



ILLUSTRATED PRESS

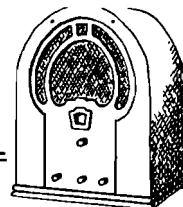
EST. 1975

#133 NOVEMBER, 1987

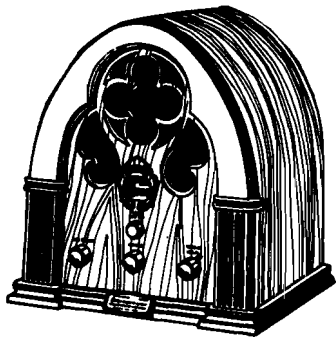


BASIC STAFFS REUNITE -- JACKSON BECK portrayed THE CISCO

THE OLD TIME



RADIO CLUB



**THE OLD TIME RADIO CLUB
MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION**

Club dues are \$17.50 per year from Jan. 1 through Dec. 31. Members receive a tape listing, library 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.

THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS is a monthly newsletter of **THE OLD TIME RADIO CLUB** headquartered in Buffalo, NY. Contents except where noted, are copyright 1987 by the OTRC. All rights are hereby assigned to the contributors. Editor: Linda DeCecco; Assistant Editor: Richard Olday; Published since 1975. Printed in U.S.A. Cover designed by Eileen Curtin.

CLUB ADDRESSES: Please use the correct address for the business you have in mind. Return library materials to the Library addresses.

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

ILLUSTRATED PRESS: (Letters, columns, etc.) & **OTHER CLUB BUSINESS:**
Richard A. Olday
100 Harvey Drive
Lancaster, NY 14086
(716) 684-1604

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Linda DeCecco
32 Shenandoah Rd.
Buffalo, NY 14220
(716) 822-4661

CANADIAN BRANCH:
Richard Stimpson
960 - 16 Rd., R.R. 3
Fenwick, Ontario LOS 1C0

BACK ISSUES: All **MEMORIES** and **I.P.s** are \$1.25 each, postpaid. Out of print issue may be borrowed from the reference library.

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 BE CAMERA READY)
\$34.00 for a half page

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

THE DEALERS CORNER
by FRANK C BONCORE

AS convention time draws nearer several dealers now have fall supplements available.

Aston's Adventures, 1301 No. Park Ave, Inglewood Ca 90302 has available on half trak and cassette Broadway Is My Beat, Ellery Queen, Gunsmoke, and The Whistler.

Edward J. Carr of 216 Shaner ST, Boyertown, Pa, 19592 has reels of the Whisperer, Mr. I.A. Moto, Cavalcade of America, Philip Marlowe Our Miss Brooks and several others available.

Thom Salome of Shadow Sounds of The Past, 196 Lawrence Ave, Brooklyn, NY 11230 also has a new supplement to his catalog now available. I'll report on his new flyer Bob Bhenham to IPBRC Productions PO Box 2465, Livonia, MI 48150 has a new supplement which includes some new books on OTR.

FIRST: HEAVENLY DAYS, the story of Fibber McGee and Molly by Charles Stumff and Tom Price. It is 334 pages long and also contains hundreds of rare photographs. Every thing you always wanted to know about Fibber McGee & Molly. Cost \$16.95 post paid.

NEXT: KILLER AT THE WHEEL by Carlton E. Morse. Although this is not about OTR if your a Carlton E Morse fan you should enjoy this. 389 pages, cost \$1895 postpaid. **ALSO: NETWORK RADIO LOG** by our own Jay Hickerson-- a thoroughly researched, 90 page work designed to help the collector date and identify the more than 1600 network program series listed. Identifies the years the show was on the air, network, sponsor, or if sustained, time of day broadcast, and other such info as whether or not it was sustained. Cost \$19,95 postpaid.

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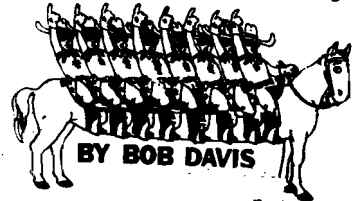
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SAY!

WHO WAS THAT MASKED MAN?



Bob Davis, the Clone Ranger, has been bed ridden since he went into the hospital for routine surgery in August. He has been unable to do a column. Hopefully his column will return in the January issue of the I.P.

You all have heard from him for many years, now is your chance to let him hear from you. How about dropping him a card or letter care of the editor????

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

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

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

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July 10, 1909.

NICK CARTERCOPYRIGHT:
STREET & SMITH**The Mystery of a Hotel Room**CHAPTER VITOM TINKER, THE VILLAGE FOOL.

Leaving Turner standing in the middle of the floor, the detective approached the window for the second time, and proceeded to give it his close attention.

He felt that the complications of the case were rapidly assuming amazing proportions, and he could not deny to himself the instinctive belief that the development of the mystery would eventually involve Chauncy Graeme. Nevertheless, he had as yet not even a faint idea as to how it might be brought about.

The crowd, which had gathered about the hotel, were still there, and Nick did not care to pursue his investigations before so many eyes, so he contented himself for the present with staring through the window at the roof of the porch just beneath it; but he observed nothing to attract his attention.

A moment later the door opened and the detective turned about, to discover that Graeme had returned, and that he was accompanied by an individual who Nick had no doubt was the half-witted character of the town, Tom Tinker.

As soon as Graeme entered the room, he exclaimed:

"I'm back again, Carter. And this is ----"

He paused abruptly in whatever it was he was about to say, for the detective held up a protesting hand, which demanded silence.

"Graeme," he interrupted, "I will ask you and Mr Turner to leave me alone in this room with this man, if you please. I wish to talk with alone."

"But ---" Graeme began, and the detective once more interrupted him.

"Please wait just outside the door for me," he said, calmly, but with decision. "Also, I will ask you you be so good as to refuse admittance to others, until I give permission."

He stepped to the door and opened it, holding it so until Graeme and Turner had passed outside

when he closed and fastened it, turning the key in the lock. Then he turned to the man who was Tom Tinker.

It was queer specimen of humanity which now confronted the detective.

A man who might have been anywhere between forty and sixty years old, thin almost to emaciation, with a shock of unkempt sandy hair that had streaks of gray in it, and who held in one hand a battered and crownless thing that had once been a derby hat.

Shirt, trousers, and shoes seemed to be his only garments, and the trousers, supported by a single suspender, had been made originally for a man three times Tinker's size. A weeks growth of beard covered his face, which was far from clean. His watery eyes were almost devoid of expression; he held his mouth open, breathing through it, and there was a half grin in his expression, which disclosed his ill-formed and uncared-for teeth.

His shirt was open at the throat, buttonless; the sleeves were rolled up almost to the shoulders, and this latter fact revealed the only really astonishing fact about the appearance of the man, for his arms were almost apelike in their great length, and they were knotted with muscles which might well have excited the envy of many a practiced athlete.

Perceiving the muscular appearance of the arms, Nick looked with more care at the man, and discovered that the thinness, which was at first so apparent, was of the character which denoted strength of that sort which is called wiry.

"So, you are Tom Tinker, are you?" the detective asked smilingly, by way of securing an opening to the conversation which was to ensue.

"Un huh," was the grunted

reply.

"You came to the hotel to get Ben Spaulding's satchel, last night

didn't you, Tom?"

"Uh huh."

"What time was that?"

"Dunno"

"It was rather late in the evening, wasn't it?"

"Uh huh."

"Who sent you after the satchel?"

"Ben."

"Do you mean that Mr Spaulding sent you?"

"Uh huh."

"Where did you meet him, when he sent you after the satchel?"

"Down at the corner."

"What corner?"

"The church corner."

"Did you meet him there by appointment?"

"Huh?"

"Did he ask you to meet him there?"

"Nope."

"You met by accident?"

"Huh?"

"Were you looking for him when you met him there?"

"Nope."

"How did it happen that you were on the street so late at night Tom?"

"Always on the street-- night an' day."

"You are sure that it was Ben Spaulding whom you met?"

"Uh huh."

"Tell me what he said to you."

"Sent me after the satchel; gev me a dollar to pay for his dinner; said I could have what was left; said he didn't want to go to the hotel himself."

"Did he say why he didn't wish to visit the hotel himself, just THEN?"

"Nope."

"Do you know why he did not wish to come here?"

"Nope."

"Did he say anything more to you, just then?"

"Uh huh."

"What was it?"

"Said he would wait for me there."

"Did he wait?"

"Uh huh."

"What happened when you returned to him with the satchel?"

"Nothin."

"Did he say anything more at that time?"

"Nope."

"You are about as communicative as a clam, Tom."

"Uh huh."

"Wasn't anything more said between you at parting?"

CARTER COPYRIGHT:
STREET & SMITH

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"Uh huh."

"Wasn't anything more said between you at parting?"

"Nope. Just good night. He gave me another quarter."

"Which way did he go, after he left you?"

"Dunno. Didn't watch him. Left him standing right thar. Didn't see him go anywhere."

"Where did you go, after that?"

"Went to the barn."

"What barn?"

"Hotel barn. Slept there. Usually do, this time uh year."

"Did you see Chauncy Graeme last night, after you met Spaulding?"

"Nope."

"YOU know that Spaulding is dead, don't you?"

"Uh huh."

"Do you know, or can you guess, who killed him?"

"Nope."

"Do you think he was murdered?"

"Dunno. Heard he killed himself."

"Who told you that?"

"Everybody."

"How long have you known Spaulding and Graeme?"

"Always."

"Did you like Spaulding?"

"Uh huh."

"And Graeme? Do you like him, too?"

For just one wrathful instant Tinker's eyes blazed; then they resumed their former expressionless stare.

"Hate him!" he said; but he made the remark without expression.

"Why do you hate Graeme, Tom?"

"Hate him; dunno why. 'Fraid uh him."

The detective took a step nearer to the half-witted man, and, holding him as well as he could by a look, he asked, quietly:

"Tom, are you sure that it was not Graeme, instead of Spaulding, whom you met at the corner, and who sent you after the satchel?"

"Uh huh."

But, as Tinker made that reply, not differently from the others of the same sort during the conversation, that staring, watery eyes for the first time left the detective's face, and sought the ceiling over Nick Carter's head; and the latter could have sworn that there had come a sudden flicker of fear into them.

"Are you quite sure?" the detective persisted.

"Uh huh."

"Tom, how long had you been wandering about the village, last night, before you say you met Ben Spaulding, by accident, at the church corner?"

"Dunno. Long time." (Nick fancied that the man shuddered involuntarily, as he made the reply.)

"Where had you been before you met Spaulding?"

"All over. Everywhere."

"Were you waiting for somebody? Whom were you expecting to meet when you encountered Spaulding?"

"Nobody."

The detective walked to the window, or, rather, toward it, but he stopped when he came within range of the mirror over the bureau, so that he could observe Tinker without the latter's knowledge of the fact; but the latter remained stolidly where the detective had left him, without altering his position or the expression of his face.

Suddenly the detective wheeled upon the man and demanded sharply:

"Tinker, what time was it when you saw Sally Cross, last night? Answer me. You did see her, didn't you, after you met Spaulding?"

It was a chance shot, but it told. Before Tinker realized what he was saying, he replied to the detective's question with his usual "Uh huh."

CONTINUED NEXT MONTH.

A Special Service For Club Members Only

WANTED: I am looking for the summer replacement series called "SOMEBODY KNOWS" by writer Jack Johnstone. It was done in the 1950 summer season. I am interested in the entire 8 show run.

Dick Olday
100 Harvey Dr
Lancaster, NY 14080

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

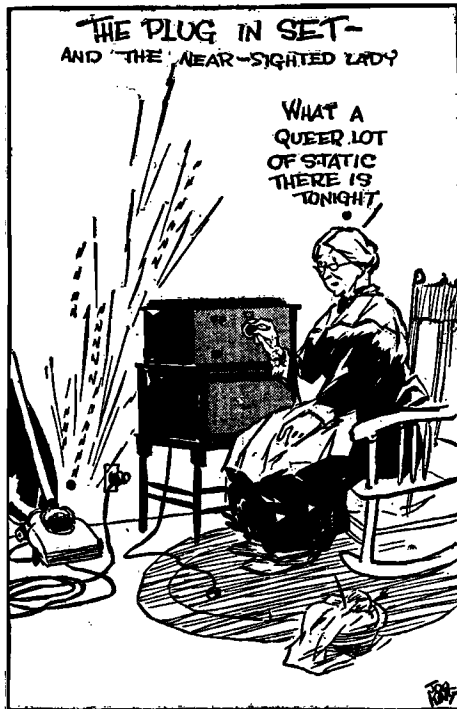
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WANTED: Does anyone know whether my favorite voice, Truman Bradley, ever played a part in a radio (or television) program other than as an announcer? For those of you who can't quite place the name, Truman Bradley was best known as the announcer for the Roma Wines commercial on "Suspence," and as the host for TV's "Science Fiction Theater."

Bruce Whitehall
200 Via Colorin
Palos Verdes Estates
CA 90274

Radiomania

By Joe Kin



JAMES LEHNHARD

For those of you who are "into" radios, there are a couple of items that might be of interest.

Last month we mentioned the "cathedral style" table model radio offered by Royal Promotions of Cininnati. There is now another "old style" AM?FM cassette radio on the market. This is a console type radio made by Thomas (the same company that makes that cathederal radio). This one stands 34 inches high, is 22 inches wide, and 10 inches deep. It has an all wood cabinet with all kinds of technical stuff about "tweeters and woofers" (it sounds like my canary being chased by a dog). It is in the general console style that was popular from 1932 to 1941. In going through my old catalogs, I can't find an old radio that looks exactly like it, but it is very much the style of the Westinghouse model WR- 368, from the year 1938. This radio can be purchased (catalog number H731257D) from SYNC, Unique Merchandise Mart, Building 42, Hanover, Pennsylvania 17333. Price, which includes shipping, is \$310.25.

The other radio is one you might want to consider if there is an overseas trip in your future, so that you can pick up newscasts from the Voice of America. Here at home, I have received Peiking, China and Radio Moscow on mine. This is an Emerson AM?FM stereo/shortwave receiver. There are eight shortwave bands, and it comes with stereo headphones and a book on how to find the shortwave stations you want, from all over the world. This is a small size radio (6 1/2 x 3 1/2 x 1 1/2 inches), and weighs less than a pound, which makes it ideal for travel. This carries a price of \$52.90, including shipping. It is catalog number 4839, and can be ordered from DAK Industries, 8200 Remmet Ave., Canoga Park, California 91304.

Fred Foy (announcer of the Lone Ranger and Sergeant Preston) has written a twenty-five page "fond recollection" entitled "FRED FOY FROM XYZ TO ABC." It can be ordered directly from the author of \$6.50 postpaid. Send

order Read

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If you are interested in science fiction, there is a set of cassettes, "THE SECRET OF DOMINION," that you might enjoy. St. Louis radio personality Anne Keef put this together with an original script and musical score, and using over sixty actors. The four stereo cassettes contain thirteen chapters which run about five hours. You can order the complete set for \$21.95, which includes shipping, from The Secret Of Dominion, P.O. BOX 220096 St Louis, Missouri 63122.

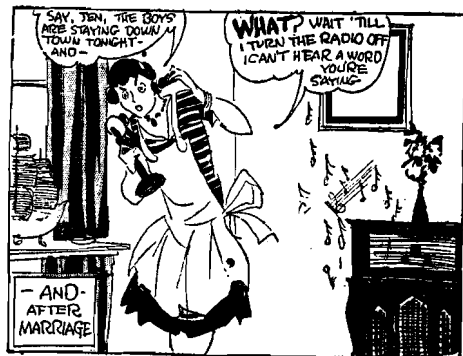
Radiomania

By Joe King



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ED WANAT'S CORNER

AS I REMEMBER THEM—VI

By EDDIE CANTOR

Buffalo, Mr. Shea Gave Cantor First Big Boost Up the Ladder

THERE'S something psychological about a dressing room. When you're in a hit show, you can hardly wait to get to it, you take more time with your make-up, and you can hardly wait for intermission to have friends come backstage to visit.



No matter how cold and bare or dingy it appeared that first day, once the show's a hit, your dressing room instantly becomes the most glamorous spot on earth.

But let a show flop or be just so-so and the most plush, lush dressing room is dreary and dreaded.

One dressing room I recall with a warm glow, even now after all these years. My very first job in show business was with the juggling team of Bedini and Arthur. They were considered a standard comedy act.

PART OF THE SHOW included the juggling of plates. As the stooge in this act, I had the job of going to the local five and ten and getting the best crockery plates they had. I would crack them just enough so they would smash to pieces when they were accidentally-on-purpose dropped by the comedian.

It was a full-stage act, which means that they occupied the entire stage when they were on. But if another full-stage act was to follow theirs, they had to do something "in one" (the limited area between the curtain and the orchestra).

Bedini and Arthur had worked up a comic bit of two or three minutes to be played in front of the curtain while the stagehands behind it were cleaning up the mess of broken dishes. On several occasions, the stagehands just barely made it in the few minutes allotted time and there was always the worry that sometime they just wouldn't finish in time.

I SUGGESTED to Bedini, who owned the act, that I do

a song which would take up enough time so there'd never be any danger of the stagehands not making it.

Bedini, with tongue-in-cheek, said, "By all means, Eddie, learn a song and each time we open in a new place, rehearse it, just in case."

Just in case took months, but I finally got to sing the song — one of Irving Berlin's first big hits, "Ragtime Violin."

It was in Shea's Theater in Buffalo, and I walked onstage with a regulation-size violin case opened it, and brought out a toy violin. Scraping a few sounds, I used a line then considered a better crack than any of those in the plates, "You wouldn't believe this, but two weeks ago I couldn't play this at all."

THE SONG was a riot. I took half a dozen encores and the applause was the most beautiful sound I'd ever heard. Roy Arthur, half of the team, and I dressed together in a room next door to Bedini's.

My feet didn't touch the ground as I flew back to the dressing room, and my ears were so full of the applause that I hardly heard the words bounding loud and clear over the partitioned wall from Bedini's room. Mike Shea and Bedini were arguing about something.

I didn't know or care what until I heard Mike bellow, "I've got news for you! Give that skinny guy in blackface five more minutes and we could do

without you, without Arthur, and without those five-and-ten cracked plates!"

I WASHED UP FAST and rushed quickly to Bedini's room. Shea had gone. "Mr. Bedini," I said, "I've got to have a raise now."

He looked at me scornfully. "What makes you think . . . ?" I stopped him short. "Listen, I just heard what Mike Shea said in here about that skinny guy in blackface. That's me, remember?"

In that dressing room I got a \$5 raise and with it the feeling that at last I was on my way. Excerpted from "As I Remember Them," Copyright 1984 by Eddie Cantor. Published by Duffel, Sloan & Pearce.

NEXT SATURDAY—Al Jolson.

Inside Stuff-Radio-TV

Remember "War of the Worlds," the Orson Welles (Mercury Theatre) CBS show which panicked Americans in 1938? Britons got a similar fright last week from a television drama titled "Alternative 3," dealing with deadly changes in the earth's atmosphere and a resultant Russian-American plan to colonize the moon with the best scientific brains they could save. The realistic documentary-style meller lit up switchboards at newspaper offices and at independent stations around the country carrying the show. Was it true, they wanted to know. A surprised spokesman said, "We thought people were more sophisticated."

Robert Merrill, 27-Year-Old Met Baritone, Hailed as a New Vocalizing Find in Radio



Robert Merrill



Ten years ago a Brooklyn schoolboy had a burning ambition: he wanted to sing like Bing Crosby. He practiced hard and since has wound up as a leading Metropolitan Opera baritone as well as one of radio's better young classical singers. Robert Merrill, star of the RCA Victor show, at 27, a vocalizing find of the year wins a PIC Double E for Ether Excellence.

Merrill has soared high in the air waves. On Sunday afternoons dial-twisters tune in on his rich baritone. RCA Victor has clinched the singer to a long-time radio contract and hides a corporate grin as other sponsors kneel and plead for guest appearances. Although Merrill still likes to hear "Der Bingle" lurch his larynx onto a popular cadenza, he prefers for himself operatic arias. After signing with the Met in 1945, Bob did a series of guest shots on the RCA Victor show where he clicked so loudly he was nabbed for 13 weeks with Kenny Delmar and Deems Taylor. In June the baritone took over the entire show with Frank Black's orchestra. He must be a success—he even turned down a movie offer.

For the Department of Vital Statistics, this new radio sensation is unmarried, has brown curly hair, brown eyes and a 1946 De Soto. He gets ruffled when reminded that once he was a remarkable boy soprano.

SEPTEMBER, 1946

12/26/77 Ben

BUFFALO EX

On the Air

Radio Buffs Take To Nostalgia Broadcast

By JEFF SIMON
Staff Radio-TV Writer

It is possible, I suppose, to be nostalgic about anything.

Right at this moment, someone somewhere in America is reminiscing to lamentable excess about South Pacific foxholes, cherry phosphates, Black Mask magazine, Blackhawk comics, Hoot Gibson westerns, Little Willie John records and the effect of Faye Emerson's necklines on early TV (if it's the same person reminiscing about them all simultaneously, he should be treated gently).

Nostalgia is a hardy breed. They flourish in adversity. The worse things are, the more they shut their eyes, clench their teeth and remember, or rather fantasize about a real past.

Radio nostalgists are just about the toughest bunch of all.

Movie nostalgia has suffered the inevitable upward cultural drift and become respectable (even if fantasists of the past are frequently and erroneously confused with those whose interest is chiefly historical or critical). Radio nostalgia is not completely respectable.

Radio nostalgists have a lot to be nostalgic about — the time before much of radio bounced downstairs into the cultural basement, a whole different rhythm from that of current radio, a time when it was THE electronic mass medium.

This is something of a prime season for local radio nostalgists.

ON CHRISTMAS Eve at 10:30, WKBW radio will run a 1939 Campbell Theater production of "A Christmas Carol" with Orson Welles and Lionel Barrymore, arguably one of the best private eye movies news locally is on WBFO-FM



HUMPHREY BOGART
A "Maltese Falcon" for the Ear

(88.7) which now has two weekly broadcasts devoted to old radio — "You Must Remember This" at 9:30 p.m. Mondays and Friday Playhouse at 6:30 p.m. (becomes Thursday Playhouse January).

For instance — Monday's "You Must Remember This" was a Christmas special from the old Amos series.

This week's Friday program is an "Academy Award" presentation of Hammett's "The Maltese Falcon" starring Humphrey Bogart played Sam John Huston's 1941 version of "The Maltese Falcon" (the other being How

By EDDIE CANTOR

Gave Cantor the Ladder

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MBER, 1946

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On the Air

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By JEFF SIMON

New York Times

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This is something of a prime season for local radio nostalgists.

ON CHRISTMAS Eve at 10:30, WKBW radio will run a 1938 Campbell Theater production of "A Christmas Carol" with Orson Welles and Lionel Barrymore as Scrooge. But the big old radio news locally is on WBFQ-FM



HUMPHREY BOGART A "Maltese Falcon" for the Ear

(89.7) which now has two weekly broadcasts devoted to old radio — You Must Remember This at 9:30 p.m. Mondays and Friday Playhouse at 6:30 p.m. (which becomes Thursday Playhouse in January).

For instance — Monday's "You Must Remember This" was a Christmas special from the old Amos 'n Andy series.

This week's Friday playhouse is an "Academy Award Theater" presentation of Dashiell Hammett's "The Maltese Falcon" starring Humphrey Bogart. Bogart played Sam Spade in John Huston's 1941 movie version of "The Maltese Falcon", arguably one of the two greatest private eye movies ever made (the other being Howard Hawks'

"The Big Sleep" from 1946 which also starred Bogart).

BOGART'S LOW, dry, hard voice should have made him as tough a radio actor as he was a screen actor.

Next Monday's "You Must Remember This" (9:30) will be a vintage radio Christmas Show by George Burns and Gracie Allen.

Next Friday's "Friday Playhouse" (Dec. 30, 6:30 p.m.) will be devoted to an episode of the original radio version of "Richard Diamond" starring Dick Powell (television's Richard Diamond) starring was David Janssen. As trivia amateurs have known for years, Mary Tyler Moore played a phone operator on the show named Sam, whose voice you heard and whose legs you saw but whose face remained a mystery).

WBFQ's old-radio programming seems to be the brainchild of Marc Chodorow, WBFQ's arts and information co-ordinator.

A good deal of it comes from off-label recordings which specialize in recordings of old radio shows.

WKBW radio's 1938 Christmas Carol came to the station from the Campbell Soup company. According to KB program director Sandy Beach, the company offered it to the station without commercials, with just the show identified as "The Campbell Theater."

12/26/77 BCW

BUFFALO EVENING NEWS

YOUR OLD TIME RADIO ESTATE

Old Time Radio as a hobby is as individual and distinct as each person who calls himself or herself a old time radio enthusiast. It has many facets that offer opportunities to supplement our lives in many ways, providing avenues for development of historical and geographical interests, the collection of historical artifacts, and the use of our imaginations.

Over the years, the hobby and its many fields of interest can creep up on us and before we know it, we're likely to have accumulated collections of old time radio books, photographs and memorabilia that can represent a significant investment in money and time. Many of the books that we own are out of print and will be treasured by future generations. Dramatic radio shows have all but disappeared from the North American scene. Old radio shows are so important to the historian and fan alike that many shows are now being duplicated for sale.

We hope that you do not think that we are acting in bad taste in bringing up unnecessarily an unpleasant subject, but the time is going to come when all of the rare and unique materials that you own will no longer be under your watchful eye and careful attention but will be the responsibility of your heirs to dispose. It is because of our interest in you, respect for what you have done for your hobby and to assist you in making certain that your OTR estate is disposed of in the manner best for you, your heirs, and for the future of OTR history, that we would like to make a few suggestions.

It takes no imagination to visualize the tragedy if what you have accumulated, your otr estate, is disposed of inappropriately by persons not realizing its monetary value, and more important its value to the otr historian and otr fan.

PLEASE REMEMBER THIS: We have not examined the Probate Laws of Descent and Distribution in any particular state or province. Most of these differ to some extent. This pamphlet is not a substitute for legal advice, but is just to make suggestions in one area of your estate because of the uniqueness of that area and

problems attendant to its disposal.

The first question to arise is simply this: "Have you made a Will?" Your Will is the only way that you can direct disposition of your property after your death. If you do not have a Will, you should consult your attorney in drafting one.

It's not necessary that your Will contain any specifics for the disposal of your otr estate unless you have in mind an organization to which or individual to whom you want to make a gift. many of us will have someone or an institution in mind- a good otr friend, or a club, or library. This is fine, but make sure before you leave such a gift or a collection to a club, library, or other organization, that that institution is prepared to handle your bequest, would be able to use the gift, and that the materials given would fit into the institution's program.

Having written a Will, particularly if you do not make a direct gift of your otr estate to a person or institution, it is our suggestion that you provide your heirs an important tool with which to work in the disposal of your otr estate. This tool is a document containing an inventory of your otr collection and an indication of the suggested disposition and value of the articles contained in the otr collection. **BE REALISTIC IN DOING THIS.** Some of the things that you have collected over the years may be priceless to you, but may have little value on the open market. On the other hand, some things, such as out of print otr books may look like so much trash to your executor or administrator, but have both a monetary value to your heirs and substantial value to other otr historians or fans.

Let's realize one thing- that most of what you have accumulated over the years had now become "collector's items."

On the inventory that you prepare, it is not necessary to list everything. Only you are the judge of what to list. Our suggestions are: (1) Be certain to list on the inventory each item which you feel has a value on the open market. (2) Specify on the inventory a description of the item and its "estimated liquidation value."

Perhaps something that we haven't mentioned so far has become obvious to you--this inventory will need revision periodically over the years as your collection changes through additions and deletion. Also, the value of the articles in your collection will change as time passes.

If you feel that your heirs or executors will need some assistance in the appraisal of your otr estate or in its disposal, make some suggestions on the inventory as to whom might be contacted for such assistance. First on the list will be your otr club if your club has among its members persons with sufficient expertise to be of help. Assistance can always be obtained through the Old Time Radio Club. The names and addresses of these persons are on the inside cover of the I.P. Many clubs have persons on their staffs who are well qualified to appraise a otr estate and make suggestions for its sale.

In closing, we point out that at this time you, and only you, are familiar with your otr estate, and you are the best judge as to its value. In all likelihood, your spouse, children, or other heirs have no conception as to its monetary value, or intrinsic value to the world of otr history. Leave them something to use as a guide in disposing of your otr estate and in determining its true value. We do not want your otr estate to be sold for fraction of its true worth or, worst of all, thrown in the trash where it would be lost to future generations of otr historians and fans.

Because of requests for bequest forms making gifts under Wills to the OTRC, you will find examples of forms for your consideration below.

No form can be a substitute for legal judgement. As a consequence, no form should be used unless, after careful review, it is the professional judgment of a responsible lawyer, that use of the form will accomplish the particular objectives and intentions of the testator making the Will.

The Old Time Radio Club and its officers cannot assume and do not assume any responsibility for the results of the use of the forms in individual cases.

One final thought-- we hope it's a loong, time before your heirs have any of the problems we've considered in writing this estate pamphlet.

RICHARD OLDAY

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RICHARD OLDAY

(NOTICE: Read carefully the comments and instructions regarding the use of these form examples)

TO LEAVE A GIFT OF CASH TO THE OLD TIME RADIO CLUB.

"I bequeath to the Old Time Radio Club, 100 Harvey Dr, Lancaster, N.Y. 14086, the summ of \$ _____. This bequest is unrestricted and the club may use and expend the same for the benefit of the club in any manner that it deems appropriate."

TO LEAVE A GIFT OF PERSONAL PROPERTY TO THE OLD TIME RADIO CLUB.

"I bequeath to the Old Time Radio Club, 100 Harvey DR, Lancaster, N.Y. 14086. (here describe the gift to be made, i.e. historical artifacts collection, library, etc.) in fee."

Discovery



Remembering . . .

Jack Paar's Show for WBEN

What Jeff Kaye, Danny Neaverth and Stan Roberts do now, Jack Paar used to do in Buffalo in 1942--yes, Jack Paar, public weeper, teller of censored water closet jokes and ringmaster of the Tonight Show before the reign of Johnny Carson.

A predecessor of Clint Buehman at WBEN radio, Paar came to Buffalo in 1942 at age 25. He was beginning to make a name for himself with satire and inspired nonsense when he was called into wartime service.

Paar had a special gift for making fun of officers. That's how he made the big time.

While in Buffalo he recounted the saga of Joyce Jingle, girl house detective. (She had a schoolgirl complexion until it graduated.) In the middle of that he might throw in a commercial for Mother Murphy's Meat Balls or some stuff from Dr. I.O.U. and poet Ted Baloney.

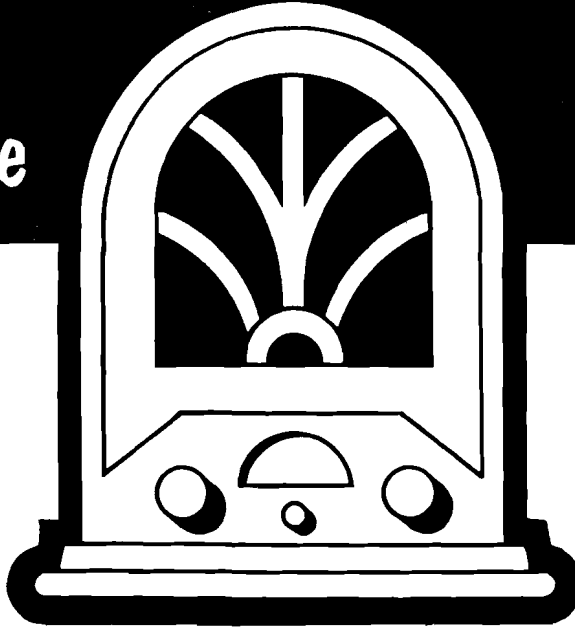
BLFFALO MAGAZINE/JANUARY 20, 1985

Doo · doo · be · doo

in

Buff-a-loe

Remember
the days
when simple,
catchy tunes
were
local advertisers'
favorite
medium?



It's hard to pinpoint when melody was first coupled with the pitchmen's message to create the singing commercial. The huckster's singsong goes a long way back.

But it is clear that in the 1940s and '50s the art form known as the advertising jingle had a kind of heyday of cheery, naive charm. The jingles of today, slick and smoothly professional, almost deserve another name — they're often true songs, hardly distinguishable (if you're not listening carefully to the words) from the easy-listening light pop they often interrupt.

But the jingles of the days of radio's golden era and the early days of television were jingles worthy of the name. They were simple ditties that assaulted the senses in a direct hard sell. They may have grated on the ears of listen-

ers at the time, but they have a particular nostalgic charm today.

There are scores of memorable national jingles from that era, but local businesses had them, too. And the old Buffalo jingles have a special nostalgic tug now because some of them recall businesses long lost to the city.

Take department stores. Is there a Buffalonian over 40 who cannot sing the melody that went with these words?

*Shop and save at Sattler's
Nine-nine-eight Broadway ...*

There was a far-off time when Sattler's, now gone forever after years of sad decline, was more than a simple department store. It was a gigantic bargain table to which customers battled their way for another big sale. Every week, newspapers

would carry pages of screaming advertising messages like this: **SATTLER'S BUYS COMPLETE INVENTORY OF HUGE MIAMI CLOTHING STORE!**

Tables and counters down at 998 Broadway would be piled high with shoes, gloves, underwear — anything, and customers were infected with hysteria buying. There was only one Sattler's, and everybody knew where that store was because radio reverberated with the singing commercial whose words arrived at this climax:

*Shop and save at Sattler's
Nine-nine-eight Broadway ...
In Buff-a-loe-oe,
Nine-nine-eight Broadway ...
Go there today!*

(On Thursdays, the last line became "Open tonight!")
Back then, people didn't talk about sexy voices, but if

they had, they would have noted that the feminine Sattler's singer had one. The "in Buff-a-loe" was extended as sensuously as a long look across a singles bar.

The Sattler's music campaign was largely the work of the store's flamboyant advertising manager, Bob Cornelius. The jingles were performed by a couple from central New York named Lanny and Ginger Gray.

Another local store, Victor's, soon got into the jingles act. After all, if it worked for Sattler's, why not?

*Shop at Victor's furniture department store,
With lots of bargains on every floor.*

*Thrifty Buffalo shoppers know,
Victor's is the place to go.
Everything for the home and everything to wear,
Are priced at terms beyond compare.*

*The place to shop, you'll soon agree
Is Victor's — Pearl and Genesee.*

Victor's purveyed its message with a straightforward, masculine approach. Tiny Schwartz, a towering baritone who used to sing at college dances during the 1940s, put spark into the lyrics. Victor's address never attained the fame of "998," but the singing did help.

Advertising for the Big E, the old Erie County Savings Bank (now Empire of America FSA) produced a memorable singing commercial in the 1950s. Frank Loesser's hit musical *Most Happy Fella*, playing at that time in New York City, contained a song called "The Big D" (for Dallas). It was a natural for conversion to "The Big E."

*Big E, little r, little i — e,
Big E,
Erie County Savings Bank.*

In its middle section, the jingle really came alive:

*So, bank at the Big E;
It's safer than a pig-gie,
And it pays you a great, big three percent.
So, bank at Big E, my, oh yes ... (reprise)*

Peter King, of Levy, King and White advertising, remembers making the Big E commercial. After writing the words, King approached Loesser, who made the music arrangements and directed the recording. The Big E bought performance rights

cavernous interior of the old New York Central Terminal on Paderewski Drive, they looked out over a landscape bathed in green, symmetrically unfurled from the waterfront to the west.

Along the waterfront, from Black Rock to the Union Ship Canal, they saw artifacts in a landscape that has largely lost its industrial hum.

To explain the richness of the geographer's vision of the city, Stein calls up a collection of slides compiled by the late Kathryn T. Whittemore, former chairman of the department of geography at Buffalo State College and former dean of arts and sciences there.

The photos are from the '40s, '50s, '60s and early '70s.

From the banks of the Union Ship Canal, looking inland, are views of a bustling industrial complex and of coke piles outside the Donner-Hanna furnaces — evidence of prosperous times.

To the north, there are vistas of grain elevators ingesting stores of cargo from lake freighters.

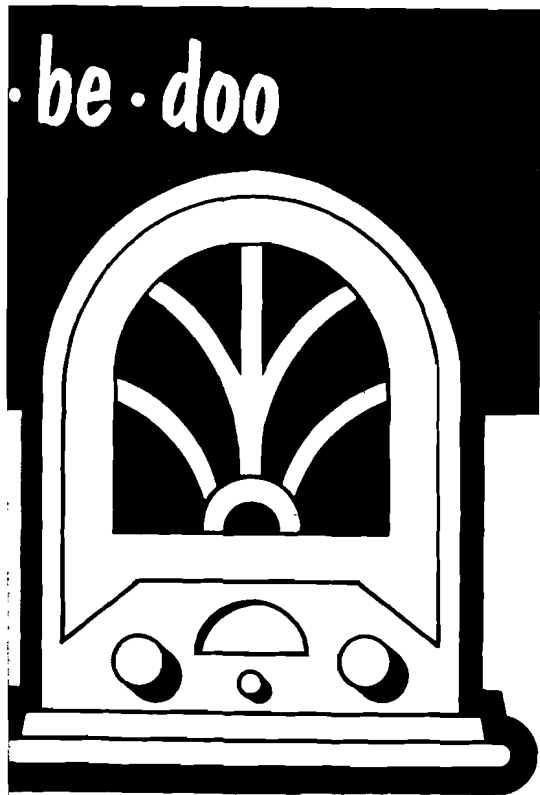
From the Coast Guard Station there is a peak at the Niagara Mohawk Building and City Hall. There's another slide of the skyline in which the smoke puffs from the City Hall dome. The *Canadiana*, in the bloom of its heyday, is in the foreground.

There are other geographic views of the waterfront defined by generations past: the coal-loading docks where today the spanking Erie Basin Marina now stands; a small Swan Street boat slip; a covey of bright-red tugboats at bay near Michigan Street; a panorama of the West Side, seen from the top of City Hall, with gaping, empty swatches of land marked to the north by the Colonel Ward Pumping Station, to the south by old School 1 at 7th Street and Busti Avenue.

"This is all landscape, but as geography it is defined by the people who lived here, worked here, built here and tore down here," Stein says.

That's a vision, he adds, that doesn't allow for blinders. ■

MODESTO ARGENIO is a News staff writer.



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ers at the time, but they have a particular nostalgic charm today.

There are scores of memorable national jingles from that era, but local businesses had them, too. And the old Buffalo jingles have a special nostalgic tug now because some of them recall businesses long lost to the city.

Take department stores. Is there a Buffalonian over 40 who cannot sing the melody that went with these words?

*Shop and save at Sattler's
Nine-nine-eight Broadway ...*

There was a far-off time when Sattler's, now gone forever after years of sad decline, was more than a simple department store. It was a gigantic bargain table to which customers battled their way for another big sale. Every week, newspapers

would carry pages of screaming advertising messages like this: **SATTLE'S BUYS COMPLETE INVENTORY OF HUGE MIAMI CLOTHING STORE!**

Tables and counters down at 998 Broadway would be piled high with shoes, gloves, underwear — anything, and customers were infected with hysteria buying. There was only one Sattler's, and everybody knew where that store was because radio reverberated with the singing commercial whose words arrived at this climax:

*Shop and save at Sattler's
Nine-nine-eight Broadway ...
In Buff-a-loe-oe,
Nine-nine-eight Broadway ...
Go there today!*

(On Thursdays, the last line became "Open tonight!")
Back then, people didn't talk about sexy voices, but if

they had, they would have noted that the feminine Sattler's singer had one. The "in Buff-a-loe" was extended as sensuously as a long look across a singles bar.

The Sattler's music campaign was largely the work of the store's flamboyant advertising manager, Bob Cornelius. The jingles were performed by a couple from central New York named Lanny and Ginger Gray.

Another local store, Victor's, soon got into the jingles act. After all, if it worked for Sattler's, why not?

*Shop at Victor's furniture
department store,
With lots of bargains on
every floor.
Thrifty Buffalo shoppers
know,*

*Victor's is the place to go.
Everything for the home and
everything to wear,
Are priced at terms beyond
compare.*

*The place to shop, you'll soon
agree
Is Victor's — Pearl and
Genesee.*

Victor's purveyed its message with a straightforward, masculine approach. Tiny Schwartz, a towering baritone who used to sing at college dances during the 1940s, put spark into the lyrics. Victor's address never attained the fame of "998," but the singing did help.

Advertising for the Big E, the old Erie County Savings Bank (now Empire of America FSA) produced a memorable singing commercial in the 1950s. Frank Loesser's hit musical *Most Happy Fella*, playing at that time in New York City, contained a song called "The Big D" (for Dallas). It was a natural for conversion to "The Big E."

*Big E, little r, little i — e,
Big E,
Erie County Savings Bank.*

In its middle section, the jingle really came alive:

*So, bank at the Big E;
It's safer than a pig-gie,
And it pays you a great, big
three percent.
So, bank at Big E, my, oh yes
... (reprise)*

Peter King, of Levy, King and White advertising, remembers making the Big E commercial. After writing the words, King approached Loesser, who made the music arrangements and directed the recording. The Big E bought performance rights

cavernous interior of the old New York Central Terminal on Paderewski Drive, they looked out over a landscape bathed in green,

symmetrically unfurled from the waterfront to the west.

Along the waterfront, from Black Rock to the Union Ship Canal, they saw artifacts in a landscape that has largely lost its industrial hum.

To explain the richness of the geographer's vision of the city, Stein calls up a collection of slides compiled by the late Kathryn T. Whittemore, former chairman of the department of geography at Buffalo State College and former dean of arts and sciences there.

The photos are from the '40s, '50s, '60s and early '70s.

From the banks of the Union Ship Canal, looking inland, are views of a bustling industrial complex and of coke piles outside the Donner-Hanna furnaces — evidence of prosperous times.

To the north, there are vistas of grain elevators ingesting stores of cargo from lake freighters.

From the Coast Guard Station there is a peak at the Niagara Mohawk Building and City Hall. There's another slide of the skyline in which the smoke puffs from the City Hall dome. The *Canadiana*, in the bloom of its heyday, is in the foreground.

There are other geographic views of the waterfront defined by generations past: the coal-loading docks where today the spanking Erie Basin Marina now stands; a small Swan Street boat slip; a covey of bright-red tugboats at bay near Michigan Street; a panorama of the West Side, seen from the top of City Hall, with gaping, empty swatches of land marked to the north by the Colonel Ward Pumping Station, to the south by old School 1 at 7th Street and Busti Avenue.

"This is all landscape, but as geography it is defined by the people who lived here, worked here, built here and tore down here," Stein says.

That's a vision, he adds, that doesn't allow for blinders. ■

MODESTO ARGENIO is a News staff writer.

HISTORY OF RADIO BY CHICAGO PROF COVERS 1920-60 ERA

J. Fred McDonald is a prolific writer on popular culture and professor of history at Northeastern Illinois U. in Chicago, a combination that makes for the best and worst in "Don't Touch That Dial" (Nelson-Hall; \$15.95 cloth; \$8.95 paper). At its frequent best, "Dial" is an invaluable one-volume history of radio programming in American life from 1920 to 1960. It is concise, and McDonald has an uncanny eye for the telling detail, fact or figure that illuminates a broader theme.

However, McDonald tries to make it more than just history, and his sociological speculation is usually conventional and not very exciting. When he relates the boisterous history of radio, McDonald is in topnotch form. When he starts using other disciplines for

(Continued on page 70)

11/2/89

Book Review

(Continued from page 63)

analysis, he is clear but obvious to anyone with a passing knowledge of the subject.

It is something of a shock to find that radio was in a deep slump in 1946 before television arrived on the scene, and McDonald points out why: The same stars that were on in the '30s were still on in the late '40s and early '50s. As late as the April '53 Hooper Rating, the top shows were "Amos n' Andy," "Jack Benny," and "Bergen-McCarthy." Although radio is alive and very well today as a jukebox and news source, its reign as the popular culture center of America was brief — from the emergence of Eddie Cantor as the first truly national radio figure in the fall of 1931 to the emergence of Milton Berle as the first national tv figure a scant two decades later.

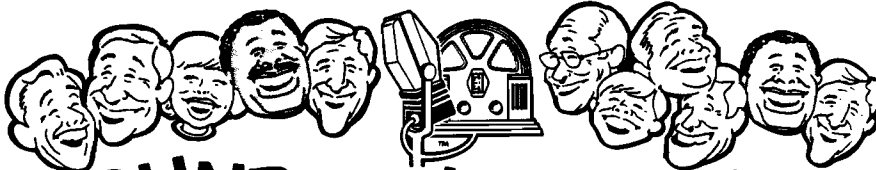
McDonald takes each of the major radio format themes — comedy, detective, westerns and soap operas — and applies to them his historical eye. The last chapter is about blacks in radio, and while it is excellent in its survey, it seems irrelevant to the more general history of the rest of the book. Race and radio could well be the subject of an interesting book, but here it is more or less an appendage. —Mor.

Old-Time Radio Fans!

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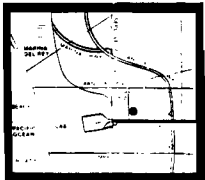
STARS

GUESTS

RECREATIONS

PANELS

COLLECTOR TABLES: \$25.00



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The theme of SPERDVAC's annual convention is "Enjoy the world of radio comedy with SPERDVAC on Friday, Saturday, November 21 at the Viscount Hotel, 9750 Airport Blvd. (near Los Angeles International Airport). Included are recreations, panel workshops, a display/hobby room and a meeting with many of those involved in radio comedy."

Registration begins at 3pm Friday. Our Dealers' Room will be open from 2:00 pm to 7:00 pm. It will feature displays and items for sale. (Unauthorized sale of radio broadcast recordings will be prohibited.) There will be a hobby-related workshop from 4:00 to 6:00 pm and dinner with entertainment begins at 7:00 pm.

Saturday's activities begin at 9:00 am. The Viscount Hotel will provide a buffet breakfast for \$6.45 from 7:00 to 10:00 am. A full day of workshops, a radio show recreation and a banquet will be held. The Dealers' Room will be open from 9:00 am to 6:00 pm. The four, one hour workshops begin at 9:00 am, 10:30 am, 12:00 pm and 2:00 pm. There will be a lunch and accompanying radio presentation at 2:00 pm. (The bar opens at 11:30 am.) Saturday evening entertainment begins at 7:00 pm and dinner will be served at 8:00 pm. The theme of "The Sounds of Laughter."

Join us for the entire two days of radio comedy for \$65.00. For the benefit of those who are unable to attend, we have partial convention packages available also. Reservations are available for out of town guests. When contacting us, please inform them you are attending the SPERDVAC convention. We will reserve a block of rooms for us. To reserve your spot at our convention, please contact us at the address below.

1987 CONVENTION RESERVATION FORM

Name _____

Address _____

Phone () _____ Member _____

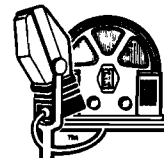
Events requested: Complete convention package.....

Friday only (includes dinner).....

Saturday - day only (includes luncheon).....

Saturday - daytime without luncheon.....

Saturday Evening banquet only.....



NOTE: If you do not register for the complete convention package, you may register for more than one individual.

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OF LAUGHTER

Convention

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November 20-21

MISSION \$65⁰⁰
(Activities)

RECEPTION BUFFET
Only: \$20⁰⁰

WORKSHOPS \$20⁰⁰
MEAL & SHOW
WORKSHOPS Only: \$15⁰⁰

BANQUET & PROGRAM
Only: \$30⁰⁰

STARS

GUESTS

RECREATIONS

PANELS

COLLECTOR
TABLES: \$25⁰⁰

SPERDVAC, BOX 4369, COVINA, CA. 91723

CALL (213) 947-9800

SPERDVAC Convention

The theme of SPERDVAC's annual convention is "The Sounds of Laughter." Enjoy the world of radio comedy with SPERDVAC on Friday, November 20 and Saturday, November 21 at the Viscount Hotel, 9750 Airport Blvd., Los Angeles (near Los Angeles International Airport). Included in our convention will be recreations, panel workshops, a display/hobby room and an opportunity to meet many of those involved in radio comedy.

Registration begins at 3pm Friday. Our Dealers' Room will be open from 2:00 pm to 7:00 pm. It will feature displays and radio-related items for sale. (Unauthorized sale of radio broadcast recordings is prohibited.) There will be a hobby-related workshop from 4:00 to 5:00 pm. The bar opens at 6:30 pm and dinner with entertainment begins at 7:30 pm.

Saturday's activities begin at 9:00 am. The Viscount offers an all you can eat buffet breakfast for \$6.45 from 7:00 to 10:00 am. We'll feature a full day of workshops, a radio show recreation and displays plus a star-studded evening banquet. The Dealers' Room will be open from 8:00 am to 6:00 pm. The four, one hour workshops begin at 9:00 am, 10:30 am, 2:30 pm and 4:00 pm. There will be a lunch and accompanying radio presentation from 12 noon to 2:00 pm. (The bar opens at 11:30 am.) Saturday evening the dinner bar opens at 7:00 pm and dinner will be served at 8:00 pm. The dinner will include more of "The Sounds of Laughter."

Join us for the entire two days of radio comedy! The full price is just \$65.00. For the benefit of those who are unable to attend the full convention, we have partial convention packages available also. The Viscount has accommodations available for out of town guests. When contacting them, be sure to inform them you are attending the SPERDVAC convention. They have reserved a block of rooms for us. To reserve your spot at our convention, use the form below.

1987 CONVENTION RESERVATION FORM

Name _____

Address _____

Phone () _____ Member _____ Non-member _____

Events requested: Complete convention package.....\$65.00 _____

Friday only (includes dinner).....\$20.00 _____

Saturday - day only (includes lunch).....\$20.00 _____

Saturday - daytime without lunch.....\$15.00 _____

Saturday Evening banquet only.....\$30.00 _____

Total: \$ _____

NOTE: If you do not register for the complete convention package, you may register for more than one individual event.

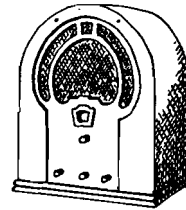
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