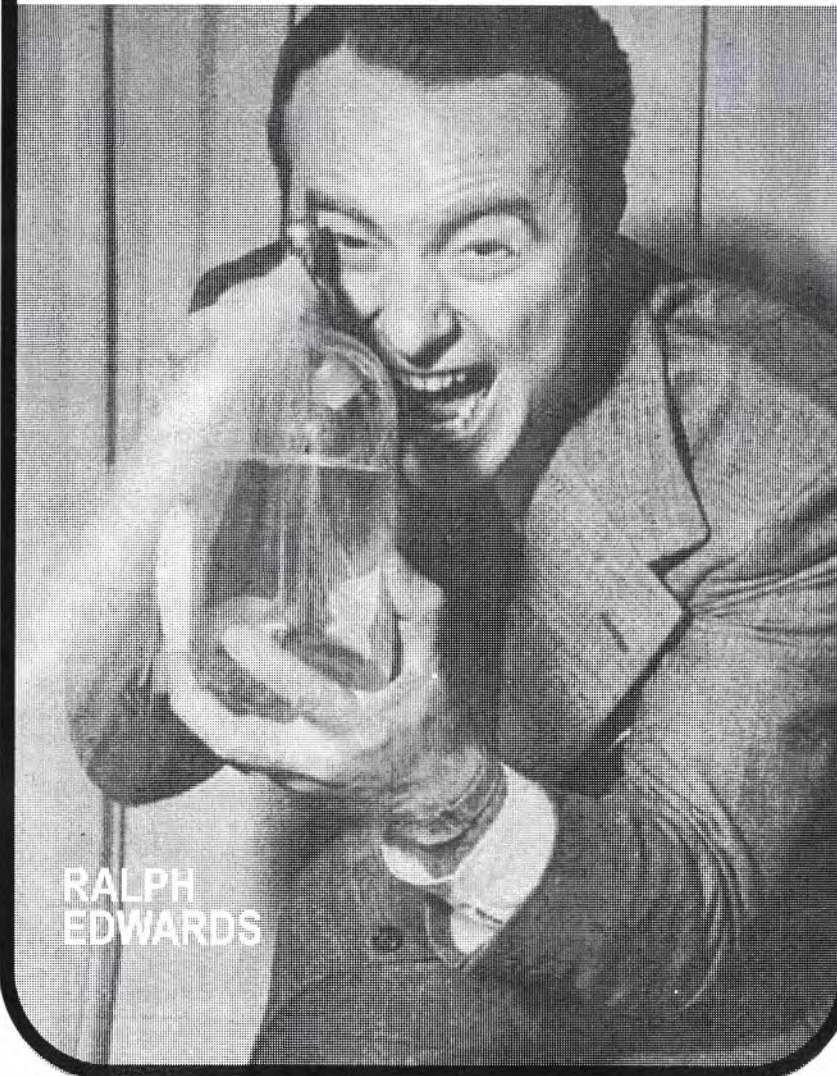


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No. 122

Summer 2008 \$3.75



RALPH
EDWARDS

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No. 122

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Amos 'n' Andy - Here they are

Part 1 of a series from *Radio Guide 1935* by Harry Steele

MANY a salesman whose inspired sales talk has failed to move Freeman Gosden (Amos) and Charles Correll (Andy) can solace himself with this knowledge: His canvass has provided the boys an episode in their famous series on the air. Correll recalls that on many occasions he hardly could await for the departure of a hopeful salesman so that he might sit down while the talk still was fresh in his mind and weave it into one of their scripts.

That's how most of the incidents in the lives of these two lovable radio characters are born—from the everyday contacts of the two men who originate the scripts and enact them. The people they meet, the experiences they observe, the conversations they overhear—all are grist for the Amos and Andy script mill.

A day at their office with Correll and Gosden reveals how completely possible this can be. Only men who have attained the pinnacle reached by this team could be selected as the targets for so many weird and impractical selling projects. Success has marked them as every sales manager's objective, so it is not surprising that the selling campaigns supply much material for comedy.

A recent instance was the effort of one enterprising promoter to sell Gosden a plot of ground in Mexico, upon which there was purported to be a tree of such proportions that it would dwarf California's Titanic redwoods. The purpose of the sale was to provide Gosden with all of the timber which he would require for the remainder of his life.

He might, the salesman argued, build himself a beautiful home and still have

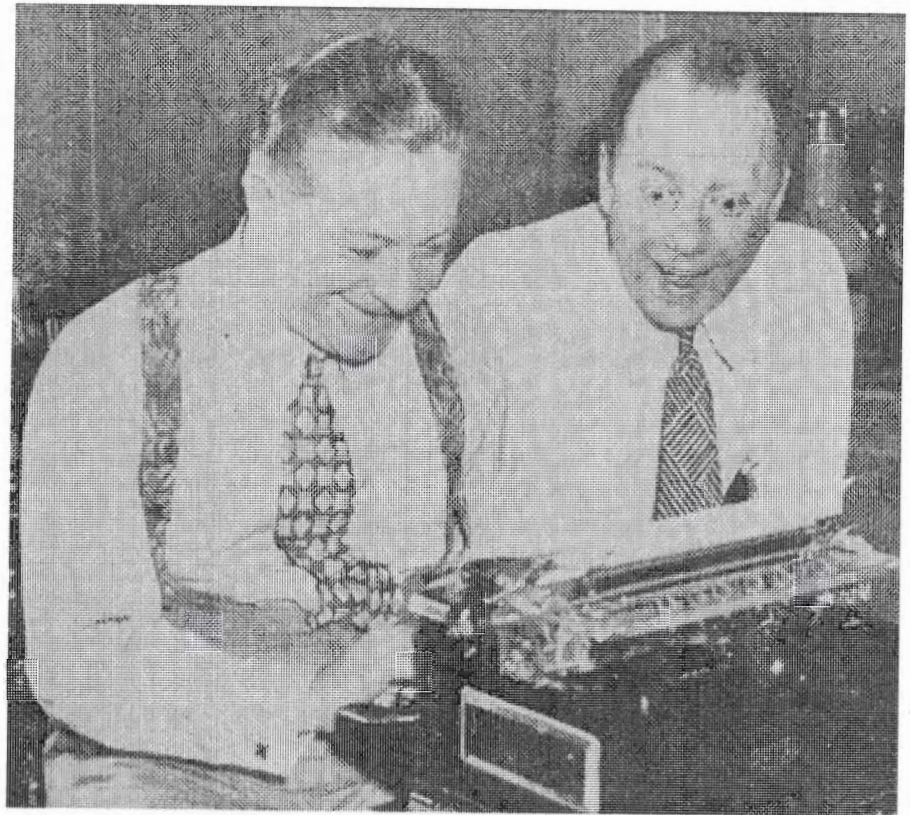
enough wood left to provide out-buildings and all the firewood that could be used during the normal span of one life. And all the wood that Gosden wants is enough to knock on when he reflects upon the rewards which life has brought him!

But those who follow the boys' adventures may recall a show written about that very unusual proffer. Insurance salesmen are the most prolific with leads. The very words annuities, benefactors and other terms prominent in risk prospectuses, are right down the alley of a couple of characters whose stock in trade is garble phrases.

What manner men are these two amazing comedians who have enthralled a continent for more than half a decade? They are most human—just the counter parts of the pals with whom you play bridge or bowl, play golf or swap lunch-table anecdotes. In brief, just run-of-the-mill husbands and fathers who happen to have been a bit more successful than average.

Gosden, well dressed, tall and blonde, was born in Richmond, Virginia, on May 5, 1899. Before he was lured by the professional entertainment field he dabbled in home theatricals. But his more serious business was salesmanship, a career that followed his education at an Atlanta, Georgia, college. He is married and has two children, Freeman, Junior, six years old, and Virginia Marie, who is four.

Correll, who was born February 3, 1890, in Peoria, Illinois, is also a meticulous dresser. Like his genial partner, he took part in amateur theatricals before venturing on several commercial efforts, none of which suited him. For the nine years



before he went truly Thespian he was a bricklayer and counted one of the most skilled mortar-throwers in Peoria county.

He too is married, but the Corrells have no children. The famous Andy is five feet six inches tall and of stocky, athletic build. His dark hair is abundant and inclined to curl, while Gosden has a natural marcel that is the envy of feminine acquaintances.

The question asked most about Amos 'n' Andy is whether they will be able to continue thinking up situations in which to involve their many characters. Freeman Gosden has a ready answer to that:

"So long as there are human beings following their daily routines, we will have

material for our scripts. After all, we present a group of human beings in Amos and Andy and our other characters—so the characters will continue to do just what human beings do."

Newspaper stories offer another fertile source of ideas. A few moments spent with either of these two artists will reveal their avid curiosity about the world's affairs, and their quest of the daily papers to satisfy it. A recent lawsuit in Chicago, for instance, in which a disappointed swain sued a woman for \$100,000 for breach of promise, is sure to come up thinly disguised in some future episode. The light that kindled in Gosden's eyes when he read the letters

of *Lillis* to his *Darling Salami* was a symbol of the thoughts already churned in his mind.

Most of these true-life incidents evolve in comedy form, but an occasional occurrence leads to a more serious treatment of the subject. The boys, themselves happily married, were shocked to read an expert's statistics which revealed that a great number of divorces are caused by women's fallacious faith in fortune tellers.

It was only a few days later that their script contained a well-worded diatribe against these charlatans who impose upon feminine gullibility. Because of the nature of his character in the series, it is to Amos that the serious lines fall. The pompous Andy, with his weakness for involving himself in outlandish verbiage, would make a most unconvincing mouthpiece for the occasional bits of philosophy injected into the dialogue. He is ever the buffoon, while the patient Amos, despite his humble lack of education, presents to listeners an unshakeable sincerity, a character almost noble.

Another favorite speculation among listeners involves the probability of the boys actually introducing a woman into the cast. Under their present plans they won't. Gosden at one time spoke a few lines in the voice of Madame Queen, and the possibility of really presenting a feminine actress was even closer than that. But it came to nothing. Why? Here—

Several months ago, while they were toying with the idea, Correll and Gosden interviewed twenty-five women of assorted ages and experience in Washington, hoping to discover a natural for some current and projected feminine roles.

The provisions were that the aspirants must be from Dixie, and none must have had professional experience. It was their

belief that a trained actress would have betrayed herself as such and thus spoil the naturalness which marks the series. The reason for the point of origin is obvious.

None of the contestants measured up. The greatest fault was a disposition to assume too broad a negro dialect. In ordinary conversation, the boys relate, several of the girls had just the proper Dixie inflection, but once they faced the microphone they simply put it on so thick that it was obviously false. So the entire idea was abandoned, and remains in status quo today. Perhaps a new trend of thought will revive it.

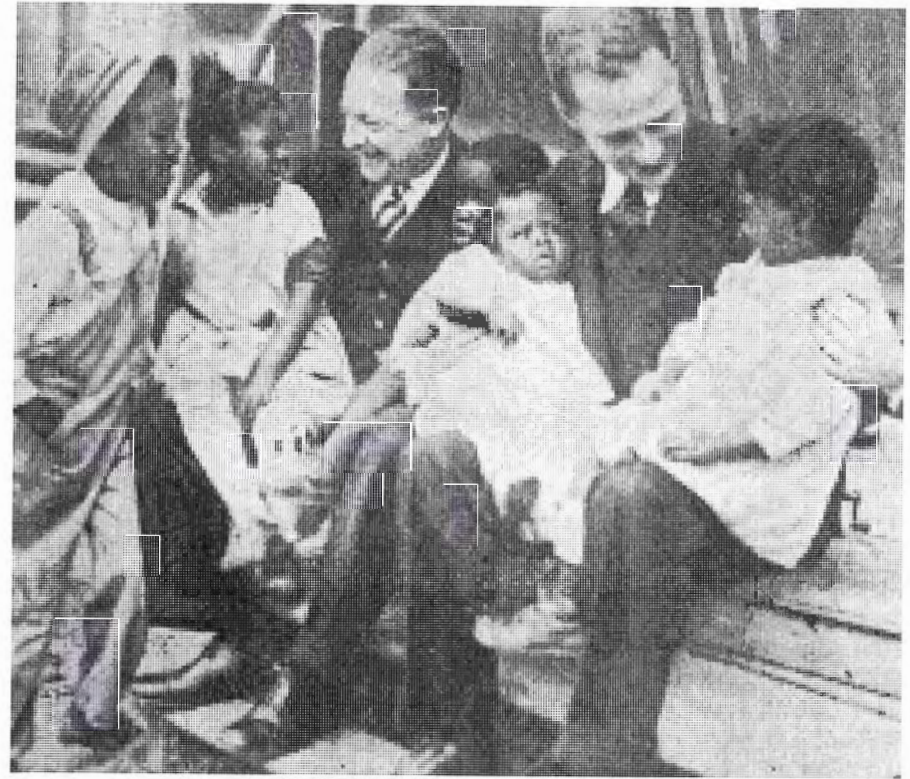
And those new trends of thought are fascinating, too. Neither Correll nor Gosden can point out at what spot they suddenly are urged to alter a basic idea.

Changes are made only when the boys are convinced that a situation is not pleasing to a majority of their listeners. And that conviction is almost clairvoyant. There is some sort of sixth sense by which they comprehend the mass attitude.

Of course mail is a good barometer—their best, in fact; and that business of fan letters is a most interesting one where Correll and Gosden are concerned. Both have a pronounced antipathy for the writer who submits an unsigned criticism. Every letter that comes to them is first inspected for a signature. If it has the stamp of authenticity it is read and carefully considered. If not, the missive is dropped in the waste basket as of insufficient merit to warrant even reading.

They seek honest criticism, and struggle to meet the demands of their widespread and huge public. But they scorn an anonymous comment as the contribution of either crank or coward.

Public conversations in cafes, elevators,



The illusion that Negroes object to Amos Andy is dispelled by this Birmingham scene which each of the boys took his pick of admirers

train platforms and smoking compartments also provide an indication of public thought. The boys are so accustomed to hearing themselves, or at least their scripts, discussed in their unrevealed presence that they can listen without in any way disclosing their identity.

Many a continuity in the series has been abandoned because a group of persons has condemned it unwittingly in the presence of its creators. Correll sums this up briefly when he says:

"The most welcome words we can hear in a group of strangers is 'Did you catch Amos 'n' Andy last night?' Boy, we hang on

the answers! If there is a hesitant comment about the merit of the continuity we happen to be doing—if someone falters and says, 'Yell—but I sort of wish they would get through with this mess they're in now—then our optimism takes a wallop.

Someone has got to say in a hurry, 'I'll tell the world I heard 'em. This thing they're doing now is red hot. I wouldn't miss one episode if I had to stay home every night for a month. That's sumpin'—and we go right along until we've run the string out.'

It is a fact noteworthy in radio that at any time the boys wish to alter a setting they have no script writer with whom to

argue. Their sponsor attempts no dictation of their characters or their doings—and because of this freedom from interference there is a clear continuity in their work.

Every Amos 'n' Andy script is evolved and transcribed the day it is presented. The boys never have used a line from a script writer and, contrary to general misinformation, no secretary types the day's manuscript. Correll is his own typist and takes particular pride in his speed and accuracy on the typewriter.

There is never a mail delivery, but contains what doubtless are excellent suggestions for new characters and settings, but anything that smacks of ideas is separated and kept from the desks of Amos 'n' Andy.

To adopt some other writer's idea would be to obligate themselves financially in sums that could be staggering. But it is not unreasonable to believe that a sequence developed by an outsider might easily present itself to these author-actors some day—and if it ever did and it could be proved that it previously had been suggested by a 'contributor, the procedure would be an obvious one—and costly.

So doubtless many a splendid thought has had to go unnoted simply because Miss Louise Summa, who acts as capable and kindly buffer between the boys and the world about them, has orders not to permit those countless letters to get beyond her outside office.

The only idea ever adopted in the scripts from the suggestion of an outsider was the series of episodes during which Amos 'n' Andy operated the Okay Hotel. The listener who submitted the thought preceded his offering with the statement that if Correll and Gosden chose to do so, they could use the idea without obligation, to the writer. The surrender of rights was so com-

plete that Miss Summa chose it as one suggestion which her employers could consider without putting themselves in the way of legal action.

She liked the idea and knew that they would, too. Her judgment, as is usual when she resorts to it, was completely substantiated. The hotel series was long-lived and highly pleasing to the listeners.

It would be difficult to dilate at any length on these famous radio characters without mentioning the fine bond which exists between the capable Louise and the air's best-known performers. Back before the days when either of the boys ever dreamed of the opulence in store for them, the three had toiled together in the theatrical producing business.

Louise had displayed a splendid sense of commercial tact and judgment which, plus her long-standing acquaintance with Correll and Gosden made her selection almost automatic when it came time to acquire an office manager.

She is a gracious hostess, besides. She can turn visitors away with a courtesy which makes them feel that they have been showered with amenities, and she can tell from a distance of 100 yards whether the approaching caller is to be admitted to the boys' sanctum.

Quite a mystery, that plan of hers to appraise callers. The boys have an office in one of Chicago's great skyscrapers. Even if an aspiring visitor learns of its location, that is no guarantee of admission. The reception room faces a long corridor which reaches to the elevators. It is shut off from the hall by a solid oak door of genuine Jacobean antiquity.

If you are an approved or regular caller, the mechanism which releases the, lock to that dor will begin to click when you

are within fifty feet of it. But if the visitor is an unknown, it becomes necessary to ring a bell and await an answer through a speaking device.

Just what arrangement has been made to permit Miss Summa to peer through that thickness of lumber, never has been revealed; but some ingenious periscopic-arrangement makes it possible. Crashing the gates at the Correll and Gosden offices would be an adventure for "One-Eyed" Connelly himself.

Many share the unwarranted opinion that Freeman and Charlie are high-hat. As a matter of fact two more democratic persons never lived; but because of the ridiculous public clamor for a sight or sound of any successful radio artist, they are compelled to hide themselves behind a screen of semiprivacy.

A John D. Rockefeller, in his position as head of a nation's financiers; Mary Pickford, as the darling of the screen, and all of the other notable persons who lead in their particular fields—could not allow themselves to be pushed around by curious sightseers who have no objective save the proximity of someone in the public eye. After a public reception of the President of the United States, one which he cannot avoid, his hand has been known to be paralyzed from handshaking.

Correll and Gosden cannot afford to take on all well-wishers. Their very training as theatrical troupers made of them the best of mixers, and had they remained in that field the fallacy that they are aloof never could have been spread. Success has made them reticent about public contacts because of the ill breeding of many who would "just love to meet them." Their retreat is a safety measure, a precaution for physical and mental peace.

The slightest acquaintance with them dispels any question of their friendliness. They are essence of cordiality, enthusiastic

about their labors and, vitally interested in what every listener thinks of their performances. This does not smack of vanity. Were they just starting, their interest might be credited to a desire to make good and win the rich financial rewards of radio success. Rather, it is born of a desire to maintain a high standard.

They are past worry. If radio became obsolete within a month, they would have no concern about financial security. Once rather carefree playboys, they long since have settled down to complete domesticity. They have invested their huge earnings wisely—and regardless of further income they always will be able to go to the door for the morning paper without having to carry a wolf gun.

So, their very keenness about their scripts and their performances evinces a sincerity which makes rather a weak cue for the high-hat charge. Other proof of their catholic inclinations is the number of unsung charitable activities in which they participate

Another outcropping of this long and close contact between two men has been the question of their personal attitudes toward one another. Is it true that they only speak to each other while at work, that outside of their office and the studio they hold a bitter hatred for one another? Is it a fact that their families have absolutely no contacts with one another and that Mrs. Gosden and Mrs. Correll do not speak?

Find the answer to this and other pertinent questions which you have asked your-self, and which the world at large is eager to know about these radio idols, in next week's issue of the Digest. Further intimate revelations of their business and private lives will be included in the lorthcoming instalment.

Coming Major!

by Ezra Stone & Weldon Melick

Chapter Three

On the afternoon of my third day, after I had been inoculated against everything except Nazis and bps, a runner ordered me to report to the orderly room.

"Oh, oh! Here it comes," I thought. "I'm getting extra KP for turning Infantry drill into infantile drill."

From the start drill had been duck soup for me.

I hardly had to think of what I was doing. Movements which were awkward for the other boys were almost second nature to me since I'd had so much formation drilling as mascot and manager of a juvenile gym team at Oak Lane Country Day School.

Uncle Tut, the coach, used to say I was the most dependable one in the class. While the other kids were getting their signals mixed and conking each other with Indian clubs to the tune of "Glow, Little Glowworm, Glim-mer, Glim-mer," I never made a mistake. I could twirl a wand so that it looked like an optical illusion. And when we extended to the right, after being at close interval, and automatically went into the next position, Uncle Tut used my stance as the model to show the other kids what he wanted. I used to pose obligingly, leaning forward in a stiff 45-degree angle, like the radiator cap figure of the first streamlined cars, holding the wand high over my head.

I was thinking these thoughts during drill that morning when well-defined sounds of amusement penetrated my inner consciousness, and I had the awful sensations of a person who wakes up from a

dream and finds he isn't dreaming. The platoon had extended to the right from close interval, and I was automatically bent forward at a 45-degree angle as if I were trying to pull my hind foot out of a bear trap, holding my arms over my head. The Irish Sergeant was goggling in amazement at my virtuosity, and I realized with a pang of nostalgia that I was not at Oak Lane.

The Irish Sergeant curtseyed and inquired, "May I have the next dance?" Then he expressed an opinion of my drill technique which did not concur with Uncle Tut's.

Nobody else got anything right after that. The rest of the drill period was a shambles.

And so I felt reasonably certain, when I was called to the orderly room, that it was to be given a KP assignment in Company B mess for being a disturbing element.

As I entered, I saw Associate Sergeant Smith standing at attention facing me. The Captain, between us, was bawling the living daylights out of him. I was so delighted to run into Smith again—under such circumstances—that it didn't occur to me to wonder how he got caught in the machinery. I only wondered why it hadn't happened sooner. I was able to savor his predicament more fully after the Company Clerk explained that I was not there for disciplinary measures myself. I was instructed to report to the First Sergeant of Station Complement. This meant that I would not be transferred to another camp but was to be attached to the staff at Upton. Since they certainly didn't need me



in the Figures and Fiscal Department, it seemed highly probable that someone had thought I would be useful in connection with the Camp Upton Opry House Players.

This news, against the backdrop of Asinine Sergeant Smith's downfall, was a heady brew. Life was being lavish.

As I left the orderly room, the Captain was detailing a guard to take Smith, now demoted to plain Private Smith, to the kitchen for immediate KP duty. I dashed back to my barracks, grabbed my movie camera, and returned in time to make an imperishable record of his indignity. Keeping just a few steps ahead of the pair by walking backwards clear to the door of the mess hall, I was rewarded by what is undoubtedly one of the best documentary films in color ever taken of a soldier reporting for Kitchen Police.

Aggravating Sergeant Smith disclosed unsuspected histrionic ability, taking direction like a veteran. I had only to suggest, "Register chagrin, Smith—jut the jaw a little more to the left, please," and he responded with lusty dramatic variations which were a joy to behold.

"Now pretend you're Louie the Lug being taken to the Tombs," I suggested, "and I'm Paramount News. Just act as if you'd like to smash the camera, but it will be suicide if you do."

Smith raised his fists, glanced at the armed guard at his side, and then obliged with the most homicidal expression I've ever witnessed.

"I'm preserving a permanent record of life in the Army for my grandchildren," I vouchsafed. "I'll call this reel, 'The Soul of a Heel.' Wouldn't you like to send some personal greeting down through the years to the little kiddies of 1970?"

The print came out with a bluish tinge at this point—I wonder if the latest improvements in Kodachrome include sensitivity to language! But much of Smith's nose-thumbing and more apoplectic agitation are faithfully reproduced in a fine array of color gradations.

Thanking him in the name of my grandchildren, I reported to Station Complement aglow with the comforting thought that I would have to take no more orders from the Sergeant-By-Proxy, now stripped of his authority. That I would, in fact, be out of reach of his wrath by the time he was released from KP.

I'm assailed by some doubts, however, as to the wisdom of showing my prize strip of film to my grandchildren. The smart little tykes might be lip readers.

Chapter Four

The Opry House, which housed such dramatic entertainment as was provided at Camp Upton, had been a ten-car garage until five months before, when the Morale officer, Captain A. H. Rankin, had had it renovated into a theatre seating four hundred with standing room for two hundred more.

Carriage wheels preposterously grafted onto the outside of the building transformed its front into a facade; and an old-fashioned snow sleigh stranded at the entrance lent a bit of atmosphere—though the atmosphere it lent was more antique than theatrical. The interior decor became much more authentic and appropriate when Esquire artist Jaro Fabry was inducted and detained at Upton long enough to do a set of beaverboard murals of bosomy Floradora girls and seductive can-can dancers in delightfully sophisticated Gay Nineties style.

The Opry House was never used on Sunday, until Chaplain Barish made arrangements, without having seen the place, to hold his services there. No one had the heart to tell him he would have to set up his altar under a bevy of high-kicking, practically nude demoiselles, and he didn't find it out till he walked in to deliver his sermon.

Spiritual counsel—such as "You need not look far for the simple things which provide the greatest pleasure," and "Let us not lie down on the jobs we see ahead"—took on new and entirely Fabry-cated meanings that Sunday which were responsible for an epidemic of bitten lips and a few explosive disruptions.

I must say to the credit of the Chaplain that he gave no more outward recognition of our unbidden guests than if he had come in with a Seeing-Eye dog. But he never asked for the use of the Opry House again.

My own initial appearance there was not nearly so amusing. It was at one of the impromptu variety shows which the Morale staff put on about five times a week for new recruits. Lieutenant Hart, doubling as Officer of the Day and master-of-ceremonies, was calling men out of the audience. Alan Manson, who had been in Aldrich Family broadcasts with me and who was to be a riot as Jane Cowl in *This Is The Army*, had also just been inducted. The poor kid was noticeably disconcerted by the Lieutenant's facetious threat, "There's a shipment of yardbirds to Camp Croft in the morning—you'd better be good tonight." But he got by with a monologue he had used for summer hotel audiences.

Then Lieutenant Hart called on me to say a few words—but funny! Not having



any sure-fire routine myself, I try to ad-lib my way out, with apologies to Joe Miller, whenever I get in a spot like this. I told a story, and the egg it laid was promptly put in cold-storage by the audience. Determined to get at least one belly laugh, I tried story after story, and the patience of my listeners. Finally, when I would have settled for a faint snicker, an uproarious guffaw nearly blew the roof off.

Bewilderedly, I acknowledged the extravagant response. Then, out of the corner of my eye, I saw the cause of it. Standing at the side of the stage, in view of the audience, was Lieutenant Hart, fixing me with an agonized expression. He had taken his pistol out of its holster and was twirling it contemplatively on his forefinger.

After the show, Gary Merrill walked with me to my barracks and we sat on a rustic bench outside hashing over my miserable debut as a GI entertainer. Gary and I were

old friends. We had been in *Brother Rat* together after he took over the role created by Jose Ferrer. Later, in my capacity as George Abbott's production assistant, I cast him as Milton Berle's law partner in *See My Lawyer*, a farce I had directed for Abbott.

Because of his stage experience, Gary was stationed at Upton as a member of the Morale group, one of whose duties is to furnish entertainment for the transient population. But he wasn't too happy about his lot. He had gone to Ottawa to join the Royal Canadian Air Force before his number came up, and had been keenly disappointed over being turned down because his vision wasn't good enough.

Since my own assignment to the permanent party, I had been looking forward to having a part in the staging of camp entertainments. But Gary's picture of the prospects was discouraging. "You're in for

a four-alarm headache," he predicted. "Ez, you should have wangled yourself a spot slinging hash, driving a truck, pounding a typewriter, or some other respectable Army job, instead of disgracing your profession by getting mixed up in the amateurish atrocities they call soldier-theatricals."

"The theatrical movement isn't in popular favor at Upton, I take it?"

"Not with me it isn't—and you can take it. You can have all of it, Ez. But I don't think you'll like it. The only chance an actor has in this man's Army is a chance to get kicked around," Gary snapped bitterly. "Me—I can get by without getting in anybody's way—stay out of trouble and sweat out my year. But I know you, Ez—you'll want to change everything that's being done wrong."

"Well, can't you make suggestions?"

"Listen, Ez," Gary replied impatiently, "you aren't supposed to have an idea in the Army unless you're an officer. And you can't become an officer in the Morale Branch. Even the guy who puts gas in your jeep is a sergeant. But we're all slick sleeves because the Morale Branch doesn't have any T. O."

"What's that?"

"Table of organization. That means we haven't got a corporal or even a private first class. We stay privates forever—while everybody around us has a chance to advance."

I already knew that staging entertainments was among the lesser duties of the Morale staff. Their full Army day was taken up with landscaping and decorating recreation rooms, which in plainer words meant digging ditches, trucking and laying top-soil, house-painting, moving pianos and furniture. They also put out a weekly newspaper, organized athletics, had alert

squad drills three mornings a week, and in their spare time whipped up variety programs for the "Opry House," usually ten minutes before curtain time, without rehearsal, using whatever talent they could spot in the audience.

There was plenty of room for improvement in the entertainment situation—Upton wasn't even tapping its natural resources. With all the dramatic, musical and playwrighting talent flowing through here direct from Broadway, this camp could put on the best soldier shows in the country—good enough to play other camps as well, and maybe special performances to give civilian morale a boost, too, I enthused. "Ezra—the Army doesn't need actors and directors," Gary insisted. "It needs jerks, with brains in their feet and an itch in their fingers—guys who don't mind being pushed around."

"You're wrong, Gary—I know you're wrong," I argued. "If we get in this war, we'll need an Army of *happy* guys, guys who understand what they're fighting for—guys who instinctively object to being pushed around, and are only soldiers now because they were civilians once and want to be again."

Gary burst into "The Star-Spangled Banner" by way of ridiculing that idealistic point of view.

"Shut up!" yelled a corporal from the next barracks.

"You see!" Gary smirked, "Can't even sing the national anthem unless I'm ordered to."

We were silent a few moments. The PX had doused its lights and shadowy forms filtered through the moonlight, towards barracks and forgetfulness.

There's something infinitely peaceful and satisfying about an Army camp at

midnight, after being used to the strident, restless midnights of Times Square. A strange feeling—to be overwhelmed with the peacefulness of a place dedicated to anything but, and which bristles with more life per square foot than Grand Central Station. It's a thrilling consciousness I've experienced many times since in many camps—a peacefulness of spirit that clears away doubts and fears. I wonder what an Axis camp is like at midnight?

Suddenly it came to me why Gary was so disgruntled with these hit-and-miss shows, and why my own effort had been a dud. I was in uniform, but my brand of entertainment wasn't. It wasn't slanted to an audience preoccupied with the process of exchanging private life for a private's life. Rookie entertainment which is carefully built around the soldier's new problems, is most effective and can actually expedite his necessary mental retooling.

Gary believed as earnestly as I did in the psychological value of soldier shows to take a recruit's mind off the life he must leave behind and to render him amenable to his training grind. But my companion despaired of seeing soldier theatricals officially recognized—no longer depending for their existence on the indulgence of lenient officers and the persistence of a few individuals willing to give up all their own recreation time.

I wondered. General Pershing, I recalled, had said during the first World War, "Give me a thousand soldiers who are entertained rather than ten thousand who have had no entertainment."

If military authorities considered the need important enough to be served by agencies such as the USO, was it visionary to think soldiers might someday be

trained to provide their own entertainment? Couldn't soldiers using the dramatic medium do a better job than civilians of instilling military spirit and pride in their buddies? What outside source of entertainment would be always available wherever and whenever needed, and even if it were, could the few occasional hours of forgetfulness it offered compete with the live pleasure of active participation and self-satire?

Was it too much to hope that soldier actors, still without even non-commissioned ratings, might in due time rate a commissioned officer's *school*? Or that we might yet see units of fighting actors at the front, mixing greasepaint and gunpowder, giving their fellows relaxation from the heat of battle, enabling them to fight harder and longer?

I guess I was thinking out loud.

"You're getting delirious, Ez," Gary said. "Better go to bed."

We said good night, and I made my way to my bunk, careful not to make any noise or otherwise disturb my thirty sleeping roommates. When I had shed my clothes and attempted to slide into my bed; I had the sensation of stubbing my toe on the Rock of Gibraltar. Both feet came to a jolting impasse.

The playful contingent among my buddies had short-sheeted me—a diverting little pastime which doesn't require an abnormally high I.Q. After subtracting one sheet from the bed, the remaining one is given the deceptive appearance of two by tucking the top edge in at the head as usual but doubling the sheet back on itself and turning what would normally be the bottom edge down over the top of the blanket. This forms a pocket which might make a young kangaroo feel at home but

just gives anyone else an acute sense of futility, followed by a burning desire for revenge.

There is, I learned later, an even more fiendish camp practice, said to be an effective cure for habitual stayouts. Instead of a mere sheet the entire bed is removed and hidden somewhere outside the barracks, while the other beds are respaced so that none seems to be missing. The victim wanders dazedly around the rest of the night, wondering whether he is in the right barracks or his right mind.

I deeply regretted having been considered. I'd like to have gone out and made a second entrance—with a sprinkling can and a string of firecrackers. But I wouldn't give the guilty culprits the satisfaction of reveling in their moronic humor. I simply crawled out of the improvised laundry bag and stretched full length on top of my bed, using the spare blanket for covering. I arose before reveille next morning in order to roll up the blanket and leave my bunk exactly as I found it.

How I had managed to sleep in that hexed bed was a source of guarded bewilderment. I blithely replied that I slept like a log, adding casually that an apter simile would be "slept like a jockey," since I had never been able to rid myself of the habit, acquired even before I was born, of snoozing with my knees under my chin.

Their disappointment was most gratifying.

To be continued next issue



Radio Oddities

Hoagy Carmichael's front doorbell plays the opening strains of "Stardust." Ring the back doorbell and you hear "Georgia On My Mind," another of Hoagy's famous hits.

And while on the subject, Rudy Vallee's front door chimes ring out the first notes of his theme song, "My Time Is Your Time

Helen Hayes sang for the first time on the radio, stage or screen when she played the lead in "The Unsinkable Mrs. Brown," on "Cavalcade of America." Listeners found that she has a lovely voice.

Producers have been trying for years to duplicate the exact sound of a human voice speaking over a telephone. When the story of the telephone's invention was dramatized on "Exploring The Unknown," Producer Sherman Dryer solved that knotty little problem. He used the telephone as a microphone. Simple?

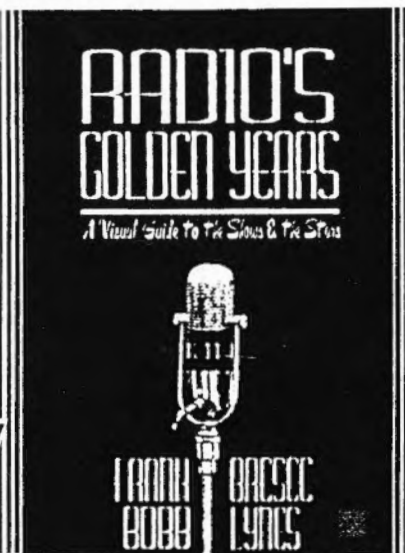
Even though "Duffy's Tavern" is an imaginary bistro, not a day passes but Ed Gardner receives fan mail requesting food recipes.

Mike fright gripped Cass Daley when she made her first radio appearance on Bing Crosby's show. She read her lines perfectly, sang a song, took two bows, walked off stage and collapsed. The next morning she could not remember having been on the program and still has no recollection of the event which started her on the way to fame.

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The Truth is...

I take the consequences by Ralph Edwards
The laughs are on Ralph Edwards when zany stunts backfire

Every now and again somebody will waltz up to me after a "Truth or Consequences" show and ask a serious question.

"How does it feel," they usually say, "to be a regular practical joker and never have the tables turned?"

I spin my halo three times and tell them, "I don't know. You're asking the wrong guy." For the truth of the matter is, plenty of consequences have come my way. They weren't premeditated by the contestant, I keep telling myself, and like everything else on T. or C. they weren't serious. But whether they know it or not, my contestants and I share a very personal bond.

When T. or C. started back in 1940, the idea was to duplicate on the radio that little parlor game that goes "Heavy, heavy hangs, etc." If you missed at guessing what was hanging over your poor head, you had to take the consequences. The way we played the game, the guy who took the consequences did the work, had his share of fun, and everybody else got a good, big bellylaugh. One night the idea hit me. Why not flip a twist on the serious quiz shows and play truth or consequences on the air? My job, I cheerfully told myself, would be that of the man who asks the questions, then stands by for that big laugh. You can see I was a devil even then.

But I reckoned without all the good people who would be my contestants. Not many Saturdays had gone by since that first, bright unknowing day in March 1940, when I got my come-uppance, but good. We had two warmhearted ladies on the air

who didn't know the truth. For the consequences we armed them with water pistols and a bucket of H₂O ammunition. The idea was to load up and shoot straight at their ever lovin' husbands. One lady did a good job, but the other got a little excited, and I insisted to this day, considerably mixed up. Evidently she hadn't had much experience with shooting irons. Because when Jesse James Edwards went over to help her out, the lady picked up that whole bucket of ammunition and dumped it on me, microphone, tuxedo and all. Sure enough, though, everybody else got a good laugh.

Though I should have learned, we scheduled another water consequence a couple of months later. This time we built a huge tub on the stage and filled it with that clear fluid. When one gentleman missed his question we told him he'd have to walk the plank, in his best Captain Kidd fashion. Following the Marquess of Queensberry rules on the subject, we had him don a bathing suit and blindfold, and then walked him off the plank straight into the tub. After the proper kerplash, I leaned over to help him out. But he pulled harder than I did, and in I went, straight to the bottom. At least we ended up with the best underwater sound effect (glub, glub) in radio. As usual, my mike had gone in with me.

Since then I've managed to steer clear of unexpected dousings—but the consequences keep coming. One night we armed a gal with a custard pie and the



What a crust! Bet she meant to do it all along

opportunity to smack her husband with it. Her aim went wild and the pie landed in my face. Oh, those ladies!

Not even the cast of the show is amiss to a good gag or two. One happy Saturday night on NBC, a couple of the boys set the clocks in the studio back. So when airtime came, there I was, still out in the audience picking contestants. That was the only night that T. or C. ever got off to a late start—an unofficial late start that is. But as usual, the show started off with a laugh, heartier than ever from, the cast of T. or C. After nearly five years of giving and taking consequences, I know that the American

people have a great sense of humor, and an infinite capacity for good fun. I'll never get over the response to a last minute request to the audience to send a penny to Mrs. Dennis Mullane, who had muffed her question. Over 330,000 pennies came in. In truth it was a very happy consequence for everybody, even if the postoffice didn't speak to me for weeks. And the reaction to our requests for saving paper and fats, and buying bonds, and the collection of over a million and a quarter dimes for the Polio Fund, prove even more strongly that Americans can turn fun into fine practical ends.

But even a government tie-in keeps me on my toes. Just before a bond tour, one of the boys on the show got up and delivered a veritable speech to the studio audience on my plugging of victory bonds. It made me feel pretty cocky, especially when he ended by telling me, "I certainly think you deserve a great big hand." I got it, too—a hand borrowed from a department store dummy.

And my wife hasn't yet let me forget what was a very personal consequence. In those days we had a maid at home, named Ida. She was a fine, hard working girl, but she got to wondering one day just what I was doing around town. "You oughta go on the stage, Mr. Edwards," she advised. So, without saying why, I modestly suggested she listen to that Saturday's T. or C. On the show I made a plea for women to take war jobs --and I certainly must have been hot. Ida quit the next day and joined forces at the nearest defense plant.

I can't even give an anniversary show that runs smoothly. At my last one, twenty-six cameramen were present, trying like mad to keep out of each other's way and almost succeeding when Jack Benny rolled onstage in his Maxwell. Bedlam broke loose. I almost got lost.



Radio Humor

Bud Abbott and Lou Costello were discussing an actor they once knew in vaudeville. "Did you ever notice how he'd invariably allow his friends to pick up the check?" commented Bud. "That's why I always felt sorry for him," said Lou. "He had a terrible impediment in his reach."

Phil Baker thinks the vacuum cleaner he bought must be surplus Navy property. He says, "It whistles and picks up everything in sight."

"Bobby sox," explains Eddie Cantor, 'are nothing more than stockings at half-mast in memory of nylons."

"Ole Professor," Kay Kyser observes, "I once knew a radio actor who spent so much time checking on his audience popularity ratings that he finally became a hopeless Hooperchondriac."

Walt Disney, guest-starring with Louella Parsons, seemed rather nervous about facing the microphone. "Come now, Walt," chided Louella, "Are you a man or a mouse?" Disney answered reproachfully, "After my years of associations, you should ask ME?"

"You won't believe this, Junior," confided Jimmy Durante to Garry Moore, "but Hedy LaMarr proposed to me and I had to turn her down." "What?" gasped Junior. "Yes," said Jimmy, "look at it this way. She's 27 and I'm 42. In a few years I'll be 74 and she'll be 59. When I'm 102, she'll be 87. And when I'm only 164, she'll be 149. So if you think I'm gonna run around with any girl 149, you're crazy!"

Vagabond Lover

Rudy Vallee's Career Symbolizes An Entire Era of Radio History

Today's bobby-soxers may not believe it, but their beloved Frankie wasn't the first slim, curly-haired crooner who ever panicked a swarm of swooning worshippers. "Way back in the dark ages of "the depression," young Rudy Vallee received a flaming adulation which makes many present singing successes pale by comparison—though certain reminiscences of those days should have a familiar ring, even to teensters who can only remember back to 1942, when Sinatra started packing 'em in at the Paramount.

For Vallee was The Voice of the early 1930's, the Pied Piper of romance-hungry females in an era when tired business men were tired of everything — including business. Flappers lined up for hours ahead, lunch boxes in hand, waiting to crowd the theatres where he appeared. Debutantes and married women tossed flowers at the bandstand, haunted the stage doors for a closer view of their darling. Middle-aged housewives stood in bargain-counter jams to buy his latest records, shook department stores to the foundations when he made personal appearances there.

Fan mail poured in by the carload, proving for the first time that radio could produce matinee idols as irresistible as movie stars. Poems were written in which husbands complained that this singing sensation was "the other man" in their wives' dream of love. An awestruck youngster, invading Vallee's dressing room under pretense of being a school reporter, fainted dead away when she

shook hands with her hero. A New York policeman was jilted by another ardent fan, when he dared to arrest Rudy on a speeding charge. And a Harvard freshman got expelled for tossing a ripe grapefruit (not an egg) at the yodeling bandleader from Yale, during a performance in Boston. Editors wondered whether all this was a menace to health or a musical reaction from a hectic era. Critics debated whether his success stemmed from a naturally pleasant voice, projected without the "hotcha" then typical of jazz singers, or from his tricks of using a megaphone and singing with his eyes closed (his voice needed the amplification, said Rudy, and his eyes needed protection from the bandstand's overhead lights). Columnists swore he was either the epitome of "it" and "sex appear—or else the quintessence of the Average Clean-Cut American Boy. Whatever the real explanation, there's no doubt that the Rudy Vallee of those days personified the period itself. The college boy (fictionalized version) was king, and Rudy lived up to all the requirements of the legend. He was the poor boy who had "worked his way through college," playing for meals in a campus dining hall, keeping up a high scholastic average while doubling in dance orchestras at night. He was also the rich boy—thanks to his own efforts—who had led the football band into the stadium each fall, clad in that coveted collegiate symbol, a raccoon coat. He was the "hometown boy who made good," after jerking sodas in his father's drug-store and ushering in a movie house, up in Westbrook, Maine. At the same time, he

trailed clouds of glamour from "abroad," where he had spent a sabbatical year playing a saxophone at a swank London hotel, before returning to Yale and his Bachelor's degree.

Riding the crest of the wave with his Connecticut Yankees, Rudy continued to be a trademark of the times. The headlines studding his career were typical of then-current events, with their record of court battles over everything from charges of plagiarism or demands for a share of his earnings to breach-of-promise, separation suits and divorce trials—which were all considered inevitable in the life of a highly romantic singer who had been enthusiastically accepted as America's "Vagabond Lover."

Vermont-born, Maine-bred, the soft-voiced singer had his share of the traditional New England traits of stubbornness, tenacity and willingness to fight for his point of view. Admittedly an exacting taskmaster, he was strict with the members of his band, expecting them to work as hard as he did—often on four or five hours' sleep. Brickbats came his way almost as often as bouquets and, tired of sarcastic slurs about the manliness of both his person and profession, Rudy became an expert boxer, was reported to have slugged an important theatrical producer during rehearsals. Gossip columns had a field day.

There was another side of Vallee which didn't show in the headlines. The battling bandmaster has always been willing to give credit where he believed it due, works as tirelessly for benefits and other unpaid projects as for four-figure engagements. When the NBC employees' association decided to give its first ball, Rudy volunteered to play for dancing, paid his orchestra himself, entertained the throng of page boys and stenographers as royally as though they were big-tipping bankers

and debutantes. Yet not a line appeared in print-at Rudy's own request.

The story of what he's done to help other performers achieve stardom is public record by now. Over the years, this one talent detective has discovered and air-debuted: Alice Faye, when she was a Broadway chorus girl; Frances Langford, when she was singing on a little Florida station; Bob Burns, when he was a struggling vaudevillian who trekked across the continent just to get a chance on Rudy's program; Edgar Bergen, when he was a night-club entertainer who didn't want to bring Charlie McCarthy back to the Vallee microphone for a second airing, because he only had two acts and broadcasting would "ruin" them both!

The list is endless and too well known for further repetition. What isn't so widely realized is the showmanship and business acumen which made these discoveries possible. Vallee not only had the voice to make feminine hearts beat faster but also kept a knowing finger on the public pulse, diagnosing new trends in advance. When other bands were dazing audiences with too much rhythm, Rudy based his orchestra on sweet, dreamy melody-and clicked. When he reached the peak as a singer, he launched the guest-star system-and dominated program ratings for a decade.

That's why the Vallee career from 1928 through 1942 is a biography of broadcasting itself, as well as a headline history of an era. His climb to national fame from local New York City broadcasts, his emergence from his own band as one of the first network idols, his shift, to the variety show format and his subsequent switch to situation comedy-with the accent on acting rather than music-are significant landmarks in the changing radio scene.

Even his decision to quit broadcasting and go into service in 1943 (leaving his show in the hands of his own microphone



RUDY VALLEE HAS FIGURED IN THE ROMANTIC HEADLINES FOR YEARS-EVEN WITH HIS THIRD WIFE, PRETTY FILM ACTRESS BETTEJANE GREER

discoveries, Joan Davis and Jack Haley) was symbolic of both wartime radio and the period-although the choice was entirely his own. Born in 1901, Rudy was "intermediate" between the two world wars, still managed to get into uniform for both despite age limits.

At 15, the tall, well-built youngster had run away and spent several months in the Navy, simultaneously developing a distaste for scrubbing-brushes and a passion for parading with a band, before his father found him and dragged him home. At 42, the still-husky star (whose early fears of becoming fat and bald have never yet materialized) became a lieutenant in the Coast Guard, blissfully leading the kind of band he had once only dreamed about. When Vallee was retired to the inactive list last year, speculation was rampant. Old-timers teetered between fears that

the sensation of the '30's wouldn't be able to compete with the croon princes of the '40's-and hopes that the broadcasting Barnum would revolutionize radio with his new show. So far, in some six months back on the air, neither prediction has been borne out. Rudy's singing seems more than acceptable to modern ears-but his pleasantly haphazard program seems very much like any of a half-dozen others which could be named at random.

One thing his return did prove. The air-waves will always have a place for Rudy Vallee-whose long-sustained though somewhat-muted popularity couldn't surprise anyone more than the same idolized Vagabond Lover who predicted, 'way back in 1929: "I'm not kidding myself. I'm just a fad!"

TUNE IN MAY, 1945

Old Time Radio Series Reviews

by Bill Kiddle

JIMMY DURANTE SHOW

Performers with large noses and gravel voices might find "getting ahead" in the entertainment industry a difficult proposition in the 21st century. JIMMY DURANTE, singer, pianist, comedian, and actor, had a distinctive gravel delivery, comedic language butchery, and a large "schnozzla" nose. All of these characteristics-- plus a warm personality--made him one of America's most familiar and popular personalities for over half a century. Mr. Durante "made a name" with his own radio shows for over 16 years, between 4/22/34 and 6/30/50. In 1943, Gary Moore joined Durante as his side-kick. The team became instantly popular with radio audiences. Radio Memories has a fine collection of Durante's programs originally aired in 1947-1948.

JOAN DAVIS

In 2007, Ben Ohmart wrote a book *Hold That Joan-The Life and Films of Joan Davis*. This book is a tribute to an American comedic actress whose career spanned vaudeville, B-Hollywood films, radio and TV. The tall, lanky Ms. Davis with a comedic flat voice became a comedienne with an instinct for slapstick-style situation comedy. She was featured in radio sitcoms like *SEALTEST VILLAGE STORE* (1943-1945), *JOANIE'S TEA ROOM* (1945-1946) and *LEAVE IT TO JOAN* (1949-1950). Ms. Davis was a frequent and popular guest on Tallulah Bankhead's *BIG SHOW* (1950-1952).

JOBS FOR AMERICANS

In 1938 America was digging itself out of the depths of the Great Depression. The Job Placement Service of the Social

Security Board, a federal security agency, syndicated a quarter-hour drama series designed to show how the government was helping to "put employers and employees together" in an expanding job market. Interesting topics, such as: farm placement, placement and insurance, national labor pool, placement of the physically handicapped and veteran placement were part of the short series.

KAY KAYSER'S KOLLEGE OF MUSICAL KNOWLEDGE

Dressed in an academic gown, complete with mortar board, swing band leader Kay Kayser presided over a radio program titled *KOLLEGE OF MUSICAL KNOWLEDGE*. Kayser used his easy-going Southern personality and comic manner to delight millions of listeners of what was a music game show. The contestants were to answer true-false questions about music history. The "old professor" often reserved big prizes for those contestants who gave wrong answers. The program, heard over NBC for 11 years, between 3/30/38 and 7/29/49, featured some excellent musical talent in vocalists Ginny Simms, Harry Babbitt, and Sully Mason. The humor spotlight was held by Merwyn A. Brogue--better known as "Ish Kibibble." Radio Memories has several programs in the series dating from 1941 to 1946.

AMERICAN PORTRAIT

Over the past 400+ years many interesting persons have been part of the American scene. For six short months, between March 16 and September 14, 1946, CBS presented a well-written and produced series of half-hour biographical sketches. The program titled *AMERICAN PORTRAIT* was aired on Saturday evenings at 6:15. The stories in the series included: Richard Dana, Cotton Mather, Jane Addams, Samuel J. Tilden and Dr. Elizabeth

Howard Barnes directed the drama series that included Don Baker as the announcer & Milton Bacon as the narrator.

AN AMERICAN IN ENGLAND

The considerable talents of writer/director Norman Corwin and news analyst Edward R. Murrow were combined as a special documentary dramatic offering of the *COLUMBIA WORKSHOP* between August 3 and December 22, 1942. *AN AMERICAN IN ENGLAND* was in reality the story of Mr. Corwin's visit to wartime Britain. The program, which originated in Britain and was heard in the US via shortwave, was in many ways a "landmark experiment produced under wartime conditions." The storyline covered many aspects of wartime life in a nation under seige, from the bombing of London to the events in the once sleepy English countryside. Joseph Julian was the narrator and Lyn Murray was the composer, conductor, and arranger of most of the musical score.

CIRCUS DAYS

A life of romance and adventure under the Big Top was the dream of many a struggling individual. *CIRCUS DAYS* was an old drama series heard over NBC twice a week (Friday and Saturdays) in a quarter-hour format at 7:30 for three short months, between 11/03/33 and 2/10/34. The cast included: Jack Roseleigh as "Shoestring Charlie" (the Owner), Walter Kinsella (manager), Betty Council (equestrienne), Bruce Evans (trapeze artist), and Frank Wilson (lion tamer) Ben Grauer was the announcer

THE CLOCK

"The whole drama of life is written in the sands of time" chimed the voice of William Conrad as ABC presented another episode of *THE CLOCK*. This program written by Lawrence Klee, was an interesting anthology in which a clock or span of time was the

primary focal point of a 30-minute drama. The series aired for three seasons, between 11/03/46 and 5/23/48. During the 1946-1947 season, the program originated from New York. In 1948 the production moved to Hollywood and a West Coast talent pool assumed leading roles. Radio Memories has a very representative collection of these fine episodes. Wild animals brought into captivity and exhibited before a human audience have been popular with circus partons for many centuries. Clyde Beatty, "the world's greatest wild animal trainer", traveled the globe in a quest for fine specimens for his circus acts. The fictionalized accounts of his adventures were broadcast on the *CLYDE BEATTY SHOW*, a children's adventure program sponsored by Kellogg cereals, and heard over the Mutual network three times a week at 5:30 for three years, between 1950-1952. Radio Memories has 52 of these interesting shows for your listening pleasure.

CITY HOSPITAL

The enviorns of a major medical facility was often the site of a interesting melodramas. Santos Ortega played the role of a doctor and Anne Burr that of a nurse in *CITY HOSPITAL*, an anthology of medical tales heard over CBS for seven years, between 10/06/51 and 11/08/58. For several years, the program was heard on Saturdays at 1:30 for Carters Pills.

CITY DESK

Newspaper journalism, sometimes known as the Fourth Estate, had a major impact on life in America. For nine short months, between January 2 and September 27, 1941, *CITY DESK* was a newspaper drama that centered upon the exploits of "Jack Winters." First, James Meighan, and later Donald Briggs, were cast in the lead-

ing role, with the part of "Linda Webster" played by Gertrude Warner. This half-hour show was heard over CBS.

CLOAK AND DAGGER

The Office of Strategic Services (OSS) was America's primary military intelligence agency against the Axis Powers in World War 2. CLOAK AND DAGGER, an anthology of true stories of the men and women recruited to go behind enemy lines and conduct espionage operations, were dramatized on CBS over a 22 week period, between May 7 and October 22, 1950. This excellent half-hour program, aired Sunday afternoons at 4:00, had a cast of some of the top names in New York radio, yet the series never gained the recognition that it richly deserved. Radio Memories has a complete run of these real spy dramas.

KEMTONE HOUR

Joseph Dunninger, a well-know "mental-ist", used his considerable skill to read the minds of a studio audience and correctly identify special objects hidden in steel containers. This half-hour production, known as the KEMTONE HOUR, was aired over ABC Wednesday evening at 9:00 for a year, between January 5 and November 27, 1944. The sponsor was Sherwin Williams makers of Kemtone Paint

KEEP UP YOUR GUARD

In the midst of the Korean War, service in National Guard units posted interesting alternatives. In 1953, the California National Guard syndicated KEEP UP YOUR GUARD, a quarter-hour musical series. C.P. McGregor produced the program, which featured the instrumental music of Eddie Skrivanck and His Guardsmen.

Guest appearances by Margaret Whiting,

Diana Shore, Barbara Ruark and Marion Morgan provided the program with some very fine vocal music.

ALL-STAR WESTERN THEATER

Western music, known to some as "cow-boy" music, helped to chronicle an important time and place in American history. For two years, between 8/11/46 and 8/14/48, a CBS station (KNX, Los Angeles) was the home to ALL-STAR WESTERN THEATRE, an interesting mixture of Western music, mostly by Foy Willing and the Riders of the Purple Sage, and a short drama that had a decided western flavor to it. Weber's Bread sponsored this half-hour program that featured such notables as Tex Ritter, Dale Evans, Jimmy Wakely and Tim Holt. Monte Montana was the host and Cottonseed Clark the announcer.

ANDRE KOSTELANETZ

Concert music came into the homes of millions of Americans as radio studios provided the "outlet" for large symphonic orchestras under the direction of celebrated maestros. Conductor Andre Kostelanetz made many important contributions to "serious music" through innovative programs heard over CBS for almost a quarter century, between 2/08/31 and 5/30/46. During the early 1930's, Kostelanetz's music was heard mostly in programs having a quarter-hour format, but by 1939-1941 sponsors like Ethel Gasoline and Coca-Cola expanded his performances to 45 minutes.

ANN OF THE AIRLANES

Amelia Earhart, the famous aviatrix, was the career model for many girls and young women in the new "age of flight." On radio "Ann Barton", an airhostess and nurse was the featured attraction in ANN OF THE AIRLANES, a quarter-hour juvenile serial drama heard daily as a syndicated feature in the mid to late 1930's. "Ann" was always

coming to the aid of her pilot friends "Jack Baker" and "Pete Peterson." Radio Memories has an excellent collection of 48 of these classic episodes on cassette.

ADVENTURES OF RAFFLES

Rogues tend to be inclined toward a life of mischief. The character "Raffles" ,introduced by English novelist E.W. Hornung, was a "gentleman cracksmen with public school ties and an upper-class life-style." After a short six month introduction to radio over CBS in 1934, THE ADVENTURES OF RAFFLES returned to the airwaves as a syndicated series in 1942 and lasted three years until 1945. These mysteries were breezy tales about a gentleman thief and his man-servant "Bunny" who constantly eluded Scotland Yard. During the war years "Raffles" worked behind the scenes vs. Nazi spies for King and Country. During this short run Neil Hamilton and then Horace Braham were cast in the title role.

ADVENTURES OF SONNY & BUDDY

In the spring of 1935 there were many fine juvenile adventure programs being broadcast. THE ADVENTURES OF SONNY AND BUDDY were aired in 100 quarter-hour episodes during 1935. The boys, with the help of their dad, a local sheriff, and friends, successfully battle a ring of counterfeiters. There are all of the typical escapes, captures, and a final victory over the "bad guys." Some 21st century listeners to this series may find major distractions with the minstrel music and racial stereotypes that were part of the American scene 70 years ago.

ADVENTURES OF THE THIN MAN

From the pen of Dashiell Hammett came THE THIN MAN, a string of comedy-murder mysteries that delighted movie and radio audiences in the 1940's and early

1950's. For nine years, between 7/02/41 and 9/01/50 the husband and wife team of "Nick and Nora Charles" graced the airwaves in THE ADVENTURES OF THE THIN MAN. The sophisticated couple mixed martinis and mystery in a care-free very sexy manner. The program, in many ways a carbon copy of the Hollywood THIN MAN series, debuted over NBC on Wednesday nights at 8:00 for Woodbury Soap. At first Les Damon and Claudia Morgan played the debonair couple.

Several changes were soon to come and Ms. Morgan played opposite four different male leads for a dozen different sponsors.

BACHELOR'S CHILDREN

To the lilting strains of "Ah Sweet Mystery of Life", played on a studio organ, BACHELOR'S CHILDREN, a quarter-hour daytime drama, became a mid-morning caller for many radio listeners. For a decade, between 9/28/36 and 9/27/46 the trials and tribulations of "Dr Bob Graham" were aired as he (as a bachelor) attempted to raise twin 18-year old twin daughters of a deceased friend, a widower. Hugh Studebaker was cast in the featured role with Olan Soule & Patricia Dunlap in supporting roles. In 1941 the series won RADIO GUIDE's award as "best daytime serial program."

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02559 11/12/43 Matrimonial Mishap
11/19/43 Turkey Trouble
02560 11/26/43 Man's Best Friend
12/03/43 Candy For Caroline
02561 12/10/43 Bookends & Babies
12/17/43 The Marriage Counselor
02562 12/31/43 New Year's Eve - 1943
01/07/44 Making Sapphire Proud
02563 01/14/44 Orchids & Violets
01/21/44 Charles Boyer's Valet
02564 01/28/44 Wind Fall
02/04/44 Missing Person's Bureau
02565 02/11/44 Three Times & You're Out
02/18/44 Ruby's Diamond
02566 02/25/44 Sunday, Monday Or
Always
03/03/44 Looking For Madam Queen
02567 03/10/44 Sign On The Dotted Line
03/17/44 Insurance Fraud
02568 03/24/44 Hovering Between Life
& Death
03/31/44 Long Lost Harold
02569 04/07/44 Dating Club Disaster
04/14/44 The Butler Did It
02570 04/21/44 Of Sound Mind & Body
04/28/44 The Brother-In-Law
02571 05/05/44 The Electric Clock Caper
05/12/44 Impersonating An Officer
02572 05/19/44 And The Winner Is...
05/26/44 Andy, The Fugitive

THE ALDRICH FAMILY

- 09195 11/04/48 The New Hat
11/11/48 Toy Repair
09196 11/18/48 Grab Bag Sale
04/07/49 Blind Date
09197 04/14/49 Shortstop
04/21/49 First Date
09198 04/28/49 First Impressions
05/05/49 Homer's Anniversary
09199 05/13/49 Spring Fever
Ice Fishing For Fruitcake
09200 Model Airplane Race
Mother's Day Dinner
09201 School Picnic
The Cross Country Race
15437 02/21/52 The Debate Team
11/23/52 Last Turkey For
Thanksgiving

PEOPLE ARE FUNNY

- 17502 01/24/50 Steal A Toupee
01/31/50 Phony Pill Dinner (VG)
17503 02/07/50 Sell Goat Milk (VG)
02/14/50 Cinderella's Wish (VG)
17504 03/10/53 Auto Supplies On Credit
03/17/53 Insulting Customers
17505 01/05/54 Breaking Packages
01/12/54 Meal Without Invitation
17776 10/00/54 One Millionth Customer
C-90 11/15/55 Shopping List For
Husband
02/07/56 Thousand Dollar
Phone Call
17507 12/27/55 Boy vs. Chorus Girl
02/29/56 Sell \$40.00 Radio For \$2
17506 Buying Hot Dog With \$1000 Bill
12/20/55 Man To Marry Grand-
Mother

- 10630 02/14/56 Joe Smeltzer
02/21/56 Jay Bolt
10631 07/02/58 Mildred Michaelson
07/09/58 Mr. & Mrs. Beck

DUFFY'S TAVERN

- 16948 02/22/44 Phil Baker
04/11/44 Carole Landis
10446 01/25/44 Deems Taylor
03/07/44 Colonel Stoopnagle
10447 03/14/44 Gertrude Lawrence
04/18/44 Charles Laughton
10448 05/02/44 Dennis Day
09/15/44 Rudy Vallee
10449 09/22/44 Gene Tierney
10/10/44 Robert Benchly
10450 04/27/45 John Garfield
06/08/45 Jinx Falkenberg
10451 11/16/45 Archie Hires Madame
Zooma
01/25/46 Archie's Old Pal Stops By
10452 02/01/46 Peggy Lee
04/26/46 Esther Williams

FATHER KNOWS BEST (NEW)

- 20790 01/01/53 #147 Southern Manners
01/08/53 #148 Second Family Car
20791 01/15/53 #149 The Boy Next Door
01/29/53 #151 Bud Dislikes Girls
20792 02/05/53 #152 Aunt Thelma Visits
02/12/53 #153 Babysitting Miseries

FRONT PAGE DRAMA (NEW)

- 20453 05/24/35 #109 Promised Bride
05/31/35 #110 Thief Of Police
06/07/35 #111 Publicity
06/14/35 #112 Released
20705 06/20/35 #113 Shipmates
06/27/35 #114 Oasis Of Love
07/04/35 #115 Added Attraction
07/11/35 #116 Strange Journey
20706 07/18/35 #117 Right Guy
07/25/35 #118 The Werewolf
08/01/35 #119 Grand Mission
08/08/35 #120 Stowaway

- 20707 08/15/35 #121 Revenge
08/22/35 #122 Beauty
08/29/35 #123 Freedom
09/05/35 #124 The Ghost Painter
20708 09/12/35 #125 Royal Lover
09/19/35 #126 Happiness Forever
09/26/35 #127 Pony Boy
10/03/35 #128 Black Gold
20709 10/10/35 #129 Spanish Holiday
10/17/35 #130 Practically Romantic
10/24/35 #131 The Magic Crystal
10/31/35 #132 Private Investigator
20710 11/07/35 #133 Office Romance
11/14/35 #134 My Heart Of Hearts
11/21/35 #135 Mamie's Place
11/28/35 #136 Big Time
20711 12/05/35 #137 Crimson Climax
12/12/35 #138 For Services Rendered
12/19/35 #139 The Beauty Bug
12/26/35 #140 Reconciliation
20712 01/02/36 #141 Red Hot Miracle
01/11/36 #142 Someone Is Waiting
01/18/36 #143 Conqueror's Son
01/25/36 #144 Repayment
20841 02/01/36 #145 Love Doctor
02/08/36 #146 River Belle
02/15/36 #147 Devil's Crib
02/22/36 #148 Second Lady

GALLANT AMERICAN WOMEN

- 20910 10/31/39 # 1 These Freedoms
11/07/39 # 2 Women & Peace
20911 11/14/39 # 3 Women On The Land
11/21/39 # 4 Women, The Provider
20912 11/28/39 # 5 Refugee Women
12/05/39 # 6 Women Are People
20913 12/12/39 # 7 Law & The Women
12/19/39 # 8 Women In The Law
(Part 2 Only)
20914 12/26/39 # 9 Women & The Sea
01/02/40 #10 Women Of Learning
20915 01/09/40 #11 Women As Teachers
01/16/40 #12 Women Explorers

MARCH OF TIME

- 13581 03/29/35 War Surplus Horses
Used On Farm
04/05/35 Anthony Eden In U.S.S.R.
And Europe
- 13582 08/26/35 Mussilini And Ethiopia
08/27/35 Mussilini And Ethiopia
08/28/35 Marconi And Mussilini
08/29/35 Upcoming Presidential
Campaign
- 13583 04/17/36 Negro Lives In Capitol
04/24/36 Chamberlain's Budget
05/07/36 Red Flag Over
Supreme Court
05/11/36 Lakehurst, New Jersey -
Hindenberg
- 13584 05/12/36 Kidnapping
05/13/36 Police Shoot
Mrs. Wiggins
05/14/36 Summerville Fire
05/15/36 Moscow Plane /
Research / Aesthma
- 13585 05/20/36 Moscow, Hypnotist
05/21/36 Alf Landon, Republican
Front Runner
05/27/36 157th Efron Downs Derby
05/28/36 Dr. Frances E. Townsend,
House Committee
- 13586 10/21/37 Musical
10/28/37 New York City Mayor
- 13587 11/18/37 Britain Prepares
11/25/37 Labor Leader

MARTIN & LEWIS

- 13465 12/21/48 Unaired Pilot w/Lucille Ball
04/10/49 w/William Bendix
- 13486 05/01/49 w/Madeleine Carroll
05/08/49 w/Peter Lorre
- 13487 05/12/49 w/Burl Ives
05/17/49 w/Arthur Treacher
- 13488 05/26/49 w/John Garfield
06/03/49 w/Henry Fonda
- 13489 06/12/49 w/Marilyn Maxwell
06/21/49 w/Tony Martin
- 13490 06/28/49 w/John Carradine
07/05/49 w/Ralph Bellamy

- 13491 07/26/49 w/Frances Langford
08/02/49 w/William "Hopalong
Cassidy" Boyd
- 13492 08/09/49 w/Burt Lancaster
08/16/49 w/Victor Moore
- 13493 08/23/49 w/Billie Burke
08/30/49 w/Jane Russell
- 15376 10/07/49 New Nightclub
10/14/49 Dorothy Kirsten

MEMORIES OF RADIO (NEW)

- 18753 08/16/80 # 7 Life Story Of Gene
Autry, Part 1
- 18754 08/16/80 # 7 Life Story Of Gene
Autry, Part 2 (Conclusion)
- 18755 08/23/80 # 8 Highlights Of Lassie,
Sons Of The Pioneers, The Shadow
- 18756 08/23/80 # 8 Highlights Of Lassie,
Sons Of The Pioneers, The Shadow
(Conclusion)
- 18781 12/26/82 # 9 Susan Murante Show;
OTR In General, Part 1
- 18782 12/26/82 # 9 Susan Murante Show;
OTR In General, Part 2 (Conclusion)
- 18783 12/24/87 #10 Christmas Show, P1
- 18784 12/24/87 #10 Christmas Show, P2
(Conclusion)

MURDER AT MIDNIGHT

- 05706 06/29/46 The Secret Of XR-3
09/14/46 Till Death Do Us Part
- 05707 09/21/46 Murder Is A
Lonely Business
10/05/46 The Cabala
- 05708 10/12/46 The Ace Of Death
10/26/46 Death Tolls A Requiem
- 05709 11/02/46 The 13th Floor
11/09/46 The Line Is Dead
- 05710 11/16/46 Death Across The Board
11/23/46 Murder Out Of Mind
- 05711 11/30/46 Death's Worshipper
12/28/46 The Ape Song
- 05712 The Dead Hand
The Man Who Was Death
- 05713 Wherever I Go
Trigger Man

- 05714 Death's Goblet
The Heavy Death
- 05715 Nightmare
The Dead Come Back
- 05716 Terror Out Of Space
The Creeper
- 05717 The Man Who Died Yesterday
The Man With The Black

MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER

- 01584 01/30/44 # 9 The House Of Death
02/27/44 # 13 The Good Die Young
- 01585 04/02/44 # 18 Out Of The Past
04/09/44 # 19 Beware Of Tomorrow
- 01586 04/16/44 # 20 Accusing Corpse
07/02/44 # 31 Queen Of The Cats
- 01587 09/24/44 # 42 Death Laughs Last
01/06/45 # 55 They Who Sleep
- 03736 03/10/45 # 64 Case Of
Charles Foster
03/24/45 # 66 Death Comes For
Adolf Hitler
- 03737 03/31/45 # 67 Murder Goes Free
08/25/46 # 74 Death Is The Visitor
(Repeat Of 01/09/44)
- 03738 09/01/46 # 75 No One On The Line
09/08/46 # 76 Symphony Of Death
- 03739 12/29/46 # 84 If You Believe
01/05/47 # 85 New Year's
Nightmare
- 03740 01/12/47 # 86 No Grave Can
Hold Me
03/09/47 # 94 Woman In Black
- 03741 04/13/47 # 99 Dark Destiny
05/25/47 #105 Mind Over Murder
- 03742 06/15/47 #108 Death Is The Judge
07/06/47 #111 Locomotive Ghost
- NIGHTWATCH**
- 13561 06/04/54 # 7 Kid Explosives
06/11/54 # 8 Paper Hanger
- 13562 06/18/54 # 9 Kenny Narco &
Headplate
06/25/54 Big Search
- 14016 07/02/54 #11 Slugger
07/10/54 #12 Hammer 211

- 14017 07/17/54 #13 Car Winos & Floor
Sweepers
07/24/54 #14 Old Bat & Crowbar
- 19764 07/31/54 #15 Boy Go Home
08/07/54 #16 Three Time Loser &
Shotgun Boy

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