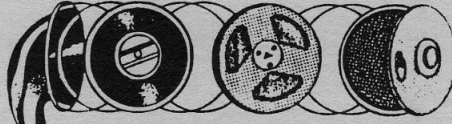
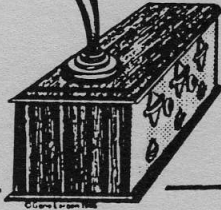


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"FOR THE BEST OF RADIO'S HISTORY"



A JOURNAL OF VINTAGE RADIO

Twenty-five years -- 1972/1997

NARA NEWS[®]

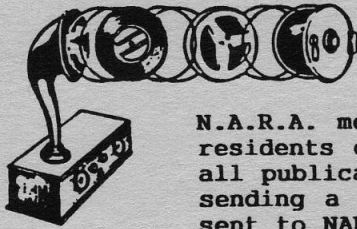
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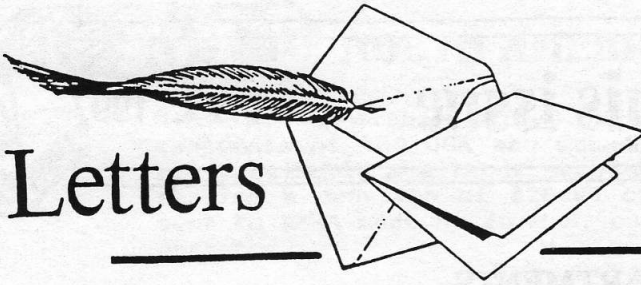
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Letters



from our readers

Twenty-five years ago, Gene Larson made up a beautiful full color poster depicting some of the highlights of "vintage radio." This was made available to NARA members. Since we have so many members now, who weren't with us back then, I wonder if that poster couldn't be made available once again.

Roger Hill - San Bruno, California

EDITOR'S REPLY: Great idea! Gene has generously given us permission to do that again. We'll have full information on this in the winter issue of the NARA News.

Do the readers remember that in 1993 there was a piece in the NARA News about Fred Allen and a picture of the street sign in Boston that said "Allen's Alley?" Hal Stephenson, the writer, asked then if this sign was still there. Well, I got to Boston last July and went off to search. Sadly, the sign is no longer there, though the alley itself, appropriately by the side of one of the fine old theatres in Boston, still is, and it is named "Allen's Alley" on all the Boston street maps. There was some construction being done in the Alley, so perhaps the sign will eventually come back.

Louise Grafton - Princeton, New Jersey

Yours is absolutely the worst magazine I have ever seen. In the first place it looks like [expletive]. All you do is type it on your stupid little typewriter and then staple those sheets of paper together and call it a magazine. And those idiots you have writing for you don't know a [expletive] thing about what they are writing about. Everything they do is full of misinformation. They don't get nothing right. And you are the worst of them all. That thing you wrote about the indians is the most racist piece of junk I've ever seen. And another thing, you have a full page on the conventions every time so why do you have to put in full page ads for those same conventions when that don't say any more about them. You just waste space. Why don't you subscribe to some of the other radio magazines and see how they should be written. Better yet, why don't you turn this magazine over to someone who does know what they are doing? But why go on. You'll never print this Mr. know it all.

Name and address withheld

EDITOR'S REPLY: You didn't ask to have your name withheld, but I did so thinking it would be best. Although I did find your letter rather startling, you made some interesting points. I'd like to discuss some of them.

1. You're certainly right that the NARA NEWS doesn't have the "finished" appearance of those put together in the "desk top publishing" format. I don't have the knowledge or equipment to do that. I'm sure that the officers would be open to having someone else take over this publication who can do that.
2. Frankly I'm surprised that you are so critical of our writers. I'm sure people have favorites that they enjoy more than others, but I read every word they send in, at least twice, and I learn a lot from each of them. We have three "regulars" who are professional writers who get paid for what they write in other publications. We're delighted that they, and the others, are willing to write for us and receive no money for doing so. As for misinformation, you certainly do have a point. This is because there is so much contradictory material in the various reference books and even in the periodicals of that golden age. A writer can only be as accurate as the sources that he has at his disposal. Unfortunately this is a problem that is going to get worse, not better, as the years go by.
3. You may be right about the convention ads. In looking back I do see that some of them offer no additional information to what we have on the convention page. We'll give this some thought.
4. I do indeed subscribe to a number of other OTR publications and find many of them excellent. In most cases our personal budgets dictate that we can't subscribe to everything so we need to pick those that seem to work best for each of us. Obviously the NARA NEWS doesn't work for you.
5. The views of all our members are important to us, no matter what those views may be. But please, in the future, I'd appreciate your avoiding the use of the four letter words.



by
Don Aston
(NARA's Secretary-Treasurer)

As I began the last report, here is the real news. The September opening date for the Cassette Lending Library has come and gone and the library is not yet open. It has made a lot of progress toward reopening, but just has not happened. This is what all the members can do. Send a self-addressed stamped legal size envelope to me requesting the list of cassettes that have been reviewed and may be rented. Right now, the number is over 1000.

Two big questions that several members have raised are "Why are we throwing out cassettes and why is NARA getting rid of shows?" It has been suggested that maybe we could donate these cast-offs to another OTR organization. NARA is only getting rid of bad sounding shows. We will replace the bad sound with a good copy of the same show when ever possible. The cassettes will be reused as long as they are in good condition. We are cleaning up the sound in the library. We are not throwing it away. NARA is not getting rid of shows or throwing out good cassettes.

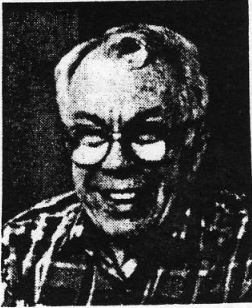
There are several reasons why this is taking so much time. One is, I am doing it all myself and I just do not have a lot of spare time to devote to it. Jim Snyder did listen and come up with about 750 keepers. He drove all the way from Mesa, Arizona to my house and picked up several boxes of cassettes and returned to Arizona on the same day. His help in getting this library functioning again has been appreciated, but he is the Editor of the NARA NEWS and already is doing a lot for the archive. The problem is on my shoulders. NARA needs help and needs the help to be located here in Southern California. Any member living in Los Angeles or between L.A. and San Diego or in San Diego that have a few spare hours that they could lend to NARA would speed the reopening. Contact me! Use the P.O. Box number listed in the front of NARA NEWS or phone (909) 244 - 5242 or E-Mail aston@cosmoaccess.net.

Another reason for the delay is getting the cassettes away from the former cassette librarian. This has proven very difficult and it was finally accomplished in early September by Jack Palmer. Now Jack will ship the thousands of cassettes to me. Oh my!

I have received many letters, phone calls, and E mail concerning the cassette library. Most want as much as possible for as little as possible immediately. I can understand why members are wanting service. However, many do not realize the time and material involved in putting this library back on a functional basis. I must remind all members that NARA is staffed by volunteers. I cannot stress enough how import this library is to NARA. We will get it working as soon as it is physically possible.

THE SCANFAX Collection is also coming along. Right now several series are available. NARA is renting and the most popular rental is the DIMENSION X and X MINUS ONE Series. Next is THE HALLS of IVY. Send for your list of what is currently available in the SCANFAX Collection. Use the same legal size envelope you use to request the Lending Library cassettes. Add a couple of stamps or send a dollar to cover costs.

I bet I have raised more questions than I have answered. I do not want to cause any inadvertent problems. If I have raised an issue with anyone, please contact me and lets get some answers. If we all pitch in and help, the sooner the libraries will be functioning normally again.



SOUND EFFECTS DILEMMAS

by
Barney Beck

NARA member Barney Beck created sound effects for the Mutual Broadcasting System on such shows as the Shadow, Bobby Benson, Superman, Mysterious Traveler, and Bob & Ray.

"What was the greatest compliment you ever received for doing a show?" That question was asked of me by a member of the audience at a radio convention, where I was showing the "art," the questionable art, of sound effects. For the first time in my life I was speechless, and for those who know me, that is a little difficult to believe.

You see, the sound effects man was considered to be the least important man on the show. That is, until something went wrong. Then, it was all his fault. Now let me explain all the pitfalls that existed for the sound effects man in the days when the main source of entertainment for the home was radio.

First, let us talk about the equipment. A high percentage of the sound effects were on ten inch records that ran at 78 revolutions per minute, and the fidelity of those records left a lot to be desired. If you had an outdoor scene with birds, the surface noise on the record could drown out the bird effect. In addition, we played these records with steel needles and marked the groove with a red or yellow crayon, just where the bird call was to begin. So when the director wanted to hear

the bird whistle, he would point to the sound effects man who would release the record that had been standing still on a spinning platter, and then pray that the vibration of the turntable did not cause the needle to jump the groove. Moreover, in marking the record you might have added a click to the surface noise on the record. If you couldn't convince the director that the click was caused by the bird puckering his beak getting ready to sing, you would have to get a new record.

Your sound effect might come after music, or after a line that an actor was supposed to say. I use the word "supposed" because the actor might have found it a bit difficult to say what he was supposed to say, or he had decided to change the line for better flow. At times an actor would go into the control room, talk to the director, "conspire" against the sound effects man, and then eliminate the outdoor sound completely.

The glass-enclosed control room served as a sanctuary for the director, engineer, writer, and sponsor. They had a speaker in the control room, so they could only hear what was to go on the air. (I thought the glass

enclosure was to keep the actors and me from being infected with whatever rare diseases they might have had!!!) It was "them" against the actors and sound effects man! For example, if a sound effect was played correctly by the sound man, but the engineer had forgotten to open the microphone for the effect, the director would not hear it and would look out into the studio to see what the sound man had done wrong. To hide his own mistake, the engineer also looked out to see why they did not hear it. Because the engineer and director tended to become buddies in that "glass cage," the sound man had no choice but to accept the blame.

When a script was being changed for reasons of text or time, it was the job of the sound effects man to get the corrections before airtime. That was not as easy as you might think. I was doing a show called "Song of the Stranger." The cast and I had an hour break from the broadcasting studio, while the lead actor/vocalist rehearsed his songs with the musicians. The other actors and I would return five minutes before airtime to get the minor script changes necessary to lead in or out of the music. One time, the director discovered that the show ran five minutes over the allotted time we were to be on the air, and he had only five minutes to make the cuts to bring the show down to airtime.

When I came back to the studio, I noticed the panic in the control room. I ran into the control room with my script to find out what changes had been made. The director was tearing pages out of his script, yelling "cut pages four and five up to the music cue."

With twenty seconds before air time, I asked, "Do these cuts affect me?"

The director was ranting, "Now on page eight, segue to the second line on ten."

"It's five seconds before air time," I screamed. "Do these cuts affect me?"

He stopped rattling the script, looked at me and replied, "They leave me cold. I don't see why they should affect you."

Needless to say, I ran into the studio, while the theme was on, hoping that I didn't miss any of the cuts, and that we would get through the program without any problems, and knowing that I would need a tranquilizer right after the show.

I never looked for a compliment. I just wanted to survive! I did *The Shadow* for the last two years it was on the air. I worked with Al Schaffer, and he taught me all I know about sound effects, and I'll never "forgive" him for that. But we did *The Shadow* together, and its director, John Cole, came the closest to paying us the nearest thing to a compliment. It was a show where the villain had Margo trapped in his laboratory, stalking her, obviously to do her no good. The script called for a telephone to be ringing. My partner and I felt that the phone should ring at a definite tempo. To accentuate the action, the director wanted the phone to ring every time that nasty old scientist made a lunge at Margo, the *Shadow's* friend. My partner objected to that because a phone simply doesn't ring that way. (But since I needed the money I

agreed with the director.) After much discussion, we did the show his way. The show went on the air the way the director wanted, and as we were cleaning up, I suggested to my partner that we ought to apologize to Mr. Cole for making such a fuss and taking up all that time. We went into the control room where we confronted the director and explained how we

felt about the inconsistent phone ring. Mr. Cole put his briefcase down, and he walked right up to us, and said, "Listen you guys! The day you stop arguing with me, I don't want you on the show anymore."

So that is the closest I ever came to a compliment. And I even needed a partner to get it!



NARA NEWS COLUMNIST WRITES NEW BOOK ABOUT RADIO

Robert Brown, one of our NARA members and a columnist in this publication, has written a new book, *MANIPULATING THE ETHER: THE POWER OF BROADCAST RADIO IN THIRTIES AMERICA*. Robert is working on his doctorate at Syracuse University in New York.

F.D.R. was the first politician to recognize the power of radio. He appealed directly to the American people for support of his New Deal and for his foreign policy. Roosevelt's speeches and fireside chats were broadcast over networks only recently equipped with newsrooms. Listeners immediately learned of events they earlier would not have heard about for days. In those newsrooms, commentators began to interpret the news for average listeners (sometimes slanting it). But it fell to a young Orson Welles to demonstrate the full power of the medium. His "War of the Worlds" broadcast brought widespread panic with its fictional newscast of an alien invasion. How Roosevelt used radio, how the news was reported, and the changes Welles caused are all detailed.

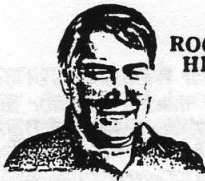
This 312 page book is priced at \$45 plus shipping and may be ordered by credit card from the publisher, McFarland & Company at (800) 253-2187.



NARA NEWS ON TAPE FOR THE VISUALLY IMPAIRED

Bill Bright, a retired Canadian broadcaster, records the material from each issue of the *NARA News* on cassette for the benefit of our members with vision problems. Don Aston duplicates the cassettes and sends them out to members who need this service. If you know of members, or prospective members, who might require this, please contact Don Aston at P.O. Box 1392, Lake Elsinore, CA 92531. He can be reached by phone at (909) 244-5242.

Roger Hill reports that he has been experiencing GREAT problems with badly deteriorating Ampex 291 reel-to-reel tape. He strongly recommends that you check any reels of this product that you have, especially older ones, and that you continue to monitor them.



ROGER
HILL

NARA's
25th
ANNIVERSARY

THE OLD CURMUDGEON

Here it is once again a Sunday and time to get this column done and into Editor Jim's hands in time for the Fall issue of NARA NEWS. Jim was able to visit for a few hours not long ago and fortunately Steve Kelez of Radio Showcase was able to drive down from Santa Rosa to meet NARA's outstanding editor.

Time went by so quickly! We did have a chance to discuss many things and the possible direction of NARA in the future. I was appalled to learn of some events, delighted to know of others, and dismayed to hear of even more that has occurred. But still, the fact that NARA has managed to survive for 25 years still makes me scratch my head, side-step the dandruff, and wonder about it all.

Recently a customer came in, looked around our crowded store and asked, "Don't you get warped being continually surrounded by all this old stuff?". Well, I had to laugh at that. People have called me many things but warped hasn't been one of them. Looking in the full-length mirror at my 'Lucky Strike figure' {so round, so firm, so fully packed}, I can see where "warped" could apply in some places. But thinking of what that customer said, I do believe I prefer "warped" to 'contemporary' when it comes to entertainment.

In fact, while working on this article The Big Show is playing in the background (from March 25, 1951). For those who have never heard this NBC 1½ hour Sunday night show from 1950 with host Tallulah Bankhead, you've really got something to look forward to. What an assemblage of talent! Imagine Rex Harrison exchanging witticisms with Tallulah. Think of a quartet made up of Groucho Marx, Bob Hope, Ezio Pinza, and Van Johnson backing up the lead singer Joan Davis. Picture Ethel Barrymore and Tallulah being chastised by Judy Holliday for their deep voices. It's hard not to break out laughing at some of these clever pieces of dialogue. So yes, I do choose to be 'warped' with so much delightful humor and drama and music. There's sure not much on broadcast TV or radio that appeals to my wife and me.

Now back to the reminiscing part. The Winter issue of 1983-1984 offered information on Sir John Gielgud's brother Val and his service as head of BBC's Radio Drama division, as reported by John Pellatt. This issue also featured many obituaries of people I knew little about, such as F. Jay Trompeter and Alfredo Antonini. Al Inkster did another of his fine book reviews; R. Kuppenmeier wrote about Edwin Armstrong and the 20¢ commemorative stamp. President Steve Ham told the membership about Membership Secretary Jackie Thompson and George Willey concluded a 3-part series on the Daytime Radio Serial (aka: Soap Operas). Tipping the Atwater Dial noted that Samantha Anenson of South Dakota had donated pictures of country-western stars and Tina-Louise Bailey of New York had donated tape boxes for reels.

The Letters section in the Spring, 1984 issue heard from Jim Gajkowski in Seattle as he sought others interested in OTR. I wonder if Jim is part of REPS {Radio Enthusiasts of Puget Sound}? Brad Ashton of London, England was seeking a specific 15 minute radio show from 1959 with Peter Lind Hayes and wife Nancy. The Toronto column by Pellatt, a smattering of obituaries and a 'Country & Western Quiz' preceded Don's Treasurer's Report which showed a balance in the black for a change. Nadine Dreager's article on Hillbilly Music along with Gene Larson's centerfold on country music, the Grand Ole Opry article by P.L. Yates, and Marvin Meyerhoffer's on Renfro Valley Barn Dance gave a distinct theme to this Spring Issue. While not a subject of interest to everyone, it certainly is something which should be covered as part of radio's past. Glancing over the 'Tip of Atwater Dial', I noticed James Coontz contributed \$14, Jack French gave copies of several scripts, and John Pellatt provided a book on the BBC series, ITMA {It's That Man Again}.

In the Summer 1984 publication, William Brasie of Schiller Park, Illinois asked for help in his research on Chicago radio; new member John Herbert stated an interest in hotel orchestra

remotes, and Dr. Mickey Smith continued his searching for material on pharmacists on radio. John Pellatt included among his many worthy items one about a radio series of *The Avengers* (of TV fame) which was done in 1972 for South Africa. Articles included Jack French's on *Radio Comedians*, Scott Vaughn's on *Fibber McGee and Molly*, and....of all things..."Old Time Radio In Japan" by Yamashita Moriyuki. {Who said NARA NEWS wasn't international!}. The reader could learn that while Japan didn't have 'soap operas', they did have 'silks' (sponsored by silk manufacturers, of course). A fascinating article! In this same issue was a nice reprint from *The Argus* with pictures of Dave Amaral and Frank Knight, both fans of OTR and actively involved {then as well as now} in radio. The Atwater Dial page tipped Jack French for many books donated to NARA's printed materials library...also to Larry Valley of Minnesota for donating Duffy's Tavern reel and to Thomas Salome of Brooklyn for *Gangbusters*, *Big Sister*, and *Whispering Streets* reels. Don Aston also donated 7 reels of Jack Benny shows while Louis Goldstein of Boston donated 22 reels of OTR and stereo radio programming.

{Won't someone volunteer to put together an index of articles covering the 25 years worth of NARA NEWS?}

By Autumn, NARA finally gave up on locating Ron Kula or the cassette tape library of NARA. David Shapiro in Georgia asked about other hobbyist publications, Ruth Boas {now also a member of *Nothing's New*} asked about some very specific *Inner Sanctum*, *Gildersleeve*, and *Archie Andrews* programs; Ray Memenez sought help in researching 'cancer quacks' on radio and H.K. Hinkley {another *Nothing's New* member} echoed my feelings about the *Country-Western* issue, i.e. not having strong interest in the subject but glad it was covered for the benefit of others.

John Pellatt's item featured Agnes Moorehead while one of the obituary notices presented Kenny Delmar's contributions as Senator Claghorn. Tom Price wrote of *Fibber & Molly's* star in the *Hollywood Walk of Fame* (on December 21, 1983). Edith Meiser provided a beautifully written item on *Sherlock Holmes* in radio. Jackie Thompson wrote of new members and some of their letters to her. Gene Larson's centerfold featured the spread of radio programs

from Atlantic to Pacific. Hal Widdison provided an interesting article about macabre humor and death as mentioned on radio, such as with Digby O'Dell the friendly undertaker on *Life of Riley*. The Atwater Dial thanked George Oliver of Virginia and Bryan Grapentine of Phoenix for their cash donations. Frankly, I think NARA was scraping the bottom of the barrel though when they thanked Samuel Whistler of Idaho for donating 14 rubber bands and 6 paper clips!Really guys!

The 1984-1985 Winter issue had a letter from Diane Jezic of Towson State University in Maryland concerning researching women in early radio; Arnold Oshin of New Jersey sought Tallulah Bankhead's dialogues, and Tim Hollis announced the formation of the Lum and Abner Society. This group is still going strong and offer in addition to their publication, scripts, and movies a whole bunch of other items such as postcards showing Amos & Andy {Correll & Gosden}, Laurel & Hardy, and Lauck & Goff {Lum & Abner} standing together. This is a real item for any fan of comedy to have in their collection. John's column from Toronto featured Gale Gordon; Catherine Heinz's article on *Women Radio Pioneers* was reprinted; Nicholas Dunvoe discussed *OTR Writers*; and Jack French decided it was time for someone else to enjoy being editor of NARA NEWS.

Spring of 1985. Tom Mastel in San Jose was seeking a Sony TC 570 recorder, John Ochsenrider of Indiana offered 700 reels of radio shows and such, while John Herbert in New York mentioned missing the Newark convention. One of the obituaries noted Ernest Chappell's death at 80 on July 10, 1983. Now there was a genius who, with Wyllis Cooper, made *Quiet Please* a superb adult dramatic series for the two years it was on radio. Arthur Retzlaff provided his article on *Oldest Radio Stations*, Jackie Thompson told of many and sundry events, including kudos to charter member Robert Lozier, Jr. in Monroe, North Carolina. Jackie also continued providing book reviews. Frank Bresee's article discussed radio in the 1940's and Don's treasurer's report showed a healthy (for NARA) balance in the black. The Atwater page thanked Merry Beth Urbanek of Wisconsin and Roger Brown of Maryland for contributions of money.

Classical music was the theme for the Summer 1985 issue. Sandy Weber of Kansas wrote

concerning research on careers of Joan Davis, Gracie Allen, and Lucille Ball. Paul Rupp of California sought tapes of Giants and Yankees games from 1940's. Doris Sedgewick of North Carolina asked for clarification on Axis Sally and John Darakjy wanted a complete log of Amos & Andy shows. {Another fine project for one of you radio fans} Among many obituaries was (sadly) that of Hal Peary. H.K. Hinkley provided an article on 'The Concert Hall at Home', new president Ron Staley introduced himself, Brian MacDonald told about Sherlock Holmes on recordings and Gene Larson's centerfold focused on classical OTR music programming. Al Inkster did a fine piece about Concert Music Through the Ages; Charles Billodeaux wrote of Tom Corbett, Space Cadet, and Frank continued his series on OTR with this one about the 1950's. Both Jackie Thompson and Gene Larson furnished columns while Jack French submitted his final Editor's Desk page. Thanks went to Joe Webb and Jerald Nadel of New York as well as Jack French and John Pellatt for donations of scripts and books.

Autumn 1985 found Robert Simpson of Florida as the new editor and Frank Bresee's series continuing with focus on the sixties. Orson Welles' passing was noted, Jackie Thompson insisted on beginning all memberships in January (with threats of being whipped by 600 foot strands of acetate audio tape for those who didn't comply). Numerous reprints from other publications left little original writing in this issue. Thanks went to (among others) Jack French...again...for donating many books to the lending library.

In the Winter 1985 issue, C. M. Carpenter of West Virginia wrote to express his appreciation for NARA {always nice to hear} and Gary Dibble of California asked for tapes of NBC's Monitor series. New editor Bob received many complimentary letters on his maiden issue and Arthur Retzlaff brought up the matter of fewer and fewer reel recording decks for those who have their collections on reels rather than cassettes. {a warning to all of you at this point....if you have reels of Ampex 291 tape, you better check it as I've discovered many of these reels have gone bad} John Pellatt provided a wide variety of items in his article; John Gassman of SPERDVAC and Don Aston

both sent articles about the convention in Newark. An extensive reprint from *Journal of Broadcasting on Soap Operas and the War* filled a dozen pages. An item about OTR recording alternatives provided information crucial to many collectors. Once again, Jack French was profusely thanked for donating many books but Lora Palmer and Tom Price also received a big "thank you" for the scripts and books they donated.

Only having a #1 and #2 issue from 1986, there may be some things overlooked. Herb Riley of Florida gave NARA kudos for the issue on classical music. Rudy Vallee's passing was noted and Gene Larson told of meeting some radio personalities years earlier. Member Jurgen Weingarten in Germany wrote concerning papers for Stewart-Warner radio and Gene's centerfold showed a touch of genius in imagining radio designs matched to their programs. Student Paul Whitson of Findley College submitted a fine piece on 'A Red Scare in Hollywood?'. Once again, thanks went to Lora Palmer, John Pellatt, Tom Price, and Jack French for donations of scripts and books to NARA. In #2 issue, yours truly prepared for a possible move to Taiwan {it never came to pass} and offered reels of tapes and equipment. Jackie Thompson wrote about one of her favorite programs, 'Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons' and Gene Larson reminisced about chewing gum (!). Jack French told of his pleasures listening to cassettes on his new Panasonic.

I have no issues from 1987 or 1988. The one I have from 1989 is Spring and mentions James Watson in California as the Printed Materials Librarian. Misty Dawn Lane of Seattle was the temporary editor. The Treasurer's report showed a decent balance and Jack French provided a superb article on Radio's Female Detectives. Several reprints from other publications discussed short-wave radio and Artie Shaw. Supplement #8 and #9 for the Printed Materials Library featured books, scripts, and magazines. Steven Kadell had an item about the Mutual Broadcasting System and Jackie T. put out a request for membership director position.

No issues from 1990 are in my files. Janis DeMoss appears as membership director in the #1 issue for 1991 and the matter of legal

problems concerning OTR raised the issue of litigation defense funds needed. Joel Senter of Cincinnati described the situation for readers of NARA NEWS. Jerry Kleis and James Greenwood co-authored an article about Mac West and her famous 'Adam and Eve' skit on the Chase and Sanborn Show in December, 1937. Gordon Kelley submitted a fine article on Basil Rathbone as Sherlock Holmes. Issue #2 now featured Scott Jones of Fresno as Printed Materials Librarian. Brenda Scott Royce wrote asking for help in her research on Lauren Bacall's radio appearances. Ron Staley tried convincing readers of his existence with a 4 page item. Reprints completed much of the rest of this issue.

#3 had a letter from Edmund A. Sloan II of Michigan about starting a club for Fibber McGee & Molly; Rainy Day Books was mentioned {they have a nice selection of books and magazines relating to OTR...just bought some of the Radio Guides and Tune-In periodicals recently offered} and The Golden Radio Buffs of Maryland, Inc. informed NARA that they indeed are the oldest club in this hobby of vintage radio. Steve Casper of Tracy, California mentioned an Ed Cagle of Sacramento who would repair reel tape decks. {I don't know if Ed is still around and able to do this but if you know of anyone capable and willing to do such service, please let NARA know so we can publicize this for all members} Jack French provided a nice extensive article on Red Ryder while Stefanie Saunders' item was a well-done look at radio quiz shows. The last issue of 1991 had letters from Beth Holman of Ohio and Steve Casper of California asking about back issues of NARA NEWS and reference books; Jim Snyder's first column appeared under the title Wireless Wanderings.

By the 2nd issue of 1992, Scott Jones had taken over as Librarian of the Reel Library in addition to his handling the printed materials. Michael Sommer of San Francisco and Gil Manalli of Florida both applauded Bob Simpson's editorship. Mr. Manalli also submitted an article on his favorite radio programs. Long-time friend Fred Westwood of England sent in a letter asking for help in finding Bob Hope shows and The Old Curmudgeon's first column appeared "reliving the past" as usual while Jim Snyder's second excellent column appeared with the subject being a certain Hal Lister and

propaganda broadcasts during WW II. Jack French revealed the generosity and good-heartedness of Jim Snyder over the years he's known Jim and Editor Bob Simpson revealed what it cost to print up 60 page issues of NARA NEWS (\$694.30)!

1992's #3 issue had a letter from Denis Kray about The Glenn Miller Society in England while Nancy Warner's letter told of the Illinois Old Radio Shows Society. Edwin Knapp's extensive letter mentioned his involvement in finding many old radio shows. Don McMillan of Iowa wrote asking for parts to a reel deck and thanking NARA for past issues. Jack Palmer reminded readers about the Friends of Vic and Sade fan club and Jim Snyder's column discussed early broadcasts. Al Inkster provided a lengthy "Memories of Me and NARA" followed by The Old Curmudgeon's column about I Love A Family, a gentle bit of humor given to Carlton E. Morse by cast members of One Man's Family/I Love A Mystery in December of 1939. {If anyone wants a copy of this short spoof, just send \$2.00 and I'll send it to you} Gene Larson provided the NEWS with an illustration for I Love A Family on page 46.

I've only the #1 issue from 1993. Letters were from: A. Stewart Lyons seeking a radio show with host Herb Jepko, Hal Layer wanting information on The Cinnamon Bear, Dixon Chandler desiring anything on Stay Tuned For Terror, and from Darrell Davis who complained about the prices and limited availability of radio shows in catalogs he'd seen. He also asked who would fill the shoes of the volunteers who get worn out? {I nominate you Darrell to fill at least one pair of shoes} By the way, until NARA's cassette library is fully operational again, I recommend the SPERDVAC and RHAC cassette lending libraries. Jack French found a cache of old NARA NEWS which he offered to anyone who needed them. Jim Snyder's 'Wireless Wanderings' told us of the meaning of "Kemo Sabe"; while Jack French provided an article on Rev. Coughlin and his broadcasts.

The only 1994 issue I have is Fall, #2. Jim Snyder has taken over as editor. John Pellat's column had many informative pieces of information, including a brief item on Jay Hickerson's fine book, The Ultimate History of Network Radio Programming. It's at this point I'll end my two-part series on NARA's past as

seen through the journal. From 1995 to the present is recent enough that most of your probably have these issues. Now I've good news and bad news. The good news is that I don't plan to do anymore 'looking backwards' in the near future. The bad news is that on NARA's 50th anniversary, I might try another 25 year reminiscing column.

I would like to tell you a little about Jay Hickerson's magnificent work which I understand he has just updated. My editions are 1992, spiral bound and nearly 500 pages. Jay asks a hefty price of around \$50 for it but hardly a day goes by that I don't need to refer to it for myself or for a customer. It may well be the one most valuable and necessary volume in any OTR collector's library. In fact, sometimes I'll just browse and be amazed to find what was once on radio, the dates from beginning to end, what days and times, who

sponsored it and most importantly, how many shows Jay says are supposedly available. Sadly, some long-running shows such as "Breen and DeRose" which ran from 1927 to 1939 has not one single show surviving to let us hear what it was like. It's fascinating to browse and imagine. Jay mentioned under the Lights Out heading on page 236 that 850 shows were uncarthed by Arch Oboler in 1987 and were in the process of being released. Now this makes me wonder where they are. I for one would dearly love to hear each and every one of those 850 fascinating programs. Maybe Jay can tell us whatever became of those plans to release them.

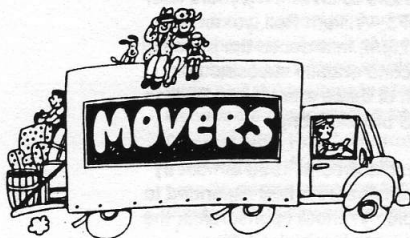
If Jim has space in this issue, he might print a page or two of Jay's Directory so you can see for yourself how valuable this is. Even with the unavoidable occasional errors, it's an excellent reference tool. Order yours today! Next column will be from a 'warped' writer. Bye now!

NARA MEMBER WRITES NEW BOOK



NARA member Joan Brooks has written a book, *DESERT PADRE: THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF FATHER JOHN J. CROWLEY*. This is a biography of Father Crowley who was a major inspiration to thousands in the desert southwest. He was the source for many of the "Death Valley Days" radio broadcasts of the 1930's, and even made a five minute appearance on one of the programs when he visited New York City. This 401 page paperback can be ordered by credit card for \$22.95 postpaid from Mesquite Press, (888) 859-6140.

ADDRESS CHANGE?



If you are going to be changing your address please let NARA know! Send BOTH your old address AND your new address to our membership director:

Janis DeMoss
134 Vincewood Drive
Nicholasville, KY 40356

In a classic blooper, Milton Cross announced a newsbreak on one of his Texaco opera broadcasts as follows: "And now, stay stewed for the nudes."

Jim Cox

DAYTIME DIARY

The Reigning Queen of Soaps



Of 217 soap operas broadcast on network radio between 1930-60, a high percentage was developed by only three or four giants of the industry, depending on how one counts the married couple responsible for their largest number. The creative geniuses Elaine Carrington, Frank and Anne Hummert and Irna Phillips knew no equals among contemporaries in volume. The quality of many of their products was also unsurpassed. Each brought distinctive and significant contributions to the genre. The names of each one became household words to the faithful who would "tune in again tomorrow" for another "absorbing chapter" in the lives of favorite heroes and heroines of America's premier entertainment medium during the first half of this century.

An exploration of the gifts of Carrington, the Hummerts and Phillips, as well as of other obscure authors who left their marks on daytime drama, will signify their tremendous influence. Irna Phillips, who may have given birth to soap opera, is profiled in this issue. Subsequently, the focus will be on the Hummerts. Elaine Carrington will be the subject of a third part. A final installment will celebrate the contributions of several who are best remembered for only one or two serials, but whose accomplishments were definitely a notch above the writing of their peers.

Phillips was the earliest to establish herself as a driving force among those whose influence upon the open-ended serialized drama would extend beyond her life. More than any other individual, the brand of this inspired intellect is still being felt via the transition she made from radio to television serials in the 50s. She was a visionary, and she saw the way the pendulum was swinging before anybody else. Today, one of her washboard weepers -- *The Guiding Light* -- has entered its seventh decade, the only surviving soap opera that was originally heard on radio. Distinguished by media observers Madeleine Edmondson and David Rounds as "the single most important influence on television soaps," Phillips was to place her insignia on such series as TV's *The Brighter Day* (in 1954, and begun earlier on radio), *As the World Turns* (1956), *Another World* (1964) and *Days of Our Lives* (1965).

Even though she died in 1973, her influence continues to dominate daytime TV. When Phillips no longer wrote *The Guiding Light* and *Another World*, protégé Agnes Nixon became head writer on both. In 1968 Nixon unveiled her own TV serial, *One Life to Live*. Two years later she debuted an even more popular property, *All My Children*. In 1973, William Bell, yet another Phillips apprentice who learned his craft by writing for *The Guiding Light*, introduced the hit serial *The Young and the Restless*. Fourteen years later he brought a second equally successful daytime drama, *The Bold and the Beautiful*, to the tube. Through all of these artists, Irna Phillips continues to leave a legacy -- her indelible impression upon daytime broadcasting.

Phillips was an Ohio school marm when she dropped into radio around 1930 almost by accident. Hired as an actress by Chicago's WGN, within three months her role had expanded to include writing a serialized drama about an Irish-American household. Without sponsorship, the station launched her six-times-a-week fictionalized story *Painted Dreams* in which Phillips played dual roles. In the leading part of kindly, philosophical Mother Moynihan, she was an elderly widow whose single goal in life was to assure the ultimate happiness of her grown children. While the series was heard regionally at first, it became the prototype of what network broadcasting would embrace for all the decades since.

After the show became highly successful, Phillips -- believing it to be hers -- asked WGN to allow her to take it to a network for national airing. But the station refused, claiming it was conceived under WGN's authority. In 1932 Phillips resigned her position and filed a

chancery suit against her former employer, seeking to prevent anyone else from using her material. The dispute dragged on more than eight years. It was ultimately adjudicated in 1941 when an Illinois state court sided with WGN. If Phillips learned but one thing from her legal melee, it was to establish her rights at the inception of any material she originated in the future. She did so, and never lost a "custody" battle for that reason again.

In the meantime, WGN continued broadcasting *Painted Dreams* with the aid of another writer and cast. The station allowed CBS to pick up the series for a nationwide audience on Oct. 10, 1933. But ratings were poor and the show left the air just 16 weeks later. Meanwhile, the indomitable Phillips, confident of her own abilities, set about developing a "new" serial, borrowing heavily on *Painted Dreams*. Her second effort, *Today's Children*, made it to NBC Blue (precursor of ABC) on Sept. 11, 1933. It came off sounding like a carbon copy of her first. Its principal action centered around an Irish-American family headed by an all-wise widowed matriarch. Mother Moynihan became Mother Moran and was portrayed by Phillips. Sound familiar? Some members of *Painted Dreams'* cast were enlisted for this drama, too.

Phillips went on from there to enjoy numerous radio successes. Included in her repertoire were *The Guiding Light* and *Road of Life* (both debuting in 1937); *Woman in White* (1938); *The Right to Happiness*, one of broadcasting's first spin-off series (taken from *The Guiding Light* in 1939); *Lonely Women* (a reprise of *Today's Children* under a new title, 1942); *Masquerade* (1946); and *The Brighter Day* (1948). Three of her dramas broadcast for more than two decades -- *The Guiding Light*, *Road of Life* and *The Right to Happiness*. The durable *Today's Children*, heard in three different segments (including the re-titled *Lonely Women*), aired for more than a dozen years.

As already demonstrated, Phillips was not one to shy away from a legal battle when she believed she was right. Just five years after she lost the hard-fought case to defend her ownership rights, she landed in a dispute over the origins of *The Guiding Light*. She didn't win that one either. In the end, Emmons Carlson proved to the satisfaction of an appeals court that he had helped Phillips spawn the popular serial. Despite her temporary setback, the seldom rattled Phillips maintained ownership of the serial until the following year (1947) when she sold it to Procter & Gamble. For that, along with the enormously popular *Road of Life* and *The Right to Happiness*, she was reportedly paid the tidy sum of \$175,000 -- pretty big bucks in the 40s.

Earlier, Phillips experimented with a unique programming format. During the 1943-44 radio "season," three of her serials -- *The Guiding Light*, *Woman in White* and *Today's Children*, all sponsored by General Mills -- were broadcast back-to-back on NBC. In what is now called a "crossover," Phillips allowed her figures to move freely between the three serials and to interact with one another. This daily 45-minute exercise was couched under the banner "The General Mills Hour." A Hummert entry, *The Light of the World*, also sponsored by General Mills, completed the "hour."

By 1946 the production of most daytime dramas, then largely controlled by the advertising agencies, had moved from Chicago, where they originated, to New York. The headquarters of most of the big agencies located there could keep them securely under their thumbs. Too, a large stable of talent awaited them, including actors and actresses from both radio and the legitimate stage. But Phillips, ever the innovator, went in the opposite direction. Because a broadcasting center was developing on the west coast, those in charge of "The General Mills Hour" determined they would transfer their programs there. A new Phillips entry into the hour, *Masquerade*, replacing *The Guiding Light* during Phillips' controversial legal battle over its origins, was the first to relocate. That drama was soon followed west by *Woman in White* and *Today's Children*.

While the credit given for the writing of any Phillips program went singly to the creator of a series, mentioning her by name on some shows in the opening lines, it would be foolish to think that she alone churned out the dialogue for as many as nine radio serials by herself. The writing load soon became too great even for that superhuman being. To accomplish it, she employed a cadre of nameless scribes, somewhat akin to Frank and Anne Hummert's soap opera assembly line, but less formulaic in practice. For five scripts a week Phillips' writers could be compensated up to \$500, or about \$100 per episode.

Carl Wester and Company produced most of her serials. The ad agencies, sponsors and networks had little control over them while she maintained ownership. Even the casting and choice of announcers was part of Wester's domain. Phillips' dramas were sold individually to sponsors and were offered to the networks as whole packages.

Typically, only a couple of people appeared in the cast of a daily Phillips' episode. Unlike the Hummerts' dramas, where several characters normally gathered every day for a convoluted plot development, and often with action transpiring in several sequences, in Phillips' stories a slower pace became one of her trademarks. *The Guiding Light*, for instance, frequently presented one scene with only two, or possibly three, characters -- about half as many as would normally appear in a Hummert serial. Long, slow discussions allowed plenty of time for Phillips to develop personalities while lining her own pockets resulting from lower production costs by using fewer personnel. The never-married Phillips was not only inventive; she was a shrewd businesswoman who knew how to capitalize on opportunities that could significantly add to her own net worth.

The total contributions of Irna Phillips to the mediums of radio and television are enormous. More than anyone else, perhaps, she gave careful attention to character development. Her emphasis opposed story fantasy or "common heroes" -- concepts which most other writers established in their serials. Phillips' stories had unique qualities in which strong personalities were placed within credible situations. The essential distinctions (and strengths) of her plots were in how those mortals acted, and reacted, in their environments. More often than not, the plausibility factor was high. It was rooted in Phillips' realistic dialogue and her subjects' literal common sense. Together with strong acting, their conduct and speech were often a cut above that of the characters who resided in many other serials.

Phillips' characters would often age as a show aged, the two growing older side-by-side. Family life became paramount in the washboard weepers she created. Nearly 70 years later, her traditions are still influencing the narratives that viewers enjoy now on their home screens.

She was also the first soap opera creator to recognize the possibilities for interesting plots surrounding the professional person. Physicians, nurses, attorneys, politicians and, yes, ministers, became the protagonists in many of her dramas. So successful was she with clergymen that they were the central figures in not one but two of her serials -- *The Guiding Light* and *The Brighter Day*, the only two of her radio shows to make the transition to TV on a sustained basis.

She broke new ground by lobbying Procter & Gamble as early as 1954 to extend *The Guiding Light* (by then on television) from a quarter-hour to a half-hour. For two years her relentless pursuit continued. In the end, while P&G would not then agree to let her tamper with *Light's* format, they allowed her to create a new 30-minute serial. When *As the World Turns* was about to debut as the first soap opera to broadcast longer than 15 minutes, P&G decided to launch a pair of half-hour serials that same day. CBS premiered both live dramas on April 2, 1956. The other one was called *The Edge of Night*. Eventually, their successes, coupled with Phillips' earlier perseverance, led to the dominant modern full-hour serial format.

Irna Phillips may have written the very first serial ever broadcast -- and certainly the first to gain widespread notoriety. A product of the school of hard knocks, she wouldn't be denied when she was convinced that she was right. While she lost a few legal battles in the process, her innovative techniques allowed her to rise to the forefront among creators of fictionalized drama-by-installment. And the impressions she fashioned continue to reverberate throughout the genre two-thirds of a century after she began implementing them.

Six years after Phillips' death, radio historiographer Annie Gilbert classified this grand dame as the "reigning queen of soaps." On her way to earning that distinction, Phillips had become an undisputed master of her craft.

Next: Frank and Anne Hummert

AN ADULT SCHOOL COURSE ON RADIO DRAMA

COURSE 05: OLD TIME RADIO DRAMA
INSTRUCTOR: LOUISE GRAFTON

Do you remember *The Shadow*? *Duffy's Tavern*? *The Lux Radio Theatre*? Do you know what evil lurks in the hearts of men? In this course we will listen to and recreate shows from the Golden Age of Radio. In each session we will listen to one or two classic radio shows, cast among ourselves and read aloud one or two scripts, with sound effects, commercials and all. For the last class we will invite family and friends to an evening of live "radio" drama.

Yes! I can't resist sharing my experiences with you other NARA members. All these years I have read the Bulletin and thought, someday, I will have some good stories to write about too. And now, fellas, I got 'em.

This course was my guinea pig. I figured that if it worked out, I would plan to offer it once a year. Let me backtrack and say that the Princeton Adult School is a commendable, fifty-plus-year-old organization, which offers continuing education for adults (not for credit). Its courses range from demanding studies of languages and literature to activities that are purely for fun and personal enrichment: painting, photography, cooking, film, popular science and medicine. The students come from all over central New Jersey for one or two nights a week at Princeton High. For some years I have taught a course called *Plays Out Loud* in which my students, 12 to 15 of them, sit around in a circle, accept a script of a short play, and read it cold. We then talk about the play as a work of literature; we do not critique the performances. It's been an unthreatening course in which people who like to read out loud can enjoy a group doing just that.

Two years ago one of my students, a man in his 60s, mentioned that in his childhood he had been a member of the Cleveland Children's Playhouse. Each Saturday morning this group broadcast a live radio show called *Fairy Tale Theatre*. (Any of you Midwesterners remember that one?) He'd been one of the small children who would cry out, "Merlin, help! The dragon's got Sir Kay!" He inspired me. Why shouldn't I combine my love of OTR with my teaching? The blurb above is what I came up with for Spring '97, the maiden run of the Princeton Adult School's "radio" WPAS.

The preparation took a lot of time--I have many tapes. Many, many tapes. Lots and lots. (Don't we all?) I listened to any number and chose a bunch that I thought might work. You know and I know that much of the OTR we love so well is not great drama. I wanted plays of substance, maybe a bit schmaltzy. I wanted good characters and, if possible, lots of them per script, since the class would accept up to 15 members, all of whom would want to read. And I wanted fun. I made my choices: an episode of *Murder at Midnight*; a *Quiet Please*; *Big Town*, *Broadway Is My Beat*; *The Man Behind the Gurr*; and several others. To get them into script form I sent the tapes to a blind friend of mine who is a phenomenal typist. She not only transcribed the shows, but, being smarter than the average typist, she was careful to indicate the music cues and sound effects (bless her!). It all made a big difference later.

My class met every Tuesday night for eight weeks. On the first night I saw that of my 15 students, only four were men. I had hoped to be able to use male voices for male parts. Perhaps I could stick in a female DA or a female bartender, but for the most part the shows required a lot of men. Soon I had to reconsider that policy, particularly when it turned out that three of the four men were really execrable readers. The women, for the most part, were quite good--less inhibited, even pleasantly hammy.

I wanted everybody to have a good shot at the start, so we began with *War of the Worlds*, a script with lots of parts so everybody had a variety of things to do. This play is especially dear to us in Princeton because Grover's Mill, New Jersey, where the Martians landed, is right around the corner from us. Professor Pearson was a member of the Princeton faculty. In a park in Grover's Mill there is a lyrical bronze monument to commemorate the landing of the space ships. I have met old men who heroically grabbed their shotguns that night and rushed off to face the tentacles or die. *WoW* is ours.

My class read the script through; the least wooden of the men played Professor Pearson. We made the sound effects with hands and feet and throats. We loosened up and had a good time. When we finished, I played a tape of as much of the Welles broadcast as could fit into the remaining class time, to show the younger people what it was supposed to sound like, and to remind the older ones of the good old broadcasting days. As people rose to leave, they all looked pretty happy. Except for one yuppie citizeness.

This was the first of my weird experiences connected with this semester:

Donna N., her name was. She was sputtering mad. "You have misrepresented this course," she accused me. "Is this all you intend to do? When I read that you were going to do radio shows with sound effects and commercials, I thought I was in a course on production of radio drama. Where is your equipment? This course was supposed to help me with my career!"

I interrupted her. I told her it was a shame she had misinterpreted the catalogue. I pointed out that nobody else seemed to have expected sophisticated electronics. I promised her a refund. I asked her to go away. I did not say the two things that immediately sprang to my mind. First, did she really expect an audio production studio for \$45 tuition? At the Adult School? And second, *career*?! Who in America thinks there is a career in radio drama? Let's get real, lady. Let's go into vaudeville.

The next week, Class 2, we sat in a circle again in our gloomy classroom. (Normally it was used for Latin instruction; all the pictures of ancient Romans and the Coliseum helped us feel outmoded even before we began.) I handed out scripts of that wonderfully poetic detective thriller *Broadway Is My Beat*. If you don't know it, go directly and get yourself a half dozen episodes. The writing is like no other, and Detective Danny Clover--clever, weary, savvy, but still romantic--Detective Danny Clover will always have my heart, as Broadway, "the loneliest mile in the world," has his. I gave up on the idea that men should play men and women should play women; I just gave out parts. Julie M. played the detective, and a good job she made of it, too. We read the script. We found out who done it ("I'm not gonna lie for you any more, Charlie!"). We listened to the announcer (Grant M.) remind us to stay tuned for Henry Morgan on most of these same stations. Then I played the tape of the original broadcast. We discovered how much the raucous music added. It's clear you can't plan to have a hardboiled detective in your life without a big band in the back of the car.

We then cast and read *Big Town*, a simple-minded script next to *B is My B*. As you probably know, Steve Wilson, the fighting young editor who is never at his newspaper to edit anything, does not have the wry, insightful character of Danny Clover. But the bad guys, mostly played by girls, were satisfactorily put away in the end, and we were all relieved to see justice done.

In the third class, I wanted to bring in the war. I had found a book of scripts by Norman Corwin, whose stuff still reads just wonderfully, even after all these years. He was (still is, as I understand he is still with us [ED. NOTE: and he's a NARA member]) the nation's radio poet, capable of turning out very moving stuff. We did *Untitled*, a prose poem about the death of an Every-Joe who went to fight the Nazis, and was killed finally by an Every-Hans. His short life showed us all how senseless war looks when it comes down to individuals, both participants and those who are left behind to mourn. We then read an episode of *The Man Behind the Gun*, and afterwards listened to the original. Two of the class members were old enough to remember the place radio held during the war. To the others, it was all new.

By the fourth class I had lost five students and gained one. That's a weakness of the Adult School-- people get busy, people get sick, people get tired. Four of my absentees were two married couples; when one of the pair stops coming, the other does too. In this way I lost two dreadful readers (the men) and two really good and imaginative readers (the women). However, to compensate, Bev B. arrived. She said she'd forgotten to come. She had paid money and sent in a registration form, but had forgotten to come to class. Go figure. However, she was amiable. It takes all kinds. I was sorry to lose people, but in fact, as the class got smaller it got easier to manage, and now nobody was ever left out of any given script. We ended up with nine students.

Then, the second of my weird experiences connected with this course:

Jean G., who had seemed to be enjoying herself, said that she would have to miss the next week, but would be back for Class 4. Someone had just mentioned *The Shadow* (I wouldn't touch *The Shadow*, and we all know why), so I said in my best "Who knows what evil...?" voice, with my hands stretched out like the Wicked Witch, "Miss a class, will you? We'll make you suffer for that, my pretty." How could I know that Jean G. was what columnist Dave Barry calls "humor impaired"? She did miss the class on the War and returned for the next one, which was on comedy. We listened to a Jack Benny, and talked about him a little. We read two scripts from a published collection of the Marx Brothers' *Flywheel*, *Shyster & Flywheel*, a great source of nonstop wackiness. We then read a *Duffy's Tavern* script, the one with Basil Rathbone. I will admit that I did not give Jean G. special notice. I had told the students at the start of the course that if I slipped up and kept giving the same person small parts, he or she should bring the fact to my attention, because I wanted everybody to work equally hard. But Jean G. didn't say anything. Instead, after the class was over, she thrust a note into my hand, turned and stormed out. The note said:

I am feeling very frustrated! I think you have been very unfair to me. Not once have I had more than a relatively minor supporting part to read. You made a (rather embarrassing to me) remark about my missing one week while skiing to the effect that you had to "punish me" for not being here that one week. Now tonight once again a minor part and then a couple of bit parts. However our new person (didn't she need punishing???) had two juicy, plum parts.
So, I won't be back.

Jean G.

Ann Landers probably could have told me what to do with a woman in her 40s who ought to be in nursery school, but darned if I know myself. I wrote to her saying that of course there had been no thought of punishment and that she should have spoken up. I didn't say, Did you raise your kids to deal with their conflicts this way? Ah, the things I didn't say. I never heard from her again.

I now had an acting company of eight women and one man. One lady was in her 60s; the rest were younger, down to about 30. All smart, good-natured. None evidently suffering from peculiar expectations or personality disorders.

In the last reading class we did *Murder at Midnight*: "The Nightmare," a very scary but very funny piece in which a woman dreams that her husband wants to kill her and (surprise!) in the end he does. And the famous *Quiet Please* episode "The Thing On the Fourble Board" which, if you don't know it, you must hear immediately. It is terrifying and could only be done in the theater of the mind.

At the next meeting we got down to cases. We talked over the scripts we had read and decided to choose three half-hours for public consumption: *Broadway Is My Beat*, *Duffy's Tavern*, and the *Murder At Midnight* that we had found so funny. I made myself responsible for the music. What I did: I simply taped the music off my copies of the shows, stopping each bit before the voices came on. That meant that the music was minimal, but it was authentic, and most important, it was there. We discussed each sound effect in turn, and each person took responsibility for one or another effect.

When we assembled for one more rehearsal, we tried out the sound effects for the first time. Hannah and Grant took care of footsteps: they each walked a pair of hard-soled shoes over the table top so we could have the sound of Clover and his partner Tartaglia walking down the street together. I promised to open and close doors--I knew there was a convenient closet in the room where we were going to perform. Bev brought glasses to clink--the bar in *Broadway Is My Beat* is a busy one--and matches to strike, as the husband smokes in *Murder At Midnight*. Julie brought a metronome to be the ticking clock that helps build up tension in the *Murder At Midnight* dream sequences. Grant had a real baseball bat to hit the table with when the bartender threatens Danny Clover. Linda shook a string mop while Charles Crandal's landlady talks to Danny Clover. Nancy had taped the *beep beep* from her own car horn so that Broadway could sound like Broadway. She also had a little ringer and an old bakelite telephone so Archie could pick up and hang up the phone in the tavern when Duffy called. We had a run-through and prepared to inaugurate WPAS.

We invited family and friends. The audience just barely outnumbered the cast. We were permitted to use a large meeting room in the high school, where we could place two tables across the front and sit behind them in a row. In front of each person was an old-fashioned diamond-shaped microphone with the WPAS logo across the top. In my other life I am a theater prop maker; I made the mikes out of wood and cardboard. I am told they work as well as a lot of the equipment at the high school.

We put in some commercials--a couple for Blue Coal, and one really smarmy one about Lifebuoy soap and B.O. By the time we got to the performance, my class had become fairly uninhibited. Our audience guffawed when Grant W. spoke with feeling about B.O.

The three shows were a good choice. The first, *Broadway Is My Beat*, was poetic and serious. *Duffy's Tavern* was very funny, smart-alecky and fast. And the third, which was of course also full of suspense, has itself such a funny script that between the pleasures of the story and the language, and the fun of watching the performers produce the sounds, the audience was well entertained.

So it was a success, and I am going to do it again. I have not emphasized how very much of my time this course took--certainly if my entire teaching fee had not gone to pay the typist, I would have made about 35¢ and hour. But it was fun and rewarding for us all. Next time I hope to include some cowboys and perhaps an episode or two of a soap opera. I now have the list of what scripts NARA owns, and will make use of them. And I'm going to build myself a wee door, so that when Miss Duffy leaves the Tavern, it won't sound as if she's just locked herself in a closet.

Louise Grafton



NARA'S LIBRARY CATALOGS

To obtain catalogs of what is available to members from the various club libraries, please write to the librarians listed below and enclose the price of the catalog.

CASSETTE CATALOG:

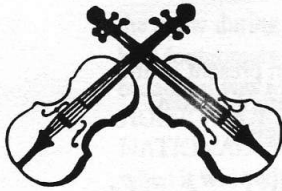
The cassette library has reopened on a limited basis. Please see page 4.

SCANFAX CATALOG:

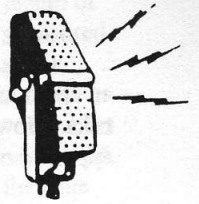
A list of the various program series that are available in our SCANFAX cassette library is available for \$1.00 and a self-addressed-stamped envelope. You can then request program titles for those series that are of interest to you. Send your requests to Don Aston, P.O. Box 1392, Lake Elsinore, CA 92531.

PRINTED MATERIALS CATALOGS:

The printed materials library has four catalogs: the book catalog (407 books), the script catalog (228 scripts), the catalog of logs (29 logs), and the catalog of magazines. To receive all four of these please send ten 32 cent stamps to Bob Sabon, 308 West Oraibi Drive, Phoenix, AZ 85027.



From
JACK PALMER



NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR

One of the longest running programs on network radio was THE NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR. It appeared on network radio for over 30 years, under at least three different titles and was on the air from one to six days a week. It appeared in various show lengths, but except for a very short time in 1944, it always remained exactly what the original name implied. It was a program aimed at farmers and homemakers. Although it had a much longer run on the radio than many shows, it has been almost completely ignored in books about old time radio and I, personally, have never seen a copy of a show, although Jay Hickerson's book does state that 12 shows are in circulation. However, I do remember listening to it as a child. We definitely were town people, but my mother still listened to it for the entertainment portions and the homemaker's tips.

In 1926, with radio stations scattered across the country and all broadcasting on a more, or less, regular schedule, the US Department of Agriculture began a Radio Service. This consisted of scripts which were written daily and forwarded to as many stations as would use them. Two daily series of scripts "Housekeeper's Chats" (later changed to "Homemaker's Chats") and "Noontime Flashes" (later changed to "Farm Flashes") were being used by over 150 stations by 1928.

Seeing the popularity of these programs, NBC approached the USDA in 1928 about NBC producing and broadcasting a daily show utilizing the same type of farm and home information then being provided by the USDA. The program was to be a daily, 60 minute program of entertainment along with the USDA information portions, and was to be sponsored by Montgomery Ward. USDA backed off from the idea of a sponsor for a government agency, so a compromise was worked out. Montgomery Ward would sponsor the 45 minute entertainment portion. The 15 minute USDA information portion would not be sponsored.

The program began broadcasting on 2 October, 1928 on the NBC Blue network. It was on the air for one hour a day, six days a week, at 1 PM Eastern Time. Some sources state that the show began as a 5 day, 45 minute show, but it is almost certain that the show began as a 60 minute program, with 15 minutes of that time being the unsponsored USDA portion. And it also was broadcast on Saturdays. However, the USDA only participated on weekdays. The Saturday shows were utilized by various farmer's organizations, the 4-H and vocational agriculture groups. The second Saturday of each month was 4-H club day and featured the US Marine Band broadcasting direct from Washington, DC.

Since NBC required all programs to be live, and all speakers had to use a script, few of the USDA speakers showed up well on the air. There were 198 different speakers in the first 8 months of the show and most came across poorly, to say the least. But while the USDA did make

an effort to improve their speakers, there was never any effort to have one person present all the talks. However, after 1933, when Henry Wallace became Secretary of Agriculture, he often appeared on the show, usually to present some new farm program out of Washington.

The show normally originated in Washington, DC and Chicago. The USDA portion of the show was broadcast from Washington, with the entertainment portion coming out of Chicago. However, throughout the years, there were many on site broadcasts from state fairs, farmer's conventions, 4-H and FFA meetings and such. In later years there were even broadcasts from overseas.

One of the NBC executives had a great interest in forests and forest rangers and he offered the networks' services to provide cast and production if the USDA would provide the scripts for such a show. The show, "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers" was aired once a week as part of THE NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR and apparently was quite popular, as it remained on the air from 1932 until 1943. Both Don Ameche and Raymond Edward Johnson played the forest ranger, Jim Robbins, early in their careers.

In addition to "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers", the entertainment portion of the show featured many country artists, most of them already familiar to their audiences through appearances on THE NATIONAL BARN DANCE, another NBC network show. However, all entertainment was not rural. Other, more popular artists also appeared throughout the years. The program had its own orchestra, The Homesteaders, and a vocal quartet called the Four Cadets. There were several regulars including Mirandy Of Persimmon Hollow (actress unknown) and Aunt Fanny who was played by Fran Allison of Kukla, Fran and Ollie fame. The show began with a rousing version of *The Stars And Stripes Forever*, then longtime MC, Everett Mitchell, would open with "It's a beautiful day in Chicago".

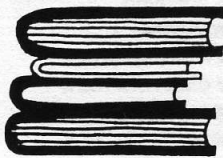
By the end of the first year, Montgomery Ward had dropped its sponsorship of the show and it became sustaining. Some OTR books indicate that the show was sponsored by the USDA for most of its lifetime. Actually the USDA was responsible for preparing the scripts and the speakers for their portion of the show, and they also prepared the scripts for "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers" during the years that it appeared, but the entertainment portion was always handled by NBC. Nevertheless, the USDA was certainly the closest thing to a sponsor the show had for many years.

The show remained a 60 minute, 6 day a week show until 1936, when NBC chopped out a 15 minute segment for Goodyear, who wanted to sponsor a quarter hour of farm news. Although the Goodyear show only lasted a year, NBC never returned the 15 minutes, and The National Farm and Home Hour remained a 3/4 hour program from that time on. In 1942, the Blue network was separated from NBC and the show had to struggle to remain on the air, since it was not producing any revenue for the new network. The struggle finally ended in June 1944, when the daily NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR went off the air. After some brief negotiations with the new network, ABC, the show's name was assigned to the USDA, and in 1945 the show returned to NBC as a 30 minute Saturday show. The new show was sponsored by Allis Chalmers and ran until 1960, when Allis Chalmers withdrew its sponsorship, and the show finally ended.

Various sources provide different information as to dates, names and broadcast length of the show during its time on the air. Many ignore the first year of the show, which was sponsored by Montgomery Ward, and show 1929 as the first year on the air. As stated above, the first broadcast was in October 1928. This first year's show is often listed as just THE FARM AND HOME HOUR. After the loss of the sponsor in 1929, the show continued on as THE NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR in the same one hour, 6 day a week format until 1936, when it was reduced to 45 minutes, but still broadcast six days a week. In 1942, when the Blue network went on their own, the program was reduced to 30 minutes and went back to THE FARM AND HOME HOUR title. In June 1944, it was reduced to a Saturday only show and renamed HOME AND GARDEN since it no longer was involved with farming. By the end of the year the show had disappeared and USDA went back to NBC with their old name and a new sponsor. The new 30 minute THE NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR now appeared on Saturdays only until 1960. The show, with a few short breaks had lasted 16 years as a 6 day a week network show, plus another 15 years as a once a week network show.

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PRINTED MATERIALS LIBRARY

SURPRISE! SURPRISE! When the price of everything seems to be going up, Bob Sabon, NARA's printed materials librarian has just announced a reduction in the cost of renting books and magazines from the library. Rental charges for books have now been reduced to \$2.00 and magazines to \$1.00. For further information contact Bob.



As you probably know, NARA is reviewing each and every show in our cassette library. Volunteers who live in the southern California area, or nearby, are needed for this project. Those willing to help would be sent a large box of cassettes which they would be asked to check for sound quality as quickly as possible. They would be free to make copies for themselves of any that they would like. They would then pay for the return shipping. If you would be interested in helping with this please call Don Aston at (909) 244-5242.



THOUGHTS OF A COLLECTOR

by

Henry R. Hinkel

I recently dug into my OTR library and pulled out some of the teenager shows I enjoyed as a kid, Archie Andrews, Henry Aldrich, A Date With Judy and Corliss Archer. I loved these shows as a kid, and I loved them when I heard them again for the first time in many years. Now as I listen to them once again, I must have listened with a more critical ear. Oh, I enjoyed them, but not as much as before.

Archie I realized was a nit wit. He made his own problems simply because he did stupid things. Week after week he did something dumb until he got himself into some sort of trouble. Henry Aldrich on the other hand didn't always do something dumb, he just didn't pay attention to things that were happening around him until he finally blundered into his big problem. Judy and Corliss were supposed to be typical teenage girls. Usually their big problem was getting a new dress for a dance or some other social thing they were involved in. Things would slowly build until Dexter would finally exclaim "Holl-lee Cow". No matter what the problem was for these four teenagers, everything would straighten out in the end, usually with some help from Mom and Dad. The fathers of these kids were all "professional" men and the mother's were always home to guide them. Not really the typical family of the "average" listener whether you grew up in the city in the East or the plains of Nebraska out West.

I grew up in a mill town. Both my parents and most relatives worked in the mills. Growing up I knew where I probably would be going after high school. Most families struggled through the depression. When World War II started, the mills went into war production and most people now had steady jobs. Wages were "frozen" so even though people worked, no one made what was called "big money". Everyone survived, but money was tight. Hard times were over for most people, but not completely gone. I don't recall a single kid on my street every owning a brand new bicycle.

Archie Andrews got a job in a drug store as a soda jerk and proceeded to make a jerk of himself. Henry Aldrich got involved raising pigeons and as usual got in over his head. When the boys in my neighborhood turned 11 or 12 years old, they got jobs at night in the local bowling alley as pin boys setting bowling pins for the bowling leagues. Hard work for an 11 or 12 year old. By law you were supposed to be 12 to be able to work there, but if you were a big 11, sometimes you could sneak by. Neighborhood girls usually never worked, not even as baby sitters. At that time no one ever used baby sitters, that came several years later. By today's standards, most parents would have been arrested for child abandonment, endangering and child abuse. My parents sometimes had to work second shift until 10:00 p.m. For me that meant I was home alone until they got home from work. There was always something already cooked for supper, and of course the radio was always on.

As a 10 year old, I along with a few of the neighborhood boys discovered there was money to be made shining shoes. So we made ourselves shoe shine boxes, filled them with pastes, polishes and brushes, and at about 8:00 p.m. every Friday and Saturday night during the summer, we would divide up and hit the local bars shining shoes. On an average night we would make about 3 or 4 dollars for two or three hours of work. On a "good night" we could make 6 or 7 dollars. On an exceptional night it

was possible to make 10 dollars. Our parents didn't make 10 dollars for a day's work in the mills. Can you imagine today, a 10 year old going out shining shoes at night? Today most 10 year olds spend most of their time watching TV.

Sports were a big event in young kids lives. I don't recall Archie or Henry ever being involved in sports. We were fortunate in our city as the recreation department organized many leagues for the boys from 10 years old right past high school age. Basketball and baseball teams competed from all over the city. Girls were mainly excluded from sports programs. That was unfortunate because I knew some girls who could really hit a baseball and really run.

Tragedies were never presented on the comedy shows, simply because they were comedy shows and not social forums as today's TV sometimes portrays them. Growing up through the years, there were many kids we knew who died in drownings, fires, accidents and childhood illnesses. Death on radio was reserved mostly for the mystery and detective shows, and children rarely were victims. Unlike today's reality TV, where you actually see people falling out of windows, airplanes crashing, cars crashing and exploding, death and tragedy was usually held to a simple murder on those mystery shows.

There was a discussion on the internet recently concerning the reality and impact of Dragnet when it first came on the air. I remember when it first came on and word spread fast that this was a "must" show to listen to, and it was. The music got your attention. Jack Webb's rat-tat-tat delivery held your ear to the radio and realism of the show with it's sound effects would not let you turn it off. These were real cops. The local small town police could not compare to these guys. The local beat cop would come around, holler at the neighborhood boys, sometimes give them a boot in the pants and scare them all away, then stand on the corner and hold a friendly conversation with the neighborhood bookie. Even a 10 year old knew that something was not right here. Joe Friday would never act like that.

There was a difference between real life and radio life. For the most part, the comedies solved the problem of the day and had a happy ending. You could turn away from the radio with a smile on your face. The mystery and crime shows usually proved that crime does not pay. The bad guys either got caught or got his just deserts in the end. Sometimes he got away, but he still lost in his battle with the good guys.

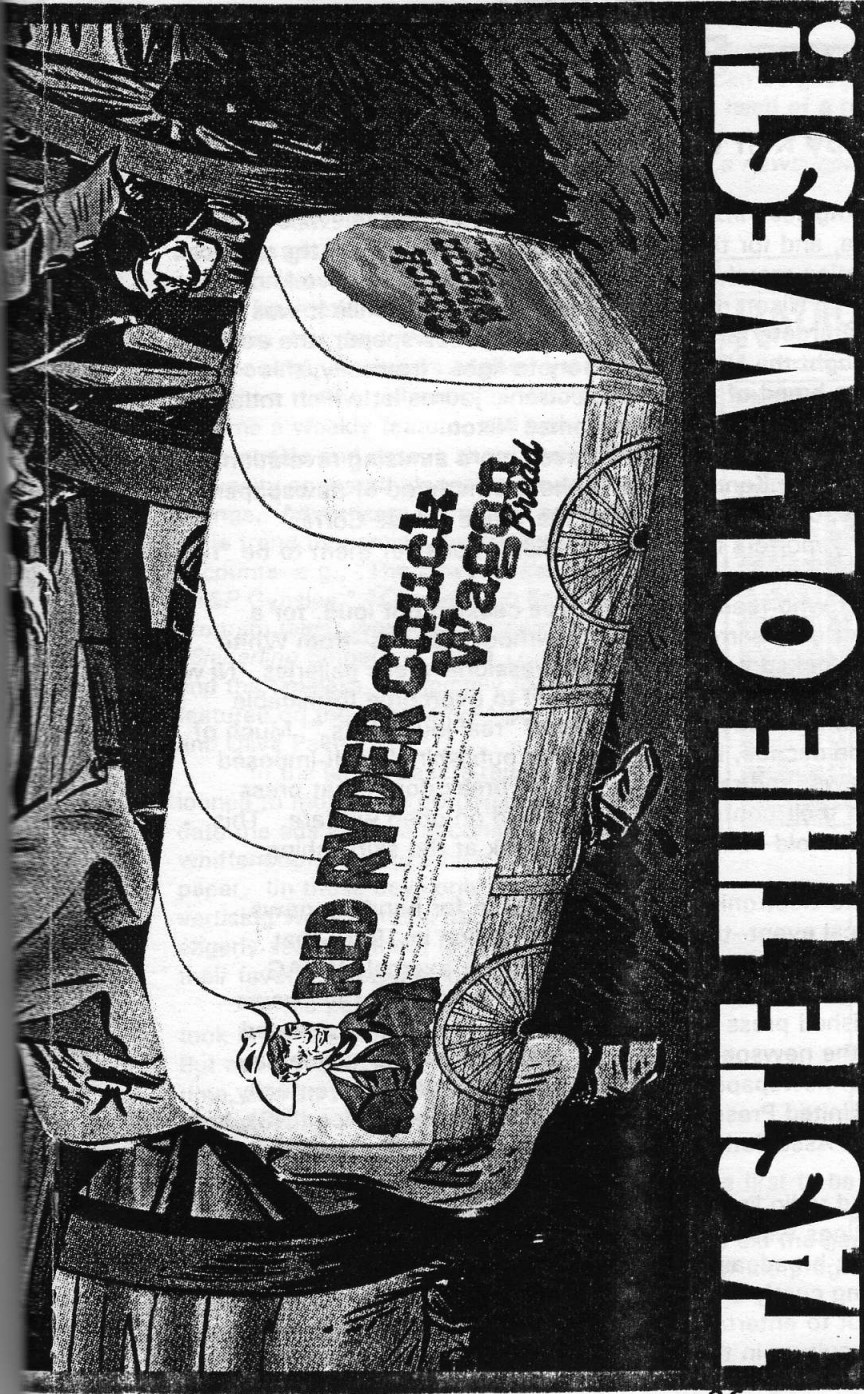
Today as we listen to these programs from 40 and 50 years ago, maybe we sometimes listen with too critical an ear. Back then we looked upon our heroes through innocent eyes and listened to them with innocent ears. We were aware of, and knew of, the bad things that were happening in the world and we looked to our heroes to get us through the bad times and make things "right " again. We too often forget the talent that went into writing, producing, and acting to bring us the shows that we learned to love to listen to. We sometimes forget that what they brought us was entertainment. We enjoyed the excitement of the detective shows and thrilled to the suspense of the mystery shows. We laughed at the comedies no matter how silly they sometimes were. If Archie wasn't such a nit wit and Henry didn't bumble his way into problems as he did, they wouldn't be the same people we loved to listen to. If they were any different, maybe we wouldn't have enjoyed them so much.

Just some thoughts of a collector

RED RYDER

Crutch
Wagon
Bread





TASTE THE OL' WEST!

This centerfold is presented in honor of NARA member Frank Bresee who played the part of Little Beaver on the popular Red Ryder radio series.

Media On The Mat: The Press-Radio Feud

By Ken Weigel[©]

In April 1996 the Los Angeles *Times* printed an article faulting television for the cynicism pervading the news media, and for the doubts Americans have about the political process. The double-edged accusation merely stated what all but the dead have known since television bared the souls of the Nixon mob a generation ago. But while it was on TV that the nation watched the Watergate farce play out, it was a newspaper, the august *Washington Post*, that actually brought the Nixon jackassery to light. Ironically, this toppling of a minor deity produced a breed of print and electronic journalist which today struts before the public the same self-importance that doomed Nixon.

But for this radio fan the *Times* squib held an even more amusing revelation. That was the disclosure that, back in the Kennedy years, the brotherhood of newspaper, wire service and magazine reporters, otherwise known as the White House Correspondence Association, snubbed TV reporters because they didn't consider them to be "real journalists."

Any radio fan or annalist who read that must have cackled out loud, for a generation earlier the press lords not only barred *radio*--TV without pictures--from White House press conferences, they also locked it out of the congressional press galleries. New Deal radio reporters, like those New Frontier TV reporters, had to overcome formidable opposition to persuade press scribes that they rated the tag of "real journalists." Much of the radio chronicle in the Depression decade, in fact, concerns publishing's self-imposed duty to deny radio access to the news, and radio's attempts to break down that press monopoly. There were times when their confrontations bordered on open warfare. This account undertakes to return to those old haunts for a closer look at the skirmishing.

From its earliest days the electronic medium cared little for handling news, despite the fact that it was a political event--the Harding-Cox election in 1920--that brought it out of its cave. Most early stations dabbling in news, for example WJAG (Norfolk, Nebraska) and WJZ (New York), were owned by newspapers, and their news was gamely supplied by the established press associations. The venerable Associated Press, a cooperative controlled by the newspaper industry, was reluctant to give away news to radio, but as the number of newspaper-owned stations multiplied it eventually gave in. By the mid-twenties AP, United Press (UP), International News Service (INS), and the American Newspaper Publishers Association (ANPA) all authorized radio to broadcast dispatches of major importance.

Newspapers even helped radio listeners plan their evenings by publishing program schedules. These free listings were as welcome as the free wire copy, but the largess concealed an ulterior motive: broadcast news stimulated newspaper sales and enabled publishers to put off printing costly extra editions. Radio's job in the middle twenties was not to hawk news but to entertain, and in its primal evolution it barely knew how to do that. The level of radio culture in the middle twenties lay somewhere between the *Eveready Hour* variety show at the high end, and the announcer who stuck his microphone out the window and yawped, "We now bring you the sounds of New York

City" at the other end. In those tertiary times radio transfixed audiences merely by *being*. In contrast, the press felt itself endowed with a high purpose: it not only informed, it also molded public opinion. Radio's footstool status can be gauged by the following passage from a memo a newspaper syndicate sent to the head of a radio chain:

....you have shown the radio editors how to give a news report over the air that would make it necessary to buy a newspaper.

As radio's ability to entertain began to take on a gloss, radio sections in newspapers came to life. The first radio pages gave simple instructions showing how to build receivers, but the increasing competition between manufacturers of sets and parts brought a rush of advertising. Radio sections became a weekly feature, and lush streams of radio gossip and essays about the medium's virtuosity appeared alongside program listings. Advertisers learned to cash in on the radio trend by naming the shows after their accounts--e.g., "The *Atwater-Kent Hour*," "A&P Gypsies," "*Cliquot Club Eskimos*," etc. Program talent was likewise commercialized: "*Sieberling Singers*," "*Ipana Troubadours*," and the timeless, completely forgotten duet featured on the "*Palmolive Hour*," Paul Oliver and Olive Palmer.

In the larger papers radio sections ballooned to more than 50 pages to accommodate the ads and the accompanying show biz whiffenpoof, turning a nice profit for the paper. (In those days only 2% of all advertising went to radio itself.) Radio fans eagerly scanned them to get the lowdown on their favorite programs and announcers.

In the palmy days of 1928 newspapers took in ad revenues totaling \$760 million. But advertisers were starting to buy network time, and so when Wall Street threw craps the following year and advertisers began pulling back their dollars, the newspaper ads

trumpeting radio sets and parts were among the first to be yanked. Publishers stole dark glances at the radio brethren and called a halt to promoting the new rival. Thus, as the ads disappeared from the radio sections, so too did the gaudy whoop and holler about the medium's virtuosity. Finally all that remained of the program listings were shadows and outlines, viz:

- 7:00 Comedy
- 7:30 Music & Comedy
- 8:00 Variety
- 8:30 Comedy



These bare-boned listings sent radio fans into a temporary funk, and the restoration of detailed listening schedules came only grudgingly. But in the sinking economy competition for ad dollars took a new turn, and a new bitterness came between press and radio.

In 1928, the year the papers took in \$760 million from advertising, radio was able to attract only \$20 million. But after the stock market crashed radio began helping itself to former newspaper accounts. Publishers responded by accusing radio of thievery. It was an unfair charge. Actually advertising was discovering radio, chiefly because radio was free to the public, and its demographics were irresistible. To the advertiser, a radio in every third home in America was an open invitation to get *inside* the homes of 40 million consumers. What self-respecting peddler could refuse *that* invitation? Quickly radio became the darling of soap, cosmetics, automobile, tobacco, food and petroleum advertisers, big spenders all. While newspapers were trimming staffs to cut expenses, radio was prospering.

And indeed radio was immune to hard times. When the Depression decade dawned, radio was an \$800 million industry, with some 18 million receivers in use across the land--triple the number than before the crash. More than 600 stations were on the air, a fourth of them network affiliates. In 1930, despite a ban on commercials between the prime listening hours of 7 and 11 p.m., NBC showed ad revenues of \$22 million dollars. And the worse the economy got the faster radio grew. By 1933 industry revenues were \$65 million, more than three times that of 1928. In that same five-year span newspapers lost \$310 million.

Compounding publishers' headaches were the stellar exhibitions radio was giving. In 1931-1932 Americans heard shortwaved rebroadcasts of English, Dutch and German programming and the opinions of prominent newsmakers from around the world. While dad tinkered in the garage or worked a puzzle he listened to discussions of the British election via transatlantic telephone, and heard the elections in Germany that paved the way for Hitler's ascension. Distance was no hindrance to radio.

Stateside, radio beat the newspapers to the Lindbergh kidnaping story--as scoops go, a dandy. CBS and NBC devoted several evenings to what basically turned out to be false clue coverage, but which was no less fascinating for the thrills it brought to the curious--and for the increased circulation it brought to newspapers. At first NBC held back because it thought the story too sensational to send into the home; but seeing the commotion CBS was stirring up, it quickly overcame its scruples and began covering it *sforzando*. The networks gave publishers additional headaches with their coverage of the 1932 national conventions.

Radio's sudden prosperity in those early Depression years was a sharp reminder to fourth estaters that they were hired hands answerable to management whose business was tied to the profits which were now slumping. As the number of news hacks taking cuts in pay rose, radio's prosperity provoked a flood of ill-humored protests. A common complaint charged that radio fare was pitched so low only the pubescent and the half-dotty could appreciate it. Perhaps the journalist most qualified to administer the knock to radio was the *knockmeister* himself, Baltimore sage H.L. Mencken. Unquestionably the most engaging reporter of his day, this rapacious son of the inkpot roamed the field in search of bones to pick, and had radio in his sights long before jeering it became fashionable. "Utopia, like virtue," he wrote in *The Nation* in 1928, "is a concept shot through

with relativity. To men in jail, I daresay, the radio is a boon." As radio cut deeper into newspaper ad sales, the knocks turned into condemnations. Mencken again, in 1931:

The radio...is devoid of ideas as a Kiwanis orator, and as bare of beauty as a city dump. For hour after hour its customers sit listening to bad music, worse speeches and other entertainment so dreadful that it cannot be described. The height of comedy on the air is reached by Amos and Andy--a kind of humor that drove people out of smalltime vaudeville shops twenty years ago."

Smalltime vaudeville, bad speeches, and other "sorry trash that loads the airwaves" aside, Mencken's sniping owed its rancor more to the stiff competition broadcasting was now bringing to the table.

The 1932 national election illustrates how competitive radio had become. In the previous election, fifty million listeners tasted the excitement of the Hoover-Smith returns (supplied gratuitously by AP, UP and INS). The audience for a presidential election had been steadily building since 1916, when a handful of amateur operators heard Dr. De Forest broadcast the Wilson-Hughes results. Four years later, the Harding-Cox returns over KDKA exposed radio's fascinating potential, and brought the gadget out of the garage and into the lab. In 1924 some 20 million citizens tuned in to hear Coolidge defeat Davis in what was the first real radio election. Then came Hoover-Smith in 1928 trailing hordes of listeners.

Publishers were well aware of the public's romance with radio, so they devised a plan to withhold the Roosevelt-Hoover election returns from the networks. Supervising the plot was a radio committee set up by the ANPA, with the wholehearted backing of the Associated Press. With 80 years' experience at gathering news, the AP was not going to sit idly by and allow radio to steal its thunder, especially in hard times. The planned radio freeze outraged publisher-broadcasters who had been grubstaking radio since its cradle days. This group owned every ninth station on the air in 1932, some of which were among the most powerful in the country. WGN (*Chicago Tribune*), WTMJ (*Milwaukee Journal*), WJR (*Detroit News*), WDAC (*Kansas City Star*), WHAS (*Louisville Courier*), WMAQ (*Chicago Daily News*), and the above-mentioned WJAG and WJZ all had much to do with nurturing broadcast news. Publisher-broadcasters believed the Depression, far more than radio, was responsible for declining newspaper ad income, and they were furious about the election freeze-out. But they were outnumbered and outflanked, and their objections were ignored.

A few days before the election, CBS had a turn of good fortune when its salesmen sweet-talked United Press into selling the network its election copy for a nominal fee. When publishers got wind of the deal, their squawks could be heard far out to sea. Most resolved not to share their wire services with thieving broadcasters, and many threatened to cancel their UP subscriptions if UP did not negate its deal with CBS. As most wire service income derived from newspapers, the threat of cancellations threw a shock into UP and caused it to back out of its deal with CBS.

Broad farce followed. The AP, hearing about UP's arrangement with CBS but unaware of its cancellation, offered *its* wire services to both CBS and NBC, free of charge, to avoid being scooped by UP. When UP heard of AP's chicanery, it did another about-face to avoid being scooped by AP, and promised CBS its news feed as originally planned. To make it unanimous, INS also consented to run its wire through CBS and NBC. By the time these hands were played out, press double-dealing had handed both networks the very news sources publishers were determined to withhold.

With such broad coverage available, the networks bent to the task. Election night coverage began at 6 o'clock, with Frederick Wile and Edwin Hill covering for CBS, and Walter Lippman, George Parker and Arthur Brisbane covering for NBC. The result was a radio scoop of the first chop. Listeners heard the results long hours before the bulldog editions were on the streets. The coup persuaded radio to go all out in merchandising news.

More radio victories followed. In March 1933, millions at home and abroad (via shortwave) heard Franklin Roosevelt's inauguration speech. The new President grasped the power of radio, and lost no time exploring its reach. Eight days after his crowning he began soft-soaping the electorate by criticizing unscrupulous bankers who gambled with depositors' money. To the liberal listener, the New Deal Galahad's microphone technique was conversational and friendly; to the New Deal anvil chorus, for example to Mencken, Roosevelt's saccharine "radio crooning" sounded like "molasses dripping from a barrel."

At any rate, FDR's "fireside chats" transformed radio into a political instrument and scored points with the radio electorate. At the same time they were a great nuisance to publishers, who resented the new favoritism being shown broadcasters. With the election drubbing still fresh in their minds, publishers grew more determined than ever to neutralize radio's encroachment on their news territory. Within a month of Roosevelt's inauguration, the AP (egged on by the ANPA) stopped servicing radio altogether, and UF and INS followed suit. AP also began charging newspaper-owned radio stations extra fees to use its service. The press-radio hostilities were under way.

By the summer of 1933 radio's wire source was bone dry. Left to butter its own parsnips, the networks spent the summer mechanically gathering news by telephone, clipping newspapers, and monitoring the shortwave bands, with help coming from RCA and Western Union. The public paid little attention to the press-radio discord, nor did it notice any depletion in the frequency or range of news. In those pre-Cambrian times news was still a byproduct of the radio odyssey. The only "journalists" with any name value nationally were Lowell Thomas, Floyd Gibbons, H.V. Kaltenborn, Frederick Wile, Edwin Hill, Boake Carter and one or two others. Thomas, the radio favorite for most of the thirties, ushered in hard news in 1930 and was heard on both the Red and Blue networks. Gibbons initiated the daily network newscast, and was the first to report by wireless from a war zone, from Manchuria in January 1932. Kaltenborn began weekly broadcasts on WEAJ for the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* in 1923, and when he made the jump to radio in 1930, when the *Eagle* began trimming salaries, it was more or less for good. Wile reported for CBS on "The Political Situation in Washington Tonight." In 1930 he and NBC's William Hard, another first-rate commentator now largely forgotten, captivated American listeners with their live shortwave reports from the Five-Power Naval Conference in London. Hill reported thrice weekly on the "Human Side of the News," and Carter, whose following for a time rivaled Thomas', was heard nightly. Each of these trailblazing journalists came to radio trailing ink from Grub Street.

The press wires continued their boycott against radio into the late summer, when help finally appeared in the visage of General Mills. The breakfast food conglomerate came to CBS with an offer to organize a news service if CBS would pay half the freight. CBS accepted the offer, obtained a special rate from Western Union, and radio's first network news bureau, Columbia News Service, sprang into being. News

Director Paul White, a former UP editor, took charge of the New York operation, and hired a former AP overseas correspondent to supervise the writing. With a fulltime staff of some two dozen personnel, White opened bureaus in Washington, Chicago and Los Angeles, and put more than 800 stringers on the payroll. From London, Cesar Saerchinger sent back reports obtained from his wanderings through Europe. More international news came in from the Central News Agency and British Exchange Telegraph, and Wall Street was doped via the Dow-Jones ticker. Columbia News wrote three daily broadcasts; the longest, at 11 p.m., was 15 minutes. Two five-minute shows went out at noon and at 4:30 p.m., and both were sponsored by General Mills. Carter and Kaltenborn were the principal readers.

This meager CBS arrangement illustrates how little news was forthcoming on radio in 1933 during the press boycott, despite no lack of capital affairs to report on, and not forgetting the medium's increasing popularity. In the southern hemisphere, Bolivia and Paraguay were at war, and in Geneva Japan's withdrawal from the League of Nations was seen as a threat to peace. Malcontent Adolf Hitler's rise to power put a self-confessed barbarian on the German throne. Among the new Chancellor's first acts was a vicious boycott of Jewish businesses to give the Party Huns an outlet for their energies. Here at home, more than 4000 banks had gone down in Wall Street's wake. By the time Roosevelt II took the oath in March, the country's banking system was in ruins, and one attempt had already been made on Roosevelt's life. Late in the year America bellied up to the bar as the unpopular war against the Rum Demon closed out with the repeal of Prohibition. Americans learned about most of these things through newspapers. 1933 was also the year CBS made its first appeal for access to the congressional press gallery. On that occasion, Columbia was told that those activities were reserved for the press and accredited press wires--in other words, for real journalists.

Publishers first took notice of Columbia News Service in the fall of 1933, when a leading New York paper gave a page one spread to its scoop about a prominent social bud's coming-out. Columbia's client list grew steadily after that, though the papers it attracted were mostly inferior small-circulation journals operating on tight budgets. Nevertheless, enough publications subscribed to the CBS wire to light several small fires in newspaper board rooms. By this time radio's share of media advertising had risen to 10%, five times what it was the year before the crash. Some of these ad dollars were being siphoned off large-circulation magazines. But the penny-a-line trade and newspapers were not the only places radio's presence was felt. Record sales, a robust 100 million in 1921, now stood at just two million, largely because radio's fidelity had finally surpassed the phonograph's. Fortunately swing music, the end of Prohibition, the potent mixture of 80-proof "repeal milk" and a new contraption called the "jukebox" combined to lift the industry out of its doldrums. Another hint of radio's expanding influence could be found in a reading of the blueprints for Radio City: every studio was equipped with a sponsor's booth.

CBS was a bigger menace than NBC to the publishers of news because the reporters manning the Columbia wire were first-rate gatherers of news. Rival NBC had nothing remotely compared to the CBS wire. Its shortcomings as a newsgatherer persuaded NBC to side with the publishers in their newest intrigue against CBS. What new intrigue was that? It was the publishers' attempt to crowd out Columbia News.

The previous April publishers had put the heat on AP, UP and INS to refuse radio their wire copy. They followed that up by lobbying Washington for tougher government controls on the networks. Now they began pressuring metropolitan dailies to drop their radio-related news coverage and CBS program schedules. But their conspiracy fizzled because Columbia News was staffed by full-blooded newshounds, and it was no easy matter to dislodge them. In the end publishing's eminentissimos were forced to negotiate with radio to protect its treasured monopoly. The networks too, had nothing to gain by aggravating publishers unnecessarily. The lobbying against them had threatened to retard their progress, so it was very much in radio's interest to learn to co-exist with the press. Thus the two sides agreed to meet and work out their differences.

In December 1933 network and publishing lamasaries convened in the Biltmore Hotel in New York City. Radio negotiators lacked the seasoning that veteran publishers had acquired over a century of corporate haggling, so when at last the hot air had cleared away and the books were toted up, the press swamis held an agreement heavily tilted in their favor: they had duped radio into letting them supply radio's news. That put an end to independent radio reporting, for the time being anyway, and gave publishers the control over radio they'd been vying for.

Under the terms of the Biltmore bamboozle, for that is what it was, the Columbia News wire was dumped in favor of something called the Press-Radio Bureau. This new bureau would be staffed by AP, UP and INS writers and editors working under the guidance of a former city editor of the *New York World*. Steered by these press stewards, beginning in March 1934 Press-Radio would furnish CBS and NBC with two five-minute news summaries daily, once in the morning after 9:30, and once in the evening after 9. The arrangement gave the entire news day to the newspapers. Moreover, radio summaries could not exceed 30 words, nor could they be sponsored. The news reader was further required to direct listeners to consult the newspapers "for the rest of the story." Non-affiliated stations were barred from using Press-Radio material.

Network negotiators' conciliatory bargaining and shameless concessions at the Biltmore left many radio staffers and ciphers farther down the ranks feeling betrayed. Edwin Hill compared the arrangement to "kneeling like Lazarus before the rich man's kitchen door." One final humiliation: the network had to pay for the Press-Radio operation.

But it was not all bad news for broadcasting. One of the Biltmore provisions allowed radio to air news of "transcendent importance" the instant it came in. "Transcendent" meant news worthy of the bulletin treatment. Whether it was bulletin material or not was left to the discretion of the editor on the desk. Given the universal American compulsion to be first, the networks began treating most news items as bulletin fodder the minute the Press-Radio Bureau began operations. Immediately evident was the talent radio showed for dressing superfluous information in the garb of hot copy, a talent television later carried to ludicrous extremes.

Thus advantages went to both mediums--to newspapers, because the arrangement reserved the news day for them and gave them control of what went out over the air, and to the networks, because radio finally had a news-gathering service of its own, even though press agency table scraps were not quite what they had in mind. One of the first raps against Press-Radio copy was that it was outdated and bleached of all color. That, of course, was precisely how the newspapers wanted it.

The severity of the Biltmore restraints on network radio was bound to end in mutiny. Fortunately for radio, the negotiators on the press side of the table, with their

imperfect knowledge of matters ethereal, provided an opening. While the Biltmore terms limited radio newscasts to two five-minute summaries daily, they neglected to place any controls on the *commentary*--and commentaries *could* be sponsored. Here was a loophole begging to be exploited, and network legal fixers pounced on it with gusto. The deed was accomplished simply by declaring the news reader's job description as arbitrary, and then anointing them all *commentators*.

Hastily organized wire services rose up in rapid succession to feed news to these "commentators" hoping to draw sponsors into the radio web. It happened that the days' events called for knowledgeable interpretation, so there was a ready audience for news analysis. 1934 was a dazzling news year. Commentators wrung copy from the Depression, from Roosevelt's New Deal programs, from crime, and from Nazi devilry overseas. Critics of the New Deal decried FDR's "dictatorial" powers and "socialist" reforms as the national payroll remained 40% below the 1926 level. As the drought swept through the southwest a crime wave swept through the rest of the country. A nationwide manhunt came to a gaudy end when John Dillinger died in a hail of bullets outside a Chicago movie house. In quick succession Bonnie and Clyde, Baby Face Nelson and Pretty Boy Floyd also met with tabloid deaths. In New York Bruno Hauptmann was in the jug awaiting trial for passing a ransom bill that tied him to the unsolved Lindbergh kidnaping 2½ years before. On the foreign scene, Hitler was terrorizing Reds and non-Aryans, and brutally purging the Nazi Party of unwanted elements as he laid the foundation for his "master race." In neighboring Austria Nazi subalterns assassinated the chancellor. The same Depression that brought the wolf to the door in the United States was bringing near starvation to parts of Asia. The resentment of "damnable" capitalism expressed in the Japanese media bore the angry mark of an uprising. An orgy of sadistic fury continued in Stalin's Russia, and there were atrocities in Spain.

Out of this soup of intrigue, climactic events and Biltmore constraints rose two new radio news bureaus, the Yankee Network and Transradio Press Service, to supply radio commentators with the data needed to analyze the acts of man and God, but mostly man. The Yankee wire was an outgrowth of WNAC in Boston and served ten stations in New England. John Shepard III, the moneybags behind the Yankee wire, also underwrote Transradio, which broke ground just three weeks after Press-Radio Bureau teletypes began clattering in March 1934. Radio News Service of America, a regional wire that had been serving Los Angeles radio from KMPC/Beverly Hills since 1930, now extended its reach up and down the Pacific Coast. Of all these new wires, Transradio was the most impressive.

Guided by Herbert Moore, formerly a Columbia News Service rewrite man, Transradio set up bureaus in major cities and began acquiring long-term contracts. Early subscribers included powerful KNX in Hollywood, KSTP in St. Paul, and KWK in St. Louis. By the summer of 1934 its list of clients numbered just under 100. More than 6000 stringers supplied news, with additional material coming in from Havas of France, and later from Reuters. In August Transradio put an auxiliary service, Radio News Association, in operation. This wire transmitted copy by shortwave written specifically in a broadcast style. It was conceived for the more remote, less prosperous radio outlets that could not afford Transradio's regular news rates.

By year's end Transradio was supplying 150 clients with up to 30,000 words a day. Subscribers paid between \$5 and \$500 a week, depending on how many words they bargained for. Gone were the paltry 30-word summaries decreed by Biltmore. In November, WOR in New York subscribed. WOR was owned by Macy's, a leading newspaper advertiser.

As for the Press-Radio Bureau, it was by no means neglected despite the competition from the pesky new radio wires. Yet between the number of radio stations having no regular schedule of hard news, and therefore no need of Press-Radio copy, and stations that blackballed Press-Radio because of its ban on sponsored news, less than half of all stations on the air subscribed to Press-Radio. On its first anniversary in March 1935, Press-Radio claimed 245 subscribers. This meant that 360 other stations were ignoring it. Among the non-subscribers were the non-affiliated small fry in the grassy shires and cornbelts which operated only during daylight hours. Their sole function was to heap glory on the local merchant. What news these single-cell outlets broadcast consisted mainly of community doings obtained by arrangement with the local papers.

In 1935 two more wire services broke ground. But though twice as many homes in the U.S. had radios than telephones, radio still remained a secondary source of news. Like the Yankee, Radio News, and Transradio wires before them, the American Newscasting Association and American Broadcasters News Association were only too glad to welcome sponsorship of their dispatches. Both of these wires supplied material to independent stations that had been excluded by the Biltmore treaty. They quickly proved to be an annoyance to publishers, who once again shook off their admirable zeal for freedom of the press and looked for ways to ground them. But world events continued to astound and bewilder, and news was becoming a staple ingredient in the listening diet. Walter Winchell, Gabriel Heatter, Robert Trout, Raymond Gram Swing and other stylish commentators were amassing large followings. Sponsors who for years had been on the fence were now deciding that broadcast news was a field too fertile to ignore. Radio's advantages over newspapers, especially its immediacy, were only too obvious. Radio could bring great drama into the listener's home or car, and the act of listening required minimal effort. Mom could iron clothes or work the crosswords, and dad could clean out the attic or read *Field & Stream* while listening to the radio; but reading a paper nailed both of them to the spot. Radio was also free, and it felt the hand of Providence on it in good times as in bad. The nation's high unemployment meant that more of the great unnumbered were home by their radios. Wage earners, with new labor-saving household devices and a 40-hour, five-day work week, also had extra leisure time to listen.

Radio industry revenues in 1935 were twice that of 1929, and ad revenues rose correspondingly well too. Time buyers were spending almost 500% more on the networks than they did in 1928. Even bigger gains would be reflected in the country's recovery in the second half of the decade. Meanwhile, more than 240 papers had closed shop in the first four years of the Depression. That was why when the new radio wires came in and Hearst caught the scent of new money being spent to sponsor radio news, both UP and INS, which Hearst owned, dropped their ban on sponsored news and joined the other wires already catering to it.

The first UP and INS radio clients were stations owned by their newspaper subscribers, though later independent stations were also allowed to subscribe. In addition to permitting advertisers to sponsor newscasts, UP and INS liberalized the clock for broadcast news, pushing the rigid Biltmore times back to 8 a.m. and 6 p.m. Even press-lackey AP eased its hardnosed stance by granting stations the right to produce four 15-minute broadcasts daily. The privilege, however, extended only to stations owned by newspaper clients. With these developments the Biltmore Agreement lost most of its sock.

By the middle thirties advertising agencies were providing three-fourths of radio's ad orders. They not only brokered time and wrote copy, they also built network programs and determined their content. They bought time in chunks, wrote shows in bulk,

engaged talent by the gallon, rented studios, and composed the blurbs that hustled the goods. This arrangement satisfied agency and network alike: the network because it reduced its accountability to the sponsor for program content, and the agency because it got to call most of the shots. The networks, to be sure, set the guidelines for program content and ad copy because they were legally answerable to the FCC and morally responsible to the public for what filled the ether. But Madison Avenue finally had a control it only dreamed about having in newspapers and magazines.

Radio news gained steadily on newspapers in the second half of the decade. The assassination of Huey P. Long, the populist Louisiana Senator, the rearming of the German Wehrmacht, and war whoops coming out of the Far East kept the home wires churning. But more fascinating machinations involving radio were afoot. When Italy invaded Ethiopia in October 1935, Britain and France took the lead in the League of Nations sanctions brought against Italy. On this occasion CBS borrowed BBC facilities to shortwave a forum from Geneva that examined Mussolini's offensive, and during the broadcast the Ethiopian delegate directed an appeal to America. Because it was a League of Nations broadcast, the Italians demanded equal time to rebut the appeal for American ears. The BBC, however, refused to accommodate the Italians, claiming a rebuttal was not justified. This was 18-carat ear-grease. The BBC snubbed the Italians because the British felt the politically artless United States might succumb to their fascist hooey, and thereby weaken Britain's policy of sanctions against Italy. The hazards of Europe in bondage to fascism were felt more acutely in Britain than they were in the United States. Here was a foretaste of the shady uses to which the ether would be put in shaping foreign policy.

Also in 1935, Bruno Hauptmann, the prime suspect in the Lindbergh kidnaping case, was brought to trial, found guilty, and sentenced to die in the electric chair. The trial played out in a circus atmosphere, and for three weeks great mobs of the unwashed were mesmerized by an unparalleled flood of broadcast verbiage, despite the fact that microphones were barred from the courtroom. Since the trial was considered "transcendent," as many as a dozen commentaries were heard daily. One magazine reporter who objected to the fuss being made over radio's coverage, and ignorant of the contrasts between written and spoken English, compared the "clearer, more logical constructions" of newspaper journalists to the "ludicrous" efforts of radio newsmen, whom he characterized as "poor reporters." (*New Outlook*, February 1935.) Nevertheless, radio's coverage of the trial turned up the heat on print journalism, for reasons we shall presently see. I mention this episode only to show that as radio wormed its way into public consciousness, the motivation for the blisterings it received from the press became more obvious. It was getting to be too late in the day to indulge in vain grousing about radio's shortcomings.

To finish off the Hauptmann story, last-minute legal wrangling delayed the execution, in April 1936, and Gabriel Heatter, covering for the Mutual Broadcasting System, extemporized for 45 minutes while the hot seat was put on simmer. Heatter's ad libitum gushing was actually prepared in advance, for he held scripts to cover four eventualities: escape, suicide, reprieve and delay. His canned ad-libbing won him a new audience, and before the year was out he was host of *We, The People*. Around the same time a bitter press opposition to Roosevelt forced the President to go after the vote by radio in his campaign for reelection. FDR's subsequent drubbing of Alf Landon further undercut newspapers as the country's primary manufacturer of public opinion.

In 1936 the news world was once again overtaken by thrills abroad. Europe's fascist dictators consolidated their power as Mussolini completed his invasion of Ethiopia,

Hitler marched into the Rhineland, and Franco launched his uprising in Spain. The popular imagination was captured by the death of King George V. Newsmen with portable transmitters kept vigil outside Buckingham Palace to chart the ailing King's condition. His slide into bliss eternal, and the proclamation declaring the Prince of Wales his successor, made news around the world. The coronation of King George VI in 1937 following Edward VIII's abdication--a radio event one journalist called "the greatest story since the Resurrection"--was the most elaborately covered event up to that time. In covering it the BBC used 58 microphones, including one installed under the throne, no doubt to get at the royal seat of things.

The press wires thrived on this; the material they supplied broadcasters earned them \$3 million--which radio turned into time sales worth five times that. Among the advertisers now sponsoring radio news were Sun Oil Co. (Lowell Thomas), Remington Rand (Edwin Hill), and Modern Industrial Bank (Gabriel Heatter). ANPA sophists objected to big business underwriting public opinion on the airwaves, calling the sale of news to radio prostitution. Apparently it was okay for newspapers to take money from vested interests, but not for radio.

The year 1936 also saw UP, INS and Transradio client lists expand. The last-named entered the year with some 190 paying subscribers. By now publishing's aloof impresarios were climbing down from their remote socratic alps and hastily buying up or establishing alliances with radio stations. Hearst already had a stable of six stations, on his way to ten, and Scripps-Howard owned a major station in Cincinnati. Radio was still basically a city service; almost half of all stations were centered in populations of 100,000 or more. Advertisers gave little thought to smaller markets for the simple reason that small station ad budgets offered small enticement.

Another headache for publishers in the middle and late thirties was radio facsimile, hailed as the newspaper of the next generation. Attached to receivers, the device would enable the early riser to find his paper already printed on his radio next to the alarm clock. Though radio facsimile was to find other, more practicable uses, its failure as a radio-paper did nothing to slow radio's progress. As the Depression decade waned, gross receipts of the two major networks totaled \$48 million, about half of the total industry pie. This despite the fact that most network programs were sustaining. NBC and CBS owned or operated only 25 stations, but some 200 others were receiving news and programming from them, so their influence was felt from urban America down through the citrus and corn belts, and westward all the way to the water's edge. Their audience, too, was nearly total, as each chain reached no less than 98% of the country's 23 million radio homes.

But publishers still had considerably more money on hand than network radio, and they continued pouring it into broadcasting activities. In 1937 some 190 publishers acquired broadcast licenses from the FCC, four times as many as the year before. Why were publishers suddenly spending so much money on radio? Why, indeed. What better way to grab a share of the radio booty?

As these intrigues played out radio's popularity picked up steam. Its ability to make listeners forget their troubles, so therapeutic in times of economic stress, was undeniable. Here I refer to Fred Allen, Eddie Cantor, Al Jolson, Jack Benny, Rudy Vallee, *The Magic Key*, *Burns & Allen*, *First Nighter*, *Columbia Workshop*, *Lux Radio Theater*, *The Goldbergs*, *NBC Symphony*, *Death Valley Days*, *Vic & Sade*, *Gangbusters*, soap operas, big bands, forums and sports. Commercial sponsors were spending almost \$1 million a week on talent alone. Headliners' salaries ranged from Major Bowes' \$25,000 to Ed Wynn's \$3000. They were, of course, completely out of whack in a country where ten million were on the dole, but it proved how welcome they were in the home.

If ever a year was made for radio news, 1938 was it. In March the country had a ringside seat at Hitler's annexation of Austria. The event seriously threatened the peace of Europe, because a nazified Austria meant a solid wall of fascism from the Baltic Sea to the Mediterranean. With peaceful democracies to the west of Germany and bolshevism to the east, Hitler was hemmed in by enemies, and the threat of war came into sharp focus. By this time some 300 national and regional commentators had colonized American radio, and a simple twist of the dial brought in much somber cud-chewing about the soup Europe was in.

It began on March 12, when both Edward R. Murrow, in Vienna for CBS, and Max Jordan, NBC's European bureau chief, obtained permission from the Nazis to broadcast the *anschluss*. As the Germans marched into Vienna, Jordan could hear in his earphones a report patched through from the Austrian Radio in Linz. Then a voice rose above the crowd noise. "Some local orator," Jordan reported, "is now addressing the crowd of 300,000 people on the Linz City Hall Square. Let me find out who it is....Oh, it's Hitler himself!" Jordan cued the engineer, and Hitler's speech welcoming Austria into the Third Reich was patched into living rooms across the United States. Listeners were spellbound, and the radio colony bubbled over with excitement.

The following day William L. Shirer in London got on the line with Murrow in Vienna, and CBS initiated the first multiple pickup news broadcast. For the next ten days Murrow described conditions in the beleaguered Austrian capital, and reports from London, Berlin, Paris, New York, and Washington were tied in. After 16 such roundups the character of news broadcasting was changed forever. Until the *anschluss*, foreign radio correspondence had been without representation in network news policy. Scores of new sponsors suddenly felt radio's tug.

Without the new broadcasting techniques developed during the *anschluss*, radio's role in the crisis that played out six months later in Czechoslovakia would have been a great deal less integral than it was. In that crisis, Hitler intended to pry away the predominantly German Sudetenland from Czechoslovakia, by force if necessary. His propaganda was so potent that nerves tensed everywhere, not just in Europe. Listeners took keen interest in prognostications about the threat a nazified Europe held for the United States. The Fuhrer's belligerent speech to the Nazi Congress at Nuremberg on September 12 was carried by 184 network affiliates in this country, making it the largest hookup since George VI's coronation. Radio itself, Kaltenborn noted, became "one of the most significant events of the crisis." It should be remembered that until Hitler's 1938 adventurism, radio in America had little spine for sensational news. As noted above, NBC initially demurred from broadcasting the Lindbergh kidnapping because it felt the crime was too revolting to unload in the home. Incredible as it may seem to us today, the dizzy antics of ruffraff then held little allure for news directors. Broadcasting junk for gratuitous shock value was the invention of a later enlightened generation. Save when it involved labor strife or public safety, as did the crimes of Dillinger, Nelson, Floyd and Hauptmann, the networks instinctively shrank from sensationalism. But radio was about to learn how well suited it was to report tragedy and drama.

As Hitler tightened the screws on Czechoslovakia that September, radio's pint-sized news departments sprang to life everywhere. Hour after hour for days on end teletype machines pounded out the latest alarms from overseas. History has that crisis so well covered that there is no need to rehash it here. Suffice it to say that after the Munich pact was ratified in late September, radio found itself with a much broader audience. Publishers had to admit its competitor could indeed provide a valuable public service. Their clear thinking came on the heels of new surveys showing that newspaper circulation remained healthy despite their decade-long feud with radio. When they discovered that

radio coverage of dramatic events actually boosted newspaper sales, their fears that time spent listening (the average listener spent five hours a day at his radio) was time stolen from reading disappeared in a puff of smoke. Another sign that the feud had run its course was the revelation that people were far less concerned with how they got their news, just so long as they got it.

A month after the shame of Munich, in a perfect demonstration of the medium's social power, the *Mercury Theater On The Air* staged "The War of the Worlds" on CBS. The story of the panic is too well-known to need illuminating here. Of the 6 million who heard the broadcast, more than a quarter of them believed it was news, and of that quarter two-thirds swallowed the deception as fact. Those closest to the "invasion"--those living in New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey--fell hardest. With ten million unemployed nationally, Roosevelt's New Deal fix under heavy attack, and war narrowly averted, the foundation of national insecurity was firmly in place. Viewed from a distance of almost 60 years, the martian panic seems quite understandable. And yet the newspapers, conveniently forgetting that radio had just helped avert a war, fell all over themselves berating the medium for scaring its public. Some, still piqued by Mae West's earthy interpretation of the "Adam & Eve" skit ten months earlier (*Chase & Sanborn Hour*, December 1937), predicted the ill-conceived spoof would finish radio off.

Far from being radio's Waterloo, the martian invasion became a social advent, for it registered the blow of radio's potency in peacetime as it just had during a crisis. It also proved that the most high-stepping sophisticate could be taken in by a good leg-pulling, just as pundits, a generation before, had been gulled by Piltown Man and Mencken's Bathtub Hoax. Columnist Heywood Brown acknowledged the medium's capacity to tack and yaw in any weather, and suggested banning all scripted news simulations from the air. Dorothy Thompson likewise grasped radio's blandishments. Somewhat of an alarmist, she said the panic broadcast proved that radio controlled by professional agitators could create havoc in a democracy just as it had in a dictatorship. She no doubt had in mind Father Coughlin, the popular Detroit-based radio priest. In his heyday, the Right Reverend's inflammatory Sunday broadcasts over WJR denouncing the British and taunting New Deal social engineers left as many as 30 million *anthropoidea* panting under his eloquence. His anti-Semitic brayings in the pages of *Social Justice* also gave a heavy push to the entire canon of bundist fascist publications, which copied them verbatim. His brand of bootleg Americanism earned plaudits from Doktor Goebbels for having "the courage to speak his conviction....that National Socialism is right." Because Coughlin's radio time was bought with donations there was no sponsor to threaten cancellation, so he enjoyed a freedom of speech not even Winchell or Carter could command. Thus when Coughlin applauded Hitler for raping Austria and dismembering Czechoslovakia and was not bounced from the air, journalists sounded the alarm, and publishers who were conditioned to leap every time an advertiser blew his nose disappeared into their executive tool sheds to sharpen their axes.

But while newspaper editorials took CBS and the *Mercury Theater* to task for manufacturing unrest, none called for a government clampdown on radio, as they had in that lamentable canto in 1933. Much had changed since then. Publishers now were more concerned about keeping Uncle Sam out of the communications business than they were about quelling radio. After Czechoslovakia, even they could not deny that radio had attained a remarkable degree of proficiency.

One last note on the martian scare before we leave the decade. A later survey of psychologists and sociologists fixed the cause of the panic on two particulars:
(1) listeners' expectation of disaster brought on by a recent international crisis during a

time of economic instability, and (2) the believability of radio commentators who provided the information listeners craved during the crisis. Those who became alarmed, in other words, did so because a confidant--radio--had sounded the alarm. But radio's prestige had been building slowly throughout the decade despite press attempts to undermine it. It mushroomed during the *anschluss*, crested in Czechoslovakia, and passed review at Groves Mill. Coverage of Hitler's war of nerves overseas, craftily punctuated by an invasion from Mars, marked the formal emergence of the fifth estate in America. For the next decade radio's prestige was seldom in doubt.

* * *

By the end of the thirties, when Mutual commentator Fulton Lewis, Jr., entered the picture, holdout AP was feeding wire copy to newspaper-owned stations, and the Press-Radio Bureau was disappearing down the sewer publishers had reserved for radio. The press had failed to curb radio news because by then tensions in Europe and the Far East involved American interests, and a news monopoly no longer served the public interest. Radio surveys--a recent phenomenon--were showing that radio in America in 1939 was the acknowledged entertainment of choice. A Harvard study turned up information showing that political talks were better understood and more interesting when conveyed by the human voice than when read. A *Fortune* magazine poll corroborated the Harvard findings that radio reports were also more believable than newspaper reports. This is what made the press carping about radio's coverage of the Hauptmann trial in 1935 ring hollow. Even back then, despite its reputed "poor" coverage, radio captured the attention of both the public *and* the press as nothing had before outside of things vile and political. The Harvard inquiries also found that radio listeners were (a) a less discriminating audience than newspaper readers, and therefore (b) more susceptible to suggestion. This helped to explain the martian panic and Hollywood's subsequent pawing after Orson Welles.

By 1939, radio's standing in the world of news and propaganda was recognized in almost every capital of the world. In Geneva, London, Berlin, Budapest, Ankara, Canberra, New Delhi and all points of the compass radio correspondents enjoyed the same privileges as the working press. Everywhere, that is, except in the United States. In Washington, a radio reporter could not get into the congressional press galleries or attend White House press conferences without resorting to bribery. When he was admitted, he had to check his notepad at the door, and then was ushered to the rear of the visitors' gallery. In sharp contrast, the gentlemen of the press had their own gallery down front, within smelling range of the political miasma. Here they were privy to offhand remarks and the motor-impulse eruptions that colored their next day dispatches.

Lewis, one of Mutual's newest recruits, had been covering Washington politics since the Würm Glaciation, and he felt strongly that respect for radio journalists was overdue. Just before Christmas 1938, he and Mutual's general manager, and the manager of WOR, Mutual's flagship station, met to devise a plan to obtain the same favors for radio as those claimed by the press. All earlier attempts to crash the Capitol Press Corps had gone down in flames, just as television's attempt to invade the White House Correspondents Association in 1960 was to end in failure.

With the backing of the Mutual varsity, Lewis took his complaint to the standing committee of Washington correspondents. As expected, the committee rejected his request to admit radio into the galleries, on the flimsy grounds that the laws framed by

the Senate Rules Committee applied only to the press, and not to radio. Lewis then put his request before the Senate Rules Committee. He wondered why radio reporters were barred from the gallery considering they performed the same service as the press, and reminded the committee that those laws had been laid down long before anyone had ever heard of the audion tube. He also pointed out that the rules entitled each newspaper to one seat in the gallery, and produced evidence showing that some papers occupied half a dozen seats. Was it fair to deny seats to radio correspondents when newspapers were being over-represented? Wasn't it time, in fact, to overhaul the laws? The Senate Rules Committee clearly saw the logic in his argument and called for new hearings.

To bring this lengthy tract to a close, the committee revised the order governing press gallery representation, and hammered out a bill granting radio the same privileges as those enjoyed by the press. A week after its passage the chamber galleries and White House and cabinet press conferences were thrown open to radio reporters.

Radio, at long last, took its place alongside the rank and file newshawks of the press. And not a minute too soon either, for that was in May 1939, and in September the world would be at war.

* * *

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WINNING CONTEST ENTRIES

In the winter 1997 issue, Roger Hill sponsored a contest where members were asked to tell which five old time radio shows they would most like to see return for a year, not as reruns, but with new scripts. Here is part of the response. More will follow in future issues.

From: Jack French

When Roger Hill challenged us to pick OTR shows that we'd love to hear for another year, he speculated that it would be a difficult task to narrow the choice down to only five. I did not find it so---five superior series immediately bubbled to the top of my memory reservoir: VOYAGE OF THE SCARLET QUEEN, FORT LARAMIE, QUIET PLEASE, CANDY MATSON and BOX 13. All of them were top-notch and certainly deserved at least another year of network broadcasting.

VOYAGE OF THE SCARLET QUEEN was on the air for about eight months (1947-48) and the complete run of 34 episodes, plus audition, leaves us with a paltry number to savor. Everything about the Pacific Ocean adventure was first-rate: crisp plots by writers Gil Doud and Bob Tallman, sound effects so real you could feel the salty spray in your face, and a great cast to portray the heroes and heavies of the Orient. Elliot Lewis played Captain Phil Carney, the ship's skipper, and Ed Max did yeoman service as his First Mate. Their supporting cast was just as talented: William Conrad, Ben Wright, John Dehner and other skilled veterans. All in all, this was a series that merited at least a year more of uncharted adventure on the Pacific Rim.

I've recently written in the pages of NARA NEWS my high praise for FORT LARAMIE and my respect for it remains undiminished. This series ran for ten months; only 40 programs were aired and one of those was a repeat. FORT LARAMIE was a close relative of GUNSMOKE since it had the same producer-director, same sound effects men, same writers, and most of the same supporting cast (John Dehner, Sam Edwards, Howard MacNear, etc.) The gritty realism of the military frontier was evidenced in the show's historical accuracy, believable characters, and attention to detail. Its scrupulously fair portrayal of Native Americans would be reason enough to champion this series. The show went off the air in October 1956, but oh what I'd give to be rescued by this cavalry for just one more year!

QUIET PLEASE probably needs no additional justification, beyond mentioning its name, for all discerning OTR collectors readily acknowledge its creative and technical superiority. What we can't agree upon is its genre. Was it mystery? Sometimes, but.... Was it a horror show? Sometimes, but.... Was it fantasy? Sometimes, but.... It boasted the fortunate combination of two geniuses, Wyllis Cooper, the masterful writer and director, and Ernest Chappell, the vocal wizard who headed the cast. Of the 106 episodes aired in the late 40s, about 88 are in trading currency today. Virtually every one is a jewel---a perfect blend of sound....and silence. Clearly this series deserved at least another year of entrancing, mystifying, and occasionally horrifying its listeners.

Another superior series was CANDY MATSON, which ran for only two years in 1949-51. Even sadder, only 15 episodes have survived of the over 100 that were aired. Candy, a bright and sexy private-eye, was skillfully played by Natalie Masters, while her equally talented husband, Monty Masters, wrote and produced the show. The series was broadcast from San Francisco and that great city's events, locations, and personality were evidenced in every script. This detective series had it all: unusual plots, crisp dialogue, realistic adventure and sparkling humor. Candy was an articulate and courageous crime-solver in a series that was convincing better than most of the male gumshoe shows of that era. And if the gods of OTR will grant us one more year of CANDY MATSON, we promise to save more than 15 this time.

BOX 13 is the only syndicated show I have on this short list, but clearly it belongs here. Exactly 52 episodes in this foremost series were aired from 1948 to 1949 and all are in existence today. The chief strength of this show was the lead star, Alan Ladd portraying adventure writer, Dan Holiday. Ladd had that great vocal quality shared by only a few radio actors (William Conrad, Orson Welles, Howard Duff, John Dehner, etc.) and it commanded an unwavering attention from listeners. His supporting company represented the best of the West Coast pro's: Lurene Tuttle, Alan Reed and Louis Van Rooten. Russell Hughes typed a bounty of fast-paced scripts that were unusual, fascinating and full of impact. Like the other four series I've lauded, BOX 13 warranted a much longer run.

From: Dominic Patrissi

This is indeed a challenge as so many radio series come spinning out of my subconscious. Well, here I go!

1. ADVENTURE PARADE: 15 minute dramatizations of the classics of literature hosted by John Griggs. These dramas whetted my mind to know more about famous stories, characters and gave me a desire to read these books after hearing them on the air. Imagine "Robin Hood," "Last of the Mohicans," and "Treasure Island" to name a few.
2. THE SEAHOUND: A 15 minute kid adventure series aboard the craft Seahound traveling around the world seeking adventure. Captain Silver, Ted, Jerry and Kukai and Fletcher their dog. These daily adventures took us to far away countries with stories on the land, sea and air.
3. THE SHERIFF: Mark Chase, sheriff of Cass County, Texas. This series was on ABC radio and replaced Death Valley Days. I can still hear the opening repeated by several voices, "When in trouble call the Sheriff." There are no shows in existence; but how I wish I could hear them again.
4. YOUNG DOCTOR MALONE: One of the best written soap operas starring Sandy Becker. It would be great to have a daily dose of detergent drama to hear five days a week.
5. GANGBUSTERS: Dramas of the police in their fight against crime. We need a drama that points out the futility of breaking the law.

This contest points out how we need time to reopen our imaginations and travel all avenues of radio drama and hopefully rekindle some of the excitement radio can create instead of talk radio, news and music. It would be great if someone like Dick Clark tried to put together a contemporary radio anthology series using someone like Richard Crenna as a host and sometime actor, and the talents of some of the pool of old actors and actresses and sound men and writers along with new young talent to rekindle an interest in radio drama.



REPORT

by
Jack Palmer

Thursday, 17 April. Due to a little car problem I was delayed leaving Battle Creek, but managed to be on the interstate by 10:30. It was 27 degrees with a light snowfall when I finally left Battle Creek. I continued to run into snow flurries off and on, all the way to Cincinnati. By following my usual short cut to Cincinnati I arrived at the hotel before 5 PM. The temperature was up to 44 degrees in Cincinnati and the snow flurries were beginning to fade away. After checking in I headed for the lobby to see whom had already arrived. Many of my OTR friends and acquaintances were already there. I hesitate to list names since I know I'll overlook many of them, but some of the people already there were: the Davies, the Newmans, the Astons, the Bowers, the Ramlows, the Oldays, Ron Lachman, Terry Salmonsens, Murray Schatzens, Beth Holman, Tom McConnell, Ted Davenport, Bob Burchett, Jay Hickerson and Harold Ziegler as well as guests Parley Baer, Barney Beck and Peg Lynch. Eventually about forty of the group ended up across the street at the Bombay Bicycle Club for dinner. After getting caught up on all the latest gossip, I finally headed for my room around 11 PM.

Friday, 18 April. After breakfast, I headed over to the dealer's room for more talk and to watch the dealers set up. The room was full of dealers this year, with many new items and shows for sale. I managed to buy ten country music radio shows on 16" transcription disks, before a collector bought all the remaining disks. I ended the day by buying many more shows on cassette than I had intended, but there were some great items that I couldn't turn down. The crowd appeared to be larger than last year and the re-creation room was jammed when the first re-creation was presented at 7:30 PM. The ETHEL & ALBERT skit with Peg Lynch and Parley Baer was great as always. I did not see the follow up INNER SANCTUM, but all reviews were very good.

Saturday, 19 April. After breakfast with Tom McConnell, we headed back to the dealer's room for more visiting and looking. At 10 AM, John Rayburn gave his presentation on commercials and some other radio tidbits. At 11 AM, Barney Beck presented his sound effects demonstration. Sorry to say, I was unable to get to either of these presentations, but they seemed to go over well. At 1:30 PM was another hilarious ETHEL & ALBERT skit followed by CHALLENGE OF THE YUKON with Fred Foy. Later in the afternoon, Joel Senter dropped into the convention for a few minutes and we had a short visit. The door prize drawing and the raffle were held at 4 PM, with my usual luck. Of course, I might have done better if I had bought a few raffle tickets! After the drawings, the dealers closed shop and everyone took off to prepare for the evening.

The evening's activities started with the usual cocktail hour then followed with a sit down dinner. After the dinner we left the dining room and returned to the re-creation room for the final events. The program started with the usual request time with Ed Clute, followed by The Boogie Woogie Girls. Then a GUNSMOKE re-creation. (I know I'm in the minority, but I am not a big fan of GUNSMOKE) Then another ETHEL & ALBERT skit to close off the re-creations. After the usual awards, the final presentation was the Stone-Waterman Award. This year there was a dual award. Barney Beck, the sound effects man, who helps at all the conventions and Jay Hickerson, who held the first OTR convention and still presents one every year both received the award this year.

Sunday, 20 April. After my good-byes, I left the hotel heading south for the Burlington, Kentucky flea market. After spending several hours looking around, but only buying one cylinder record, I headed back towards Battle Creek. Another convention under my belt and a lot more shows to listen to on the way home.

CONVENTIONS:



MARK YOUR CALENDAR

The various conventions around the country are outstanding places to enjoy old time radio. All provide re-creations of old radio shows and workshops with some of the stars of old time radio. We encourage you to take advantage of these opportunities to add a new dimension to your hobby.

We list dates here as soon as we receive them so that you can plan ahead.

- ① **THE 12TH ANNUAL OLD TIME RADIO AND NOSTALGIA CONVENTION** is scheduled for May 28, 29, and 30, 1998 (PLEASE NOTE THE CHANGE IN DATES FROM PREVIOUS ANNOUNCEMENTS) at the Marriott Inn on the north side of Cincinnati, Ohio, Just off I-75. The convention will be moving into larger convention space than in previous years. The contact person is Bob Burchette, 10280 Gunpowder Road, Florence, Kentucky 41042. Phone is (606) 282-0333.
- ② **THE 14TH ANNUAL LUM & ABNER SOCIETY CONVENTION** will be held June 26 and 27, 1998 in Mena, Arkansas at the Best Western Lime Tree Inn. For information please contact Tim Hollis, #81 Sharon Blvd., Dora, Alabama 35062. His phone is (205) 648-6110.
- ③ **THE 6TH ANNUAL RADIO RALLY** of the Radio Enthusiasts of Puget Sound will be June 26 and 27, 1998 in Seattle, Washington. Contact person is Mike Sprague, P.O. Box 723, Bothell, Washington 98041. Phone is (206) 488-9518.
- ④ **THE FRIENDS OF OLD TIME RADIO CONVENTION** is held at the Holiday Inn North at the Newark, New Jersey airport. The hotel provides free shuttle service back and forth to the airport. Contact person is Jay Hickerson, Box 4321, Hamden, Connecticut 06514. Jay can be reached by phone at (203) 248-2887. Future convention dates are:
23rd Annual Convention -- October 22 thru 24, 1998
24th Annual Convention -- October 21 thru 23, 1999
- ⑤ **THE 15TH ANNUAL SPERDVAC CONVENTION** is scheduled for November 13 thru 15, 1998 at the Holiday Inn Crowne Plaza Hotel at the Los Angeles International Airport. A free shuttle service is provided for those flying. The person to contact for information is Larry Gassman, Box 1163, Whittier, California 90603. He can be reached by phone at (310) 947-9800.

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Non-commercial ads are free to all members. Your ad will be placed in one issue, but you can resubmit it as often as you like.

The OTR SOURCE LIST (1997 edition) is six pages long, containing over 150 entries of clubs, dealers, archives, publications, and even web sites. Each entry contains name, address, phone number and e-mail address, if available. Even if you already have one, you should get an updated version. (To break the "year code:" if yours is printed on gold paper it's the 1994 one. The purple one is 1995 and the green one is 1996. Any on white paper is at least five years old. Our 1997 edition is on orange paper.) Cost is only \$2 to NARA members and \$3 for others. Send money, in stamps or cash please, to Jack French, 5137 Richardson Dr., Fairfax, VA 22032-2810. PLEASE no checks (this item cannot justify a trip to the bank), and send stamps in a usable denomination.....seven 32¢ ones would be about right. All profits go to NARA so please be generous. Orders filled same day and returned via first class mail. Get yours now!

John Bruno, a longtime OTR fan who is blind and wheelchair bound, recently lost his entire cassette collection, and wants to begin rebuilding it as soon as possible. Among his favorite programs are Gildersleeve, Draagnet, Superman, Green Hornet, Shadow, and Suspense. If you would like to help John get started on his new collection, he can be reached at: Mountain View Manor & John Bruno, 1811 N. Raymond Ave., Pasadena, CA 91103 (818) 798-6811.

WANTED: Instruction booklets, or copies, for open reel decks Sony TC-355 and Allied Radio TR-1035. C. Huck, 4 South 230 River Road, Warrenville, IL 60555. Fax (630) 393-9925. E-mail: Huck_Enterprises@msn.com

WANTED: Cassette copies of Rudy Vallee's radio program, "The Villa Vallee." Call Carlos Lozano (800) 772-3785, or write P.O. Box 77231, Tucson, AZ 85703.

NARA NEWS

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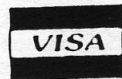
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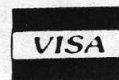
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SPECIAL ANNIVERSARY OFFER

The date was June 2, 1973. The event was the first banquet of the new NORTH AMERICAN RADIO ARCHIVES, LTD. The featured guest was Carleton E. Morse. The Banquet was held at the Cathay House in San Francisco. This historic event was recorded on two cassettes which are available to NARA members as a 25th Anniversary Special. They can be yours, as a member of NARA, for a donation of \$25.00 or more. The cassettes come in a vinyl bookshelf binder with the special logo of the North American Radio Archives, Ltd. on the cover. Send your special donation to:

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Your special commemorative edition of the banquet honoring Carleton E. Morse will be sent to you via U.P.S. Send NARA your donation right away.

A TIP OF THE ATWATER DIAL TO....

The following for generous financial contributions to NARA:

Martin Kravarik of New Brunswick, New Jersey
Ronald Tromblay of Enfield, Connecticut

Jack Palmer for getting the cassette library moved from Ohio to California. You were told in the summer issue that we were having problems with this so, in September, Jack at his own expense spent seventeen hours driving to Ohio from Michigan to pick up the collection. He then boxed the cassettes and shipped them on their way. This ensures that the process of listening to the entire collection, to check for quality, can finally get under way. Many thanks to Jack for getting us over that hurdle. We are now looking for members to volunteer to listen to those cassettes to check on their quality. Please see page 22.

Gene Larson and Roger Hill for big packets of reprints, clippings, photos, and other material.

Frank Bresee for an autographed script from a MUTUAL RADIO THEATER show on which he appeared.

Roger Hill for hospitality shown your editor on a visit to the San Francisco area in July.

Don Aston for putting promotions for NARA in the regular advertising materials that he sends out for his business.

Our columnists in this issue: Don Aston, Barney Beck, Jim Cox, Jack French, Louise Grafton, Roger Hill, Henry Hinkel, Jack Palmer (2 articles), Dominic Patrissi, and Ken Weigel.

Those who have already sent in articles for future issues: Bob Beckett, Frank Bresee (6 articles), Ray Erlenborn, B.J. George, Al Inkster, Gene Larson (4 articles), Arlene Osborne, and Hal Stephenson (6 articles).

Pat McCoy for his advertisement on pages 47 and 48. In NARA's first years, each new member was given a membership number. Pat received membership #1 making him the first recruit for this organization, and a quarter century member.

Roger Hill for the NOTHING'S NEW ad on page 49. NOTHING'S NEW is not just a San Francisco area store. He invites all of you, regardless of location, to become members and take advantage of what the store has to offer through the mail.

DEADLINES:

December 15 for the winter issue

March 15 for the spring issue