

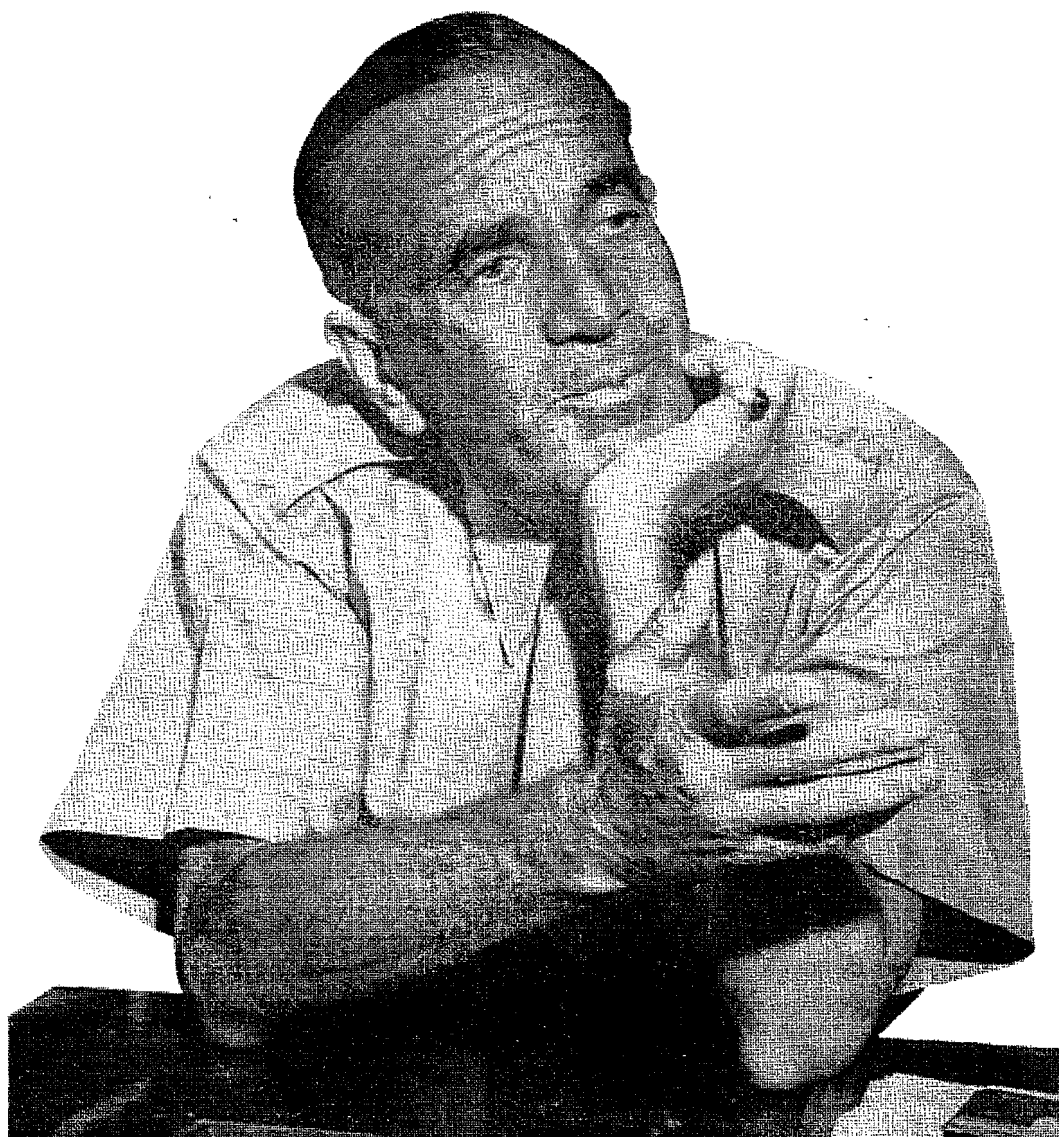
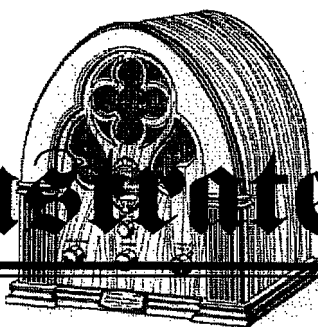
The Old Time Radio Club

Established 1975

The Illustrated Press

Number 337

February 2006



AL JOLSON

Shell Chateau . . . Kraft Music Hall

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The Illustrated Press

Membership Information

Club Membership: \$18.00 per year from January 1 to December 31. Members receive a tape library listing, reference library listing and the monthly newsletter. Memberships are as follows: If you join January-March, \$18.00; April-June, \$14; July-September, \$10; October-December, \$7. All renewals should be sent in as soon as possible to avoid missing newsletter issues. Please be sure to notify us if you have a change of address. The **Old Time Radio Club** meets on the first Monday of the month at 7:30 PM during the months of September through June at St. Aloysius School Hall, Cleveland Drive and Century Road, Cheektowaga, NY. There is no meeting during the month of July, and an informal meeting is held in August at the same address.

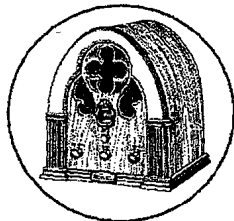
Anyone interested in the Golden Age of Radio is welcome. The **Old Time Radio Club** is affiliated with the Old Time Radio Network.

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The Radio Broadcast of The Second Louis-Schmeling Fight

By JERRY COLLINS

Over the years I have done many articles that have dealt with radio broadcasts of both baseball and football games. There has never been a shortage of books on these two topics.

Now it is time to turn to boxing where traditionally the research material has been quite sparse. Peter Keller's "In this Corner" and a series of books by Bert Sugar were the only well known books on the market.

Over the past two years there has been an explosion of boxing books. Initially there were the four books about James J. Braddock; James J. Braddock - B.R. Bearden, "The Rise of the Cinderella Man" - Jim Hague, "Cinderella Man": "James J. Braddock, Max Baer and the Greatest Upset in Fight History" - Jeremy Schaap and Cinderella Man: "The James J. Braddock Story" Michael DeLisa. There was reference in all those books of the Braddock kids and other family members listening to the "Braddock - Baer" and "Braddock - Louis" fights. Still there was nothing controversial about the coverage.

Then more recently there were the three books on the second Joe Louis - Max Schmeling fight; "Beyond Glory: Joe Louis vs. Max Schmeling and the World on the Brink" - David Margolick, Alfred Knopf, New York: 2005; "Joe Louis vs. Max Schmeling: Ring of Hate, The Fight of the Century" - Patrick Meyler, Arcade Publishing, New York: 2005 and "The Greatest Fight of Our Generation, Louis vs. Schmeling" - Lewis Erenberg, Oxford University Press, New York: 2000.

Clem McCarthy, a prominent horse-racing announcer, made his boxing debut doing the play-by-play in the Max Baer-Joe Louis fight. He was assisted by Edwin C. Hill. The same team would handle the first Louis-Schmeling fight as well as the Louis-Braddock fight. A change was made for the second Louis-Schmeling fight. Ed Thorgersen, the sports commentator for Fox Movietone News was hired to replace Hill. Nearly six of ten radios would be tuned to the fight with an audience of 60,000,000. In addition 100 Western Union wires were installed.

According to 8 Uhr-Blatt, Arno Hellmis was "Germany's best radio announcer." He was selected by Nazi

Germany to narrate the film of the first "Louis Schmeling Fight. The fight premiered in Dresden on July 8, 1936 and then throughout the rest of Germany including 47 theaters in Berlin and a 1,200 seat cinema in Bremen. In addition to his upcoming announcing duties, he was writing for Angriff, The Valkischer Beobachter, Reichssportblatt, 8 Uhr-Blatt and Box-Sport and would find time to write a Schmeling biography. He was even selected to announce the ghost fight between Schmeling and Braddock that was scheduled for June 3, 1937 in Madison Square Garden. Even though 54 tickets were sold, the fight was never held.

Everything about the second Louis-Schmeling fight was controversial, so it is not surprising that the radio coverage was the same. Each book seems to cover a different aspect of the controversy.

David Margolick is the only writer to put a great deal of focus on the role of the of Arno Helmis and Clem McCarthy, The German broadcast began at 1:00 AM with commentary, readings from Schmeling's biography and music from two live bands. Several movie theaters carried the radio broadcast in Berlin and the closing time for German pubs was changed from 3:00 AM to 5:45 AM. Interestingly enough Mussolini did not permit the broadcasting of the fight in Italy.

Following the broadcasting of military music Arno Helmis came on the air at slightly past 3:00 AM German time. His opening comments were already being delivered at a fever pitch.

"The moment has finally come. This isn't a stadium any more. This is a overflowing, feverish melting pot full of passion let loose, and if one should throw a match I am sure the whole stadium with all its people will be blown up into the air with one single explosion. A fever reins in the veins of all these people."

Helmis almost immediately lost his objectiveness, "Max is backed up against the ropes, . . . to the right Max . . . now Louis throws another one, misses . . . moves to the side . . . Bang! Maxe! Go back! For heaven sake, Maxe! Maxe! Joe Louis! Stop him! Hold on Maxe! Hold yourself! The rope!

After assuring Schmeling's wife back in Germany that her husband was leaving the ring clearheaded and standing tall, Helmis concluded the broadcast by saying, "Our broadcast from Yankee Stadium in New York is finished."

Arno Helmis' lack of objectivity led to some serious broadcasting problems. According to Boxsport, "as if someone had suddenly turned off the lights on someone reading."

The Illustrated Press

There was a great deal of confusion, "how was it possible." How many times did Schmeling go down? What punches put him down? "No one had any idea what was going on."

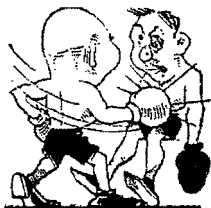
Most criticisms leveled at Clem McCarthy were for errors of omission. He missed one knockdown, the kidney punch and the flying towel incident. Twice he incorrectly said that the Heavyweight Title had changed hands. According to Time Magazine, McCarthy was "reduced to dithering bewilderment." The Bronx Home News stated that "he should stick to horse racing and stay away from prize fights." Still, it is his raspy voice that will forever be associated with one of the greatest moments in radio history.

Meyler, who is exclusively a boxing writer and historian, tells of the impact of this very quick and dramatic radio broadcast on Black communities throughout the United States. "As soon as the radio broadcast was over, exultant blacks spilled out on the streets to begin the celebration."

Meyler also devotes more time to refuting the story that the radio connection back to Germany was disconnected when it appeared that Schmeling was on the verge of losing, which was within the initial 30 seconds. Not so according to the author who interviewed Germans who had listened to the fight. They all claimed to have heard the conclusion of the fight. The author also includes Arno Helmis' final comment on the fight. "We sympathize with you Max, although you lost as a true champion. We will show you on your return that reports in foreign newspapers that you will be shown in jail are untrue."

Lewis Erenberg talks of the impact of the radio broadcast back in Germany. Arno Hellmis was the only Nazi correspondent in attendance at the fight. He was well known in Germany as he had already narrated the German film of the first Louis Schmeling fight. The editors of Der Andriff said that Helmis' radio broadcast of the fight "left them speechless." He also includes some of the broadcaster's emotional comments. He is almost crying as he said "Max take your time, Max take your time!"

The second Joe Louis-Max Schmeling fight was one of the greatest sporting events in radio history. If you are a sports fan it would certainly be advantageous to read one or more of these books. Listen to an audio tape of the fight or even watch one of the videos. Clem McCarthy's voice still lives on.



By JOHN JENNINGS

(Tucson Citizen Staff Writer - Published October, 1990)

Western star met fate here 50 years ago

It was October, but the mid-afternoon sun glared mercilessly on the crew repairing a highway crossing at a wash 50 miles north of Tucson. The detour around the work site was clearly marked, wooden barriers had been erected and warning signs were set up far down the road.

In the haze on the southern horizon, a swirl of dust appeared, vanished and appeared again. Someone was coming. And he was in a hurry. It was Saturday, Oct. 12, 1940. The time was 2:11 p.m.

Seventy-six-year-old Walt Pittinger admits to having a poor memory, but the images of that morning half a century ago are burned forever into his mind. Pittinger, who had come to Tucson four years previously for his health, had become a news and feature photographer in town. The Tucson Citizen did not have a full-time photographer of its own at the time, he recalls, so he was Johnny on the spot at any fire, crime scene or society event, hoping to sell his work to the Citizen.

On that Saturday morning Pittinger was going home before heading out on a photo opportunity. As he hurried down the street, he spied Pima County Sheriff Ed Echols chatting with a tall figure in a white hat. Walt would have known the other man anywhere — he was Tom Mix, the hero of more than 300 western films. At 60, Mix was past his prime, but for millions of Americans he still was King of the Cowboys. It would be another 15 years before Roy Rogers would claim the title.

Any other time, Pittinger would have jumped at the chance to snap such a shot, but because he was running a little late, he passed by. "They were standing there by Mix's automobile, a yellow or creamy colored Cord," Pittinger said. It was probably about noon — maybe a little before."

The Illustrated Press

Ed Echols had known Tom Mix since they were both rodeo performers in 1907. Eventually Mix's smooth-talking, hard-riding style drew the attention of Hollywood producers, and by the 1920s he was a legendary Western movie hero.

His Hollywood biography claimed that he was born in El Paso, Texas, had served alongside Teddy Roosevelt as a Rough Rider in the Spanish-American War and had fought in the Boxer Rebellion in China as well as the Boer War in South Africa. His press agents said he had been a U.S. marshal and a Texas Ranger to boot.

Truth was, Mix was born in Pennsylvania, and some historians say he deserted from the Army. That he was a tough, stand-up kind of guy, though, can't be disputed. Echols, who died in 1969, often recalled the time he saw Mix break up a drunken cowboy brawl and catch a bullet in his leg for the effort.

Mix was a big hit with the opposite sex, and his affairs with many of Hollywood's leading ladies were legendary. He was married five times and was noted for his hearty appetite for liquor and gambling. By 1940 his film career was long over, and Mix kept busy by promoting a circus. There was talk about a renewed career in the movies, despite the fact that the advent of "talkies" had coincided with, the demise of his film career.

In the movies, Mix's blaze-faced wonder horse, Tony, would prance his way through bad guys' bullets, leap huge chasms and gallop to a maiden's rescue time after time. Then, when Tom and the beautiful rancher's daughter would lean in for a film-ending kiss, Tony would either nudge Tom toward the girl, or swipe his white hat and spoil the moment. Tony was the first horse to be a real movie star. He was the ultimate hero's steed when Champion and Trigger were still in pony-tails.

The dust cloud grew closer, and the highway crew could hear the grumbling roar of a powerful engine. There was an occasional glimpse of a golden object through the mesquite bushes.

Mix had been in Las Cruces, N.M., the day before and had spent his one night in Tucson at the downtown Santa Rita Hotel (now the Days Inn), where he had carved his name in the hotel's lore a few years earlier by riding a horse into the lobby. One of the musicians at the hotel was Maurice Carl, and he said Mix invited them all up to his suite for drinks after the bar closed. The party in Mix's room broke up about 3 a.m. He told the musicians he needed to get to bed because he had to drive to Florence the next day.

Around noon on Saturday, Mix checked out of the Santa Rita and loaded his custom-built Cord roadster for his trip. Among the luggage in the car's back seat was a large, leather-bound trunk.

Tucson Police officer Dick Lease spoke to Mix that morning at the Santa Rita, as did the hotel manager, Nick Hall; and California artist Gene Sterling. Echols chatted with his old friend for a few minutes before they shook hands and waved goodbye to each other.

The yellow car was getting close now, and the highway workers turned their attention in its direction. They could tell by the sound that it was still coming fast, and they expected to hear the engine sound change as the first warning sign came into view of the driver. There was no change, though. The car kept coming.

Tom Mix believed in friends, family and fun. He was to attend the christening of his grandson, Tom Mix III, the next day in Phoenix, and he was in a good mood when he pulled up in front of the bar at Oracle Junction. Inside, he found his good friend Bud White, and it didn't take much persuading for the Western star to pull up a chair and play a few hands of poker with White, a Californian known as Death Valley Scotty and Ed Flanagan, White's nephew. A little moonshine whisky was poured out, as were tall tales of bygone times. Just before 2 p.m., Mix bid his adieu and climbed back in his Cord for the drive north . . . he roared off up the highway.

The car was plainly visible to the workers now, and there was no doubt that it wasn't going to make the detour. It was doing about 80 mph when it reached the construction site, and the sudden squeal of tires hardly slowed it at all. The flashy yellow car slammed through the construction barrier, dove nose-down into the dry, sandy wash, and flipped up on its side. A huge cloud of dust obscured the vehicle as the sound of the crash faded.

Later, Echols would say that an old Arizona cowboy named Adams happened to be the first on the scene. As the car teetered and the dust began to settle, Adams saw a figure move from beneath the yellow car and start to stand up. Just then, the large rawhide trunk toppled over, falling on Mix and breaking his neck. Legend has it that the heavy trunk was full of silver dollars.

There is no verification of that in any of the news stories of the time, but the Associated Press story the Tucson Citizen ran on Monday, Oct. 14, said, "In the car and on

The Illustrated Press

his body authorities found jewels, \$6,000 in cash and \$1,500 in traveler's checks." Other stories at the time said that Tom Mix died instantly, pinned under the overturned car. No matter, really. For the King of the Cowboys was dead. It was 2:12 p.m.

Police officer Lease was patrolling on the North Side of the city that Saturday afternoon when he stopped a car for speeding. "There's been an accident back there, and it looks bad," the driver told Lease excitedly. "It's a guy in a yellow Cord."

Lease later said he knew immediately who the victim was, and he radioed the report to police "I could hardly believe it," Echols would say. "He had been, reported killed so many times."

The Tuesday, Oct. 15 edition of the Tucson Citizen included a picture of the yellow Cord. The only visible damage was a slightly dented front fender on the driver's side. The next day, 300 friends and family members filed into the Little Church of the Flowers in Glendale, Calif., to say goodbye to Tom Mix. More than 2,000 fans gathered outside.

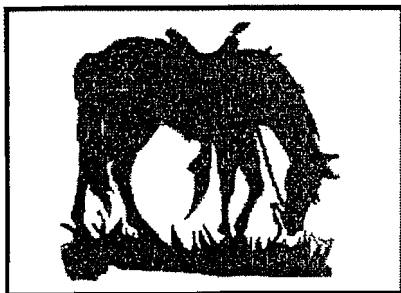
In the chapel were such Western movie stars as Buck Jones, Harry Carey, William S. Hart, Gene Autry and Gary Cooper.

Two years to the day after Tom Mix's death, Tony the Wonder Horse died at the remarkable age of 37.

On Dec. 5, 1947, a crowd of more than 300 gathered at a spot just a couple of hundred yards north of the crash site. A stone monument was dedicated to Mix.

Gene Autry and Ed Echols spoke at the ceremony, and tears flowed freely as Autry's rendition of "Empty Saddles in the Old Corral" drifted out across the quiet desert.

(Special thanks to Jim Snyder for submitting this article)



A monument to Tom Mix is 50 miles north of Tucson on U.S. Highway 89 to Florence.



ED SULLIVAN ENTERTAINS

**IT'S OPEN HOUSE at
CLUB "21"
for BOTH COLUMNIST
and GUESTS**

(Originally published May, 1944)

Talking about one's friends has never been listed in the bright lexicon of youth as a safe highroad to popularity. But, copybooks to the contrary, that's just what has made Ed Sullivan not only eminently successful but actually well liked—particularly by the people whose names he mentions, whether in print (via his Broadway column, "Little Old New York") or on the air (*Ed Sullivan Entertains*).

Those names are legion, thanks to both Ed's newspaper experience of some 24 years and his intermittent air-reporting during the past dozen of them. No one who knows him would be surprised if the Red Cross turned down a Sullivan blood donation because of its high "printer's ink" content, for Ed's addiction to journalism is incurable.

But the natty newshound has a special love for radio, and radio has a special love for the Harlem-born Irishman who looks like a gentlemanly wrestler, dresses like a well-groomed Wall Street playboy and smiles like a good-natured neighbor kid. A medium-tall figure, with the tapering legs of an athlete and shoulders so broad they seem almost hunched, Ed reminds the beholder of almost anything except what he really is—ace reporter, talent scout and night-club Columbus.

Astrologist as well as astrologer, the Broadway beatsman not only records the doings of the stars but discovers new ones and predicts their future progress—or finds new orbits for them to shine in. A glance at just a few of the names he has introduced to radio audiences, for the very first time, is enough to dazzle the eyes.

Jack Benny made his radio debut on an Ed Sullivan program, back in 1932—Ed's own first year behind the mike. So did Jack Haley and Jack Pearl. In that same 15-minute series, Jimmy Durante also gave his first performance over any network. Sullivan selected them all himself—and had to fight to get them a hearing. For, in

The Illustrated Press

those naive days, few agencies and artists' bureaus would believe that stage folk could handle the "difficult" and "different" technique of broadcasting.

Ed proved how wrong they were, then went on proving how right he was, in his next series, a half-hour program dramatizing highlights in celebrities' lives. He had two guests each time, one from the entertainment world—some headliner of the day, like Helen Morgan—the other from the sports world some all-time great like Babe Ruth.

That program very neatly symbolized the two phases of Ed's own newspaper career. Sullivan was an established sports writer for years before he pounded out a Broadway chatter column as a joke on his editor—and found himself with a brand-new assignment.

Never a professional athlete himself (though he did win 12 "letters" at high school in Port Chester, New York, where he also captained the Westchester County championship baseball team), the husky reporter has a great affection for sports and their stars. He's just as happy, however, to be out of the field now, since he feels that the Golden Age of sports is past. Not that today's athletics are inferior to yesterday's, he hastens to explain but the era of the great, colorful individuals seems to have faded. He misses the Ruths, the Tildens, the Dempseys, the amazons like Suzanne Lenglen and Helen Wills (to whom Ed himself first gave the affectionate nickname of "Little Poker Face").

Nostalgia sits oddly on the fresh-skinned, clear-eyed face of the veteran journalist, who looks a decade younger than his admitted 42 years but loves to talk about the titans of the past—vivid immortals like Flo Ziegfeld and George M. Cohan, whom he had as radio guests, and even gangsters whose names are already forgotten now.

Irving Berlin was one of the titans who made his air bow on Ed's earlier radio shows, and Ed again chose him as first guest when his new program was launched last fall. Sentimental reasons had a lot to do with the choice, of course, and a touch of superstition—the Celtic-American virtually considers Berlin his personal good-luck charm. Main reason, however, is that the columnist thought the composer—as an old friend and sure-fire trouper—would help him over his first-night jitters. All this in spite of the fact that Berlin himself was almost a nervous wreck, that time he first faced a mike with Ed, some 12 years ago!

Ed still isn't too sure of his radio acceptance by audiences he can't see or hear, and feels himself on much firmer ground with his "Dawn Patrol Revue" and other stage shows. These vaudeville units, made up of talented

unknowns, are the real proof of Ed's showmanship and gift for spotting unusual ability. "Graduates" include Eleanor Powell, Frances Langford, Ella Logan, Gertrude Niesen—all youngsters, just on their way up, when Ed spotted them and gave them a big boost. Most of them he discovered in night clubs, his happy hunting ground, while covering his Broadway beat. Perhaps that's why he feels more or less at home in his new series, which emanates straight from a table at Club 21.

"Twenty-One"—so-called from its house number on West 52nd Street, but familiarly known as "Jack and Charlie's" to those who remember it from days of the Great Drought—is one of the best-known of all New York night spots. But, ironically for Ed, it has no dance-floor, no music, no entertainment.

The talent that passes the Sullivan table on Monday nights isn't there to take part in the floor show, but to eat—and chat with the man who knows more celebrities than anyone else today.



He interviews the Humphrey Bogarts at a table in Club 21

An Update . . .

In the December issue of *The Illustrated Press* I wrote an article on big band remotes. In that article I briefly discussed how record companies used Payola to entice disk jockeys to play their songs over the air. I mentioned that this was a problem in the 1950s and implied that it was a dead issue. Not so. The following article appeared in the November 23, 2005 issue of *The Buffalo News*.

. . . Peter Bellanca

FIRM TO PAY \$5 MILLION AS SETTLEMENT FOR PAYOLA

ALBANY (AP)—Warner Music Group Corp. has agreed to pay \$5 million to settle an investigation into payoffs

Illustrated Press 7

The Illustrated Press

for radio airplay of artists, New York Attorney General Eliot L. Spitzer said Tuesday.

Warner is the second major recording company to reform and settle with Spitzer in a practice the attorney general called industry wide. Sony BMG Music Entertainment agreed earlier to a \$10 million settlement.

Spitzer said the settlements with Sony and Warner should benefit artists and consumers, who can expect a wider range of artists on the airwaves based on "artistic" merits."

"Artists, especially new artists and lesser-known artists who did not have major backing, should find a more open environment to have their music heard and hopefully succeed," said Spitzer, a Democrat running for governor in 2006.

The money that Warner Music, has agreed to pay will be distributed by the Rockefeller Philanthropy Advisors to New York State to pay for music programs in the state.

A 1960 federal law and related state laws bar record companies from offering undisclosed financial incentives in exchange for airplay. The practice was called payola, a contraction of "pay" and "Victrola," the old wind-up record player.

Nick and Chick Carter

Master Detective and Adopted Son Track Down the Criminals

(Originally Published May 1944)

During the past year, a strange team of crime-busters has invaded the airways—in what Mutual's New York key-station, WOR, believes to be the first related pair of adult and juvenile series in radio. For grown-ups, there is Saturday evening's *Nick Carter*. For youngsters, *Chick Carter, Boy Detective*, on weekday afternoons. *Chick* is *Nick's* adopted son, and the two even appear together occasionally.

Jointly, they sponsor a junior club called "The Inner Circle." Organized to help in scrap and anti-"black market" drives, this was intended primarily for school-going listeners. Actually, its 112,000 members are all ages.

Youngest, thinks producer Charles Michelson, is his own son. Baby Robert Chick is barely nine months old, but he was born the very day that the Boy Detective made his radio debut (hence the perfectly legitimate sec-



Boy Detective *Chick* (played by Bill Lipton)
and Foster-Father *Nick* (Lon Clark)

ond name), and Charlie's sure that makes him a bona fide charter member.

The roster also includes grandpas and grandmas who remember *Nick* and his protege from childhood days, Never quite in the torrid "dime novel" class, the Master Detective made his debut in a 5-cent weekly, back in 1886—a year before *Sherlock Holmes* made his first fictional appearance!

The granddaddy of all modern cops-and-robbers tales has never lost his charm, Even Lon Clark, who portrays *Nick* in his ethereal form, was himself a *Carter* devotee only some twenty years ago. Back in his Minnesota home-town of Frost (pop. 300), Lon used to devour the stories as fast as he could lay hands on them, then round up his kid brother, Jerry, and all the other boys to act them out.

Stage was the back room of the local post office, a "false-front" building of the type seen today only in horse operas, Here Lon trod the boards to his heart's content, coming a cropper only once—when he essayed a role other than that of *Nick* himself.

"*Nick Carter at the Circus*" was the story and—under the spell of a passing carnival show—Lon insisted on playing an acrobat. There was a swinging bar for mail-

The Illustrated Press

bags in that back room and, since Lon's own mother was postmistress, he obviously had first rights to the flying trapeze! The bar broke in mid-performance—with, however, no injuries other than damage to a budding actor-ego.

Good-looking, exuberant young Mr. Clark has swung far since then—acting today in many major shows, announcing numerous others—but he's never forgotten those boyhood days. He loves the little Norwegian settlement from which he came, is still proud that his grandfather was a founder, and even speaks nostalgically of later years on the farm where he discovered that "ranching" wasn't all pony-riding and playing wild Indian.

If Lon was a more modern *Tom Sawyer*, Bill Lipton—who plays the junior detective—is an up-to-date *Frank Merriwell*. At 17, tall, blond, clean-cut Bill is a perfect model for those handsome lads on boys' book-covers.

Born in Brooklyn, the future *Chick* made an outstanding scholastic record at the Professional Children's School. President of various classes and of the entire student body, he emerged with an associate membership in the French Institute for his proficiency in that language—and a scholarship at Columbia University, where he is now finishing his first year.

His radio activities are kept a dark secret from his classmates. "It's better for me that way," he grins. But



Chick protects Sue (Jean McCoy) from villains like "The Rattler" (Stefan Schnabel)

there's no doubt that Bill's a sterling actor. He can do dialects and older characters to a director's delight—and often does, on his own *Chick Carter* show.

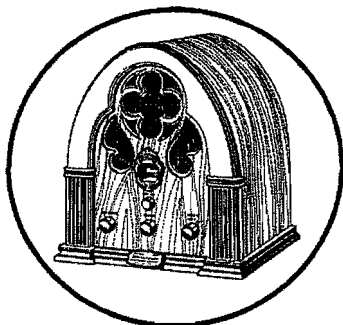
Paradox for both Lon and Bill is the number of villains they play, when not busy sleuthing. For the teenster, it's a case of portraying those sinister men who don't appear too regularly. For Lon, it's a question of a contract which forbids his playing any kind of detective on any other show whatsoever!

LATEST ADDITIONS TO THE CASSETTE LIBRARY

- 3654 Dark Fantasy "The Curse Of The Neanderthal" 1/9/42
- Dark Fantasy "Debt From The Past" 1/16/42
- 3655 Six Shooter "Silver Buckle" 1/17/54
- Six Shooter "Helen Bricker" 1/24/54
- 3656 Six Shooter "Quiet City" 2/14/54
- Six Shooter "Battle At Tower Rock" 2/21/54
- 3657 Six Shooter "Silver Threads" 6/3/54
- Six Shooter "The New Sheriff" 6/10/54
- 3658 Six Shooter "Jenny" 9/20/53
- Six Shooter "The Stampede" 10/4/53
- 3659 Six Shooter "Silver Annie" 10/11/53
- Six Shooter "Rink Larkin" 10/18/53
- 3660 Six Shooter "Rink Larkin" 10/18/53
- Six Shooter "Red Lawson's Revenge" 10/25/53
- 3661 Six Shooter "Capture Of Stacy Gault" 11/8/53
- Six Shooter "Escape From Smoke Falls" 11/15/53
- 3662 Six Shooter "A Pressing Engagement" 12/6/53
- Six Shooter "More Than Kin" 12/13/53
- 3663 Six Shooter "Sheriff Billy" 1/29/53
- Six Shooter "A Pressing Engagement" 12/6/53
- 3664 Six Shooter "More Than Kin" 12/13/53
- Six Shooter Brit Ponset's Christmas Carol" 12/20/53
- 3665 Quiet, Please "We Were Here First" 6/22/47
- Quiet Please "The Ticket Taker" 6/29/47
- 3666 Quiet Please "How Are You Pal?" 9/10/47
- Quiet Please "Not Enough Time" 10/6/47
- 3667 Quiet Please "Little Fellow" 12/15/47
- Quiet Please "Rain On New Year's Eve" 12/29/47
- 3668 Quiet Please "Little Visitor" 1/5/48
- Quiet Please "The Room Where The Ghosts Live" 1/12/48
- 3669 Quiet Please "Baker's Dozen" 1/19/48
- Quiet Please "Green Light" 1/26/48
- 3670 Nightfall "Where Do We Go From Here?" 1/23/81
- Nightfall "Welcome To Homerville" 1/30/81
- 3671 Nightfall "Private Collection" 3/18/83
- Nightfall "The Hit" 3/25/83

The Old Time Radio Club

49 Regal Street
Depew, NY 14043



FIRST CLASS MAIL

Estimated Talent Costs of Leading Network Shows (Sept. 1939)

Program	Sponsor	Estimated Talent Costs
Charlie McCarthy	Chase & Sanborn Coffee	\$16,000
Good News	Maxwell House	16,000
Bing Crosby-Bob Burns	Kraut	14,000
Jack Benny	Jello	13,500
Fred Allen	Ipana, etc.	12,500
Burns & Allen	Lehn & Fink	12,500
Kate Smith	General Foods	12,500
Fred Waring	Chesterfield	12,500
Radio Theater	Lever Brothers	10,000
Big Town	Lever Brothers	10,000
Major Bowes	Chrysler	10,000
Star Theater	Texas Company	9,000-10,000
Bob Hope	Pepodent	9,000
Orson Welles	Campbell Soup	8,000
Hit Parade	Lucky Strike	7,500
Kay Kyser	Lucky Strike	6,000
Walter O'Keefe	Lever Brothers	6,000
Professor Quiz	Procter & Gamble	6,000
Pibber McGee	Johnson's Wax	6,000
Joe E. Brown	Post Toasties	5,000-6,000
Ben Bernie	American Tobacco	5,000
Information Please	Canada Dry	5,000
Wayne King and his Ork.	Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.	5,000
	Cashmere Bouquet Products & Halo)	
Guy Lombardo	Lady Esther	5,000
One Man's Family	Chase & Sanborn Tea	5,000
Tommy Rigg	Quaker Oats	5,000
Screen Guild	Quik	5,000*
Artie Shaw-Bob Benchley	Old Gold	5,000
Phil Baker	Dole	4,000-5,000
Tune Up Time	Ethyl Gas	4,000-5,000
Joe Panner	Ward Baking Co.	4,200
Benny Goodman	Camel	4,000
Horse Field	Tums	3,500-4,000
Hour of Charm	General Electric Co.	3,500-4,000
Hal Kemp	Griffin	3,000-4,000
Blondie	Camel	3,500
Jean Hersholt	Chesebrough Mfg. Co.	3,500
Sherlock Holmes	Grove Laboratories	3,500
Mr. District Attorney	Pepodent	3,500
Philip Morris Program	Phillip Morris	3,500
Ripley	Royal Crown	3,500
Shelton and Howard	U. S. Tobacco	3,500
Woodbury Hollywood		
Playhouse	Andrew Jergens Co.	3,500
Bob Crosby	Camel	3,000
For Men Only	Vitalis	3,000
Hobby Lobby	Fels	3,000
Metropolitan Auditions of the Air	Sherwin-Williams Co.	3,000
Alec Templeton Time	Miles Laboratories	3,000
Strange as It Seems	Colgate-P.P.	2,500
Easy Aces	Aracin	2,500
Manhattan Merry-Go-Round	Sterling Products	2,000-2,500
Larry Clinton	Sensation	2,000
Emna Jettick Melodies	Dunn & McCarthy	2,000
	Standard Brands	
Those We Love	R. L. Watkins Co.	2,000
Jimmie Fiddler	Procter & Gamble	
	(Drene Shampoo)	
Grand Central Station	Listerine	1,500
The Parker Family	Andrew Jergens Co.	1,500
Battle of Sexes	Kolle	1,200
		750-1,000

*Not including donation to Motion Picture Relief Fund.