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LIBERTY
PRESENTS
Comers
BY ED SULLIVAN



MOUNTAINEER - When Sam Snead, rawboned twenty-four-year-old pro golfer from West Virginia, exploded a 65 in the Metropolitan Open, the golf writers agreed that Sam was the first pro sensation in many seasons. Just as all of us were wondering who were to carry on where Sarazen and Hagen were leaving off, Snead of White Sulphur Springs came rolling down the mountains in answer!



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CLUB ADDRESS:

Old Time Radio Club
P.O. Box 426
Lancaster, N.Y. 14086

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CLUB OFFICERS:

President-- Jerry Collins
56 Christen Ct.
Lancaster, N.Y. 14086
(716) 683-6199

Vice-President & Canadian Branch
Richard Simpson
960- 16 Rd. R.R. 3
Fenwick, Ontario
LOS 1C0

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

Illustrated Press, Columns, Letters
Linda DeCecco
32 Shenandoah Rd.
Buffalo, N.Y. 14220
(716) 822-4661

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Ed Wanat
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CBS
REFLECTIONS IN
A BLOODSHOT EYE
by: Robert Metz

Arthur Godfrey

"He's the dumbest genius I ever met." That's the mixed tribute Arthur Godfrey received from the one writer he never fired, a man who experienced the frustration and pleasure of working for this strange man who became an American institution.

In 1930 Godfrey was an obscure disc jockey who specialized in informal patter in a stiffly formal broadcast world. At WJSV in Washington, D.C., a station then owned by CBS, Godfrey came to the attention of Arthur Hull Hayes, manager of CBS's New York City station. Hayes brought Godfrey to the Big Apple.

Years passed and Godfrey thrived. But he was restless for a network spot and began beseeching Hayes to get him a spot--ANY spot. "Give me your WORST time period," he would say.

Hayes carried the appeal to Frank Stanton, and Stanton appealed to Paul Kesten. Finally, during the World War II years, Godfrey got his wish. THE AMERICAN SCHOOL OF THE AIR, a prestigious but low-rated educational program got the axe and Godfrey moved into its morning time period five days a week.

He was phenomenally popular. His nasal baritone soon became almost as familiar as coffee at the breakfast table. His approach was folksy and appealing--like that of a benign door-to-door salesman selling a brush to a young married woman. He introduced his cast of singers and musicians with references to their personal lives that made them more appealing too. He read

letters from admiring fans and commented humorously on the news. By 1949 Godfrey was running a formidable duchy within CBS. In addition to his popular morning radio show, he had two hit evening presentations on TV--ARTHUR GODFREY AND HIS FRIENDS, an hour-long Wednesday production; and his half-hour Monday night ARTHUR GODFREY'S TALENT SCOUTS.

In the early 1950s his three half-hours of evening TV consistently ranked in the top five half-hours of television prime time and it was claimed that he reached as many as 82 million people every week. In the later years, a substantial part of his weekly TV broadcast output was simulcast on CBS radio, thus adding to his legions of listeners.

So important was Godfrey to the CBS profit pump in those days that James Seward, an avuncular CBS vice-president, became more or less officially vice-president in charge of Arthur Godfrey. Seward, a cordial man with a voice and manner startlingly reminiscent of actor Jimmy Stewart, had other duties as well, of course. But his prime responsibility was to keep mercurial Arthur happy.

By 1954 Arthur Godfrey's combined broadcasts accounted for 12 percent of the network's total revenues. It was strange that a man so without talent--except as a ukulele plucker--should become a superstar. Musically, he was second-rate at best. While he worked with incredible application to master the rudiments of musical instruments, a charitable evaluation ranked him as a gifted amateur. He played passably and sang about as well.

In acting roles, which he occasionally attempted late in his career, he exhibited a school-play amateurism that

pained professional and armchair critics alike. He attempted only comedy parts, mugging his way to embarrassment, but he might have been funnier in serious roles.

Apart from his superb instinct for patter, so limited were his performing skills that he refused to appear with the heavy talent that was so readily available to him. He once admitted to an associate who suggested that he have big stars on the show, "You know I stand in great awe of talent. I just can't work with big stars." Nor with strong support either, it would appear. At least that's how Archie Bleyer, Godfrey's musical director, saw it.

"One time we did a show," Bleyer says, "and I had worked very hard on all the numbers. I thought that everything we did was quite good, the way the songs were set up and so forth. He was dreadful that night--I thought because everything around him was a high caliber. I also remember one time he came in at the last minute and tossed out our carefully rehearsed numbers and just had the kids walk on and do songs. He was great that night. It seems to me that he was at his best when things around him were not too good." Bleyer was later fired for disloyalty after he recorded a song with Godfrey's bush-league competitor, Don McNeill. Godfrey said Bleyer's perfidy left him feeling like a husband who came home to find a cigar in the ashtray.

It's a near miracle that Godfrey was even alive in the 1950's, much less a huge success. On a road near Washington, D.C., in 1931, a truck suddenly veered and collided head-on with Godfrey's car. The two men in the truck were thrown clear, landed in the brambles and collected a few scratches. The

impact was so powerful that the truck engine wound up in the passenger seat of Godfrey's car. Godfrey was crushed to the edge of death. His pelvis was broken in 27 places. His right hip was smashed beyond repair, his left hip joint was permanently injured, both kneecaps were smashed and he had a collapsed lung--to mention just the most serious of his many injuries. He awoke to the whisper of a student nurse praying in his ear, pleading with him to fight for his life. When he was fully conscious the doctors said his walking days were over.

Godfrey had been on his way to fly a glider and he had no intention of giving up walking, or flying for that matter. Patched together by surgeons, he managed to do both, but he was even more ambitious than that. During World War II he wanted to fly for the United States Navy. Turned down repeatedly, he was finally helped by Eleanor Roosevelt. She had listened to Godfrey many mornings in the mid-1930s when he was still an obscure Washington radio emcee. When she learned that he wanted to join the navy but had been turned by the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery, Mrs. Roosevelt told her husband of Godfrey's frustration. The president called in a navy officer who was in a position to reverse the bureau and asked why the navy was saying no to Godfrey. The man told FDR that the navy couldn't give Godfrey a commission because of his injuries.

According to Godfrey, FDR said, "Can he walk?" "Well, yes, he can WALK," the navy aide replied. "Give it to him, then," FDR said impatiently. "I can't walk and I'm the commander-in-chief!"

Even before his accident Godfrey had suffered hardships. His father might have given him everything. The elder Godfrey, born in Liverpool of an Irish mother and an English father, inherited a fortune upon reaching manhood and could have lived comfortably on the interest. Instead he chartered a yacht and embarked on a world cruise with friends. He sailed and sailed--until finally, six year later, the money ran out. Arthur's father spent the rest of his life as a near-penniless, somewhat bitter writer-lecturer. He was 48 when he married Arthur's auburn-haired mother, then a talented girl of 20.

Mrs. Godfrey sang, played the piano, and even composed, notably a number called "The Marine Boys' March," which became a favorite of Andre' Kostelanetz. She was also a fine cook, according to her five children. Arthur, the eldest, was born in 1903 and grew up in Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey.

He worked hard to help the family financially and learned how tough the world could be. At 13 he was a bank clerk, poorly paid and often hungry. Occasionally he would take five cents' worth of stamps out of the bank's drawer and buy a candy bar for lunch. He always replaced the stamps on payday, but despite his scrupulous restitutions he was reported. Though he owed nothing at the time, he was called before the full board of directors and turned out of his job.

After Arthur's father died, the family had to split up from time to time. Arthur went to live with and work for a baker while in high school. When the baker died in an influenza epidemic, Arthur kept the shop going, often skipping school. Chastised for missing class and told by the

principal that he couldn't head the sophomore debate team, Arthur said to hell with it and headed for New York City.

He arrived during hard times and in 1919 slept between the rolls of newsprint at the old New York TRIBUNE. A 30 year-old woman, an ancient to the teen-aged Godfrey, slid in beside him and befriended him, often buying him coffee and food. Her frequent departures during the night perplexed him, however, and he later learned he had shared his cozy nook with a streetwalker.

It is perhaps easy to understand then why years later Godfrey befriended a kid from Brooklyn named Julius LaRosa who had an unpolished singing talent. It was in the early 1950s that Godfrey was the world's foremost talent scout as a result of his Monday night show. He was still an avid flyer and had persuaded the navy to send him to Pensacola, Florida, so he could qualify for carrier landings. LaRosa was serving out a three-year enlistment as a navy electronics crewman and was known in a couple of local bars as "the kid from the U.S.S. Wright who sings."

HEAR
BARBARA BEL GEDDES
TONITE




IN HER ORIGINAL ROLE with
HENRY FONDA
VINCENT PRICE
ANN DVORAK

IN A THRILLING RADIO PREVIEW OF

The Long Night

A HAKMUTZAN PRODUCTION

7:00 P.M.
WIBX



When LaRosa's' buddy from the galley slipped a note to Godfrey at the base officers' quarters asking Godfrey to audition his friend Julie for TALENT SCOUTS, Godfrey agreed. The "agent" was self-appointed and the first Julius knew about his buddy's note was when Godfrey wired him. LaRosa remembers the telegram practically word for word: "Be at the SeaAir Enlisted Man's Club this evening and Godfrey will audition you as your shipmate requested."

Says LaRosa, "I thought, My God, I'm going to sing for Arthur Godfrey! But I didn't realize anything might come of it. The thought that I might some day be a successful singer had only been a fantasy..Scared? I don't think I was smart enough to be scared. I just called up a girl I was dating and we went over together. That night there was a big mob at the club because everybody knew they would see Godfrey in person and that one of their buddies would sing for him."

LaRosa had worked with the club's trio before--"They knew my keys"--and Godfrey, never one to miss a human interest story, had arranged to put the audition on film. Godfrey took the mike and cracked a few jokes, then LaRosa did two songs--"Don't Take Your Love From Me" and "The Song is You."

Godfrey told LaRosa that he liked the numbers and said the film would be used on his TV show. Ingenuously LaRosa said, "I don't know if my mother is a fan of yours or not. If I give you her phone number, will you give her a call and make sure she watches?" Apparently, Godfrey was charmed by LaRosa' innocence and humility.

It was some months before anything happened--the film hadn't worked out. But Godfrey

didn't forget, sensing that his audience would respond to LaRosa's unspoiled charm.

Then LaRosa was suddenly summoned to New York--"It was almost an order." Godfrey had arranged a special leave with the navy so Julie could sing on the Wednesday night show, ARTHUR GODFREY AND HIS FRIENDS.

Carefully rehearsed and primed for his debut, Julie waited in the wings for Arthur to call him forth so the two of them could do "Sam's Song" in duet. LaRosa wasn't aware of it, but Arthur had a policy of letting a good thing run--"bits of business," joshing with the performers and other unexpected diversions that were working. While LaRosa stood fidgeting in the wings, one good thing let to another and time ran out.

LaRosa was furious and recalls: "My MOTHER was looking, goddamn it, and I had called all my friends."

He stomped off the confront Godfrey's producer, the late Larry Puck, and gave him his reaction in a few choice remarks. Had Julie met the boss and not the buffer, his career might have ended right there. But Puck spoke soothingly to the young man, urging LaRosa to wait until Puck talked to Godfrey.

In time LaRosa learned that those waits in the wings were sometimes intentional, a device employed by the boss to deflate performers with swelled heads. Sometimes Godfrey would let a performer wait so long his number had to be done in a breathless race with the clock. And when Godfrey was really miffed he let the clock run out, so that besides the agony of a fruitless wait, the performer drew no pay.

But nothing Machiavellian was intended in LaRosa's case. In a couple of days he got a call from

Godfrey's office. An extension of his brief leave had been arranged and he would appear on the show the following Wednesday.

LaRosa was treated "marvelously" this time. His singing was well received by the audience, and while the show was still on the air Godfrey invited LaRosa to drop in next time he was home. Julie did just that, and, sure enough, Godfrey put him on his Christmas show. To LaRosa's great surprise, Godfrey told his obviously pleased studio audience that when "Julie gets out of the navy he'll come and see us." It was a firm job offer and LaRosa was back as soon as he was discharged.

Godfrey exploited Julie's good looks and the puppy-dog gratitude that LaRosa had projected from the beginning. For the audience, LaRosa seemed to represent that lucky break everyone hopes to get and the kind of unspoiled innocent everyone likes to see get it.

But in time LaRosa achieved stardom and grew more and more popular with the CBS listeners. With a childish paranoia, Godfrey began to feel that LaRosa was overshadowing him. When the letters flowing into the CBS offices for LaRosa exceeded Godfrey's fan mail, the trouble began.

Threats--real or imagined--brought out the worst in Godfrey, and at such times he was fully capable of destroying performers he had catapulted to fame. LaRosa remembers that at a cast meeting--called "prayer meetings" out of Godfrey's carshot--Godfrey once said, "Remember that many of you are here over the bodies of people I have personally slain. I have done it before and I can do it again."

When sure of himself, however, he was charitable and sympa-

thetic. Once when a singing member of the cast was ill, Godfrey jokingly asked if a member of the studio audience would like to fill in. Sure enough, a hand went up. Taken aback, Godfrey said something like, "Well, there's a lady out there. Too bad she doesn't have her music with her." The lady's other hand went up, her sheet music clasped between her fingers.

There was no way out--Godfrey invited her up. Godfrey's organist, Lee Irwin, played the number, a Christmas carol, and the woman began to sing atrociously. Musical director Archie Bleyer remembers sitting there thinking black thoughts, wondering how the boss was going to get out of this one. When the woman had finished there was a pause, then Godfrey said, "That's America for you. Someone comes into your home and wants to sing and she sings." Then, turning to the lady directly he said, "You sang that with great sincerity and I thank you." Says Bleyer: "I felt like two cents."

Exhaustion from overwork and constant pain from his injuries may explain Godfrey's lapses into ugly behavior. But his celebrated arrogance no doubt also reflects the corrupting effects of too much power. His warmest fans were appalled when he buzzed the tower at Teterboro Airport in New Jersey. Godfrey excused the caper as common sense: "I flew over the top of it--sure I did--I had to. It was right smack ahead of me at the time. I could have turned away from it in either direction, but then I would have lost sight of it, and any experienced pilot will tell you you'll live longer if you keep obstructions in sight until you clear them."

But that explanation, given in the old SATURDAY EVENING POST,

didn't explain why Godfrey was aiming at the tower in the first place. Nor has he explained his past arrogance in telling flight controllers to "Get those planes out of the way, I'm coming in on important business!"

In some way, Godfrey displayed a more basic down-home honesty than many people in his business. He honored his responsibility to his audience; either he believed in a product, or he would not accept the sponsor. He knew that he could send listeners rushing to the store by casually mentioning anything from soup to soap.

In his prime, Godfrey was the best salesman any sponsor could hope for. Thus when Godfrey-writer Andrew Rooney took some of the better human interest stories mailed to Godfrey to Simon and Schuster and suggested a book, called STORIES I LIKE TO TELL by Arthur Godfrey could be --providing Godfrey mentioned it occasionally on the air--the publisher paid what was for that period a thumping \$25,000 advance for the book. Godfrey got half the money and Rooney and another writer got the rest. The two writers then got out the pastepot and glued the stories to typewriter paper, adding a line or two of continuity along the way. Presto! Instant book. Changeo! Instant disaster.

The book came out, and all week the publishers waited in vain for Godfrey to mention it on the air--to send the folks running into the bookstores. Unfortunately, nobody had told Godfrey that he was expected to beat the publicity drum. Toward the end of the week, the frantic publisher beseeched Rooney to ask Godfrey "How come?" Godfrey's red-hot reactions to advertiser interference were legendary, and the diplomatic Rooney approached his

boss with considerable reluctance. Godfrey was surprisingly pleasant with Rooney, but he was also adamant. He couldn't mention the book, he said, because he hadn't really told those stores--even seen them. It would be dishonest to suggest to his listeners that he had.

The publisher had believed they were buying a million dollars' worth of free publicity for \$25,000 and had given that message to the bookstores. Apologies went out, and the books came back. Most of the 15,000 hardcover copies were sold to Lipton Tea, Arthur's sponsor, for giveaways.

One product that Godfrey did plug on the air--the spoken-history album "Hear it Now"--didn't earn Godfrey a dime. In a New York bar in late 1940s, agent Jap Gude was chatting with an obscure producer named Fred W. Friendly. Friendly had been experimenting with tape recorders and had become very excited over their potential. You could do anything with these machine, he told Gude--record live or from a disc, or a radio broadcast, then cut and splice with razor blade and Scotch Tape, swiftly and inexpensively creating a record of events that had taken place at widely disparate times and locations.

Friendly hoped to interest a publisher in turning out a record album featuring important speeches by Churchill, Roosevelt, even Stalin. Gude thought that sounded like ONLY YESTERDAY, a famous picture book with text by Frederick Lewis Allen. He got a copy for Friendly, who read it and became more excited than ever. The two men approached Frederick Lewis Allen who was too busy to do the narration but urged them to go ahead with the idea without him.

Friendly, disappointed that Allen couldn't do it, was wary about seeking a Hollywood personality instead. It would need not a Hollywood name but a newscaster. He hesitated, thought a bit, and said, "we need somebody like Ed Murrow.

Gude remembers saying, "Why not Ed Murrow?...I'm his agent." Murrow's voice was familiar to every American from his rooftop broadcasts during the London blitz. Fred Friendly was a nobody, but when the two got together they took to each other immediately. Murrow liked the album idea and said he would be happy to narrate it if others would do the work of putting the material together.

CBS's Goddard Lieberman, head of the Masterworks division, struck the major recording studios, idling most projects. No such record had been done before and Lieberman was eager to see if this kind of thing could succeed.

In assembling the material, the producers included an extended sequence of the Franklin Delano Roosevelt funeral services. They were surprised to recognize a familiar voice narrating a part of the Roosevelt funeral procession--Arthur Godfrey's. Godfrey, on the CBS payroll in 1945, had been asked to help cover the funeral because he had begun his career in Washington. Whoever arranged it probably didn't know how beholden Godfrey felt to the late president, the man who had made it possible for the disabled entertainer to fly for the navy. When Godfrey began to describe the solemn procession--the riderless horse, the caisson bearing FDR's casket--he went to pieces. He stayed with it, though, speaking through tears. It was a remarkable moment in a remarkable record.

Then came the question: Could they use this recording without paying Godfrey, or did it belong to Godfrey? The legal department at CBS--which now employs more than 50 lawyers--had detailed only one man to the records division. The lawyer was reasonably sure the material did not belong to Godfrey but the law on the point was not clear-cut.

Jap Gude had worked for CBS from 1930 through the early 40's, and he had known Arthur Godfrey for years. Gude felt he ought to take the rough-cut disc to Godfrey and play it for him, more as a matter of courtesy than in an effort to seek clearance.

The entertainer was at the peak of his career, a busy man hard to get an appointment with. Gude told Godfrey he wanted only two minutes of his time, he wanted him to listen to something. But he refused to tell the curious entertainer any more except to say, "It's not a sales pitch."

The next day Gude met Godfrey at the studio.

WE WENT TO THE RECORDING BOOTH, AND JUST TO GIVE ARTHUR SOME IDEA WHAT THE PROJECT WAS ABOUT, I PLAYED HIM ABOUT THIRTY SECONDS OF MURROW'S NARRATION. THEN I JUMPED THE NEEDLE TO THE GODFREY SECTION, MARKED WITH A CRAYON PENCIL. MY WHOLE ATTENTION WAS ON THE TURNTABLE AND THE DISC. I WANTED TO BE SURE TO GET THE NEEDLE IN THE GROOVE AT THE RIGHT SPOT AND TO TAKE IT OFF WHEN THE SEGMENT WAS OVER.

GODFREY'S VOICE CAME ON, SPEAKING FROM HIS PERCH SOMEWHERE OVERLOOKING PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE. WE HAD CUT IT DOWN TO PROBABLY A MINUTE AT THE OUTSIDE. WHEN IT WAS FINISHED, I LIFTED THE NEEDLE AND TURNED TO FIND ARTHUR WITH THE TEARS STREAMING DOWN HIS FACE. "JUST A MINUTE," HE SAID, WIPING HIS EYES, AND HE WENT TO THE DOOR OF THIS LITTLE RECORDING

BOOTH AND YELLED FOR HIS SECRETARY DOWN THE HALL. "HUG! TELL THOSE GUYS I CAN'T SEE THEM FOR LUNCH," HE SAID AND CAME BACK IN AND SHUT THE DOOR, SAYING, "I WANT TO HEAR THIS WHOLE THING."

Jap Gude says it hadn't even occurred to him that Godfrey might plug the record.

At the time of the famous LaRosa incident, Godfrey had been away for three months recovering from an operation on his hip, while his show went on with substitute hosts. As Godfrey tells it, his "friends" (employees) had gotten big heads because they had learned they could make big money playing the nightclubs. Much more, in fact, than they could make on the Godfrey show.

Godfrey returned to chaos, according to his own account.

MY PRODUCER, THE LATE LARRY PUCK, SAID, "COME UP AND SEE THIS, YOU WON'T BELIEVE IT," INSTEAD OF GOING IN THE BACK WAY AT THE ED SULLIVAN THEATER, I WENT IN THE FRONT DOOR ON CRUTCHES AND SAT IN THE DARKENED THEATER, LISTENING FOR HALF AN HOUR WHILE THE PERFORMERS REFUSED TO REHEARSE, ETC. I FINALLY SPOKE UP AND SAID, "YOU BASTARDS. IF I EVER SEE THIS KIND OF THING AGAIN, I'LL TAKE A BROOM AND SWEEP YOU ALL OUT." THEY WEREN'T ALL DOING IT. LaROSA WAS THE RINGLEADER...

A DAY LATER, I HEARD FROM LaROSA'S LAWYER WHO SAID, "IN THE FUTURE WHEN YOU WANT TO SPEAK TO MY CLIENT SEE ME FIRST."

LaRosa remembers the circumstances differently. Though he agrees that he instructed his lawyer to write that letter, he denies being a ringleader of anything. In the summer of 1953 LaRosa had made a record with Archie Bleyer called "E Cumpari," which was a "gigantic hit." It was bigger than anything LaRosa had done before or would do there-

after. As he tells it: "I was getting six to seven thousand fan letters a week. I understand Godfrey was getting five thousand--something like that. That summer, I am sure that I was getting a little cocky. But I maintained a sense of respect for the man, even a kind of submissiveness to his authority which reflected my sense of appreciation for what the man had done for me.

"I was cocky though and you've got to remember that in the framework of those ballet lessons."

At the time, Godfrey was very conscious of a need for gracefulness on television and of his own stiffness caused by the hip injuries. He had decreed that every member of the cast would take skating and ballet lessons to develop grace of movement. Godfrey paid for the lessons, just as he paid for the agents he had representing his family of performers. Godfrey was concerned about his cast in his own paternalistic way.

LaRosa was at the first ballet class--the only man to attend. Like many men, he considered ballet effeminate and resented the lessons. Nevertheless, he planned to come to the second session.

ARTHUR WANTED US THERE AND YOU CAN BET YOUR ASS THAT I WAS GOING TO BE THERE. IT WAS A THURSDAY. THAT MORNING I GOT TO WORK AND MOTHER CALLED TO SAY THERE WAS A FAMILY PROBLEM. I WENT TO THE BOSS AND TOLD HIM THAT MY MOTHER WANTED ME HOME IN MOUNT VERNON AND THAT I WOULD TRY TO GET BACK IN LIME FOR THE LESSON. HE GAVE ME HIS PERMISSION.

WELL, IT TURNED OUT THAT I WASN'T ABLE TO GET TO THAT CLASS. FRIDAY MORNING I FOUND A NOTE ON THE BULLETIN BOARD ADDRESSED TO ME THAT SAID, "SINCE

YOU FELT YOUR SERVICES WERE NOT REQUIRED AT BALLET CLASS YESTERDAY, YOUR SERVICES WILL NOT BE REQUIRED ON THE SHOW THIS MORNING."

Furious, LaRosa ran to the Lexington Hotel where Godfrey lived and asked for his suite on the house phone. The operator said she would get Godfrey, but soon came back on the line and said in obvious embarrassment, "I'm sorry, he's not in." LaRosa noticed Godfrey's Rolls waiting outside to take him to the studio. At that point he went to his lawyer and said, "Tell him from now on that when he wants to talk to me to get in touch with you."

Godfrey had dinner with Paley and Stanton and says Paley told him he didn't have to put LaRosa on just because he was under contract. But Godfrey wanted complete victory. Thus he was more interested in Stanton's suggestion, which was, according to Godfrey: "You hired him on the air, why don't you fire him on the air?"

As Godfrey remembers it, he twitted LaRosa on the show that day before his number: "You're doing pretty good, aren't you? Getting big money in the night-clubs, and so forth. This show must be a pain in the neck to you." LaRosa protested to the contrary. Then came LaRosa's song in the dramatic spot just before the end of the show. LaRosa finished to applause and Godfrey said, "That was Julie's swan song," wished him "Godspeed" and signed off.

Julie was still just a kid. He didn't know that a "swan song" was the legendary last utterance of a dying swan. Someone had to tell him he'd been canned--on the air.

The two men met in Godfrey's office afterward, and Godfrey

insists the meeting was cordial. Maybe so, but he still gets incensed when he recalls the episode today. He says LaRosa used the word "bewildered" to describe how he felt. "Somebody must have told him to say that," Godfrey says. "He wouldn't know the meaning of a word that big."

Godfrey claims that press agents then told LaRosa to bring romance into the picture. In any event, LaRosa and Dotty McGuire of the McGuire Sisters, regulars on the Godfrey show, showed up at the Stork Club, and the press was called in to be told that LaRosa was fired because Godfrey didn't approve of his love to Dotty McGuire. Godfrey says that this was ridiculous because Dotty was happily married, that the press realized this and dropped the story in two days.

LaRosa says otherwise: "I was in love with Dotty. She had a husband in Korea but that was over. We had been thinking of getting married..." But Godfrey was to prevail. Much to LaRosa's chagrin, he put the pressure on Dotty to stay with her husband, playing heavily on the patriotic theme.

In winning the battle, though, Godfrey lost the war. At a press conference explaining the LaRosa firing, Godfrey was astonished that "some sixty-five to seventy reporters and photographers" showed up. "It knocked me over. They wanted the LaRosa story so I told it to them. They said, 'Why did you do it?' And here's where I made my mistake, I said, 'I don't know, I guess he lost his humility.'"

Several ex-associates of Godfrey argue that the firing of LaRosa--and of Archie Bleyer whom he fired the same week--was the beginning of the end. Godfrey was on television for another six years, but after the LaRosa epi-

sode the press, less friendly, began to look for more examples of the Godfrey arrogance. He says reporters hid in the rest rooms and attempted to bribe elevator boys, bellhops, waiters and "even the maids" at the Lexington Hotel.

Godfrey remembers speaking of the injustice of it all to Bernard Baruch in 1954. The great financier said, "What did they think about Baruch?" Godfrey mentioned statesman, advisor to presidents, park-bench philosopher, millionaire philanthropist. Baruch showed him scrapbooks filled with yellowed clippings. "Baruch: Wall Street Jew: Keeper of Concubines," said one that Godfrey remembers. There were pictures of Baruch with his reputed mistress, then pictures on the same page of his family "looking glum."

Baruch said to Godfrey: "Do you know where the sons-of-bitches are who wrote those stories? Dead, goddamn them, dead!."

Godfrey felt the strength of a resentment that had smoldered in Baruch for 50 years, but Baruch urged Godfrey to ignore the press. Still, Godfrey hopes that one day he will come out "smelling like a rose," as he puts it.

It wasn't until 1959 that Godfrey gave up this TV shows, and then only because of health. He did so in a tearful on-the-air farewell during his bout with lung cancer. He didn't want his viewers to watch him waste away. He continued to do his radio show and had the lung removed in a successful effort to confine the cancer.

His TV-comeback attempt began when he was asked by CBS to help Allen Funt get CANDID CAMERA started. It ended a short time later when the famous Godfrey temper flared. Says Godfrey:

"Funt came to my house and cried like a baby. 'Make something of me on the air,' he pleaded, and I did it in two weeks. In a rehearsal for the third week (as a master of ceremonies) I said, 'Here's a joke for you, Allen,' and he suddenly exploded, saying, 'I'm sick of this! Who the hell are you to tell me what to do?'"

Godfrey walked out, never to return to regular TV. He remembers "that little short shit Mike Dann" saying Godfrey, because he walked off the Funt show, would never return to TV for CBS as long as Dann was there. (Dann isn't there anymore but it hasn't improved things for Godfrey.)

Godfrey's visits to CBS after that were fruitless. His final lunch meeting with Paley in 1962 had sinister meaning in Godfrey's mind. Paley, says Godfrey, wanted \$50,000 for the Paley Foundation. Godfrey said, "I'm sorry, but I just gave seventy-five thousand dollars to a hospital in Virginia. You'll have to wait a couple of years." Godfrey remembers Paley's reply as a noncommittal "Okay," and he adds, "There has never been a word since, except a card each year that says, 'Merry CHRISTMAS, Bill and Babe.'"

Stanton also seemed to grow remote. Godfrey said that previously Stanton had always closed his office doors and cut off the telephone when Godfrey visited.

IN 1966, THE LAST TIME I WAS THERE, THE TELEPHONE RANG AND RANG AND THE SECRETARY WAS CONSTANTLY IN AND OUT. I DIDN'T SEE STANTON AGAIN UNTIL 1969 or 1970 WHEN WE BOTH GOT A PEABODY AWARD. WE STOOD ON THE SAME PLATFORM AND HE KEPT HIS BACK TO ME.

HE DID WRITE ME A NOTE THAT HE WOULD LIKE ME TO COME FOR COCKTAILS. HE WOULD LOOK FOR ME

IN HIS OFFICE AND MENTIONED A DAY AND A DATE. I WROTE BACK:

DEAR FRANK:

NO I WON'T BE AVAILABLE TUESDAY BECAUSE THAT IS NOT THE 18TH. THE 18TH IS A SATURDAY AND I'LL BE SOMEPLACE ELSE. NO I DO NOT CARE TO DISCUSS MY PLANS WITH YOU.

There it was again, that sudden Godfrey arrogance, assuming the worst motives or a putting in what was at the very least a conciliatory note.

But perhaps Godfrey knew that there was no point in discussing his plans because his era was over. So much public exposure to slick TV entertainment was diminishing the market for Godfrey's cracker-barrel informality. Godfrey was at his best when the show was kept loose. Sophisticated television had been growing all around Godfrey, featuring slick choreography, big-name entertainers and carefully rehearsed numbers. Informality was for the late-hour talk shows; prime time was for skillful productions timed to the split second.

For a while you could see him on television, limping around an auto showroom, selling cars. Remnants of the old spontaneous charm can be seen in the commercial, but he was obviously mouthing words someone else had written. It was Chrysler's mistake. Not only did he lack believability, but he appealed only to the old folks.

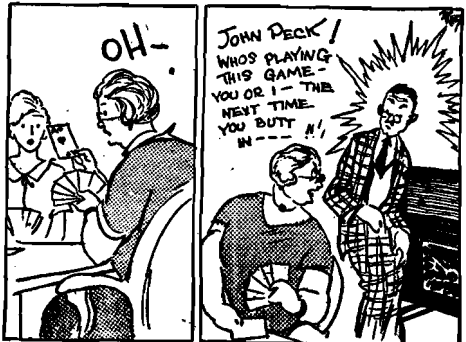
But one thing is sure--Godfrey is and always has been his own man. And he can still be unpredictable. Two years ago he ran into Julius LaRosa on the street. Godfrey shook hands with LaRosa, clasping both of Julie's hands warmly in his. LaRosa, smiling and happy with the man he still credits with his success,

cautioned that they had better watch it, or someone would "make an item of us." Godfrey released LaRosa's hands and said, with a twinkle. "----'em," and walked on.

The End

Radiotics

By King



TODAY
"The Prince of Evil,"
 Starring Howard Da Silva, with E. G. Marshall. Based. Adapted from "Richard III," Shakespeare's historical play about a malformed, evil genius who rises to power during England's bloodiest civil war.

MONDAY-SUNDAY


11:30	93
PM	WBEN

REEL Critique-

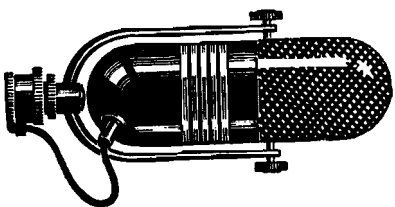
The following are comments by the users of the reel library on the quality of the reels they borrow.

R-135	Phill Harris	x-talk & volume flux
R-138B	Lone Ranger	satisfactory
R-141	Lone Ranger	Fair- hollow in spots w/ hiss
R-143	Lone Ranger	Lost
R-151	Nightfall	very good
R-152	Nightfall	very good
R-153	Nightfall	very good
R-154	Nightfall	very good
R-158	Johnny Dollar	very bad x-talk
R-162	Adventure by Morse	very good
R-163	Frontier Gentlemen	All very good
R-166	You Bet Your Life	Poor vol tape is rough
R-173	Xmas Shows	Low Volume & some x-talk
R-174	Xmas Shows	OK but runs slow
R-175	Mixed	Lost
R-183	The Lineup	real good
R-185	Rare Detective	Good
R-198	Suspense	Lost
R-201	Romance	fair to good
R-202	Frontier Gent	Lost
R-203	Luke Slaughter	All very good
R-206	Adolph Hitler	Excellent
R-212	Phil Harris	x-talk
R-213	Suspense	Lost
R-215	Amos & Andy	Lost
R-219	Funniest Hours	skips, some scrtatcy , some great
R-222	Gunsmoke	Very good
R-225	Johnny \$	Lost
R-226	Alien Worlds	OK w/ some dropout & distortion
R-228	Gunsmoke	left side fine, right side too low
R-229	Gunsmoke	fair sound
R-232	Gunsmoke	recorded too low
R-236	Candy Matson	All very Good
R-237	Mixed	G/VG very slight x-talk
R-238	Creaking Door	very good sound
R-239	Madonnas	Intermittent dropout & distortion
R-240	Alien Worlds	Some dropout, distortion & low volume
R-241	Alien Worlds	Some Dropout, distortion & low volume
R-243	Adventures by Morse	Satisfactory
R-262	Hallmark Playhouse	over modulated & distorted
R-265	Hallmark Playhouse	Ok, but 2 plays distorted
R-269	Whistler	over recorded and muffled
R-279	Mixed	Ok except for double voice on "Cat"
R-282	Barry Craig	Poor sound hum , bassy.
R-283	Barry Craig	Lost
R-286	Sherlock Holmes	terrible!
R-288	Dragnet	Good some static & scratch
R-290	Scarlet Pimpernel	1st story on 2r missing
R-295	Pepper Young	low audio & fade out
R-301	Duffy's Tavern	Lost
R-302	Horatio Hornblower	Lost
R-303	Gunsmoke	Bad!
R-309	MGM Theater	X-talk muffled, low volume
R-310	Boston Blackie	parts not complete

R-312 Boston Blackie 1l & 1r muffled
 R-320 Escape 1l "Big Sponge" missing
 R-335 World's Great Nov 2r2 Moby Dick wow problem
 R-341 Fibber McGee g-v good w/ x-talk
 R-368 Nelson Eddy low volume
 R-370 Kraft Music tape squeal & noise
 R-382 Romance poor audio
 R-394 Mixed 1r2 recorded backward
 R-403 Great Gildersleeve some dropout,disc scratch
 R-416 Jack Benny some fast,w/disc skip
 R-424 Damon Runyan some stories recorded in reverse
 R-438 Hall of Fantasy 12 & r2 Speed flux in opening
 R-447 Johnny \$ slow speed 2r1 a bit muffled
 R-461 Rogue Galley ok, 2 stories poor quality
 R-463 Mr. District A- NO Sound
 R-484 Six Shooter both sides fast
 R-498 Great Gildersleeve 1l & 2r slow + long pause
 R-503 Lux Radio Theater Lost
 R-506 Jack Benny Lost
 R-508 Jack Benny some clipped,disc skip,dropout
 R-513 Jack Benny some clipped,fast,good vol
 R-514 Jack Benny 1st side some hum
 R-518 Amos & Andy OK w/ some low vol & drop out
 R-520 Texas Rangers contains only "Baby Snooks"
 R-523 Our Miss Brooks Fair Quality
 R-524 Red Skelton No Good
 R-527 Lux Radio 1st prg speed problem
 R-541 Amos & Andy most OK some scratchy,squeal
 R-562 Escape No 2L except last story
 R-582 Let Geo Do It OK w/some x-talk, choppy
 R-585 Misc Shows OK xct xmas show x-talk & slow
 R-595 Nightfall C- sound 1st 7 shows B sound last 5
 R-597 BBC drama OK
 R-606 Have Gun Will Lost
 R-607 Have Gun Will Lost
 R-616 Phillip Marlow Lost
 R-635 BBC Thriller very good sound & speed
 R-636 Johnny \$ Poor quality
 R-638 Johnny \$ Lost
 R-641 It's a Crime Lost
 R-643 After Henry OK
 R-645 Lux Radio Theater 1st & 2nd pgm hum & vol drop
 R-657 The Chase Last part of Murders Row missing
 R-664 Top Secret Lost
 R-668 Whitehall Low level both sides
 R-674 Frank Merriwell Lost
 R-682 CBS Radio Workshop Lost
 R-684 CBS Radio Workshop OK excpt 11l White Kitten good
 R-685 CBS Radio Workshop Lost
 R-700 Fibber McGee Lost
 R-703 Johnny \$ 1L & 1R skips in sound, too fast
 R-707 Movietown Theater listenable,w/ background noise
 R-709 Whispering Streets satisfactory
 R-713 Daymon Ronyon Lost

 <p>CBS RADIO myStory theater</p>	<p>TONIGHT "Time Killer" Starring Mervyn Dineen, with F. G. Meserve, host. Able to piece himself into any period of time, past or present, a professor of parapsychology once attacked a man in a New York speakeasy in December 1933, but doesn't know whether or not he killed him.</p>
	<p>MONDAY-SUNDAY</p>
	<p>11:30 PM 93 WBEN</p>

Old Time Radio Club
Box 426
Lancaster, NY 14086



FIRST CLASS MAIL