

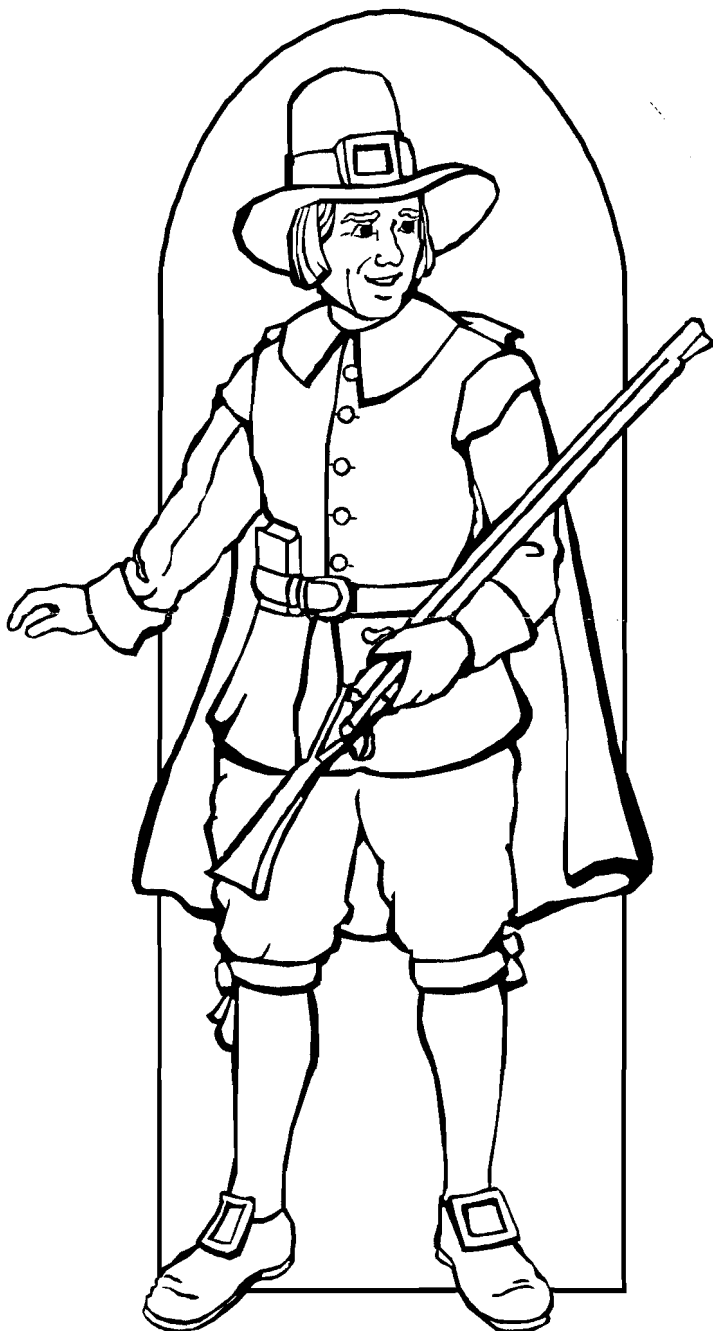
*The Old Time Radio Club*

Established 1975

# THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS

Number 254

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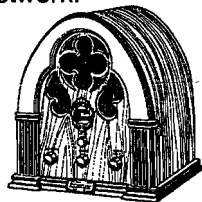
# Happy Thanksgiving

**Membership Information**

New member processing, \$5 plus club membership of \$15 per year from January 1 to December 31. Members receive a tape library listing, reference library listing, and a monthly newsletter. Memberships are as follows: If you join January-March, \$15; April-June, \$12; July-September, \$8; October-December, \$5. All renewals should be sent in as soon as possible to avoid missing issues. Please be sure to notify us if you have a change of address. The *Old Time Radio Club* meets the first Monday of every month at 7:30 PM during the months of September to June at 393 George Urban Blvd., Cheektowaga, NY 14225. The club meets informally during the months of July and August at the same address. Anyone interested in the Golden Age of Radio is welcome. The *Old Time Radio Club* is affiliated with The Old Time Radio Network.

**Club Mailing Address**

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



Back issues of *The Illustrated Press* are \$1.50 post-paid. Publications out of print may be borrowed from our Reference Library.

**Deadline for *The Illustrated Press* is the 1st of each month prior to publication.**

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**Send all articles, letters, exchange newsletters, etc. to: *The Illustrated Press*  
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49 Regal Street  
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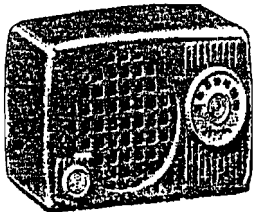
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Don Friedrich (716) 626-9164  
21 Southcrest  
Cheektowaga, NY 14225

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Ed Wanat Sr. (716) 895-9690  
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Cheektowaga, NY 14225

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## SAME TIME, SAME STATION

by Jim Cox

### THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD

The announcer opened this show over an organ played in the background by Clark Whipple. Enjoying an echo effect, the narrator would exhort: "*The Light of the World!*" . . . The story of the Bible, an eternal beacon lighting man's way through the darkness of time . . . brought to you by General Mills."

Following a commercial for Softasilk or Gold Medal flours or another popular baking product, the drama would unfold as a serialized version of an Old Testament narrative. Here, ancient characters were drawn out and offered as personalities set in modern applications.

The show was brought to radio from the prolific serial production factory of Frank and Anne Hummert. Created by Don Becker and supervised by the Blackett-Sample-Hummert agency, *World* debuted March 18, 1940 at 2:45 p.m. ET on NBC. In its second season it shifted to 2 o'clock. Two years later it aired at 2:30 p.m. From 1944 until a brief interruption, resulted in March 1946 when the nation experienced a flour shortage following the Second World War, and General Mills withdrew sponsorship. When the series resumed, as the flour scarcity eased, it was directly due to a large outpouring of fan appeal. On December 2, 1946, it returned to NBC at 2:45 p.m. It remained there until permanent cancellation June 2, 1950.

In ten seasons *World's* ratings achieved a median number of 4.8. Its highest figure, 7.3, occurred in its first season. Following a morning low of 2.9, it regained audience as an afternoon feature, never falling below a respectable 4.5.

Two sisters, Adele and Katharine Seymour, penned most of *World's* scripts. If they had other radio credits, their names have been lost to history. These siblings were supplanted by Noel B. Gerson, Margaret E. Sangster (*My True Story*), Don Becker (*Life Can Be Beautiful*) and others.

A pair of radio's more durable announcers — James Fleming and Stuart Metz — plus Ted Campbell, unknown beyond this series, introduced the soap opera each day.

There was a narrator on the program, too. For awhile, David Gothard (Gil Whitney of *The Romance of Helen Trent*) and Arnold Moss (from *Mrs. Miniver*, *Jane Arden*, *Against the Storm*, *Cafe Istanbul* and *Cabin B-13* fame) filled the slot. But most listeners remember Bret Morrison, its most durable narrator, best. In addition to playing the title role of *The Shadow* from 1945-54, he appeared as *The First Nighter* and carried roles in *Arnold Grimm's Daughter*, *The Guiding Light*, *Road of Life*, *The Romance of Helen Trent*, *The Story of Mary Marlin*, *Woman in White* and more.

In an attempt to provide a true interpretation to the scriptural chronicles forming the basis for *The Light of the World*, its producers submitted story lines to several professionals for review. A nonsectarian advisory board often gave suggestions for maintaining biblical integrity in the scripts. Biblical scholar Dr. James B. Moffatt of Union Theological Seminary conferred with writers so that biblical authenticity might be achieved. Various faiths were also consulted in an attempt to maintain high standards.

To authenticate, insofar as possible, the speaking roles in the various adaptation, scores of actors were auditioned by producer-director Basil Loughrane. Frequently appearing in the casts were such recognizable radio voices as Louise Fitch (*Road of Life*), Bill Adams (*Let's Pretend*), Virginia Payne (*Ma Perkins*) and Florence Williams (*Front Page Farrell*).

*World* was unique in the annals of radio programming, not only because it portrayed biblical history but — among soap operas — was one of only a handful of daytime ultimate conclusion dramas. *The Light of the World* and *Aunt Jenny's Real Life Stories* were the only two that could be designated successes. This pair alone survived more than a few years while featuring changing stories.

While *World* may have been viewed by some as a novelty in network programming, it daily delivered to its sponsor and networks a sizable audience. Doubtlessly, it raised the level of Americans' interest in the scriptures. At the same time, it probably contributed to the moral fabric of the nation by presenting episodes that inspired its audience.

## ***What to do when the Clutter gets to be too Much***

All OTR collectors over-do it when it comes to our hobby. The shows we collect are only a tiny part of the overall picture. It's those related items that seem to add up and turn into a huge mass that, to you, is a treasure but to anyone else is pure clutter.

You cannot collect OTR shows without recording, playback and dubbing equipment taking up a good portion of your available space and, no matter how well you've planned how you want it to look, it somehow never turns out that way.

Many carefully planned wall units, with everything in its place and a place for everything, turn out to be a dream for the future . . . Meanwhile, "Let's just stack this pile of tapes over in the corner!" and, "I think I'll put the new tape deck over here for the time being!"

As your equipment grows (and it r-e-a-l-l-y does!) the problem grows and you start doubling-up units into any available space.

Naturally, at the same time, your collection continues to grow and you have to have room for it! Also, any self-respecting OTR collector HAS to have a supply of blank tape available. (Yes Virginia, this eats up even more space.)

Collectors are strange birds in that they will gather up any item that is even distantly related to the OTR hobby. Photographs, salt and pepper shakers, glasses, plates, cups, old broadcasting equipment, you name it. If it's got a picture of an old radio on it, or is even vaguely in the shape of an old radio . . . it's fair game and the OTR collector just HAS TO OWN IT!

Pretty soon the walls of your OTR room are starting to bulge and the floor is starting to sag a bit.

But wait! There's more!

Books and magazines!

There are a mountain of them and, once again, the OTR collector just HAS TO OWN every one he can get his hands on. These things really eat up the space!

About this time your beloved spouse will be giving you some very nasty looks and mumbling under her breath about OTR collecting in general, and you in particular!!!

What with all the tapes, equipment, and assorted paraphernalia, all thoughts of the nice, neat area for your collection have gone out the window. Now it's a case of anything goes. All flat surfaces now have tapes on them! Any shelf space is taken up . . . with the exception of those fancy shelves that your wife keeps her knickknacks on. (Hmmm, they could hold a lot of tapes, couldn't they?)

Obviously the whole situation is rapidly approaching critical mass. Drastic steps have to be taken . . . but what? Maybe you could store the overflow in the cellar, but it's like a dungeon, and the attic gets hot enough to melt tapes. You could keep them in the garage but the overhead door is stuck open and has been for years!

Without your wife knowing about it you've been storing stacks of tapes under the bed but now it's getting lumpy and pretty soon she is gonna find out! Hoo-Boy, is there going to be trouble!!! Maybe if you leave town right now you can avoid being killed!

Fortunately there is a solution but I cannot tell you about it because I just ran out of space.

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## **The Wooden Radio**

*by Martin Braun*

I remember the Detrola table model radio being on the end of the kitchen counter close to the window. Part of the morning ritual was turning it on to hear the mellow voice of Clint Buehlman giving the weather and traffic reports. If I was real lucky he would be giving the school closings, and maybe, just maybe, he would be closing mine.

The radio was magic. I didn't know how it worked. I could figure out the gas stove. Just a pipe to the burner, light a match and one could boil water. I crawled behind the refrigerator one day, only to find a mechanical hutch for dust bunnies. One couldn't get excited about a stove or fridge. What made the radio work? I peeked in the back, being careful not to get a shock. The five tubes glowed with a reddish-orange light. I could see the dial cord move when I turned the tuning knob. Oh, it has some wires, and a metal chassis, but unlike my bike or scooter, I couldn't see what made it work.

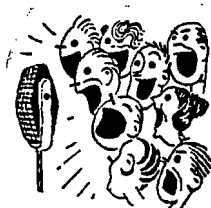
On Sunday evenings my parents would take it into the living room, place it on a chair and would listen to our special programs. "Good evening Mr. and Mrs. America

and all the ships at sea" — Wow! The same guy who was talking to us was broadcasting to the ships far out at sea! Yes, we enjoyed the *Lone Ranger*, *Gunsmoke* and all the usual favorites, while we waited for television to be improved. Maybe next year my dad would buy a TV, but for now the radio would do.

Even after the TV came, the radio was still part of the morning routine. With the advent of top forty stations of the 1950s and early 60s the old wooden radio seemed out of place. Old programs should come out of it not the "latest and greatest hits" but still the radio did it's yeoman duty. Through the years with technical study, I found out how it worked. I was able to keep it in repair by replacing tubes. line cord and dial cord. It is a simple radio.

A few years ago, I was able to purchase a "state of the art" radio. It is completely solid state, microprocessor-controlled and has 32 memories. It took me a few hours just to learn how to operate it. It covers the broadcast band and the entire high frequency region. It can do all modes: AM, FM, Sideband and Radioteletype, as well as being controlled by a computer. It does this with cold efficiency; and I do mean cold. It has no tubes. No red glow from tubes. It has no memories of school day mornings and Sunday evening programs. The Old Wooden Radio is mine now, and with it I can tune in to the warmth of bygone years. I still peek into the back of it, because real radios glow in the dark.

### *Member's Mike*



Dear Editor,

Could you include any article or reprint such as the recent "Ralph Bell" Radio & TV Mirror - 1945 example of the marvelous Ge Ge Pearson?

I've seen G.P.'s name spelled Gi Gi, Ge Ge and Gee Gee.

I don't know a thing about her other than her listing in a reference book. I am also curious about what she looks like. I do know most of her radio credits.

Sincerely,  
R. H. Hagopian  
194 W. Fairview Ave.  
South Orange, NJ 07079

**Ed. Note:** Our reference publications show that Ge Ge Pearson performed in several radio shows, among them, *A Man Called X*, *The Red Skelton Show*, *Dangerous Assignment*, *Michael Shayne* and *On Stage*. At our last local meeting the question was asked if anyone knew anything about her and could help shed any light. We're sorry to report that no one ever heard of her. Perhaps some of our mail members might be able to help.

We'd like to publish more articles about relative unknown supporting actors and actresses such as Ralph Bell. Anyone willing to do some research and writing?



Dear Ken,

I just noticed in your latest issue of The Illustrated Press that Dom Parisi had a request for a few comments on how we started collecting OTR shows. Here briefly are a few comments about my start.

In 1952, I was in the Air Force in Morocco. I had just purchased a tape recorder (reel type, of course) the year before, and I taped a few radio shows there as a memento. Returning to the US, I continued to tape a few shows off the radio occasionally. Then in 1959 the Air Force sent me to Japan and two things happened. I bought a brand new state of the art reel recorder and the local AFRS station was rebroadcasting old radio shows. I began taping as many as I could. By the time I returned to the US I thought I had a nice collection of radio shows. Perhaps 200!

Back home I was unable to find anything to tape from the radio, so I expected to live with what I had. It was several years before I found another person also interested in old radio shows. It happened to be my brother! Since he was teaching at a university he had been in contact with several other collectors. So suddenly my collection began to grow, as well as well as my list of people I was now trading with. This continued for about 15 years before I discovered there was such a thing as an OTR club. I immediately joined every one I could locate! Today I have about 9,000 shows divided almost equally between cassettes and reels. I also belong to at least a half dozen OTR organizations and attend one or two conventions a year. I never expected this when I started out, but I have enjoyed every minute of it.

Sincerely,  
Jack Palmer

## The 22nd Friends of OTR Convention

—  
By R. A. Olday

Before I begin my observations of the latest convention, I would like to thank all of the dealers who contributed to our club library: **Great American Radio**, Box 504, Genesee, Michigan; **Vintage Broadcasts**, P.O. Box 50065, Staten Island, NY 10305; **Audio Classics, Inc.**, P.O. Box 347, Howell, MI 48844-0347; **The Scifi Guy**, 119 E. Cuthbert Blvd. O-3, Westmont, NJ 08108 and **Radio Memories**, 16600 Wewoka St., North Little Rock, AR 72116. It is through the generous donations of these dealers that our club has been able to greatly expand our cassette library. The shows will be listed in the IP early next year so send in those dues renewals promptly and you won't miss out on some great new OTR shows. Also, when you buy from any of the above dealers (which I can personally vouch for due to many orders from them) please tell them that the *Old Time Radio Club* sent you.

Arlene and I arrived in Newark on Wednesday afternoon so that I could browse the dealer's tables first thing on Thursday morning. Sometimes the new offerings sell out very quick. I found new shows from KIRO Radio (Harry Nile), Eddie Cantor (sold by his grandson), some new BBC shows from the Scifi Guy and several new releases from Ed Carr including the pilot show for Hopalong Cassidy not starring William Boyd (although Ed did not have any more Perry Mason shows ready to sell — please hurry Ed).

During the day, I also attended A Visit With Bill Murtough, Three Decades of Collecting & Beyond by Terry Salomonson and Favorite Holiday Shows with Gary Yoggy which were all very informative and entertaining. After dinner, we were treated to an original re-creation of *Kiss From A Little Old Lady* directed by Arthur Anderson with ORIGINAL music scored by Rex Koury. This was followed by a *One Man's Family* Reunion which was an update on the present status of the characters.

On Friday A Visit With Frank Coghlan was presented. For those few of our members who are not serial fans, Frank was Billy (SHAZAM) Batson in the *Captain Marvel* serial. Frank related some very interesting stories and the time passed all too quickly. Next was a presentation on *Asians in on Radio* by Jack French. Jack always

amazes me with the amount of research he puts into everything he does. Great job as usual. The *Superman* panel (is one man a panel?) was presented by Anthony Tollin who was very familiar with the early *Superman* shows but less so with the later shows in the series. For *Superman* radio show fans this was a very interesting presentation. I also attended the CBC and Author's Panels which were also very entertaining. The final afternoon show was a *Duffy's Tavern* show presented by the Dave Warren Players. This group always does a superb job and this time was no exception.

Friday evening started with a Lighter Look Of Sound Effects with Bob Mott, Ray Erlenborn, Barney Beck and John Rayburn (another great presentation) followed by re-creations of *X-1* "Zero Hour" and *Fort Laramie* both shows were very entertaining as expected).

Saturday morning started off with a bang as the Atlanta Radio Theater Company presented In The Hour Of The Wolf which was going to be aired on Halloween. The production was very professional and the story was very entertaining. I next attended the Radio to TV Transition. This was the only presentation that was poorly researched (yes, *Gangbusters* was also a TV show) and the presenter ignored the audience when corrected several times. Hopefully, future topics will be better researched when presented. Next up the Gotham Radio Players presented *The Green Lama* in The Adventure Of The White Lady. Although well done, the story did not appeal to me (maybe it was the character, The Green Lama). A salute to Big Bands followed with Betty Johnson, Dolly Dawn and Kitty Kallen who was fashionably late. At 2:15 an overly technical presentation of the 60th anniversary of the Hindenberg crash was scheduled. At 3:45 Raymond Edward Johnson read "The End Of The Age" from his portable hospital bed. It is amazing to see this man overcome adversity by continuing to attend and participate in these conventions. A *Meet Corliss Archer* recreation ended the afternoon festivities. The show starred Rosemary Rice and from the original cast, Sam Edwards as Corliss' boyfriend, Dexter. Yes he still can say "Corr liss" with that teenager cracked voice. This show brought back many memories for me.

The final evening contained two re-creations. *I Remember Mamma* starring Rosemary Rice in the role she played during the long running TV show. The pilot was first aired on the radio and our pres. can add a few more details on this show. The final show starred Jackson Beck in a role he was famous for in the early 1940s — *The Cisco Kid*. This presentation created some unexpected laughs when the sound effects pistol failed to fire on cue. This misfire helped all present to appreciate the

problems that the sound effects "artists" had to endure during the Golden Age of Radio.

On Sunday morning, Arlene and I gathered up all of our things for a return trip to Lancaster but not before saying good-bye to many of our OTR friends until the next convention.

## FRED ALLEN *tells his story in a* Strictly JUGULAR VEIN

by Dora Albert

"My whole life story," said Fred Allen soberly, "if it is to be properly understood, must be told in a jugular vein." "Jucular vein would be good too," I ventured. He raised his eyebrows, "No jugular is better. Because I started out to be a jugular. Or should you say juggler? Yes, of course you should say juggler."

Well I could see we were off to a swell start. So I will begin the jugular—I mean the juggler's story just as he began it. And don't write letters to the editor about the puns. Thirty or forty or fifty million people who listen in on Fred Allen's new revue program can't be wrong. So on with Mr. Allen's story.

"Stop it! Stop fooling around with those books this instant!" The librarian's high, thin-pitched voice rang out in the quiet Boston library. The boy he addressed jumped. A couple of books that he had been tossing into the air and catching expertly each time fell to the floor. "Yes sir, yes sir," he said.

John Florence Sullivan (as Fred Allen's parents thoughtlessly named him, not knowing that numerology and radio and things made Fred Allen a much more suitable title; but then, the Sullivan patronymic had been in the family for generations and you know how touchy families are) loved juggling even in those days when he was working his way through high school by helping in a Boston library after school at the magnificent salary of twenty cents an hour. But he didn't dream then that his love of juggling was going to put him on the high road to a career. For Fred Allen literally juggled his way to success.

"I practiced for my own *amazement*," he says. And as he speaks his blue eyes are very seldom behind horn-rimmed glasses. His face is always as serious as that of an owl.

When he graduated from high school Fred Allen went to work in a piano store at eight dollars a week. At nights he did his juggling act at various theaters.

"I wasn't a very good juggler in those days," he explains, "so I covered up my shortcomings as a juggler by telling jokes."

They had to be pretty good jokes because Fred made plenty of mistakes as a juggler. Once while he was juggling a cannonball, he accidentally hit himself with it.

As time went by, Fred improved as a juggler, but he kept on telling more and more jokes, and people seemed to appreciate the jokes even more than the juggling.

He came to New York, where at first he couldn't get a single booking. So for two years he played in small theaters around New York. Then he got a chance in a small New York theater, where an agent from Australia saw him. The agent promised him a six months' contract, and his fare paid both ways.

Afterwards he went back to the United States, and appeared on various vaudeville circuits. He juggled balls, hats, plates, cigars, cuesticks and jokes, especially jokes. The world was full of jugglers, but there were few people who could dish out monologue the way Fred Allen could. So he juggled his way up from a cheap vaudevillian to a high class comedian.

About this time he met Portland Hoffa. She was a singer and dancer in the *Scandals*. With his passion for juggling things and people, Fred Allen just couldn't let her remain a singer and dancer. He wrote a vaudeville sketch that included parts for both himself and Portland, and juggled her around from a dancer to a comedienne. And a comedienne she's been ever since.

They appeared together in the *First Little Show*, with Libby Holman and Clifton Webb, and also in *Three's a Crowd*. Just before they appeared in the Little Show, they got married.

Then radio grabbed them. Their work in *Three's a Crowd* interested the agency which handled the *Linit Bath Club* program, and they were offered an audition and then a contract. They appeared for twenty-six weeks on this program, and then for eighteen weeks they helped to glorify Hellman's Mayonnaise. And now of course, they've juggled their way to a new program, and are delighting the audiences who listen in to the *Sal Hepatica Program* on Wednesday nights. Each week they juggle the backgrounds around.

Fred realizes that he owes his success to juggling. He still keeps the juggling balls he used in *Three's a Crowd*. And almost every day he juggles a handball around in the gymnasium. The last time I saw him his nose was quite red, and he explained that he had hit himself with a handball. You see, he hasn't got over being a bad juggler yet.

*Reprinted from Radioland - April 1934*

**RECENT ADDITIONS  
TO THE CASSETTE LIBRARY**

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2397 Brave New World (BBC) pts. 1 &amp; 2 8/26/91<br/>                 2398 Brave New World (BBC) pts. 3 &amp; 4 8/26/91<br/>                 2399 Harry Nile - Nasty Niece, Photo Finish, 2/28/78<br/>                 Figuerua St., 23 Pound Clue (90 min.)<br/>                 3/28/78<br/>                 2400 Harry Nile - Dead Ringer, Seattle Blues,<br/>                 12/16/77 Neptune Trading, Eddie<br/>                 Mayhew 1/10/78<br/>                 2401 Franklin Delano Roosevelt - Speeches 1933 -<br/>                 1945<br/>                 2402 Challenge of the Yukon - Trapper's Gold<br/>                 9/23/51<br/>                 Challenge of the Yukon - Chance Meeting<br/>                 9/20/51<br/>                 2403 Challenge of the Yukon - Gold Fever 11/29/50<br/>                 Challenge of the Yukon - Spider Burke's<br/>                 Daughter 12/1/50<br/>                 2404 Gangbusters - John K. Giles<br/>                 Gangbusters - Golf Course Murder<br/>                 2405 Proudly We Hail - Road of Return 9/20/53<br/>                 Proudly We Hail - Underwater Soldiers 9/27/53<br/>                 2406 Bold Venture - George Carson Killed<br/>                 Bold Venture - Joe Ryan Shot<br/>                 2407 Mr. Keen - Country Club Murder Case<br/>                 Mr. Keen - Murder and the Missing Car<br/>                 2408 Mr. Keen - The Yellow Tallon 9/22/49<br/>                 Mr. Keen - Murder with a Thousand Witnesses<br/>                 9/29/49<br/>                 2409 Mr. Keen - The Telephone Book Murder Case<br/>                 1/26/50<br/>                 Mr. Keen - The Jewel Thief Murder Case 2/9/50<br/>                 2410 Dragnet - The Big Sorrow 12/27/51<br/>                 Dragnet - The Big Juvenile Division 1/17/52<br/>                 2411 Dragnet - The Big Red (60 min.) 1/3/52, 1/10/52<br/>                 2412 Dragnet - The Big Almost No Show 1/31/52<br/>                 Dragnet - The Big Phone Call 2/14/52<br/>                 2413 Dragnet - The Big Producer 2/21/52<br/>                 Dragnet The Big Plant 2/28/52<br/>                 2414 Dragnet - The Big Border 3/20/52<br/>                 Dragnet - The Big Rose 3/27/52</p> | <p>2415 Dragnet - The Big Evans 3/6/52<br/>                 Dragnet - The Big Fire 3/13/52<br/>                 2416 Hallmark Playhouse - Parnassus on Wheels<br/>                 1/20/49<br/>                 Hallmark Playhouse - The Failure 1/27/49<br/>                 2417 The Whistler - Devoted Couple 7/9/50<br/>                 The Whistler - Attorney for the Defense 7/16/50<br/>                 2418 The Whistler - Fatal Step 12/30/51<br/>                 The Whistler - Episode at Thunder Mountain<br/>                 1/66/52<br/>                 2419 My little Margie - Margie gets Freddie a Job<br/>                 My Little Margie - Big Moose's Son Visits<br/>                 2420 Fibber McGee - Concert Tickets 10/25/49<br/>                 Fibber McGee - At Aunt Sarah's 1/3/50<br/>                 2421 Rocky Fortune - \$100 an Hour Messenger Boy<br/>                 Rocky Fortune - Drug Addict<br/>                 2422 Big Town - Death by Plan 11/16/48<br/>                 Big Town - The Deadly Doll 11/23/48<br/>                 2423 Broadway is My Beat - Phillip Hunt Case<br/>                 4/28/51<br/>                 Broadway is My Beat - George Grey Case<br/>                 4/28/51<br/>                 2424 Forbidden Cargo - Three Ring Circus<br/>                 Forbidden Cargo - The Skyscraper Smuggling</p> |
|---|---|

*Cantor's in the Money Now!*

by B. F. Wilson

Eddie began rousing his wife from a sound sleep to tell her that they were millionaires. With her customary calm, she scolded him mildly for disturbing her about such a trifling matter, and went back to sleep. Eddie had made his million, and the realization of his achievement was too much for him. He couldn't sleep for nights. He danced around the house he had rented in Great Neck, and slapping his five daughters playfully on the cheek, he shouted — "Hooray — I'm a millionaire. I've just made my first million! What do you think of that now?" And clapping his hands together in that well-known comic manner of his he sang "We've Got Money In The Bank!" . . . How did he make it?

In 1917, Eddie joined the Ziegfeld follies. The cast counted such well-known names as Bert Williams, Fannie Brice, Will Rogers, W.C. Fields and Walter Catlett. Rogers, Cantor and Fields had been thrown by the strange ways of chance into the same mold of fame. From Philadelphia, there had arrived on the New Amsterdam stage, a sleepy-eyed, puffy-faced man with a big fleshy nose, and a perfect nonchalant manner. He had landed on Broadway via burlesque, cheap vaudeville,



small-town theatrical acts and circus performances. His specialty was juggling. His name was W.C. Fields.

The tall, lanky Westerner who stood in the wings waiting to go on for his first appearance in a big production, shifted the wad of chewing gum in his cheek, and told fantastic tales of trying to teach the South Americans how to lasso by way of earning a living. They knew more about the art of rope-throwing than he would ever learn. So he had embarked in a cattle boat for Africa, and there joined up with a small rodeo show. That was Will Rogers' first appearance as a professional — a rope-twirler in Africa!

And last but not least, Eddie Cantor, landing on the glorified Ziegfeld rostrum from amateur nights in Miner's, Coney Island saloons, the Ghetto, Orpheum Circuits, and vaudeville.

There was no similarity in the work of these three. Each had his own peculiar form of entertainment to offer, and the strong friendship and perfect harmony which existed between them soon caused the name of "The Three Musketeers" to be bestowed upon them. They worked together, side by side, for several years, and when the famous Actor's Equity strike took place, each joined the battle which was led by Eddie, and supported him loyally in his fight for less successful players.

The trio broke up in 1920. Rogers followed the call of the movies and left for California to begin his motion picture career. Fields went back to the Ziegfeld Frolic, and Eddie was left without a job. Two famous brothers by the name of Shubert gathered him into their fold, and one night as the play opened in Philadelphia, Eddie experienced a thrill which he will never forget. Without warning, he walked down the street leading to the theatre on the eve of the opening, and there in huge electric lights he saw EDDIE CANTOR in THE MIDNIGHT ROUNDERS.

He was scared to death. His first stage appearance, and he went through the worst attack of stage fright he had ever known. The whole evening was crazy. Scenery was delayed and Eddie was thrust on the stage to stall anything that would come into his head. He appeared suddenly without trousers and a derby hat because he had no time to climb back up the stairs to his dressing-room for his pants. The shrieks which greeted his appearance turned the whole affair into an unforgettable premiere. After the show, Shubert called the whole company together, and putting his hand on Eddie's shoulder, he announced, "Ladies and Gentlemen, I want to introduce you to Broadway's newest star — Eddie Cantor."


From that time on, Eddie was firmly established as a leading star in the theatrical firmament. He went back to Ziegfeld and for years played in enormous financial successes such as *Kid Boots*, several more *Follies*, *Whoopee* and others. Jesse Lasky bought the motion picture rights to *Kid Boots* with the proviso that Eddie should appear in the leading role, and so began his first venture into the film world.

At this period, Eddie coined money from every source. He received over a hundred thousand dollars for each picture he made. His salary on the stage ran into the thousands weekly. He made a small fortune from his records. He invested his money in sound securities which paid huge dividends. He turned over his fortune to financial advisors, and he started building a huge last-word-in-luxury home in Great Neck Long Island.

He put a fortune into the house and grounds which soon, because of the elaborate fixings and trimmings began to be known as "Cantor's Folly." He sold this same remarkable establishment just recently at a loss of several hundred thousand dollars.

*(To be continued in the December IP)*

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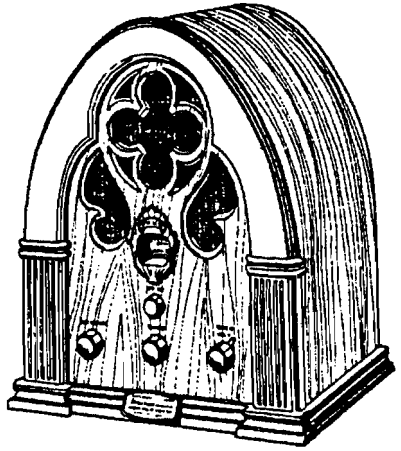
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