

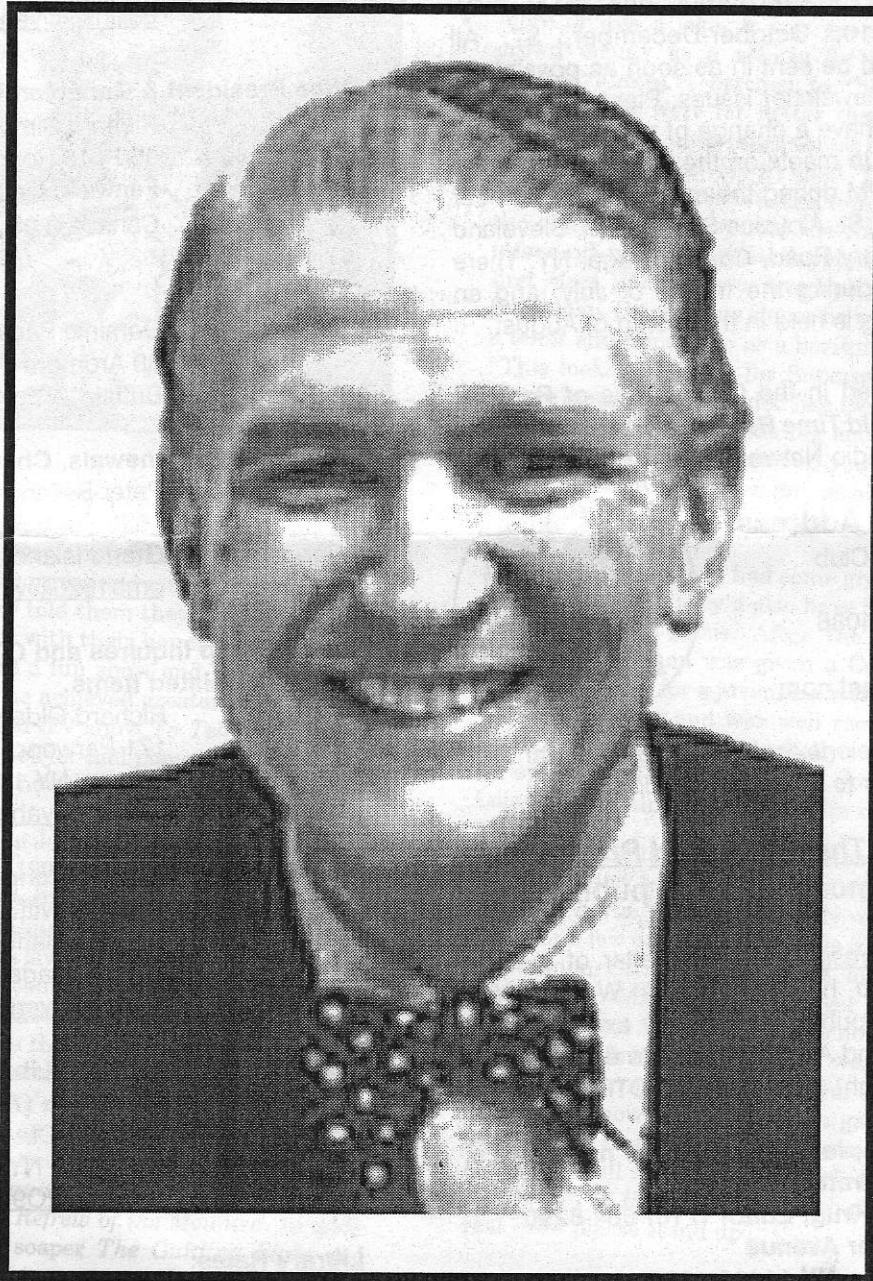
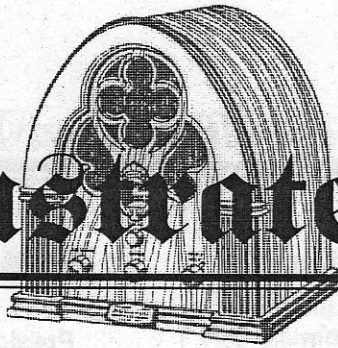
The Old Time Radio Club

Established 1975

The Illustrated Press

Number 363

October 2008



Bud Collyer (Superman)

The Illustrated Press

Membership Information

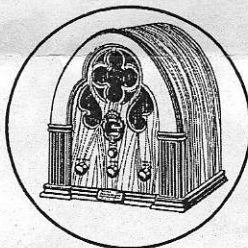
Club Membership: \$18.00 per year from January 1 to December 31. Members receive a tape library listing, reference library listing and the monthly newsletter. Memberships are as follows: If you join January-March, \$18.00; April-June, \$14; July-September, \$10; October-December, \$7. All renewals should be sent in as soon as possible to avoid missing newsletter issues. Please be sure to notify us if you have a change of address. The **Old Time Radio Club** meets on the first Monday of the month at 7:30 PM during the months of September through June at St. Aloysius School Hall, Cleveland Drive and Century Road, Cheektowaga, NY. There is no meeting during the month of July, and an informal meeting is held in the month of August.

Anyone interested in the Golden Age of Radio is welcome. The **Old Time Radio Club** is affiliated with the Old Time Radio Network.

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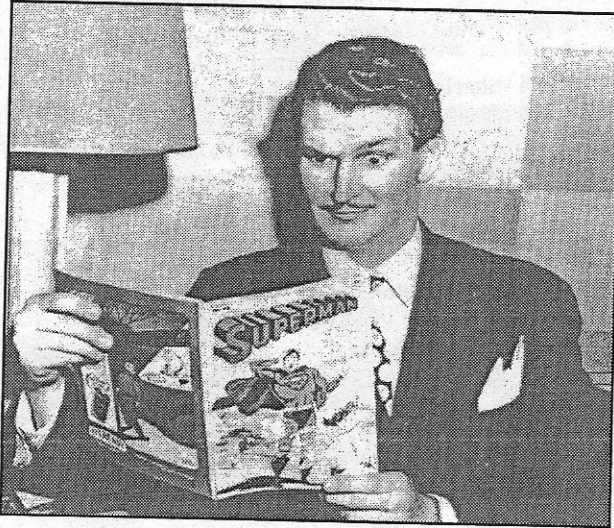
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BUD COLLYER

By TOM CHERRE



My first recollection of bow-tied Bud Collyer was as game show host of *Beat the Clock*. This early 50s game show had contestants performing rather easy tasks in a short period of time for prizes and money. The only catch was when Bud Collyer told them they would have to do it blindfold or perhaps with their hands tied. There was always a catch. It was a fun show and Bud was a congenial host. Later on he achieved greater fame when he hosted the ever popular TV show *To Tell The Truth*. I had known that Bud Collyer had played the voice of the radio Superman, but I never heard an episode.

Bud was born as Clayton Johnson Heemance, Jr. in New York City on June 18, 1908. He had many family members working in the entertainment business. After graduating from Fordham University with a degree in law he set his sights on being a lawyer. He started as a law clerk during the day, but moonlighted as a singer and radio actor by night. He realized he could make a lot more money in show business than he could by clerking so he abandoned the law practice and went into radio full time. He took his mother's maiden name of Collyer and used his nickname Bud as a first name and thus became Bud Collyer. He started out with supporting roles in *The Blue Beetle*, and *Terry and the Pirates*. Later on he got his first leading role in *Refrew of the Mounted*. In addition he was narrating soap *The Guiding Light* and also singing on different programs. In the late 1930s Jerry Siegal and Joe Shuster had put together a new and popular comic character called "Superman". It was hugely successful and Mutual was offered the Radio

series by Action Comics. Mutual offered the lead to Bud Collyer who initially turned the offer down, but after some buttering up and schmoozing Collyer agreed to play the dual role of Clark Kent and Superman.

Let me tell you something now. I was a very big fan of the TV *Superman* series with George Reeves. The first year or so of TV's *Superman* was good. After that it was more or less a joke. It was geared for the under ten crowd mainly as a vehicle for Kellogg to sell their Frosted Flakes. I listened to the radio shows and I thought they were far better than Republic's TV version. The radio show kept theme with original cannon. They had Agnes Moorehead play the mother of Superman on the planet Krypton. The sound effects of the planet blowing up and the rocketship carrying the infant off to earth while Krypton was blowing up are first class. Bud Collyer loved playing Clark Kent and Superman. Being a fine singer he would portray Clark as a tenor and Superman as a baritone. Everytime he said "This looks like a job for Superman" he would go an octave lower and it sounded like two different people. He would describe to the listening audience as he would go make his costume change and you would hear him say "up, up, and away". When he was about to land he'd also say "down, down".

During the 1940s they had some great villains including "Atom Man" and they'd also have Superman doing battle against the Nazis. After the first ten weeks of episodes Superman was given a Crossley rating of 5.6 the highest ever for a juvenile adventure. I felt the show was well written and was well received by older audiences and not just the kids. Collyer starred in the series for over nine of its ten year run. Joan Alexander played Lois Lane for almost all the entire run too.

An interesting note is that Kryptonite was invented on the radio show to weaken Superman and put him into a comatose state. This was the only way Collyer could get away for a few days vacation. This was later written into the cannon. Strange as it seems, as well as he did the voice of the "Man of Steel" Collyer didn't want anyone to know he was Superman. It was not until the fifth year that people finally found out it was Collyer doing the voice of Superman. In 1949 Collyer decided to leave the *Superman* show. With television gaining in popularity he spent the rest of his career as game show host and did extremely well with *Beat the Clock*, *Break the Bank* and finally *To Tell the Truth*. His catch phrase was "Will the real ----- please stand up".

Bud being a religious person would always close with wishing guests and panelists a fond "God bless you". I am enjoying the *Superman* tapes I got from Frank. I'm sure you will too. Sadly Bud Collyer left us too soon. He

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died on September 8th 1969 due to a circulatory problem. He was truly gifted and talented. He was a singer, announcer, host and fine actor. Indeed he was quite a super man.



"THE ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN"
Jackson Beck, *Announcer*; Bud Collyer, *Superman*;
Joan Alexander, *Lois Lane*



Librarian's Notes

By FRANK BORK

Now that Fall is here with the weather a little cooler, and the TV with the same old junk, it's time to curl up on the sofa with a nice drink, turn back the hands of time and relax. Turn your radio on and listen to your favorite old time radio program. What a great way to spend a long evening listening to a radio show.

Remember how wonderful it was back then when we were kids? After school with *Jack Armstrong*, *Dick Tracy*, *Terry and the Pirates*, and don't forget that little chatter box *Little Orphan Annie* and arf, arf-Sandy. Well let's go back to those days. Turn your radio on, pop in a cassette and enjoy.

Our Club has made nice progress since last spring in replacing some of our missing cassettes. Twenty two cassettes so far. Keep the replacements coming Guys and Gals.

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P.S. By the way Prof. Boncore, yes it doesn't cost me a cent to listen to Old Time Radio. Even my hero Jack Benny would enjoy that.

MISSING CASSETTES

- #783 -Crime Classics - Good Ship Jane
Jonathan Jewitt
- #794 -Sherlock Holmes - The Traitor
- #796 -Rocky Fortune - Messenger for Murder
Murder Among the Statues
- #799 -Dr. Sixgun - Last of the Aztecs
Pop Whedon
- #804 -The Whistler - Two and One Make Murder
A Matter of Courtesy
- #806 -The Whistler - What Makes a Murder
X Marks the Murder
- #822 -Comedy Festival
- #829 -Stan Freberg - Turned Sheep
Abominable Snowman Interview
- #835 -Captain Starr - Pursuit of Adack the Outlander
Johnny Fletcher Mystery
- #849 -Gene Autry - Gene helps Clem Olson
Pat Butrum, Private Eye
- #850 -Gene Autry - Granda and the Dynamite
Ruins of Black Canyon

*Thanks Radio Gang, till next time
Good Radio Listening.*

Patti Clayton

SHE TOOK THE BANANAS OUT OF THE REFRIGERATOR

(Originally published September, 1946)

She's the girl who took bananas off the ice and hung them out to ripen on the ether waves. And, in case you don't think that's a sizeable contribution to humanity, ask the United Fruit Growers Association who paid the two million dollar bill. And ask the American housewife. In fact, ask Patti Clayton, the original "Chiquita Banana" girl. She's a housewife herself and can appreciate that:

"When they're flecked with brown
and have a golden hue,
Bananas taste the best and are the
best for you."

Just in case you're not with us all the way on this, maybe we had better start at the beginning when the United Fruit Growers got together and decided that re-education about bananas was what the American public needed. They had in mind some neatly capsuled spot announcements, forceful but not sensational. But two imaginative copywriters had other—and better ideas.

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They triumphantly produced "Chiquita Banana"—the catchiest tune and words since "Yes, We Have No Bananas" and one of those rare species of commercial jingles that isn't greeted by a groan and a reach for the dial. Mothers sing it to their children, husbands hum it as they dash for the 8:15 and even rheumatic old ladies have been noticed swaying to its provocative Latin Rhythm.



At 15, pretty Patti thought \$5 an engagement was the pinnacle of success.

But wait a minute. This is supposed to be a story about Patti Clayton, not an essay on radio jingles; so lets get back to the dark-haired, gray-eyed miss who wears a size 12 dress and sings like a fresh-voiced thrush. About the time the copywriters turned up with their epoch-making jingle some other bright-minded executive heard Patti's voice on the radio—put two and two together and it added up to Patti being the original "Chiquita Banana" girl.

Not only was this a boon to banana lovers all over the country and to those who had always contended the commercial jingle had unexplored possibilities, but to Patti it was the biggest break of her career. It brought her fame and her own show over CBS two nights a week, *Waitin' for Clayton*. And it wasn't long before the program was stepped up to a five-nights-a-week schedule.

What's more, Patti was elected "Miss Trend of 1946" by New York University. As such she was invited to address the University's advertising class for one evening on the always inflammatory subject of commercial jingles. The story is told that, when Patti swished in with her best pedagogical manner, the Professor himself was heard to murmur, "the cutest trend I've ever seen."

Patti claims that was the most dramatic entrance she ever made—with the exception of the one she made into the world in a taxicab speeding toward a Detroit maternity hospital back in February of 1920. The youngest of the four Clayton girls, Patti's interest took a musical bent at a very early age. And she has her musical activities while in Cass Tech High, Detroit, to thank for her first step off into the professional world. An alumni group heard her and hired her for one of their dances for the magnificent sum of three dollars. At fifteen, Patti felt she had reached the pinnacle of success.

But there was more yet to come. The three Graces, a WGN (Chicago) trio who were also Cass Tech alumni and one of whose members was succumbing to matrimony, asked her to fill in their ranks. She accepted with high hopes and a wardrobe hastily culled from the clothes racks of three adoring sisters. In the ensuing three years she found her work with The Three Graces only one part of the very busy schedule her fast developing talents could handle. Her day started at nine a.m. with the *Bowman Milk Variety Show* and ended in the wee hours of the morning with an appearance at a smart hotel night spot.

When her need for a vacation finally overcame her zest for work, Patti packed up for a real busman's holiday—a trip to New York to survey the job possibilities. Right off she landed a spot on Andre Kostelanetz' summer show, and soon various other network engagements. When that loquacious red-headed gentleman, Arthur Godfrey, heard her sing, Patti won him sight unseen. And through her singing on the Godfrey show she met and won, though not sight unseen, her producer-director husband, Ace Ochs. Now Patti's gone domestic in a big way, sewing doo-dads, baking pies and—oh-yes—keeping bananas out of the refrigerator.



Patti's present pinnacle is her five-nights-a-week *Waitin' For Clayton*

BEING THERE: Collecting Radio Broadcast Admission Tickets

By RICK PAYNE (All Rights Reserved 2008)

During the golden age of radio, networks and sponsors invited the general public to attend live performances of many popular programs. For the performers, the presence of the studio audience provided encouragement, laughter and appreciation. For the audience, the experience was an unforgettable opportunity to see their favorite entertainers at work. Tickets from some broadcasts survive today . . . waiting for collectors like me.

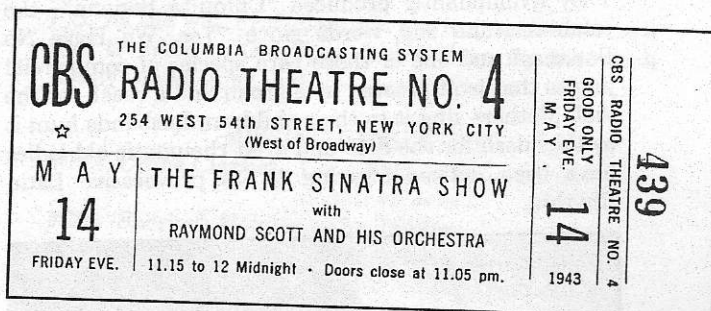
Over the past 30 years, I've acquired thousands of studio audience tickets from radio's golden age. As I explained in the very first installment of this series way back in May 2006, these tickets help me form a bond with an era of entertainment history that was ending just as I was born.

Like most obsessive/compulsive collector personality types, I have a little ritual I go through when I acquire a new ticket. I faithfully enter information from the ticket into my computerized files for easy reference. I make a digital scan of the ticket for safekeeping. I highlight the program series titles in my copies of John Dunning's *On The Air: The Encyclopedia of Old-Time Radio* and Jay Hickerson's *Ultimate History of Network Radio Programming* (my impossible goal is, of course, to own a ticket for every network series). I research available information on the specific broadcast date to see if recordings exist and to determine the guest stars and descriptions of the episode content. Finally, I carefully place the ticket in a protective sleeve and file it chronologically in a set of file boxes containing my collection. I've performed this particular ritual thousands of times, and freely acknowledge that I still find it to be therapeutic and a source of inexplicable satisfaction for which I am steadfastly unapologetic.

Somewhere in that process, I inevitably find myself wondering what the original owner of that ticket might have experienced when they attended the broadcast so many years ago. Every ticket has a story that has been lost to the ages. Only the ticket remains as a tantalizing reminder of a wonderful entertainment experience.

But this summer, I found something extraordinary that I want to share with you. I was fortunate to win this ticket in an auction:

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This ticket admitted its bearer to the very first performance of *Broadway Bandbox*, Frank Sinatra's first network solo radio series. After leaving the Tommy Dorsey band in 1942, Sinatra joined the CBS series *Your Hit Parade* on February 13, 1943 and was an immediate sensation. CBS capitalized on his success by featuring him in his own weekly series three months later. This premiere performance ran 45 minutes, then settled into a 30-minute slot for the duration of the summer. I assume the change in title to *Broadway Bandbox* must have been a late one, for the ticket clearly shows the working title to have been *The Frank Sinatra Show*.

Now finding a ticket for the very first broadcast of a radio series is always a special treat. When that program stars an entertainment giant like Frank Sinatra . . . well, I'm sure you understand my excitement.

But what made this find extraordinary was what came along with the ticket. It seems that the original owner was a young woman from New York City. I don't know her name, but she was a member of Frank's fan club and had attended his appearances with Benny Goodman at the Paramount Theatre in early 1943. She demonstrated her devotion to Frank by keeping a scrapbook of articles, artifacts and photographs. I acquired the ticket from a seller who was breaking up the collection; fortunately, I was able to buy other items as well.

The ticket arrived in the mail with a three-page document that had been carefully removed from the scrapbook. In her own words and unedited, here are her memories of the night she attended the premiere broadcast of *Broadway Bandbox* in New York City.

"Lee, Claire, Bina and I went to the very first broadcast of Frank's own show. Got there at nine o'clock, which we thought was sufficiently early considering that the show went on at 11:15. But, even at nine, CBS Radio Theater No. 4 was mobbed with girls of every age and description. Since the doors didn't open until 10:15, we had ourselves a wait. But, when we finally got in, we were rewarded with choice seats in the fifth row (the first three were reserved). Frank's sweet and lovely wife appeared a little before eleven and was seated in the very first row. She

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She was wearing a mink coat, no hat, and a very sweet smile.

Bits of Raymond Scott's music floated out from behind the curtain and finally, just about seven minutes after eleven the curtain parted, revealing a stage cluttered with people . . . said people being Raymond Scott's orchestra, technicians, actors, singers and others whom I did not recognize as any of the latter. The one missing was, of course, Frank Sinatra.

The announcer instructed the audience, saying that as soon as we went on the air, we would hear Frank's voice (singing "This Love of Mine") but that we would not see Frank; then after a few lines, he would walk out on the stage and then we could raise the roof with applause, just so long as we didn't applaud while we heard him singing "This Love of Mine". This was, of course, carried out to the letter.

Frank appeared on stage just after a few bars of "This Love of Mine" in a brown pencil-striped, double-breasted suit and a grin from ear to ear. First on the program, he introduced and sang "All or Nothing At All", ending in a loud crescendo, bending backwards until he was almost on a diagonal. The applause that followed was . . . well, you can imagine.

Then came the riot of the evening; bits from the life of Frank Sinatra, beginning with Stork No. 46 arriving late at No. 1 Gutbucket Lane with little Frank, because, the Stork explained to Papa Sinatra, there'd been a controversy among the other Storks as to who could have the safety pin from Frank's you-know-what for a souvenir. During all this, Frank was standing on the other side of the stage, staring very hard at his script, bent very low trying to hide his red face and convulsing laughter. Suddenly, he began walking towards the mike, and everyone expected a speech . . . or something, but what should Frank come out with when he reached the mike but a baby cry! Trying to control his laughter, he said, still in a baby tone: "Thank you for bringing me, Mister Stork. Is there anything I can give you for a present?" And the Stork said: "Yes, may I be the first one to receive your autograph?"

Then came the school life of young Mr. Sinatra, with teacher asking little Frank to recite the alphabet. After a first unsuccessful attempt, he broke into "I Got a Gal in Kalamazoo." Then came the life of Sinatra, the fighter. The announcer, acting as fight broadcaster for the Sinatra-Muggs McGurk fight, explained (after a thud) that Sinatra had hit the canvas. Sinatra says weakly: "There must be an easier way to make a living." After the next unsuccessful fight, Sinatra can be heard saying, even more weakly than before: "There MUST be an easi-

er way to make a living!" Then came the life of Sinatra, the newspaper reporter. Young Sinatra's first big assignment for the paper is to cover a wedding and sing "Oh Promise Me." When the preacher asked the bride if she would take "this man to be your lawful wedded husband", instead of the expected "I do", the bride screamed: "No! I want to marry that singer!"

This concluded the life of Sinatra for the present time. After the applause, Sinatra came back to the mike: "Well, now that my life has been fixed up (but good!), I'd like to do a little number for you that's become one of the nation's favorites: "That Old Black Magic". The sighs and swoons that followed resounded across the nation.

After the number was over, Frank introduced a number by Raymond Scott, and while the orchestra was really giving out with it, he went over and sat down, and then proceeded to pull up his socks, smiling all the while. Then followed a series of motions that kept the audience in a fun-loving state. For example, he stood behind Raymond Scott and was leading the band too! But good! And then, he'd sway from side to side in perfect rhythm, and peck at a fast pace. Then, when the number was over, he proceeded to help those frantic men, who wave their arms as a signal for applause, by practically knocking himself out!

Then he introduced the guest star of the evening, (actress) Arleen Whelan, who proceeded to question him on his trip to Hollywood in June. She told him that Hollywood was just ram-packed with romantic actors, and what chance would he have. "HA! Are you kidding?", was his laughing answer. Then she tried to show him how to make love, first by asking him what he would do if he were out on a date with Hedy Lamarr. He said: "Well, first I'd take her in my arms, and hold her closer . . . and closer . . . and closer . . . and then I'd say: 'Hedy darling . . . do you think Dick Tracy will ever catch up with 88 Keys?' Then Arleen, in a vain attempt to show Frank the art of love-making, set the scene for "Algiers" in the Casbah, where Frankie le Moko hid out.

"The door opens and in comes Frankie le Moko." Arleen says with fire in her voice: "Frankie le Moko, where have you been?" Frank: "Where have I been? A personal appearance tour, two shows at the Terrace Room, rehearsal for the Hit Parade. And you ask me where I've been?" "No, no, Frank," says Arleen, "That's not right . . . We'll have to do it over." Same procedure is followed, this time a little less effectively until Arleen asks: "Frankie, where were you last night?" And Frank says: "At a benefit over in Jersey City!" Arleen: "No! No! Frank, we'll have to do it all over." The third time, the trimmings are completely left off the setting of the scene and then Frank says softly: "Ah, Arleen, all my life I've

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been waiting for someone whose mere touch would thrill me and now I've met that person." Arleen: "Yes, yes, Frankie, anxiously," Frank says: "My dentist. That man sends me out of this world!" Arleen is completely exasperated after this third try, and so Frank says: "Seriously, Arleen, there's only one way that I can really show how I feel romantically. And I'd like to show you how." Said how being a heart-rending rendition of "Embraceable You."

After the number, Arleen said goodnight and Frank introduced another Raymond Scott number, during which he followed almost the same procedure as before, swaying, pecking, and helping Raymond lead the band.

After that number, the announcer sets the scene for the most beautiful song of the evening with: "Seated at a lonely desk in a dimmed room is a man. And as he takes pen in hand, he says:"

(Frank): "Dear Diary,

I saw her again today. It was only for a minute. We met on a crowded street, but we might just as well have been on another planet. We said "hello" and she said softly "Remember the night?"

Remember the night! As if we could ever forget. It was ten, maybe fifteen years ago, but it seems as if it were only last night . . . the Junior Prom . . . the old gang, proudly showing off to the faculty and then laughing at them, the excitement, the fun, never quite equaled. Do I remember the night? The orchestra softly playing, and then, leading her out on the balcony, we were "Dancing in the Dark."

And then he went right on with the song. Of course, those weren't Frank's exact words, but they were as near as I could remember. It's a wonder I could remember that much!

After the number, Frank closed up the "Broadway Bandbox" (that's the name of the show) with: "We want to thank Arleen Whelah for guest starring for us tonight. Listen in next week. Tonight . . . er, rather, next week . . . I knew I'd make one mistake tonight! . . . we'll have as our guest star Teddy Hart, so we hope we'll be right there at your loudspeaker. And until then . . . (singing) "Put your dreams away, for another day" . . ."

Applause followed for about three full minutes. And when we were off the air, Frank came forward on the runway leading from the stage and said, minus a mike, "Thank you all for being such a grand audience. This has been our first show. (Laughingly) It'll probably be out last! But I want to thank you all and I hope we see you

every Friday night!" Then, going off the stage, he blew a kiss to the audience with his rolled-up script, and said "That's all, brother!"

(The quotes are as near as my memory permitted, so please allow for the misquotes)."

I named this column **Being There** because that's always been my secret wish. Thanks to the 65-year old writings of a dedicated bobby-soxer, we've had a remarkable opportunity to experience what it was like to be there in person.

Next month, we'll get around to showing you more tickets for Frank Sinatra and the other great male vocalists of the radio era!

3rd Annual Mid-Atlantic Nostalgia Convention

by DICK OLDAY

Marty's third convention was another hit featuring stars Edd Byrnes from *77 Sunset Strip*, Kathleen Hughes from *Ozzie & Harriet*, Jon Provost, Timmy on the *Lassie* TV show, Larry Storch from *F Troop* and Margaret Kerry who was the model for Tinkerbell. Unlike what I had read on the internet, Edd Byrnes was very personable and even did a promo for our Internet radio show and never indicated that he was looking for remuneration. Don't believe everything you read except for here.

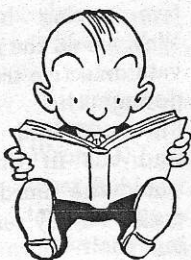
Jon Provost & Marty Grams also provided me with promos. Marty stepped in for Terry Sairnonson when he was delayed in arriving with lots of info on the *Green Hornet* plus playing an uncirculated show featuring Oliver Perry as a criminal intent in unmasking the Hornet. Also, a lost Hornet show was later performed at the convention. As usual, it was great to meet OTR friends at the MANC plus our president Jerry Collins and his lovely wife also attended this year.

Many great and unusual films were shown including a *Phantom* TV pilot with Lon Chaney Jr. and an Egyptian version of *Abbott & Costello Meet Frankenstein* with Egyptian actors and subtitles. A special treat was a "drive-in" movie shown in the parking lot. Featuring *It Came From Outer Space* with cartoons preceding the movie plus intermission promos. Most of the presentations were very well done except for the Hopalong Cassidy and Cisco Kid presentations. The presenter was not technically knowledgeable and in the Cisco Kid segment misinformation was given on Pancho's first movie

appearance and a total lack of info on the radio show. However, this did not take away from another great convention by Marty Grams.

I also would like to thank Jerry Randolph of Olden Radio for his very generous donation to our club's library. Jerry sells movies, serials and TV shows along with Old Time Radio at:

P.O. Box 8
Beech Grove, IN 46107
or JBRANDOLPH@COMCAST.NET



BOOK REVIEW

The Complete Kay Francis Career Record

by Lynn Kear and John Rossman

Reviewed by Ken Krug

Primarily a book dealing with the career of Hollywood film star Kay Francis, this book also examines her work on the stage and in radio and television. The book is profusely illustrated with photographs from her screen work. Film summaries including story line, cast credits, reviews and release dates have been thoroughly researched by the authors. Biographical data on the star plus information on the stage career and background of her mother Katherine Clinton is explored.

Radio appearances were primarily on programs that recreated her screen roles such as *Lux Radio Theatre*, *Gulf Screen Guild Show*, *The Silver Theatre* and *Cavalcade of America*. Additional appearances were made on several popular radio shows of the late thirties and early forties. She also guested on the *Hollywood Hotel* re-enacting scenes from several movies and being interviewed by Louella O. Parsons.

Appendices include: Stage Appearances, Major Radio Appearances, Television Appearances, selected Memorabilia, Residences, Katherine Clinton's Stage Appearances (Kay's Mother). Brief biographies of selected cast who worked with Katherine Clinton and Kay Francis, Notes, Bibliography and Index.

While the career of Kay Francis was primarily involved in Hollywood movies and not radio, the book nonetheless is hard to put down. There is obviously a tremendous amount of research between the covers.

THE COMPLETE KAY FRANCIS CAREER RECORD

Publication date: July, 2008

295 pages, hardcover (7 x 10)

Price \$55.00

133 photos, appendices, notes, bibliography, index
Published by McFarland & Company, Inc. Publishers
Box 611

Jefferson, NC 28640

Orders 800-253-2187 — www.mcfarlandpub.com



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Nobody dares to make an enemy of Himan Brown. As producer and director of such

marrow-chilling thrillers as *Inner Sanctum*, *Bulldog Drummond* and *The Thin Man* he makes the old machine gun and pineapple mobs look like pikers. Knives, guns, fake auto accidents and poison are his daily diet. And this Brooklyn boy is tough enough to thrive on it.

He started out gently enough, back in 1927, as a 17 year-old reader of poems over a New York station no longer in existence. After that, he did dialect parts for a while.

It wasn't until 1932, when he put *Marie, the Little French Princess*, on the air that he became interested in hair-raising adventures. This program was one of the first daytime serials, and ran for three and a half years, folding only when there wasn't any conceivable scrape the Princess hadn't managed to get into.

Hi directs shows for feminine and family appeal in addition to his quota of murders. In *Joyce Jordan, M.D.*, the characters are permitted to live out their normal span of years. And *Green Valley, U.S.A.*, a story of home-town folks at war and their problems, is his unpaid contribution to the war effort.

Though Hi is one of the busiest men in radio, he has never had an office outside of his own home, and trusts to his memory rather than a file cabinet for casting. In contrast to his exciting job he leads a quiet private life with his wife and children, Barry and Hilda.

(Originally published January, 1944)

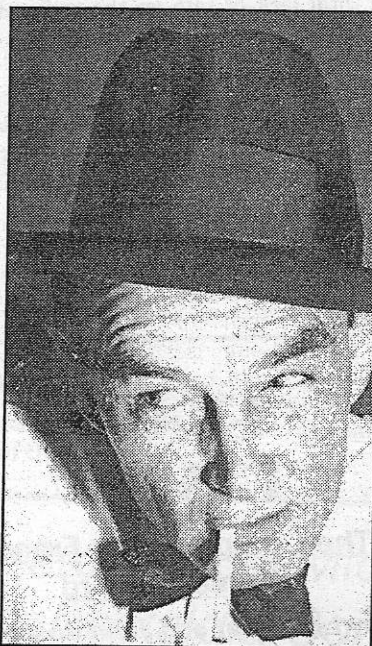
MURDER ...FOR MILLIONS

*Suspense Program uses Famous Stars
in Odd Roles, Odd Situations*



AGNES MOOREHEAD'S portrayal of the neurotic woman who tries to warn police of an impending murder, the story known as "Sorry, Wrong Number" has become a classic on *Suspense*

When they kill them on the *Suspense* program the murder is accomplished with an unusual deftness and finesse. Often it is not murder itself but the threat of murder which lends to this program an aura of unusual excitement and expectation. William Spier, who produces the series, now sponsored for the third year, works



HERE'S ARCHY, Oh, pardon us, it's Ed Gardner but he's not Archy of *Duffy's Tavern*, he's just a killer on a recent *Suspense* program

half hour, but but the audience died a thousand deaths instead of a few as in the ordinary holocausts.

In another recent *Suspense* program, "The Night Man," featuring Virginia Bruce, saw a hysterical girl trying to establish that an elevator man murdered her mother. then she tried to point out that the elevator man, Richard Whorf, meant to kill her too.

Another remarkable tale was that of the man who murdered his wife, wrote a letter of confession to the police,



Just 72 years difference Margaret O'Brien, 8, and Dame May Whitty, 80, were two of the outstanding stars on *Suspense*

The Illustrated Press

went out and mailed it, and then returned to find his apartment ablaze and evidence of his crime destroyed. The man in question finally qualified for a death cell, but he almost was ready for a padded cell before he could prove that he was really a murderer.

People love *Suspense* and can't wait to hear it, There was the case of a couple whose radio broke down at a Crucial moment and they wrote special delivery to Spier to find out if the husband really had killed his wife. There was actually a case of a driver plunging into a ditch as he listened to *Suspense* being played on the radio in his car. Producer Spier uses famous actors for this program, employs them in parts contrary to their characteristic roles. But they stand out as they blend with weird situations.

It is impossible to close out a story on *Suspense* without referring to Lucille Fletcher's masterpiece, "Sorry, Wrong Number." This has already become one of the most famous—probably the most famous of *Suspense* tales. It tells of a woman who overhears a telephone conversation in which her husband plots to kill her. She is a neurotic woman. She phones the police about it but to no avail. As death in the form of the murderer approaches her the tension becomes terrific. Agnes Moorehead's acting of this classic is mentioned with awe by the profession. It is in exacting role, tense and wearing but absolutely unforgettable, It is one of the things which has brought the program of *Suspense* to the top.

(Originally published March, 1946)



Writer Ben Hecht did his first radio acting, appearing with Fredric March in Hecht's chilling yarn "Actor's Blood"

Illustrated Press & Memories Magazines CD is still available to Members

All of the Club's publications have been scanned to a PDF file on a compact disc and is available to members only. All of the previously published Memories Magazines and copies of the Illustrated Press up to and including May, 2008 are included. Pre-paid cost to members only is \$10. Send your check to Bob McDivitt payable to the Old Time Radio Club. See page two for address.

Past in Pictures



High School Radio Club

In this yearbook photo from 1942, East Aurora High School students in the school's radio club check their scripts in front of a pair of microphones. Pictured are

Pennock Foote,
Richard Owen,
George Ruby,
James Smith,
Chester Schwab,
advisor Mary Lou Day,
Burrows Vought,
Betty Hamilton,
Edwin Bean,
Marian Ragan
and John Ragan

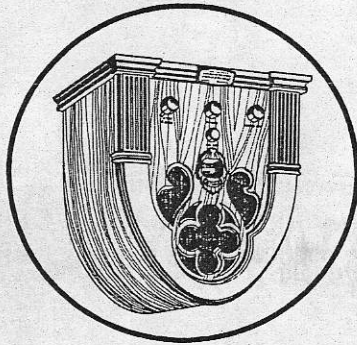
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To Serve You Better

NUMBER THIRTEEN OF A SERIES

Every morning the menu of the day is read and explained to the waitresses. Every week the entire staff meet and are given talks on cleanliness, service, courtesy and other subjects pertaining to the best conduct of the business.

I spend time explaining to my people the importance of having some definite object in view. The value of saving their money, of owning their homes, etc., for I believe all things that go to make contented workers make better service, a better restaurant.

Loyalty to the business is incumbent upon employees, but it is also due employees from the management. Our patrons secure the result in food and service that is the finest we know how to give, but which we are continuously trying to better.

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Your Sunday Dinner



\$1.10

75c

Half Grape Fruit Maraschino
 Olives—Sweet Pickles
 Cream of Chicken Mont glaze
 or Puree of Tomato
 Chicken a la King, en patty
 Braised Sirloin of Beef Bordelaise
 or Tenderloin Steak on Toast, Fresh
 Mushroom Sauce
 Mashed or Boiled Potato
 New Spinach
 Sliced Tomatoes, French Dressing
 Pineapple Sherbet
 Fig Melba,
 Raspberry Melba
 French Pastry
 Chocolate Sundae
 Assorted Pies
 Tea
 Coffee
 Milk

Cream of Chicken Mont glaze
 or Puree of Tomato Soup
 Roast Niagara County Milk Fed
 Veal, Dressing
 or
 Asparagus Tips Omelette
 Mashed or Boiled Potatoes
 Carrots and Peas
 Iceberg Lettuce, French Dressing
 Pineapple Sherbet
 French Pastry
 Cheese Cake
 Chocolate Sundae
 Assorted Pies
 Tea
 Coffee
 Milk

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