



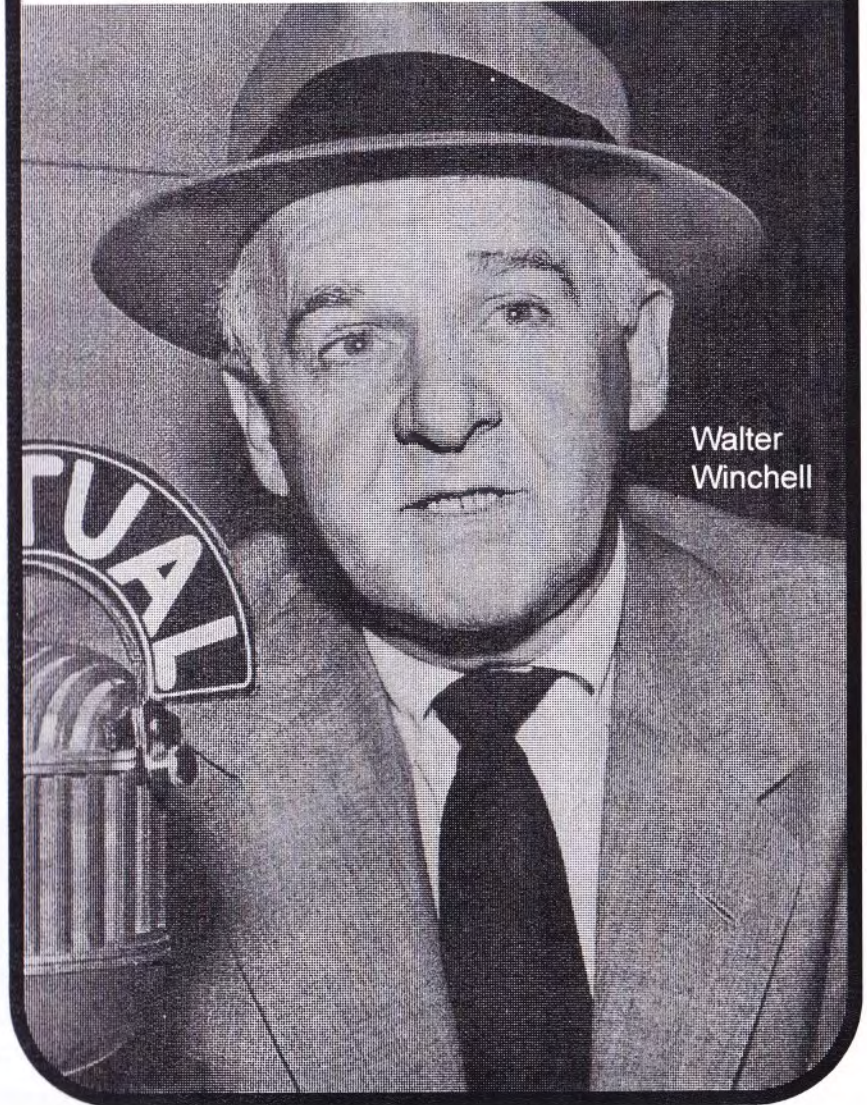
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# Old Time Radio DIGEST

No. 114

Summer 2006 \$3.75



Walter  
 Winchell

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No. 114

Summer 2006

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- ★ Charlie RUGGLES
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# THE END OF THE **Slow Music**

From the Docu-Novel "Walter Winchell" by Michael Herr

WALTER, IN HIS OFFICE, on the phone. "Cute, Quentin, but I can't use it. Who won't let me? You're nuts. (He laughs, an echo of triumph.) my column now. Yeah, and he knows it, too. It's just that Germany's a little off my beat. . . . You wrote that? And they won't let you print it? Of course, I know who Adolf Hitler is! (He covers the mouthpiece and speaks to his secretary.) Doty, who the hell is Adolf Hitler? (Uncovers the mouthpiece.) All right, send it over to me, I'll give it a look-see."

WALTER AND JUNE, IN A MOVIE theater. They are watching the cartoon, which features a bird named Walter Finchell. Walter, in the audience, is knocked out by it, stamping and whistling, as we hear the commentary: "And so, Broadway's little magpie flies home to his nest with every little trifle he can gather."

The cartoon ends, and the newsreel begins. We see Adolf Hitler addressing a Nazi rally. Walter can't believe what he's seeing.

"Is he kidding?" he says loudly to June. "What is he, a *fruit*? Lookit that." Walter rolls his eyes up as Hitler does, wiggles his hips. "Guy's a frigging pansy!"

People start shushing him.

"Aw, nuts," Walter says, rising and turning around. "Shush yourselves. C'mon, let's get out of here."

Walter and June walk up the aisle. Hitler's ranting follows them out.

THESE BROADCAST ITEMS overlap, giving the effect of wave after wave of rising wrathful invective: Walter broadcasting:

"Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. America and all the ships at sea! This is Walter Winchell in New York. Let's go to press. "A piece calculated to wake you up screaming: Quentin Reynolds' report in the Saturday Evening Post on Adolf Hitler's dream for a new Germany—particularly his plan for Germany's million and a quarter Jews."

WALTER BROADCASTING:

"For those of you who have eye see not: It's all right there in black and white in Hitler's book, *Mein Kami That's German for 'My Struggle'*

WALTER, BROADCASTING:

"A group calling itself Nazi J supports Hitler in Germany and the Nazi salute at all their meetings. What's their slogan, 'Down With

WALTER, BROADCASTING:

"To Walter Winchell, care of 'What are you doing next weeker sweetie? Would you like to spend with me? I think you're cute. Loy Adolf Hitler.' Maybe they should him Adele Hitler. . . ."

"How do you like that, Mr. and Mrs. America?":

WALTER, BROADCASTING, looking at the front page of a Gel newspaper with a headline and photo of Winchell:

"Headline, Volkiseher Beobachter, Hitler's special paper: A new enemy of the new Germany, Winchell. And it says here that my listeners and readers are morons. How do you like that, Mr. and Mrs. America?"

WE SEE THE NAME PLAQUE ON AN



At the mike: VJ Day

office door, reading: Washington Times-Herald, Eleanor Patterson, Publisher and Prop.

Standing behind her desk is Cissie Patterson, a tough, well-preserved, spoiled, and alcoholic woman in middle age. She exudes mindless, selfish power. With her is William Randolph Hearst and a stenographer. Hearst is sitting comfortably in an armchair, his legs stretched out. In all of the following, he seems little more than amused. He has the ice-blue non-committal eyes of a wolf.

"Can't you control that crazy little kike?" Cissie Patterson says, petulantly, like a frustrated child.

"I could, Cissie, but it wouldn't be in

my best interest to do so," Hearst says.

"Ever since Franklin Double Crossing Jewsevelt got his hooks into him, he's been ranting like a Red. . . . These attacks on Gernany, are embarrassing."

"I would agree with you there," Hearst says. But we see a flicker of distaste at Cissie Patterson's anti-Semitic ranting.

"I wouldn't be surprised to find out that he's in the pay of the British government."

"No, not Winchell," Hearst says. "He'd never take a dime."

"Well, this newspaper is cutting more and more of his column. Yesterday," she says peevishly, "we left it out completely."

"It's your newspaper, Cissie."

"He's only read by the servants any-

way."

"Then there are a lot of servants in this country," Hearst says. "But I agree with you about this German thing. I don't mind his vulgar little theatrical gossip, but foreign affairs are really our concern."

He speaks to the stenographer.

"Take this down and circulate it to all offices: 'Please edit Winchell very carefully, and leave out any dangerous and disagreeable paragraphs... Send that out at once.'"

"Yes, Mr. Hearst," the stenographer says, and leaves.

"Happy?" Hearst says drily.

"I'll be happy when Roosevelt is dead and Winchell's in hell," Cissie Patterson says.

DRIVING, LATE AT NIGHT, WITH Runyon.

"I just don't believe in biting the hand that feeds me," Runyon is saying. "Hearst always wins. Always has, always will."

"Why, that fat cold-blooded goy bastard. He's a bigger Hitler than Hitler!" He's becoming hysterical. "My fangs have been removed! Jesus, Damon what if I lose my column! I'd just be another shtunk, just another loudmouth in a night club!" He's on the verge of tears.

"Aw, c'mon, Walter," Runyon says. "Pull yourself together now."

WALTER, BROADCASTING:

"Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. America and all the ships at sea. Let's go to press... The German ambassador in Washington is now flipping only half the Nazi salute at affairs of state, having earned frowns for the full gesture... He'll find out eventually that the thing is cut-rate everywhere outside of Germany..."

WALTER, BROADCASTING:

"Fritz Kuhn, who poses as a chemist for

a motor magnate in Detroit, is Hitler's Number One secret agent in the United States... secret until now, that is."

(WE SEE FRITZ KUHN, A WILDLY arrogant man, listening. He's seems amused, flattered, to hear his name.)

"HE SHOULD GET TOGETHER WITH a certain female newspaper publisher in Washington —the initials of her paper are the T.H. They could make beautiful music together... She's the one who wants to know why I keep looking under the bed for Nazis. Because I keep finding them, lady.

AGAINST THE FOLLOWING segments of Walter broadcasting, we see people across the country listening intently:

We see various American families sitting by the radios in their living rooms, some joined by their neighbors.

Men in a tavern, lined up along the bar, quiet during the broadcast.

Guests at a formal dinner, looking toward the radio beyond the head of the table.

A town hall meeting, interrupted while the radio is turned on.

Showgirls in their dressing room.

Franklin Roosevelt in his office, smiling.

A sailor in a radio room at sea.

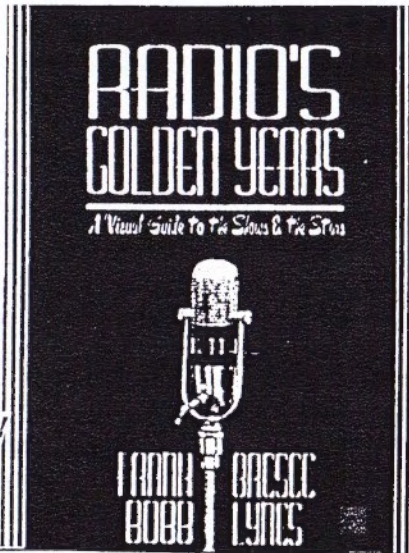
A man listening on a car radio as he drives across the country. We see the car, small in an overhead shot, and the headlights illuminating the night. We hear Walter's voice, hammering, insisting, hypnotizing, until we get the feeling that just about everyone in America on this night is listening to Walter Winchell.

"TOP U.S. NAZI FRITZ KUHN, who I reported last week was Hitler's Number One man in America, is the head of the thousand-strong — and growing every day — German-American Bund. His job: to spread propaganda, chaos and

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sabotage throughout our land. He is *still* employed by our biggest car manufacturer. . . . How about it, America. Let's show these swastinkers the gate. . . ."

(KUHNS LISTENING, IS NOT amused anymore. He's cold with fury. "Stinking Jew," he says.)

"Next week, my broadcast will come from Hollywood."

A HOLLYWOOD NIGHTCLUB, LATE night. Walter is stepping out of the front door when a woman, several yards away, steps into the light and throws off her coat. She's naked. She begins to run toward Walter, as a man in a trenchcoat, holding a press camera, moves in for a picture. Walter sizes up the situation in an instant, covers his face with his hat, and ducks back inside the door. The naked woman runs up to the glass door, as Walter thumbs his nose at her.

WALTER, BROADCASTING:

"By the way, Fritz Kuhn, and all your bungling Bundist buddies, your oh-so-clumsy attempt to blackmail me was a miserable failure, as you must know by now. Nuts to you, Nazi. . . ."

NEW YORK, EVENING. WALTER IS inside a barber shop, surrounded by press agents, cronies.

He leaves, walks up the street, past an alleyway.

"Winchell?" someone says. "Yeah," Walter says.

Two men step from the alley, grab him and pull him into the darkness.

"You kikes make too much noise," one of them says. He speaks with a marked German accent.

They beat Walter, who falls groaning to the sidewalk, then they run.

WALTER, IN HIS DRESSING ROOM at NBC. He's pacing around, glancing at

the scraps of paper as they're handed to him. Most go into his wastepaper basket. He keeps looking out the window, across the alley, into the dressing room of the Radio City Music Hall Rockettes.

Irving Hoffman sticks his head in.

"You got everything?" he says.

"Everything and more, Oiving,"

Walter says. "Stick around for the broadcast."

They go into the broadcast booth, where Walter arranges the pages over the table. He's incredibly charged-up, almost jumping up and down in his chair.

Irving leaves the studio.

The light turns red, and Walter starts hitting the telegraph key.

"Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. America and all the ships at sea. . . . Let's go to press. Flash! The government of Great Britain did not declare war on the German people. Possibly as a result of this reporter's advice, cabled three days ago to Prime Minister Chamberlain, they have declared war on Adolf Hitler and the Nazis only. . . ."

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GLASS a funny look comes over Irving Hoffnian's face, a kind of awe that, after all these years, Walter's nerve can still surprise him.

"SINCE YOUR NEWSBOY

advocated the rapid development of a two-ocean Navy, several weeks ago, more than a million and a half letters have poured into Congress supporting the idea. The response has been so strong, it almost woke up several members of Congress. . . ."

WE SEE IRVING HOFFMAN AGAIN.

Something like mild alarm crosses his face.

"NOW THEY ARE CALLING ME

Walter Warmonger, and demanding to know why I don't stick to Broadway,



At the Stork Club, 1942: Sherman Billingsley (left) Myrna Loy, Loretta Young, John Garfield, Janet Gaynor, and Quentin Reynolds.

and gossip, and trivial matters. Senator Rip Van Wheeler says that I chant the hymn of hatred every week, and then close with lotions of love. . . . Well, Senator, and Colonel Lindbergh, and Congressmen Fish, Rankin, et cetera, all of you Hitler-rooters high and low. . . . Black Shirts and Brown Shirts and Silver Shirts. . . to Fritz Kuhn and Gerald L.K. Smith and Father Coughlin. . . my hatred is for America's enemies, abroad and at home, and my love, which is just as fierce, is for those who love freedom. Zzzzanything wrong with that?"

IRVING IS NOW QUITE uncomfortable.

"I'LL STICK TO BROADWAY WHEN our elected officials stick to preserving our liberties and protecting our country."

WE SEE A GENERAL REACTION TO the broadcast now, people by their radios.

"I HAVE NEVER HAD SO MANY battles at once in my entire career.

"Because I support our President, they call me Franklin Roosevelt's stooge.

"Because I cherish the Constitution, they call me a fanatic.

"Because I can see beyond the end of my nose, I am called an alarmist, a demagogue and, yes, a warmonger.

"My enemies, who I have the honor to share with the President, are hitting us both from every side—mostly from behind.

"But I don't mind. In fact, I love it. I love a brawl. . . . So don't worry, folks. I'm not dizzy. I'm just busy.

"However, just for those of you who think I ought to stick to Broadway gossip, here's a little tidbit.

. . . . Honeychile Wilder was out with Rags Ragland Friday night, and on Saturday she was at The Stork Club with Bob Richie. Honeychile's gone from Rags to Richie. . . . Oh that Winchell.

"With a harsh hymn for the haters, and

lotions of love for all good Americans, this is Walter Winchell in New York, reminding you that the ride begun by Paul Revere all those years ago has never really ended."

**THE LOBBY OF THE ST. MORITZ** Hotel, late morning. Walter and an attractive young woman get off the elevator together and go separate ways. A bunch of press agents surround Walter like pilot fish. As they pass through the lobby, the desk clerk calls out.

"Mr. Winchell...this just arrived for you."

He hands Walter an envelope. Walter opens it, looks it over, and breaks into an exultant laugh.

"Oh ho ho!" he says. "Yuk yuk yuk!"

"What is it?"

"What is it? As if it's any of your frigging business, this is the latest Hooper Rating Report. And it says that I'm on top! Number One across the land, from ocean to ocean....Better than Benny or Crosby or Hope! Bigger than Fibber McGee and Molly! Number One!"

He throw back his head and crows: "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

Waving the rating above his head, he goes out into the street, still crowing.

"Hi there, Mr. and Mrs. America!" he yells, as people on the street stop. "Did you hear what I said about you last night on the radio? . . . Cock-adoo-dooooo!"

**DAWN, SCARSDALE. WE HEAR THE** fading echo of Walter's "Cock-a-doodle-doo," as we see Walter sound asleep in bed. The bedroom door opens, and June comes in.

"Honey, wake up," she says.

"What time is it?" he says sleepily. We can hear the telephone ringing far away.

"Walter, get up," June says. "There are a million phone calls. The Japanese have attacked Pearl Harbor."

"So what took 'em so long?" he says. He sits up, puts his arm around her. "Looks like this is the end of the slow music, kid," he says.

**WALTER, BROADCASTING WITH** great force:

"Listen, Adolf and Benito and Tojo — don't think the oceans can protect you. . . We're coming at you now with everything we've got, and it's plenty! We did it before, and we can do it again. . . Okay, America! And okay, FDR."

**NIGHT, THE STORK CLUB. WALTER** makes a particularly impressive entrance, dressed in the uniform of a Lieutenant Commander in the U.S. Navy. He removes his hat, brushes it tenderly with his sleeve, and hands it to the hat-check girl. He passes Billingsley and a man.

"What the hell is this?" the man says.

"That's Walter's contribution to the war of nerves," Billingsley says.

**WALTER IN UNIFORM, DANCING** with a beautiful woman, the Cub Room.

**WALTER AT TABLE 50; WITH HIM IS** the woman, Damon Runyon, etc. Walter is on the phone.

"He did? Oh he do, do he?" He covers the mouthpiece, speaks to Runyon.

"Westbrook Pigler says I'm a disgrace to the uniform."

"Oh, I think you look handsome," the woman says.

"Kiss me, Hardy," Runyon says.

Walter hangs up. "First, he calls me a louse in the blouse of journalism. Now he's got his nose up there pretty good with Cissie Lushhead Patterson and those Ku Klux Klan Kongressmen. . . I tell you, sometimes I think America loves me for the enemies I make."

**WALTER BROADCASTING:** "Repeated charges that my commission in

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Illustration by  
Dave Warren

the United States Navy was proving to be an embarrassment to our great President prompted me to do the only thing a patriot could do. I personally handed the President my resignation from the Navy. If any of you would like to read it, you can find easily.... At the bottom of the President's wastebasket."

WALTER BROADCASTING:

"Americans of every race and creed are fighting and dying side by side. A Jap or a Nazi bullet doesn't ask what religion you believe in, or the color of your skin. Yet the worst kind of racial hatred can be heard every day in the halls of Congress... Congressman Rankin of Mississippi has particularly honored me this week by attempting to defame me, in language that I would not repeat on the air... It's in the Congressional Record, folks... Rankin, Hoffman, Wheeler, Reynolds, Bilbo, Fish, Dies ... this microphone is always open to you for your defense... But then, you don't believe in defense that's in the record, too... only in cowardly attack."

TABLE 50, WITH RUNYON AND Billingsley.

"Come on, Walter," Runyon is saying. "I'm a newspaperman, too. What did Rankin actually call you?"

Walter, a big smile, says, "Congressman Rankin called me a little slime-mongering kike."

"You mean in so many words?"

"I mean in those very words. On the floor of the Congress of the United States."

"I don't believe it," Billingsley says.

"Look, even Sherman's shocked," Walter says. "By Sherm, a kike is a Jewish fella who's just left the room."

"Aw, come on, Walter," Billingsley says, blushing.

"It isn't that he said it," Walter says.

"It's that not one man stood up to object. How do you like that?"

WALTER BROADCASTING:

". . . and when they cannot slander me in any other way, they say that I'm prejudiced... Prejudiced? You bet I'm prejudiced. I'm prejudiced against all those in high office who guessed so wrong before Pearl Harbor. They are still guessing wrong. They worry me. But what worries me most are all the damned fools who reelected them."

IRVING, SITTING OUTSIDE THE booth, sits up with a jerk.

In the control room, the director says, "Oh my God!"

A network executive, listening at home, drops his head in his hands.

The NBC switchboard goes berserk.

THE NETWORK EXECUTIVE'S office. The sponsor, an agency rep, network people, and Walter.

"Walter, you cannot say 'damned' on the radio on Sunday night," the executive says, barely able to control himself.

"I'm sorry, I thought you could," Walter says.

"And you can't call the voters 'fools,' "the sponsor says.

"Even if they are?" Walter says.

"Especially if they are," the executive says.

"I'm only saying what FDR says."

"FDR doesn't have a sponsor," the executive says.

"What's the matter," Walter says.

"Haven't you got any faith in your product? I certainly have in mine. So a few people get their noses out of joint, so what? Their enemies will run out and buy your hand lotion. And by the way, FDR does have a sponsor. — Mr. and Mrs. America."

"The very people you offended," the sponsor says.

"Listen, I'm not gonna barber with you," Walter says, rising. "You can't have my teeth."

"Oh Walter. . ."

"I'm not giving you momsers my teeth. My ratings aren't good enough for you, go hire somebody without teeth."

He storms out of the office.

WALTER, WALKING OUT OF THE network executive's office. He's laughing and shaking his head at how successful his performance was. As the elevator doors open, he breaks into a soft-shoe, singing "Jimmy Valentine," and glides into the elevator.

Over this, we hear him broadcast:

"The President of the United States is dead, All that was mortal of FDR will now pass from the sight of men. But the things for which he lived, fought and died will live forever, while there are free men left to draw a breath.

"And now this great burden has fallen to a new President. Harry S Truman's warm humility has long been his most striking characteristic. His favorite motto: 'It's what you learn after you know it all that counts.' This is the great American that Franklin Delano Roosevelt chose to act as his lieutenant through the final terrible days of war. May God in His tender-

## **"Anything I ever did for FDR I did for love, gratis, no charge, ever. A favor for FDR was a favor for America."**

OVER "STARDUST" PLAYED AT FOX-trot tempo, we see a montage of newsreels and newspaper headlines, announcing the major events of those closing years of the war. (Over this, we will hear Walter broadcasting, like fragments blowing in and out of static.)

We see newsreel footage of Franklin Roosevelt returning from Yalta, as Walter broadcasts: "FDR's physicians say that his health is the best it's been in years. So is America's!"

The footage is slowed down almost imperceptibly. We see FDR, obviously a dying man.

WALTER IN HIS DARKENED office, late at night. He's slumped over, with his head in his arms, crying his heart out.

ness bless and sustain him, till victory is won. This is Walter Winchell in New York."

TABLE 50. WALTER, RUNYON, Irving, etc.

Walter's fist crashes down on the table.

"That's a President? That's a frigging President?" he yells. "That hicktown crook? And crude? I say, 'How do you do, Mr. President, I'm Walter Winchell,' and he says, 'I know. So what?' I couldn't believe it. I was speechless."

Damon laughs at the very idea.

"Then he says, 'You people did a lot of favors for Franklin Roosevelt... I hope you don't expect to collect on them from me.' I kept waiting for him to say it was all a big joke. I told him, I said, 'Listen, I

remember when a President sat in that chair! Anything I ever did for FDR I did for love, gratis, no charge, ever. A favor for FDR was a favor for America. And whad-dya mean by *You People*? . . . You know what he calls Dorothy Schiff? He calls her that damned New York Jew publisher. I tell you, this guy's gonna get it from me. . . . *You People* . . . the President of the United States."

"Yeah," Damon says. "Franklin Roosevelt was really crazy about Jews."

"Don't you start," Walter yells. "There's too many damn people around already who've got nothing better to do than knife a dead President in the back."

"Hey, I'm sorry. . . ."

"They're even trying to knife his widow!"

"Walter, I didn't mean it. Relax."

"Okay," Walter says. "Okay."

WALTER, BROADCASTING.

Over this, we see shots of New York in the hour before dawn, ending with shots of Walter's car on its nightly rounds. "America is at peace. Robins are nesting in the air-raid siren atop Radio City. About the only insignia you see is on the shoulders of Park Avenue doormen. But before you relax, remember! The soft peace that follows the hard war has left Europe once again exposed, and we stand with Europe. We have enemies today that were undreamed of ten years ago, and no commander with the strength or the wisdom to lead us. And where are these new enemies to be found? Why, right here at home, enjoying the full protections of our great country. . . ."

WE SEE WALTER'S CAR, LATE AT NIGHT, prowling the streets of New York.

WALTER'S CAR; INTERIOR.

Runyon is with him in the front seat. He seems exhausted. He often speaks in little

more than a hoarse whisper.

"You really ought to stop knocking yourself out," Walter says.

"I don't have much choice," Runyon says. "The divorce cleaned me out."

"That's funny. . . . You used to say that paying alimony was like buying oats for a dead horse."

"Only the horse isn't dead," Runyon says.

For a moment, Walter doesn't know what to say.

"The black market money's all drying up," he finally says. "Sherman says the take is way down. Different crowd, too."

"I've seen happier kissers at a soda fountain," Runyon says. "Pull over a second, will you?"

"What?" Walter says, drawing up to the curb.

"Cut the motor," Runyon says. "Listen."

Walter cocks his head like a bird, listening. We hear with him the low, steady roar of New York.

"Even at this hour," Runyon says. "Listen to that, will you?"

There is an enthusiasm in this, an awe, that Walter has never heard from Runyon before. He looks at him surprised, not sure if this is a gag or not.

"I'll tell you," Runyon says. "There'll never be another city like this one. Never."

OVER SHOTS OF THE CAR DRIVING late at night in the September rain, we hear Walter broadcasting:

"To the judges at Nuremberg: When you think of a Jap or a German at war, just think of a murdered child. Now that the Nip and the Nazi are begging for mercy, remember that they showed none to this child. Your reporter sees no problem in how to give them justice. Take them to the nearest wall, and bang bang

bang! . . .

"Tony DeMarco predicts that the next big dance fad will be the mambo — a zingier form of rumba which he intro'd last week at the Havana-Madrid. . . ."

"Comic Bill Conti offers this definition of Sweater Girl—she pulls your eyes over her wool. . . ."

"Have the *Ile de France* and other French luxury liners been taken off their runs to rush troops to Indochina?"

"Damon Runyon's checked out of New York Hospital, awww better. The doctor said he's been working too hard. . . ."

NIGHT; WALTER'S CAR. RUNYON, his head resting against the window. "If we crashed right now and both of us were killed, how do you think the headline would read?" he says. "Winchell and Runyon Killed or Runyon and Winchell?"

"Billing doesn't matter much when you're dead," Walter says. He clearly hates the subject of this conversation. "On the contrary," Runyon says. "That's when it matters most."

"Our stuff's gonna be around a long time after we're gone," Walter says.

"Don't kid yourself. Twenty years, tops, they'll forget we were ever here."

With his daughter Walda at the theater.



Daily News Magazine May 20, 1990

**TONITE**  
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Everything happens to Eddie!

The New  
**Eddie Bracken Show**

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NBC—Red Network  
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## On being an Old-Time Radio Dealer & Collector in 2006 by Bob Burnham

**Editor's note:** It's been awhile since we have heard from Bob. Most of his writing has been for a publication called "Radio Guide" aimed at radio technology for engineers and managers of radio stations.

You'd think after all these years of being involved with old-time radio we'd have it all figured out! What shows do people flock to? What shows do I like? Are show upgrades worth bothering with if it's really bad show to begin with? Or to we add it to our collection anyway, just for the sake of preservation?

"The old-time radio hobby is dead!" That's what some dealers spew when they stop going to conventions, stop sending out supplements, start getting rid of shows in their collection that they once enjoyed, or all of these things.

At the recent Cincinnati convention (2006) I ran into many old friends (and a few new ones) making comments like "This is a WONDERFUL hobby," or marveling at the number of years many of us have known each other. I chatted with quite a few (for lack of a better name) "old-timers" who show no sign of "quitting" the old-time radio hobby.

For a couple years, due to demands of my professional life, I went into sort of a hiatus from old-time radio myself. But I was also discouraged by the attitudes of some and the greed of others I had rubbed shoulders with who were NOT always very friendly. The so-called copyright issues also became incredibly overblown for a few years and very boring to me. Those problems seem to be again

in remission.

I was kicked off internet lists more than once simply for speaking my mind. To me it was a Badge of Honor! Those silly rules and hyper-sensitive people will get to you every time. Hey, the U.S. Government will fine you thousands of dollars for anything these days. At least those who try to police the old-time radio internet did not send me a Notice of Apparent Liability. I actually appreciated THAT!

I'm just a middle-class old-time radio dealer who thinks not every show is great and the world (including the OTR hobby) is not a perfect place. Those who think otherwise are certainly free to ramble on endlessly about what they think is interesting without my boring or otherwise annoying disruptions. As for the rest, for their benefit, I'll continue wreaking havoc on the OTR world!

I always had much better luck and response to what I had to say in PRINTED publications anyway. So here I am again.

Was I such a mean old ogre back when Dealers had the so-called "war" against SPERDVAC (the west coast-based club) 20+ years ago? Many of the people who were officers of that club at that time I consider friends today.

Despite all the negativism (in the distant past and more recent years), why did I get so many FRIENDLY letters when I sent out my first supplement for 2006?

It's because old-time radio is NOT dead! It's just there's fewer of us around promoting The Hobby. Yes, do have certain standards that some collectors seem



Tom Monrow, Bob Burnham, and Bob Burchett at the Newark Convention

to appreciate. They prove that appreciation by their support over the past 10, 20 or 30 years. As long as somebody does, I'm not crawling under a rock yet.

You can really forget all of this nonsense if you can accept this fact: At the very core is the fact that we are all REALLY on the same side: Promoting, preserving, hopefully listening to and ENJOYING the programs of the past.

As an OTR dealer, I also still use the U.S. Mail more so than the Internet for promoting what I do, simply because that's what WORKS for me.

But to be a successful old-time radio dealer in the year 2006 takes more than just sending out a few sheets of paper every month. It takes CAREFUL management of your time and resources. Image is important.

Also, accept reality: None of us will live long enough individually to transfer ALL our shows to digital format. Many of us in fact, never completed the transfer from reel to

reel to cassette... and how many VHS tapes will you REALLY have time to copy to DVD? Accept these factors and realize this is all somewhat irrelevant to getting people to send you a check for a few CDs every so often AND a friendly letter.

So how have I survived all these years, and seemingly become more active during the past couple years? It all boils down to re-focusing back on OTR, using a little common sense, a bit of marketing experimentation and research as well as that good old friend, dedication and work.

To be a successful OTR dealer in 2006, one has to do ALL the things successful businesses do to survive. The most important thing is to never forget the reason any of us got involved (and remained) in old-time radio to begin with: Listening to the shows for ENJOYMENT. Old-time radio is NOT just a commodity, although some dealers treat it as such. Those people will be disappointed and eventually give up. Their attitude is they are NOT showing up

and such and such convention unless they can be assured they can pocket a certain dollar figure. It's one thing if they simply can't AFFORD such an event. It's another if it's PURELY a greed factor.

If they are really seriously interested in old-time radio as a passion and not simply as a business, they will find a way to put in an appearance, especially if there are old friends who still attend who wonder if they are still alive.

There are two sides to being an s successful old-time radio dealer. A dealer MUST straddle and BALANCE both sides. *THE TOY FACTOR:*

Buying all the latest and greatest equipment accomplishes nothing if people are not already requesting shows from you. Eventually you do have to upgrade or replace equipment and have some tools to improve the sound, but going overboard is poor business management. Yet you need to staying "reasonably current." This allows you to produce recordings that are playable in today's commonly available equipment. If all you have is the same pair of cassette decks you started with 10-20 years ago, you won't have much success. *P.R. & KEEPING YOUR IMAGE FRESH*

Don't expect and assume that just because a certain catalog or approach brought you a certain number of dollars a few years ago -- it will still work today.

Change is a "constant" with old-time radio, and applies to listener tastes at that moment and numerous other factors. From a marketing standpoint, it's incredibly simple logic: People will ONLY order if you offer them something THEY want at the TIME they want it, at a price or VALUE that they judge as valid.

Catching (and keeping) their attention all comes into play, but personal interaction in various forms is an important

means to know what SHOWS they want and how they want them delivered. Take the "temperature" of today's old-time radio fans through correspondence, conventions or other personal contacts.

The reputation the old-time radio dealer may (or may not) have is also a major factor. Attending conventions for merely Public Relations purposes is crucially important if you expect to preserve existing business. This also adds to the value of your product. A personal relationship makes YOUR product and service worth more to them.

If an OTR fan gets a catalog from two different suppliers on the same day (offering similar titles) logic will tell you who they will get the shows from.

Dealer A: They met at the last convention. Didn't buy anything there, but had a brief but friendly conversation. Their mailing is a small but neatly printed bulk-mailed piece with a mixture of both common and obscure shows.

Dealer B: Prices are slightly lower for the same show. The listings are on two poorly copied sheets, with no obvious organization and filled with typos and suspect dates. The dealer guarantees their sound, and the selection is greater than Dealer A... but that's about it.

If the buying collector has ordered from either dealer before, that experience may make the final decision. Dealer A will get the order if the past orders were received with no delay or other problems.

It's common sense.

If you are on the dealer end, you need to fashion your equipment and workflow so that you can process a request with the LEAST hassle to you.

To be continued in our next issue:  
*THE PASSION HAS TO BE THERE*

## The **3rd** Revised Ultimate History of Network Radio Programming and Guide to All Circulating Shows

written by Jay Hickerson, October, 2005 Editor of Hello Again

# 540-page reference book listing over 6000 network, regional, local and syndicated radio programs. (Soft cover and spiral bound). This information was first presented in this combined format in 1992 with separate publications issued in 1986.

# Traces each program by giving broadcast dates, sponsors, network and air time. Often a brief description with one or two cast members is given. The main purpose, however, is to trace each program by showing when it was on the air.

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# Lists ALL shows available to collectors. Exact dates and sources are mentioned in most cases.

Includes All Information  
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# THE PRIVATE LIFE OF FIBBER MCGEE and MOLLY

Close-up, 1942! . . . Some heartening things you may not know about the rise of radio's Mr. and Mrs. No. 1

BY FRED ALLHOFF

READING TIME • 12 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

The script goes like this:

GALE: Where's the snow shovel?

FIBBER: Right in here.

MOLLY: Where, McGee?

FIBBER: Right here in the hall closet—  
(Door open. Terrific avalanche of junk. Bell tinkle. Pause.)

FIBBER: Gotta straighten out that closet one of these days!

★ FORTY million radio listeners—which is a lot of people—are still waiting for Fibber McGee to clean out that closet. Each Tuesday night at 9.30 Eastern War Time they set their dials to NBC's Red Network stations and chuckle over the adventures of radio's most beloved—and believable—couple, Fibber McGee and Molly.

The Fibber McGees—Jim and Marion Jordan of Peoria, Illinois, in real life—were a complete failure some years ago. It wasn't their fault. They were a vaudeville team. Vaudeville failed. They failed with it. They should have known enough to quit then. They didn't. Probably for two reasons: they were both Irish; no one thought to tell them they 'were through.

Today (they will celebrate their seventh anniversary on the networks for the same sponsor—the Johnson Wax people—about the time you read this) Fibber

McGee and Molly top every radio show on the air with a Crossley rating of 42.8. If you like mathematics, each point on a Crossley rating equals between 800,000 and 1,000,000 listeners and you can work it out from there.

Jim and Marion Jordan are something of an anomaly in the entertainment field. To begin with, they are, themselves, honest, simple, unpretentious people—much like the small-town home-loving characters on their radio program. If you were born to extreme wealth or extreme poverty and never got away from either, you may not know them. Under any other circumstances, you do—and probably have a hall closet of your own that could do with a bit of straightening out.

Life began at forty for the people at 79 Wistful Vista. And Jim and Marion Jordan still haven't quite caught their breath over the fact that they are the most solid smash in radio.

They are touchingly, sincerely grateful for a success that is well deserved. Their climb to the peak was one of the longest, toughest in the history of show business. Neither of them en route was ever heard to make a contemptuous remark about fellow entertainers in the most competitive business in the world.

Fibber McGee and Molly—one of the funniest programs on the air—is distilled



Molly and "Dearie." Married pals since 1918. Together in radio since 1931

from two decades of heartbreak.

To understand the success of the program it is necessary to look backward into the private lives of Jim and Marion Jordan, and to pull from the background two men whose talents and faith and unceasing work have helped build that success upon the bedrock of popularity. It is the story of four friends.

In 1918, as today, a war was raging. To two kids who had met while singing in a Peoria choir and had fallen in love, it posed the same problem. Should they get married?

Jim and Marion Jordan did. The date—August 21, 1918. Jim was twenty-one; Marion, seven months younger. Five days after they were married Jim sailed for Europe on a troopship. They had talked it out before they got married. Marion was certain she could support herself while Jim was gone by giving piano lessons. She did. Upon his return Jim took the first job Peoria had to offer—that of a mechanic in

a machine shop. Then he sold washing machines. Then insurance. Then he paraded his five feet six up and down Peoria streets delivering mail. And then Marion—who rides kindly wifely herd on Fibber "Dearie" McGee on the radio—noticed something. Jim was not happy, not content. He had not found the job he wanted to do in life.

She noticed something else. Jim was happiest on those evenings when he and Marion and another couple of their acquaintance staged little home concerts. They all sang and played various musical instruments, and that started her thinking. So they sat down and talked that out, too. Marion's father was a miner. Jim's father was a farmer. That's how much theatrical background they inherited. But they had had a few singing and piano lessons, enough money squirreled away to buy costumes, and the Irish pluck to have a go at anything.

They formed their own "concert com-

pany." They set out to make a success of vaudeville trouping when vaudeville was dying and seasoned entertainers were huddling in bread lines.

The next few years were a sickening succession of tank towns, of split weeks, of one-night stands, of drafty dressing rooms and dirty alleys and cheap hotels and chair cars and bad food—when there was food.

They took it—and refused to return to Peoria. They even managed to save a little money. Which was lucky, since vaudeville was about to have its stilts kicked out from under it and Marion had decided she'd had enough. Not for herself. She'd have gone on. But she wasn't going to take two children on a tour of tank towns. Children needed a place to take root. They were washed up and Jim might go back to Peoria and carry mail, but they went to Chicago instead. And radio!

They walked around looking for a radio station and found one and went in and located the manager. He also announced, sold time on the station, owned it, and swept it out nights. They told him they wanted to sing on the air. He said O. K. and scared them numb by putting them on the air immediately.

A few days later he had them a sponsor. They were on the radio. Which sounds like a quick success story, but has a catch to it. The catch is they were paid ten dollars a week.

Having survived the lean days of aged vaudeville, they now began the struggle to survive the even more lean days of infant radio. Seemingly endless, honestly tough days when Molly had to shake off fright, sing cheerful duets over the air with Jim, scrimp, manage a household, raise two children, and—in the darker moments—give Jim the strength of her fine loyalty.

We can skip about five of those years and jump to the Wall Street crash and to the two men whose faith and work play an unpublicized but tremendously important part in the present-day success of Fibber McGee and Molly.

First, in the order of their appearance, was Don Quinn, 200 pounds of affable and generous commercial artist. He was brilliant and a good artist—but the Wall Street crash tossed commercial art for a loss. He turned to cartoons. He drew the cartoons, supplied his own gags. The editors rejected his cartoons but bought his gags. He began to hang around Chicago radio stations.

In one of them one day he saw a gray-eyed, serious little man. He asked a friend:

"Who's that sourpuss?"

"Jim Jordan. He's a comedian."

Quinn didn't believe it—until one day Jim Jordan heard through a mutual friend that Quinn wrote gags, asked Quinn to write some for his —Jordan's—program. He's been doing it ever since—exclusively, except for a brief assignment with Olsen and Johnson—and today it pays him well into four figures a week. In those days he and Jim and Marion split three ways. A three-way split of virtually nothing.

The Jordan-Quinn combination landed Jim and Marion their first daytime serial over a network in a program called Smack-Out. In it, Jim played the role of a country general-store proprietor who was "smack out" of everything except an endless supply of tall stories.

Which takes us back..once more to the Wall Street crash. In Chicago, on the very day that Wall Street folded, three men opened an advertising agency. One of these optimistic three was John Jeffry

Louis, who had returned from wartime France, where he had been badly wounded while an aviator, to sell advertising.

The firm prospered and Louis entered the comparatively new field of radio advertising. He launched a radio show for S. C. Johnson & Son as early as 1932. In early 1935 he decided that that company needed another show to plug its auto polish. He wanted a comedy show. The Burlington Liars' Club of Burlington, Wisconsin, had just awarded some one the palm for a tall story. Louis decided he wanted a "tall story" program. He toured the country, auditioning, without finding what he wanted.

Driving to the office in Chicago one morning, he turned on his car radio -and got Smack-Out.

He called the script writer-Don Quinn- to his office, told him what he wanted. Don Quinn batted out a script (for which he got seventy-five dollars). In it Jim Jordan became "Fibber"-a tall-story teller; Marion was Molly McGee, a nagging wife with a sharp deflating tongue. They were both strictly on the "rube" side.

The program was launched-for prestige value-from New York. The date-April 16, 1935. The radio critics gave it an unmerciful kicking around. At the end of thirteen weeks the reviews were almost as lukewarm, the audience reaction mild. It was a time for tent-folding.

John Louis was stubborn. He had faith in Fibber McGee and Molly-and Don Quinn. They'd catch on. They'd click. A sponsor who may be tossing as much as \$20,000 every week into a radio program has some pretty stern counter-arguments for such predictions. Somehow John Louis overcame them.

At the end of twenty-six weeks he was

still arguing that these people he'd lifted from obscurity would make the grade.

At the end of thirty-nine weeks he was as obstinate as ever, and he had a problem cut out for him. For the program was not creating a sensation.

The explanation was simple. Jim and Marion and Don Quinn simply had not yet hit their stride, had not yet got enough "feel" to turn out a bang-up program. They hung on, doing their best. The Burlington Liars' Club crowned Jim the champ liar and people read of it and tuned in out of curiosity and formed the Fibber McGee-and-Molly habit.

Don Quinn eased off on the "rube" characterization and made Fibber a mild and likable blowhard, an incurable tinkerer; converted Molly into a less shrewish, more witty and lovable wife. Molly and Fibber began to be more like you and me. Average understandable people who also take clocks apart and fail to get them together again, who have double-chime doorbells, who know the noises of vacuum cleaners and washing machines.

Into the script-and the McGee living room-popped such amusing characters as Teeny, the little "I betcha" girl, played by Molly; Old-Timer, the "that ain't the way I heard it" codger, Nick Depopolus, mangle of the English language still to be found in the small-town candy-and-soda store, and Wallace Wimple, the aggrieved gent with the Amazonian wife-all played by Bill Thompson, the man with the double-jointed voice. Mrs. Abigail Uppington, the small-town busybody with whom Fibber trades verbal punches, is likewise a familiar caricature on the American horizon. And today Don Quinn's scripts have well rounded stories, deft human touches, rapier and pile-driver humor, and tight

whiplash endings.

Faith and hard work did the trick. Fibber McGee and Molly caught on with dizzying speed and success tumbled down upon Jim and Marion Jordan like an avalanche from Fibber's untended hall closet.

And success, when it hits you in a golden flood in your forties, when it cascades down like water from a broken dam after years of struggling and scrimping and saving and praying, can be even more disconcerting than failure.

It hit Marion that way. She'd fought gamely through the nightmare of tank towns and cold dressing rooms and split weeks and having a place for every penny they earned. But suddenly having more money than she could spend, becoming wealthy and important and famous almost overnight was too much. She fainted one night at the end of a broadcast. For nearly two seasons Don and Jim and the old friends of their Chicago days who were in the cast: Bill Thompson and Isabel Randolph (Uppy) and Harlow Wilcox (the announcer) and Billy Mills (the orchestra conductor) and Hal Peary (the Great Gildersleeve) kept the show climbing. Today Jim and Marion live in Encino, California, in the San Fernando Valley, not far from Hollywood, where Jim Jordan is actually -and seriously-president of the Chamber of Commerce. Their eight-room bungalow, by a Hollywood yardstick, is unpretentious, though it cost fifty or sixty thousand complete with swimming pool.

Nor is the swimming pool a pretention. It happens that Jim Jordan, Jr.-who is seventeen-is an excellent and enthusiastic swimmer. Kay, their twenty-one-year-old daughter, recently auditioned under another name and won herself a part on a radio serial.

On ranches around them live the

friends of their bread-and-sometimesbutter days of Chicago: Don Quinn; members of the cast; Don Ameche, who lived near them in Chicago. Their old friends are their closest.

Jim and Marion do not like the story that is really one of their finest tributes. It is this: When they first hit the big money they were living in a house in Chicago which they rented for seventy dollars a month. They bought the vacant lot next door and built a virtual duplicate of that house. They could not visualize the need for more. Whether they care for that story or not, it is true-a refreshing story in a theater of glitter and sham.

Jim, for all his years of singing, has never formally unleashed his baritone on the Fibber McGee and Molly program. The script doesn't call for it.

Several years ago he did sing a formal song, though. And-because he has kindness and quick deep sympathies stirring within him-he nearly broke down as he sang. Don Quinn and his wife were driving out to the Coast to occupy a new house they had built not far from Jim and Marion's. Quinn's car overturned. His wife was killed. Jim Jordan, in Chicago at the time of the tragedy, hurried out to the Coast, where funeral services were being held, to be with Don-and to sing, at Don's wife's funeral, her favorite song.

This, then, is the stuff of which Fibber McGee and Molly, who make you laugh on Tuesday nights, are made; the deep, rich, earthy stuff of which America is made. They're at the top now-Jim, Marion, and Don Quinn. And they'll be there a long time, for they've built on a bedrock that the average guy understands.

**Liberty** April 18, 1942

## Old Time Radio Series Reviews

by Bill Kiddle

**MICHAEL SHAYNE** (New Adventures of) Radio, during the 1930's-1940's, abounded with crime dramas and the exploits of private detectives. **THE ADVENTURES OF MICHAEL SHAYNE** heard in various formats for over a decade, from 10/16/44 to 7/10/53, did not differ greatly from others in the genre. "Michael Shayne" was a "reckless, red-headed Irishman at his old haunts in New Orleans." During the 1948-1950 era, Hollywood film star Jeff Chandler was cast in the title role, and the show was heard over either ABC or Mutual. Radio Memories has several fine episodes for your listening pleasure.

### MIDNIGHT

In recent decades, National Public Radio (NPR) has done much to keep alive the traditions of fine radio drama. For two short months in the summer of 1982, between July 13 and -September 9, **MIDNIGHT** was a serious effort made by Roger Ritner Productions to create some new gothic thrillers of the type originally made popular by men like Arch Oboler in **LIGHTS OUT**, one of the classics in radio horror programs.

### MIKE MALLOY, PRIVATE EYE

Steve Brodie, Well-known Hollywood film actor, moved from the film lot to ABC's sound stage in the summer of 1953 when he was cast in the title role of **MIKE MALLOY**. Unfortunately, the "luck of the Irish" did not attach itself to the program. The show, heard on Thursday evening at 9:00, lasted only two months, from July 16 to September 24, 1953. The program format was resurrected by CBS during the "latter days of radio drama" in a bit more suc-

cessful run from 4/03/56 to 3/18/57 when the show aired Monday nights at 7pm.

### MISCHA, THE MAGNIFICANT

Memories based upon one's past exploits or greatest fantasies was the comedy framework for **MISCHA, THE MAGNIFICENT**, an interesting summer replacement heard on Sunday evenings over CBS from July 5 to September 9, 1942. Veteran film and radio personality Mischa Auer was cast as himself - a Russian born actor - a man writing his memoirs of his youth. Each episode opened with the theme "The Volga Boatman" and Mischa explored dreams of his past as a lover, an opera singer. All this took him far beyond the type cast "mad Russian" image he portrayed in many comedy guest appearances.

### MISS PINKERTON INC.

In the days before equal rights legislation, few actresses made it onto the airwaves in crime dramas that focused on the exploits of female detectives. Hollywood film star Joan Blondell was cast in the role of a young woman who attempts to be a sleuth after she inherits a detective agency from her late uncle. This 30 minute program, heard over NBC in the summer of 1941 had an excellent supporting cast of Dick Powell, Gale Gordon & Hanley Stafford.

### MOLLE MYSTERY THEATER

The makers of Molle Shaving Cream and other products for men sponsored an excellent radio mystery program. The series was originally heard over NBC on different nights, and at different times between 9/07/43 and 6/25/48. The program featured the best in mystery and detective fiction from old masters down to modern writers. The stories were selected and introduced to the listening audience by a host known as "Geoffrey Barnes"(Bernard Lenrow),

a "connoisseur of mysteries." Radio Memories is pleased to offer a dozen of these fine dramas from the anthology.

#### **MOON MULLINS**

For over six decades, the cartoons of Ferd Johnson appeared in America's daily newspapers. On 1/31/47 MOON MULLINS, one of Johnson's most beloved characters, tried unsuccessfully, for the second time, to make the leap from the artist's pad to a character heard on radio in a 15-minute comedy-drama audition. A previous attempt, back on 3/25/40, also met with failure. The unusual character of "Moon", his little brother "Kayo" who lived in "Lord and Lady Plushbottom's" rooming house, did not translate successfully to a radio comedy series.

#### **MOON OVER AFRICA**

For over four centuries, Euro-Americans have sought to "uncover the mysteries" of the African and Asian continents. This quest had very marked racist overtones. MOON OVER AFRICA, (also known as "Talking Drums") was a 26-part quarter hour syndicated serial heard between 3/16/35 and 9/07/35. This program, which would never win any awards for "political correctness, is a product of it's era, and Radio Memories has the complete run of 26 episodes.

#### **MOVIETOWN RADIO THEATER**

"An anthology of dramatic presentations" best describes MOVIE TOWN THEATER, a short-lived syndicated radio drama aired between 1951-1952. Like summer stock productions, this series was able to offer radio audiences an opportunity to hear some of Hollywood's best talent in leading roles. Sometimes the careers of these film personalities were going up or down the ladder of success, others joined the "one night stand" for a refreshing change of profes-

sional pace by trying their hand at a new dramatic script.

#### **MR. ALADDIN**

Paul Frees, well-known, and highly talented radio star, was cast in the title role of MR. ALADDIN, a young man hired to solve crime based upon his abilities to perform miracles. This interesting, yet short-lived program, was a summer replacement for BROADWAY IS MY BEAT, between July 7 and September 8, 1951.

The program was heard over CBS on Saturdays at 9:30.

#### **MR AND MRS BLANDINGS**

Eric Hodgins' best selling novel "Mr Blanding Builds A Dream House" became a very slick, three star, Hollywood comedy about a city couple attempting to build a new house in the country, starring Cary Grant, Myra Loy, Melvyn Douglas and Reginald Denny. On January 21, 1951 Cary Grant and his wife Betsy Drake stepped before an NBC mike on Sunday night to recreate for radio what should have been an excellent situation comedy. However; the radio script writers turned out situations that were so far-fetched and far from comical and the show was blasted from all sides by media critics. The result was backstage chaos. The show, sponsored by Transworld Airlines, folded less than six months later on June 17, 1951.

#### **MR AND MRS NORTH**

Frances and Richard Lockridge created the characters of "Pam and Jerry North" for their novels and short stories. The "Norths" came to radio as MR AND MRS. NORTH, a "average New New York couple" who meet murder and mayhem on a regular basis. This light-hearted mystery melodrama soon became one of radio's most successful husband and wife crime fighting series in radio history. Although

"Pam" and "Jerry" appeared to be very normal people their acquaintances bordered on the bizarre and an audience of 20 million listeners loved them. The program, first heard over NBC and later CBS, lasted for 13 years, between 12/30/42 and 4/18/55. Ted Davenport over at Radio Memories has an excellent collection of MR & MRS NORTH episodes in his catalog.

#### **SECRET AGENT K-7 RETURNS**

Counter-terrorist operations by the leading democracies are common place in the opening days of the 21st century. Back in 1939, on eve of World War 2, there was a great public interest in America's ability to defend its shores from various forms of attack. Into this spotlight came an interesting quarter-hour syndicated, transcribed drama ,SECRET AGENT K-7 RETURNS, an anthology of spy stories in which America's interests were protected by government agencies. A total of 76 episodes, sponsored by Daiylea Products were broadcast. Radio Memories has several of these dramas in it's collection.

#### **SECRET CITY**

For eleven months, between 11/03/41 and 9/25/42, Bill Idelson was featured as "Ben Clark" a private detective in an interesting quarter-hour crime drama, heard during the "children's hour"- (between 5:00-6:00) each weekday over Blue network. Some critics believe that the program may have originated in Chicago. One episode, from 12/08/41, has the interesting historical note, the inclusion of Pearl Harbor news clip #64 of 1 minute 43 seconds that discussed the possibility that the attack on the US was planned by Nazi Germany in reprisal for our Lend Lease program.

#### **SECRET MISSION**

During the early days of the Cold War, The Armed Forces Radio and Television Service

(AFRTS) broadcast an interesting dramatic series titled, SECRET MISSION, true stories about people and their attempts to escape to the West from behind The Iron Curtain of Communist controlled Eastern Europe. Edward Arnold was the distinguished host and Hy Averbach the featured player in this half-hour anthology.

#### **SCOOP RYAN, CUB REPORTER**

Many great inventors would confess that ingenuity was only a small ingredient in the formula for success. Station WJR (Detroit), The Detroit Junior League and the Wayne University Broadcast Guild all had a great idea when they combined their talents to produce an interesting children's serial titled SCOOP RYAN, CUB REPORTER. The one surviving episode, aired on 10/25/48, had young "Scoop" report on the story of Paul Revere and his famous midnight ride. Unfortunately, the "idea" did not blossom into a successful program.

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## JERGEN'S JOURNAL, Walter Winchell

- 17728 08/12/45, 02/10/46  
11/10/46, 12/21/46
- 17729 11/09/47, 09/05/45  
01/11/48, 07/15/45
- 17730 01/11/48, 02/19/48  
12/05/48, 12/26/48

## FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

- 10632 01/31/39 #190 Major McGee  
02/07/39 #191 Window Shade  
Problems
- 01329 02/07/39 # 191 Faulty Window  
Shade  
02/14/39 # 192 Out Of Coal  
(Snowed In)
- 01330 02/21/39 # 193 McGee After  
Dinner Speech  
02/28/39 # 194 Mouse In  
The House
- 01331 03/07/39 # 195 The Sandwich  
Parlor  
03/14/39 # 196 Losing  
Uppington's Diamond
- 01332 03/21/39 # 197 Fibber Going Bald  
03/28/39 # 198 Inherits Yacht
- 01333 04/04/39 # 199 Antique Furniture  
04/11/39 # 200 McGee The  
Mailman
- 01334 04/18/39 # 201 Molly Wants A  
Budget  
04/25/39 # 202 McGee Gets  
Glasses
- 01335 05/16/39 # 205 Zither Lessons  
05/23/39 # 206 Stork-Parrott  
Mix-Up
- 01336 05/30/39 # 207 Escaped Convicts  
06/06/39 # 208 McGee The  
Wrestler

- 01337 06/13/39 # 209 Newspaper Advice  
Column  
06/20/39 # 210 Fibber's Toothache
- 01338 09/05/39 # 212 McGee's Fish Fry  
09/12/39 # 213 Elopement On 15th  
Wedding Anniversary
- 01339 09/19/39 # 214 Newspaper  
Columnist  
09/26/39 # 215 Fibber Too Ill
- 01340 10/03/39 # 216 Killer Canova's  
Autograph  
10/10/39 # 217 Rummage Sale
- 01341 10/17/39 # 218 Best Kept Lawn  
10/24/39 # 219 Gildy's Halloween  
Party

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Carl Eastman  
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Alice Frost
- 09733 Woman In Red Dress w/Joseph  
Curtin & Alice Frost  
Charlie Wyatt Murdered w/Joseph  
Curtin & Alice Frost
- 09734 Fool's Gold w/Joseph Curtin &  
Alice Frost  
The Milkman Caper w/Joseph  
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- 09735 Pretty Hands Couldn't Do It  
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Coast Of China
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Mankind  
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- A Horse
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- 19916 12/11/49 #14 Street Scene
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- 19919 05/06/51 #74 Candida
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