



Peg Lynch and her husband Odd Ronning with their daughter Astrid.



# World War II must get its memorial

By Patty Andrews

My sisters and I probably met face to face with more soldiers in World War II than any general or field marshal. The Andrews Sisters entertained tens of thousands of GIs at bases here and abroad throughout the war, and I can still see so many of their smiling American faces. I sometimes wonder how many of those faces made it home safely and how many are now just faint memories. I'll carry their memory for as long as I live. But then what? With nothing to publicly commemorate those GIs, their deeds will be forgotten.

The faces of the survivors are now creased and seasoned by the years -- but they still smile when they see me. And I see them all the time. In airports or shopping malls. The veterans of global war are living their autumn years happily, oblivious to the fact that they are walking history.

We have a common bond. We were all soldiers in the greatest war ever. And we share a knowing wink-- if you weren't there you'd never understand the terror of total war or exhilaration of saving the world from evil incarnate. I guess I remind the veterans that it all really happened, that it wasn't some hazy memory, that they answered the call and succeeded beyond all expectation.

They won a victory so complete that we hardly remember a time when America wasn't a superpower or the most prosperous nation on earth or one of the few remaining democracies standing against a global gang of dictators. Today we take it all for granted.

Those who died to make it possible for us to forget that brutal era would no doubt be satisfied that their sacrifice was worth it. But they were so young. The soldiers who came to the USO shows were mostly in their late teens and early 20s. So young that the shows had the flavor of a huge high school football game or a Boy Scout jamboree. Nearly a half million of these brave kids would never even know if we won or lost the war or how 50 years of peace and prosperity would transform their country. Their faces will always be innocent and brave, but unknowing.

My sisters and I were innocent, too, but not for long. We cheered the boys as they left for war, but we also welcomed back the wounded and shattered. Those are some of the faces I will never forget.

In one San Francisco hospital ward we were briefed about what we were about to see, and we were told not to show too much emotion. Behind the doors of that dire ward were young faces contorted with pain or frozen and mute. Some had no faces at all, seared off by barbaric flame throwers. The sight of these boys -- no different than the thousands of others we entertained except that they had been chewed up and spat out by the maw of war -- brought home to me the absolute horror of war and the enormity of our debt to them.

In that frightful infirmary we talked, sang and tried to do something -- anything -- to bring a moment of pleasure, maybe a smile or a look of hope that life will somehow be better. I tried but could not begin to match their contribution. None of us can ever fully repay those boys who sacrificed their youth so we could forget such horror existed. But we need to try.

Today, before the memories fade and before the last veteran dies, we need to enshrine their courage. We need a permanent place to honor the generation that gave so much so long ago. We need a memorial that matches their monumental sacrifice and their towering devotion to freedom. In short, we need an official World War II Memorial on the National Mall in Washington. The site has already been selected -- all we need now is the will to build it.

Helping to build morale and comfort the wounded through our music changed and fulfilled the lives of Laverne, Maxene and me. We were privileged to know so many courageous men and women willing to give their lives for freedom. It's ironic that because of their sacrifice, we can use words like "freedom" and "democracy" today without having to measure their cost. We must honor those brave young people who paid the price.

I'll never forget the faces of the men and women who served our country in the Late Great War -- but I'm not going to live forever. We need a memorial that will.

*Andrews is the surviving member of the Andrews Sisters singing trio, which recorded some of the most popular music in America between 1937 and 1967. Readers may write to her c/o World War II Memorial Campaign, Rose Monroe Society, P.O. Box 96766; Washington, D.C. 20090. Her column was distributed by Knight Ridder/Tribune Information Services.*





# Gary Yoggy: Man of many talents, interests, activities

By Dean Slack  
Special to The Leader

Gary Yoggy wears many hats: College professor, actor, author and one of the nation's leading authorities on early radio. Had it not been for a couple of changes along the way, lawyer or engineer might have made the list.

It would be hard to select the one role for Gary that has brought him his greatest acclaim and reward.

As a teacher, he has touched the lives of literally thousands of high school and college students. He started teaching in the late 50s while still a student at the University of Michigan.

Gary is now professor of history at Corning Community College, where he has been a member of the faculty for 36 years.

His efforts as a writer have resulted in the publication of two books. One is a history of westerns now in its second printing, and he served as editor of "Back In The Saddle," a collection of essays on western stars that includes Gary's biography of James Arness of "Gunsmoke" fame.

Gary is currently working on his second full-length book, a history of television medical dramas. Gary has already chosen the title, "House Calls," tracing the rise in popularity of favorite TV medical dramas, from "Medic" to "ER."

When he attended Southside High School in Elmira in the mid-50s, Gary said acting, writing or teaching had no appeal for him. "What I wanted more than anything else was to play my clarinet in a top college marching band," Gary said. Regarded as the best of the best was the band at the University of Michigan directed by the

renowned William Revelli. Gary was successful in obtaining an engineering scholarship to Michigan, where he played in the band all four years.

While he enjoyed the thrill of performing in the Wolverines' colorful halftime shows and concerts, his career as an engineer never got started. "I was struggling with math and science and was advised I should look in other directions," Gary remembers.

He changed his major to liberal arts and received a degree in history in 1960. Gary said he briefly considered a law career and was admitted to Michigan Law school but switched gears again when he visited Syracuse University with a friend.

"I went over to take a look at their history department and from out of the blue, they offered me a graduate teaching assistantship. That did it ... my future changed that day," Gary said. He stayed to earn his master's degree while teaching at Syracuse, then taught at North Binghamton High School prior to joining the Corning Community College faculty in 1963 as a history instructor.

Gary's close ties to the radio business started in 1967 when Bob Shaddock, manager of WCBA, offered him a five-minute slot once a week to do a commentary called "What Makes History."

In 1970 Gary wrote, produced and was the announcer for another documentary series, "History In The Making," broadcast on WIQT in Horseheads for a number of years.

About that time, history of another kind crossed Gary's path. It was by pure accident he became aware of a recorded collection of radio programs that

## Flashback



THE LEADER/JIM GILL

Gary Yoggy, Corning Community College history professor, old-time radio expert, author, actor, relaxes in his campus office.

included Jack Benny's famous Sunday night series from CBS, Fibber McGee and Molly, Amos and Andy, the Lone Ranger and other programs from the 30s and 40s, the period often referred to as "The Golden Age of Radio."

"It didn't take long before I was hooked," he said. "I started

buying and swapping old radio programs with collectors all over the country." Today, his library has expanded to the point where he said he has stopped counting. "But I know it's more than 3000."

See YOGGY, Page 2C

## Yoggy

Continued from Page 1C

Gary called his initial series on "old" radio "The Electronic Era." The shows were combinations of commentary and excerpts of the most popular radio programs of the pre-TV era. In the early 70s, he took the program to WCLI and changed the name to "The Golden Age of Radio." In 1991, Gary once again changed stations; he moved the program back to WCBA where it can still be heard Sundays from 6-7 p.m.

"There's a lot of magic in old radio," Gary said. "It's a direct link to the early lives of people who are now getting up there in years, but those who remember Jack Benny, Fibber McGee and Molly, The Lux Radio Theater, The Shadow and all the others are also getting fewer in number."

The appeal of early radio and its connection to the 'theater of the mind,' is not limited to senior citizens. "I know some of my students listen and enjoy the acting, the writing and the element of imagination that comes into play. When you turn the TV on you can see the actors and the scenery. In radio, it's strictly the imagination ... that was the magic that made radio programs of that kind work, and it still works," Yoggy said.

Gary's close association with the Elmira Little Theater dates from 1982, when he was asked to audition for a part in "Camelot." "I had one line and sang in the chorus, but it was something all new for me, and again, once I took my first step, I jumped in with both feet."

The Elmira Little Theater sponsors the Mandeville Hall early radio shows that started in 1988 when Gary recruited local actors including WETM's Carl Proper to do the Orson Welles radio classic, "War of The Worlds." "It was a Sunday night, and we filled the place, so we kept it up, and now we have a performance every year," Gary said.

A feature that makes the Mandeville Hall productions of early radio programs so popular is the appearance of original stars. Top names who have appeared include Willard Waterman, who was the Great Gilderleeve, Ezra Stone of the Aldrich Family, Rosemary Rice of "I Remember Mama" and Bob Hastings, who played Archie Andrews. Fred Foy, who was the announcer for the



immensely popular "Lone Ranger" programs, was here last autumn. "He's in his 80s now, but he still sounds just like he did more than 50 years ago when millions of people gathered around their radios to hear the dramatic way he would introduce the programs with the words, 'The Lone Ranger rides again,'" Gary said.

Gary Yoggy is also remembered as host of WCBA's popular talk show "Open Line" in the early 80s, and for several years he conducted the station's "Man On The Aisle" interviews with the stars of the Corning Summer Theater. He remembered his interview with Richard Kiley who played the role of a priest in the Summer Theater production of "Mass Appeal." Kiley died two weeks ago.

Approaching his 60th year, Gary said he feels very lucky to be able to enjoy a diversity of interests. "Teaching at Corning Community College is wonderfully satisfying," he said. Yoggy noted his classroom work is usually completed by 1 p.m. and that allows him a couple of hours in the afternoon to work on his book.

And his love for the stage has not diminished. Last week, Gary played the role of Escalus in CCC's Two-Bit Player's production of Shakespeare's "Measure For Measure."

As for the future, Gary said retirement never enters his mind. "But when I do retire, I'd like to see a little more of the world," Gary said. One of his destinations would be Switzerland. His grandparents came from a small town near Berne. He said, "I, Switzerland, the name Yoggy as common as Smith in this country. I'd like to go over and visit a few Yoggys."

Cincinnati Old Time Radio Convention 1999

## After the show, the cast is applauded.



### Attention funeral directors:

Effective immediately, the deadline for news obituaries is 8 p.m. seven days a week.

Obituaries, published free of charge, are only accepted from funeral directors.

### ELMIRA CINEMAS 10

Arnot Mall 739-3533

DEEP END OF THE OCEAN (PG-13)	12:40, 3:30
	7:00, 9:30
RAGE: CARRIE 2 (R)	12:00, 2:25, 4:50, 7:30, 10:00
CORRUPTOR (R)	12:45, 3:40, 7:10, 9:45
WING COMMANDER (PG-13)	12:10, 2:30
	4:45, 7:15, 9:45
CRUEL INTENTIONS (R)	12:15, 2:35, 4:55, 7:20, 9:50
ANALYZE THIS (R)	12:35, 3:15, 6:50, 9:20
8 AM (R)	12:30, 3:10, 6:45, 9:30
THE OTHER SISTER (PG-13)	12:20, 3:20, 6:30, 9:10
OCTOBER SKY (PG)	12:25, 3:00, 6:40, 9:15
MESSAGE IN A BOTTLE (PG-13)	9:20
MY FAVORITE MARTIAN (PG)	12:05, 2:20, 4:40, 7:00

SHOW TIMES GOOD TODAY ONLY



### ■ Ed Herlihy; Commercial, Radio Announcer

Ed Herlihy, 89, the mellifluous announcer who hosted Cheez Whiz and Velveeta on "Kraft Television Theatre." Herlihy began his 40-year association with Kraft on radio in 1947 and was one of the first announcers on early television. He was also familiar to filmgoers in the 1940s, reporting news of World War II in movie theater newsreels. His voice was heard on several 1930s and 1940s radio shows, including "America's Town Meeting," "The Falcon," "Mr. District Attorney" and "Just Plain Bill." On television, he worked on Sid Caesar's "Your Show of Shows" and the soap operas "As the World Turns" and "All My Children." He also appeared in the Woody Allen films "Hannah and Her Sisters," "Zelig" and "Radio Days." He died Saturday in New York.



Betty Lou Gerson in 1991.

### ■ Betty Lou Gerson; Voice of Cruella De Vil

Betty Lou Gerson, 84, who was the voice of the fur-loving villainess Cruella De Vil in Disney's classic 1961 animated movie "101 Dalmatians." Born in Chattanooga, Tenn., and raised in Birmingham, Ala., Gerson began her radio career in 1935. Her radio credits included dramatic roles on "Grand Hotel" and "The Lux Radio Theater." She moved into television and film work when she came to Los Angeles in the 1940s. Her TV credits included "The Twilight Zone," "Perry Mason," "The Untouchables" and "77 Sunset Strip." In an interview with The Times some years ago, Gerson, who also narrated Disney's "Cinderella" and played a crone in "Mary Poppins," said she was surprised that Cruella had taken on a life of her own. "I got the general idea that she was kind of a cult figure when . . . I went to my manicurist," she recalled. "Her niece had an English boyfriend, and when he heard I was there, he came over to meet Cruella." She is survived by her brother, Fred Gerson, and by her three children. Memorial donations may be made to the American Cancer Society. A memorial service will be announced later. At Good Samaritan Hospital in Los Angeles on Tuesday after a massive stroke.

# Vanessa Brown; Actress, Writer and Artist

By MYRNA OLIVER  
TIMES STAFF WRITER

Vanessa Brown, the bright radio "Quiz Kid" who became a popular leading lady in films and stage productions of the 1940s and 1950s and later a respected writer, has died. She was 71.

Brown died Friday of cancer at the Motion Picture Country Home in Woodland Hills.

During her heyday as an actress, Brown appeared in such varied productions as "The Seven Year Itch" opposite Tom Ewell on Broadway (a role later assumed by Marilyn Monroe in the film version) and the motion picture "Tarzan and the Slave Girl."

"The swinging in the trees was not too difficult," she told The Times in 1949, describing her role as Jane to Lex Barker's ape man. "My muscles are in good shape. Playing the role itself as I thought it should be played required much more effort."

Brown toured with Katharine Hepburn in a Theatre Guild production of Shakespeare's "As You Like It" and became something of a protegee of the legendary actress.

Among Brown's major films of the late 1940s and early 1950s were "I've Always Loved You," "The Late George Apley," "The Ghost and Mrs. Muir," "The Foxes of Harrow," "The Heiress," "The Fighter" and "The Bad and the Beautiful."

Decades later, Brown returned to the screen in supporting roles in the 1967 "Rosie" and the 1971 "Bless the Beasts and Children." She also appeared on television in recent years, including "General Hospital" a number of times, "Murder, She Wrote" in 1989, and "Homicide: Life on the Streets" in 1997.

But acting was only a part of the many-faceted Brown's career.

Born Smylla Brind in Vienna, she was the brilliant daughter of two holders of doctoral degrees, language teacher Nah Brind and psychologist Anna Brind. When she was 9, the family fled to France and then to America to escape the



Vanessa Brown in 1948

Nazis.

The precocious child, who spoke German, French and Italian as well as English, was in elementary school in Manhattan when she heard that the producer of "Watch on the Rhine" was looking for a little girl with a German accent. She borrowed subway fare and went directly to author Lillian Hellman, wangling a part as understudy. By the end of the play's run, she was a regular member of the cast.

At 14, Brind was dazzling national audiences of "The Quiz Kids," a radio game show that ran from 1940 to 1953, featuring a panel of five exceptional children answering questions from listeners and studio audiences.

"What has eight legs and sings?" asked comedian guest host Fred

### Obits on the Web

Obituaries from the last seven days are available on The Times' Web site: <http://www.latimes.com/obits>.

Allen, in the middle of the academic, serious questions.

"A quartet," snapped the budding actress, unfazed.

"This kid," said Allen, "must have been met at the dock by Milton Berle."

Brind (soon renamed Brown) also charmed producer David O. Selznick, who brought her to Hollywood. At 16, billed as Tessa Brind, she appeared in her first film, the 1944 "Youth Runs Wild."

Between acting assignments, Brown earned an English degree from UCLA.

In 1952, when she was Broadway's new darling in "Seven Year Itch," Brown shared top place in a radio poll with Britain's Princess Margaret as "the two outstanding young women of the season."

During the play's long run, Brown began painting impressionistic oils, and by 1958 staged a one-woman show in a Beverly Hills gallery.

More prominently, Brown became a writer, ranging from playwright to author to journalist. She penned the play "Europa at the Bull," a novel, and the nonfiction book "The Manpower Policies of Secretary of Labor William Wirtz." She was a correspondent for Voice of America and a frequent contributor to The Times and other publications.

Brown was active in politics as well, serving as a delegate to the 1956 Democratic National Convention and campaigning for presidential candidates Adlai Stevenson and John F. Kennedy.

Married and divorced from plastic surgeon Robert Alan Frankel in the early 1950s, Brown married director Mark Sandrich Jr. in 1958. She is survived by their two children, David and Cathy Sandrich.

Memorial services are scheduled Tuesday at 3 p.m. at the Stephen Wise Temple in Los Angeles.

The family has asked that any memorial contributions be made to the Motion Picture and Television Fund, 23388 Mulholland Drive, Woodland Hills, Calif. 91364.



## LONE RANGER DEAD, AUTO HIT TRAILER

Hero of Wester Adventures, 15,000,000 Radio  
Listeners Heard His "Hi-Yo-Silver"

### BUT NEVER RODE A HORSE

Idol of Youngsters Was a Lawyer--  
Meets Death in Michigan Home Town

FARMINGTON, Mich, April 8--Death lifted the Lone Ranger's mask at daybreak today. He died at five o'clock when his car zig-zagged into a parked trailer in front of the Methodist Church.

None of his estimated fifteen million devoted radio listeners would have recognized their stern-voiced, hard-riding hero in the figure that lay in the wreck. He was a mild-eyed, chubby man of thirty-two, an inch or so short of six-feet.

Away from the microphone and remote from Silver, his snow-white horse, he was Earle W. Graser. In the eight years that breathless children have thrilled to his "Hi-Yo-Silver-Awa-ay-ay!" he lived in a white Colonial house here with his wife Jeanne. His daughter, Gabrielle, is fifteen months old.

Millions of youngsters will never believe it, but their Lone Ranger was a lawyer. It may deepen their pain to know that he held three college degrees--A.B., M.A., LL.B.--break their hearts to know he was never west of Michigan, and crush them to learn he could not ride a horse.

But perhaps they will refuse to believe the facts and remember only the voice they

heard.

### Popular in Foreign Lands

For Lone Ranger was a voice, a deep, rich voice. He sang bass in his church choir. He studied elocution; dreamed of teaching it, some day, in an Eastern college. He liked swimming and played a middling hard game of badminton.

Three times a night, three times a week, he was heard on 150 stations of the Mutual network and on scores of independent radio stations. A single announcement that he would distribute Lone Ranger badges brought in 1,397,000 requests for the tin.

He was every kid's symbol of hard-riding justice; foe of the road agent, strong arm of the weak, the deliverer of the oppressed--a deathless godlike being who had survived from Coronado's time down to our own as each glib script would have it.

The Lone Ranger was as popular in New Zealand and in Yugoslavia as he was in the United States. His fan mail came from Mexico and from South America. One time, when the villains of the script were Mexican bandits, the Mexican consul at Detroit was distraught and wrote him about it.

The serial first when on the air on Jan. 30, 1932. The home station was--still is--WXYZ in Detroit. There were other Lone Rangers at first--a man named Deeds, who lasted only a few weeks; a George Stenius and then Brace Beemer.

Beemer was promoted to studio manager. When Earle Graser became Lone Ranger on April 16, 1933, Beemer took over as



narrator. His voice is remarkably like Graser's, so much so that he used an artificial pitch to avoid confusion on the program.

### Once a Soda Jerker

Earle Graser was born in Kitchener, Ont. He was a child when his parents moved to Detroit. He went to Detroit schools and was graduated from a Detroit high school. He won his degrees at Wayne University in Michigan.

In between he worked at odd jobs. He was a soda jerker for a time. The only horse he ever handled was a grocer's cart horse when he delivered orders. He had one other affiliation with horses--he got his nickname, Barney, from a milk wagon horse on the family route.

He sang in pit orchestras. He was an usher in the Michigan Theatre in Detroit. His only stage appearance was as an Alpine shepherd when he drove six updipped sheep.

Eventually he drifted into the WXYZ studio and did character bits. When Beemer was promoted he was chosen from among five men who tried for the Lone Ranger part. His lush, vibrant timbre made this easy. It was a voice to make outlaws quake.

The owners of the Lone Ranger program and Fran Striker, the script writer, decided at the outset that the Lone Ranger must ever remain a mystery. They forbade personal appearances. Except within a narrow social circle in Farmington, the Ranger's identity was secret.

The youngsters who worshiped him will probably refuse to believe that the Lone

*New York Times, Wednesday, April 9, 1941*

Ranger's pistol shots were just so many raps with a can against a hard leather cushion; that Silver's gallop was merely a sound effect produced by patting bathroom plungers into a box of gravel.

In the next two Lone Ranger programs there will be no Ranger. The script will be changed so that there will be only Silver and the loyal Indian, Tonto. (Tonto is John Todd, a veteran character actor.) After these programs Beemer will take over again.

Earle Graser appeared before the microphone as Lone Ranger, his associates estimate, about 1,300 times. Last year and the year before he got two-week vacations. Through those fortnights the scripts built up to the climax of his return. He just vanished and came back at the right minute, not one second too late, not one breath too soon.

The body is to lie in state in a funeral parlor here until rites on Thursday. The broadcasters think mostly adults will come to see it. They think and hope, that few youngsters will hear of the wreck outside Farmington Church.

A station official said: "We have to do it that way. The Lone Ranger could never die. Every kid knows that in his heart."

### ■ Sandra Morse Gould; TV Actress

Sandra Morse Gould, in her mid-70s, a prolific character actress best known for her role as the second Gladys Kravitz on the TV series "Bewitched." Gould, whose distinctive nasal whine and pronounced New York accent became her trademark, made her acting debut on radio at the age of 9. She made her Broadway debut two years later in "Fly Away Home," which also featured 15-year-old Montgomery Clift. She also appeared in the Broadway shows "New Faces," "Having a Wonderful Time," "Strip for Action," "Thumbs Up" and "Rocket to the Moon." On radio, she played the role of Mrs. Duffy on "Duffy's Tavern" for six years, and performed on "My Friend Irma," "Let's Pretend" and "My Favorite Husband." Before her six-season

stint on "Bewitched," on which she replaced character actress Alice Pearce as the nosy neighbor in 1966, Gould appeared on "The Jack Benny Show," "The Red Skelton Show," "I Married Joan," "December Bride" and numerous Bob Hope shows. She was also in nearly 30 feature films, her most recent being "Deep Cover" in 1992. Also an artist and author, Gould wrote two books, "Always Say Maybe" and "Sexpots and Pans." She was married to Larry Berns and upon his death married John Hollinsworth, who also predeceased her. She is survived by a son, Michael Berns. On Tuesday in Burbank of a stroke after heart surgery.



Melvin Howard Tormé was born on the South Side of Chicago on Sept. 13, 1925, to a working-class Jewish family. His parents were immigrants whose name had been changed from Torma to Torme by an immigration agent. He was a musical prodigy who sang professionally at age 4 with the Coon-Sanders Orchestra, singing "You're Driving Me Crazy," at the Blackhawk restaurant in Chicago for \$15 a session, and he was a busy child actor on radio serials, appearing from 1933 to 1941 on such network programs as "The Romance of Helen Trent" and "Jack Armstrong, the All-American Boy." As an adult, he was nominated for a best supporting actor Emmy in 1956 for a role in "The Comedian," a Playhouse 90 production.

He started writing songs at 13 and was only 16 when Harry James scored a hit with his song "Lament to Love." While still a teen-ager, he toured as a singer, arranger and drummer in a band led by Chico Marx of the Marx Brothers.

In 1943, he made his movie debut in the musical "Higher and Higher," playing a supporting role to Frank Sinatra, who was also making his film debut.

The same year he formed Mel Tormé and His Mel-Tones, who sang in the style of Frank Sinatra and the Pied Pipers. After his appearance in the 1947 musical "Good News" made Mr. Tormé a bobby-soxer idol, the Mel-Tones slipped increasingly into the background.

He was only 21 when he appeared as a soloist at the Copacabana in New York, and Fred Robbins, a local disk jockey, gave him the nickname Velvet Fog, a sobriquet he detested. Mr. Tormé recorded for Decca in 1945, for Musicraft (1946-48), singing with the Artie Shaw Orchestra, and in 1949 moved to Capitol, where his first recording for the label, "Careless Hands," was his only No. 1 hit. It was followed by a two-sided hit, "Again" and "Blue Moon," one of his

best-loved signature songs. The same year, his composition "California Suite," a jazzier answer to Gordon Jenkins's pop oratorio "Manhattan Tower," became the label's first 12-inch LP.

Mr. Tormé was 30 when he met Red Clyde, the jazz producer who founded Bethlehem Records, and decided to switch gears and move toward jazz. From 1955 to 1957, he recorded seven albums for the label, including "Mel Tormé With the Marty Paich Dektette," a pop jazz classic featuring a 10-member ensemble (arranged by Mr. Paich) that combined the power of a big band with the freedom of a small ensemble.



Steve Goldsmith 1988

Mel Tormé, a singer who mastered the jazz and pop realms, died on Saturday at 73 from complications from a stroke he had in 1996.

For well over a decade, Mr. Tormé's September appearances at Michael's Pub unofficially opened New York's fall cabaret season. A typical Tormé performance there might have been a salute to a pop music giant like Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire or Benny Goodman, in which the singer distilled his rich personal vision of a career in less than an hour.

These shows featured intricate medleys that showcased Mr. Tormé's phenomenal flexibility as both a singer and an arranger with an enthusiasm for his subject that matched his encyclopedic knowledge. Such a medley might string fragments from as many as two dozen songs into a virtuosic vocal (and

sometimes also drum) display that would change in mood every few seconds as the singer glided from the most ethereal pop crooning into the sort of machine-gun driven scat improvisations that only Ella Fitzgerald, in her prime, could match in precision and rhythmic intensity.

These engagements compressed volumes of pop-jazz history and lore into an explosion of musical energy as lucid as it was comprehensive.

"I do not believe there's such a thing as a jazz singer," Mr. Tormé declared late in his career. "Every pop singer is influenced a little by jazz, because it's our native folk art. But labeling someone a jazz, rather than a pop singer, is only a matter of degree of influence."

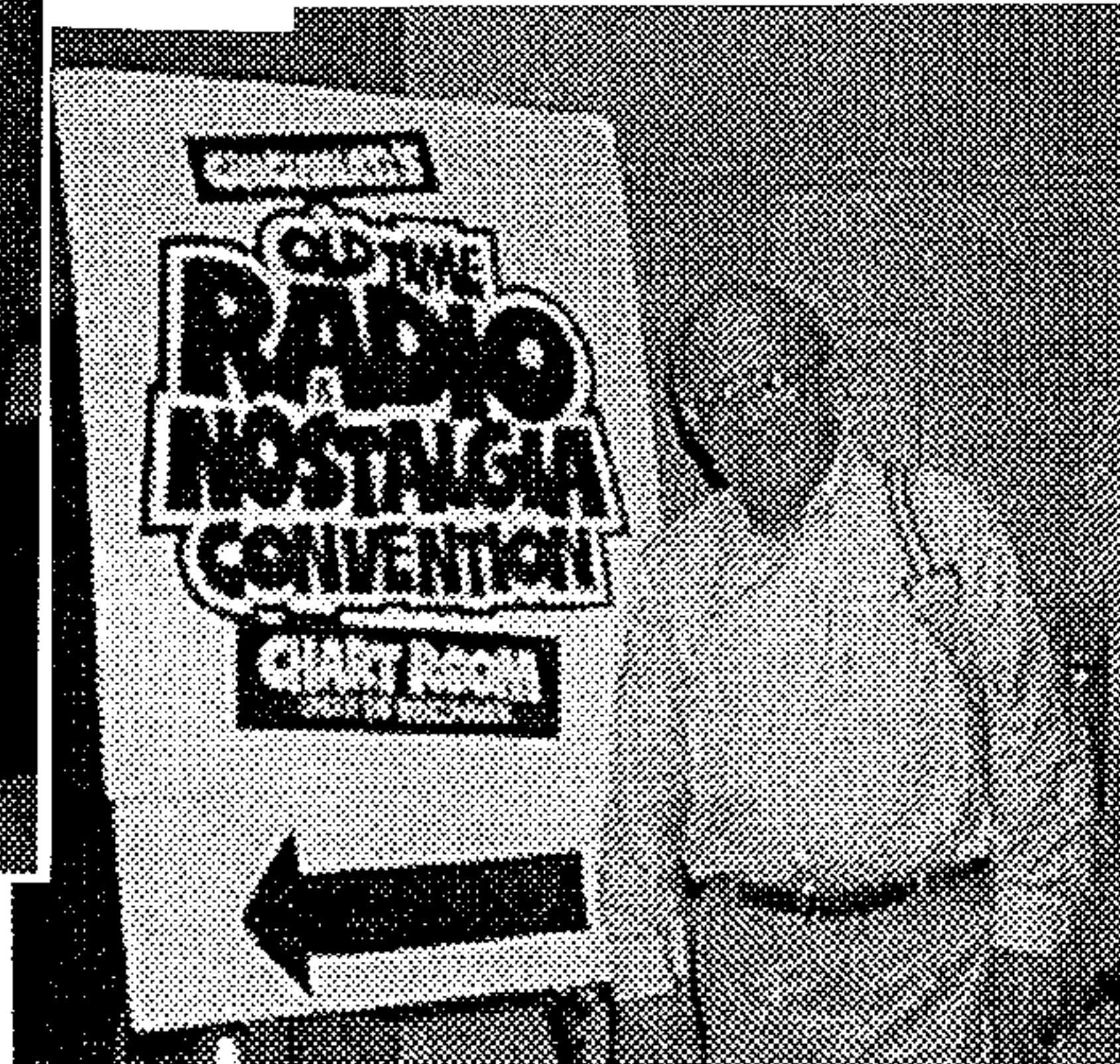


# Cincinnati Old Time Radio Convention, 1999

Producer Bob Burchett presents a Stone-Waterman Award to Fred Foy...



Producer / mastermind behind the Cincinnati Conventions.



**DAVE WARREN**  
5463 edalbert drive  
cincinnati, ohio 45239

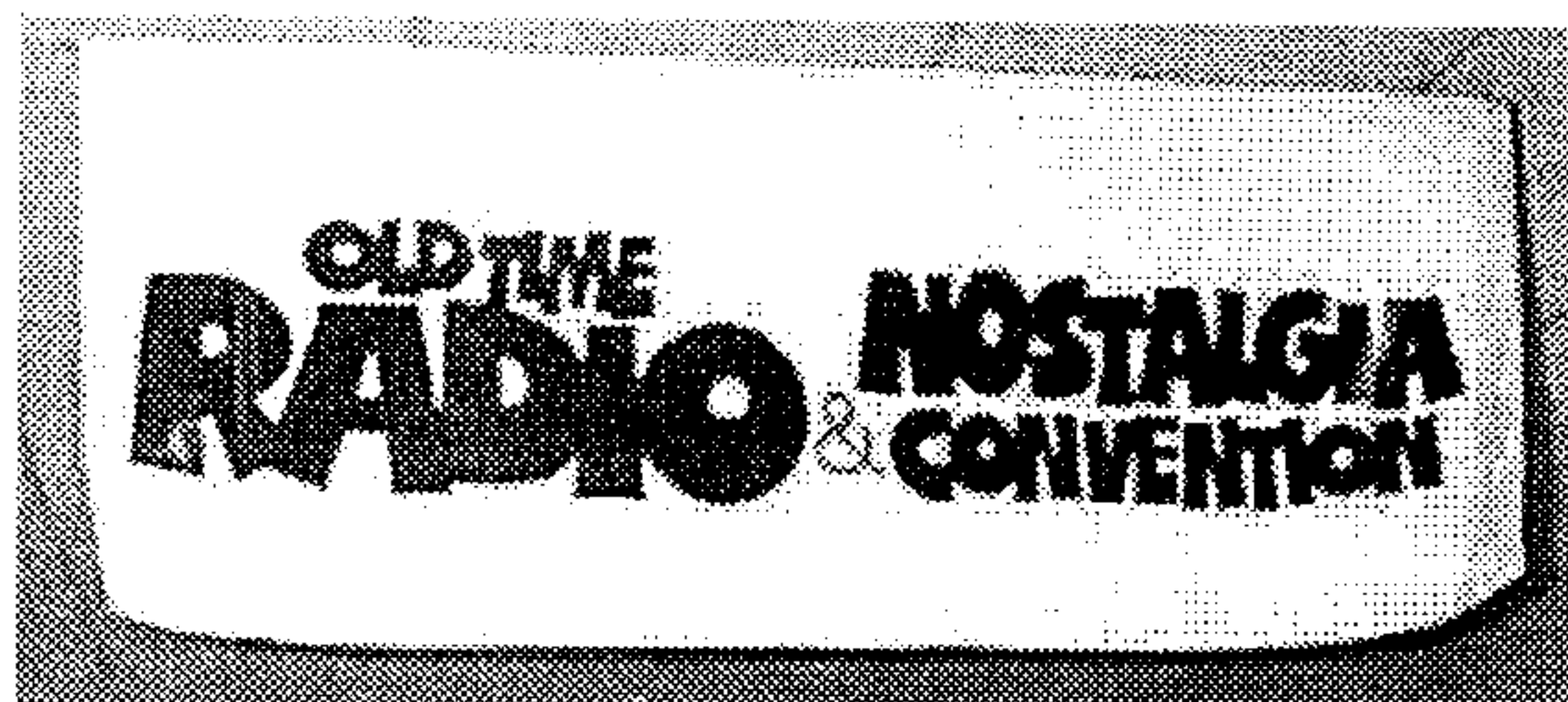


eg Lynch and Bob Hastings as Ethel and Albert.



Joan Beck accepts the Parley Baer Award for her husband, sound effects professional Barney

Beck.





# 'Don't itch it, Fitch it'

*Slogan of D.M. shampoo baron is title of new exhibit*

By **FRANK SANTIAGO**  
REGISTER STAFF WRITER

**B**efore Maytag washers and Pioneer seed corn made Iowa famous to the world, there were the hair tonics.

Fred W. Fitch, born in Burnside, an unincorporated village in Webster County, produced a range of barbershop products from Des Moines that bore his name and became familiar everywhere in pre-1950s America.

The centerpiece of Fitch's enterprise was the "Ideal Dandruff Remover," a so-called magical compound he began mixing in a barn in Boone. Originally it was the "Ideal Hair Grower and Dandruff Cure," but Fitch dropped the hair-growth part when users had questionable results.

Fitch died in 1951 at his Foster Drive home in Des Moines at the age of 81.

### Exhibit Opens

Iowans now have an opportunity to see the Fitch story in a display that opened Friday and will continue through the fall at the State Historical Building in Des Moines.

The display is titled "Don't itch it, Fitch it" — the marketing slogan for the dandruff remover. The display contains photos, souvenirs and bottles and jars of Fitch products, some of which had names like "Love's Joy" and "Ideal Cold Cream," which was guaranteed to make the roughest skin smoother.

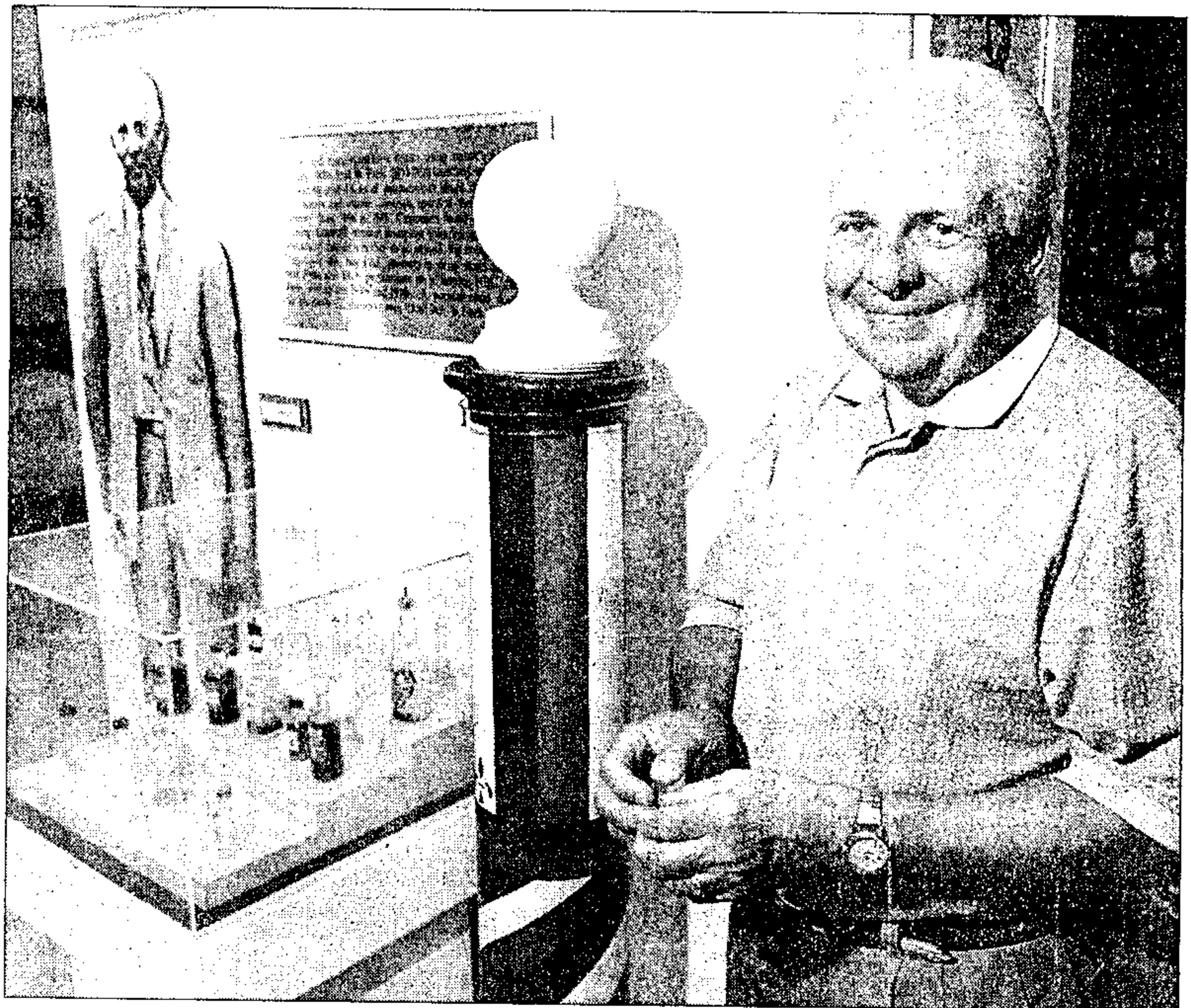
Curator Jack Lufkin has assembled an old and life-size barbershop lined with Fitch products. There also is a button-activated compact disc of excerpts from the "The Fitch Bandwagon," a company-sponsored radio variety program heard nationwide in the 1940s on NBC.

Much of the memorabilia comes from the family's Fitch Investment Corp. and Boone collectors Shirley and Darrell McIntosh.

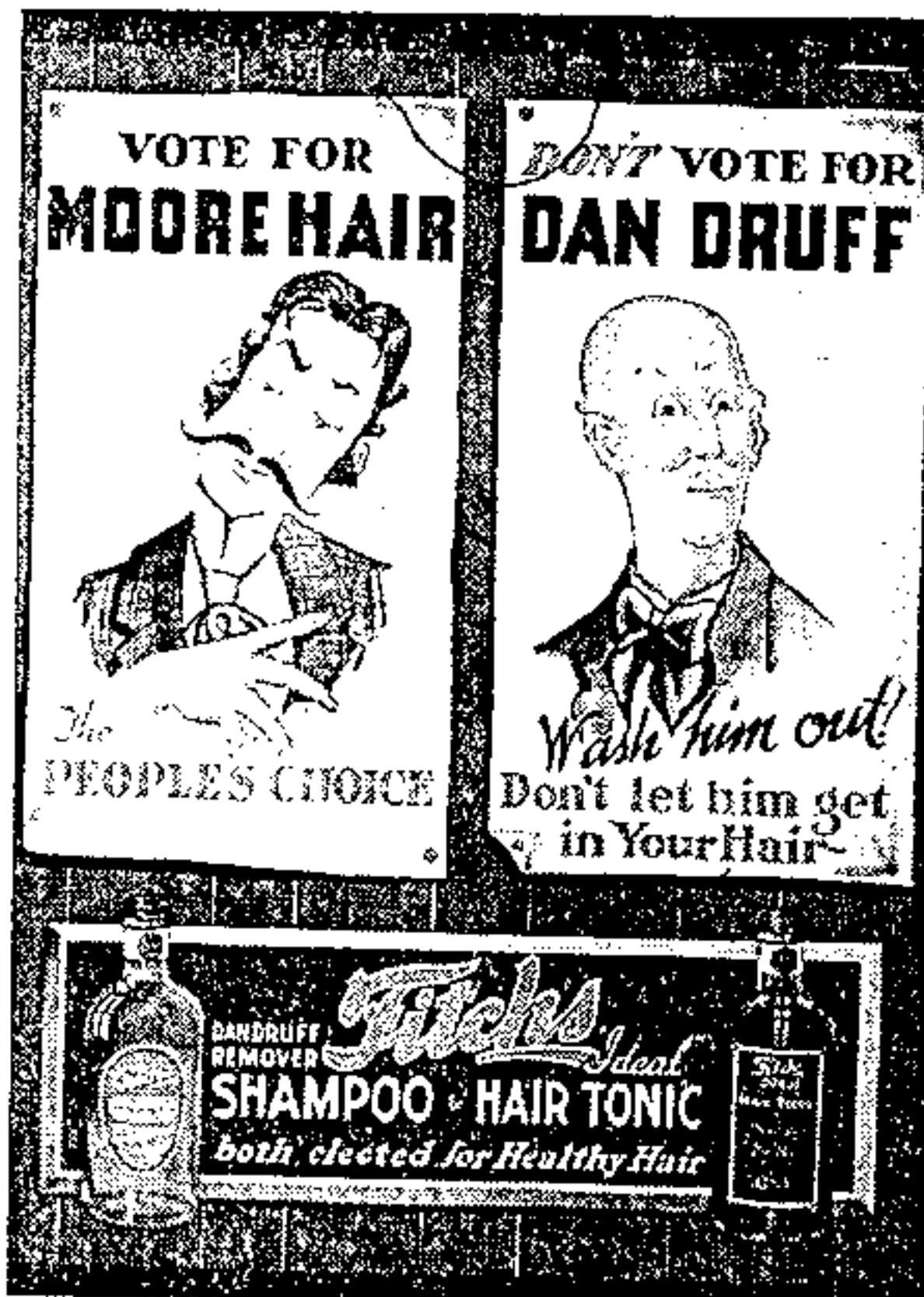
### Big Success Story

"The Fitch products were one of the most successful ever to be made in Iowa," Lufkin said. "He not only invented effective products but he was also a master salesman."

Edie Hein, a great-great-granddaughter who lives in Des Moines, said Fitch, known to descendants as "F.W.," still has a great presence in the family. Some 85 descendants from Iowa, California,



Jon Fitch, grandson of Des Moines hair-care magnate F. W. Fitch, came from his Arizona home to tour the new Fitch exhibit at the State Historical Building. That's a portrait of F. W. at the left.

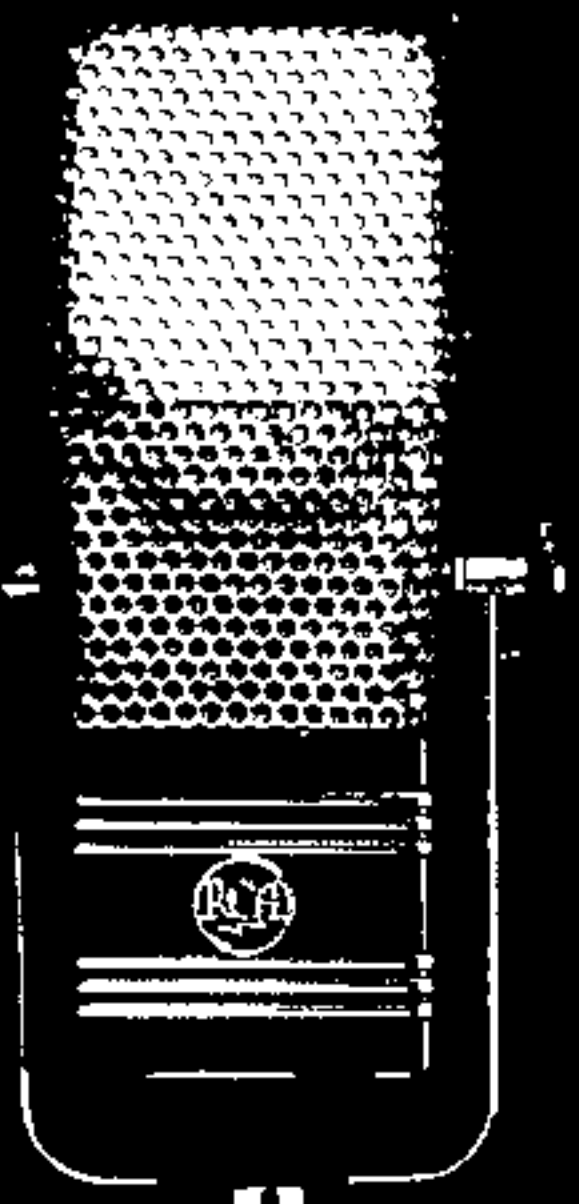


Comical posters, left, pit candidate Moore Hair against sure-loser Dan Druff to promote Fitch products. Above, a 1940s advertising display included in the museum exhibit.

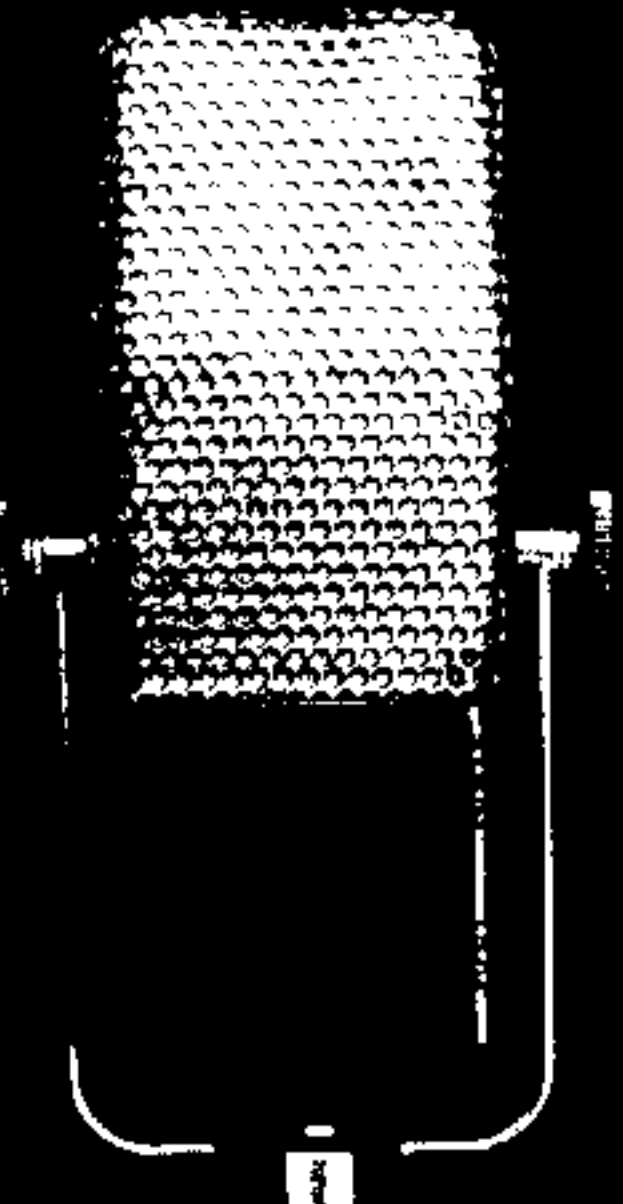
**FITCH** Turn to Page 4M



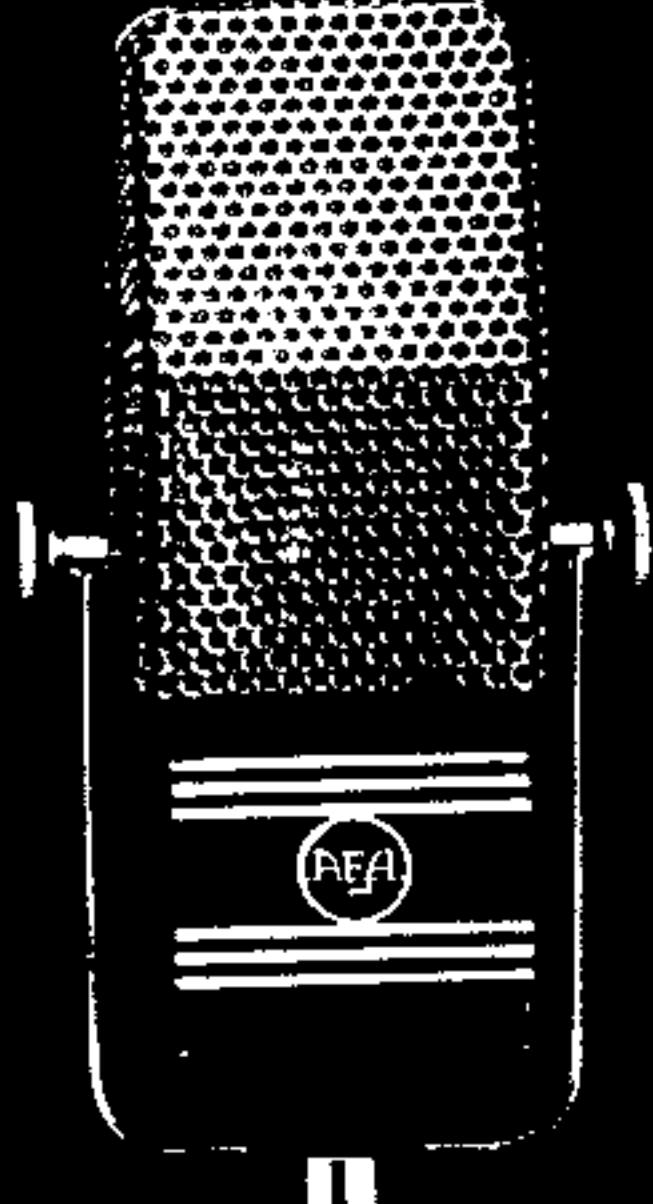
takes more than great talent...  
...to record a great sound.



1936  
RCA 44B



1938  
RCA 44BX



1998  
AEA R44



www.wesdooley.com

# D.M. exhibit revives the luster of F.W. Fitch's hair- tonic empire

page 1M  
and Michigan will  
yes Moines for an  
Among their

stopping places: The museum display. "He was a very tireless and shrewd businessman," said Hein. "There was no messing around about what he was going to do." Fitch, whose education didn't go

beyond the eighth grade, was one of 12 children and the son of a doctor. While a barber in Boone, he developed the anti-dandruff concoction, and the company was on its way. A biographer wrote shortly after his death: "He had a knowledge of barbers and barber shops, a great deal of vigor and enjoyment of the foibles of life, and a public relations sense before the term 'public relations' was known." Fitch moved the business to Des Moines in 1917. The company spread

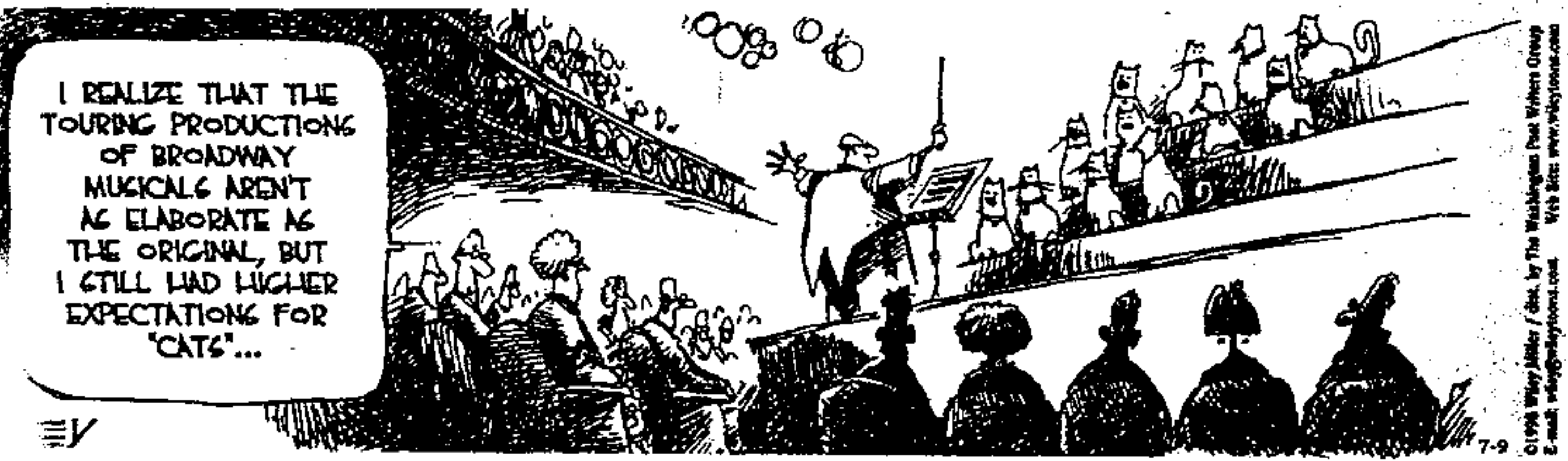
to plants in New Jersey, California, Mississippi and Canada to make the dandruff remover, shampoos and 20 kinds of toiletries. By 1945, sales soared to \$8.7 million and the payroll swelled to 400 employees. Fitch boasted there were almost enough company signs in barber shops to stretch end-to-end from coast-to-coast. The company was sold for a reported \$2 million in 1949 to Grove Laboratories Inc., of St. Louis, which retained the Fitch name. A few years

later, the product line was sold to Bristol-Meyers, which eventually dropped the Fitch name. In a 1945 interview, Fitch said success came after a lot of hard work. "There isn't any luck that enters into anything unless it's poker or shooting dice," he said. His advice: "You have to have a product that people want and will repeat or buy again."

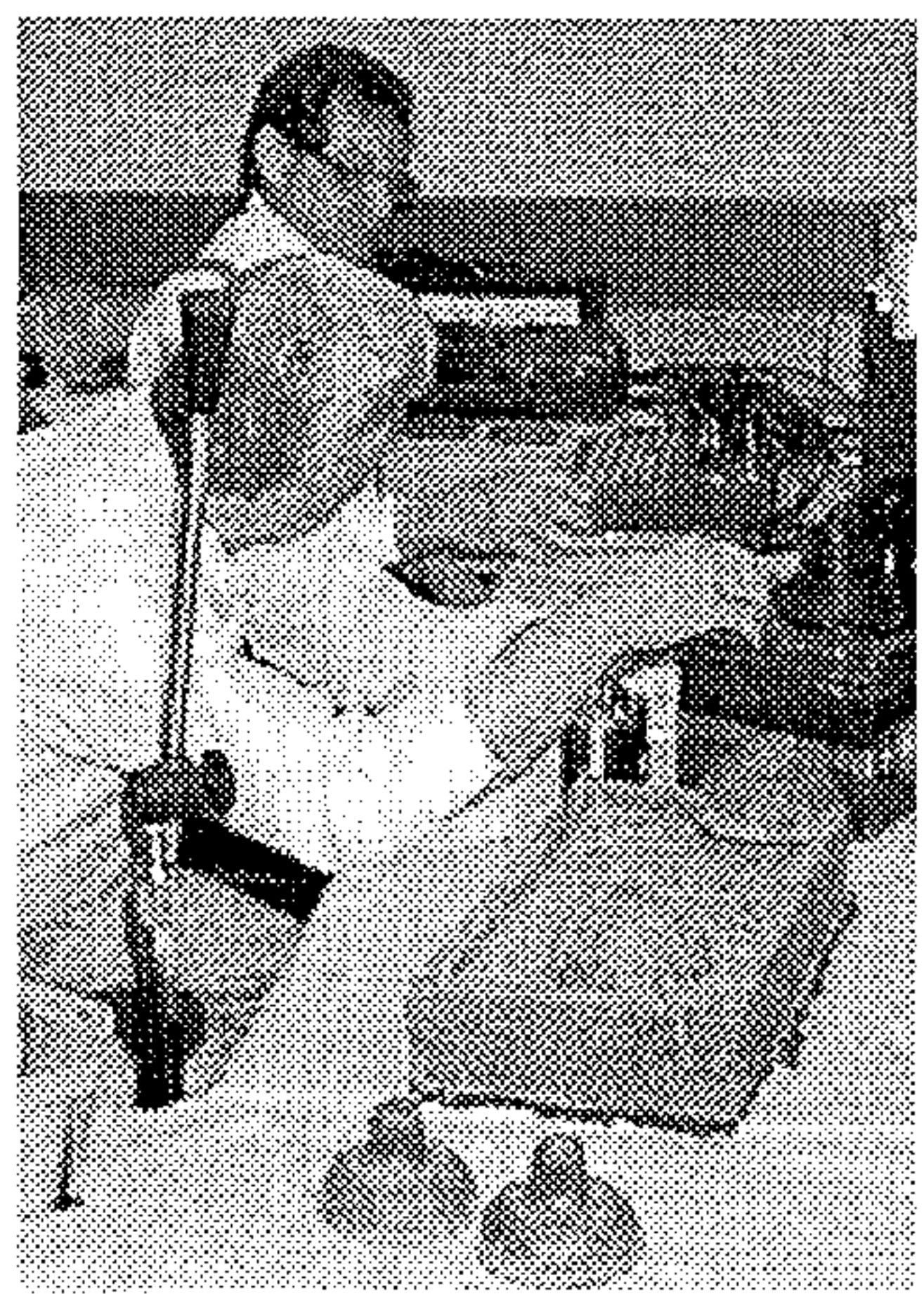
Reporter Frank Santiago can be reached at (515) 284-8528 or [santiago@news.dmrwg.com](mailto:santiago@news.dmrwg.com)

## Fitch display

- **WHAT:** "Don't itch it, Fitch" is a look at the life of Iowa's Fred W. Fitch and his famous barber-shop products sold nationwide.
- **WHERE:** State Historical Building, 600 E. Locust St., Des Moines.
- **WHEN:** Regular museum hours, Tuesday-Saturday, 9 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.; Sunday noon to 4:40 p.m.
- **COST:** Admission is free.



Cincinnati Old Time Radio Convention 1999







# When Radio Was

With

STAN FREBERG



Stan Freberg is one of America's best loved humorists and satirists. He is also a director, producer, actor, recording artist, composer/lyricist, radio commentator and author. He has been called everything from "A Genius," to "The Father of the Funny Commercial" to "A National Treasure." A headline in *The Washington Post* said it best, "In the beginning, there was Freberg."

He has been the recipient of many international awards during his hydra-headed career in radio, television, music and advertising, including 21 Clios, a Grammy, The New York Art Director Gold Medal, The Animation Academy's Windsor McKay Award, three Emmys, a Writer's Guild award for the Best Written Radio Script (CBS), two Silver lions from the Cannes Film Festival and The Venice Film Festival Grand Prix. He is the only person connected with advertising to have been awarded a star on Hollywood's Walk Of Fame. His best loved satirical records on Capitol and Rhino, are treasured by Freberg Record fans throughout the world.

He is president of Freberg Ltd., Los Angeles, California and the author of "It Only Hurts When I Laugh," published by Times Books/Random House. His daily satirical radio commentaries "Stan Freberg Here," are heard on radio stations throughout America and are also carried via satellite to servicemen and women in 130 countries, via Armed Forces Radio Network. He is the host of the widely syndicated radio show, "When Radio Was."



He was awarded the prestigious Honor Medal, by the University of Missouri School of Journalism; a lifetime achievement award bestowed on such past communicators as Winston Churchill, Walter Cronkite and David Brinkley. That same year he was also awarded the Broadcast Marketing & Promotion Executives "Lifetime Achievement Award." In 1992, he was honored by the Smithsonian Institution in Washington D.C. who requested the best of Freberg's work in advertising, as part of the permanent collection of the Smithsonian's Museum of American History. In 1995, his long awaited new recording of "Stan Freberg Presents the United States of America: Volume Two!" will be released by Rhino Records. (Warners)

He lives in Los Angeles with his wife Donna Freberg, who is also his long time editor and producer. They have two children: a daughter, Donna Freberg Ebsen, a writer, and a son: Donovan Freberg, a fine young actor who is also studying to be a doctor.

## HIDDEN TRACKS

### Les Paul's Mischief

To the Editor:

In response to the March 28 article on hidden tracks on CD's, a letter writer, Jay Gilbert, credited the mid-1970's Monty Python vinyl album as the first to feature two separate, concentric grooves. To give credit where it is due, this aural sleight-of-hand was devised and first executed by the then teen-age Les Paul, the recording and electronics innovator who invented the ubiquitous solid-body electric guitar that bears his name.

Paul, who went on to create multi-track recording, reverb, tape delay and the echo chamber, discovered that by cutting two lathes (or sets of grooves) on the same record he could simultaneously employ two needles on the same disk, one for the rhythm track and one for the melody track. Years later, at the height of his stardom with his partner Mary Ford in the 1950's, he personally delivered the master acetate disc of "How High the Moon" to Capitol Records in Hollywood, where a top label executive listened and then correctly predicted that the song would become an enduring hit.

Unbeknownst to the label's executives, the mischievous Paul had covertly added an extra set of grooves to the record so that, depending where the needle landed, listeners would hear either "How High the Moon" or "World Waiting on the Sunrise."

Of course, when the Capitol executive called other label bigwigs in to hear "How High the Moon," the needle landed on "World Waiting on the Sunrise." The baffled executive then



Julio A. Ibarra

*Les Paul in 1996: aural trickster.*

instructed that the record be turned over, despite the fact that the other side of the disk was blank and had no grooves. When the correct side was played a second time, "How High the Moon" played, to the confusion of all but Paul, who watched discreetly from a nearby doorway.

Paul tried to convince Capitol to release his unique "double A-sided" single, but the label refused, citing concerns that radio disk jockeys would announce one song but get the other.

How sad that the still-active Paul does not head a record label; the music industry would surely be a far more jolly one.

GEORGE VARGA  
San Diego

*The writer is the pop-music critic for The San Diego Union-Tribune.*



# THE CORWIN CHRONICLES

A VISIONARY NOVELIST CELEBRATES THE POET LAUREATE  
OF THE GOLDEN AGE OF RADIO

BY RAY BRADBURY  
PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF NORMAN CORWIN



In 1939 I heard a voice hurled round the world a dozen, two dozen times by the unseen miracle of a thing called radio, then only a few years old.

I was 19.  
*My God,*

I thought, *what was that?* I waited eagerly to hear the name of this lord of all invisible space.

Norman Corwin.

A new name for a new space in a new time.



Corwin confers with Jimmy Stewart about the script of *We Hold These Truths*.





WE'RE ALWAYS WITH YOU.



TODD MASINTER



Response to Corwin's first radio series, *Words Without Music*, 1939 (above); Corwin works with students in a journalism class at USC, 1999 (top and right).

Like most volcanoes, Norman Corwin erupted at sea level and rose to Mount Everest heights within a few short years.

Even as Shakespeare and Walt Whitman taught us the love of words striking our ears, so did Corwin sound our imaginations. He drove us with ethereal whips to the library, where, lacking funds, we took his notions, fancies, and towering insights on loan.

If you had asked what the word *broadcast* means, few listening Americans could have given the answer: to move across immeasurable fields casting seed in all directions. Corwin was that splendid sower of golden seed. His words, delivered and broadcast, lifted a harvest of wild response.

With his half-hour *They Fly Through the Air With the Greatest of Ease*, Corwin targeted and shot down Mussolini's son, who relished the sight of his bombs exploding like flowers on Ethiopian soil.

He raised from death the vibrant spirit

of Thomas Wolfe, whose incantations, uttered by Charles Laughton, broke us to tears amid a genius score by Bernard Herrmann.

He directed the first broadcast of Earl Robinson's *Ballad for Americans* and *The Lonesome Train*, Lincoln's cortege locomoting America, burying our hearts.

In a lighter vein he rhymed *The Plot to Overthrow Christmas*, with Will Geer, and dramatized *My Client Curley*, about a caterpillar dancing in a matchbox, a program that was later filmed and starred Cary Grant.

And always it was words, words, words—a love of their swiftly vanishing sounds: Roger's *Thesaurus* in his blood, Webster's dictionary at his fingertips. As a linguist he was the linguini of them all!



TODD MASINTER

*The Constitution* and our presidents had no better friend than Corwin. Early on, in 1941, he directed a one-hour radio drama with a delicatessen of talent from Broadway and Hollywood celebrating the Bill of Rights. Sensing that



our Constitution is rarely read, he blew the dust off with the help of Orson Welles, James Stewart, Edward G. Robinson, Lionel Barrymore, and President Franklin D. Roosevelt. Sixty million listeners, radio's largest audience, tuned in.

Fifty years later he repeated that feat of political loudspeaking by engaging the likes of James Earl Jones, Stan Freberg, Norman Lear, Richard Dysart, and even myself, making virtually real the amendments—name one, name all. His glue fixed our ears to radios or cassette players.

Between times, he toiled for a year screenplaying the life of Thomas Jefferson. The film never was produced, but one can imagine it as a forthright portrait of a literary and inventive giant, his mistress left to a sexually fixated film future.

Similarly, he corralled the ghosts of Jefferson, Aaron Burr, and Alexander Hamilton in *Together Tonight*, a tapestry of their writings woven to become a flying carpet through time and landing them, reborn, on a lecture podium. Lincoln and Douglas debated their timeless arguments, recalled by Corwin.

His *Lust for Life*, starring Kirk Douglas as Van Gogh and Anthony Quinn as Gauguin, did the impossible: demonstrated on film the artist's process, the relationship between what is seen and what is painted, how to perceive and re-create.

A few days before the 1940 presidential election, Corwin crammed a hundred celebrities in a studio, gave each four seconds. One by one they jumped to the microphone and spoke.

"This is Claudette Colbert. I am voting for Franklin Delano Roosevelt."

"I am Humphrey Bogart. Roosevelt's my man."

"This is Edward G. Robinson. Roosevelt."

"James Cagney. Roosevelt."

Did it work? Sheer political flimflammy? Yes and no. The job of electing Caesars or jerkwater town mayors always has been chicken in the garage, new Tin Lizzies out front, and vodka in your beer. That night, thousands of voters—who might not have—shifted allegiance, for hearing was almost seeing. Their fingers itched for the voting-booth pad. There was never a similar broadcast, before or since.

His radio drama *On a Note of Triumph*, broadcast on the eve of our European victory in 1945, was a singular triumph for Corwin. The drama, broadcast over CBS, was a light and dark celebration because the war was not yet over; we had yet to bring down Japan. The country was in raw need of great sun-and-shadow declarations, and this program helped to fill the need.

After these fireworks, it is time to admit my timeless friendship with Norman Corwin.

In 1947 when I published my first book of stories, I sent him a copy inscribed, "If you like these stories half as much as I love your work, I would like to buy you drinks."

My phone rang three days later. It was Corwin. "You're not buying me drinks," he said. "I'm buying you dinner."

During that first dinner I described a story, just finished, of a Martian woman who dreams that an astronaut lands and flies her back to Earth. Norman, most kind, told me to write more about Mars.

I promptly did so.

ONE HUNDRED FIFTY  
YEARS IS NOT LONG  
IN THE RECKONING  
OF A HILL.  
BUT TO A MAN IT'S  
LONG ENOUGH  
ONE HUNDRED FIFTY  
YEARS IS A WEEKEND  
TO A REDWOOD  
BUT TO A MAN IT'S  
TWO FULL LIFETIMES  
ONE HUNDRED FIFTY  
YEARS IS A TWINKLE  
TO A STAR  
BUT TO A MAN IT'S  
TIME ENOUGH TO  
TEACH SIX  
GENERATIONS  
WHAT THE MEANING  
IS OF LIBERTY  
HOW TO USE IT,  
WHEN TO FIGHT  
FOR IT. . . .

—FROM "WE HOLD THESE TRUTHS," CELEBRATING THE 150TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BILL OF RIGHTS, DECEMBER 15, 1941.



Norman Corwin with the cast of *We Hold These Truths*: (standing, from left) Orson Welles, Rudy Vallee, production assistant Sterling Tracy, composer Bernard Herrmann, Edward G. Robinson, Bob Burns, Jimmy Stewart, Norman Corwin, Walter Brennan, Edward Arnold, (seated, from left) Lionel Barrymore, Marjorie Main, Walter Huston.





WE'RE ALWAYS WITH YOU®  
1900-2000

LORD GOD OF TEST  
TUBE AND BLUEPRINT.  
WHO JOINED  
MOLECULES OF DUST  
AND SHOOK THEM TILL  
THEIR NAME WAS  
ADAM.  
WHO TAUGHT WORMS  
AND STARS HOW THEY  
COULD LIVE  
TOGETHER,  
APPEAR NOW AMONG  
THE PARLIAMENTS OF  
CONQUERORS AND  
GIVE INSTRUCTIONS  
TO THEIR SCHEMES:  
MEASURE OUT NEW  
LIBERTIES SO NONE  
SHALL SUFFER FOR HIS  
FATHER'S COLOR OR  
THE CREDO OF HIS  
CHOICE:  
POST PROOFS THAT  
BROTHERHOOD IS NOT  
SO WILD A DREAM AS  
THOSE WHO PROFIT BY  
POSTPONING IT  
PRETEND:  
SIT AT THE TREATY  
TABLE AND CONVOY  
THE HOPES OF LITTLE  
PEOPLES THROUGH  
EXPECTED STRAITS.  
AND PRESS INTO THE  
FINAL SEAL A SIGN  
THAT PEACE WILL  
COME FOR LONGER  
THAN POSTERITIES CAN  
SEE AHEAD,  
THAT MAN UNTO HIS  
FELLOW MAN SHALL BE  
A FRIEND FOREVER.

—FROM "ON A NOTE OF  
TRIUMPH," BROADCAST ON  
THE NIGHT WORLD WAR II  
ENDED IN EUROPE.

And invited Norman down to meet my wife, Maggie, who married me for my money (\$40 a week in a good week). And, by God, he came!

Norman Corwin, the world's most acclaimed radio writer, brought his fine actor wife, Katie, to share bad wine and fair pizza on a card table in a matchbox parlor with this errant Martian heading for a far shore: up.

Two years later, Norman said the most important thing: I must go to New York and let the book editors know I existed. He and Katie would fly ahead and welcome and protect me. Would I do this?

With Maggie pregnant and \$60 in the bank, I took the Greyhound bus to New York, a stack of stories on my lap.

"Don't you write novels?" the editors said. "I'm a sprinter," I said. "I have one hundred stories, all bright and shiny new."

Norman and Katie, to console me, took me to animated cartoon festivals and sat me in at the taping of one of Norman's magnificent *One World* broadcasts, which knocked my soul out of my body.

Finally, at the last moment, a Doubleday editor (Walter Bradbury, no relation) suggested that I had already written a novel but didn't know it. All those Martian stories inspired by Norman, wouldn't they make a tapestry called *The Martian Chronicles*? "Go back to the YMCA," said my editor, "type an outline, and if it's half good, I'll hand you an advance." I stayed up all night in a hot, un-air-conditioned Y, wrote the outline, and sold the book. Norman and Katie flew back to L.A., happy. I said to heck with the bus and rode west, el cheapo, on a nonsleeper train, triumphant.

We met again to celebrate with one bottle of red wine (79¢, mine), a red worth nine bucks (Norman's), and more pizza. What a feast!

When John Huston asked me to write the screenplay for *Moby Dick* in August 1953, the first person I telephoned was Norman Corwin.

"My God," I cried, "how do I do it?"

"Call you in three days," Norman said. He called. He'd reread *Moby Dick* and gave advice.

It was much like the advice I got from my

eight-year-old daughter, Susan, a few years later. One day I found her deep fathoms under, reading Melville.

I circled her, gingerly.

"Reading Melville?" I said.

"Yep," Susan said.

"How do you like it?" I said, cautiously.

"Fine," Susan said, "but I skip a lot."

"So do I," I said.

So said Norman. "Do every other chapter," he said. "And then go back to make sure nothing's left out. The whaling stuff is fascinating, but you can't cram it all in. Do *Richard the Third*, then dress it with the white whale's oil."

I did just that and woke one dawn to stare in a London mirror crying, "I am Herman Melville!" In the next eight hours I furnace my typewriter to finish the last 40 pages of Melville's *Tempest*.

Back home, the first one I showed the script to: Corwin.

"You've done superb work," he said.

"No, you!" I said.

Not male bonding, but mind bonding.

Norman showed the way; I could but follow.

It has been said that the voice of history and creative drama, delivered and broadcast, might light-year travel beyond Saturn, Uranus, and Pluto and ricochet on to eternity where, if we speed fast enough, we might catch Roosevelt's bravado, Hitler's lunacies, and Corwin's rhymed and unrhymed philosophies.

We would like to believe that Corwin's tripled and quadrupled voices now echo in Andromeda. All because he devoured dictionaries and dined on Marcus Aurelius, Daniel Webster, and Carl Sandburg. He was a latter-day Homer, blind yet with bright sound waves to flavor

his tongue.

After the silence of ages, Corwin spoke, and the beasts froze in the fields and listened.

And we were the beasts. ☉

For information about obtaining the PBS video Corwin, call S2 Media at (310) 364-3537. For information about obtaining audiocassettes of Norman Corwin's radio dramas, contact LodesTone Media at (800) 411-6463 or [www.lodestone-media.com](http://www.lodestone-media.com).



AMANDA BLANCO

Friends for half a century: Corwin and Bradbury.



# "Don't Itch It, Fitch It"



Fred W. Fitch (1870-1951)

launched one of the most successful product lines ever made in Iowa. As inventor and master salesman he operated the F. W. Fitch Company from 1898 to 1949. Customers found his award-winning dandruff remover, shampoos, toiletries, and product in countless barbershops around the country. Fitch products appeared in drug stores and customers heard about new Fitch preparations on a famous NBC radio show. A popular slogan for his products was "Don't Itch It, Fitch It."

The popularity of Fitch products grew after they won awards at the Exposition International in Paris in 1911, two expositions in London, and the 1915 Panama-Pacific International Exposition in San Francisco. With each new award Fitch's sales force could offer more superlatives to skeptical buyers.

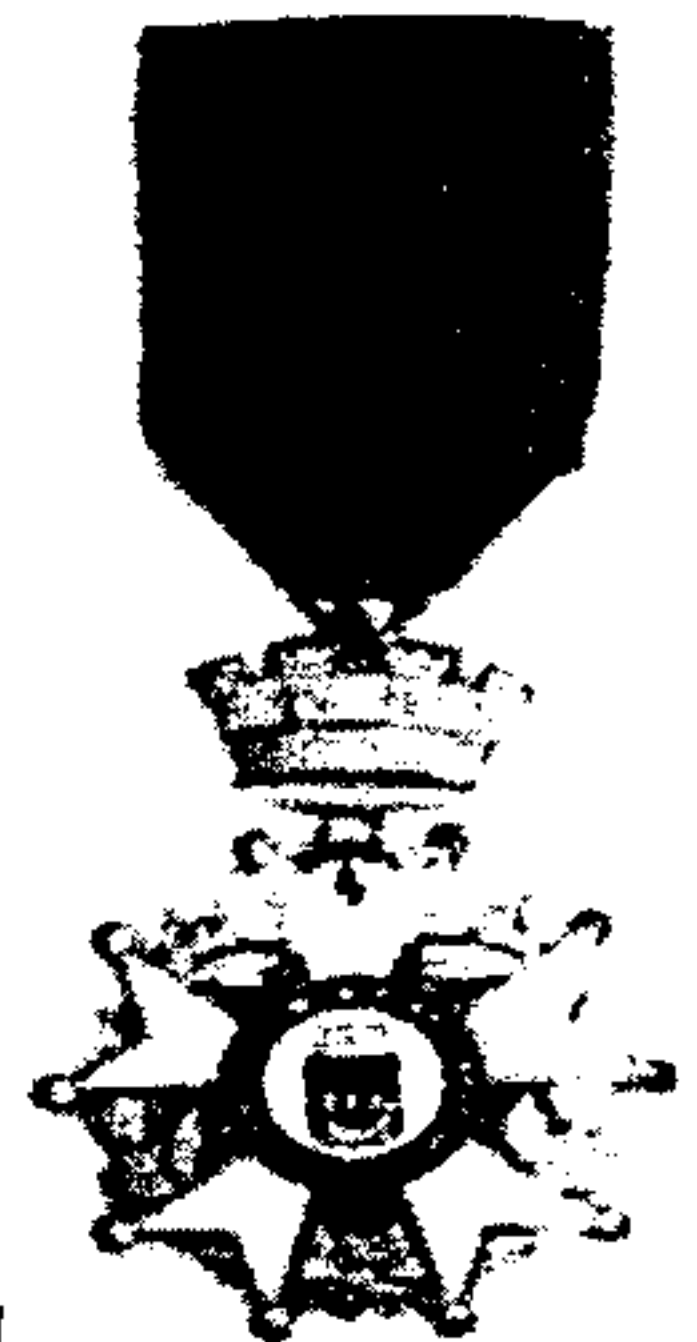
In 1925, Fitch sponsored a Des Moines, Iowa. In on NBC

15 minute radio program on WHO in 1938, *The Fitch Bandwagon* premiered

radio. Reaching a nationwide audience. Every Sunday evening it featured big name bands and radio celebrities during its ten year run.



Gamble and Vitalis. These companies overwhelmed Fitch with massive marketing and advertising campaigns. Grove Laboratories of St. Louis purchased Fitch in 1949.



As the highly volatile cosmetics industry consolidated, Fitch products competed for shelf space with much larger competitors such as Proctor &



For more information, see *The Shampoo King* by Denny Rehder

An Exhibit of the *State Historical Society of Iowa.*



# SPERDVAC

CONVENTION: NOV. 13, 14, 15-'98

Crowne Plaza Hotel

**Don't Miss...** The Recreation of...  
**THE GREATEST SHOW** in the HISTORY of RADIO.



## THE **AMOS** AND **ANDY** SHOW

with the...  
**MYSTIC KNIGHTS  
QUARTET**

starring... **Dave Warren**  
AMOS & KINGFISH  
**John Rayburn**  
ANDY

LIKE **Bob Mott** says...Hearing these TWO Fellows  
was like DE JA VU for him.

SOUND EFFECTS



**Amos & Andy in Cincinnati**  
**April 1998**

Since first attending the Friends of Old Time Radio convention in '79, I've wondered why the recreations did not include the biggest show of them all - **Amos & Andy**. After seeing what the **Dave Warren Players** did with two of Freeman Gosden and Charles Corell's scripts I heard what was needed - just the right cast and rehearsal time sufficient to try to do justice to the material. A daunting task. However, **Dave Warren** as the Kingfish and **John Rayburn** as Andy captured the spirit. To help conjure the right mood for "A case of Boullion" **Joel Senter** was Lightning, **Jim Snyder** the Banker **Steve Thompson** as Henry Van Porter and Asst. Banker, **Gary Yoggy** the Announcer, **Ed & Nana Clute** provided the music while **Barney Beck** and **Bob Mott** were the Sound Engineers. For "The Rumble Seat", **Dave Warren** and **John Rayburn** were starred with **Sam Levene** as Shorty the Barber, **Gary Yoggy** again was the Announcer, **Steve Thompson** Henry Van Porter and the car owner, **Joel Senter** played Lightning, **Don Ramlo** sold the car while **Ed and Nana Clute** played music as **Barney Beck** and **Bob Mott** did their magical sound effects. At the end, the casts received a well deserved standing ovation and cheers of "More, More". And so, **Dave Warren** took the **Dave Warren Players** to Los Angeles for an encore!

+++++

**Amos and Andy**

**Amos & Andy in Los Angeles**  
**November 1998**

Because of the rousing success of **Amos & Andy** by the **Dave Warren Players** in Cincinnati, they were invited to Los Angeles by SPERDVAC to reprise their productions. **Dave Warren** played the Kingfish to perfection with the able attention of **John Rayburn** as Andy with SPERDVAC's own **Larry Gassman** as Henry Van Porter and leading the wonderful Mystic Nights Quartet, **Bill Brooks** from Seattle was the Salesman, **Gregg Oppenheimer (the Author)** was the Asst. Banker, and superstar **Art Gilmore** was the Announcer, while **Ed and Nana Clute** provided the music as **Bob Mott** and **Ray Ehrlenborn** did sound effects. **Nicodemus Stewart**, TV's Lightning went up at the end and congratulated the casts for their fine performances. Soundman **Bob Mott** said "The years rolled away" as he closed his eyes and listened to the first-class recreations of "The Biggest Radio Show of all Time". To be able to enjoy the show's leading duo who are as funny as Laurel & Hardy, Lucy & Desi, Kramden & Norton, Abbott & Costello, was a major treat. Stand-by Newark. The **Dave Warren Players** are readying two more Amos & Andy shows for Oct 2000 with an out-of-town tryout in Cincinnati in May. Make sure you are there early as there is sure to be Standing Room Only.

+++++





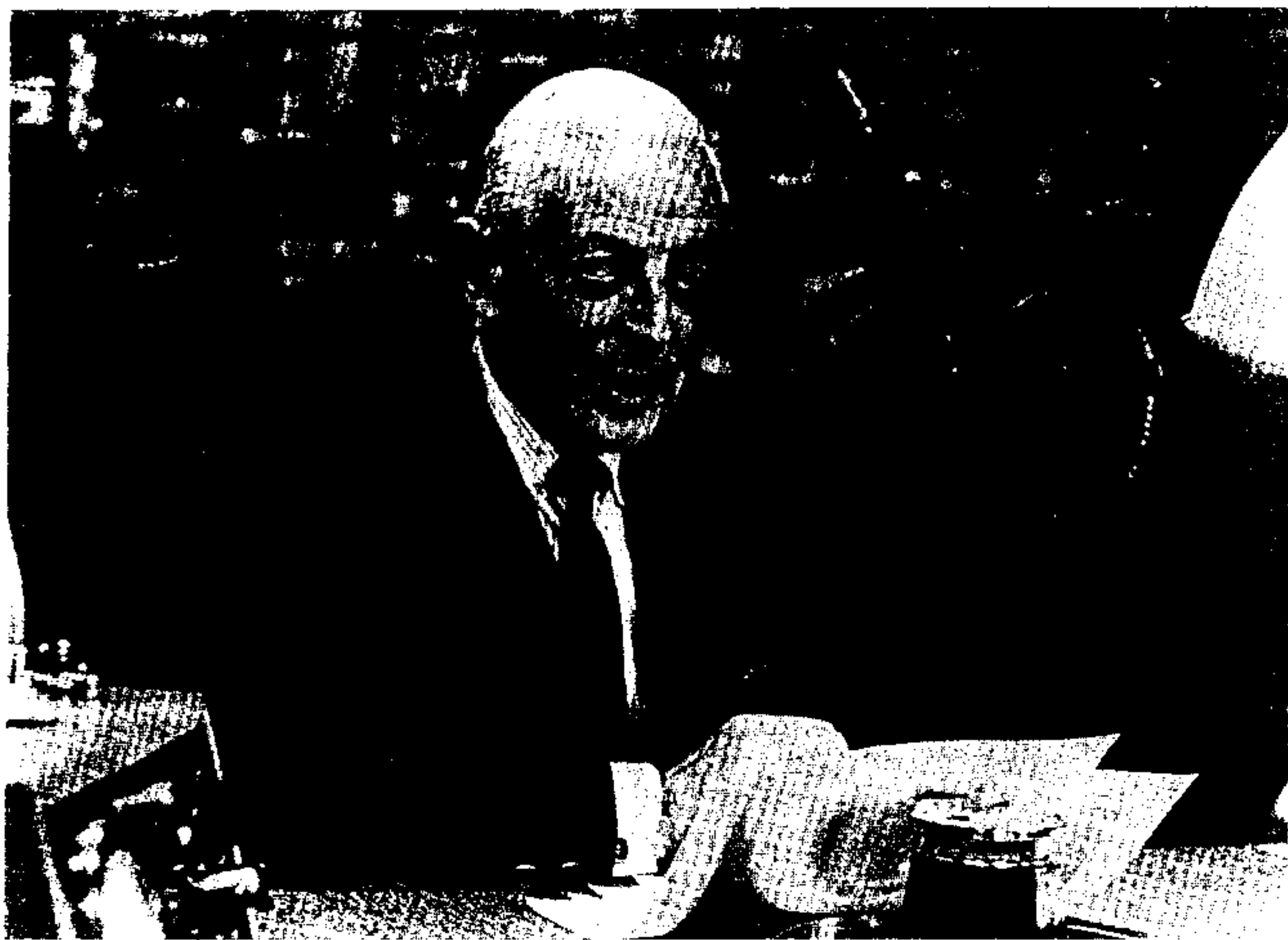
Ted Theodore, Dave Warren, Jerry and Barbara Williams inside the  
Crosley Radio Museum, Cincinnati, Ohio

---



Peg Lynch, Author & Star of "Ethel & Albert" with Dave Warren on  
board a Cincinnati River Boat in the Ohio River. Dave is very proud of  
Cincinnati and is a first-class tour guide as well as organizer and star of  
"The Dave Warren Players".





## An English Portrait

# ALISTAIR COOKE



IT IS WELL KNOWN that there are many good friends and readers of this magazine who live in the United States of America, and upon choosing a distinguished person likely to be equally familiar on both sides of the Atlantic, there is none better than that eminent journalist and broadcaster, Mr. Alistair Cooke.

Here is a man born in Manchester 1908, educated at Blackpool Grammar School, then Jesus College, Cambridge (where he gained a First Class English tripos in 1929) and in the American universities of Yale and Harvard.

Chief Correspondent in the United States of the *Manchester Guardian* newspaper since 1948, his voice during the past 25 years has been very welcome on English wireless sets through the long series of *Letters from America*—currently heard on BBC Radio 4 each Saturday evening and Sunday morning. A genius of the scripted word, Mr. Cooke performs an invaluable service in linking this country and the United States, vividly bringing to life not only political events and international happenings, but also little everyday vignettes and impressions of the American scene.

Tracing the remarkable career of Alistair Cooke takes us back to the early 1930s. After becoming Dramatic Critic on the *Manchester Guardian*, he was subsequently awarded the Commonwealth Fellowship for research in dramatic criticism and production. He visited America, where he lectured on phonetics and directed the Harvard Dramatic Club. From 1934 to 1937 he was BBC Film Critic, during which time he found of great use his previous visit to Hollywood. He wrote for *The Listener*, the quality film journal *Sight and Sound*, and directed the BBC's *American Hit-Hour* feature programme. In 1936 Mr. Cooke served for almost two years as the London correspondent and then com-

mentator for the National Broadcasting Company of America. Film criticism was contributed to *The Spectator*, also work as Special Correspondent for *The Times*, and during the summer of 1938 he presented thirteen programmes in the BBC series *I Hear America Singing*.

The war years found Alistair Cooke alternating with American Raymond Gram Swing in the radio series *American Commentary*, duties as American feature writer for the *English Daily Herald*, and as BBC chief Special Correspondent on American affairs he covered many important conferences, such as that of the late President Roosevelt, and the late Sir Winston Churchill, the Declaration of War in Congress, death and funeral of F. D. Roosevelt.

In 1952 Mr. Cooke won the Peabody Award for International Reporters, and yet amidst the hard serious work of news coverage he was able to relax professionally to devise the popular *Transatlantic Quiz* wireless series of exchange programmes.

This very energetic journalist is an inveterate world traveller, yet never fails to make regular visits to England, so that he is well abreast of contemporary events, political and economic, or in lighter trends of fashion and taste.

One would imagine that the exhausting tasks of going around the globe attending important conferences and reporting them verbally and vocally to different nations would be more than enough, even for so expert a craftsman with words. Yet through the years Alistair Cooke has authored several interesting and important books.

In March 1968, the BBC gave a banquet to celebrate his 1,000th *Letter from America* broadcast, at which Lord Hill said Alistair Cooke had "acquired a virtuosity approaching genius in talking about America in human

terms".

The first collection of Letters in book form was published in 1952, and the second collection appeared in 1968. In the Prologue to both volumes the reader finds discernible clues to the man behind the typewriter:

*"Politics will undoubtedly bedevil us all till the day we die, but even the prospect of early annihilation should not keep us from making the most of our days on this unhappy planet. In the best of times, our days are numbered, anyway. And it would be a crime against Nature for any generation to take the world crisis so solemnly that it put off enjoying those things for which we were presumably designed in the first place, and which the greatest statesmen and the lowliest politicians hope to make available to all men to the end: I mean the opportunity to do good work, to fall in love, to enjoy friends, to sit under trees, to hit a ball and bounce the baby".*

The very voice heard over the wireless is English in intonation, with the direct lucidity of a northerner county of Britain, but also transatlantic enough to please our American cousins. It is a voice of friendliness and truth, sounding as if it believed in that BBC text . . . "Nation shall speak Peace unto nation". Alistair Cooke—married, the father of two, living in New York—is a broadcasting journalistic ambassador of goodwill for both America and England.

ERIC A. GEORGE.

### THE CHANGING FACE OF ENGLAND

*This England* is seeking to establish a reference library of old photographs of English town and village scenes, for occasional publication in future editions. Readers are invited to donate any prints or postcards they have which might help to record the changing face of England, its people and customs, to:  
The Photo Library, *This England*, 3 Oriel Terrace, Cheltenham, Glos.



## The Radio Bob Bailey



### Bob Bailey, Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar

To finalized on what the Bob Bailey of Radio Fame looked like while working the various radio Studios of Los Angeles in the 40's and 50's Hank Ickes e-mailed me the publicity photo shown above for a confirmation on whether or not it was what Mr. Bailey looked like in his heyday. Hank also revealed Jim Widner was his source of the photograph. I responded to Hank that yes it was an excellent likeness of the Bob Bailey I knew and worked with so long ago.

Yours Truly, Conrad Binyon

This issue of the NOTRE News could not have happened without the help of:

Catherine Passarelli, Los Angeles, CA.

Geoff Oates, Stawell, Vic, Australia

Ted Theodore, San Diego, CA

Fritz Ritterspach, San Diego, CA

Mark Lambert, Des Moines, IA

Dave Warren, Cincinnati, OH

Bill Knowlton, Syracuse, NY