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Affiliated With  
The Old Time Radio  
Network

THE OLD TIME RADIO CLUB  
MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION

New member processing--\$5.00 plus club membership of \$17.50 per year from Jan 1 to Dec 31. Members receive a tape listing, library listing, monthly news letter, the Illustrated Press, the yearly Memories Publications 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 the regular members but do not receive the publications. A junior membership is available to persons 12 yrs of age & younger who do not live with a regular member. This membership is \$13.00 per year and includes all the benefits of regular membership. Regular membership are as follows: If you join in Jan- Mar \$17.50-- Apr- Jun \$14.00-- July-Sept \$10-- Oct- Dec \$7.00. All renewals should be sent in as soon as possible to avoid missing issues. Please be sure to notify us if you change your address.

OVERSEAS MEMBERSHIPS are now available.

Annual memberships are \$29.75.  
Publications will be airmailed.

The Old Time Radio Club meets the first of every month on Monday evening from August to June at 393 George Urban Blvd. Cheektowaga, N.Y. 14225. Anyone interested in the Golden Age of Radio is welcome. Meeting start at 7:30 P.M.  
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DEADLINE FOR THE I.P.--10th of each month prior to publication

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TAPE LIBRARIES:

Cassettes: Jim Aprile  
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Clarence, N.Y. 14031  
(716) 759-8793

Reel to REELS 85I & UP

Tom Harris  
9565 Weherle Dr.  
Clarence, N.Y. 14031  
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TAPE LIBRARY RATES: All reels and video cassettes-- \$1.85 per month; cassettes and records-- \$.85 per month. Rates include postage and handling.

CANADIAN BRANCH: Rental rates are the same as above, but in Canadian funds.

**JUST THE FACTS MA'AM**  
BY  
**FRANK C. BONCORE**

This is my annual report on The Friends of "Old Time Radio" Convention in Newark, New Jersey. Once again, I did not want to go, however Bill McDougal talked me into going.

The plane ride was good and I thought that we had a good fare until I talked to Gene Bradford. It costs Bill and I \$123 a piece to fly from Buffalo to Newark on US Air. It cost Gene Bradford \$100 to fly from Detroit to Newark. We stayed at the Radisson Hotel right next door to the Holiday Inn where the convention was held. The rooms were better and for the extra \$4.00, a day it was worth it. I also noticed that several conventioners also stayed there.

This year we arrived on thursday hoping to find some new shows that the dealers would have. We arrived before several of the dealers. I reminded "Cowboy" Don Aston of AVPRO that he was late and I would report that fact to his sidekick Terry Salmonson. I also asked him where his cowboy hat was and he replied that he never wore his cowboy hat on thursday in Newark. He picked on me the rest of the weekend as if I placed a burr under his saddle. He then sold me 4 reels of the "Mysterious Traveler" which included some new finds. I have to admit that if there are new shows around AVPRO had them (even though Ed Carr of "Cassettes Now Reels Also" might come out with them in better sound laBefoye I get tarred and feathered by the Cowboy, his shows are in great sound but Ed is fussier.

Speaking of Ed Carr, Bill and I brought up all of his new finds (just a reinder, Ed Carr has the complete run of X Minus One available this is the best sound quality available!")

Tucked in the far corner, was John Furman and Hank Hinkel. John had boxes and boxes of cassettes that he let Bill and I go through. John always has shows no one else seems to have.

Personal Note: From John Furman to Good Old Jim Snyder: Would you please send him your new address so he can sell you everything that you don't need and more.

In the middle of the room were Andy Blatt of "Vintage BROADCASTS" and GARY and Ladonna Kramer of

"Great American Radio". Just in case my wife is reading this I will not admit how much I spent at these two dealers, however it was well worth it. Also in the middle of the room (and also arriving late, as I was reminded by "Cowboy" Don Aston) was Ron Barnett of Echoes of The Past.

In the near corner was the "Convnetion Carnie" Thom Salome of "Shadows Sounds Of The Past" who put on his usual side show on saturday.

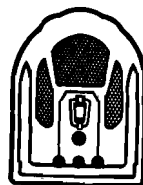
All of the above dealers and more were crowded into 1/2 of what used to be called the dealers room. The aisles were too narrow to walk through yet alone carry your purchases through without bumping into someone. In New York state, it would be a violation of the fire code. This practice is unfair for the dealers who paid for the tables. People should not be treated like sardines!

By the way the other dealers such as Jim Albert of "Old Radio Shows On Cassettes", Ken Mills of "Nostalgia REcordings", Carl Amari of "Radio Spirits", and the "Shadow Sanctum" were down the hall and around the corner tucked in rooms in the back of the hotel away from the main crowd.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONTH

FCB

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# TUNING IN by TOM HEATHWOOD

And now....returning to those wonderful radio days of yesteryear... Last time, I introduced you to a very wonderful broadcast facility of the late 40's, WCOP in Boston, where I served my apprenticeship as barely a teenager.

WCOP was a "network affiliate", so it was exciting in that ultra-modern setting of 1948, to give a local SI (station identification) after the network cue. "This is ABC, The American Broadcasting Company".

That was your cue to say something like: "ABC in Boston: WCOP, 1150 and WCOP- FM." The studio "on the air" sign would light and the huge lobby origination board would go from "Network" to "Studio C". The big, brown Western Union/Naval Observatory clocks would tick their way to the hour (or 1/2 hour) and a small red bulb would glow electifyingly for a few seconds while the clock hands would self-correct. For some reason, I found that process fascinating. I have one of those great old clocks in my recording studio now, modernized with quartz innards. Though the little red light doesn't come on any more, and it doesn't have to self-correct, it still looks just like it did in 1948. If I look at it too much, I get lost in reverie.

Life on a Saturday was fast-paced at the studio. There were two "local" kid's shows, playbacks after the broadcasts, discussions about "next week" and time with the host of "The Children's Song Bag" Voltarine Block. That was the morning.

Live audiences disappeared after 12 noon, and the station was quieter in the afternoon, but still just as exciting! I was more focused on the "gopher" aspect of my day.

The afternoon, after the news (network and local) and a couple of network features, would be occupied until 5 PM with "Beantown BAndwagon"--a 3 hour variety show with music and the antics of two very creative young men (they seemed old to me then), Stan Shaw and Ken Mayer. They did comedy routines a bit like two other Boston personalities of the day, Bob & Ray.

Stan did some great "voices", and a few years later would become one of the best-paid most-heard free-lance announcers doing major national commercials in New York City. Ken would become a big name outside New York, in Philadelphia I think, and then pass away unexpectedly.

Sometimes this creative duo tested me, still a youngster, to the limits of my resourcefulness. Stan wanted to do an "underwater" effect one afternoon, but no one could figure out how to make it sound very realistic. I decided I'd run over to the Liggett's drug store across the street and get some soda straws. I brought them back and experimented a little, then announced that I "had it"! We started the underwater bit with me blowing air bubbles into a glass of water, while Stan and Ken carried on. It turned out fine

"Uncle Charlie", the engineer said It was great fun, and I was secretly very proud of myself. I hated to see the day come to an end. After 6 PM or so, we went, "network", and that was it for me for another week. Time to head for home in Wellesley.

Those were great old days. Postwar radio was so much improved, compared with prewar. Some of the old studio recordings I still have, sound really fine, even compared to today's modern sound. Of course it's not stereo---everything was mono, even FM in those days! The quality of some of the sound produced, and the equipment used however, was excellent.

The recording equipment, like the Scully cutting lathes, Presto disc-cutters and RCA turntables made and reproduced fine, high-fidelity transcriptions, far exceeding the capabilities of home radios. They were called ET's, for electrical transcriptions. Until about 1948 or '49, et's were for "reference"/legal use only by the networks. Local stations used them for everything: commercials, delayed broadcasts from the networks, local programming etc.

It wasn't until Bing Crosby initiated the practice of pre-recording his show on ABC in the late 40's that the industry re-examined their own stand of broadcasting recorded programs using the new medium of tape.

The local stations never had any problems with pre-recorded material including "syndicated" shows that came in via the mail or express shipments. They were technically superior, but lost some of the spontaneity of the older shows with their mistaken and riotous flubs.

AT WCOP in the late 40's and into the early 50's, most shows stayed "live" though, like most locals. The networks were slowly changing over to tape, while they saw their cousin, TV, taking away larger and larger shares of the audiences (and sponsors).

My memories of those Saturdays at WCOP will never dim. The "liveness" of the programming, the spontaneity, the fun!! Amazingly, radio today is still, largely, a "live" medium, still giving the listener a feeling of immediacy. Automated "good music" (which is usually bad music) stations are obvious exceptions. But tuning in on my memories, "live was that radio was... in every way.

See you next time. Write if you get work, or just to say "hello" And join us on HERITAGE RADIO THEATER on the YESTERDAY=USA SATELLIITE SUPERSTATION nationwide too. OUR address is;

HERITAGE RADIO  
PO Box 16  
Boston, MA. 02167

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#### NEWARK OLD TIME RADIO CONVENTION

I left Battle Creek early Wednesday morning driving to Newark, and arrived at the convention hotel in Newark slightly before noon the following day. The drive over the interstates was without incident except that due to my concentration on a BBC radio show I was playing, I missed a turn on the turnpike and ended up driving 50 miles out of my way.

The first person I ran into, after registering for the convention, was Tom, my friend from Kentucky. After getting settled in we went to lunch and got caught up on all the news. After lunch we visited the dealers rooms and started looking over the items available. Books, reels, cassettes, posters, videos, radio logs, etc. I bought a few items, but decided to hold off until I had time to check everything out before making any major purchases.

Later that day they had a seminar on the status of current BBC radio with three panel members from England. It was headed by Barry Hill. I managed to obtain his home address, so I could stop off and see him when I visit England next year. Afterwards I wandered around and met several old acquaintances from previous conventions. At various times I ran into Jack French, Tom Monroe, Jay Hickerson, the Gassman Brothers, Barbara Davies and several others. However, out old OTR friend Jim Snyder did not show this year. At least he mentioned me in an article he wrote about the earlier Cincinnati Convention!

At the dinner in the evening, two of Lou Costello's daughters and But Abbott Jr. discussed their famous fathers' careers, and the book which was written by Chris Costello about her father. One of the surprises was Ann Corio (you old timers may remember her from Burlesque days).. She had worked with both Abbott and Costello in Burlesque and discussed their early days. She still looked good at her

age which has to be at least the mid seventies.

Friday was a full day. First we had a re-creation of an X-1 show titled Change of Command. On of the humorous shows from this famous series. It featured Ezra Stone, Bob Hastings and several other old radio stars. Several additional lines were added to the original show. Since I had heard the original several times, the additions added to my enjoyment of the presentation.

Shortly after this, I attended a discussion on commercials from the radio. One of the panel members was Dick Beals, who has been the Alka Seltzer for over 40 years. Plop! Plop! Fizz! Fizz! I later bought his book and had it autographed by him. A very nice guy who has done very well with his life although he is only 4 foot 6 inches tall.

After that panel I headed towards the dealers again and purchased a few reels and cassettes and a couple of books. By the time I had left, I had ended up with over 50 reels and about 100 cassettes! Most of these were purchased the last day when everyone cut prices so they wouldn't have to haul everything back home again!

At dinner that evening Bob Hastings (Archie) and Hal Stone (Jughead) put on a brief skit from their old ARCHIE ANDREWS show. Then a re-creation of a DRAGNET show was presented. This was much closer to the original script than the X-1 presentation, and was well done.

Following the re-creation, a panel of authors discussed their books. Dick Beals (autobiography), Herbert Goldman (Fanny Brice), Peter Cranford (autobiography) and Peter Delong (Radio Trivia). I purchased the Beals and Goldman books and had both autographed. Both are very good. The trivia book and the other one didn't interest me. Cranford is a psychologist who invented the 64 dollar question, which later became the 64,000 DOLLAR QUESTION on TV.

Saturday I awoke to rain, which was no problem since I didn't have to leave the hotel. I missed the re-creation of a DETECTIVE STORY show and a discussion on quiz shows as I was too busy visiting and shopping. However that evening at the banquet I enjoyed an original sketch by Peg Lynch, who wrote and played in ETHEL AND ALBERT for years. As expected it was hilarious. Following that an INNER SANCTUM show was presented with the Original host, Raymond. A Ghost Has The Last Laugh. Not as scary as when heard on the radio in a darkened room, but

but still interesting.

After this many of the guests were introduced. In addition to Ezra Stone, Bob Hastings, Peg Lynch, and Dick Beals mentioned earlier, some of the others we Ed Herlihy, Vanessa Brown (Quiz Kids) Win Elliott Corrine Orr(CBC), Elanor Dobson, Clive Rice (booby Benson). Herb Ellis and Peggy Webber. To top it off, Arthur Tracy (The Street Singer), who is now 92, sang Pennies From Heaven and a part of his theme Marta!

Sunday Morning, after resetting my watch for Standard Time, I loaded my car with all me new purchases and headed for Long Island and a visit with a friend of mine. I Had just completed a very enjoyable three days with several hundred like minded people. Another great convention.

THE END.

JACK PALMER

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*Francis E. Burke*

Christmas is coming and the goose is getting fat, please to put a penny in the old man's hat. That olde English Christmas Carol blared from my car radio while was driving home one cold December day.

Home as now the house my wife and I purchased after we retired a few years ago, down on the lake near Machias, N.Y. about 40 miles south of Buffalo, our childhood home town. Upon hear that carol my first thoughts were of an old English Christmas story written by Charles Dickens, Mr. Pickwick's Cristmas, were the Dover Coach was loaded down with geese, a barrel of oysters, a large fish, almost to large to the coach's boot. And then all the members of the Pickwick Club.

Do I really rememberthis old radio story read by Charles Laughton or is it the Cassette I remember? I don't know, although

it seems I do remember sitting in the parlor of our little home on Northampton Street on the East side of Buffalo, with my mom, dad and older sister, on a cold snowy winters night listening to our old Philco radio while Charles laughton read of Mr. Pickwick's Christmas at Dingly Dell.

I jave several cassettes of Pickwick's Christmas read by other actors besides Laughton but I do enjoy his verson the best. Over the past few years I must have

listened to them a dozen or more times. On the backside of one of my cassettes I have "The Sexton and The Goblins" read by Boris Karloff, which is also a fine story done most excellently by Mr. Karloff.

After the Carol was finished, I popped a cassette into my player not Pickwick although I really wanted to re-listen to it. I did have the Lux Radio Theater verson of "its A Wonderful Life" starring James Stewart and Donna Reed playing their original roles from the movies with Victor Moore, filling in as Clarence, George Bailey's guarding Angel. This story is also a great Christmas type story andwell worth listening to again and again. By the time I got home I was really in the mood for more Christmas stories.

It was just getting dark as I turned down our road, and several of my neighbors had their houses or Christmas trees in their yards decorated with bright colored lights. A beautiful sight to see. We have our lights on a timer so our house and garage were lite up also, and to add to the Winter scene it had started to snow, the light snow so whilte and fuffly. Ah, yes Christmas is near. I hit the button and the garage door began to rise. Mister George bailey was just agreeing with his daughter Sue Sue that, yes, when ever a bell rings an angel gets his wings. All George Bailey's friends and neighbors are there with money to replace the bank deposit money that Uncle Billie accidnt gave to the mean banker Mr. Potter, who kept it and called the police against George. But like all good stories everything turns out well for our hero and his family and everyone in Bedford Falls has a Merry Christmas except Mr Potter who did not acquire the Bailey Savings andLoan Co. Finally their story has ended and everyone is happy.

When the cassette was finished I finally went into the house. A quick kiss for my wife, a hot cup

of coffee and into my den to enjoy more of my cassttes. The first one I chose was Christmas with the Great Gildersleeve. As usual Gildy gets things mixed up. The time his neighbors being away from home he decides their getting a divorce. Their young son sick in bed with only an old lady taking care of him. And of course Gildy tells all his friends of this problem. ON Christmas eve Gildy reads "A Christmas Carol" to Leroy and Marjorie, then tells them they must give up some of their presents for poor little Craig so that he may have a Merry Christmas even though his mother and father won't be there Gildy invites all his friends over to his house to sing Christmas carols Floyd the barber plays the piano until Eve Goodwind joins the party and takes over as piano player while all the other guest sing carols.

Then as it turns out the Bullards, thats poor little Craig's mother and father join the party also. They had not gone to get a divorcebut where on the 15th wedding anniversary celebration. Well, Gildy goofed again but as usual everything turns out for the best. Then Berdy sings her annual Christmas carol. As a closing the entire cast join together to sing Joy to the World. Merry Christmas everybody Gildy says with his funny laugh. Another Gildersleeve Christmas story is over.

Ozzie and Harriets 1948

Christmas was to be a sensible one, no fancy gifts that no one would nee, but rather they would give each other a radio-phonograph and nothing more. Of course the boys would get their usual presents. That is until Barney came ove to visit Ozzie with misletoe in his hat and a detailed description of his Christmas present a brand new realeather golf bag with zipper pocket for tee's and golf balls a very handsome bag indeed.

Then Harriet's mother calls, oh boy, now mothers lecture. She tells Harriet that there are two times in a girls life when she should not be sensible, one when a girl picks a husband, and two, when tis Christmas time. As it turns out everyone gets more Christmas prénts then they thought they would get and it was a trully happy and merry Christmas.

Now take the case of poor Prof Herbert Shoemaker's Christmas with Hermine, his wife, bossing him in every detail of his life for the past twenty years. Poor Prof Herbert was unhappy until he met Miss

Markham, owner of the "Campus Book Shop" who seemed to really enjoy the Prof's company. Ordering all the books The Prof wanted they became very close. While talking she assumed that he was a widower and he did not correct her but was taken by that idea. A widower now thats a good idea, he thought but, soon he and Hermine would be leaving for America for his lecture tour. But not to worry Hermine told their friends we'll be back for Christmas But Herbert has other plans as he chokes Hermine and buries her in his Devil's Garden in the basement. All the Prof's plans work out well as he sails for America and his wedding with Miss Markham. All his plans, except, that Hermine is still bossing him or so it seems because shehad engaged a contractor to redig the basement floor for a Surprise Christmas present for Hurbert. He would have his Devil's garden after all with someone special planted there. Prof Hurbert Shoemaker has been caught and now he would be Back For Christmas. This is the Mans in Black, Merry Christmas.

A Miracle on 34th Street is now a TV Classic played every year at least a half dozen times duringt the holiday season. There are two tv versions, the original with Edmond Quin, John Payne, Mareen O'Hara and Natlie Wood. which is my favorite of the two tv movies. Lawyer Gailey must prove that Macy's store Santa Claus, Kris Kringle is really Santa the one and only Santa Claus. Mr. Macy and Mr. Gimble actually shake hands like real friends do. Well believe it or not Lawyer Gailey does prove that Macy's Santa is the real Santa Claus with the help of the U.S. POST Office department. The Screen Directors Playhouse did a fine job presenting his classic Christmas story. A Miracle on 34th Street.

Fibber McGee leaving the house even before his second cup of coffee? Yes thats true because he lost his key ring with his lucky rabbits foot and even more imortant the key with the rest of his keys, the hall closet. Somewhere between McGee's house and the Elks Club. But finding his lost keys is not that easy because it snowed overnight about three feet of snow covering the sidewalk. Before McGee began to shovel Little Teenie came to tell of a surprise she had for him, but McGee was to busy to listen to her. While Mc Gee is shoveling the sidewalk to the Elks Club all the

shows regulars stop to talk with him and Molly who brought him some hot coffee. Its getting dark McGee come on home with me Molly tells him. As soon as they get home little Teenie gives McGee his lost key ring. Then Kenny, and Buddy and Bobby and Johnny and Teenie sing a carol for the McGee's. 'Twas the Night Before Christmas which the King's men join in after which the show ends. No Merry Christmas and best of all no commercial.

I must include Dylan Thomas's "A Child's Christmas in Wales" After I had first read this wonderful Christmas story I have included it in my "must list" of stories to listen to during the Holiday season, now that I have it on cassette. (Thanks to fellow Club Member Jack Mandik) I don't know when or if it was ever on old time radio, but I find it hard to believe that it wasn't.

In the course of reading this fine story I was surprised to learn that in Wales like America they had turkey for Christmas dinner rather than the traditional Christmas goose that is popular in England and I guess the rest of the British Isles. Plum Pudding, dishes of nut stuffed dates, little Christmas cakes, candy and nuts placed around the house for extra Holiday treats, this is Wales at Christmas time. Uncles and aunts cousins, family friends all come to help celebrate the birth of Christ. Yes this is Christmas in Wales, but too, this is Christmas in America.

One of my favorite is of course Sherlock Holmes. As a Holiday offering Sir Arthur Conan Doyle wrote "The Blue Carbuncle." This story has been recorded from and for radio by many Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson teams over these many years. Some were Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce, and Sir John Gielgud-Sir Ralph Richardson also Kevin McCarthy to name just a few.

The Gielgud-Richardson version, is the most faithful to the Conan Doyle story of all the stories I have heard. The Rathbone-Bruce version had nothing of Conan Doyle's story in it but a completely different theme, ala Hollywood. Kevin McCarthy had some of the Doyle story line in it but also adds a few new characters all its own. My choice for the best "Bluse Carbuncle" goes to Sir John Gielgud and Sir Ralph Richardson. Well worth hearing again.

There are dozens and dozens of radio Christmas stories for almost all the regular Stars had a Christmas program each year. Many became traditional and were

repeated each year and then some had new programs each year. There was Archie Andrews and Jughead with their misadventures doing their Christmas shopping. Jack Benny's three or maybe four stories of his Holiday shopping experience's selecting presents for his radio gang. Then there's Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy where Charlie and Bergen's daughter Candance and Charlie mangle "Twas the Night Before Christmas". The First Nighter had a beautiful traditional story "Little Town of Bethlehem" which was one of the few stories devoted to the Birth of the Christ Child, the reason for Christmas. A very excellent story indeed.

Marley was dead to begin with, there is no doubt whatever about that. How many times have I heard that sentence in all the many times have I read "A Christmas Carol" and seen it on TV? Bah humbug was Ebenezer Scrooge's favorite comment concerning the Holiday Season, and he meant it, for there was no happiness or joy within his cold black heart. His nephew Fred couldn't change that fact no matter how hard he tried. Mery Christmas uncle he exclaimed, God save you. Bah said Scrooge humbug. You don't mean that uncle his nephew stated? I do replied Scrooge replied. Scrooge had no feeling, no love, no care for his nephew none towards anyone, not his clerk Bob Crachit who had a large family or for Tiny Tim, his little lame son. Bah humbug!!

Then that night came avist from the ghost of his dead partner Jacob Marley, who warned Scrooge of the coming visit of three ghosts. The ghost of Christmas past, the ghost of Christmas present, and finally the ghost of Christmas yet it come. The ghost of Christmas past took old Scrooge back to his youth, where once again on the eve of that great feastday old Fezziwig and his plumb wife danced again to a fast jig. Sir Roger de Conventry. Ah yeas, such a happy time, youth. And what did all this cost the ghost asked of Crooge? A few shilling at most he added without waiting for Scrooge to answer. Oh, its not the cost Scrooge explained it was the happiness and joy old Fezziwig brought to all those who knew him.

The ghost took Scrooge to see what could have been for him and what was to be, unless, he changed his miserly ways, which he did, and became a great believer in the holiday season. And as Tiny Tim said, God bless us everyone. And it was always siad of Scrooge here-



ATER, THAT he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge.

May that be truly said of us and all of us. Merry Christmas! Back then in the "real" good old radio days in our little house on Northampton ST. we always listened to all our family favorite radio programs. About a week before Christmas most of the radio shows would put on their Christmas specials. I can still remember those cold snowy winter evenings after supper listening to all our favorites.

The Christmas Eve radio always seemed special to me. Maybe it was because my aunts and uncles would stop by our house for coffee and strudle before going to their own homes. Sometimes our family friend would stop by to wish us a Merry Christmas Eve when I heard "Scrooge" for the very first time. I just couldn't believe that there was anyone who didn't like Christmas. Christmas morning I woke up to see a blanket of snow covering every thing in sight. It was beautiful to me, and a white Christmas still thrills me.

We'd get up early so we could open our presents and yes the radio would be on so we could hear the Carols sung while we opened our presents. I will never forget hearing King of England give his Christmas message to all his subjects far and wide across the globe. After we would all go to Mass then stop home before going over to our grandparents for Christmas dinner. Back then the old Chevie didn't have a heater so we covered our legs with a blanket. My mother would wipe the windshield with a rag while dad drove.

All the aunts and uncles and cousins would be there too. What a great day it always was. There to we would listen to the radio and sing along with the Carols played. My cousins and I would put on a show for the parents. We would sing or mime, my sister and our cousin Rhodie would dance. Then Pa, my grandfather, would tell us a story and then Pa & Ma would sing Silent Night and O Tannenbaum in German for us. WE, kids would try to sing along but German was just too tough a language for us.

Then after dinner all the uncles and dad to would fall asleep in the parlor. Pa never fell asleep he would sit in his favorite chair and tell me and my cousins about his trips to Alaska and Death Valley searching for gold. Then after wards before going home there would

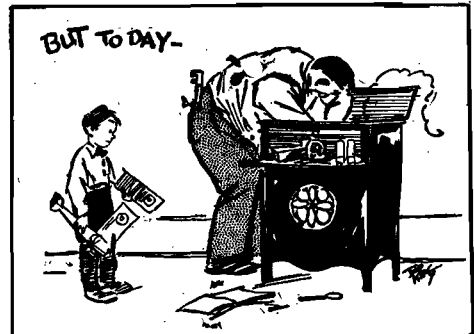
be hot cocoa for the kids, coffee for the adults and Christmas cookies and cake and sometimes if there was any pie left we'd eat that too. Christmas and times seemed so much simpler then.

Now Mom and Dad are gone and pa and ma too and most all of the Aunts and uncles. Now I'm the grandfather and all my grandchildren call me papa-- I guess things really haven't changed as much as I thought. Now at Christmas time we get together and watch TV. The kids still sing and dance for us and play games after Christmas dinner while the uncles nap and the aunts gossip in the kitchen. And I tell them of Pa's adventures in Aalaska and Death Valley. MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Till next time good radio memories.

FRANCIS EDWARD BORK

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**A**ROUND THIS SEASON WHEN GIFTS WE SHARE,  
 ABOUT THE FUTURE KIDS DON'T CARE.  
 WE ARE ALSO TOLD  
 THE PAST LEAVES 'EM COLD.  
 IT'S THE PRESENT OF WHICH THEY'RE AWARE.

# Christmas



**W**E HEAR ABOUT THE TIE THAT BINDS\*  
 BUT THERE CAN BE SOME OTHER KINDS.  
 MARRIAGE TIES CAN GO AWKWARD  
 IF YOUR GOOD WIFE GIVES TO YOU  
 A GAUDY CHRISTMAS TIE THAT BLINDS.



**S**OMETHING'S AMISS, SOMETHING'S AWRY.  
 I CAN'T UNDERSTAND THOUGH I REALLY TRY.  
 IF SANTA GIVES TOYS  
 TO ALL GIRLS AND BOYS—  
 WHO GETS ALL THE STUFF PEOPLE BUY?



**T**HE GIFT THAT THIS HUSBAND GAVE  
 MADE HIS WIFE IN HAPPINESS RAVE.  
 SAID SHE, 'NEVER FEAR,  
 I JUST LOVE IT, DEAR,  
 I'LL EXCHANGE IT FOR JUST WHAT I CRAVE.'

# Cackles



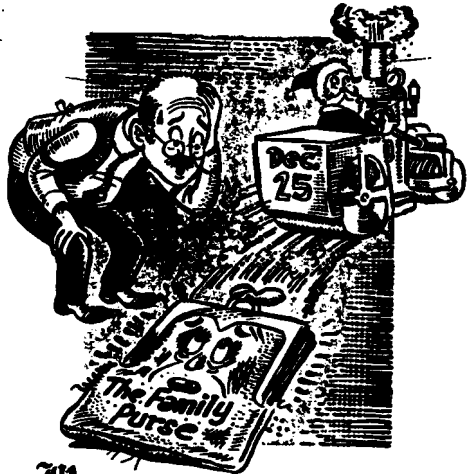
**T**HIS LAD WHO WAS SADLY INANE  
 FOUND HIMSELF IN VERY GREAT PAIN.  
 SOME BERRIES OF WHITE  
 HE ATE CHRISTMAS NIGHT  
 MADE HIM ILL WITH MISTLETOE-MANE.



**F**OR CHRISTMAS TOMMY GOT A DRUM.  
 HIS PLAYING MADE HIS PARENTS NUMB.  
 THEY SAID IF HE'D CEASE  
 AND JUST GIVE THEM PEACE  
 THEY'D PAY HIM A NICE WEEKLY SUM.



**A** CRAFTY OLD FELLOW NAMED DAN  
 DEvised A MOST CLEVER PLAN.  
 TO AVOID STRIFE  
 HE'D BLINDFOLD HIS WIFE.  
 THEN TO THE MISTLETOE RAN.

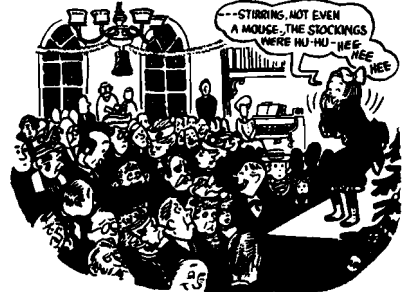


**W**ITH CHRISTMAS BILLS DAD'S MONEY HAS FLOWN  
 NOW HE'S DOWN TO HIS VERY LAST BONE.  
 HE'S FLAT AND HE'S BROKE.  
 IT'S FAR FROM A JOKE.  
 PERHAPS YULETIDE HIM O'ER WITH A LOAN?

# Christmas was many things



CHRISTMAS WAS—SURPRISING YOUR PARENTS WITH THE GIFTS YOU'D MADE WHEN YOU WERE JUST A PUPIL IN SIXTH OR SEVENTH GRADE.



CHRISTMAS WAS—THE TIME YOUR BROTHER, ACTING LIKE A GOAT, BROKE UP YOUR RECITATION AT THE CHURCH CHRISTMAS PARTY.



CHRISTMAS WAS—SHOWING THAT YOU REALLY DIDN'T MIND WHEN YOU GOT A WIND-UP TRAIN STEAD OF THE 'LECTRIC KIND.



CHRISTMAS WAS — THE THRILL YOU HAD, YOU SURELY WILL AGREE, WHEN DAD FIRST PUT ELECTRIC LIGHTS UPON THE CHRISTMAS TREE.



CHRISTMAS WAS—THE ORNAMENTS HUNG UPON THE TREE, SOME OF THEM EXTENDING BACK IN GRANDMA'S MEMORY.



CHRISTMAS WAS—THE BOOKS THAT LED US DOWN MANY STIRRING TRAILS ADVENTURE, MYSTERY AND FUN AND ALL THE FAIRY TALES.

**P**REPARATIONS! Guess everyone agreed - The CHRISTMAS FOOD was the most important of all. Many hours of hard work - and lots of LOVE went into the GOODIES for the HOLIDAY.



**MAMA'S BAKING** was a joy to Sniff!

Of course - some of the preparing had been done MONTHS before.



Just a PINCH o' this ... and a DAB o' that ... went GRANDMA'S recipes.

**C**HRISTMAS always meant COMPANY ... and it was

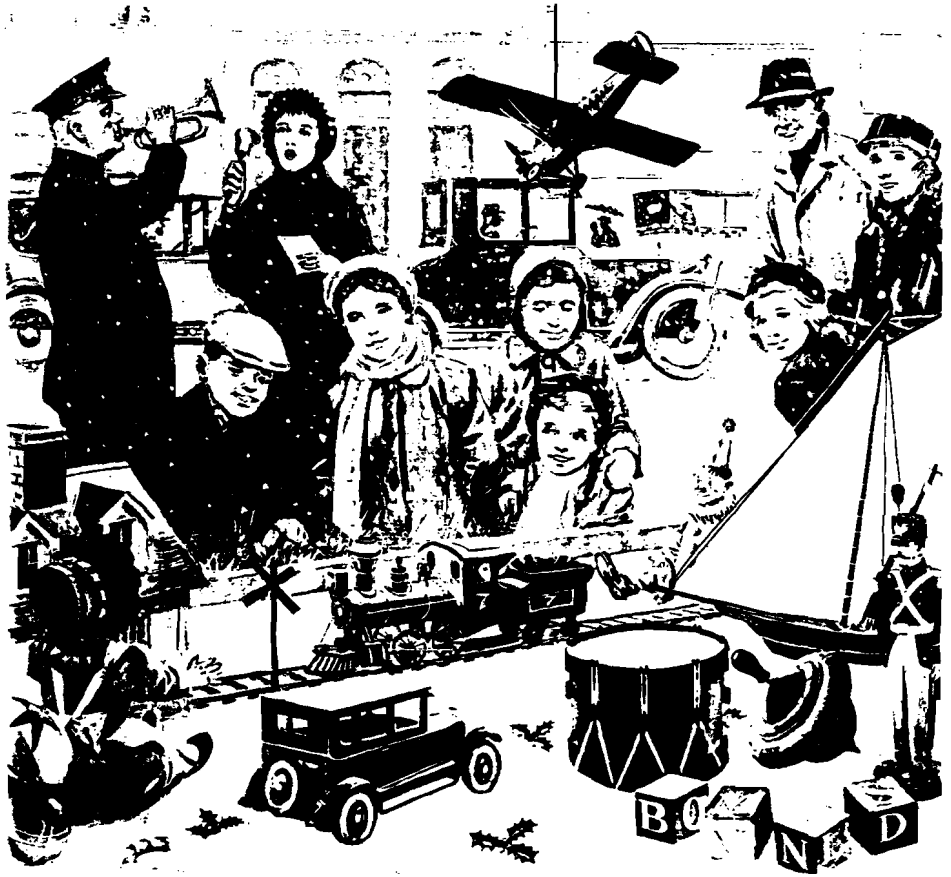


**AMAZING** how many COUSINS could be crammed into an old FOUR-POSTER!

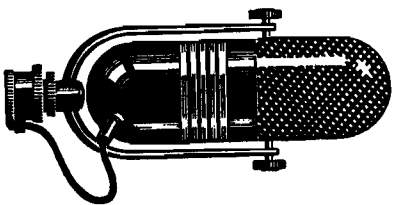


The kiddos made long strings of POPCORN and CRANBERRIES for the TREE.





Old Time Radio Club  
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Lancaster, NY 14086



**FIRST CLASS MAIL**