

The Old Time Radio Club

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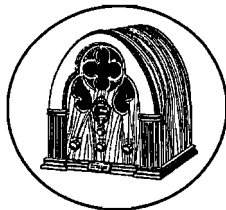
Edgar Bergen & Mortimer Snerd

Membership Information

New member processing, \$5 plus club membership of \$17.50 per year from January 1 to December 31. Members receive a tape library listing, reference library listing and a monthly newsletter. Memberships are as follows: if you join January-March, \$17.50; April-June, \$14; July-September, \$10; October-December, \$7. All renewals should be sent in as soon as possible to avoid missing issues. Please be sure to notify us if you have a change of address. The **Old Time Radio Club** meets the first Monday of every month at 7:30 PM during the months of September to June at 393 George Urban Blvd., Cheektowaga, NY 14225. The club meets informally during the months of July and August at the same address. Anyone interested in the Golden Age of Radio is welcome. The **Old Time Radio Club** is affiliated with The Old Time Radio Network.

Club Mailing Address

Old Time Radio Club
56 Christen Ct.
Lancaster, NY 14086



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**Send all articles, letters, exchange newsletters, etc. to: *The Illustrated Press*
c/o Ken Krug, Editor (716) 684-5290
49 Regal Street
Depew, New York 14043**

E-Mail address: AnteakEar@aol.com

Club Officers and Librarians

President

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

Vice President & Canadian Branch

Richard Simpson
960 16 Road R.R. 3
Fenwick, Ontario
Canada, L0S 1C0

Treasurer, Back Issues, Videos & Records

Dominic Parisi (716) 884-2004
38 Ardmore Pl.
Buffalo, NY 14213

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For more information about the Pittsburgh Oldtime Radio Theatre call Sandy Baskind at (412) 521-9334 or Ed McGuigan at (412) 856-6256.

We thank fellow member Ed McGuigan for making us aware of this service, and wish PORT great success in its endeavors.

Friends of Old Time Radio Convention 2000

by Jerry Collins

As I look at the front cover of the 25th Anniversary program, I see the faces of Ezra Stone, Willard Waterman, Lon Clark, Lee Allman, Parley Baer, Carlton E. Morse, Raymond Edward Johnson, John Archer and Kenny Delmar. They were all featured guests of previous conventions. Unfortunately they are all deceased or too ill to attend anymore conventions.

Here lies the problem that Jay Hickerson and his committee are confronted with every year, a declining number of prominent radio personalities that are able to attend the annual Newark convention. To supplement his guest list Jay has turned in the past to early television stars, radio children stars and singers. Now even Larry Stevens has passed away.

Just when it appeared that the convention might start going into decline Jay and company produced Johnny Western and Rosa Rio. Johnny Western made his first appearance at the convention this year. He has been a radio DJ off and on for more than fifty years. He sang with Gene Autry during the 1950s and also with Johnny Cash from 1958 to 1997. He also was cast in five western films and 32 episodes of television westerns. He wrote and sang "The Ballad of Paladin." He also co-wrote the theme songs for *Johnny Yuma*, *The Rebel* and *Bonanza*: Western appeared on a number of panels and sang throughout the convention.

Rosa Rio's career as a silent movie and radio organist and pianist span a period of more than sixty years. Impressive you might say. Even more impressive when you realize that Rosa Rio is still entertaining in Florida at the age of ninety. Her lively, performance on the piano of a medley of George Gershwin met with the loudest standing ovation of the convention. The audience was in awe of this beautiful, charming and lively woman.

Two other new guests played a prominent role in the convention, Art Gilmore and Rhoda Williams. Gilmore was the radio announcer on *Amos and Andy*, *Dr. Christian* and *Red Ryder*. He also announced, narrated or acted in *Dragnet*, *Adam-12*, *Highway Patrol* and *Red Skelton* on television. Rhoda Williams played in such radio shows as *One Man's Family* and *Lux Radio Theater*. Her biggest role was that of Betty on radio's *Father Knows Best*. She is also a retired college professor.

Due to frequent visits to a well staffed dealer room and a late arrival on Thursday I was unable to attend all of the panels. Hopefully someone else will review those presentations that I missed. On Thursday evening Arthur Anderson directed an excellent re-creation of Michael Leannah's award winning *Dragnet* parody. Johnny Western then played a series of his favorite songs blended with stories from his career. The evening ended with an interesting and quite unique re-creation of the *Molle Mystery Theater*. The use of dialect on the show was very good.

After numerous purchases in the dealer room on Friday morning, I attended Johnny Western's discussion of his association with westerns on radio, movies and, television. Peg Lynch has become a mainstay of the Newark convention. She discussed *Ethel and Albert* and her other radio experiences with Ron Lackmann. Later that afternoon Rhoda Williams (Betty) and Sara Edwards (Bud) discussed their experiences on *Father Knows Best*. Friday afternoon concluded with another excellent presentation by the Gotham Players. This time they re-created "The Blue Wall" from *Escape*.

Following diner on Friday evening Rosemary Rice and Bob Hastings did an excellent and difficult job of re-creating an episode of *The Glad Gladwyns*. Two more excellent recreations took place Friday evening. Rosemary Rice and Bob Hastings did a comical interpretation of a *Richard Diamond* show. The evening ended with a very sensitive recreation of a *Six Shooter* Christmas show. Will Hutchins and Dick Beals were the featured actors in the show.

On Saturday morning Gary Yoggy and Sforza conducted a panel on the Andrews Sisters. Sforza is the author of a recent book on the Andrew Sisters. As part of the presentation, the Boogie Woogie Girls sang a number of songs made popular by the Andrew Sisters. Jack French did an excellent job discussing the power and viciousness of HeddaHopper and Louella Parsons. Next Anthony Tollin chaired a panel on the *Amos and Andy* show. Unfortunately Mr. Tollin totally dominated the complete presentation. Not only did he answer most of the questions from the audience, he even answered his own questions. Rarely were Art Gilmore or Bill Murrough given an opportunity to answer questions. This was followed by a singers and Big Band music panel that featured Gale Storm, Eileen Farrell, Ann DeMarco, Johnny Western and Rosa Rio. The afternoon ended with a re-creation of an early *Mr. Keen Tracer of Lost Persons* show.

Following another excellent dinner, Peg Lynch and Bob Hastings re-created an *Ethel and Albert Show*. This show, on the family dog, was one of the best they have

ever done. Next Arthur Anderson directed a very good re-creation of "Cinderella" from the *Lets Pretend* show. Rosemary Rice played Cinderella. Ron Lackman also played in the show. Lackman, as a young boy, had auditioned for the show under an assumed name. Even though he got the job, he turned it down so as not to antagonize his mother. The evening ended with Arthur Anderson, Toni Gillman, Rhoda Williams and Sam Edwards doing an excellent re-creation of *Father Knows Best*. The announcing at the convention was in the capable hands of Art Gilmore, Fred Foy and George Ansbro. Ansbro was also available on Saturday to autograph his recently published book.

Following Sunday brunch Toni Gillman, Sam Edwards, Rhoda Williams, Art Gilmore, George Ansbro and Peg Lynch formed a panel for the final event of the convention. Anthony Tollin also chaired this panel. He did a much better job than on the *Amos and Andy* panel. They led a lively discussion of their days on radio. As we left for our cars, trains and planes we left with some excellent memories of another well done convention. Till we meet again.

THE 25TH FRIENDS OF OTR CONVENTION

By R. A. Olday

Before I begin my article, I would like to thank the following OTR dealers for their generous contributions to our club. With these new additions, our club library now has over 3,000 cassettes available for our members to borrow. When you plan to purchase OTR shows, please patronize these dealers and let them know where you heard about them. All of these dealers sell quality (sound) shows at reasonable prices.

Great American Radio
Gary & LaDonna Kramer
Box 504
Genesee, Michigan 48437-0504

Leo Gawroniak
PO Box 248
Glen Gardner, New Jersey 08826

Radio Memories
4618 John F. Kennedy Blvd., Suite 169
North Little Rock, Arkansas 72116-7356

The Scifi Guy, Gordon Payton
119 E. Cuthbert Boulevard 0-3
Westmont, New Jersey 08108

Vintage Broadcasts
Andy Blatt
Box 50065
Staten Island, New York 10305

Arlene and I decided to take a vacation this year which would include the OTR convention. We left the Buffalo-Depew train station early on Saturday October 14 for my daughter's house near Boston. After spending several delightful days with our daughter and son-in-law, we headed into downtown Boston to catch the early morning train to Newark. We enjoyed the seashore ride and since this area has just been electrified, we arrived in New York in just 3 hours and 42 minutes. Newark was our next stop and we arrived around noon time on Thursday at the hotel.

We spent the afternoon visiting with the various OTR dealers and buying various "goodies". By late afternoon, I already had a duffel bag full of tapes when it was time to see the Doc Savage talk and re-creation. Since none of the 1930's shows are available, I especially enjoyed the re-creation from a script of that era. After dinner, we were entertained with a *Dragnet* parody directed by Arthur Anderson. This was followed by songs sung by Johnny Western who wrote and sang the Palladin Theme for the TV show *Have Gun, Will Travel*. Johnny was a teen-ager when he received his break into show business by replacing a retiring Johnny Bond on the Gene Autry radio show, *Melody Ranch*. Gene had seen Johnny at a party a couple of weeks earlier performing with Roy Rogers and was impressed. Johnny mentioned that the theme song was heard throughout the world and was the only part of the show that was not translated into the various languages spoken in the different countries. Concluding the day's events was a great recreation of *Molle Mystery Theater*.

Friday started with a top ten radio comedy shows picked by Gary Yoggy. Gary was also going to include the top ten mystery shows but ran out of time. I imagine that nobody in the audience would agree with all his picks (I know I did not) but it was interesting to hear his choices and reasoning for them. I was surprised but did not disagree with his choice of the *Stan Freeberg Show* as one of his picks. At 10 AM, a sound effects workshop was held with Sue Zizza and Al Schaffer. Al offered many interesting insights in sound effects such as hanging up a telephone . . . lightly after a friendly conversation, slamming it down after an angry conversation and dropping it down when excited. I skipped the Westerns panel and Jean Shepard to eat lunch and check out the dealer rooms again (I still had room for more "goodies"). Arlene and I returned to listen to Peg Lynch discuss *Ethel & Albert*. She mentioned where she obtained many of her ideas for the show which was very

fascinating. Following Peg was Mel Blanc remembrances by Mary Lou Wallace and Walt Mitchell. I meant (but forgot) to ask them when Mel Blanc took over the voice of Porky Pig. Do you know who originated the voice of Porky? Hint: he appeared on the *Fibber McGee & Molly Show*. Next up was a panel hosted by Gary Yoggy on *Father Knows Best* with San Edwards and Rhoda Williams who played Betty on the radio show. The afternoon festivities concluded with an excellent re-creation of "The Blue Wall" which is one of the missing *Escape* shows. The Gotham Players performed a very professional version of this show. After dinner, Rosemary Rice and Bob Hastings performed in the *Glad Gladwyns* and we had thought infomercials were something new. Rosemary and Bob then starred in a *Richard Diamond* re-creation. Rosa Rio performed next on the keyboard. She had played organ music for many of the OTR shows as well as playing organ music for the silent movies. She appeared to be 75-80 years old but we were told that she is 95. WOW, I would not mind being that age if I would be as good as she is. A *Six Shooter* re-creation with Will Hutchins and Dick Beals concluded the evenings entertainment.

Saturday's events began with "Who Wants To Be An OTR Trivia Champion," not too loosely based on a famous TV quiz program. Next up was a very humorous look at the *Lone Ranger* with great stories by Dick Beals and Fred Foy. An Andrews Sisters panel started at 11 AM with Gary Yoggy, John Sforza and the Boogie Woogie Girls. I only heard the beginning as I left to obtain some donations from the dealers but Arlene stayed and enjoyed the presentation. At noon, the Hunterdon Radio Theatre presented an original production of "The Broken Shutter" based on Edgar Allen Poe's "Tell-Tale Heart." This show was very well done and the lead characters may return in another story in the near future (I hope so). Jack French presented "Hollywood's Old-time Radio Gossips" which was very interesting (as are all of Jack's presentations). I skipped the *Amos & Andy* retrospective since it was hosted by Anthony Tollin and the Singers presentation to obtain even more donations for our club. Arlene and I returned at 5 for a *Mr. Keen* re-creation. We were very disappointed at the choice of scripts for this show which was always one of my favorite programs. After dinner, Peg Lynch and Bob Hastings presented *Ethel and Albert* which was hilarious. This was followed by a *Let's Pretend* show, "Cinderella" starring Rosemary Rice and directed by Arthur Anderson. Awards presentations followed. Concluding Saturday's events was a *Father Knows Best* re-creation starring Arthur Anderson, Rhoda Williams and Sam Edwards.

Sunday morning started with a brunch. A panel presentation followed but due to the lateness (9:30 AM) we

had to gather our suitcases and head to the train station to catch our 11:50 train back to Buffalo. Jay did another great job holding a quarter century of conventions. We were very relieved to hear that Jay plans on continuing the conventions and not turning them over to Anthony Tollin. Many of us will not return if that day should ever happen. Stay healthy Jay and thanks again for another great convention. See you next year!



The McGees of Wistful Vista

by *Robert M. Yoder*

(Continued from last issue)

Quinn and Leslie beat out a script over the week end, and there is a "table reading" at 11:30 Monday morning with the whole cast present. The Jordans, the writers and the producers kick it around later until they are sure the show is ready for Tuesday. This doesn't take them more than thirty or forty minutes, Tuesday's work begins at the very crack of dawn—for musicians; the orchestra and the quartet go into rehearsal at 9:30. The cast comes in at 10:30 for another table reading, which Pittman times. Then Molly goes out to get her hair done while Pittman and the writers decide what, if anything must be cut. They finish in time for the writers and the producers to go across the street to the Brown Derby for crab and beer, while Jordan heads out, like a drunkard to the saloon, for his daily chocolate malted with two eggs. The drugstore that doesn't leave the shaker with him, so that he gets those extra three or four fingers, does without the McGee patronage thereafter.

The cast assembles again at 1:00 P.M., and there is a complete show, the dress rehearsal, at 1:30, putting together music, show effects and dialogue. Pittman "clocks it cold"—that is, leaving out all laughs, mistakes or blowups, aiming for a show running twenty-six minutes and twenty to forty-five seconds. That will exactly fill his half hour, when the laughs are in, and it includes a one minute musical number he regards as a bumper—that is, he can use as little or as much of it as he needs. Final cuts, after that, and the players have until five o'clock to kill. Fibber and Molly have found that the best way to get perfectly relaxed for the night's show is, oddly enough, to exercise. They repair to the

Hollywood Plaza Hotel and put in a couple of hours tugging and hauling on various resistance gadgets. Then Fibber goes to the barber, and-at five o'clock all hands assemble for one final run-through.

Six o'clock finds the studio audience assembling. They are tourists, mostly, and among the 350 in the auditorium there usually are ten who got their tickets directly from Fibber and Molly—old Midwestern acquaintances, visitors from Peoria or Chicago. The broadcast is from a stage, with no attempt to create the setting of the McGees' radio home at 79 Wistful Vista. Molly sits at a table to the right, and women in the audience probably recognize a good deal of quiet style in her costume; she likes sports and afternoon dresses in fine gabardine or wool. Once Molly balked at the price of a stray gabardine suit and said she hoped that if she spent that much money, she wouldn't see the same suit on other people. The clerk didn't know Mrs. Jordan.

"You won't see it on anybody you know," she said. "There's only one other, and she's famous—Gracie Allen."

Fibber, who is always keyed up for a broadcast even after several hundred of them, stands at a mike in center stage; a gray-haired, quick-moving man in his early fifties, usually in a brown suit. The piano is behind Molly, the quartet behind the piano. Most of the stage is occupied by the orchestra. The orchestra leader, Billy Mills, is another smooth-running wheel; he works this show with the ease of eleven years in the same stand. This composer and leader popped off at a party one night about home canning. "Nothing to it," said Mills. "Anything grandmother could do, I can do better." Setting out to prove what began as a gag, Mills has become an expert. His apricot jam won first prize at the Hemet, California, Farmers Fair and Festival, but what musicians don't let him forget is that his most successful recipe probably is for corn relish. Quinn designed a label for him: "Uncle Will Mills' Corn Relish—You have heard how it sounds, now see how it tastes."

The portly man with the strip of burnished scalp, the man who forgets to take off his dark glasses when he comes in out of the California blaze, is Quinn, the McGees writer—the ex-cartoonist who used to write shows for them for five dollars a copy, partly out of friendship and partly because he needed the five. This is the man who unintentionally became one of the brightest lights in radio; he had no more idea of becoming a radio writer than of becoming a skywriter. On some shows, writers are changed like tires; on this one, Quinn is built in. Because he is not a hired brain or a rental wit, but a full partener in a tremendously successful entertainment venture, he is no doubt the high-

est-priced writer in radio. It is always hard to say who contributes more, performers or writers. In this trio they don't try - they just split the money three ways, and pleasant money it is too. Reputedly the Jordans and Quinn divide \$10,000 a week. Fred Allen is authority for the statement that "today, the writer is the guy," meaning that the importance of good writing has at last been recognized. This came as no change to Quinn; it has been said many times that the Jordans got their best break when they met him—said so often that it takes a firm friendship to stand up under it. Pleasant, though, in a trade where writers, until recently, ranked somewhere between rented dinner clothes and false teeth. They weren't exactly locked in the attic like a crazy aunt or kept on the side streets, as in a novel by Fannie Hurst, but only recently have comedians frankly paraded them.

Hollywood is full of men striving so furiously to seem relaxed that they should get double-time pay for it, and probably do. The theory is that it shows a certain self-assurance, as it might show social assurance of a kind to clump into a formal dinner wearing rubber boots. In Quinn's case this ease of manner is not a pose. At forty-nine, he has nicely synthesized the humorists' customary skepticism with a large capacity for enjoyment. Tonight, as usual, he has one favorite gag. It may be the one in which Gale Gordon is telling about the strange infestation of tigers, antelopes and other wildlife that forced a certain shah to leave his rich domain. "Yes," says Gordon, "his reign was called on account of game." If it's Quinn's pet, it won't get the house he gives it himself. He's resigned to it; that happens every Tuesday.

The young man with Quinn is Phil Leslie, who came to Hollywood from St. Louis, where he was an accountant and small-theater manager. Under Quinn's tutelage he learned the F. & M. formula, which is to have a pattern, but violate it regularly. Having two writers around has been a great relief to all concerned, including Producer Frank Pittman, who is the man in the control booth at left stage, probably looking a little anxiously at the soundeffects man's precarious pile of household odds and ends. That closet worries Pittman; he used to run it. Pittman joined the show as the sound man in 1941. He is now a vice-president of the Needham, Louis and Brorby advertising agency, and his story fits in with the general self-made motif of this program. Pittman's first job in Hollywood was parking cars on the NBC lot. "His job as producer is an envied one, and Fibber and Molly regard him as a smart man with only one prominent hole in his head—Pittman's love for flying. He and Quinn both fly; the Jordans don't, for the sound reason that they don't like it. The show traveled to Toronto during the war to help along the ninth Canadian victory

loan. Pittman gave the Jordans a glowing account of the silken flight from Hollywood—the Jordans had followed by train. Converted, the Jordans trot aboard for the next flight to New York. In about two hours they got a quick resume of flying weather at its-bumpiest and stepped off all but homogenized. They haven't flown since.

The standout for visibility is Arthur Q. Bryan, a well-nourished 200 pounder who not only plays the part of Doctor Gamble—"Let me know if your eyebrows keep twitching, Mrs. Cladderhatch"—but manages to look like a doctor. Fibber and Molly contend he is getting the delusion that he is one—"He diagnoses everybody's illnesses, and instead of shaking hands, he now takes your pulse." Like the Jordans, Bryan started out to be a singer, and sang with quartets. He became an announcer by accident, substituting for a sick friend, switched to acting and is one of radio's busiest actors.

The happy, boyish-looking man is Bill Thompson. On the air he plays Mr. Wimple, the henpecked husband who comes over to 79 Wistful Vista to hide out from Sweetie Face, his big old bullying wife. Off the air he is a happy bachelor who devotes a lot of energy to being president of the Southern California-area Boys' Clubs of America. Thompson can cut up old vaudeville touches with the McGees; he comes from an old show-business family, and as a child appeared as "Master Billy Thompson." He also plays the Old Timer, Horatio K. Boomer, Nick Depopolis, and can handle any dialect part in the comedy catalogue.

Another of radio's most skillful supporting actors is on hand: Gale Gordon, whose father was in vaudeville and whose mother was a Broadway actress. On this show he's Mayor La Trivia, whom the McGees are forever driving nuts by taking some figure of speech literally—such as "I certainly cooked his goose." He tripped McGee up on this one night—La Trivia literally picked up a pretty penny. Gordon also plays Foggy Williams, the cautious weatherman whose farewell is "Good day . . . probably."

Harlow Wilcox, the announcer, first tried show business when Chautauqua was in its glory, and is a great comort to other members of this staff. They take a pretty detached and professional view of comedy, and can take it or leave it alone. But Wilcox is a wonderful audience. A funny line wows him, and if given one himself, he has to hold his sides to get through it without laughing. Listeners hear more advertising on the Fibber and Molly show than on most because Quinn invented the unspoken commercial. Long ago he wrote Wilcox into the script as an undisguised salesman. From the minute Wilcox appears, listeners know this friend of the McGees

will strain all logic to get wax into the conversation. Thus they undergo the advertising treatment, but have to listen to very little outright blurb. Fibber is always impatient too. "What's the matter chum?" Wilcox asked one night. "Are you dissatisfied with our product?" They were aiming a poke at a current advertising phenomenon.

"Frankly, I am," said Fibber rudely. "It doesn't spell anything backwards,"

You have here some of radio's most polished performers, and tossing a script to this nimble crew is like tossing out a pair of dice in a squad tent. At this point, about all the producer has to worry about is some little detail nobody foresaw. If there is one, he'll hear about it from listeners. "I just listened to your program," one man wrote Fibber, "and would like to know how your car happened to be in front of the tailor shop, inasmuch as you walked from home to the shop. I missed your last broadcast and perhaps you left it there that night. Please let me know.

One thing that keeps this cast happy is the Jordans' willingness—it amounts to insistence—on sharing credit. You can't call anybody on their show a stooge—"our recollection of a stooge is a fellow who came up on the stage in vaudeville and was made to appear a boob. The Jordans insist that "everyone on our show is important," and it isn't just the phony smile by which the star shows his democracy. They mean it. This is the alma mater of a good many performers who now are stars in their own right. *The Great Gildersleeve* (Harold Peary) first rose to comedy prominence as the McGees' neighbor. *Beulah*, played by the late Marlin Hurt, was at first the McGees' maid. Spike Jones played drums here before he got rich playing music on dishpans and auto horns. One of their singing alumni also is doing well on his own—Perry Como.

The Jordans naturally would have a quartet; Jim broke into pro and semi-pro entertainment as the top tenor in a Peoria, Illinois, quartet which is remembered as a pretty skillful outfit. For the radio they found one much to their liking in *The King's Men*—Grafton Linn, Jon Dodson, Red Robinson and Ken Darby. They were college students in San Francisco, and formed this foursome when there wasn't much to sing about, in the dismal depression days of 1929. They got on the air in 1931, and Paul Whiteman signed them three years later. Now along with radio appearances, they work in the movies, making among other things, community-singing shorts.

The show will go on the air in a burst of laughter, thanks to a simple piece of business. Exactly seven sec-

onds before air time—6:30 in California, 9:30 in the East—Pittman points at Bill Thompson the accusing finger that is radio's go signal. Thompson hands Fibber a glass of water. Fibber takes a hinge at the clock, gulps the water, and then, in apparent great nervousness, tosses the glass over his shoulder. Instead of breaking, it bounces—it's plastic. And on the roar from the audience, they take the air. "Starring Fibber McGee and Molly!" Wilcox cries, and from *Twenty-nine Palms, California*, to *Mooselookmeguntic, Maine*, listeners sit back, prepared to enjoy themselves.

"Themselves" is what they will enjoy, for if the show is at its best it will find its comedy very close to the realities of everyday American life. They don't go in for fantastic comedy pitches. "We try to keep our people people," says Quinn, and a story is good for their purposes only if "it could possibly happen." They know they are right if the story will make listeners say, "You remember when that happened to Uncle Henry, the darned fool?" The mandolin show, one of their two or three most popular, had the simple framework Quinn likes. Fibber found his old mandolin; it fell out of the closet again. Well, it brings back fond memories of how he used to take Molly canoeing on the Illinois River and serenade her. As he recalls it, he was a flash on the mandolin. Molly seems to recall that he took up the mandolin more to get out of paddling than in response to popular demand. Their young friend, Alice, whom Fibber volunteered to dazzle, didn't know his one and only tune. "What's *Pretty Redwing* from?" she asked.

Said Molly, "It's strictly from 1910, Peoria and hunger."

Fibber played the same selection for everyone who dropped in, but each borrowed the mandolin, and the cads could play better than he could. Well, there's always one person who won't try to show him up as a chump the loyal Molly. No, says Molly, she never did play much, and then only simple pieces, like this. So she, too, borrows the the mandolin and makes Fibber look like a bum,

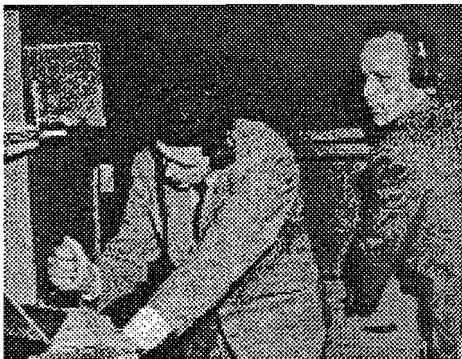
Another of their best-liked shows had Fibber yielding to a familiar postwar temptation. He stopped in an Army-surplus store to buy something as sensible as a tack hammer and came home with a big bargain, a sixteen-man life raft. Self-inflating it was and, sure enough, it filled the living room like a cow in a coupe. All of Fibber's science couldn't make the monster deflate, but Molly solved it. She poked it one with a butcher knife.

To be continued next issue.



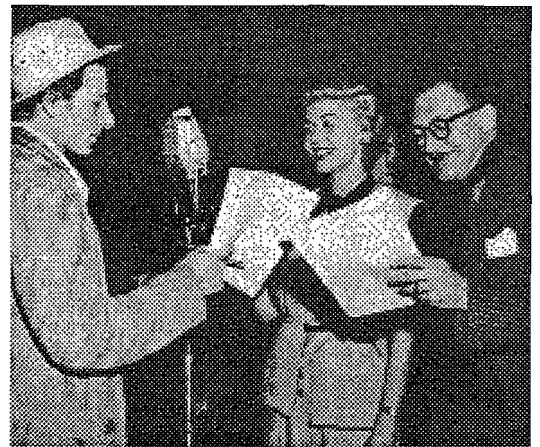
The first run-through: seated around the table, clockwise are actors Fred Campbell and Bud Windom; Eileen Kilroy, script girl; in background are actor Johnny Jacobs and the producer-director of *Suspense*, Tony Leader; at head of table, Danny Kaye, the guest star of this particular performance; then Paul Frees, assistant director; Theodore Von Eltz, Hal March, Charles Latour, actors; Mary Shipp who played the only woman's role in "The Too-Perfect Albi," and, with back to camera, John McIntyre.

For half an hour every week there's a nation-wide epidemic of cold shudders—that's . . . *SUSPENSE!*



Sound: Dave Light and Clark Casey, sound men, produce those amazingly real effects for which *Suspense* is famous. Leader insists on realism.

Rehearsal: No comedy role for Danny Kaye tonight: Leader likes to give movie performers a chance to get out of the Hollywood typecasting rut.



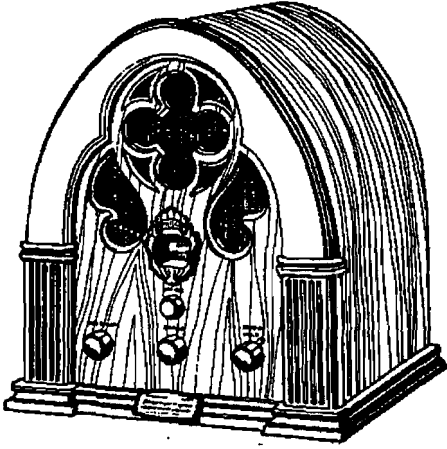
Standby: Ready to go on the air, the cast, keyed-up for performance, watches Leader, who is now in the producer's booth, for the signal to begin. Except during the actual show, Leader seems composed, relaxed, soft-spoken even when faced with making big cuts in scripts at a few minutes to airtime.



Old Time Radio Club

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