

The Old Time Radio Club

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THE C I S C O K I D



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Club Mailing Address

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



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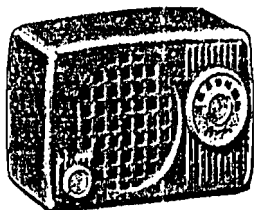
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SAME TIME, SAME STATION

by Jim Cox

ART LINKLETTER'S HOUSE PARTY

Art Linkletter: "Ladies, who sponsors the next program?"

Studio audience: "General Electric"

The dialogue at the start of *House Party* in the 1940s ushered in a rousing rendition of the much-heralded series' theme, "You," played to a snappy beat on the organ as announcer Jack Slattery introduced the show.

Later, when the series was no longer underwritten by General Electric, it arrived over background chatter by the studio audience, with Slattery advising:

"Come on in . . . it's Art Linkletter's House Party"

The familiar theme again erupted and another half-hour marathon of mirth and madness was underway.

House Party was an enigma. Competing against NBC's well entrenched soap operas, plus quiz and musical shows at ABC and MBS, it appeared each weekday afternoon as CBS was making the transition from multiple consecutive hours of serials to variety programming. Radio historiographer Fred MacDonald adroitly observes that soap operas continued as the most popular daytime programming features "except . . . where a new show was hosted by an attractive and dynamic character." He cites Arthur Godfrey, Jack Bailey, Tommy Bartlett and Art Linkletter as such ebullient celebrities.

Linkletter possessed the charisma to make the concept of this mishmash work. His ability to talk extemporaneously at length in any situation with people of all ages and backgrounds was well documented on his earlier national and local audio ventures. Linkletter's appeal kept the program fresh and spontaneous.

The show combined beauty tips, health tips, contests with odd twists, occasional talent, recurring guests who

offered advice in areas of their expertise and a frothy mixture of interplay with members of the studio audience and some precocious kids. Where did the idea for such a series originate?

It was borne out of a concept by producer John Guedel, who earlier had aspirations of becoming a writer but was dissuaded by a wad of rejection slips. Having worked on film shorts including *Little Rascals* and *Laurel and Hardy*, he drifted at last into radio. Guedel's fertile mind dreamed up a nighttime audience participation show starring Linkletter, to be called *People Are Funny*. It was launched in 1942 and turned into an overnight success. Eventually, it made its way to television, continuing on the air into 1960.

Guedel's attention was riveted to the need for a concept that would plunge him into daytime radio when, in 1944, he discovered that an advertising agency was seeking a new radio vehicle. Over a long night, he and Linkletter scratched their heads to derive a hodgepodge of human interest motifs. The next morning Guedel sold the idea and *House Party* was booked.

The highly spontaneous audience participation show debuted at 4 o'clock Eastern Time on Jan. 15, 1945 over CBS for General Electric, airing for 25 minutes. It was reduced from five to three days a week on Oct. 1 of that year, yet by Dec. 1, 1947 it returned to five days weekly and was never again broadcast on fewer days. At that point the show shifted to 3:30 p.m. on CBS.

A little more than a year later, Jan. 3, 1949, it was increased to 30 minutes and transferred to ABC at 3:30 p.m. It departed when sponsor GE dropped it July 1 of that year but returned Sept. 26, 1949 as a sustainer. It was again 25 minutes in duration, still at 3:30 p.m. and still on ABC. On Jan. 2, 1950 the program was bought by Pillsbury who returned it to CBS as a half-hour at 3:30, later moving it to 3:15. When Pillsbury bowed out May 5, 1952, the program was picked up by Lever Brothers who underwrote it at 3:15 through Aug. 24, 1954. From then on, until the radio series was cancelled Oct. 13, 1967, it aired under multiple sponsorship.

Meanwhile, on Sept. 1, 1952, Pillsbury signed for a live half-hour video version of the show on CBS at 2:45 p.m. The telecasts shifted to 2:30 p.m. Feb. 2, 1953 and in its waning years on radio, an audio tape of the TV outing was replayed daily. On Sept. 9, 1968 the telecast moved to 4-4:25 p.m. and the time was lengthened by five minutes Feb. 24, 1969. Then known as *The Art Linkletter Show*, it was co-hosted by Linkletter's troubled daughter, Diane who committed suicide the day before the show left the air Sept. 5, 1969.

An attempt was made to revive it on NBC-TV Dec. 29, 1969 by retitling it *Life with Linkletter*, co-hosted by the star's son, Jack. That ran at 1:30 p.m. until Sept. 25, 1970. The Linkletters then left the program forever. Though there was another try to resuscitate it in 1990. The daily hour-long syndicated TV series known as *House Party* hosted by Steve Doocy appeared only briefly.

The senior Linkletter, born Arthur Kelly July 17, 1912 at Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, was abandoned by his biological family and raised by adoptive parents. The patriarch, Fulton Linkletter, was a traveling evangelist who later moved his brood to southern California. While enrolled in 1933 at San Diego State University, young Art became a staff announcer at that city's KGB radio. Three years later he was radio director of the Texas Centennial Exposition. The following year he took a similar duty for the San Francisco World's Fair. By 1939 he was a freelance announcer and master of ceremonies, covering virtually every type of sporting contest and reporting from aircraft, submarines and battleships. His ad-libbing techniques were refined as he hosted KSFO's *Who's Dancing Tonight?* from the ballroom of the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco. He graduated to an ABC audience participation series, *What's Doin', Ladies?*, broadcast from that city's Hale Brothers Department Store. He was tapped to replace the emcee on *People Are Funny* in October 1943, and *House Party* followed not many months later.

On *House Party* Linkletter interviewed four or five children brought by limousine to CBS from the public schools of Los Angeles County. Daily he would ask them leading questions such as, "What is your mother like?" To which he might get the response, "She thinks she's beautiful but she had her 35th birthday and all that's behind her now!" Out of 10 minutes of riotous laughter by serious-minded tikes, Linkletter produced a best-selling book, *Kids Say the Darndest Things*. Over the show's life he claimed to have talked to 23,000 offspring.

Linkletter could bring the house down as he frequently selected a lady out of the studio audience and went looking through her purse, ostensibly to find a specific object that would win for her a nice prize (most often, a household appliance). His asides to the crowd as he culled each item from her bag kept them in hysterics. For sure, he was the master of off-the-cuff banter, never at any loss for words.

On other occasions he'd play "What's in the house?" with a studio guest. Using clues given by the emcee, a contestant would attempt to determine what object was

hidden within a miniature doll house that announcer Slattery held. If he or she missed, someone else would attempt the stunt on a subsequent show.

Linkletter loved to identify the youngest grandmothers, oldest mothers and youngest fathers in the studio audience. He often recognized newlyweds, those having been married longest and those with the most children and/or grandchildren. Any unusual circumstances could certify a guest for a prize on any given day.

Sometimes he took the show on the road, playing to vast audiences across the nation who had only heard it on the radio — broadcasting from whatever city the cast happened to be in. It was a novelty done in good taste and welcomed for more than a quarter of a century, including 22-plus years on radio. For all that time, it was a delightfully rewarding interruption in the midst of hum-drum routines of the typical mid-century American homemaker.

"The Jack Armstrong Murder"

by *Woody Smith*
(Part Two)

For Those Who Came In Late: Kyle Foster, the narrator, has been mysteriously transported to another reality where the radio heroes that he remembers from his youth are actually alive. Wrongly arrested for the murder of Jack Armstrong, Foster is rescued by The Shadow, who enlists him in a battle against an evil conspiracy led by Fu Manchu. The Shadow, as Lamont Cranston, hires Sam Spade as a bodyguard for Foster, whom Cranston believes is a focal point in the travel between realities. Spade and Foster were in Spades office waiting for Cranston and Margo Lane to return from making travel arrangements to Singapore when Jack Packard, Reggie York and Doc Long burst in and captured them.

PART TWO

So we stood there, Sam Spade and I, our hands in the air, looking down the gun barrels of Jack Packard and Doc Long. We could hear Reggie York dialing the phone in the outer office, dialing a number we knew to be that of the police.

Spade was feeling bad, I knew. So far he had really botched up being my bodyguard. I don't mean to downgrade him, but he was up against the A-1 Detective Agency, and I always figured them to be the best.

"Lookeee Jack," Doc said, "This here Foster fella don't look like much, couldn' Ah take jus' a leetle punch at 'im?" Packard shook his head. "No Doc, better not. We've done what Mr. Fairfield hired us to do, and now the police can take over," "Yeah, but Jack--" Doc Long was cut off by a loud thunk from the outer office. Over his shoulder, I saw Reggie slumped on the floor. Before Jack and Doc could react, their guns flew from their hands and hurled across the room. Then they reacted. Jack closed with Spade, Doc leaped at me. I did not want to fight Doc Long, he was over a head taller than me and much broader. But before he reached me, his head jerked down, his eyes crossed and he collapsed at my feet.

Meanwhile, Jack and Spade were going at it tooth and claw. Both of them were streetwise, "dirty" fighters that is, they fought to win. Either one, bare-handed was a buzz saw and it could have gone either way. Fortunately, it didn't last long. Jack crumpled to the floor but Spade looked puzzled because he hadn't hit him then. "Quickly, tie them up, we must hurry." I turned around and looked at Cranston. Of course! It was the Shadow who had aided us.

Spade, rubbing his jaw, started to say something but Cranston cut him off. "Not now Mr. Spade, I'll explain later, here use this." He handed Spade a length of rope and the detective bent down painfully to bind Jack. I tied up Doc and Cranston bound Reggie. "They will be free soon enough." Cranston said. "They're good men, I wish there were time to recruit them . . . ah, quickly now, to the car!"

We left the building and jumped in the limo. Margo was driving again and we sped for the docks. I watched Margo for a minute. "Hey, Mr. Cranston," I said. "Do you know a guy named Shrevvy?" "Why yes, he is a cabbie in New York, an acquaintance of mine." "How about Harry Vincent? or a man named Burbank?" Cranston looked puzzled. "No, neither of them, should I know them?" "No, just wondering." Spade leaned toward me. "You wonder a lot" he said. I shrugged, but I had an idea. Assuming I believed in this reality, and I was beginning to, it seemed that there was a consistency to it. They were all radio people. The Shadow was certainly the radio Shadow, not one from the pulps, which is why I asked about Vincent and Burbank, who never appeared on the radio show. Also he looked like a young Orson Welles. It was the same with Spade, he looked like Howard Duff, not Bogart.

I began thinking about the Shadow's "colleagues" that we were to meet in Singapore. Who would we meet? Chandu? Terry Lee and Pat Ryan? I couldn't wait. And, oh yeah, Cranston told Spade he was the Shadow. For a guy who made such a big deal about a secret identity, he sure was getting free about it.

Shortly, we reached the docks and boarded our ship. It was the "John Carter," a tramp steamer. Naturally, a tramp steamer is really mysterious stuff. Spade and I shared a cabin and Margo and Cranston had berths on either side of us. About eight o'clock that night we sailed. We sat in my cabin and talked for a few hours. Margo had scrounged sandwiches from the galley and we ate. Finally Margo and Cranston left, Spade locked the door and blocked it with a sea-chest, and I hit the sack. I woke up and thought about going out to drop a hook in Dynamite Gap where the perch were before I realized where I was. It was morning, Spade was still snoring in his bunk. Well, I had to find the head. I got up and moved the chest from the door. I swung it open, there was a dull thud, and I looked at a slim knife sticking in the door frame under my nose. I had a childish accident. When I could move again, I looked out into the companionway. It was empty.

"I am positive." Cranston said, studying the knife. "It is the Si Fan once again. The arm of Fu Manchu is long indeed." "Swell," said Spade. "Now all we've got to do is figure out which of the crew are the bad guys. Cranston knit his brow. Margo looked beautifully concerned. "Yes, of course, but that is something more suited to the . . . Shadow." I got the chills again. "I've got to go up on deck and get some fresh air," I said. "No!" Cranston exclaimed. "Not for a minute. You will stay here with Mr. Spade until it is safe to do otherwise. Let no one in but me Margo." "Yes, darling." "You stay here until I return. No one is to leave!" Cranston left, I looked out the single, salt-encrusted port-hole awhile and Spade put the moves on Margo . . . unsuccessfully.

Nothing happened until mid-afternoon, when we heard the shouts and gunfire. Spade drew his gun, Margo fished a small, silver-plated .32 from her purse. Someone banged on the door. "Margo! Let me in, it's Lamont!" We did, his voice was breathless. "The Si Fan is taking over the ship! We haven't a chance if we stay here. Our only chance is to get away in a lifeboat." "You've got to be kidding Cranston, even if we did fight our way through to a boat, we'd be picked off like flies." Cranston fixed him with a cold stare. "So? You have a better idea?" "Well, ah no, not exactly." "Very well then, no time to lose. Open the chest and get out the weapons." I hadn't even known what was in that chest. It held pistols, Thompson sub-machine guns and a sack of hand grenades. Now this got to me. From that moment

I was convinced that everything was real. Cranston, as the Shadow went first. There was a burst of gunfire in the companionway, then he called us to follow him. We stepped over some dead bodies and made our way on deck.

It was carnage, dead bodies were everywhere. One part of the crew was holed up in the wheelhouse firing at the others, whom I took to be the Si Fan. A few of them came at us so we shot them down. Bullets whined around us as Spade and I lowered a boat. We pushed off from the port side of the "John Carter" and rowed like hell. A Si Fan looked over the rail and Spade dropped his oar and drilled him. "No longer necessary Mr. Spade" said Cranston, not visible. "I can prevent them from seeing us now that we are all in one small area." "Swell" grunted Spade, and leaned into his oar.

We were about 500 yards from the ship, and angling towards its stern, when an explosion ripped the starboard side of the ship. Pieces of wood and metal rained about all about us. We stopped rowing when we could see around the stern. "What in heaven---" exclaimed Cranston. Apparently it was a submarine. But what a submarine! It reminded me of Captain Nemo's "Nautilus" but then that wouldn't be consistent. It was huge with fins and saw toothed edges here and there. As it rose and fell on the slight swells, I could see a gaping shark's jaw painted on its bow. As we watched, it put another torpedo into the "John Carter." This one broke the ship in half. Now we had to row like hell to escape the suction of the sinking ship. After a muscle-breaking period of time, it disappeared beneath the sea.

"Please be quiet," Cranston said. "I must try to reach the minds of the crew of that submarine to make us invisible to them." He was too late, the men on deck had seen us and fired the deck cannon. The shot missed, but the explosion was enough to capsize the life-boat and we all went into the drink. I came up spitting ocean and wishing that I'd never seen "Jaws." I saw Margo splashing around and frantically calling for Cranston, but I didn't see him at all. Spade was off to my left, clinging to some floating wreckage of our steamer. I swam over to Margo and dragged her to Spade's piece of debris. I still didn't see Cranston.

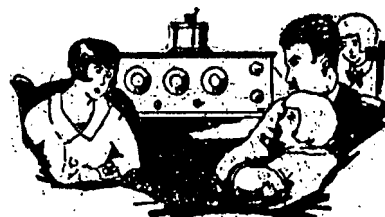
The sub came closer; I could see men on deck with guns. One of them was studying us through binoculars and he turned to one of the men who apparently relayed an order. The big sub slid up close to us and stopped, about a dozen hard-eyed men had guns on us. The one with the binoculars slung around his neck was stocky and dark. He was balding, with a trim moustache and goatee and dressed in a red and black uniform of some

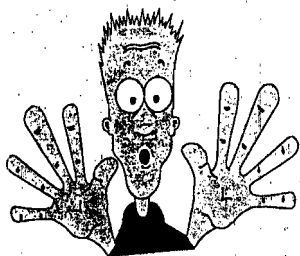
kind. He stood there hands on hip, regarding us and grinning a toothy grin. Then he laughed. "Throw them a line" he ordered in a heavily accented voice, an accent which I could not place. Spade caught the line and they drew us alongside. Rough hands pulled us on deck and we stood there shivering, facing this grinning man. Then, what I thought at first to be another crewman, someone appeared next to him. It took me a minute to realize that it was a girl, but what an ugly girl! She was taller than the grinner, but built the same and dressed similarly. If she had shorter hair and a goatee, they could have been twins. Her hair was long, black and stringy. I got the impression she had a five o'clock shadow, I mean this chick was ugly! As ugly as she was, the man on the other side of the grinner was uglier. I was waiting for him to drool. He reminded me of the cover of an old E.C. horror comic book and he laughed kind of hideously.

Spade didn't seem willing to let go of Margo, so I stepped forward. "Hi" I said, thrusting out a hand. "My name's Kyle Foster." The grinner ignored my hand but he looked thoughtful. "Foster . . . Foster" he repeated slowly. The ugly broad spoke up in a voice that was like a fingernail on a blackboard. "Kyle Foster! He is the one father, he is the one!" She laughed horribly and the grinner's eyes lit up. "You are sure daughter?" "Yes, yes, father" she cackled. The grinner turned to the creature on his left. "Take them below Fang, except for the girl, I may wish to ah, question her later. Take her to my cabin. Fang drooled. "Now, just wait one minute, my--" Spade said just before a gun butt connected with his skull. I decided not to make a noble gesture, two men grabbed my arms and two more began dragging Spade to a hatchway. The grinner looked at me and smiled again. "Welcome Mr. Foster" he said in that odd accent. "You are the guest of Ivan Shark!"

To be continued . . .

Next month learn the incredible secret of Ivan Shark's daughter, Fury! Explore the basement of the Hoobli Hotel with Kyle Foster. You can't afford to miss the startling developments in the next exciting installment as our heroes prepare for the final showdown with Fu Manchu.





Don't Touch that Dial

By JERRY COLLINS

In the January issue of *The Illustrated Press* I reviewed Gerald Nachman's *Raised on Radio*. In this issue I will review *The Great American Broadcast* by Leonard Maltin. Prior to authoring this book, Maltin had written numerous books and articles on the movie industry as well as being a regular on both radio and television talk shows.

The complete title of Maltin's book is *The Great American Broadcast, A Celebration of Radio's Golden Age*. The author begins his book with a fascinating chapter on the origin of radio as well as the origin of its most famous shows and radio personalities. The author then leads us through the different facets of radio and truly gives us a "cast of thousands" by the time the book is done.

The chapter on writers focuses on the outstanding careers of Arch Oboler, Carlton E. Morse, Norman Corwin, William Robson and Lucille Fletcher. Attention was also given to the early careers of Orson Welles and John Houseman as writers and editors on the early episodes of the *Mercury Theater*.

This was followed by a chapter on radio directors and producers. The list is a who's who of some of the greatest names in radio; William Spier, William N. Robson, Fletcher Markle, Jack Johnston, Himan Brown, Carleton E. Morse, Norman Corwin, Elliot Lewis, Orson Welles, Phillip H. Lord, John Houseman, Arch Oboler and Jack Webb.

Most fans of old time radio realize the importance of good sound effects specialists. The husband and wife team of Ora and Arthur W. Nichols were two of the best and two of the earliest radio sound effects specialists. After Agnes Moorehead the most important person on "Sorry, Wrong Number" was soundman Bernie Surrey. Other top soundmen have been frequent guests at old time radio conventions; Bob Mott, Bob Prescott, Terry Ross and and Ray Erlenborn.

For most fans of radio the chapter on radio acting was the most interesting. Although many names were mentioned, Leonard Maltin awards more coverage and gives more credit to Jeanette Nolan, John McIntire, Elliot Lewis, Hans Conreid, William Conrad, Howard Duff, Lurene Tuttle, Parley Baer and Gale Gordon.

Due to the nature of the medium, announcers played a very important role in radio. Since they were such an integral part of most shows, some announcers were as famous as the actors and actresses themselves. Once again the author's long list includes Marvin Miller, Bill Goodwin, Paul Douglas, Don Wilson, Harlow Wilcox, Harry Von Zell, Andre Baruch, Ken Roberts, Jackson Beck, Jimmy Wallington, Ralph Edwards, Ed Herlihy, Fred Foy and Art Gilmore.

One of the most interesting chapters in the book is entitled "An Actor's Life." The chapter is loaded with personal anecdotes from such famous personalities as Hans Conreid, Mercedes McCambridge, Howard Duff, Elliot Reid, Jackson Beck, Jeanette Nolan, John McIntire, Adele Ronson, Gale Gordon, Elliot Lewis, William Conrad and Parley Baer.

This very fascinating and readable book also includes chapters about sponsors (Jell-o; Rexall, Sal Hepatica, Lucky Strikes, Quaker Puffed Rice, Ipana, Kraft, Johnson's Wax, Chase and Sanborn and many others), comedy writing, playing in front of live audiences, the Hollywood connection, (*Lux Radio Theater* and *Screen Director's Playhouse*) and the importance of music in the history of radio.

The Great American Broadcast is a very fascinating and fun book to read. It is not as analytical as *Raised on Radio*, but it still avoids many of the controversial statements in Gerald Nachman's book. Still they are both books that all fans of old time radio should read.

Radio Programs, 1924-1984 A Catalog of Over 1800 Shows

By Vincent Terrace

Publication Date: January, 1999: 399 pages
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Reviewed by Peter Bellanca

When I first picked up Radio Programs, I thought there is no way this can compete with John Dunning's classic OTR reference, The Encyclopedia of Old-Time Radio. How wrong I was. Radio Programs has three hundred plus more programs than Dunning's tome. As the preface states, "This book is the largest and most detailed description of radio series ever published — an alphabetical listing of 1,835 entertainment programs broadcast from 1924 through 1984." Not only does this reference work contain the normal information about program casts and dates, broadcast history, networks, announcers, producers, etc., but information on radio programs that became television programs and television programs that became radio programs. Also included are audition programs that never made it to the airways. Granted, much of the information found in this book can also be found in other books on this subject, but Radio Programs does extend the research of OTR to a higher level. It covers more of the lesser known programs with less coverage of the more popular OTR programs like *Fibber McGee and Molly*, *Jack Benny*, etc.

Have you ever heard or read about any of the following programs? Here are just a few of the programs covered in Radio Programs that are not discussed in Dunning's book.

- *51 East 51 Street*, a 1941 program about a fictitious cafe at the aforementioned corner in New York City.
- *Mommie and the Men* a 1945-46 soap opera about a woman, her husband and three sons.
- *Let's Be Crazy*, starring Roy Rogers and Dale Evans from 1940.
- *The Whisperer* (not Whistler) from 1951 starring Carleton Young as the crime fighting Whisperer.
- *Friendship Ranch*, children's series on NBC from 1944.

Vincent Terrace is no stranger to the entertainment world. Some of his previous books include Radio's Golden Years, The Encyclopedia of Television, Seven Decades of Small Screen Almosts, The Complete Actors Television Credits, and Experimental Television, Test Films, Pilots and Trial Series, 1925 through 1995.

This is truly an indispensable reference guide for the collector of Old Time Radio Programs. For the person that is just interested in nostalgia it will jog their memory back to those wonderful days of radio. The book retails for \$75.00. You can purchase it direct from the publisher or from Barnes & Noble or Media Play at a discount. Amazon.com sells it at the suggested retail price.

Mr. District Attorney

by FRITZ KUHN

"Ipana Toothpaste and Sal Hepatica present *Mister District Attorney*, defender of truth, guardian of our fundamental rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

I waited patiently for those words week after week, anticipating my favorite radio show in those days. I sat by the talk-box and listened as the forceful announcer set me to imagining another adventure for Mr. DA. A pride in law and order was instilled in me as the DA would proudly announce "that it shall be my duty as District Attorney, not only to prosecute to the limit of the law all persons accused of crimes perpetuated within this county, but to defend with equal vigor the rights and privileges of all its citizens!"

Mister District Attorney started in 1939 with Dwight Weist cast in the title role, and a young man named Jay Jostyn was cast as a criminal in many of the initial episodes. Later, because of his voice and forceful dignity, he became, for those many years, the lead actor in the series.

The DA's sidekicks were Harrington and Miss Miller. Harrington, his Irish cop partner, portrayed by Len Doyle, was perennially calling the DA "Chief," and won many a fight with the odds much against him. Miss Miller on the series was played by Vicky Vola, who was imagined as a beautifully built young stenographer

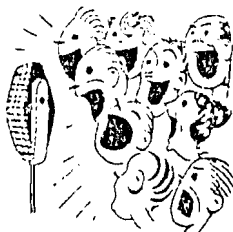
always willing to do anything in her power to help the DA in times of peril. The DA and Miss Miller always seemed to have more than an employer/employee relationship.

Phillips H. Lord, producer of the show, was the first producer to accept television as a medium. In 1951, *Mr. District Attorney* became the first and only radio show to move into the realm of "live" TV with its original cast of Jostyn, Doyle and Vicki Vola, but because, as has happened before, the voice did not fit the man, David Brian was hired to replace Jostyn. Brian was the TV *Mr. District Attorney* until the show was cancelled within the next few years.

Thus ended one of the most dramatic of the crime shows. I don't know how many people enjoyed the show as much as I did, but when it was on the radio the whole family, brothers, sisters, father and mother, all took time out from their daily chores to listen and become addicted to . . . *Mr. District Attorney*.

* * *

MEMBER'S MIKE



Dear Mr. Collins,

This is an "off the record" letter. I've been a member of your group for a few years and enjoy it very much. It seems that people are reluctant to respond to any requests for feedback. I'd like you to consider the merit (if any) of these suggestions:

How about adopting a policy of no street address published when a letter is published in the "IP"? Isn't it enough to know that "Rick Respondent" lives in "Reader, PA" without his home address being printed? The "no salesman will call" guideline tends to relax people in this current climate of Y2K edginess.

With this century nearing it's close, Id be interested in who your membership would chose in the various categories of "Century's Best"—drama, comedy, mystery shows, with perhaps voting for "Best of the Best"—individual programs of say "The Whistler," "Suspense," etc. Having fans chose their least favorite "classic" show might be entertaining also. I have never been one who cares for Fibber McGee or Jack Benny as an example.

Sorry to hear of the passing of Charlotte Manson. Did you know she was a part of Joe Dimaggio's radio show? Everett Sloane was in the cast also.

Sincerely,
R. H. Hagopian

Ed. Note: The Illustrated Press only publishes home addresses when correspondents ask for specific information from the readership. We respect the right of privacy of our members and do not trade any mailing lists. Some of the points mentioned in the above letter might be worth examining. Any readers care to comment?

Ken,

Regarding the book review of "Raised on Radio," Jerry Collins is absolutely correct about Tom Mix. Those long-discredited myths about Tom Mix's military accomplishments here and abroad are repeated by author Gerald Nachman with no checking of historical fact.

It has long been established, most recently by Mix's nephew, Paul Mix, that Tom's military service, brief and undistinguished, all in the U.S., ended with his Army desertion. Sad, but true. For a complete update on Tom Mix refer your readers to my article posted on the web page of Lou Genco at www.old-time.com.

Jack French,
Editor, Radio Recall

Dear Sirs:

I have reel-to-reel tapes of Senator Strom Thurmond's radio commercials used in South Carolina for his election to the United States Senate, in 1966. Also, a collection of Earl Nightingale's syndicated stories.

These are for sale and I would appreciate an offer to buy. These can be played over the phone for you to hear. Thank you.

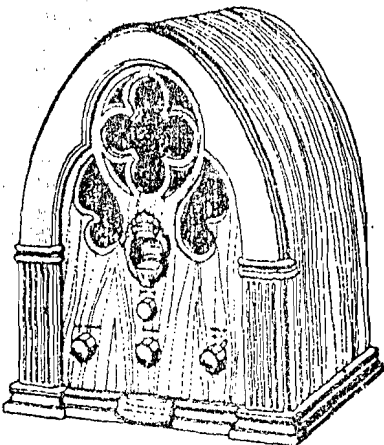
Hal Baran
505 Leafhaven Lane
Windsor, CA 95490

Phone: (707) 837-8512

Old Time Radio Club
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Lancaster, NY 14086

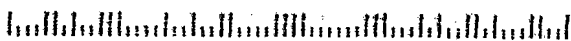


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