

CHUCK SCHADEN'S
NOSTALGIA DIGEST AND
RADIO GUIDE ©

FEBRUARY — MARCH, 1988



KAY KYSER

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NOSTALGIA DIGEST

HELLO, OUT THERE IN RADIOLAND!!

BOOK FOURTEEN CHAPTER TWO

FEBRUARY-MARCH, 1988

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The NOSTALGIA DIGEST is published six times a year by THE HALL CLOSET, Box 421, Morton Grove, Illinois 60053. (312) 965-7763.

Annual subscription rate is \$10 for six issues. A two-year subscription (12 issues) is \$18. Your subscription expires with the issue date noted on the mailing label. A renewal reminder is sent with the last issue of your subscription.

ADDRESS CHANGES should be sent to Nostalgia Digest, Box 421, Morton Grove, IL 60053 AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. The Post Office does NOT automatically forward the Digest which is sent by bulk mail.

For Jack Benny Month this year we are going to attempt to re-create a Jack Benny radio show in our *Those Were The Days* studio at the Museum of Broadcast Communications in Chicago.

Mary Ellen Little, an aspiring comedy writer, has written a sketch based on the Benny characters and, with some able help from members of our listening audience, we're going to try to make that script come to life. live, on the air, during our TWTD program Saturday, February 27th.

If you think that you would like to be part of this effort - no professional talent is required, just a willingness to perform on the radio—you may want to audition for one of the nine roles that will be cast for this re-creation.

We'll need aspiring actors to portray Jack Benny, Mary Livingstone, Rochester, Phil Harris, Dennis Day, Don Wilson, Mel Blanc (doing the Si, Sy routine), a receptionist, and a doctor (a Frank Nelson-type). And, we'll need a quartet.

We'll have on-the-air auditions during our TWTD program on Saturday, February 14th and those chosen for the February 27th re-creation will have a chance to work with award-winning radio director Yuri Rasovsky.

If you're interested, call or write giving a daytime phone number, not later than Saturday, February 6th. Write to us at Box 421, Morton Grove, Illinois 60053, or call (312) 965-7763.

There's no "talent fee" for your participation, but if you're selected for the live broadcast, you'll probably have some fun and you'll get a tape of your appearance plus a cast photograph.

Chuck Schaden

MASSA OF THE HOT, HOT SOUND

REPRINT from RADIO GUIDE, July 7, 1939

**Tale of the Tarheel
whose tomfoolery led
him to radio fame and
fortune. His name—
Professor Kay Kyser**

FOR the next two lessons, our specimens for study and observation is a Tarheel of the genus Ridge Runner, which is somewhere about midway between a Hill Billy and a Mullet Chaser and slightly up the ladder of evolution from a Swamp Bug. And to prevent a shower of protests from the Swamp Bugs at the seemingly deliberate slur, I hasten to boast that I am a Swamp Bug and, with my tribe of Swamp Rats and Peckerwoods and all other creatures reared in the lowlands, really believe that Swamp Bugs are a jump up the scale from Ridge Runners. But the Swamp Bugs can afford to be generous this week with this Tarheel Ridge Runner. After all, he's our guest for examination.

He is afflicted with an epidemic of names—James King Kern Kyser and, anchored to such a chain of K's, it's easy



to understand why they call him Kay, although his folks call him James. It's a wonder somebody didn't call him Klux back in the Old North State. Maybe somebody did. He calls himself Professor Kyser and behaves as a freshman. Actually, however, Mr. Kyser is a sensitive student of his business, an intelligent southerner, vintage of 1906, and a graduate of one of the really great universities of the nation, University of North Carolina.

Mr. Kyser drives a Model T jalopy, the first car he ever owned. There's an anchor on the running-board. The car's name is Passion because, the professor says, "it heats up so quick." That's almost the sub-freshman touch, but Mr. Kyser is a showman and Passion is a great prop. Passion looks swell in pictures and other publicity riggings. In fact, Passion is swell anywhere.

Mr. Kyser smokes nickel cigars and brags about it. He plugs Lucky Strike cigarettes, but the professor, as democratic as hash, says, "I like nickel cigars. I'm always gonna like nickel cigars. I like hominy grits. Even if I get to be a millionaire, I'm gonna like hominy grits. I won't change over to caviar just because I've got money."

Now, this department has no grudge against "hominy" grits. It and sidemeat make an excellent daily diet if a fellow enjoys a nice quiet siege of pellagra. It is made of corn, the foundation of many excellent things, but Mr. Kyser, being a milk-drinker, wouldn't know anything about that, even though he is a Tarheel and of the Ridge Runners who never confined corn wholly to the prosaic task of, with the aid of lye, converting itself into "hominy" grits, which are simply swollen bits of corn that leave the stomach in the same shape. If Mr. Kyser goes very far beneath the Smith and Wesson line and insists upon calling them "hominy" grits, he will be rebuked. They are just grits and, if you are very hungry, they can be taken twice daily with ham gravy. But any man who says grits are better than caviar is either in the show business or is running for office and trying to kid the Peckerwood vote. But, after all, Mr. Kyser is a North Carolinian, which has given us many things, including Mr. Buncombe, for whom a county down there is named. Mr. Buncombe gave us a word for it. There is positively no connection between Mr. Kyser and Mr. Buncombe. But we suggest that when Mr. Kyser talks with northern press-agents and reporters about the glories of nickel cigars and grits, he's haunting the memory of the lamented Brother Buncombe and is pulling the legs of the damyanks, which, although it's fun, is not a test worthy of the renowned professor's skill.

Mr. Kyser was born in Rocky Mount, and don't ever trim it to Rocky Mt. It's one of those pleasant, proud southern towns where the folks have beaten their plowshares into spindles and resent being called the nation's economic problem children.

But James King Kern Kyser was a problem child. This department contends that any man who likes grits better than caviar still is. His mother, Mrs. Paul B. Kyser, is seventy-five and, according to the New York reporters who fake cynicism and love sentiment, is just about the most remarkable lady who ever held the pack at bay in an

interview. From her the boys really got some information about James King Kern, so forth.

She and her daughter, Mrs. W. C. Noell, came to town recently, watched her boy dash here and yonder, and reckoned "the Lord didn't intend any one, bird or chicken, to live at the pace James sets for himself. One of these days he's going to fly apart."

Then she recalled that it was back on June 18, 1906, that she looked at James and said, "You're a strange-looking baby; wonder what kind of a druggist you'll make."

BEING druggists was a habit with the Kysers, and it just never entered the mother's head that James wouldn't follow the family tradition. His father, Paul Kyser, was a good druggist. A druggist in a town like Rocky Mount is not just a pill-roller. He's an institution. He must be a bit of a doctor, lawyer, preacher, philosopher and a wizard of a financier, for folks hate to take medicine almost as badly as they hate to pay for it.

Mrs. Kyser had read pharmacy books to her nearly blind husband, and they had taken the state exams together. He got the best mark ever made in the state and she was only a whisker behind him. So they reckoned James would follow suit.

"I'm seventy-five," said Mrs. Kyser. "I don't know why I confess it. I could say I am seventy or sixty-nine. There's no record of my birth. The family Bible was burned.

"James was a cut-up as a boy. He was into everything, always breaking the neighbors' windows and such. One day I got him to say a prayer in the hope he would turn over a new leaf. He asked the Lord to make him a good boy and stop the wind from blowing the branches of a tree, outside his room, against the wall and scaring him. Then he got up and lammed his sister, Virginia, in the stomach because she had snickered at him."

"I got even, though," said Virginia, who is Mrs. W. C. Noell. "Once I went away on a vacation and was just begin-

KAY KYSER

ning to have fun when mother wired for me to come home and look after James. When I got back he was in bed and nobody could make him take any medicine. I found a handful of change under his pillow, bribe money from mother. James took one look at me and opened his mouth. I poured the medicine down.

"Mother had the babies, but I reared them. James hated liver."

"That's right," James cut in. "But if I didn't eat it, Virginia would whale the daylight out of me."

"One day when we had liver," Virginia laughed. "James looked at it and told me, 'All right, Virginia, let's go out to the woodshed and get it over with so I can enjoy the rest of the meal.' I didn't make him eat it."

The Kysers are religious folks but are not fanatical church-goers. Back in Kay's youth, the family often got together on Sunday evenings and sang hymns. Every member of the family could make music of some sort. The neighbors got to dropping in, and it was then and there that James began being an orchestra-leader, although he never intended to make his living at it.

Mrs. Noell was in New York shortly before Kyser left for the West, and her brother's background is understood when Mrs. Noell tells a few things about the Kysers. Right off the bat, she sets out to clarify a few ideas many persons have about southerners. The idea that many persons think southerners use "you all" (pronounced yawl) in the singular irks her.

She explained that "you all" is used as a collective expression. "We're educated people," she said. She still likes to bristle about the War Between the States. "We don't say Maw and Paw," she said.

Mrs. Noell neglected to explain that the South is a huge section and that its people speak many different dialects. And while it's true that, in many classes, "yawl" and "Maw" are not used, it's also true that among some persons "Pa

and Ma" are used, as is "we-uns." The expressions were good enough for Shakespeare. There is no need of trying to explain Kay Kyser's accent. It's North Carolinian. It wouldn't fit a Texan or a Mississippian. The expression "he has a southern accent" is silly. Prof. Kyser has a North Carolina accent. There is no standard of dialects in the South. The section was settled by Scotch, Irish, English, Spaniards, French and Africans, and no two states have the same dialects.

"We say 'Mama' and never 'Maw,'" Mrs. Noell explained. "James often writes to Mama and says, 'Mama, I wouldn't take a nickel for you.' He still is as boyish as he was when he went to school back home.

"He likes to baby Mama. In a way, he was a holy terror as a youngster. When he would come home from school, he'd be bubbling over with energy. He'd barge into the house, run to the dining-room table and pick up his knife and fork and beat a rat-a-tat-tat on the cups and saucers. We'd tell him to stop and he'd say, 'Aw a fellow can't do anything around here.' Then he'd beat the silver again and go, 'a boom-boom, boom-a-de-boom-boom.'"

When Kay was about a year old, the family house burned. All the family possessions, even the Bible, were lost. A new house was built and Mrs. Kyser took in "paying guests" (roomers, not boarders) and helped pay off the loss.

"Mama took James to the Jamestown Exposition when he was two," Mrs. Noell recalled. "He ran away and she found him near the drummer in a brass band.

"James is a human dynamo and he must eat often to replenish his energy. He's a clean-liver. He doesn't drink and he doesn't allow any of the boys in the band to drink."

Ever since Kay has been away from home his family has kept up a steady flow of correspondence with him. Mrs. Noell was surprised when she came across a packet of letters she had written to him over a period of years. They were in one of his trunks. She began to read them. The abundance of



KAY KYSER'S KOLLEGE OF MUSICAL KNOWLEDGE — "FACULTY PHOTO"

quotations from the Rev. Harry Emerson Fosdick which she had included in her letters interested her. Such quotations as, "If you can be pleasant till 10 o'clock in the morning, you can be pleasant the rest of the day."

Mrs. Kyser saw her reading the letters and demanded, "Why are you reading James' letters?"

Virginia said, "Because I wrote them."

The Kyser family, Virginia said, was reared on the principles of education, culture and "your word is your bond."

"YOU must be a good-liver," Virginia said. "You must have unlimited credit. The more honor you get, the more humble you must be. Labor hath its rewards. James has gotten where he is without any outside pull or finances or help from anyone. Hard work and being eternally on the job is what did it for him."

Whoa! What do you mean "no help from anyone"? With a family like his, what else could a fellow do except go out and make them proud of him. It seems to us that Prof. Kyser had a heap

of help—from his mother and sister.

Kay romped his way through school in Rocky Mount and then went over to Chapel Hill to the university, determined to study law. He was a leader right off the bat and was accepted into Sigma Nu and Alpha Kappa Psi. And he won many honors, including leadership of the junior prom, and was elected to the orders of "The Grail" and "The Golden Fleece."

It was in 1926 that he turned seriously to music, quite by accident. He could make noise of a sort on a clarinet. He discovered the university was without a dance orchestra, so he set about to organize one. The boys elected him leader—not because he was such great shakes as a musician, but because he was so popular in college. He intended to give up the band when he was graduated.

In college he produced a minstrel show in his freshman year, another in the sophomore year. And as a junior he wrote, directed, produced and did everything for three extravaganzas. After that he went in for the more serious arts, the "Carolina Play Makers,"

KAY KYSER

producers of original folk-plays. He also was cheer-leader.

But the band began to hog his time. "I was musically inclined," Kay said. "Got it from my mother's side. She taught piano and voice, and with her relatives we were able to have a small symphony which gathered at our home on Sunday afternoons. My sister, Virginia, has taught music appreciation and history of the opera for about twenty-five years."

His college band was so popular and so busy that Kay began thinking about making music his business. Six of the fourteen present members of his band were in his original. The band's first pro engagement was in Oxford, N. C., in the fall of 1926. The band got \$60, had six members, and knew only six songs.

"We were not smart enough to mix the order in which we played our numbers," Kay said, "and about the third time around the audience began to call the next tune for us."



KAY KYSER AND GINNY SIMMS

Kyser still had the idea of completing his law course in the back of his mind until his band got so popular. Several members were graduated a year before him but stuck around and played.

But in 1928 the band was rehearsing in Girard Hall and Kay noticed a middle-aged couple sitting in the back. That was in April.

"The man later approached me," Kay said, "and said he was driving back north from Florida and was stopping to see the university. He decided to offer us a contract for the summer at his resort, eighteen miles from Cleveland, known as Mentor Beach. After conferring with the boys, we decided to take it if he would agree for me to return to the university in June to receive my diploma. He agreed, and my next problem was to get the professors to allow me to double up and complete my courses about a month prior to the end of school. This was arranged and we set out to fill our first long contract. It began on May 19."

Mr. Kyser forgot all about Blackstone. He forgot about his clarinet and directed his band without an instrument, except the baton, which he still does.

The band had selected "Thinking of You" as its theme because it was the first tune the boys played back in 1926, when it was composed. They played at about forty of the leading schools of the Nation, and then set out to make a real name for themselves. It is one of the most democratic bands in the business. Kyser is the boss because he was elected. Hal Kemp had organized a band at North Carolina a few years before Kay, and the two men still are fast friends. His other good friends in the business are Fred Waring, Guy Lombardo, Rudy Vallee, Benny Goodman and Ted Fio-Rito.

HE WAS known in radio several years ago. But he wasn't a big name. His sense of tomfoolery was popular, but he wasn't getting the audience, although he played sustaining programs on national hookups and even had sponsors.

Then one day he went into a huddle with himself and decided a sort of a musical college, with questions and all



THE OLD PROFESSOR HIMSELF, KAY KYSER

that, might click. So Kyser's College of Musical Knowledge was founded, endowed by the boys, and Kay became the professor. It began clicking. One day Kay was shaving and a friend turned on the radio. A band was playing and the friend asked Kay the name of the song. Kyser hummed the melody to himself and then named it.

"Hey!" He put down his razor. "That's an idea. Instead of announcing titles, we'll sing them."

The band employed Ginny Simms as vocalist and immediately the word got around that she and Kay were either married or about to be. He watches out for her, sees that she gets the publicity breaks and all that.

Then one day, not so long ago, Mrs. Kyser opened a letter from Kay which began like this:

"Ginny says I must tell you first—"

Mrs. Kyser gasped, "Oh, Lord, he's done it."

"Done what?" asked sister Virginia.

"Married Ginny Simms, I suppose," said Mrs. Kyser.

Sister Virginny took the letter to see what had happened to Kay and Singer

Ginny. What the letter really said was, "Ginny says I must tell you first, I've just signed a contract with the American Tobacco Company." (Lucky Strikes, and it was one for Kyser.)

On the subject of marriage, Sister Virginia says, "I'd like to see him married. That's the ultimate thing."

Mrs. Kyser says, "Ginny's a lovely girl."

Prof. Kyser says nothing and makes hay.

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I REMEMBER IT WELL...

Special Delivery Memories

BY DAN
McGUIRE...

"Linco!"

The hearty voice in our gangway announced another weekly visit of our Linco Bleach delivery man. His two-syllable cry, half shout and half sing-song, posed the unspoken question to housewives: "How's your bleach supply today?"

Linco Bleach came in an opaque blue gallon glass jug with the company's name and some product information embossed on the side. A ring handle on the jug's neck made for easy carrying and pouring.

The Linco man usually arrived with one jug hanging from each of his crooked index fingers. My mother bought only one gallon at a time. But if he caught our neighbor in her yard and sold her a gallon over the fence he would save himself some walking.

At the stairwell to our basement, he paused. If my mother did not respond momentarily, he would repeat his cry or use me as a messenger if he spotted me playing in the yard.

Mom usually anticipated his visits and would appear shortly at the basement door. They would exchange a few pleasantries along with a gallon of bleach and some coins. Sometimes Mom turned over an empty jug. Like almost all bottles in that era, Linco jugs were returnable.

With a polite "Thank you, ma'am," the Linco man would be on about his business. His vocal identification could be heard five or six more times as he progressed up our block.

Linco's cheery representative was one of a small parade of delivery people who

plied their trades in our neighborhood. In my pre-teen years their regular arrivals were among those things that could be counted upon like the changing seasons.

The milkman's visits were daily except Sundays. He drove a square-shaped utilitarian truck about the size of today's recreational vans. But its cargo section was tall enough for him to stand erect inside. The truck was painted an appropriate milky white with the dairy's name emblazoned on each side.

Milk was available in quart and half-gallon bottles or in one-gallon jugs with a metal carrying handle secured around the large neck (all returnable). The milkman also sold butter, eggs and real cream in pint and quart bottles.

For regular customers the dairy provided a metal box with a hinged lid. Large enough to store a gallon of milk and some smaller items, the box would be set in a shaded corner on the front porch. Many folk weren't awake yet when the milkman arrived. The box was a convenient and safe place for him to leave your merchandise. It held in some of the products' chill on summer mornings and hid them from prowling animals.

Gallon jugs were stacked four apiece for transportation in square metal mesh racks. (These are now considered treasures by collectors.) Between curbside and porches, the milkman carried up to eight quart bottles in a rectangular metal mesh basket.

Cartoon illustrations by Brian Johnson



This often produced a clanking, clanging noise which was the inspiration for a World War II hit song. Popularized by the Andrew Sisters and others, and supposedly sung by Rosie the riveter, who had worked all night on a swing shift, it was called "Milkman, Keep Those Bottles Quiet!"

Regular customers usually had a standing order. They could vary it by leaving a note in the milk box. This also was a perfect place for the milkman's weekly bill and the customer's payment.

We bought most of our dairy goods at Elmer's Grocery. But once or twice a week, to tide us over some shortage, Mom would order from the milkman. To signify our needs, we'd leave a note tucked into the neck of an empty bottle on the porch. The milkman was alert to such notes from a lot of non-regular customers. In my memory, he never missed one of ours.

The unhomogenized milk we enjoyed then had a little extra bonus. All the cream was on top. By pouring carefully, you could get almost a cupful.

Oh, and every child of the '40s and before remembers the phenomenon of milk left on the front porch too long in winter. The paper cap and the wrap-around foil seal would be popped off and ride up on a column of cream about two inches high. One of Mother Nature's mischievous magic tricks.

Another delivery person, somewhat akin to the milkman, was the Home Juice man. He offered a variety of bottled juices that included orange, apple, grapefruit, pine-

apple, grape and others, as well as apple cider. No doubt the orange was his best seller. In the days before frozen concentrates, it was a welcome alternative to squeezing oranges by hand.

The Home Juice man drove a more conventional panel truck than the milkman and came later in the day. His product did not need to be kept chilled, and he had fewer regular customers with standing orders. Most housewives met him at the curb and made selections based on impulse or the urging of a youngster tugging at their dresses.

The juices came in rectangular shaped half-gallon bottles with wide mouths centered at the top. A metal cap with a rubber insulator sealed in the fresh natural tastes. It screwed on and off with about a half twist. Empty bottles were perfect for keeping tap water chilled in the "fridge" during summer.

Dry cleaners often had delivery men who came in small trucks about the size of today's vans. Suits, coats and dresses were hung from rods installed along the ceiling so they wouldn't be rumpled en route.

Our family seldom utilized this service. My father's work did not require him to wear a suit. Except for a few Sunday-go-to-meeting items, most of our clothes were machine washable. When Mom needed anything dry cleaned, she usually dropped it off herself or sent me on my bicycle.

Among my playmates, though, there were fathers who were salesmen, bankers,

I REMEMBER IT WELL

policemen, firemen, etc. They had items dry cleaned on a regular basis. As one suit or uniform was delivered in its fresh white paper wrapper, another would be picked up.

Often dress shirts were included. Most dry cleaners also were launderers. They would return shirts sparkling clean, starched to order and neatly folded into cardboard boxes.

Although the delivery man received some tips, there was no charge for home delivery. It was provided to incur customer loyalty and encourage more frequent patronage of the cleaners' services.

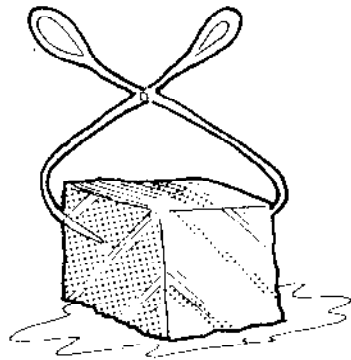
One of my favorite delivery people usually made just one appearance a year: the coalman. Most families in our neighborhood heated their homes with coal furnaces. In September or October they would lay in a load for the cold season. A long bitter winter might necessitate a second load around March.

Coal was delivered by truck and stored in a partitioned corner of the basement referred to as the coal bin. Located near the furnace, the bin kept coal from scattering all over and minimized the spread of coal dust.

Most apartment buildings and some private homes had covered chutes that came out to the sidewalk. These made delivery fairly simple. The coal arrived in a dump truck with a trap door in its rear gate. He attached a metal slide between the trap door and the open chute. Then he tilted the back of the truck and opened the trap door. Gravity did the rest.

Like many others, our home had the coal bin located under a window at the side of the house. Our coal had to be hauled from the street and dumped through the window.

To accomplish this, the coalman sometimes arrived in a flat bed truck filled with sacks of coal. The sacks were of heavy cloth, about the size of a shopping bag except shorter and fatter. They had cloth straps which the coalman grasped as he



pulled the sack off the truck and hoisted it onto his shoulder. Then he carried it through our gangway and effortlessly tossed its contents through the window. When he dumped the last sackful, he would be as dirty as the men who had mined the coal.

Another method of delivery was to dump the coal in a pile at the curb. Then it had to be shoveled into a wheelbarrow and poured through the window.

You could do this yourself or pay a little extra to have it done. If you chose the latter course, a white driver dumped the coal and left. A Negro helper stayed behind to do the heavy work.

The black man who did this for us several years was a source of awe to me. He was a mountainous fellow with muscles like a circus strongman. Sweat poured off him as he worked, but he never seemed to slow down. He seldom spoke, except to request a drink of water. When finished, he simply walked away (to another job, or back to the coal yard?) pulling the wheelbarrow behind him.

The coalman's counterpart, of course, was the iceman. He was already melting into history when I was a boy. Homes in our area all had those new fangled "electric ice boxes."

My grandmother, like many of her neighbors, had a shiny new refrigerator, but kept the old ice box for less frequently needed items. Thus, they continued to utilize the iceman's services for several years.

The ice company provided a large square card with the numbers 25, 50, 75 and 100 boldly printed on its borders. When Grandma placed the sign in her window with the appropriate number upright, the iceman delivered a block of ice in the requested size.

He carried it on his shoulder, holding it in the tight grip of a giant set of tongs. A leather pad helped protect his shoulder from being permanently frozen.

Even before the advent of refrigerators, the iceman had to find other work during the winter. Housewives simply stored items in unheated pantries. Often the iceman switched hats in the fall and became a coalman.

One fellow I never quite fathomed was our ever-smiling Prudential man. He wasn't so much a delivery man as a collector. Once a month my mother paid him a dollar and some change. In return she received a slip of paper he referred to as "your receipt," good for some mysterious product called "insurance."

The paper boy—or, to use his more dignified title, news carrier—was the only delivery person we saw seven days a week. In my early teens I had the opportunity to experience firsthand the joys and frustrations of that profession.

And, of course, the mailman. Ah, the mailman, dedicated emissary of the U.S. Post Office, who in those days walked his route twice daily and once again on Saturdays. That deliverer of radio premiums and other dream merchandise deserves a column to himself.

Tune in again next time . . .

Editor's Note: Dan McGuire is a free lance writer who delivers a batch of childhood memories to our editorial offices six times a year, occasionally with no words misspelled.

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A Revolution In The American

BY LYNN ABBIE
PRESIDENT, CHICAGO ART DECO SOCIETY

Perhaps the most dramatic changes in the American home took place in the kitchen in the 1930s.

Before the 30s, state-of-the-art equipment was available but only purchased by people of means. For middle America before the 30s, kitchens were isolated areas of dullness, generally devoted to drudgery. Those who had servants had a servant's pantry, and those who did not have servants usually had a pantry just off the kitchen anyway. Free standing cabinets and pantries were eventually to give way to built-in and wall cabinets.

By 1930, the kitchen revolution was on its way. Placement of windows became important. Ventilation, both natural and mechanical, became important. The kitchen became, as we shall see, the real living room and the hub of the house. Preparation of meals could be pleasant and perhaps even "show time." Not a bad idea, since after World War I class structure had changed. There were fewer servants than before the War. When the Great Depression hit, the social structure changed even more. When servants were plentiful and cheap, kitchens did not change.

What the architect and designer envisioned as the ideal kitchen gave way, with practical financial considerations, to the actually pleasant, if often cute, American kitchen. The United States was in the forefront in the 1930s in making available to the masses the fine designs of planners and industrial designers. Kitchen equipment was to do away with the "Upstairs, Downstairs" syndrome forever. The civilized kitchen of the 1980s has as its source the 1930s American kitchen. Without making a single structural change, one could remodel a 30s kitchen with cabinets, color, and appliances and its look and function

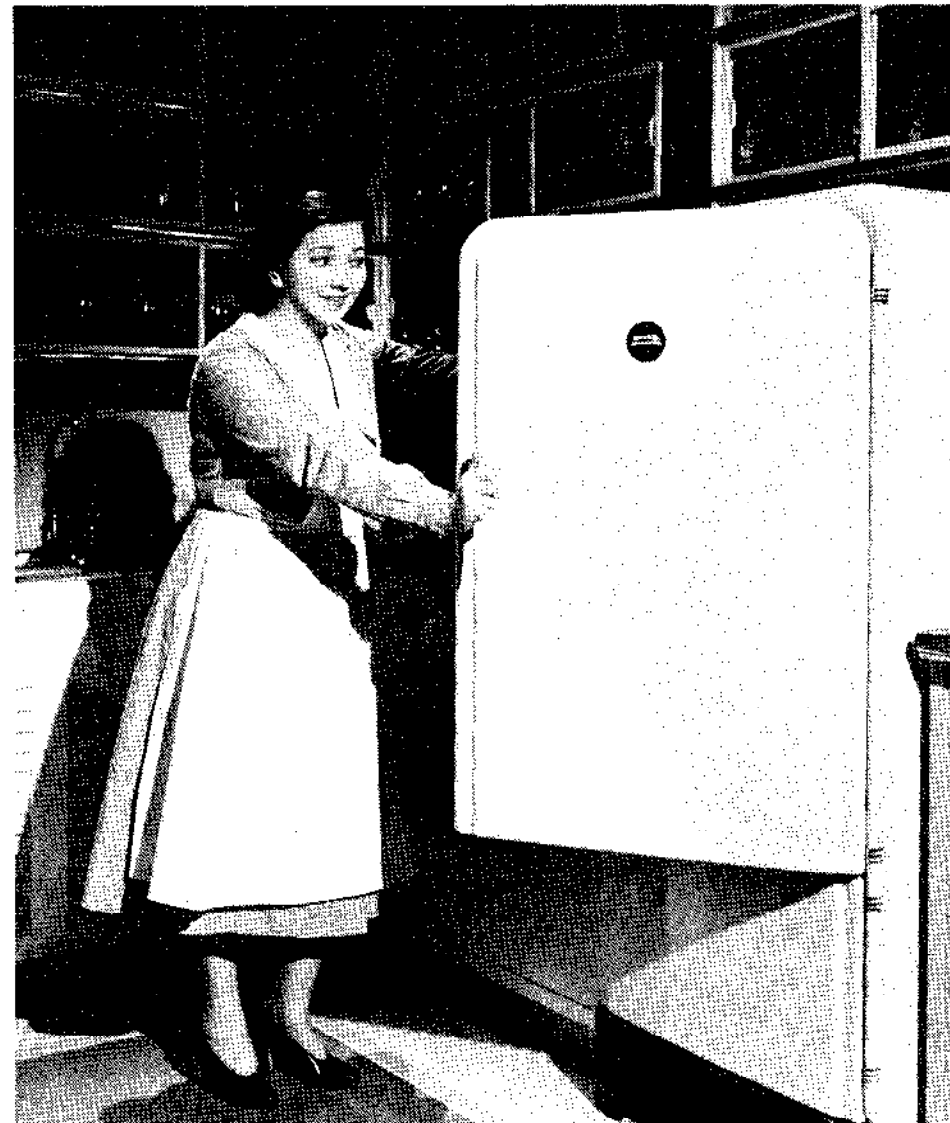
would be contemporary. The concept of the 30s kitchen is not far removed from our time. However, most American kitchens of the Depression had many items from the 1920s. When money became plentiful, kitchen equipment was purchased item by item.

The floor plans were "I" "U" and "L" shaped. The kitchen table was usually the center of the kitchen. This table might be of chrome in the spirit of Breuer. An older table might be of wood, looking English-cottage. Chairs would always match the table. The wooden kitchen table and chairs were most often painted with enamel; the color of choice was green. In our time it would be called Depression Green. During the 30s it was most often called Apple Green. Designers coordinated this color with everything in the room, from spoon handles to butter dishes to stove trim. Cheery and colorful kitchens were the rule. In addition to the popular green, blue and yellow and white became colors of choice. Black accents on white were popular. Multicolored accents were also popular, based on the notion, in the late 30s, that they were South-of-the-Border combinations and gave the Fiesta dinnerware a compatible home. This look was basically the same in all 48 states. It took hold quickly and was soon taken for granted.

Advertising in magazines and on the radio became important. It was directed to the homemaker. Such magazines as *The Ladies' Home Journal*, *The Delineator*, *Good Housekeeping*, and *House & Garden* became arbiters of taste. Even *National Geographic* directed some of its advertising to the household manager.

The large console radio in the front room may have been moved to the dining room. However, the radio was becoming more

Kitchen Of The 1930's



A 1930'S KITCHEN as depicted in the 1938 film comedy, "Merrily We Live" featuring comedienne Patsy Kelly.

compact at this time and was moved into the kitchen . . . permanently. Splendid small streamlined designs topped kitchen tables, shelves, windowsills, and refrigerators. These radios were not as fanciful as

the large console designs. They were cheaper though, and households where pennies were still being pinched could afford this less-costly model. It was usually made of plastic. Sears-Roebuck sold one

KITCHEN OF THE 30's

under its *Silvertone Compact* label. Other successful producers were Emerson, Detrola (*Pee-Wee*), Stewart-Warner (*Varsity* and *Campus*), Fada, and Air King (a blatant copy of the Fada line). Because the radio was being placed in the kitchen, the kitchen became the social and listening center. The first soap operas that were now heard throughout the day were generally heard in the kitchen where the homemaker could work, be entertained, be informed, and find company by courtesy of the radio itself and the neighbors, friends, and family.

Equipment in the well-appointed kitchen of this period would include that new and quite wonderful refrigerator which had an ice-maker! General Motors sold many, and their trade name, "Frigidaire" became the generic "fridge." Advertisements in the late twenties promoted such names as Kelvinator, General Electric with its memorable dome and legs, the Williams Ice-O-Matic with its double doors and casters, and many more. By 1935 Sears had hired Raymond Loewy to design its *Coldspot*. With a big promotional cam-

paign, it caught on quickly and became the standard for the industry.

We must remember that ice-wagons, often horse drawn, were still on the streets until and even during the Second World War. Ice-cards to notify the drivers of the ice-wagons to deliver ice blocks for ice-boxes were seen in some communities into the 1940s. It was in the thirties, in the United States, where any home having electricity and the dollars to buy a refrigerator could have ice cream and other cold and frozen desserts at its finger tips.

The stove developed to become the other large piece of, often coordinated, kitchen equipment. It eventually lost its legs and the "pulls" which reminded its users that stove designs of the late '20s and early '30s had been inspired by furniture such as that designed by Emile-Jacques Ruhlmann. The Norman Bel Geddes design for *Standard* was the style that was to prevail after 1932.

The floor plans may have been "I" "U" or "L", but counters and shelves usually had soft or rounded corners, and on them could be found a "Fletcherizer" which we might now call an "Osterizer" or blender, a toaster, a mixer, a waffle iron, a coffee pot, an iron, and any number of other gadgets depending on the income (almost always of the husband) and the taste of the homemaker.

Relatively inexpensive ceramic kitchenware was better designed than it had ever been. Good items could be purchased at department stores, Woolworths, and Kresges. These items combined simplicity, good looks, utility, and value. They did not announce luxury. The spirit of their creation was truly democratic. Democracy and good design were seeping into the home by way of the kitchen. This was not the idealistic and unrealistic production of Bauhaus designs for *the people* that ultimately became status symbols for the wealthy.

Dishwashers were available, but their potential distribution to middle income families had to wait.

Because the kitchen had become a pleas-

ant place, eating there was no longer dreary. The commonly seen, and often cracked, oil cloth table covering gave way to place mats and napkins that could be easily washed and ironed. Cotton, linen, and rayon table cloths and napkins were still used but not as often as earlier. Paper napkins and mats were still considered too costly. Napkin rings, often in colored plastics, were a popular item. They would often match or contrast with the Fiesta colors. Individual salt and pepper shakers were widely used. Colorful plastic-handled flatware was another hot item. Modern design and happy colors ran rampant on the kitchen table. Every meal could be joyous!

Freebies were called premiums and were a significant part of the Great Depression in the U.S.A. They were seen on tables, shelves, and counters in many kitchens. Dishes and flatware from the local theatres, Wheaties chrome relish dishes and bowls, along with cobalt blue glasses and mugs, often with Shirley Temple's likeness on them in white, were evident in many American homes. Little Orphan Annie Ovaltine shakers, and later mugs, were popular premiums with the kiddies.

The typical floor covering would be linoleum. The linoleum of choice would be Armstrong "inlaid" linoleum. By 1936 Armstrong produced the "Modern Blue Kitchen." Blue predominated in the geometric design of this pattern. Blue was a good seller but the same pattern could be purchased in other colors. I can recall the yellow and black variation of this pattern that was in use for over forty years.

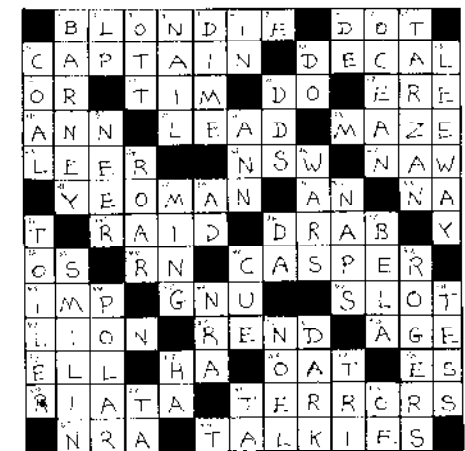
Walls were usually painted in a heavy glossy enamel. The trade name Nu-Enamel was promoted widely. Nu-Enamel came in Apple Green and its manufacturer stated that it could be used on anything and everything. It was. Only a few kitchens had wall paper or tile. These, again, were considered too expensive. Some apartment building kitchens had tile over the sink and/or stove. Cabinets were quick to find favor near the end of the decade. They were often metal. The open space under the sink

was a prime target for the same style of cabinet that would be wall hung.

Light, both natural and electric, became important. The kitchen became lighter. The usual single bulb became a cluster of two or more bulbs housed in frosted glass. It was generally centered in the ceiling, usually over the eating area or table. Subdued lighting over the table was suggested by planners.

Window treatment might have been Venetian blinds, but few homemakers were daring enough to let it end there. The blinds might have a ruffle over them or be draped with sheer priscillas. Plain shades and the so-called kitchen curtains prevailed, however. In many homes windows were not over the sink. Putting the windows where designers and homemakers would want them would have required extensive and expensive remodeling. When World War I bonuses were received, more than a few families did, indeed, spend the money remodeling parts of their homes. The kitchen was a prime candidate for the expenditure of family moneys. It was, at this time, the most modern room in the house and cleared the way for our contemporary kitchen.

CROSSWORD SOLUTION TO PUZZLE ON PAGE 30



Chuck Schaden's



SPEAKING OF RADIO

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- Kate Smith
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FEBRUARY			RADIO CLASSICS — WBBM-AM 78 MONDAY thru FRIDAY 8:00-9:00 P.M. SATURDAY and SUNDAY 8:00-10:00 P.M.			
Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
	1 Hockey NO RADIO CLASSICS	2 The Clock Jack Benny	3 Hockey NO RADIO CLASSICS	4 Burns & Allen Six Shooter	5 Hockey NO RADIO CLASSICS	6 Lone Ranger Green Hornet Jack Benny Challenge of the Yukon
7 AFC-NFC Pro Bowl NO RADIO CLASSICS	8 Red Ryder Fibber McGee & Molly	9 Lights Out Burns & Allen	10 Charlie McCarthy The Clock	11 X Minus One Gunsmoke	12 Hockey NO RADIO CLASSICS	13 Burns & Allen This Is Your FBI Have Gun, Will Travel Dragnet
14 Jack Benny's 39th Birthday Nostalgia Night!	15 Great Gildersleeve The Clock	16 This Is Your FBI Six Shooter	17 Hockey NO RADIO CLASSICS	18 Fibber McGee & Molly Lights Out	19 X Minus One Charlie McCarthy	20 Gangbusters Green Hornet Sherlock Holmes Gunsmoke
21 Hockey NO RADIO CLASSICS	22 Burns & Allen The Clock	23 Red Ryder Jack Benny	24 Hockey NO RADIO CLASSICS	25 Hockey NO RADIO CLASSICS	26 Charlie McCarthy Lights Out	27 Gunsmoke Have Gun, Will Travel Lone Ranger Six Shooter
28 Old Time Radio Nostalgia Night	29 Six Shooter This Is Your FBI	PLEASE NOTE: — All of the programs we present on <i>Radio Classics</i> are syndicated rebroadcasts. We regret that we are not able to obtain advance information about the storylines of these shows so that we might include more details in our <i>Radio Guide</i> . However, each show we present is slightly less than 30 minutes in length and this easy-to-read schedule lists the programs in the order we will broadcast them on WBBM-AM. The first show listed will play at approximately 8 p.m. and the second will be presented at about 8.30 p.m. and so forth. Programs on <i>Radio Classics</i> are complete, but original commercials and network identification have been deleted. Thanks for listening.				

MARCH			RADIO CLASSICS — WBBM-AM 78 MONDAY thru FRIDAY 8:00-9:00 P.M. SATURDAY and SUNDAY 8:00-10:00 P.M.			
Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
PLEASE NOTE Due to WBBM's commitment to news and sports, <i>Radio Classics</i> may occasionally be pre-empted for late-breaking news of local or national importance, or for unscheduled sports coverage. In this event, vintage shows scheduled for <i>Radio Classics</i> will be rescheduled to a later date.		1 Great Gildersleeve Lone Ranger	2 Hockey NO RADIO CLASSICS	3 Black Museum Life of Riley	4 Fibber McGee & Molly Lights Out	5 Hockey NO RADIO CLASSICS
6 Hockey NO RADIO CLASSICS	7 The Clock Burns & Allen	8 Charlie McCarthy Red Ryder	9 Hockey NO RADIO CLASSICS	10 Gunsmoke Great Gildersleeve	11 Jack Benny Life of Riley	12 Hockey NO RADIO CLASSICS
13 Hockey NO RADIO CLASSICS	14 X Minus One Fibber McGee & Molly	15 Hockey NO RADIO CLASSICS	16 Lights Out Great Gildersleeve	17 Hockey NO RADIO CLASSICS	18 The Clock Jack Benny	19 Hockey NO RADIO CLASSICS
20 Hockey NO RADIO CLASSICS	21 Charlie McCarthy Great Gildersleeve	22 Life of Riley Lights Out	23 Hockey NO RADIO CLASSICS	24 Jack Benny Fibber McGee & Molly	25 X Minus One Gunsmoke	26 Hockey NO RADIO CLASSICS
27 Old Time Radio Nostalgia Night	28 Hockey NO RADIO CLASSICS	29 Red Ryder Great Gildersleeve	30 Hockey NO RADIO CLASSICS	31 Burns & Allen The Clock		

THOSE WERE THE DAYS

WNIB-WNIZ • FM 97 • SATURDAY 1 - 5 P.M.

FEBRUARY

PLEASE NOTE: The numerals following each program listing for Those Were The Days represents timing information for each particular show. (9:45; 11:20; 8:50) means that we will broadcast the show in three segments: 9 minutes and 45 seconds; 11 minutes and 20 seconds; 8 minutes and 50 seconds. If you add the times of these segments together, you'll have the total length of the show (29:55 for our example). This is of help to those who are taping the broadcasts for their own collection.

Jack Benny and World War II

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6th

JACK BENNY PROGRAM (12-7-41) On the evening of the "Day of Infamy," Jack and the gang carry on, but the program is interrupted for civil defense and war bulletins. Mary Livingstone, Dennis Day, Phil Harris, Eddie "Rochester" Anderson. The cast performs a "Mr. Hyde and Dr. Jekyll" sketch. Jell-O, NBC. (12:50; 16:50)

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT (12-8-41) The president speaks before a historic joint session of Congress requesting a declaration of war. Excerpt from his famous "day of infamy" speech. NBC. (9:30)

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY (12-9-41) Jim and Marion Jordan star with Bill Thompson, Gale Gordon, Isabel Randolph, Harlow Wilcox, Martha Tilton, the King's Men, Billy Mills and the orchestra. Program opens with latest war news reported by Robert St. John, ends with a word to stay tuned for a message from the president of the United States and the singing of "My Country, 'tis of Thee." Johnson's Wax, NBC. (12:05; 17:20)

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT (12-9-41) The president in his first wartime Fireside Chat, on all the networks, pre-empting Bob Hope on NBC and Glenn Miller on CBS. Excerpt of his address describing the events leading up to the attack on Pearl Harbor. FDR warns the public to beware of rumors and tells listeners he does not yet know the extent of the damage at Pearl Harbor. CBS. (11:45)

JACK BENNY PROGRAM (10-11-42) Jack and the gang broadcast from the Army Air Base at Santa Ana, California. Guest is actress Barbara Stanwyck, so two cadets from the Air Base visit Jack looking for an introduction. Mary, Phil, Rochester, Don, Frank Nelson, Elliott Lewis, Peter Lind Hayes. Grapenuts, NBC. (9:00; 7:25; 12:10)

TREASURY STAR PARADE (3-19-42) Frederic March stars in "Production Now," a story of how a small town did its part towards America's war effort. Treasury

Department. (14:17)

JACK BENNY PROGRAM (10-18-42) In a remote broadcast from Williams Field near Chandler, Arizona, Jack decides to do his part in the war effort and donate his Maxwell to the scrap drive. Mary, Phil, Rochester, Dennis, Don, Elliott Lewis. Grapenuts, NBC. (9:50; 6:25; 12:55)

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13th

JACK BENNY PROGRAM (11-15-42) Guest Dorothy Lamour joins Jack in a program broadcast from the Naval Air Station, Terminal Island, California. The gang discusses Jack's past navy career and, in a wartime sketch, Jack is a house-husband, while Mary is a welder. Grapenuts, NBC. (8:30; 10:30; 10:10)

MILEAGE RATIONING PROGRAM (Nov., 1942) A special broadcast prepared by the Office of War Information on the subject of gas rationing. Featured are Jack Benny, Eddie Cantor, George Burns and Gracie Allen, Dinah Shore, Bill Goodwin, Paul Whiteman and the orchestra. (13:45)

JACK BENNY PROGRAM (11-29-42) Jack and the gang perform before an all-service audience from the Plaza Theatre in Palm Springs, California. The cast presents the drama, "Three Men in a Tank" about soldiers in Africa with Dennis Day as German Field Marshal Rommel. Phil, Rochester, Don, Elliott. Grapenuts, NBC. (13:40; 14:50)

TREASURY STAR PARADE (9-12-43) "Big Jim" starring Eddie "Rochester" Anderson and Michael O'Shea in a story of heroism on a ship in the Atlantic. U.S. Treasury Department. (14:25)

KRAFT MUSIC HALL (1-21-43) Bing Crosby stars with guests Andy Devine and regulars Ken Carpenter, the Charioteers, Yuki, The Music Maids and Phil, John Scott Trotter and the orchestra. Wartime flavor throughout this program. Kraft Foods, NBC. (9:50; 8:05; 11:40)



JACK BENNY PROGRAM (2-13-44) Jack gets happy birthday greetings from the cast in a program broadcast from March Field, California. Jack and guest Larry Adler talk about their overseas trip entertaining servicemen. Mary, Phil, Dennis, Don, Rochester. Butterfly McQueen. Grapenuts, NBC. (11:30; 9:50; 7:25)

NOTE: During this program we will have on-air auditions for parts in the Jack Benny Show recreation planned for our TWTD broadcast of February 27th. (See "Hello, Out There . . ." on page 1 of this issue of *Nostalgia Digest*.)

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20th

JACK BENNY PROGRAM (10-10-43) This first show of the new season, from New York City, finds Jack just back from a three-month overseas camp tour. Mary Livingstone, Don Wilson, Eddie Rochester Anderson, Phil Harris, Minerva Pious, John Brown. Grapenuts, NBC. (11:40; 10:30; 6:15)

I SUSTAIN THE WINGS (4-15-44) Featuring Capt. Glen Miller and the Band of the Training Command with the Crew Chiefs, Bob Carroll, Mel Powell, Ray McKinley, Johnny Desmond. Actor Broderick Crawford appears in a skit about the life of an Army Air Force Aerial Photographer. Sustaining, NBC. (15:30; 14:30)

TREASURY STAR PARADE (1942) A dramatization of Arthur Blake Clark's book, "Remember Pearl Harbor." Host is Henry Hull. U.S. Treasury Department. (15:00)

JACK BENNY PROGRAM (1-23-44) Remote broadcast from the Army Air Field at Murock, California with guest Alexis Smith. Mary, Phil, Rochester, Dennis, Don, John Brown, Butterfly McQueen. Grapenuts, NBC. (12:00; 18:00)

KOLLEGE OF MUSICAL KNOWLEDGE (8-16-44) Phil Harris subs for Kay Kyser in this broadcast for service-

men at San Luis Obispo, California. Guests are the King Sisters who join Ish Kabibble and the boys in the band. AFPS rebroadcast. (14:15; 15:00)

TREASURY STAR PARADE (1942) "Tommy Tucker, Patriot" starring Ezra Stone as a 12-year old who nags his family to be aware of their responsibilities to the war effort. U.S. Treasury Department. (14:20)

JACK BENNY PROGRAM (2-27-44) Eddie Cantor and Larry Adler join Jack and the gang in a program broadcast from the Hollywood Canteen. Grapenuts, NBC. (12:15; 8:20; 6:40)

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27th

JACK BENNY PROGRAM (4-23-44) Remote broadcast from Vancouver, British Columbia, on behalf of Canada's Sixth Victory War Loan Drive. Mary, Phil, Rochester, Dennis, Don, John Brown, Sara Berner. This is Dennis Day's last Benny program before entering the service. Grapenuts, NBC. (10:25; 17:15)

BOB HOPE SHOW (3-13-45) Broadcasting from the Air Transport Command near Palm Springs, California, Bob entertains with regulars Frances Langford, Jerry Colonna, Vera Vague. Skinnay Ennis and the orchestra. In a sketch, Bob and Skinnay are pilots while Colonna is in the control tower. AFPS rebroadcast. (9:40; 12:15)

JACK BENNY PROGRAM (11-19-44) Guest Larry Adler joins Jack for a broadcast from the U.S. Naval Hospital in Corona, California. Mary, Phil, Don, Rochester, Mel Blanc, singer Larry Stevens (Dennis' wartime replacement). Lucky Strike Cigarettes, NBC. (12:50; 16:30)

V-E DAY COVERAGE (5-8-45) Excerpts of CBS network coverage of the end of the war in Europe: Remarks by President Truman; Bob Trout with news bulletins; Winston Churchill in London; Edward R. Murrow and Douglas Edwards reporting from London. CBS. (15:05)

CAB CALLOWAY AND HIS ORCHESTRA (8-14-45) First announcements of the Japanese surrender interrupts this excerpt of a remote broadcast from the Cafe Zanzibar in New York City. Sustaining, MBS. (11:30)

JACK BENNY PROGRAM RE-CREATION (2-27-88) A live broadcast of a newly written script by Mary Ellen Little, based on the Jack Benny radio programs. Our cast will include listeners who have auditioned for the various roles in the sketch: Jack, Rochester, Mary, Phil, Dennis, Don, Mel, the Sportsmen, a receptionist, and a doctor. Don't miss it if you can! For more details, see "Hello Out There . . ." on page 1 of this issue of *Nostalgia Digest*.

JACK BENNY PROGRAM (4-8-45) Guest William Powell visits Jack and his cast in a broadcast for the patients of Turney General Hospital in Palm Springs, California. Mary, Phil, Rochester, Don, Mel Blanc, Larry Stevens. AFPS rebroadcast. (11:00; 16:15)

THOSE WERE THE DAYS

WNIB-WNIZ • FM 97 • SATURDAY 1 - 5 P.M.

MARCH

SATURDAY, MARCH 5th

RICHARD DIAMOND, PRIVATE DETECTIVE (6-19-49) Dick Powell stars as Diamond with Virginia Gregg as Helen, Ed Begley as Lt. Levinson, plus Parley Baer, Hy Averback, Sidney Miller. A wealthy man, seeking a divorce, hires Diamond to get the goods on his cheating wife. Sustaining, NBC. (14:55; 12:40)

LIFE WITH LUIGI (9-21-49) When Luigi learns that he is behind in his rent, a young friend suggests he sell his statue of George Washington. J. Carrol Naish as Luigi Basco, Alan Reed as Pasquale. Sustaining, CBS. (14:30; 15:10)

HASHKNIFE HARTLEY (1950s) "Range War" with Frank Martin as Hashknife and Barton Yarborough as Sleepy Stevens, based on stories of the old west written by W. C. Tuttle, who narrates. Hashknife and Sleepy help a friend who has been harassed for the land rights he just purchased. AFRS rebroadcast. (10:53; 9:42)

KAY KYSER'S COLLEGE OF MUSICAL KNOWLEDGE (10-31-45) The old professor himself broadcasting from Vaughn General Hospital in Chicago, with quiz contestants from the Chicago area. AFRS rebroadcast. (11:30; 13:24)

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SUSPENSE (10-26-53) "Dutch Schultz" stars Broderick Crawford as the organized crime figure who wants to rub out the new district attorney. Cast includes Jay Novello, Benny Rubin, Herb Butterfield, Hy Averback, Paul Frees, Sidney Miller. Produced by Elliott Lewis. AutoLite, CBS. (12:30; 15:08)

FRED ALLEN SHOW (10-19-47) Actor James Mason visits the comedian who stars as Oriental detective One Long Pan in a mystery sketch. DeMarco Sisters, Al Goodman and the orchestra. Tenderleaf Tea, Blue Bonnett Margarine, NBC. (12:41; 16:00)

SATURDAY, MARCH 12th

GANGBUSTERS (1950s) "Case of the Date With Death" about a couple who meet at a Baltimore Colts football game. M. Joseph Wallace of the Baltimore Police Department narrates, by proxy. Syndicated. (12:15; 12:45)

FRANK SINATRA SHOW (1940s) Guest Tommy Dorsey joins Frank, the Pied Pipers and Axel Stordahl and the orchestra. Old Gold Cigarettes, CBS. (6:55; 13:25; 6:00)

INNER SANCTUM (1-24-49) "Deadly Dummy" stars Mason Adams and Elspeth Eric. The murderer of a ventriloquist takes over the act and is haunted by his dummy. AFRS rebroadcast. (9:25; 13:30)

ABBOTT AND COSTELLO SHOW (2-1-45) Bud and Lou are joined for comedy hi-jinks by Mel Blanc, Elvira Alliman, Ken Niles and Freddy Rich and the orchestra. AFRS rebroadcast. (15:42; 11:41)

I WAS A COMMUNIST FOR THE FBI (1952) "Kiss of Death" starring Dana Andrews as Matt Cvetic, undercover agent who has infiltrated the Communist party. The Party attempts to discredit a politician by appearing to support him. Syndicated. (11:55; 13:20)

JIMMY DURANTE SHOW (4-21-48) The Schnozzola's former partners, Lou Clayton and Eddie Jackson visit to recall the good old days. Regulars include Victor Moore, Peggy Lee, the Crew Chiefs, Roy Bargy and the orchestra. Rexall, NBC. (10:03; 7:40; 10:05)

SATURDAY, MARCH 19th

AMOS 'N' ANDY (5-4-45) Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll with special guest Hattie McDaniel. The Kingfish schemes to help Andy win \$500 in a baby picture contest. Rinso, NBC. (14:07; 6:20; 9:17)



MARIE WILSON, star of *My Friend Irma*, gets a last minute script change from writer-producer **Cy Howard**. A 1952 broadcast from the series will be presented on TWTD March 19th.

SUSPENSE (3-13-48) "Nightmare" starring Eddie Bracken and William Conrad. A man's violent dream becomes reality. Robert Montgomery hosts. Sustaining, CBS. (17:28; 8:35; 14:00; 18:19)

MY FRIEND IRMA (2-24-52) Marie Wilson stars as Irma Peterson who loses her engagement ring down the bathroom drain. Cathy Lewis is Jane, John Brown is Al, Alan Reed is Mr. Clyde, and Hans Conried is Prof. Kropfkin. Ennds Chlorophyll Tablets, CBS. (13:50; 15:00)

FRONTIER TOWN (1940s) Jeff "Tex" Chandler stars as Chad Remington in a saga of the roaring west as he discovers a horse entering town with a rider who has been shot. Syndicated. (14:20; 10:54)

THE WHISTLER (1940s) "Man in the Storm" starring William Conrad. Heavy rains place a town in danger of flooding, but the city treasurer's only concern is for the new recreation center. AFRS rebroadcast. (8:22; 17:37)

SATURDAY, MARCH 26th WMAQ, CHICAGO THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES

WMAQ SILVER ANNIVERSARY (4-13-47) Henry Cooke narrates a special broadcast commemorating the 25th anniversary of the station. Included are special portions featuring Amos 'n' Andy reminiscing about their beginnings at WMAQ, and Jim and Marion Jordan recreating a WMAQ "Smackout" show from the 1930s. Joseph Gallicchio and the NBC orchestra. Sustaining, WMAQ, Chicago. (13:00; 16:45)

CURTAIN TIME (4-17-48) "Miss Snoring Sleepwalker"



BUD ABBOTT AND LOU COSTELLO provide the fun when one of their 1945 shows is broadcast on TWTD March 12th.

starring Harry Elders and Nanette Sargeant in a story about a girl who wins a trip to Hollywood, cash, and a movie contract. Patrick Allen is host, Myron Wallace is spokesman for the sponsor in this broadcast from the Merchandise Mart studios of WMAQ. Mars Candy Company, NBC. (10:00; 10:08; 11:16)

THE CHEZ SHOW (7-21-50) From the Sapphire Bar of the Chez Paree in Chicago. Buff Cobb and Mike Wallace interview guests Tex McCrary and Jinx Falkenberg and take phone calls from listeners. Schwartz Hotel WMAQ, Chicago. (12:00; 18:00)

WMAQ, BUT WHY? (10-12-53) Staff announcer Hugh Downs describes a typical broadcast week at the NBC station in Chicago, concentrating on local programming. Joe Gallicchio conducts the WMAQ-NBC Chicago orchestra. Sustaining, WMAQ, Chicago. (14:35; 14:45)

MELODY MAGAZINE (12-4-50) Wed Howard acts as "editor" of this musical publication which features records, anecdotes, and chatter. Participating sponsors. WMAQ-WMAQ-FM, Chicago. (10:00; 8:00; 11:15)

(NOTE — With this broadcast, we fondly recall one of Chicago's great radio stations, WMAQ. RCA sold the National Broadcasting Company to General Electric and General Electric sold WMAQ(AM) to Westinghouse who plans to change its call letters. Thus, the 66-year history of WMAQ comes to an end.)



Every night of every day the evening news report is broadcast on television channels around the world. The news — good, bad or silly — is reported by beautiful people with shining sets as their backdrops. The format is slick — timed to the second — with the emphasis on short reports and long commercials.

The forerunner to these thirty minute news capsules was, of course, the movie newsreel. The newsreel was a solid part of the motion picture scene for fifty years and more importantly it chronicled, in films, the first half of the century. The camera and the people using it were making movies in America and Europe until someone realized the camera could record actual news events.

The roots of the newsreel are in Europe and, in particular, with George Melies. From 1895 till 1911 he produced a series of short films called actualities. The films were records of everyday events or recreations of actual events that had occurred but were not filmed.

However, the first record of a film crew deliberately filming an event to be presented as a news event was done by the Lumiere brothers on June 10, 1895. They filmed a meeting in Paris of the Congress of the National Union of French Photographic Society.

In Britain, film pioneer Birt Acres had set up shop and went to the continent to photograph the official opening of the Kiel Canal by Kaiser Wilhelm II. He also pho-

tographed the derby at Epsom Downs and rushed the processing of the film to have a screening the next day. This secured him and his partner, Paul, a contract with the Alhambra Theatre to do a regular series of 15-minute news films.

Meanwhile, here in the colonies, film-makers were concentrating on really worthy news events: prize fights. Thomas Edison conceived the idea of having a genuine match at his "Black Maria" Studio in West Orange, New Jersey in July, 1894. The idea was brilliant in that prize fights were popular with the American male and a single camera could capture all the drama and violence easily.

Soon other film companies were vying for the rights to film prize fights and eventually fight promoters were selling those rights for large sums of cash. That concept of paying for the privilege of filming a sporting event is still with us today, only now its price tag is larger sums of cash.

It also led to two other concepts of filming sporting events but at a greatly reduced cost to the film company. The first was to simply hire two brawny pugs—and recreate the fight with bogus pugilists. Audiences were slow to realize that they were being tricked and often the phony fights were a little bloodier than the genuine article. The second scam was to hide cameras under large coats and smuggle them into the arena and pirate films of the fights. This was harder to do and usually resulted in minor scuffles as the pirate cameramen

were being escorted out of the arena.

The recreation of news events snowballed dramatically with newsmen faking everything from the assassination of William McKinley in 1897 to the eruption of Mt. Pelee. The best of the phony news films was the Biograph Company's recreation of the San Francisco earthquake. A miniature of the San Francisco area was constructed and then as the cameras were rolling it was shaken and burned until only ruins remained. The film was so well done it was reported to have fooled the Mayor of San Francisco.

The film companies were doing well filming sporting events and recreating other news items but they needed something to grab the public. The answer to their prayers was war. They knew that the public loved a good war and the Spanish American War was about as good as a war could get.

When the battleship Maine blew up in Havana Harbor on February 15, 1898 (beautifully recreated by Vitagraph) and war was declared, the film companies gathered their forces and marched off to the battlefields. The problem was that usually, the cameramen were not in the right spots to photograph great naval or land battles and if they were, the film had to be sent back to New York for processing delaying its screening to the public.

British cameramen had the same problems covering the Boer War with one additional problem: their films were severely censored by the British government. Perhaps the most amazing war coverage was done by the Mutual Film Company. They signed an exclusive contract with the Mexican General Pancho Villa. Under the terms of the contract, they would be the only film company allowed to film his troops and battles. On more than one occasion, Villa held off giving the order to attack until the cameras were set up.

World War I proved to be a major challenge for the newsreel companies of America and Europe. All governments in-

involved in the conflict imposed strict censorship on all filming done in war zones. Cameramen faced the frustration of risking their lives to film battles and then have their negatives confiscated. They often resorted to smuggling the film out of the war zones and back to their respective processing centers. Technologically, a major advancement was developed and tested in the trenches of Europe. Kasimer de Proszynski invented a camera he named the aerscope camera. It was a lightweight handheld camera that did not have to be hand cranked because it was cranked by a motor run on compressed air. The most amazing feature of the camera, however, was a built in stabilizing gyroscope that held the camera lens in a stable horizontal position.

After the war the emphasis on technology faded and the main emphasis was the establishment of newsreel companies.

One of the most prominent names in the field of American journalism was William Randolph Hearst. His newspaper empire stretched from coast to coast and was a powerful force in the newspaper industry. In 1914 a merger was finalized between Hearst and the Selig Polyscope Company. The news alliance was short lived but Hearst managed to stay in the newsreel business collaborating with companies such as Vitagraph and Universal. In the late 1930's he formed an association with MGM that lasted until 1967 when the Hearst Metrotone operation was shut down.

As the silent movie era moved on so did numerous newsreel companies. A number of the companies were formed prior to World War I and found the competition in securing worthy news film to be brutal.

After the war the survivors went on trying to produce newsreels and stay in business. By 1928 there were six major newsreel companies in business with a weekly production cost of \$125,000 but a weekly gross income of only \$110,000. They found coverage of this continent plus foreign locations expensive because of the

FILM CLIPS

number of cameramen needed. This need for hundreds of cameramen created a breed of men known as stringers. The stringers were freelance agents who were paid only when they produced a worthy news film. Clark Gable portrayed a stringer in the 1938 film "To Hot to Handle." The average charge for a newsreel film by a stringer was \$2.00 a foot, but that could go dramatically higher if the film was something special. Top prices hit \$100 a foot but these films were rare.

As the business became more expensive, with sound equipment and international networks set up, a handful of newsreel companies emerged as the "only games in town."

The largest and most sophisticated newsreel operation was Fox's Movietone News. Fox had hundreds of cameramen "in house" and the largest fleet of sound trucks. The company flourished through the 1940's and by 1946 the Movietone Newsreel was exhibited in forty seven countries and seen by an estimated two hundred million people. Paramount News was next in size with Pathe, Universal and Hearst-MGM following. The March of Time—produced by Time, Inc.—was introduced in 1935 and was radically different in style and structure than the other newsreels.

The March of Time only came out once a month whereas the other newsreels came out weekly or bi-weekly. Time only dealt with one subject per newsreel. The typical newsreel followed a format similar to newspapers with a sports section, business review, entertainment etc. March of Time ran for twenty minutes—about five minutes longer than its competitors. In fact the March of Time was such a quality production that in 1937 the series received a special Academy Award "for having revolutionized one of the most important branches of the industry—the newsreel."

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The format of the newsreel was more or less "cast in stone". The most dramatic news story was presented first and then the subject matter presented was progressively lighter in content. Today's typical news-casts follow that format to a "T".

However, in the 1930's the Nazi German sponsored newsreel—Die Deutsche Wochenschau (The German Newsreel) was structured in just the opposite manner. The newsreel built to an exciting conclusion and used dramatic music to stir the emotions of its audience. Where the German newsreel took itself seriously and presented political and technological subject matter, the American newsreel was more frivolous in its subject matter and presentation. As a matter of fact after the bombing of Pearl Harbor and America's entry into World War II war news was kept at a minimum in all the newsreels. It wasn't until 1944 that more time was spent on war news than other subjects. The light-handed presentation of the newsreel prompted wit Oscar Levant to define the newsreel as "a series of catastrophes followed by a fashion show."

The newsreel cameras managed to record major news events for five decades. Dozens of news events covering every aspect of the human experience were filmed and formed a visual history of the 20th century.

The newsreel cameramen were on the scene to cover strikes, floods and political rallies—many times risking their lives to put the story on film.

The rise of television and "TV news" in the 1950's began to spell doom for the movie newsreel. Some companies held on until the 1960's but the spark was gone and the audiences indifferent. Television news was becoming more sophisticated in style and presentation. One by one the newsreel shops were shut down until in 1967 only Hearst-MGM News of the Day was left.

When MGM stopped its newsreel service it closed the door on an era of reporting. Happily many of the newsreels survive and are fun to watch, both in a historical sense and as entertainment.

The Home Front

WOMEN DEFENSE WORKERS

By Todd Nebel



The second World War was definitely a time when women were needed in the labor market. After the attack on Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, the United States found itself at war and everything, especially defense issues, moved into high gear. Suddenly, the urban unemployed and many from the rural areas found the promise and anticipation of new and well-paying jobs attractive, as most were still accustomed to the depression.

Initially, the vast amount of urban unemployed as well as the migrants from the south was enough to meet the needs of the new war economy. However, as more and more men were called into the military, new sources of workers were needed as old prejudices needed to be given up. This, then, began the participation of women in new territories of both the American workplace and work ethic.

By 1944, the term "working woman" meant that 16 percent of all women would hold jobs in war industries and defense plants. This gradual transition occurred throughout the war as the country's needs changed. In 1940 alone, paid employment of women was common as nearly one-fourth of all women were employed in the workforce. The population of women employed were minorities, single mothers or those just out of school. Most were employed in low skilled or poor paying jobs. A woman's role in society changed once she married and it was expected that she center her attention inside the home and assume lifelong responsibilities for and with her family.

Beginning in 1942, many working women did not need much convincing to leave their present jobs for well-paying jobs in the war industries. Women who existed in the workplace before the war made up half of the women defense workers during the war. However, their numbers alone were not enough to fill America's growing need for workers in 1943. Because so many men were being called by the draft, government agencies and industry turned to women not holding jobs. Students, especially those who were just graduating from high school, were an obvious source of new workers. Young women who did not go to college, usually entered the workforce and remained there until marriage. Women who were college bound did not usually go to work, but it was hoped that wartime needs could induce them to, at least temporarily, postpone their college education. In all, government agencies decided to use the tactic of appealing to young women with a sense of patriotism and glamour.

For the sake of being patriotic, a woman could take a war industry job and be the woman behind the man behind the gun. The role model of "Rosie the Riveter" was glorified in song as a young woman war worker whose boyfriend Charlie was fighting in the Marines. Additionally, to promote the glamorous side of war work, movies portrayed the likes of Ginger Rogers dressed in slacks and maneuvering around the aircraft plant on a forklift. Norman Rockwell even painted a young "Rosie the Riveter" war worker for the

THE HOME FRONT

cover of "The Saturday Evening Post." In this painting, Rockwell displayed a rosy-checked young woman with a rivet gun slung across her lap. The double meaning to her purpose was clear with her foot firmly planted on *Mein Kampf* (stamping out fascism) while a powder puff and mirror peeked out of her coverall pocket, reminding us that she still remained feminine. This painting and other promotions during the war helped as one out of every five defense workers were recent students.

Still, the terrible need for more war workers could not be met and by 1943, not even the recruitment of the disabled, high school students, servicemen on leave, and businessmen for four-hour victory shifts was enough. Full time homemakers had to be recruited, and this at the expense of many of America's own traditional values.

When the labor shortage became severe in early 1943, most married men agreed that they would not give approval to their wives taking defense jobs. Furthermore, most homemakers themselves said they could best help the war effort by continuing to do what they were doing. Mothers

of young children were especially apprehensive to make any changes.

We should place into perspective what housework really meant to a housewife during the war years. At that time, one third of all homes were still cooking with wood or coal and often water had to be brought in from an outside source. Also, even though bedsheets were changed less often than today, laundering them was a back-breaking chore done by hand or by use of a hand-cranked washing machine. Both farm and city women spent over fifty hours a week on household responsibilities which did not include standing in long lines for limited supplies at the market.

Like the other recruitment campaigns conducted by government agencies, those directed at homemakers appealed to their patriotism. Many of the messages tried to appeal to their domestic roles by stressing what they could do to bring their husbands and sons home safely to preserve their way of life. The work that women performed in the home was shown as having provided the housewife with skills that could be transferred to defense work. If the homemaker could operate a sewing machine, then she could easily learn to run a drill, punch press, or a rivet gun. Additionally, the temporary nature of this role reversal was stressed, thereby supporting, instead of challenging, many deep seated cultural values.

This useful and well needed propaganda directed at the housewives on the home front succeeded in breaking down their resistance for taking jobs. By 1944, one in every three women defense workers were formerly full-time homemakers. This addition of married women to the workforce meant that for the first time in U.S. history, married women outnumbered single women in the workplace. The belief in relationship to the former full-time homemaker today has assumed mythic proportions. Even though they made up only one third of all women defense workers, many envisioned these homemakers fighting on the homefront for their

husbands on the battlefield. In reality however, only one in ten new woman workers had husbands in the service and only eight percent were married to servicemen. Many of the new women workers had children or relatives in the service and this was reason enough for their patriotic feelings for America.

After the war, both marriages and birth rates skyrocketed. Was the status of women different than before the war? This is hard to measure because there are both signs of changes and signs of a return to the way they were.

There was a large portion of women defense workers who wanted to return to full-time homemaking. This became obvious by the increase in births, marriages, as well as divorces immediately following

the war. An increased portion of married women were working but a return to domesticity looked very attractive to the war and depression-weary families of the mid to late 1940's.

Strong independent role models like Joan Crawford, Katharine Hepburn and Barbara Stanwyck were being replaced by movie idols like Doris Day and Donna Reed. Domestic bliss was in vogue well into the 1950's and 1960's in TV programs like "Father Knows Best" and "Make Room For Daddy." The status seemed to have resumed until the woman's movement of the late 1960's came along. The return to lower paying jobs by many women following the war now gave credence to a movement which only now seems to have taken effect.

WE GET LETTERS

EVANSTON, IL — I've listened to your show for years and really enjoy it. Last year my son heard the first few episodes of Cinnamon Bear and really enjoyed it. So this past Saturday when we heard the beginning ones and I had to drag him out of the car to finish shopping, I decided to get the tapes and let his 10-year-old mind create the pictures at his own pace. I'm looking forward to finally hearing the entire story, too! — **BEN SZYNAL**

CHICAGO — I am 88 years with poor eyesight. I cannot see TV or read, so the radio is all I have for entertainment. My son, who is also a fan, reads the *Nostalgia Digest* to me. You would be greatly missed if you were to leave the air. I listen to all your shows through the week and what I enjoy most are the comedy shows and Lux Radio Theatre and shows like Kraft Music Hall. Please continue to make each day a little bit better than it would without your programs. — **MARIE CAFLISCH**

NEW HOLSTEIN, WISCONSIN — This is the first fan letter I've ever written. I found out about *Radio Classics* about a year ago and have been listening almost every night since then. I grew up during the end of radio's golden age and have always been grateful for that. I also tape your program. I was especially pleased when *Radio Classics* started running on weekends. I enjoy your comments about the shows and the bits of radio trivia. I am a confirmed old-radio addict. I'm suffering withdrawal now with the sports pre-empting your

program. I live about 80 miles north of Milwaukee, so some nights WBBM doesn't come in very well, but I listen anyway. You are a real professional and do a fine job. — **ART KESTELL**

MONTGOMERY, IL — A couple of years ago I was attending college and two nights a week I had to drive about 40 miles home. I would start home all nervous and keyed-up from class and turn on the radio. Jack Benny or Burns and Allen would be on and pretty soon I'd be feeling great and laughing out loud.

That's the way it is with old radio shows. There is a quality that today's entertainment just doesn't have. Especially TV. You turn on the television and turn off your mind. With radio you turn on those shows and your imagination takes over. Your brain works. Like Jack Benny's Maxwell . . . a thousand people hear it and there are a thousand different pictures in people's mind (every person has his own idea of what it looks like).

That's why it's great that there is someone like you out there who appreciates these old radio shows. Otherwise people like me would never get a chance to hear any of them. I'm not a kid (I'm 30), but if it wasn't for you, I would never have heard any of these old radio programs. What better way to serve these people you yourself admire so much (Jack, Gracie, etc.) than to introduce their work to people who would never otherwise hear it. I appreciate it and I'm sure the stars do, too. — **MARK FLETCHER**

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MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN — I was listening to your old time radio a few years ago and had been subscribing to *Nostalgia Digest*. Somehow I lost track of your program when you switched stations. I even bought a G.E. Super Radio. Fortunately, I have found you again on WBBM and am a faithful listener—except for too frequent interruptions for sports programming. The signal comes in strong and clear. I often tell others about your program. — **DON KOMBLEVITZ**

CHICAGO HEIGHTS, IL — I am writing to tell you, among other things, how much I enjoy your shows on WBBM and WNIB. I accidentally ran across *Those Were The Days* one Saturday afternoon in the summer of 1986. I enjoyed it very much and have been a religious listener ever since. I am 29 years old and get a lot of flack about it from my so-called peer group. I get more satisfaction from a Lux Radio Theatre than most any TV program thrown at me each week. I get more laughs from a Jack Benny Show or an Abbott and Costello Show than from any contemporary comedian. Since the first time I accidentally tuned your show in, I have been amassing myself a nice little collection of old radio shows.

The other reason I am writing stems from last year when you had listeners send birthday greetings to Jim Jordan (Fibber McGee). I thought that a fine idea. Earlier that same year I had written to Frank Capra, the director of "It's A Wonderful Life," "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," "You Can't Take It With You" and others which I consider the best movies I have ever seen. I was also reading Mr. Capra's autobiography.

From reading his book, I discovered that his birthday is May 18 and that he was 90 years old in 1987. Even though it's pretty early, I am wondering if you might be interested in doing for Frank Capra what you did for Mr. Jordan last year? I am sure that there are many people in the area who would like to send a card to Mr. Capra. It would be a great outpouring from people and it would make me feel good to have had something to do with it. The address for Mr. Capra is P.O. Box 980, LaQuinta, California 92253. — **BRIAN C. BAUR**

(ED. NOTE — It's a good idea to send greetings to the man who provided us with so much outstanding and unforgettable screen entertainment. We hope many readers will take a moment to send Mr. Capra a card or a note on his 91st birthday, coming up on May 18.)

HIGHLAND PARK, IL — I'm really delighted at the programs you've scheduled for January on *Those Were The Days*. I've been a devoted fan since you first began your broadcasts, and look forward to "growing old with you" and your re-broadcasts of the programs that nourished me in my childhood. And my sons, both born well after the end of radio "programming," also love your programs and the great old radio shows. — **BOB BERGER**

WE GET

CHICAGO — As a teacher, I often use many of your broadcasts in my classroom. The children really enjoy letting their imaginations paint the pictures for them. I've subscribed to the *Nostalgia Digest* for years and I must also say that the many articles contained therein have enhanced my appreciation of your shows. Thanks for doing what you do! — **PAT CAHILL**

RACINE, WISCONSIN — This is a letter from a ten year old. I am an avid listener both days without hockey or football and on Saturday PM unless WNIZ's squirrel dies and they are not on the air. Would like a couple of questions answered if you would please. When did Mary and Jack Benny pass from the scene? Is Phil Harris still around? Is Don Wilson still alive? Is Rochester Van Jones still alive? Did Jack and Mary have any children? Thank you for your time. — **MIKE GAITENS**

(ED. NOTE — Thanks for writing, Mike. Guess you are a Benny fan, eh. You'll love Jack Benny month on WNIB/WNIZ and we'll try to keep the squirrels out of the transmitter. Jack died on December 26, 1974 and Mary passed away in 1983. We lost Don in 1982 and Eddie "Rochester" Anderson in 1977. Phil is alive and well and resides in Rancho Mirage, California. Jack and Mary had an adopted daughter, Joan.)

HOFFMAN ESTATES, IL — Enclosed is a check for another year of the *Nostalgia Digest*. Although I've listened to and collected your shows for many years, it's only been the past few years that the magazine has become indispensable to me. I've enjoyed so many events through the years and from time to time have had a chance to tell you how much they are appreciated. From the old movies and popcorn at the bank and community center, through that special trip a couple of years ago with Frank Nelson and Veola Vonn to Waukegan on the "Jack Benny Special."

But I guess the thing I like best has been your dedication to collecting the old broadcasts and your willingness to share them. Without that the world today would be a little less as would be the desire to even listen to radio.

As an artist I can't watch TV while I'm painting and nothing in the sound track gives much hint as to what is happening. As far as radio today goes, it should. There are only a few classical stations left (WNIB is my favorite) and the rest are quite repulsive to my ears. But those boxes and boxes of old time radio programs that I have on tape allow me to enjoy "radio" as I paint. What a blessing that is, and for that I wish to thank you again. My two favorite shows are Fibber McGee and Molly and Jack Benny, closely followed by the Phil

LETTERS

Harris-Alice Faye Show. I don't wish to leave out thanks for the MGM Shop, either. I've got some nice books from there, *Tune In Yesterday*, etc. and most recently, *Heavenly Days*. — **ED COOK**

CHICAGO — I have a question for you. This goes back to the early 1950s. I remember a radio announcer by the name of Lynn Burton. He had a radio program for, I think it was, fifteen minutes and sponsored by Cook County Motors. This was a used car dealer and Mr. Burton would play popular songs at around six or six-thirty Monday through Friday evenings. There was a female vocalist on this program by the name of Lorry or Lori Rain or Raine. At that time she had a recording of a song, "Who Put That Dream in Your Eye?" This recording was played a lot on Mr. Burton's radio show. Can you tell me what happened to Lori Rain and is Mr. Burton still on the radio? I have subscribed to *Nostalgia Digest* and thoroughly enjoyed it.

— **WALTER QUASTHOFF**

(ED. NOTE — Lynn Burton, for certain, is still selling automobiles, but now he's on television and he represents Bert Wyman Ford and you can usually catch his commercials on late night television, all over the dial. He hasn't had a regular radio show for many years, but he broadcast on many different stations, at different times, almost every day of the week. He was one of those great Chicago personalities whose interest in his listening audience was obvious and he certainly knew how to convince them to buy whatever product he represented. Sorry, we have no information on Lori Rain. Perhaps there's a reader out there in *Digestland* who can help.)

OAK PARK, IL — My lady friend and I got one of those unexpected and pleasant surprises this evening. It might interest you, since it's about a place familiar to you. I know because I've heard you talk about it affectionately on the air.

We wanted to take in a "flic" and in the paper we saw that the Patio—yes, the old "pay-show"—was playing "The Whistleblower." I knew it had been closed for some time "for remodeling," which nowadays is a euphemism for shutting down for lack of business. I had gone there up until the time it closed and recalled it had become quite shabby.

In spite of that, we went. To our utter amazement, and great delight, entering was like going into a brand new old movie house. It has been completely, and I do mean down to every detail, including the spotless washrooms, refurbished. The outside is renovated with the old marquee done like new, not one of those cut-

down jobs, and it's brightly lit. The foyer and ticket box were not merely cleaned but spiffed up. The carpeting certainly looks new, if it isn't, and is spotless—not a speck of old gum or spilled beverages. The seats are all clean and working. The decor and furnishings of the auditorium is like finding a veteran movie-goer's treasure trove.

Everything is repainted and repaired to original status. The gold trim shines like new, every light bulb is lit and lamps working. The beaded lamps alongside the regular, great big screen are lit and like new. They are in what appear to be the original colors, not new but the genuine old fixtures looking new. The richly ornamented and sculptured frame around the screen is lighted. They have a new sound system on which they play real, sonorous pipe-organ music, which I believe they've taped from their still-operating pipe organ, since they are a CATOE—Chicago Area Theatre Organ Enthusiasts—theatre which used to and just did hold a concert a couple of weeks back.

Finally with all the above, before the feature and while the music is playing they have, believe it or not, the twinkling stars and the moving clouds come on overhead! It must be seen to be appreciated, especially if you'd seen its condition nine months ago. I'm a long-time movie buff—and that doesn't mean watching movie panoramic "epics" with "Casts of Thousands" on a postage stamp video screen—who recalls nostalgically so many of the old movie palaces which are now gone—the Marbro, the Palace, the Senate, the show-places of the west side.

But, with all this grandeur, and with a really good movie, adult in the old-fashioned sense, solid acting, not a kid's theme cast with callow teenagers, there was no more than twelve people in this theatre which seats 1500, according one of the manager/owners. And he was personally manning the candy counter where the popcorn and candy cost was below most theaters. How sad.

The final amazing thing is that this was all done without hoopla, and privately financed by the current operator/owners. It would indeed be a shame if it did not succeed, and a loss not only to the northwest side, but all of Chicago.

So, what I'm suggesting and hoping, since you love "show biz" of all kinds and pop culture, is that you might at sometime mention this re-opening of a northwest side landmark simply as Chicagoland news in hopes that that marvelous reborn "moom-pitcher" show takes hold and survives its rebirth.

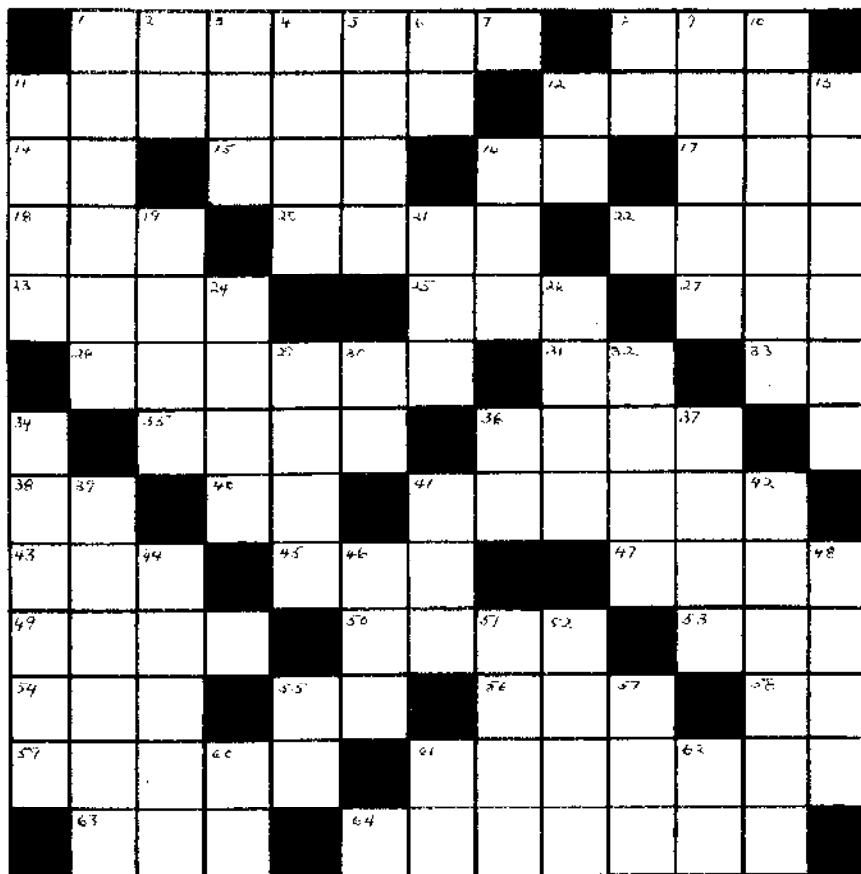
I write this with no expectation of any reward of any kind except seeing a worthwhile venture succeed. I don't know the owners. I didn't even ask their names. I have no financial interest whatsoever, and they don't even know I'm writing this, nor am I in P.R. work. If a simple letter can help save the good old Patio, it's the least I can do. — **G. P. LUCCHETTI**

(ED. NOTE — Thanks for your rave review of a visit to a favorite theatre. We join you in urging support of the Patio, the theatre of our childhood.)

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

The Phunnies

By E. W. THOMAS



Solution on page 15

ACROSS

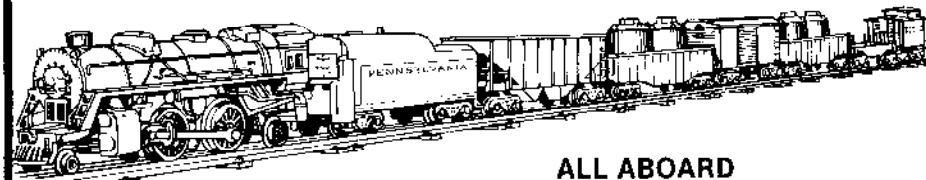
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|----------------------|-------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. _____ & Dagwood | 16. Perform | 25. New South Wales (abbr.) |
| 8. Louie, _____ Dope | 17. Before | 27. Snuffy Smith's "No" |
| 11. _____ & The Kids | 18. Palooka's gal | 28. Scribe |
| 12. Sticker | 20. Direct | 31. Preposition |
| 14. Conjunction | 22. Labyrinth | 33. Continent |
| 15. The _____ | 23. Ogle | 35. Attack |

DOWN

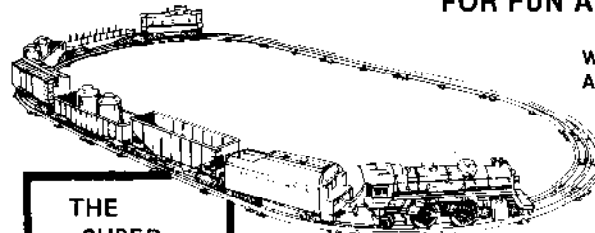
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| 36. Dull | 1. _____ Google | 29. Flash Gordon's Adversary |
| 38. Bone | 2. Record speed | 30. Newspaper commercial |
| 40. Doctor's Aide (abbr.) | 3. Baseball player, Mel _____ | 32. Mini sleeps |
| 41. Toots & _____ | 4. Fastener | 34. Tillie was one |
| 43. Elf | 5. Brother Can You Spare A _____ | 36. District Attorney (Initials) |
| 45. Wildebeest | 6. Preposition | 37. Mr. Lugosi |
| 47. Elongated opening | 7. Compass point | 39. _____ Jack |
| 49. Leo is one | 8. Destroyer Escort, (Initials) | 41. Stage direction |
| 50. Tear | 9. Body of water | 42. Buck _____ |
| 53. Ripen | 10. A real swinger | 44. Type of bear |
| 54. Building addition | 11. Pea. Buckwheat, etc. | 46. Same as 63 across |
| 55. Combined with 55 down, the sound of laughter | 12. Note of scale | 48. Miss Trueheart |
| 56. Cereal grain | 13. Elbow room | 51. French Christmas |
| 58. E-Flat (German) | 16. Dentist | 52. Not light |
| 59. Lasso | 19. Contraction of Never | 55. See 55 across |
| 61. Frights | 21. Cape _____ | 57. Prefix meaning three |
| 63. Organization of the 30's | 24. Noise made by 49 across | 60. With 61 down, meant Goodbye in the Twenties |
| 64. John Gilbert's downfall | 26. Unnecessary nonsense | 61. Half of 60 down |
| | | 62. Old English (Initials) |

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GUESS WHO!

Well, there's no doubt about it, those three cute kids pictured in our December-January issue were, of course, The Andrews Sisters. Almost everyone who entered the contest guessed correctly (even though we had a few wild guesses for the Marx Brothers, The Three Stooges and the Ames Brothers).

The rules call for a drawing from all the correct entries to choose a winner and we did:

ROBERT BERGHAUS
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Our winner gets a \$25 Gift Certificate from Metro Golden Memories in Chicago. And we extend thanks to all who entered.



THE PHOTO IN THE CIRCLE above shows the Andrews Sisters in younger days: from left, Maxine, Patti, and Lavergne. The photo below show the kids as super stars of the 1940's: (from left, Lavergne, Patti and Maxine.)



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TAPE NO. 1 FEBRUARY TAPE NO. 2

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THE SHADOW #3

"Terror at Wolf's Head Knoll"

Margo and Cranston seek shelter in a mysterious mansion after a minor accident. A strange "doctor" treats Margo's sprained ankle. Starring Bret Morrison as Lamont Cranston, with Grace Matthews as the lovely Margo Lane. Blue Coal, 2/15/48.

"The Ghost Building"

Mysterious deaths occur while constructing the largest building in the world. The Shadow breaks into suspect's office and discovers another death. Starring Bill Johnstone as Lamont Cranston with Marjorie Anderson as the lovely Margo Lane. Blue Coal, 1/12/41.

JACK BENNY SHOW

Guests - Bing Crosby and the Ink Spots
Ronald and Benita Colman
With - Phil Harris, Rochester, Dennis Day,
Don Wilson and Mary Livingston

This one-hour show is actually two half-hour continuing shows. Jack visits the Colmans as he wants Ronald to appear in a movie with him. While there he borrows Ronald's Academy Award Oscar. On the way home he is held up, and you will hear his famous "your money or your life" skit. The Oscar is stolen!

In the next show, Jack goes to Bing's home to borrow an Oscar from him to give to Ronald Colman. This is the complete show, but because of the many laughs, it runs overtime. It is a super-funny show, and you know how it ends even if the ending is cut short. Lucky Strike, L.S.M.F.T., 3/28/48 and 4/4/48.

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TAPE NO. 1 MARCH TAPE NO. 2

SUSPENSE #4

"August Heat"

Ronald Colman

A remarkable tale . . . one of the great suspense stories. An artist sketches a man he has never seen, and a stone-cutter cuts, on a gravestone, the date of birth and death of a man he has never seen. Fascinating! Roma Wines, 5/31/45.

"The House in Cypress Canyon"

Robert Taylor - Howard Duff

A real chiller! Unearthly screams and blood oozing from under a locked door are part and parcel of a newly purchased home by a young couple. Cast includes Cathy Lewis and Hans Conreid.

Sponsor, Roma Wines, 12/5/46.

CHARLIE MC CARTHY SHOW

With Edgar Bergen

Guests - Abbott & Costello and Edward Everett Horton

Abbott and Costello in a very funny skit about Uncle Guessit . . . a sequel to their "Who's On First" routine. The Horton skit is also very funny . . . regarding Charlie's kangaroo getting loose in his garden. It turned his sweet peas sour and defeated his victory garden. Sponsor Chase and Sanborn on May 3, 1942.

With Edgar Bergen and Mortimer Snerd
Guests - Walt Disney and Donald Duck

Walt Disney gets into a discussion with Charlie about his new movie, "Fun and Fancy Free". And Donald Duck has a few remarks to add. Then Ursil Twing wants a preview of the picture, as he needs to know if it is a 2,000 popcorn bag picture. Broadcast September 21, 1947.

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