at the Friends of OTR Convention. Then early this year, they got a little more serious about it, and Bob Burchett calls me one morning; "We've just gonna have a dealers room... just to sort of get our feet wet;" he had said, "Would you be interested incoming down?" After thinking about it about 10 seconds, I said, "Yeah, sure!" He gave me the times and dates and a few other details and that was that.

The festivities were scheduled to get under way at 6PM Friday evening. Because of all the stuff we had to take down there, we got an early start on Friday. The trek from Detroit to Cincinnati is a short one compared to the one to Newark. We had the car packed so full of books and tapes that I'm sure the back bumper came within inches of the road at every bump! On the way down, I remarked to my wife...Gee, if there's only a dealers room, then I guess we must the show." "I suppose," she said sarcastically.

We showed our faces in the place around 2 in the afternoon. The first person I met was George Wagner... a very prolific writer in

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A real shocker was to discover that CBS was going to sign Jackson Beck and Jay Jackson to play Amos 'n Andy on T.V. Beck, of course, was radio's Philo Vance. Apparently this deal fell through because I don't remember those thwo in any version of A&A. Does anyone out there?

In the fall of 1949, Low Cowan was packaging a New York version of Quiz Kids for NBC. Durward Kirby emceed. The Kids were to be paid \$10.00 per appearance. I wonder what Kirby got?

Ozzie Nelson was no dummy when it came to business. In July of 1949, he signed a 10 year pact with ABC with NO periodic renewable options and the contract was non-cancellable by either party. The contract called for a T.V. version to start anytime after the fall of 1950 and some guest appearance on T.V. Ozzie must have gotten some good advice from the soda shop!

In 1949, Petri Wines decided to bring back Sherlock Holmes to radio. Ben Wright wss Sherlock while Dr. Watson was played by Eric Snowden. Ben Wright was great as "Hey Boy" on the radio Have Gun Will Travel Show.

In 1949 Arch Obler attempted to bring off a sustaining drama nugget for NBC called "James And Pamela Mason." Noting the show was going nowhere. Arch jumped ship just before the premiere of the show. It got lousy reviews.

Recently I watched an old kinescope of the T.V. version of Obler's Lights Out. The show was about an evil spirit who was collecting souls. A homicide cop got into the act because the victims were suddenly disappearing. The cop had a confrontation with the devil's hench-man anc came out victorious, at least he saved his own soul!!!

REPORT ON THE CINCINNATI OLD TIME RADIO CONVENTION.
by Bob Burnham

On May 1st and 2nd, 1987, the Cincinnati Old Time Radio Club held their first-ever convention for collectors and fans of what else? OTR. The Cincinnati club seems to be a largely local-oriented type club, and this seems like their own unique way of going "national". Many clubs have established publications and very extensive lending libraries (such as THE OLD TIME RADIO CLUB), and receive national recognition and acceptance by collectors and this is how they prosper. While other clubs have given major conventions--notably, one based in California--very few clubs which are relatively small and unknown to hobbyists around the country. put on a convention and do it with the class and style of the Cincinnati group.

I have been friends with many of their members for many, many years. and it is this central core of people who are also publishing OLD TIME RADIO DIGEST.

I first heard rumblings about this convention a year or so ago, when Paul Meek mentioned it to me in passing. Paul is a collector from that area I've known quite a while, whom I first met in person back in 1980 at the Friends of OTR Convention. Then early this year, they got a little more serious about it, and Bob Burchett calls me one morning; "We've just gonna have a dealers room... just to sort of get our feet wet;" he had said, "Would you be interested in coming down?" After thinking about it about 10 seconds, I said, "Yeah, sure!" He gave me the times and dates and a few other details and that was that.

The festivities were scheduled to get under way at 6PM Friday evening. Because of all the stuff we had to take down there, we got an early start on Friday. The trek from Detroit to Cincinnati is a short one compared to the one to Newark. We had the car packed so full of books and tapes that I'm sure the back bumper came within inches of the road at every bump! On the way down, I remarked to my wife...Gee, if there's only a dealers room, then I guess we must do the show." "I suppose," she said sarcastically.

We showed our faces in the place around 2 in the afternoon. The first person I met was George Wagner... a very prolific writer in

the hobby, and co-editor of OLD TIME RADIO DIGEST. Suprisingly, things were already starting to get set up in the room when we walked in. Happily, there were lots of helping hands around to help us drag in our stuff. By 3:00, the room began humming, much the same way it does each year in New Jersey. Every dealer table I could spot had been filled with everything from books, tapes, radio premiums and old magazines to tape equipment old product displays, antique radios and a nifty Lum 'n Abner display. Besides myself, Bob Burchett, Herb and the OLD TIME RADIO DIGEST folks, also present were Gary and LaDonna Kramer of GREAT AMERICAN RADIO, and later on Terry Salomonson of AUDIO CLASSICS, both of whom you've read about here in the I.P. and several others.

The admission was \$1.00, and for that mere buck, you got to not only examine the many wares offered but got two free poster..pretty large and attractive ones, too. Free drinking water was provided to all, and the hotel restuarant across the hall had not only decent food, but reasonable prices! I was delighted to meet several people who I've done business with or traded with or just simply "knew of" in the hobby. A few had made special trips just to take in the convention. One lady who came up to me was convinced I wouldn't remember her. I asked her what her last name was, and when I then told her what her first name was, she just about fell on the floor with amazement. Disappointments: No "Shredded Ralston" performance by Dave Warren. Turnout for Friday seemed to be better than Saturday, although Saturday turned into a big trading party among those of us there. Highlight: Buying the Crosley radio for a mere \$10. Funniest Moments: The group that came in asking for Michael Jackson tapes, and X-rated videos... and Gary Kramer's unsuccessful attempt to sneak off with Terry Saloomonson's antique radio. Saddest Moments: Tearing down our displays at the end of Saturday night.

Next year's Cincinnati convnetion will include much more than a dealer's room and be more similar to the Neward convention--with special guests, workshops and recreations of shows.

Congratulations to Bob Burchett and the many others involved for a great job. We'll be back next year.

THE ORANGE COUNTY Register

MAY 6, 1937

Interest in Hindenburg lingers after 50 years

Radio, newsreels made fiery tragedy a reality for millions

By Michael Capuzzo Knight-Ridder Newspapers

LAKEHURST, N.J. — The old newsman who had cried, "Oh, the humanity!" and then turned away to weep the world's tears planted his cane on the spot where the Hindenburg went down 50 years ago today and looked back into the twilight of May 6, 1937.

Herbert Morrison was a young radio reporter then, making the first recorded broadcast of a news event in history, his voice nervous and bright with wonder.

"Here it comes, ladies and gentlemen, and what a sight it is, a thrilling one, a marvelous sight."

He is 82 now and his memory is going, but May 6, 1937, has stayed with him as if it were yesterday. It was springtime on the edge of New Jersey's Pine Barrens in a world that did not yet know it was between world wars. The silver airship nosed over the tree line. Forty passengers at the promenade windows cheered land after three days crossing the Atlantic. Below, 250 men strained at ropes, pulling the giant home.

No one could imagine what was coming, Morrison recalled. No human being had ever seen a disaster unfold on film, as America would see the Hindenburg destroyed again and again on newsreels. No reporter had ever witnessed such an event to describe it as it happened for a stunned nation. Morrison was the first.

Who could have guessed that, in the next 34 seconds, the mighty zeppelin would be mysteriously engulfed in a hydrogen fireball; that 36 people would be dead or dying; that the romantic era of lighter-than-air travel would be doomed and the next day's headlines would declare the explosion to be like "the end of the world"?

The Hindenburg's unmarked grave lies in an abandoned airfield on the Navy base, on the edge of a half-mile clearing circled by pines. In the distance rises the mammoth Hangar One, so big it rains inside, as majestic and silent as a pyramid now — historic home to America's first airships, and, legend has it, the Hindenburg's ghosts. The 1,300-foot-wide landing circle of sand where the airship fell is gone, covered with patches of asphalt and packed gravel.

No monument rises out of the gravel, no memorial stands to the loss of the 36 lives, the heroic acts that saved 61 others, the end of an era of air travel. Ground zero is marked only by an arrow in yellow paint, the kind construction crews use to mark the path of a new road. A mural of the Hindenburg on the wall at McDonald's and a faded print at the Airship Tavern are the only signs of tiny Lakehurst's niche in history.

At 1:15 p.m. today, for the first time in half a century, the public is invited to the Naval Air Engineering Center to see the crash site. At 2 p.m., a member of the Ocean County Board of Chosen Freeholders will dig a small hole near the yellow arrow. A Navy commander and chaplain will say a few words. Cub Scouts will lay a wreath and, later, a plaque will be laid to mark the spot where the airship's bridge came to rest.

It will be the first official memorial here to the Hindenburg crash. In the past, the Navy has said it was a civilian, commercial flight; that none of the deaths were U.S. military, or that red tape was to blame for the lack of a memorial.

But it was largely in deference to the late Vice Adm. Charles E. Rosendahl, the patrician base commander during the Hindenburg disaster, that a memorial was never built, according to Nick Grand, Navy public-information officer.

Rosendahl, nicknamed "the Father of the Navy Lighter-Than-Air," resisted several attempts to immortalize the Hindenburg. He refused to allow a fictional zeppelin movie to premiere on the base, according to Grand. And when Robert Wise, director of "Hindenburg," sought Rosendahl's permission to be portrayed in the movie, Rosendahl refused (unless he was portrayed by John Wayne; he was not).

Thirty years after the crash, Grand remembers, Rosendahl still seemed so upset that it had happened during his watch that he responded to a question about the Hindenburg with an icy stare and refused to discuss it.

Fifty years later, the great dirigible still floats in the American consciousness. Every week, they come here, 50 miles east of Philadelphia — sightseers, students, scholars, airship aficionados, rubbernecks sniffing around an accident scene long gone cold. Letters still trickle in, two or three or 10 a week, from as far as Denmark, Brazil, Japan.

On Thursday, Herbert Morrison stood unsteadily in the airfield and looked west, where the airship had come in, threading gray clouds after a storm.

He wore an olive-color suit, horn-rimmed glasses, white hair swept back; his wooden cane shook as he navigated an uncertain course through a stiff spring wind and the gusts of memory.

He remembered telling his editor that it would be a wonderful story — interviews with people who had crossed the Atlantic in the most luxurious way, a three-day bob through the clouds. He remembered his editor balking. He recalled going on a date that night, then the eleventh-hour OK, grabbing engineer Charlie Nielsen and flying here the next morning, a 32-year-old reporter on assignment for WLS Radio in Chicago.

Henry Applegate, the base's fire chief, played a recording of Morrison's famous broadcast, and asked, "Herb, does it seem like 50 years?"

Morrison listened, eyes gently closed. "Yes," he said, his voice almost a whisper, "it does."

He remembered how beautiful the Hindenburg was, and the words he chose to describe the biggest ship that ever flew, "like a feather floating in the sea."

The Goodyear blimp, a rubberized bag of helium, is like a toy in comparison. The mighty zeppelins were rigid airships, their fabric skins stretched over aluminum skeletons, to carry heavier loads. The Hindenburg was a silver cigar 804 feet long, carrying 36 passengers who could afford to pay \$400 each to cross the Atlantic. A crew of 61 served them in staterooms with Pullman-style sleepers, a dining room with fine china and silver, a nightclub with aluminum piano — even a smoking room pressurized to keep stray hydrogen out.

The American public was awed by the zeppelins. German masters of the skies. It would be two years before passenger airplanes would cross the ocean. But in 1936, the Hindenburg had made 18 flawless trans-Atlantic flights. German zeppelins had carried almost a million passengers without accident, bobbing along in the clouds on seven million cubic feet of hydrogen.

Suddenly, witnesses remember, there was quiet. A small red glow appeared at the stern of the ship.

Herbert Morrison: "The sun is striking the windows of the observation deck on the westward side and sparkling like glittering jewels. ... Oh! ... Oh! ... Oh!"

"Get this, Charlie. ... Get this, Charlie. ... It's burst into flames, it's falling, it's crashing. ... Oh my, oh my, this is terrible. This is terrible. ... Oh, the humanity of it all! I can't talk, ladies and gentlemen. ... I can hardly breathe. ... I'm going to step inside where I can't see it."

The explosion shook homes in Lakewood, 10 miles away. Photographers' rubber-soled shoes melted from the heat. Luggage, chairs, people rained from the ship. A woman threw her two young boys out the promenade windows; they lived. Ground-crew members tore away the ship's white-hot aluminum skeleton with their bare hands. One, John Iannaccone, remembers finding an old German couple sitting stunned in their stateroom without a scratch.

Fifty years later, the mystery still tantalizes: What, or who, killed the Hindenburg?

It was lightning, or St. Elmo's fire. An assassin's bullet. Hitler did it, furious that the zeppelin was named Hindenburg, not Hitler. So, in 1937, the rumors flew.

Fifty years later, Morrison accepts the conclusion of U.S. and German investigations of the time — that an accidental discharge of static set off the hydrogen.



Engulfed in flames, the Hindenburg, N.J., on May 6, 1937 — 5



In 1937, radio newsreels made the Hindenburg disaster a reality for millions.

ANGELO COUNTY
gister

MAYAGNIBBY

Hindenburg lingers after 50 years

Hindenburg's unmarked site lies in an abandoned airfield at a Navy base, on the edge of a mile clearing circled by pines. The distance rises the mammoth air One, so big it rains inside, majestic and silent as a pyramid.

Lakehurst — historic home to America's first airships, and legend has it the Hindenburg's ghosts. The 1,000-foot-wide landing circle of where the airship fell is gone, red with patches of asphalt packed gravel.

A monument rises out of the field, no memorial stands to the 36 lives, the heroic acts saved 61 others, the end of an era of air travel. Ground zero is set only by an arrow in yellow paint, the kind construction crews mark the path of a new road. The arrival of the Hindenburg on the site at McDonald's and a faded sign at the Airship Tavern are the signs of tiny Lakehurst's place in history.

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Engulfed in flames, the Hindenburg crashes to the ground at Lakehurst, N.J., on May 6, 1937 — 50 years ago today.



In 1937, Herbert Morrison was a radio reporter, making history's first recorded broadcast of a news event. Here, he holds newspaper accounts of the disaster.

THE DEALERS CORNER

By Frank Boncore

Last October I had the pleasure of meeting Ken Mills of Nostalgia Recordings at the Newark Convention. I purchased several reels from him and found them to be of excellent quality. Quoting Ken's catalog all shows are the best he can find and are understandable and enjoyable. If you are dissatisfied with the sound on any of his tapes, return them and he will either replace them or refund the purchase price. Ken has been in the business for some ten years and uses the profits for his business to buy more shows. Ken has several interesting reels available such as:

- CO 2 THE EDDIE CANTOR SHOW.
- CO 18, CO 19, and CO 20--
All the JIMMY DURANTE SHOW
- CO 34 LIFE WITH LUIGI
- DO 1 DO 6 ALL WORLD WAR II NEWS DOCUMENTARIES
- DO 7-DO 8---DO 10 BASEBALL GAMES

IN addition to OTR Ken has 58 reels of Big Band Music.

PRICES ARE AS FOLLOWS:

1200 ft	\$5.00 per reel
1800 ft	\$6.00 per reel
2400 ft	\$9.00 per reel
3600 ft	\$12.00 per reel

Postage charge is 50¢ per reel.

Cassettes are \$4.00 per hour for 1-4 cassettes and \$2.50 per hour for more than 4 cassettes. Postage is 50¢ per cassette.

For a catalog send \$1.00 (to cover postage) to:

NOSTALGIA RECORDINGS
KEN MILLS
907 MAPLE AVENUE
RIDGEFIELD, N.J. 07657

FOOTNOTE: Special thanks to BOB BURNHAM of BRC PRODUCTIONS for his recent donation of two (2) copies of "A LISTENING GUIDE TO CLASSIC RADIO PROGRAMS" to the OTRC Reference Library.



NEWS CHATTER

Linda DeCecco

Hats off to Barbara Wakins of Sperdvac on a job well done. She was editor of Sperdvac's Radiogram newsletter and is retiring from that post after a 2 1/2 year reign. Barbara will be sorely missed. Well Barbara good hunting on your next endeavor. And good luck to the next editor of Radiogram. Who ever it will be will have a very tall order to fill.

A Special Service For Club Members Only

WANTED: Anything pertaining to Lum & Abner (original magazine articles, almanacs, etc) Also "Our Miss Brooks", "Greatest Story Ever Told", and "The Guiding Light" radio programs.

Sue E. Marlow
901 A S. Drew St.
St. Albans. West VA 25177

WANTED: 2 tape decks for parts
1) TEAC 4010S
2) Sony 366 or 377

Also wanted some people who are enjoying the BBC material that is coming in. I have a direct connection with the source in England. Will swap for programs or blank tapes.

Tom Monroe
2055 Elmwood Avenue
Lakewood, OH 44107
216-226-8189

WANTED: I am looking for a copy of "TUNE IN YESTERDAY" by John Dunning.

Linda DeCecco
32 Shenandoah Rd
Buffalo, N.Y. 14220

LETTERS



As a collector of classic radio, I hold membership in several organizations. Each in its own way do a good job of attempting to save, preserve, and encourage the enjoyment of our hobby.

It appears to me that many of us consider that hobby as a very "private" affair. Only a very few of us go out of our way to try and share it with others. Most of us seem to listen to the programs, enjoy them, and let it go at that.

I would to issue a challenge to the local Buffalo membership to talk with three people every month about our hobby. Lend them the cassettes that contain your favorite programs and see what happens. I would be willing to bet that the membership would more than double by the end of the year in just the Buffalo area. Those of us out of town do not have the advantage of a meeting to draw new people to, so it would be a bit more difficult for us to contribute to the growth of our club. I know that Jim Snyder comments about the "national members" who belong to the various clubs around the country and make use of the various services that are offered.

Would each member try to think back to when they found out that the old shows were available? Would you like someone else to experience that similar feeling? Each of us had a similar unique experience, so we should be able to let others share in it too. We have an almost unique hobby in that we can give away a program and still have it. Stamp collectors, coin collectors, and others cannot do what we can do.

Lets share our hobby so that others can enjoy it as we do.

Best regards,
Tom Monroe

D 17 JUNE 4, 1987 THURSDAY



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Best regards,
Tom Monroe

Other people

By The Associated Press

RIDGEWOOD, N.J. — SAMMY KAYE, who took a "Swing and Sway" sound from a campus night spot to become one of the most popular leaders of the big band era, has died of cancer. He was 77.

Kaye, who was famous for such hits as "Harbor Lights" and "There Will Never Be Another You" in his 50-year career, died Tuesday night at Valley Hospital here, his publicist GARY STEVENS said.

Kaye's biggest hit might have been something he composed on the spur of the moment.

The day was Dec. 7, 1941, and Kaye and his band were performing their weekly "Sunday Serenade" show on NBC Radio when the program was interrupted by the news flash of the Japanese attack at Pearl Harbor.

"Sammy was so touched by the news of the attack that he went home and wrote the song 'Remember Pearl Harbor,'" Stevens said.

The song was released eight days later and sold more than one million copies, he said.

Kaye had come to New York in 1936 and immediately gained popularity with an act that was called "Swing and Sway with Sammy Kaye," Stevens said. He had organized his first Swing and Sway Band to play at a campus dine-and-dance spot to pay his college tuition.

An Ohio native who became a longtime resident of New York City, Kaye also was host of half-hour musical programs on all three television networks in the 1950s.

JUNE 4, 1987 D 12 THURSDAY The Saginaw NEWS



Sammy Kaye in 1950

"The Sammy Kaye Show" had a year-long run on CBS beginning in 1951, aired on NBC from August to September 1953, and moved to ABC from 1958-59.

CALENDAR

April 19, 1937

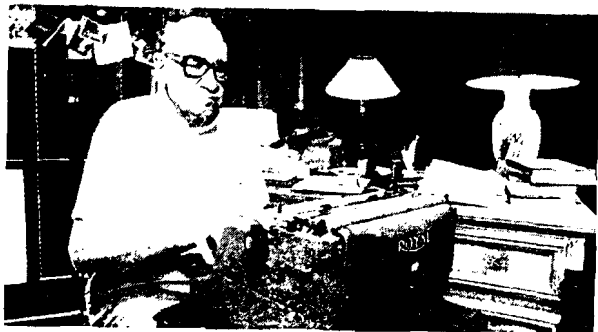
Writer/creator Carlton E. Morse photographs the cast of one of radio's earliest soaps, "One Man's Family," during a 1937 broadcast. The pioneering program told the story of the Barbour family and aired for 27 consecutive years. From left, holding the light, J. Anthony Smythe (who portrayed Father Barbour), Helen Musselman (Ann Waite), Winifred Wolfe (Teddy), Page Gilman (Jack) and announcer Bill Andrews.



HEART AND SOUL OF RADIO DAYS

America's First 'Family' of the Airwaves

By JACK HAWN



Carlton E. Morse, 85, still finds enthusiasm to write novels at his Bay Area home.

W GODSIDE, Calif.—About 40 miles down the peninsula from San Francisco, just off Interstate 280, a narrow, twisting road practically turns into the front door of Roberts Grocery.

It was hard to miss the tall, elderly man in the beret, standing near the entrance, his eyes sweeping the area as if he were on a stakeout. The man who practically invented the radio "soap opera" looked tense, a bit apprehensive, then finally relieved as his visitor drove up, leaned out the window and identified himself.

"I'm parked in the back of the store," he said. "Drive around and you can follow me to the house."

Follow him—Carlton E. Morse, the writer of all those old radio programs half a century ago, "One Man's Family," "I Love a Mystery" and dozens of others almost no one remembers?

Shouldn't this man be in a rest home somewhere? At least in a wheelchair? One simply does not drive a car through rolling hills and around hairpin turns at age 85.

Actually, he didn't. Behind the store and behind the wheel was Millie Goodman—Morse's live-in nurse/companion/housekeeper and, apparently, chauffeur. But that's not to say Morse couldn't have driven.

He wears a hearing aid, horned-rimmed glasses, has more hair over his lip than atop his head and is a bit overweight. But his mind is sharp. He cooks great teriyaki chicken, plays dominoes and poker with the boys at his two clubs in San Francisco, belts down a slug of Jack Daniels now and then, moves with the vigor of a much younger man and says he's reasonably healthy.

LOS ANGELES TIMES/CALENDAR

More remarkable, half a century later, he is still writing, still hustling, still excited about his career—his new career as publisher and novelist. In May, his newly formed company, Seven Stones Press, will publish his first book—"Killer at the Wheel," a newspaper tale set in the 1930s.

An Oregon farm boy who started his writing career with the Sacramento Union, Morse joined NBC in 1929, two weeks before Wall Street came tumbling down. He was a one-man gang. He produced, wrote, directed and cast his shows, maintaining full control, with little or no interference from anyone.

Inspired by John Galsworthy's novel, "Forsyte Saga," Morse got the notion to create a family soap opera for radio—although to this day he refuses to label it that.

"I punched a guy right in the nose for saying that," the author exploded. "I never wrote a soap opera in my life. I wrote radio dramas."

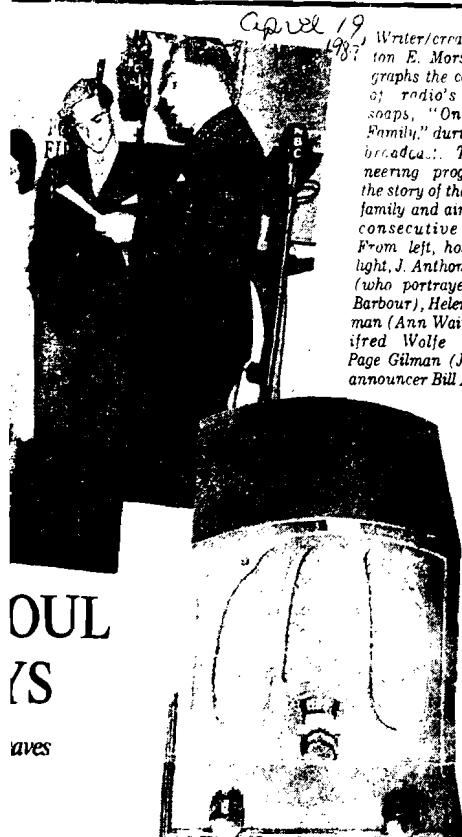
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"For soap operas, they think of a plot and then drop people in to tell the plot," he

explained. "In my shows, first came the characters. Their relationships to each other is what made the plot."

Whatever the terminology, Morse came up with an immediate winner.

CALENDAR



April 19, 1937

Writer/creator Carlton E. Morse photographs the cast of one of radio's earliest soaps, "One Man's Family," during a 1937 broadcast. The pioneering program told the story of the Barbour family and aired for 27 consecutive years. From left, holding the light, J. Anthony Smythe (who portrayed Father Barbour), Helen Musselman (Ann Waite), Winifred Wolfe (Teddy), Page Gilman (Jack) and announcer Bill Andrews.

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Morse used to write novels at his Bay Area home.

WOODSIDE, Calif.—About 40 miles down the peninsula from San Francisco, just off Interstate 280, a narrow, twisting road practically turns into the front door of Roberts Grocery.

It was hard to miss the tall, elderly man in the beret, standing near the entrance, his eyes sweeping the area as if he were on a stakeout. The man who practically invented the radio "soap opera" looked tense, a bit apprehensive, then finally relieved as his visitor drove up, leaned out the window and identified himself.

"I'm parked in the back of the store," he said. "Drive around and you can follow me to the house."

Follow him—Carlton E. Morse, the writer of all those old radio programs half a century ago, "One Man's Family," "I Love a Mystery" and dozens of others almost no one remembers?

Shouldn't this man be in a rest home somewhere? At least in a wheelchair? One simply does not drive a car through rolling hills and around hairpin turns at age 85.

Actually, he didn't. Behind the store and behind the wheel was Millie Goodman—Morse's live-in nurse/companion/housekeeper and, apparently, chauffeur. But that's not to say Morse couldn't have driven.

He wears a hearing aid, horned-rimmed glasses, has more hair over his lip than atop his head and is a bit overweight. But his mind is sharp. He cooks great teriyaki chicken, plays dominoes and poker with the boys at his two clubs in San Francisco, belts down a slug of Jack Daniels now and then, moves with the vigor of a much younger man and says he's reasonably healthy.

LOS ANGELES TIMES/CALENDAR

Morse remarkable, half a century later, he is still writing, still hustling, still excited about his career—his new career as publisher and novelist. In May, his newly formed company, Seven Stones Press, will publish his first book—"Killer at the Wheel," a newspaper tale set in the 1930s.

An Oregon farm boy who started his writing career with the Sacramento Union, Morse joined NBC in 1929, two weeks before Wall Street came tumbling down. He was a one-man gang. He produced, wrote, directed and cast his shows, maintaining full control with little or no interference from anyone.

Inspired by John Galsworthy's novel, "Forsyte Saga," Morse got the notion to create a family soap opera for radio—although to this day he refuses to label it that.

"I punched a guy right in the nose for saying that," the author exploded. "I never wrote a soap opera in my life. I wrote radio dramas."

Actually, Morse—a rather shy, gentle man—never became physically abusive with anyone, he later admitted, but his point was well taken.

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explained. "In my shows, first came the characters. Their relationships to each other is what made the plot."

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"In 1929, there weren't any sort of dramatic shows about people's intimate lives," he continued. "There were Westerns and murder stories only. I was terribly interested in 'Forsyte Saga,' and I thought, why wouldn't a good family story be of interest?"

"I wrote three episodes and presented them to the powers that be. They were dubious. They wanted action shows, but agreed to put it on the air for six weeks. That was April 29, 1932, and it never went off for 27 years."

Slotted between the Jack Benny and Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy show during its peak years (1935-42), "Family" was born in San Francisco and was carried by a small West Coast NBC network. Thirteen months later, it expanded coast to coast.

Among its sponsors were Wesson Oil, Snowdrift, Royal Gelatin and Tender Lea Tea. At the outset, a national cigarette company signed a 13-week option, but because so many letter writers protested, the company asked out after nine weeks. The result was that Standard Brands signed on and remained for 15 years.

Initially, the show proved a pleasant temporary diversion from the economic woe of a mostly grim, stay-at-home society, digging itself out of the Great Depression. As the years passed, the program became a listening habit for millions.

Usually laced with strong sentiment and often fashioned into sermonizing soliloquies, Morse's scripts brought laughter and tears to the almost fanatical followers of the Barbour clan of Sea Cliff—an actual, affluent neighborhood that overlooks San Francisco's Golden Gate Bridge.

□

"Morse created an American dynasty with his famous serial," wrote radio historian John Denning. "Generations watched themselves grow up and grow old with the Barbour; they watched the Barbours grow, too."

"(There) was a feeling of reality that no other radio show could duplicate. 'One Man's Family' moved with the slowness of life itself, working on tiny pieces of characterization and subtle, underlying conflict. The people came alive; they grew up, married, grew old and some died."

For a program that had endured almost three decades, its official demise on May 1, 1959, was shockingly sudden, Morse recalled.

"Some silly guy at NBC in New York wrote and said, 'Will you bring the show to conclusion on such and such a date?' And wrote back and said, 'The show's been on 27 years. What kind of conclusion except the people are just not there anymore?'"

"I never heard any more from them, but that's the way the show ended. It was just there one day and the next day it was gone."

With television in its infancy, "Family" seemed like a natural. It wasn't.

A prime-time TV version, written by Morse but with an entirely different cast, was produced in New York, was broadcast by NBC from Nov. 4, 1949, to June 21, 1952. The show also was seen as a daytime serial from 1954-55.

"The TV version was a flop," Morse recalled. "And we made one picture (movie) but it was never released."

Please Turn to Page

HEART AND SOUL OF RADIO DAYS

Continued from Third Page

"I didn't like New York. I came back to Hollywood. I'm a loner. I couldn't bear writing a show and having a director, producer and light man . . . 10 different people. By the time you got through, it wasn't your show at all. I got spoiled doing radio."

Morse's second longest-running drama, "I Love a Mystery," was on the air in various formats—mostly 15 minutes, five nights a week—from 1939 to 1952.

There were numerous other serials—43, according to one report—including "The Woman in My House," "His Honor, the Barber," starring Barry Fitzgerald, "Family

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Skeleton" and "Adventures by Morse." to select a few.

It has been said Morse has written more words than William Shakespeare, which may or may not be an exaggeration. Nonetheless, he estimates his output at 10 million words for "Family," possibly 3 million for "I Love a Mystery" and another million or so for other shows.

Between 1939 and 1945—when "Family" (half-hour, weekly) and "Mystery" (15 minutes, five nights a week)—were being aired concurrently, he hammered out scripts with machine-like regularity seven days a week. Rising before dawn, he would be the first person at the studio and usually wouldn't get home until 9 at night.

"I would sit down at a typewriter with a blank page a few minutes, and—I don't know if it was self-hypnosis or not—all of a sudden the world would fade out. Two hours later, I

would snap out of it and there would be 15 pages of script."

On Mondays through Fridays, Morse would ensnare his three soldiers of fortune who made up the A-1 Detective Agency—Jack Packard, the team leader, Doc Long, the likable Texan who had an eye for the ladies, and Reggie York, a prim and proper British er—in hair-raising adventures. And on weekends, the writer would grind out the coming "Family" episode.

Seemingly, the words flowed almost effortlessly for Morse, who had virtually no serious competition in the industry.

"Nobody knew how to write for radio," he recalled. "They tried to translate old stage shows. I learned to write for radio by . . . writing for radio. To write just for the ears turned out to be a special technique."

Morse was famous for "winging it," according to historian Denning. "Often he had

no idea who the killer was until near the end, but he plotted carefully and left enough motivations for everybody."

The author likes to relate an incident he says occurred almost half a century ago. It's about a man on Death Row in Colorado—Harold Leopold, a 31-year-old killer.

According to Morse, the convict tuned into "I Love a Mystery" on Dec. 9, 1939, and heard the last chapter of one of his serialized stories two hours before he was executed.

As he was led to the gas chamber, the condemned man was quoted as saying: "It was great. I got the final solution to the story just in time. 'I Love a Mystery' is my favorite radio program."

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The road to Morse's house winds like a coiled snake, mostly through heavy foliage and thickly flanked by pines—a beautiful, peaceful area with expensive price tags.

In 1933, Morse bought 50 acres in this rustic community at \$900 an acre and had a house built with his first earnings from "Family." Over the years he has sold off parcels and late last year sold his final 15 acres with the stipulation that he could remain in his home for the rest of his life.

He didn't disclose his selling price out said. "One acre here now goes for around \$40,000. If you had 13 acres, it would be worth a lot more than that."

Morse's home—a large place surrounded by giant Christmas trees and one particular redwood where blue jays chirp and woodpeckers peck—is filled with books, scripts, mementoes and, no doubt, countless memories of his radio days. Bound volumes of his original "Family" scripts were donated to nearby Stanford University.

During their years in Los Angeles, the Morse couple lived elegantly in a Hancock Park home they owned for 20 years and sold in 1960 for \$500,000.

In 1983, his wife of 60 years died after a lengthy illness, and, as he talked about her, his eyes became misty. He has been comforted considerably by the companionship of Millicent Goodman, the nurse who sleeps in a bedroom on the second floor. Morse no longer goes upstairs since his wife's death; he has a hospital-type bed in the living room next to picture windows.

In the evenings, the two watch TV together. His favorite shows are "Cosby," "Simon & Simon" and "MacGyver." He seldom watches the soaps, but rated "Dallas" "better than most."

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"After she died, I thought I was supposed to die, too. That was for about three or four months." Then the writer who had produced script after script on a daily deadline for years, thought, "Why the heck should I die? I should go on living. I thought if I was going to do something, I had to do it fast."

He did. Less than four years later, Morse's company published its first book, "The War According to Anna," by Kamilla C. Chadwick, a woman Morse had tutored.

Next month his first of several completed manuscripts, "Killer at the Wheel," will be off the presses, and he couldn't be more excited.

"I never had a book published," he said. "I never even tried." □

CALENDAR/LOS ANGELES TIMES

SURVIVORS OF THE 'FAMILY'

"One Man's Family," although fictional, was, in a sense, quite real to its creator, Carlton E. Morse. At least, that's the opinion of three of the seven actors—the only survivors—in the original cast of the NBC radio serial that ran 27 years.

Morse was born in Jennings, La., and raised on an Oregon farm. He came from a large family (three brothers and two sisters), but he and his late wife of 60 years, Patricia, decided early in their marriage to have no children. He would devote his life to his work; she would devote hers to him.

And so it went until 1949, when the couple, almost in their 50s, adopted a war orphan—Noel Canfield. She now lives in Sacramento with her husband and three children, but Morse doesn't see much of them.

Morse's radio "Family" was headed by Henry Barbour, a retired stockbroker, and his wife, Fanny. They had five children—Paul, Hazel, twins Clifford and Claudia, and Jack. More than 100 other characters came and went through the years.

"Not having his own family, he created one," said Michael Raffetto, who played Paul. "Psychologically, it was good for him. A lot of problems he worked out by writing."

Raffetto, 87, lives with his wife, Connie, in Berkeley. In a telephone interview, he commented about his relationship with Morse.

"I have ambivalent feelings," he said. "He had no theatrical experience. He was kind of a country boy, but a determined country boy. . . . He loved his stuff, but a lot of it, I think, was naive."

"I had graduated from law school, worked for a law firm and I thought I was sophisticated, but I really wasn't. I directed drama classes at the University of California at Berkeley, and I thought I knew about acting."

"He proved to be so successful, he must have done what was right as far as success was concerned."

Quoted in a San Francisco Chronicle article last year, Raffetto described Morse as "basically a very shy person. He

doesn't communicate verbally well and has trouble being socially at all. He's a warm, loving person. I remember Carlton sitting there as we read the script. If there was a sentimental scene, the tears would roll down his cheeks."

Raffetto, who went on to make silent movies and had a part in "A Man's Affair," starring Mariene Dietrich, was "better in radio," he said with a smile. "where you couldn't see me."

Jack Gilman, 68, a former newspaper business manager of the Waterville (Calif.) Register-Pajaronian who in 1983 to become a farmer in Revere, Ore., was 14 when he accepted the role of Jack in "Family." But he was not a newcomer, having worked in radio since he was 9.

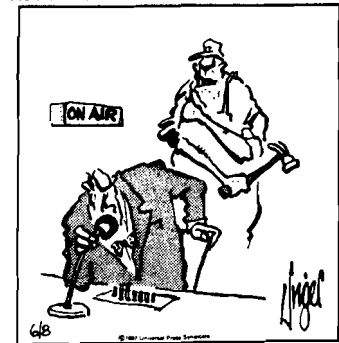
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Gilman remembered the "good money" he was paid in 1946—a top weekly salary of \$400—after starting at about \$25 in 1932. At Morse's peak, he earned \$200,000 a year.

The show generated little controversy, Gilman recalled. "Carlton's aim—and he kept repeating it—was pretty much to protect and reinforce the role of the family in American life."

Bernice Berwin, who has been retired since 1959 and lives in Oakland, played Hazel and also was plucked from within NBC.

HERMAN



"Well I guess we can kiss a promising radio career goodbye."

Roy Winsor, Of TV 'Soaps'

FELHAM MANOR, Calif.—Roy Winsor, who wrote and created the daytime series "Search for Tomorrow" at age 75.

A native of Chicago, he turned to his hometown of Harvardsville, Ala., where he wrote and directed radio programs such as "Ma Perkins" and "Square."

He came to New York to become president and television producer of the Blow Co., where he helped produce other television shows.

Member photo: Father: Kathleen

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Bernice Berwin, who has been retired since 1959 and lives in Oakland, played Hazel and also was plucked from within NBC.

Asked her age, she gasped, "That's a crazy question. I'm not going to tell you. The others are men."

She spoke highly of Morse and the close-knit cast of "Family," which she finally left less than a year before the show was canceled.

"I was the first person to know about Carlton's idea to create the show," she said. "He told me the year before it went on. We had a very close relationship and I became very close to his wife."

Because she maintained homes in Oakland and Southern California, Berwin commuted for more than 20 years while trying to raise a son. The work became "very hectic. The last year it wasn't fun anymore," she said. "It was horrible." □

—J.H.



Members of "One Man's Family" cast in 1941 publicity photo, from left, J. Anthony Smythe (who played Father Barbour), Minetta Ellen (Mother Barbour), Kathleen Wilson (Claudia), Bernice Berwin (Hazel).

HERMAN



"Well I guess we can kiss a promising radio career goodbye."

Roy Winsor, Creator Of TV 'Soap,' Dies

PELHAM MANOR (AP) — Roy Winsor, who wrote mystery novels and created the daytime television series "Search for Tomorrow," died Sunday at age 75.

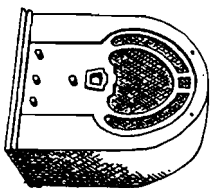
A native of Chicago, Winsor returned to his hometown after graduation from Harvard. There, he wrote and directed television and radio programs such as "Sky King," "Ma Perkins" and "Saturday Square."

He came to New York as vice president and television-radio director of the Blow Co., where he created "Search for Tomorrow" and helped produce other early television shows.

Winsor also wrote mysteries, including "The Corpse that Walked," which won the 1974 Edgar Award from the Mystery Writers of America for best paperback mystery of the year.

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