



Membership information

New member processing, \$5 plus club membership of \$17.50 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, \$17.50; April-June, \$14; July-September, \$10; October-December, \$7. 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 7:39 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

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Back issues of The Illustrated Press are \$1.50 postpaid

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The Illustrated Press



Hans Conried

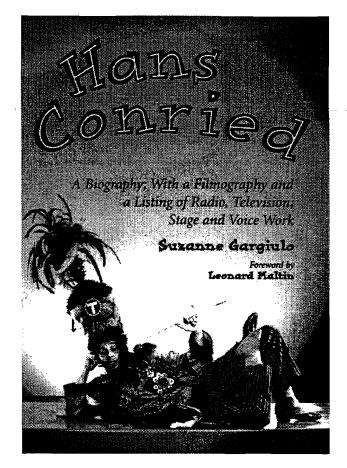
A Biography by Suzanne Gargiulo A Book Review by Ken Krug

The life and works of a celebrated Hollywood actor are detailed in this absorbing book written by Ms Suzanne Gargiulo. She has done an exceptional job in researching and categorizing all the many facets of this multitalented actor's life.

Hans' father (Hans Sr.) came to America from Vienna and found work in theatrical publicity and program publishing in New York City. He met his first wife (Flora) who later presented him with a son (Edwin). The marriage was a stormy affair and ended in a divorce shortly after the birth of their son. Hans Sr. was constantly traveling due to the nature of the business he was in and met his second wife a native of New Canaan, Connecticut by the name of Edith Beyr Gildersleeve. (Coincidentally, the same last name of a future fictitious water commissioner.)

Hans Georg Conried Jr. was born in Baltimore, Maryland on April 15, 1917 while his parents were on one his father's many business trips. The Conrieds were a family constantly on the move and eventually settled in California during the 1930s. Before that move however another son (Alfred) was born in 1925 and tragically, died at five years of age from the ravages of whooping cough.

Hans Jr. developed an early interest in acting and while in high school joined the school's Dramatic Club. At the age of 19, he found his way into radio and acted in *Calling All Cars, Annals of the Ages* and *It Happened Today.* Motion pictures discovered Conried and used him in several short subject films which eventually pushed him into larger roles. He met his future wife Margaret Grant while working at the NBC Studios and they were married in 1942. His movie and radio career was flourishing but was cut short in 1944 when he was drafted into the U.S.Army. He was sent to the Philippines and from there, after the war ended, the military sent him to Japan. It was there that he developed an intense love for the Japanese culture and art.



After returning home from the Army he joined Mel Blanc on his radio show in a comedic role, playing the nosey mailman "Mr. Snoop." Other roles opened up for him in programs such as Suspense, The Alan Young Show and The Bob Burns Show. In 1947 he took on the role of "Professor Kropotkin" in the popular Cy Howard production of My Friend Irma starring Marie Wilson and Cathy Lewis. In 1948 he played "Mr. Schultz" on radio's Life With Luigi starring J. Carrol Naish. Other radio programs are listed during this time period in which Conried was kept busy playing comic situation roles.

The book is profusely illustrated with pictures of Hans in many and varied roles in radio, motion pictures, tele-

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vision and stage productions. Appendices offer detailed descriptions of roles and dates in chronological order in all of the above mediums. A Bibliography lists books, magazine and newspaper articles along with Internet sources showing web addresses. The writer also used and listed taped interviews as a source.

In summary, if you want to learn more about an extraordinary, talented actor I'd highly recommend this book.

230 Pages, Soft Cover (7 x 10) Photographs, Appendix, Bibliography, Index. Price \$39.95, Postpaid Price \$43.95 Published by McFarland & Company, Inc. Publishers Box 611, Jefferson, North Carolina 28640

> Order Line 1-800-253-2187 www.mcfarlandpub.com

Looking Back With AMOS 'n' ANDY

When Freeman F. Gosden and Charles J. Correll celebrated their 18th anniversary as a successful blackface team, they simply took it in their stride. "Goz" and Charley aren't the kind of chaps to go in for champagne parties—but the event marked a big milestone in radio history, just the same.

An 18-year partnership is an achievement in any phase of show business. In broadcasting, it's a real record—and truly unique, when one considers the almost unbroken popularity of *Amos 'n' Andy* (Gosden and Correll, in the usual left-to-right order).

Behind that blackface teamwork is a story of even longer friendship, for "Goz" and Charley first met back in 1920, in North Carolina. Gosden was working for a small theatrical producing agency. Correll was employed in that agency's Durham office. Together, they started going "on the road," staging amateur shows in clubs, lodges and community halls all over the country.

The two actually made their radio debuts that year—speaking into a long megaphone (granddaddy of the microphone) for an experimental station in New Orleans—but didn't think much of the new medium, except for being impressed because a woman called up right after the program. She wanted to report that the reception was fine, even though she lived four blocks away!

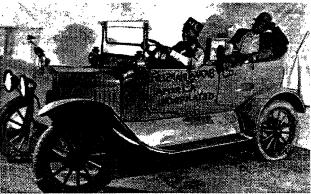


In 1926—Correll and Gosden were Sam 'n' Henry on a Chicago radio station.

It wasn't until a couple of years later in Chicago, where they shared an apartment during summer months, that they thought of radio again. One of their favorite pastimes was singing duets. More or less as a gag, they auditioned as vocalists at a local station, were dumbfounded when they won.

They recovered sufficiently to take a job as a singing team, stayed on for 7 months, finally quit of their own accord. They had just caught a recording of Bing Crosby singing with Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys—and knew real competition when they heard it.

Then, in 1924, Chicago station WGN asked them to do a skit on married life. Bachelors, they declined on grounds of ignorance, asked for permission to do blackface comedy instead. Gosden—born in Richmond, Virginia—knew Southern dialects well. Correll—a Northerner by birth—had spent much of his life below the Mason-Dixon line. The result was Sam 'n' Henry, direct ancestor of Amos 'n' Andy and an instant success in its own right. As Sam and Henry, they remained there for two years, changed the names to Amos and



In 1929—they first won nationwide fame as Amos 'n' Andy, over NBC.

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Andy, just while riding up in the elevators to make their first broadcast over a different station. Under the new aliases, Gosden and Correll pioneered in electrical transcriptions, sending them to 46 other stations—from Pittsburgh to the West Coast—until their ingenious "network by transcription" caught the attention of NBC, who arranged for a sponsored series over their own "live" chain.

Amos 'n' Andy made their initial broadcast for NBC on August 19, 1929, have been prime public favorites ever since. They have visited the White House, made movies, launched this, christened that, had oil wells and railroad cars named after them. With all this publicity, Gosden and Correll have never lost their heads. From the beginning, their idea has been only to present two characters blessed with the virtues, cursed with the faults to be found in almost everyone. And their proudest boast is that the perennial popularity of Amos and Andy (as heard over NBC on Friday nights at 10 P.M. E.W.T.) stems primarily from the inherent honesty of their portrayals. February 1945

17th Annual Cincinnati Old Time Radio Convention

Another great convention was held in Cinci this past April starring the great acting talents of Hal Stone and Bob Hastings. It also featured the Boogie Woogie Girls reprising the great Andrew Sisters songs of yesteryear. Although Bob Hastings is still recovering from a terrible car accident from last year, he still came to entertain us (what a trouper).

A special note of thanks to the two Bobs (Burchett and Newman) for arranging another great convention. This one even had better and less expensive accommodations. The dealer room was larger and so was the room for recreations. In addition, there were numerous restaurants in close proximity to the hotel. Gift certificates were raffled off during the convention and I received a free lunch at one of the restaurants. In addition, since George did not enter the raffle this year (he always wins numerous prizes), Frank Boncore and I were able to win several prizes, now if we can only keep him out of next year's raffle!!!

A special thank you goes out to the following dealers for their donations to our club library. They have helped our our library balloon to over 4000 OTR cassettes. Please support these dealers as they have great selections available at very reasonable prices.

1.) Radio Memories	
PO Box 94548,	
North Little Rock, AR 72190-4548	
2.) Great American Radio	
Genesee, Michigan 48437-0504	
3.) Vintage Broadcasts	
P.O. Box 50065	
Staten Island, NY 10305	
4.) Leo Gawroniak	
P.O. Box 248	
Glen Gardner, NJ 08826	
5.) Barry Hill, (address???)	

Looking forward to next year's convention. Richard Olday

The Cinci OTR Convention from a "First-Timer's" Perspective by Ken Krug

Dick Olday made me an offer I just couldn't refuse. Since he was going to the convention without his lovely wife Arlene, he graciously offered me the co-pilot seat in his van. We took off early Thursday morning and arrived at the hotel shortly before suppertime. After checking in and freshening up in our respective rooms, we went down to the lobby to meet and greet several of the attendees. It was decided that we'd all go to dinner at a nearby restaurant and get to know one another better. A great dinner along with very friendly people at our table made it a very pleasant and enjoyable evening.

Friday morning was spent in the dealer's room, and Frank Boncore introduced me to many of the people he knew and dealt with. There were so many varieties of OTR materials that I had trouble trying to decide what to spend my limited resources on. I brought my camera with me and took a lot of pictures so that I'd be able to recall later who I met. The first table just inside the doorway was set up by none other than Hal (Jughead) Stone. I introduced myself and apologized that I had already bought his book and Herb Hobler's and couldn't afford two more copies. It was a real treat and a pleasure to meet and converse with Hal. I even got a great snapshot of him.

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Hal Stone offering autographed copies of his book for sale.

At two o'clock we gathered to listen to The Blue Coal Trio (not a singing group). Their presentation was interesting. Sound clips of Jack Benny along with antedotes and a rare recording of Mel Torme addressing The Ralston Purina Company and then singing the Tom Mix Ralston Straightshooters theme song.

During the evening presentation we were treated to the singing talents of the Boogie Woogie Girls. Then we heard from Leo Jordan, the nephew of Jim and Marion Jordan, who spoke and answered questions about his famous uncle and aunt "Fibber McGee and Molly".

A Johnny Dollar re-creation was offered and starred Hal Stone as Johnny Dollar, Bob Hastings, John Rayburn, Derek Tague and Karen Hughes. The script was written by Rick Keating. Sound effects were sensational, sorry I didn't get the sound men's names. Derek was a former member of our club and has rejoined. Karen has been offered a trial membership in our effort to recruit the younger generation and keep the interest in OTR alive and well. Also several new members have signed on and others have won memberships through the convention's raffle. To all, a sincere welcome to the club.

Saturday morning was spent back in the dealers room where I picked up some tapes and a few illustrations fcr use in <u>The Illustrated Press</u>. The afternoon saw John Rayburn giving a rendition of one of his "spoonerisms", and another re-creation, this time Boston Blackie.

The evening featured a sit-down dinner and afterwards yet another re-creation, a Philip Marlowe performance. After that, awards were presented by Bob Burchett and while accolades were being given before calling on Chuck Schaden, Hal Stone jumped up acting like the praise and award was meant for him. This drew a hearty laugh, especially when Hal sulked back to his



Frank Boncore trying to decide which shows he wants.



John Rayburn and Leo Jordan



Dick Olday, Frank Boncore and Ken Krug getting ready to enjoy another dinner.

table. Great timing Jug. To close out the evening, the Boogie Woogie Girls led the audience in a sing-along rendition of "We'll Meet Again".

Sunday morning came and the trip back to Buffalo began. I certainly was impressed by the general friendliness of all the participants plus the hospitality of Bob Burchette and Robert (he told me to call him that) Newman. I'm already saving my quarters for next year.



- 1. "Darling Nellie Gray" opened this soap opera, "Polly Wolly Doodle" closed it. What was its name?
- 2. What firm was advertised by *The Happiness* Boys ?
- 3. William Bendix was the most famous Chester Riley, but who was the first?
- 4. Who was The Town Crier?
- 5. What show featured Joel Kupperman and Vanessa Brown?
- 6. Who impatiently said "All right, all right"?
- 7. Who were the six tenants of Allen's Alley?
- 8. Who conducted The Cities Service Band of America?
 9. What program was dedicated to the Three B's --
- Barrelhouse, Boogie Woogie and the Blues? 10. What was the name of The Mystery Man in *The House of Mystery*?

Answers on Page 9

KIDS WANT MURDER

Radio Guide Magazine: June 10,1939 By T. H. Trent

Little Eddie, age nine, jerked his wooden pistol from its oilcloth holster, stuck it into his chum's ribs, and screamed, "I'm the Klondike Killer. Bang! Bang! Bang!" He had heard it on the radio. Dress them in pink and blue, train them in the ways of righteousness—they still want blood-and-thunder.

Emily Ann, age ten, sat stubbornly over the breakfast dish of Whooshies. She was a member of the Whooshy club, she had a pin and membership card, and she had promised to be a Model Whooshy Ideal Child. "No," she told her mother, "I'm not hungry." Now Emily Ann should have been hungry, for she had gone to bed after a light supper and she had eaten nothing this morning, of which fact her mother reminded her. Said Emily Ann, "I want some Scrumbles." Emily Ann's mother thought of the four boxes of Whooshie in the pantry, the two boxes of Bitties, the one box of Peppies, and the three boxes of Kidbits, each box minus a top or a side panel but hardly any of its contents. And now Emily wanted Scrumbles. "I think," said Emily Ann's mother, "I'll never allow you to listen to the radio again."

Master Peter, age eight, who liked funnies too, faced his father over the evening papers and said evenly, "Gimmie dat poiper, youse, or I'll bop you in de mush." "What is your favorite radio program, son?" asked Peter's dad, who was an unusually astute citizen. "Gangsters and Guns," said eight-year old Peter.

Twelve-year-old George took a single strand of strong copper wire early one evening and attached one end securely to the gatepost just eight inches above the ground. Ten feet away across the sidewalk was a telephone pole, to which he twisted the other end, making a tight, invisible obstacle across the walkway. Then he walked through the twilight to Bert's house. Bert was something of a bully and George, who was smaller, wanted revenge. Bully Bert was in his yard when George's first taunt reached his ears. "Get out," he replied. "Make me get out!" dared George. Bert went for him fast. George streaked around the corner, leaped the hidden wire, and was away. Bert's flying feet tangled in the wire and he fell. Next morning, just before noon, he died in a hospital of a fractured skull. George admitted he got the idea from a radio program. Things like that are bad.

A lot of people are yelling that such things shouldn't be permitted on the air. Perhaps they are right. But they are also lazy. Lazy thinkers, that is. If they weren't they would realize that they are wrong in at least two important respects.

First, children want murder. Dress them in pink and blue ribbons, or Buster Brown collars, fill them with Golden Rules and Sunday School lessons, train them in the ways of unselfishness and righteousness, and you still have, almost without exception, a little savage. He has his cute and his docile moments, but he has entered this world only a few years earlier, remember, with no inhibitions, no responsibility, and no ethics. He eats, he plays, and he resists learning just as definitely as does a young colt who is placed in harness. Only gradually do we civilized oldsters wear him down. Presently he becomes one of us—a deadly bore.

But now he wants murder because violence is natural to him. So he tunes, if he is unsupervised, to those programs that have such an appeal. Which causes some parents to leap to the wrong conclusion about radio. Long before radio, for instance, little Eddies were racing about back yards shouting "Bang, bang, bang." Long before radio, premiums and secret societies were used to sell cereals. Thirty years ago, kids talked slang and told their parents "Twenty-three, skiddoo" or answered their orders with "Ish-ka-bibble, I should worry." Also, some fine lessons in how to kill, rob, highjack, cheat, and maim had been given in literature and art and opera quite a while before our children began to ride their little kilocycles. So rest assured that radio is not turning our children into savages. They start out that way, unprincipled, uninhibited. Radio, as it measures up to its responsibilities, can do much to help parents to turn them into people with whom it is possible to live comfortably.

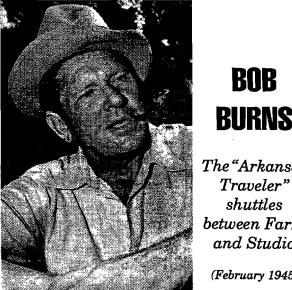
Error two in the credo of the Parent Who Hates Radio forces us to the brink of discourtesy. We refer to the mother (or father) who says, "I can't make them stop listening to those awful programs. Such things oughtn't to be on the air."

Madam, lean over the nearest chair, if you please, while I lay this carpet slipper against your durrier. Any mother whose children's listening habits cause her acute but futile anguish is not damming radio. She is damming herself and her motherhood and stating that she is an ineffectual floozie whose discipline must be a mixture of baby talk and empty threats. She merely grasps at radio as an alibi for her own mental short weight.

A responsibility of parenthood is that of guiding the child. Guidance does not stop at four P.M. when children's programs come on the air. Any mother who hasn't the guts to walk into a nursery and turn off a bloodand-thunder cliff-hanger had better take steps immediately to turn her brood over to the nearest orphan asylum, of which the author is prepared to recommend several which know how to raise a child. It is doubtful, however, that her type would have enough brains to recognize a program harmful to a nine-year-old mentality. She would be too busy enjoying it herself.

In short, a few radio programs admitedly are still phony or harmful. Some mothers do have radio-children-program problems. But there are antidotes for the former, and as for the latter, these mothers must accept this additional responsibility just as they have in the case of selecting their children's schools, companions, and movies.

It is an interesting and hopeful sign that women everywhere are thinking intelligently of this problem. Not by damming the damnable do they expect to "clean up the Children's Hour." Not by muck-raking, by quoting isolated cases of night sweats, or bed-wettings. Instead, they are asking broadcasters to use their powerful insturment to make better citizens out of our children. And they are pledging themselves to support those programs for children which most nearly accomplish that end. In itself that is no mean pledge to a businessman with a child's program on the air. For there are 18,000,000 allied clubwomen interested in this new project. No, children's desires don't change much despite new gadgets or mechanical marvels. They still want murder. Sometimes the oldsters want it, too. They wanted it and they got it even as far back as the Garden of Gethsemane. But given radio and good judgement and a spirit of malice toward none, we must slowly climb toward that state of perfection of which He preached.



The "Arkansas Traveler" shuttles between Farm and Studio

BOB

(February 1945)

You can't talk about "Bob Burns" without talking about the bazooka. The "Arkansas Traveler" and his renowned musical hybrid just naturally go together like man-and-wife or ham-and-eggs. And sometimes its real hard to tell just what should come first. Did Bob Burns make the bazooka, or did the bazooka make Bob Burns? The story of how that instrument extraordinary came to be is worth re-telling. It seems that, many years ago, when the now-fiftyish teller of tall tales was a green, and untried sprig, he and other members of the Queen City Silver Tone Cornet Band used to practice of an evening in the Van Buren (Arkansas) plumbing shop. Our hero was mandolin player and, becoming bored with his job, picked up two pieces of gas pipe, slid them together and blew. The boys laughed-so Bob added a funnel to the thing, took it to his heart, and called it a bazooka. That gas-pipe tuba-humble though its origins-was fated to make both its owner and his home town famous. Never one to hide his light under a bushel, the common sense philosopher of the airlanes is now proud to bring to mind that even the Japs and Germans quiver at its name-ever since the Army named its anti-tank gun the "bazooka." Why, if it hadn't been for his inventing that instrument, a lot of folks would call him lazy. His having done that removes him from the good-for-nothings and makes him a dreamer. "In other words," says Burns, "a dreamer is a lazy man who got a break." If you're interested to know, Bob boasts that he still has the original bazooka that started him in show business more than 30 years ago. "Of

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course, I had to add a new funnel when I smashed the old one throwing it on the stage, and once the handle broke off and I welded a new one, and another time the iron pipe rusted through, so I had to get another one, but otherwise, it's the same original bazooka I made back in Van Buren when I was a boy."

Well, you can believe that or not—but one thing the wild-yarn spinner is not kidding about is his farm. With somewhere around 500 acres under cultivation, "Bazooka-Berk Farm" is the largest individually owned commercial "plantation" in San Fernando Valley, yields tons of alfalfa, walnuts and lima beans, pays a sizeable income tax to the government. There's plenty of livestock, too, including those famous porkers and Mrs. Burns' specially-bred canaries, and Burns even has a pipe made out of olive wood from his own olive orchard. "Why, that's nothin'," says the homespun Bazookan, "that place is really self sufficient. We even raise the worms that feed the fowl that feed the Burns!" Bob also takes his citizenship seriously. As honorary mayor of Canoga Park, California, he attends all civic gatherings, is prominent in war and welfare drives, even turns up at Parent Teacher Association and school board meetings. He's also a member of the OPA rationing board, devotes a lot of time to it. "If more citizens took, their citizenship seriously," quips the hillbilly from Van Buren, "fewer citizens would be taken by the politicians."

It was Rudy Vallee who introduced Bob to the transcontinental audience in 1935, and that time he made an instant hit. Burns fans know the rest of the story—a featured spot on Bing Crosby's "Music Hall," then his own show in 1941.

The comedian himself looks much like his air character —a tanned, blue-eyed 200 pounder who carries his weight well on his 6-feet-2 frame. Neighbors say he's easy to know, can take kidding as well as give it. Armed with his trusty bazooka, Bob Burns sees no stop-lights ahead now.

OTR QUIZ (ANSWERS)

- 1. Just Plain Bill
- 2. Happiness Candy Stores
- 3. Jackie Gleason
- 4. Alexander Wollcott
- 5. The Quiz Kids
- 6. Major Edward Bowes
- 7. Senator Claghorn. Mrs. Nussbaum, Titus Moody, Ajax Cassidy, Socrates Mulligan & Falstaff Openshaw
- 8. Paul LaValle
- 9. The Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street
- 10. Roger Elliott



by DAN MARAFINO

Lux Radio Theatre with Cecil B. DeMille, came on the air October 8, 1935 with a broadcast of "Dulcy". On June 7th, 1955, Lux was gone from the airwaves, but during that twenty year span, the program was in the top 10 every year. The popularity of the show was due to the top Hollywood director of the time, Cecil B. DeMille, who, up until his conflict with the unions, was the host of the Lux Theatre. Although these disagreements cost C.B. his job, one must admire him for staying with his convictions, He simply went back to making blockbuster movies, and Lux continued on under William Keighley and others till the last show.

The program made use of major Hollywood stars with stellar supporting casts and in some cases up and coming movie stars and established radio stars for a mix that was an instant success. Monday night in Anytown U.S.A. was Lux night and just about anyone who had a radio tuned in.

I have said before that I don't have favorites, I don't like the idea of putting someone on a pedestal. The same goes for hero worship. But I really liked Lux, about the same as I liked *Suspense*. These are the the Kind of programs (more so Lux) that you can settle back in your favorite chair for a very pleasant hour, relax, and be treated to a top story (movie) with big name stars and just plain enjoy it. There was no swearing to worry about, no decapitations and no gory blood. It was good family entertainment week after week.

Almost the entire run of Lux is available to collectors either on tape or MP3. I highly recomend *Lux Radio Theatre* to anyone who appreciates old time radio at it's very best. Here are a few of the shows I like: "Treasure Island," "Guadalcanal Diary," "Casablanca," "Mr. Belvedere Goes To College" and "Destry Rides Again." See you next month...signing off.

A Reminder ... <u>The Illustrated Press</u> will not be published during the months of July and August.

The Old Time Radio Club

49 Regal Street Depew, NY 14043



FIRST CLASS MAIL



NALD DICKSON, YERA VAGUE, ROBERT NBRUSTER AND HIS ORCHESTRA AND

ICARTHY, EDGAR BERGEN

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