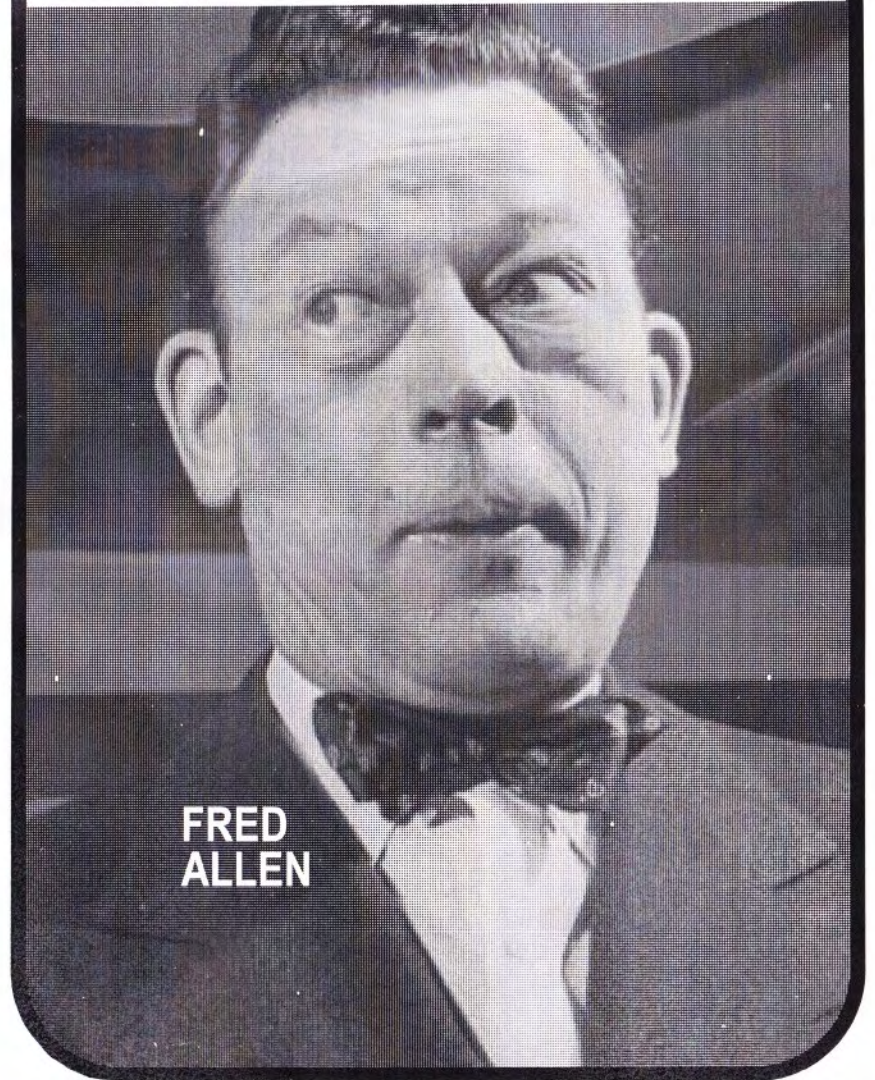


Old Time Radio **DIGEST**

No. 125

Spring 2009 \$3.75



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Old Time Radio DIGEST

No. 125

Spring 2009

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Coming Major!

by Ezra Stone & We'don Melick

Chapter 7

When your week-end priviledges are/denied, or you're confined to company area, or put on extra fatigue duty, that's gigning. Gigning is the backbone of military discipline. It's the Army version of corporal punishment, the corporal being the guy who turns you in.

The reasons for such retribution run the full scale of poor deportment, insubordination, and the cardinal sin of slovenliness. If selectees learn nothing else in training camp, they will certainly go out knowing how to keep their foxholes neat as a pin.

Army rules stipulate that all gear not being worn shall be buttoned up and hanging in their racks. Shoes must be laced to the top, shined, and lined up under the bed, facing the door the inspecting officer enters. I know of one inspection that was staged in the middle of the night, in order to catch the whole barracks with its collective pants down. Another time one of the boys was gigned on a scheduled inspection although his bunk area was immaculate. It seems a dead moth had dropped on his bed from an overhead rafter while he was being held at attention.

Inspecting officers are infamous for reaching into a stove and giving it the "white glove" test. If a finger comes out with a spot—zowie goes a barracksful of week ends. Only fear of a firing squad keeps the finger from coming out with a spot of rattrap.

Each man is responsible for keeping his own bed, lockers, and floor space in irreproachable condition, which he does by sweeping everything under the next bed. The company orders stipulate that the floor must be mopped before each inspection, inasmuch as cleanliness is next to godliness. It is also next to impos-

sible, with one mop among fifty men. And military convention does not sanction mopping the floor with the inspecting officer. However, I soon learned that a broom dipped in water and dragged haphazardly over the floor makes it look exactly as if it were just drying from a thorough mopping. This is, of course, an adaptation of the boarding-school technique of dipping your toothbrush in water just before you retire, to avoid demerits as well as wear and tear on your dental enamel. Any illusions I had about the Army's helping me to outgrow the sixteen-year old Henry Aldrich feeling were shattered that first week. Those Army inspections made me feel like an eleven-year old, sticking my neck and ears out for parental approval. My fraudulent housekeeping somehow passed muster, but that isn't the only way I tempted fate. Wearing anything not prescribed and issued as part of the Army uniform is just inviting yourself to a gigning party, and I was sure I had stuck my neck out too far one day on that count. That's something I can do only figuratively, because my neck is so short the ends of my collars roll up like window shades unless I wear some kind of collar holder. I couldn't use the kind of collar pin that shows, naturally, but I thought I could get away with the concealed wire-spring type that hooks into the tip of the collar, runs up along the inside, and sneaks across under the knot of the tie, down to the other tip.

I was standing in formation with my rifle when the inspecting officer, Lieutenant Brewer, stopped in front of me and asked me the sixth general order.

I swallowed nervously and was horrified to feel my Adam's apple catching on the crossbar of the collar holder. My collar tips flipped up like ack-ack guns taking aim and remained erect until my Adam's apple released its pressure. Then they

flipped back into place.

"Well?" Lieutenant Brewer said, priming me with the first words, "To receive, obey, and pass on--"

"To receive—" I began. The points of my collar snapped to salute. I stopped, wondering whether I'd be gigned more for "forgetting" the sixth general order or for flapping my collar tips in the Lieutenant's face. Apparently he hadn't yet noticed their peculiar behavior, but he couldn't help it if I uttered many more words in my jittery state. I decided that forgetting the sixth general order was the more pardonable offense. Lieutenant Brewer was a good fellow at heart and might give me another chance to learn it. I played dumb. "Come, come, Stone—you've had to memorize more than ten words at a time for the stage, haven't you?" He prompted me clear through the sixth general order and the eleventh and the second, and I had no choice but to repeat the words after him, with my skittish collar tips waving a hysterical farewell to the week end. Lieutenant Brewer turned his head and coughed violently.

I hadn't been able to make a choice of the lesser evil. Not only had my collar made impudent gestures at an inspecting officer, but I had muffed the general orders to boot.

It was no surprise, therefore, when First Sergeant Ridley read my name in the list of men who were to fall out and remain while the others were dismissed. He passed down the line, telling each one why he had been gigned—a handkerchief showing here, a button not showing there. . . . "Sorry-no week end." When he got to me, he stopped and said ominously, "The Lieutenant wants to see you in his office. Get rolling, Stone."

I went through agony on the way to Lieutenant Brewer's office. I'm sure my performance would have compared favorably with Spencer Tracy's in *The Last Mile*. Evidently my crime was considered too heinous for punishment meted out by a mere sergeant.

The Lieutenant was standing outside

his office viciously slapping a riding crop in his hand, which I felt didn't bode any good. I couldn't see his face, but I could picture it seething with exasperation. Finally he turned around and surveyed me curiously. Then he cleared his throat. "Stone," he said, "when I got back to my office, my wife and little girl were here." He indicated a parked car near by. "It seems the child listens to you regularly on the radio, and you're evidently quite a hero in her mind." I thought I detected a sardonic smile curling the good Lieutenant's lips, but he quickly added, "I wonder if you'd mind autographing a picture for her?"

"Is that all, sir?" I asked timidly.

He turned an affectionate glance on his very young daughter before answering. She was practically falling through the window, fixing me with a rapt gaze, but she responded to his attention by throwing a rather badly aimed kiss.

The Lieutenant snapped his riding crop as though making a decision. "That's all," he said.

I hurried back to my barracks, dug up a photo, and brought it back with these lines:

Owed to an Honest-to-Goodness Heroine
By a Make-Believe Hero

But for the arrival

Of little Miss Brewer,
My face would be redder
My spirits much bluer.



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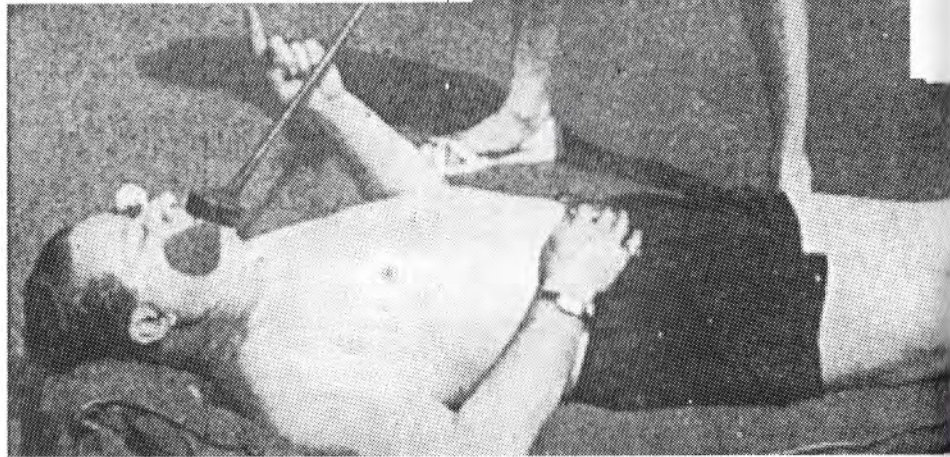
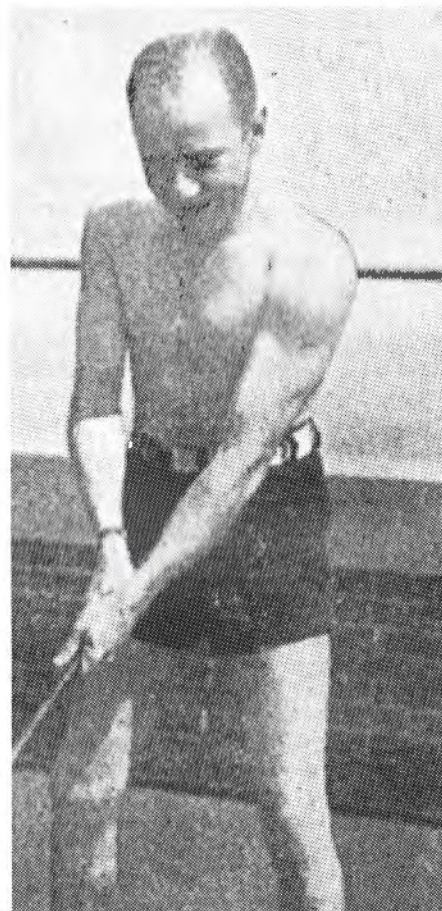
Amos 'n' Andy Here they are

Part 4 of a series from
Radio Guide 1935
by Harry Steele

Herein the Start of Freeman Gosden and Charley Correll as Negro Dialecticians—and the True Inside Story of Their Rapid Climb from Mediocrity into the Limelight and Wealth

In their youth half a continent separated Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll. As they reached manhood world stood between their respective activities in life. Gosden was a salesman, Correll a brick-layer—yet neither stance nor the opposed spheres of labor long could postpone their meeting and the subsequent success—which Fate held in store for them. A shabby, popular tune, The Kinky Kids' Parade, was to direct them into the international limelight—and riches.

Here with is presented the fourth installment of their store.



Offhand, the simple words of the Kinky Kids' Parade hardly would be suspected of harboring two men's destiny—yet Charles Correll points them as the phrases upon which his and Gosden's recr turned. The number was a popular one at time Correll and Gosden were doing their musical numbers over Chicago's radio station WEBH, and they had many requests for it.

Gosden, Dixie bred, has a rich Southern twist to his own speech; he elaborated on it at times to mimic the negroes with whose habits and dialects he had become so familiar during the course of his earlier life. The habit is infectious. Before long the adaptable Correll found himself picking up idiosyncrasies from his partner and terpolating them into his own conversation.

As a result of this habit, the two decided to put a patter chorus into their rendition of the Kinky Kids' trade—a bit of humorous chatter in negro dialect—and thus were Amos and Andy born, although there still were many corners to be turned before the charters came into being, and even more before they were risted with the names by which they are known around the world today.

The negro characters appeared only, spasmodically the boys' singing radio rou-

tine, but the germ had been planted in those indifferently concocted lines creed to pad out a current ditty. And there it lay, richly fertile but temporarily inactive.

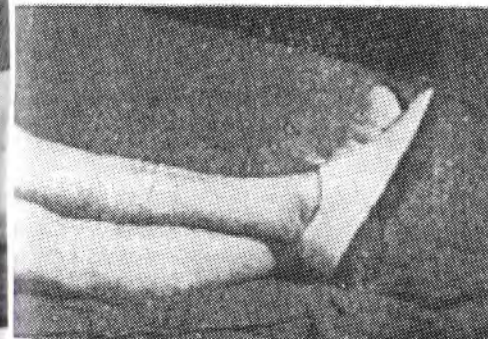
Happy but not very remunerative days followed at WEBH. The inseparable chums found their offers well received by the listening public, but merely tolited by studio chieftains who well knew there was hidden dynamite in every word of praise for an artistecially an artist and his partner who weren't being paid. So the two reached a decision that they were ed-in-the-wool entertainers—just a couple of song and nce men whose talents should be yielding profit. Off they went in search of booking.

At that particular stage of radio history two-man tins were coming to the front, buoyed up by the pularity of such acts as Billy Jones and Ernie Hare; The Ray-o-Vac Twins; the Gold Dust Twins and units similar capacities.

It was during the same era that the Chicago Tribune's station, WGN, was beginning to attract listeners thin the three-or four-hundred-mile scope which then was the physical limit of the power allotted stations. And WGN began to cast about for a pair of boys who could do a song suitably before the microphone.

Their quest prompted a telephone call to the offices of Balaban and Katz, film house impresarios who had their finger on most of the talent available on the Chicago Rialto. That call reached Morris Silvers, Chicago theater booking execu-

With their crowded schedule of work, no time is allowed 'the pair for a real game of golf, so Andy obliges by acting as tee for Amos' practise shots. Andy's turn came later-an' wuz that som'pin!



tive, just at the moment when Gosden and Correll were seeking a theatrical engagement and were in Silvers' office.

"If it's two boys you peed, I've got them right here this minute," Silvers replied hurriedly, eager to impress Henry Selinger, WGN manager, of his ready acquaintance with talent and his ability to serve on short notice.

"Just the thing you fellows are looking for," Silvers told his callers laconically. "WGN wants a two-man team, and from what I've heard of you, you're set to clean up in radio right now."

"But radio is the last thing we want," countered Gosden. "We're all fed up with radio. We want theatrical booking."

You want radio but you don't know it," coerced the glib Silvers, eager to kill two birds with one stone—to serve a friend and at the same time rid himself of a pair of "piffawmahs" who didn't have any too much to go on. 'Anyway, the least you can do is go over and see the guy. He ain't going to eat you.' Prophetic words, fraught with possibilities no one would have dared to predict.

The pair went, having nothing to lose. And the result of the visit was more than a pleasant surprise to Gosden and Correll. It reflected back upon the experience all the bright glow of an adventure—they walked out of that conference with Selinger with radio contracts that called for \$125 a week apiece. And that was back in 1925 in the low spot which intervened between the collapse of 1921 and the inflated glories of 1928.

A few days later Gosden and Correll—two boys who sang, talked, played the ukulele and the piano—made their commercial debut in radio. Even though they had contracts promising \$250 at the end

of the week, they lived a skeptical six days between their opening program and the date of the first pay check. Came the dough—and the boys breathed easier. These activities were all that the listening public knew, but as a matter of fact the extra stunts handled by the performers were many and varied. They doubled in everything from sound effects to production and directorship of presentations, but they were becoming radio-wise with leaps and bounds.

Another handy man around the station was the youthful announcer, Quin Ryan, a promising young fellow—and the WGN executives were liberal with their promises. But to the credit of all it can be said that these pledges never were broken. Ryan made good with the station, and the station made good with Ryan.

But it is interesting to note that in cooperation with Quin, Freeman and Charley staged the forerunner of what has come to be a national craze on the air today—the amateur show. Local talent of questionable merit found its opportunity through WGN microphones, most of it to shed its doubtful fragrance on desert air.

It was at this point in the boys' career that destiny appointed another agent to lead Gosden and Correll closer to their eventual goal. That agent was Benny McKenna, an executive who had to do with programs at WGN. Benny, surfeited with music on the air, suggested that the boys create a radio comic strip patterned after the newspaper comic strips then in the ascendancy. Because of copyright restrictions and the royalties involved in adapting characters already created, Gosden and Correll were expected to concoct an idea wholly foreign to anything then appearing in the press.

Comic Strippers

"What we knew about comic strips was strictly nothing," Correll confides, "but when we got back to the apartment that night we held a 'conference.' Boy—that was surpin'! ... The only idea that kept recurring was the negro patter which had wowed them in the Kinky Kids' Parade — so next day we told McKenna that we had decided to do a couple of black-face characters."

Evidently McKenna was doubtful, but the boys were stymied. An impasse threatened until Benny weakened and ordered them to try the thing out—said that the first episode must go on the following day.

"And we'll never forget that night," recalled Gosden, "We began the first script at midnight, and we didn't get it finished until seven the following morning. It reeked of the absence of pattern or idea, but it filled the time allotted to us. And that was our first requirement.

"We decided to call our characters Sam and Henry and those were the names that were retained until circumstances compelled a change. But I'm ahead of my story. After that initial episode we laid out a pattern which would, require three weeks to wear out, figuring by that time we would mercifully be Ordered to discontinue the script, or that we would become possessed of an idea of more merit. But' the first seemed far more likely.

"Much to our surprise, Sam and Henry proved a success almost instantly, but we found our original idea too thin to bear the traffic—and three days after we had planned it we tore it up and began on an entirely new one."

For a solid year Sam and Henry flourished on WGN, and their popularity paved



One of the didoes cut to celebrate the reunion of Amos and Andy after their first vacation in five years—from top, Phil Baker, Gosden and Correll, Harry Richman, Jack Pearl and Cliff—Sharley—Hall

the path for the breach that was to bring about their demise—but in name only. Gosden and Correll began to feel the pangs of expansion and confronted their employer with a plan to permit recordings of the Sam and Henry episodes for use in stations outside the radius touched by

Tribune airwaves.

It was an unsound idea, Tribune executives declared, because tests had proved that while the nightly (except Sunday) episodes of the trouble-ridden Dixie lads were popular in urban centers, they had no rural appeal.

Refuse to Sign

All of that sort of calculation was just one of the wiles of trade to divert earnest actors from cashing in on their talents, concluded Gosden and Correll, and they debated the issue lustily with their employers. Both sides remained adamant, with the result that when it came time for their new contract, even though the terms offered were far in excess of those in the original pact, the black-face team declined to sign.

This was disconcerting, but it didn't prevent Gosden and Correll from making public appearances in theaters where their sketch was known. After a month of solid, profitable booking they returned to Chicago one Monday morning to face a future minus any very promising design. Literally, they were two characters in search of a producer.

And then the miracle happened!

They had hardly been home a few hours when a telephone call summoned them to the studios of WMAQ, the big independent which later was to become an integer in the Chicago NBC setup. Executives broached to them the idea of bringing their popular negro characters, Sam 'n' Henry, to WMAQ airplanes.

The price named was far in excess of the sum which the boys had been earning 'n' Henry—a heart-breaking fact of which they were entirely unmindful.

All set to renew their broadcasts, and overjoyed at the prospect of maintaining

their homes in Chicago under a satisfactory arrangement, their happiness was shattered rudely when they learned that forever more there would be no Sam 'n' Henry for them.

The quandary which the boys faced; how Amos and Andy came into being after almost having made their debut as Jim and Charley, will be revealed in the next issue of the Digest. There also will be told for the first time how Gosden and Correll played to a national audience before coast-to-coast networks became common; how San Francisco turned out en masse to gree them when they weren't even sure their voices had even been heeded on the Western coast. All of these interesting developments, and others, will be contained in the forthcoming issue of the Digest.

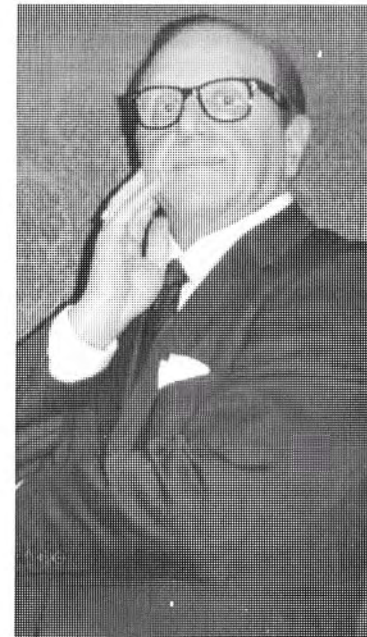
Amos 'n' Andy may be heard every day except Saturday and Sunday at 7 p. m. EST (6 CST) over an NBC-WJZ network, and on the same days at 11 p. m. EST (10 CST, 9 MST and 8 PST) over a split NBC network.

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**NEW
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Radio and Other Elements of Our History

By Andy Ooms, Pine, AZ oomspine@msn.com

Radio was one of the major cultural influences of the last century; and as you are reading this magazine there is little doubt that you will disagree.

A couple of other aspects of our culture grew along with radio and greatly influenced radio programming, and in turn were affected by radio. These are advertising and baseball.

For the old time radio fan, the good news is that there is a recent book about radio and baseball, and another one about radio advertising.

Baseball Over The Air (subtitled *The National Pastime on the Radio and in the Imagination*) was written by Tony Silvia in 2007. He is a professor and Director of the Department of Journalism and Media Studies at the University of South Florida.

A lot of people who love old time radio are not necessarily interested in its sports history. But many of us enjoy both OTR and sports, and their history together. Growing up in a small South Dakota town, hundreds of miles from any major league baseball city, it was a wonderful thing for me to be interested in baseball through Wheaties boxes dedicated to stars like pitcher Bob Feller and Stan Musial, our home town adult and high school teams, and especially the Game of the Day on the Mutual Broadcasting System. Baseball cities like Chicago, for example, had every Cubs and White Sox game broadcast on WGN, WCFL, WIND, or WMAQ; even WTAQ LaGrange was the White Sox flagship station for a year or two. But out in the remote regions where no daytime radio signal could be heard from any major league city, and in the

days before television, the Game of the Day was extremely popular. Mutual had over 300 stations at one time, most of them in towns and small cities. Each day during the summer, a different set of teams was carried on the network. This was back before any teams existed west of Saint Louis. It is doubtful that Mutual had any more significant programming, except *The Shadow*, and *Queen for a Day*, in its interesting history. In my town, listeners would sit in front of various businesses, such as gas stations, with listening and commenting on the game in progress and on baseball in general. Game of the Day was an accurate name; not much night baseball existed yet. During the World Series, the weekday afternoon games were heard in our high school study hall, classes dismissed, beginning to end, until school was out or the game ended.

The content of *Baseball Over The Air* is evidence that thousands of fans listened to the game play-by-play broadcasts outside of hundreds of gas stations in towns and cities throughout the land, as well as in countless other businesses, homes, and vehicles. Naturally, the growth of the portable radio market also helped the broadcasting of the game.

For a few years, another network carried, and in fact was based on, daily baseball games during the season. This was the Liberty Broadcasting System, an upstart in the late forties amongst the major four networks then in existence (ABC, CBS, MBS, and NBC.) Liberty had trouble with getting permission to broadcast games from the major leagues, and

in fact most of the games they carried were studio re-creations of the basic game data received via telegraph, expanded and rounded out with invented details and recorded crowd noises. Not long after finally failing to find a legal way to carry games, Liberty ceased to exist. Famous for his imaginative use of game recreations, Liberty founder Gordon McLendon went on to become perhaps more famous as the acknowledged father of Top 40 radio in the fifties.

Many other major and minor league away games were recreations from telegraphed data. Ronald Reagan was proud of his employment as a broadcaster of such games for an Iowa station. Many stories exist, some true, about delayed telegraphed information, or connection problems, resulting in the studio broadcaster manufacturing details to keep the broadcast going, such as reporting 18 successive foul balls until it could be determined what the final outcome of an at-bat was.

Baseball Over The Air covers the history of baseball game broadcasting from the first game in 1921 (Pittsburgh Pirates over KDKA Pittsburgh) to its most recent innovation on satellite radio. Famous names (Red Barber, Graham McNamee, Harry Caray) and famous games (Bobby Thomson's shot heard around the world to win the pennant for the Giants in 1951) are discussed.

Professor Silvia also writes about the role of imagination involving the broadcasters and listeners, and the sense of community felt by listeners to baseball radio.

Baseball has done well on the radio. By the thirties when it was becoming a normal part of each teams product, radio

programming professionals predicted that live baseball would not be a lasting phenomenon, that it would never be the sensation that radio soap operas had become with up to 250,000 women mailing in dimes in one week for premiums or recipes offered on any one of several daily dramas. Well, the last radio soap opera was in the very early 1960's; baseball on radio is stronger than ever with some teams (Atlanta, Cincinnati, Saint Louis) having networks in some years of more than 100 stations in many of the small cities in their home states and other nearby states. I doubt radio soaps will be back; I can't envision radio with baseball.

For nostalgia lovers, baseball broadcasts are still sounding very much like they did 60 years ago; not many programs or formats from that long ago are still around. It is not easy to think of any besides the Metropolitan Opera and Paul Harvey.

The book is 222 pages of a lot of enjoyment for baseball fans, radio fans, and even for general history fans.

It is a publication of McFarland & Company, Inc., Publishers, Jefferson, North Carolina and London.

Jim Cox is a retired college professor, and is an award-winning author because of his prolific research and writing in old time radio. He has written definitive books on radio soap opera, radio sitcoms, radio music, radio audience participation shows and several other books in that genre. One of his latest is ***Sold On Radio, Advertisers in the Golden Age of Broadcasting***, published in 2008.

We all know that advertising is not unique to radio and of course advertising is much older than radio, probably beginning with the first arrow painted on a cliff

pointing toward the nearest purveyor of meat or hides or spices. But radio and advertising have cut quite a cultural path, in tandem, since the first radio commercial which occurred soon after the beginning of radio programming in the 1920s.

Although at one time, some government officials and some radio pioneers felt that radio broadcasting in the United States should be above commercialism, reality soon prevailed. Although we have all been irritated by radio commercials at one time or another, the alternatives also have negative aspects, and I think the result in this country has worked well enough. Alternatives include annual receiver licenses, as in the United Kingdom, fund drives as practiced by most educational stations in this country, or government control ala Radio Havana Cuba and China Radio International and all the stations in those countries.

Jim's book summarizes advertising and marketing history before radio, and segues into the radio advertising record during the years of the Golden Age of radio, beginning in the twenties and continuing, to some degree, up to the sixties. The roles of sponsors, advertising agencies, networks, stations, program personalities, and listener-consumers are explored.

The author's love of radio data is almost as great as is that of some of us. He met my needs in this book by covering the history of the 24 largest sponsor companies of radio network programming, size determined by amount of time purchased. Eight of those sponsors still exist as independent companies, Proctor & Gamble, for example. Eight operate under different names than they did during the radio era covered. Two are still in

business under the same name now as then, but are subsidiaries of other companies.

Six of the 24 largest advertisers no longer exist in any form, although in some cases one or more of their product lines may still be around as shadows of the companies that they used to be a part of. Somewhat interestingly, three of the six non-survivors are tobacco companies.

For these 24 major sponsors, virtually every network program sponsored by them is listed by name, years broadcast, network, and specific products paying for that program. The Proctor & Gamble segment, for example, lists 87 programs, an amazing number even for those who know all about soap operas and P & G products. The history of the companies, before the Golden Age of radio and since, is reported, as well as other interesting bits of data such as which sponsors seemed to favor certain networks or shun certain networks.

In addition to the 24 major sponsors, an appendix devotes a paragraph each to 100 other advertisers, describing type of company, its brand names, and significant radio programs sponsored. Another interesting appendix is a glossary of advertising and broadcasting jargon.

This is an enjoyable book for this old time radio fan, and if you are interested in OTR or some popular cultural history of the middle of the last century in this country, you will find it diverting, if not fascinating.

This book is also a McFarland publication. The publisher can be found at www.mcfarlandpub.com and their order line is 800-253-2187.

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Lucky Strike Green Has Gone To War

In 1942, smokers of Lucky Strike Cigarettes noticed a drastic change to the Lucky Strike packs. Instead of the usual dark green and gold, the packs were white with red trim. On the bottom of the new packs was a curious abbreviation, "L.S./M.F.T." The reason for the change was heard on the radio commercials for Lucky Strike.

Like with many other products during World War II, the Lucky Strike radio commercials had a patriotic theme. The radio listeners heard the announcer say, "Lucky Strike Green Has Gone To War." What he meant, the green dye used for the packaging of the Lucky Strike packs would be used for the war effort. The phrase was heard frequently on all programs Lucky Strike sponsored at that time. Unfortunately, it also stirred up a hornet's nest with one program.

When Lucky Strike sponsored *INFORMATION PLEASE* (1940-1943), it was a marriage that was made in a lower place than Heaven. From the very beginning, it was a battle between 2 strong willed men, George Washington Hill, the big cheese of the American Tobacco Company, and Dan Golenpaul, the creator of *INFORMATION PLEASE*. While this relationship was stormy, it took the infamous Lucky Strike Green Has Gone To War phrase to really stir up trouble.

During a typical broadcast of *INFORMATION PLEASE*, the phrase was uttered or whispered at every opportunity it could be said--- even during the program! When there was a brief pause in the conversation between M.C. Clifton Fadiman and the program's panelists, the phrase



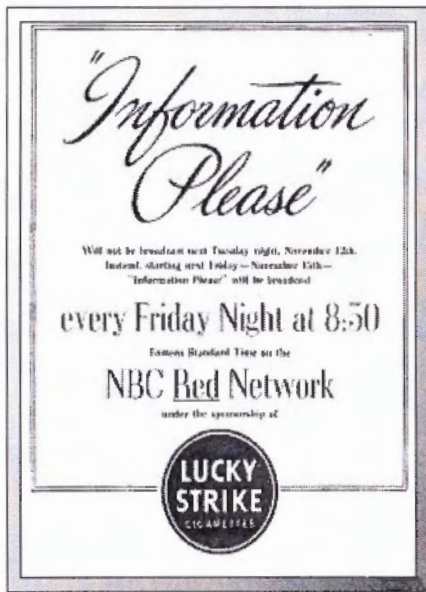
was presented. Not only did this prove to be a distraction with the radio listeners, it also made Golenpaul furious. With the concern of ruining the program, Golenpaul asked Hill to drop the constant presentation of the phrase. Hill refused. The bitter sponsor/program relationship would eventually go to court. It was a well-publicized event. Public opinion had Golenpaul as the good guy and Hill as the villain. The case was dismissed, but the stormy program/sponsor relationship came to a merciful end. Golenpaul was finally rid of Hill, Lucky Strike, and the annoying phrase.

Lucky Strike Green Has Gone To War not only rubbed Golenpaul the wrong way, it also grated the nerves of the people who mattered the most--- the radio listeners. In a 1943 poll conducted in *Woman's Day* magazine, Lucky Strike Green Has

Gone To War was voted one of the most disliked radio commercials by the listeners who participated.

After Hill thought it served its purpose, Lucky Strike Green Has Gone To War passed into radio advertising oblivion--- much to the relief of the listeners. With L.S./M.F.T. becoming the catch phrase, the Lucky Strike commercials continued the tradition as a source of unpopularity with the listeners. (For the record, L.S./M.F.T. was also voted unpopular in the *Woman's Day* poll).

On paper, Lucky Strike Green Has Gone To War appeared to be a patriotic gesture to help the Allies. The truth to the matter was that Hill intended to change and modernize the Lucky Strike packs anyway. It just so happened World War II was in progress--- and the "sacrifice" of the green dye made the American Tobacco Company look good with the public.



Around the Networks

Jack Benny's return to his regular NBC program also marks his return from overseas. Despite the fact that serious illness interrupted his broad casting schedule last year-after a strenuous program of touring Army camps and Navy bases - Jack spent his hard-earned "vacation" entertaining soldiers in North Africa.



Bernadine Flynn's venture as a woman's news commentator is a new departure for a comedy-drama star. While still performing as the feminine half of "Vic and Sade," over NBC, Miss Flynn is doing a daily stint with newscaster Durward Kirby at CBS on what is said to be the only complete coast-to-coast news program during daytime hours.

From \$750 a week to a reported \$2,500-in less than a year-is the salary story of Dinah Shore, as star of her own variety show over CBS. This is aside from other appearances, such as her regular (though not weekly) spot on "What's New" for the Blue Network.

Kate Smith's program is the first of the big-time shows to go back to full-hour status after last season's "cuts." Now in her thirteenth year as a star (though only 34) Kate has an estimated audience of some 23,000,000. CBS believes that she is the most-listened-to person in America, next to President Roosevelt.

Radio Review

We Never Lose Hope By John Crosby

Well here is John Crosby's Review of Bob Hope's radio program from 1946. Although the radio critic says a few favorable things about Hope, it becomes obvious that he finds Hope's jokes trite and hit and miss. Maybe this is why Bob Hope will later sue John Crosby for defamation years later.

The first time I saw Bob Hope was in the 1936 Ziegfeld Follies- one of the post-Ziegfeld shows produced by the Shuberts- in which he and Eve Arden did a song number called "I Can't Get Started With You." Fannie Brice was the star of the Follies and Hope was just a featured player. One reviewer dismissed Hope with about one line: "He tries and tries to be funny."

Last Tuesday night (NBC, 7 p.m.) Hope was back on the air for his ninth season with the same sponsor, and it's a pretty safe bet his Hooper rating will be either first or second all year long. Somewhere in the last ten years, Hope stopped trying so hard and became a comedian. Somewhere during the war years, he developed from a comedian into one of the great entertainers of our day. There have not been many comedians who deserved that title. Will Rogers, Fred Stone, Al Jolson and Joe Cook are a few that come to mind and all are dead or retired. Each had his own versatility and each his own personality but all had one thing in common: they were so extraordinarily likable that you forgave them their occasional lapses.

This is particularly true in the case of Bob Hope. Many of his radioprograms are a triumph of personality over material.

Last Tuesday he bobbed up before the microphone and began a familiar patter that went something like this:

"Yes, sir, just think-nine years with the same sponsor. Two more years and I'll have enough tubes to finish my driveway. (Thunderous applause.) After nine years, we're a national institution. Yes sir, they just made a movie about us it's called 'The Big Sleep.' (Hysterical laughter.) Our sponsor is very subtle. He doesn't say we lay eggs-he just refers to us as Operation Shad Roe." (Pandemonium.)

It takes a great personality to get that response from that material.

SNEAK PREVIEW

It's always a good idea to catch the first Hope program of the season because in it you get a sneak preview of the Fall fashion in jokes. Mr. Hope or his gag writers operate under the same formula employed by Clare Boothe Luce in writing plays: if you throw enough gags around some of them are bound to hit the bell. Because there are so many jokes in a Hope program, the first broadcast offers a fair cross-section of all the jokes you will hear on the air this year.

Well, let's take a look at the Fall fashions Bing Crosby's horses are definitely out this year. The new mode is Bing's baseball team, the Pittsburgh Pirates, of whom, I'm afraid, you'll hear a great deal. The staple Crosby jokes-his waistline, his income, his four boys-are still with us. Petrillo jokes are still haute monde. Jerry Colonna modeled the following for the radio audience Tuesday:

"I played 'The Unfinished Symphony'."

"Why unfinished?"

"Petrillo."



Fred Allen's real name was John Florence Sullivan. He was born on May 31, 1894 in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and we lost him on March 17, 1956 in New York City). A fantastic comedian whose absurdist, pointed radio show (1934-1949) made him one of the most popular and forward-looking humorists in the classic era of American radio.

Fred Allen's first taste of radio came while he and Portland Hoffa waited for a promised slot in a new Arthur Hammerstein musical. In the interim, they appeared on a Chicago station's program, WLS Showboat, into which, Allen recalled, "Portland and I were presented... to inject a little class into it." Their success in these appearances helped their theater reception; live audiences in the Midwest liked to see their radio favorites in person, even if Allen and Hoffa would be replaced by Bob

Hope when the radio show moved to New York several months afterward. His full-time entry to radio was in 1932.

Allen first hosted The Linit Bath Club Revue on CBS, moving the show to NBC and becoming The Salad Bowl Revue (in a nod to new sponsor Hellmann's Mayonnaise) later in the year. The show became The Sal Hepatica Revue (1933-34), The Hour of Smiles (1934-35), and finally Town Hall Tonight (1935-40). Allen's perfectionism (odd to some, considering his deft ad-libs) caused him to leap from sponsor to sponsor until Town Hall Tonight allowed him to set his chosen milieu (either an urbane small town or a small neighborhood in the big city, depending on your interpretation) and finally established Allen as a bona fide radio star.

The hour-long show featured segments that would influence radio and, much later,

television. Such news satires as Rowan and Martin's Laugh-In's "Laugh-In Looks at the News" and Saturday Night Live's "Weekend Update" owed their genesis to Town Hall Tonight's "The News Reel," later renamed "Town Hall News".

The Tonight Show Starring Johnny Carson's Mighty Carson Art Players routines owed much, including its name, to Allen's Mighty Allen Art Players. Allen and company also satirized popular musical comedies and films of the day, including and especially Oklahoma! Allen also did semi-satirical interpretations of well-known lives — including his own.

The show that became Town Hall Tonight was the longest-running hour-long comedy-based show in classic radio history. In 1940, Allen moved back to CBS with a new sponsor and show name, Texaco Star Theater (every Wednesday at 9:00 p.m. EST on CBS). By 1942, he shortened the show to half an hour — under network and sponsor edict, not his own. He also chafed under being forced to give up a Town Hall Tonight signature, using barely-known and amateur guests effectively, in favor of booking more recognizable guests, though he liked many of those.

He took over a year off due to hypertension and returned in 1944 with The Fred Allen Show on NBC. Blue Bonnet Margarine, Tenderleaf Tea and Ford Motor Company were the sponsors for the rest of the show's life. Texaco revived Texaco Star Theater in 1948 on radio, and more successfully on television, making an American icon out of star Milton Berle).

Allen again made a few changes. One was adding the singing DeMarco Sisters, to whom he'd been tipped by arranger-composer Gordon Jenkins. "We did four years with Mr. Allen and got one thousand

dollars a week," Gloria DeMarco remembered. "Sunday night was the best night on radio." Sunday night with Fred Allen seemed incomplete on any night listeners didn't hear the DeMarco Sisters — whose breezy, harmonious style became as familiar as their cheerfully sung "Mr. Allen, Mr. Allll-lennnn" in the show's opening theme. During the theme's brief pause, Allen would say something like, "It isn't the mayor of Anaheim, Azusa and Cucamonga, kiddies." That device became a signature for three of the four years.

The other change, born in the Texaco days and evolved from his earlier news spoofs, proved his most enduring, premiering December 13, 1942. "Allen's Alley" followed a brief Allen monologue and comic segment with Portland Hoffa ("Misssss-ter Allll-lennnn!"), usually involving gags about her family which she instigated. Then, a brief music interlude would symbolize the two making their way to the fictitious alley, always launched by a quick exchange that began with Hoffa asking Allen what he would ask the Alley denizens that week. After she implored him "Shall we go?", Allen would reply with cracks like "As the two drumsticks said when they spotted the tympani, 'let's beat it!'" or, "As one strapless gown said to the other strapless gown, 'What's holding us up?'"

A small host of stereotypical characters greeted Allen and Hoffa down the Alley, discussing Allen's question of the week, usually drawing on news items or popular happenings around town, whether gas rationing, traffic congestion, the Pulitzer Prizes, postwar holiday travel, or the annual Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus visit.

The Alley went through a few changes



in the first installments. Early denizens included sarcastic John Doe (John Brown), self-possessed Senator Bloat (Jack Smart), dimwit Socrates Mulligan (Charlie Cantor), and pompous poet Falstaff Openshaw (Alan Reed). But soon the Alley's four best-remembered regulars moved in and rarely disappeared: announcer Kenny Delmar as bellowing ("Some— Ah say, somebody's knockin' at mah doah!") Senator Beauregard Claghorn (the model for cartoon character Foghorn Leghorn), Parker Fennelly as stoic New England farmer, Titus Moody, Minerva Pious as the Jewish housewife, Pansy Nussbaum, and Peter Donald as fast-talking Irishman, Ajax Cassidy.

His best-remembered gag may be his long-running mock feud with friend and fellow comedian Jack Benny. Allen has been considered one of the more accomplished, daring and relevant humorists of his time. A master ad libber, he constantly

battled censorship and developed routines the style and substance of which influenced future comic talents, notably Stan Freberg. Perhaps more than any of his generation, Fred Allen wielded influence that outlived both his contemporaries and the medium that made him famous. We have more on The Feud in the tidbits section we all love to read about.

Then, in 1948, Fred Allen's radio fortunes changed almost overnight. In 1946-47, he had the top-ranked radio show. Thanks in large part to NBC's anxiety to keep more of its stars from joining Jack Benny in a wholesale defection to CBS (the CBS talent raids broke up NBC's hit Sunday night, and Benny also convinced George Burns and Gracie Allen and Bing Crosby to join his move), Allen also had a lucrative new contract, as did singing husband-and-wife situation comedy team Phil Harris and Alice Faye.

Allen was knocked off his NBC perch a

year later, not by a CBS talent raid but by a show on a third rival network, ABC (the former NBC Blue network). The quiz show, *Stop the Music*, hosted by Bert Parks, required listeners to participate live, by telephone. The show became a big enough hit to break into Allen's grip on that Sunday night time slot. At first, Allen fought fire with his own kind of fire: he offered \$5,000 to any listener getting a call from *Stop the Music* or any similar game show while listening to *The Fred Allen Show*. He never had to pay up, nor was he shy about lampooning the game show phenomenon (especially a riotous parody of another quiz Parks hosted, *lancing Break the Bank* in a routine called "Break the Contestant", in which players didn't receive a thing but were compelled to give up possessions when they blew a question.)

Unfortunately, Allen fell to number 38 in the ratings, as television began its rise as well. By this time, he had changed the show again somewhat, changing the famed "Allen's Alley" skits to take place on "Main Street," and rotating a new character or two in and out of the lineup. He stepped down from radio again in 1949, at the end of his show's regular season. When NBC declined his contract renewal, his doctor again advised him to take a break for his health, and he decided to take a year off. But this time the year lay-off did everything for his health and almost nothing for his radio career. After the 26 June 1949 show, Fred Allen never hosted another radio show full-time again.

Some of those great tidbits we all love and cherish. Fred Allen got his name and got started when some library co-workers planned to put on a show and asked him to do a bit of juggling and some of his

comedy. When a girl in the crowd told him, "You're crazy to keep working here at the library. You ought to go on stage," Allen decided his career path was set.

Allen took a later job with a local piano company, added to his library work, and appeared at a number of amateur night competitions, soon taking the stage name Fred St. James and booking with the local vaudeville circuit at \$30 a week, enough at that time to allow him to quit his jobs with the library and the piano company. Often billing himself as the world's worst juggler, Allen refined and advanced the mix of his clumsy juggling and the comic routines. He toured the world in a decade worth of vaudeville work during which a billing mix-up provided the stage name change that stayed with him the rest of his life. Booked with a performer named Edgar Allen, he found the venue's front office scrambled the names, advertising Edgar James and Fred Allen.

While performing in vaudeville, Allen commissioned comic-strip artist Martin Branner to cover a theatre curtain with an elaborate mural painting, depicting a cemetery with a punch line on each gravestone. This was the cemetery where old jokes go to die. In Allen's act, the audiences would see the curtain (and have at least a minute to read its punch lines) before Allen made his entrance. Often, audiences would be laughing at the curtain before Allen even appeared. Robert Taylor's biography of Allen includes an impressive full-length photo of Branner's curtain painting, and many of the punch lines are clearly legible in the photo.

Allen's wit was sometimes never intended for the vaudeville audience, but for other professionals in show business. After one of his appearances failed one

day, Allen made the best of it by circulating an obituary of his act on black-bordered funeral stationery.

Fred's stint on Broadway is where he met his wife, Portland Hoffa, who was one of the show's chorus girls.

And now for the famous Feud. Good friends in real life, Fred Allen and Jack Benny hatched a running gag in 1937, after child violinist Stewart Canin's very credible performance on the Allen show inspired Allen to deliver a wisecrack about "a certain alleged violinist" should hide in shame over his poor playing. Benny responded in kind, and they were off and running. The back-and-forth got good enough notice that the two went with it for over a decade, doing it so well that many fans of both shows believed the two really were blood enemies.

The Allen-Benny feud was the longest-playing, best-remembered dialogue running gag in classic radio history. (By far the longest-running running sound gag in radio had to be Fibber McGee's clattering cluttered closet.) The gag even pushed toward a boxing match between the two comedians and the promised event was a sellout. It also never happened, really. The pair even appeared together in films, including 1940's *Love Thy Neighbor* and 1945's *It's In The Bag*, Allen's only starring vehicle, also featuring William Bendix, Robert Benchley, and Jerry Colonna.

Some of the feud's highlights involved Al Boasberg, who is credited with helping Benny refine his character into (arguably) America's first stand-up comedian. Boasberg was well known behind the scenes as a top comedy writer, but seldom received recognition in public. He worked, uncredited, on many films

(including the Marx Brother's hit *A Night at the Opera*). Steaming mad because of his long battles for recognition, Boasberg was said to have delivered a tirade that ended up (in slightly altered form) in an Allen-Benny feud routine:

Allen: Why you fugitive from a Ripley cartoon ... I'll knock you flatter than the first eight minutes of this program.

Benny: You ought to do well in pictures, Mr. Allen, now that Boris Karloff is back in England.

Allen: Why, if I was a horse, a pony even, and found out that any part of my tail was used in your violin bow, I'd hang my head in my oat bag from then on.

Benny's side of the feud included a tart interpretation of Allen's *Town Hall Tonight* show, which Benny and company called "Clown Hall Tonight." What those enraptured by the feud often missed: whenever they guested on each other's shows, the host was liable to hand the feuding guest the best lines of the night.

They toned the gag down after 1941, though they kept it going often enough as the years continued. The biggest climactic event of the feud was broadcast on Allen's show May 26, 1946. In a sketch called "King for a Day," satirizing big-money game shows, Benny pretended to be a contestant named Myron Proudfool on Allen's new quiz show.

Allen: Tomorrow night, in your ermine robe, you will be whisked by bicycle to Orange, New Jersey, where you will be the judge in a chicken-cleaning contest. **Benny** (rapturously): I'm KING for a Day! [Allen proceeds to have Benny's clothes pressed:]

Allen: Upon our stage we have a Hoffman pressing machine.

Benny: Now wait a minute! Wait a minute!

Allen: An expert, operating the Hoffman pressing machine, will press your trousers.

Benny: NOW WAIT A MINUTE!!! (total audience hysteria laughter, as Benny's pants are literally removed).

Allen: Quiet, king!

Benny: Allen, this is a frame--- (starts laughing himself) Where are my pants?

Allen: Keep your shirt on, king.

Benny: You BET I'll keep my shirt on!

Allen: We're a little late, folks! Tune in next week---

Benny: Come on, Allen, where are my pants!

Allen: Benny, for 15 years I've been waiting to see you here like this!

Benny: Allen, you haven't seen the END of me!

Allen: It won't be long NOW!

Benny: I WANT MY PANTS!

Allen and Benny couldn't resist one more play on the feud on Allen's final show. Benny appeared as a skinflint bank manager and mortgage company owner bedeviling Henry Morgan. Typically, Allen handed Benny the show's best crack: "Listen, I was never this cheap on my own program!"

Benny even used the feud on his TV show, which depicted Benny and Allen as rivals for the sponsor's favors. When the sponsor pointed out that Benny was also a musician, Allen countered with a passage on his clarinet.

In Benny's eventual co-memoir (his daughter added her own recollections and published it after his death), he revealed that the feud may have begun spontaneously, following the Stewart Canin incident, but that it went over big enough with listeners "that we decided to hold a summit meeting with my two writers and Allen's five writers and plan the strategy of

our feud. It was all cold and calculated and the sky was the limit. Or rather, the mud was the limit."

Allen may have battled censors more than most of his radio contemporaries. "Fred Allen's fourteen-year battle with radio censorship," wrote the New York Herald-Tribune critic John Crosby, "was made particularly difficult for him by the fact that the man assigned to reviewing his scripts had little sense of humor and frankly admitted he didn't understand Allen's peculiar brand of humor at all." Among the blue pencils, according to Crosby, were: Allen was barred from saying "Brenda never looked lovelier", at the time of socialite Brenda Frazier's wedding, unless he could get direct permission from the Frazier family itself.

Allen was ordered to change the Cockney accent he assigned the character of a first mate aboard the Queen Mary — on the grounds that the ship's first mate could only be a cultured man who might not like a Cockney accent.

Allen actually had to fight to keep Mrs. Nussbaum in the Allen's Alley routines — because NBC feared Jewish-dialect humour "might offend all Jews", never mind that Jewish dialect humour had been a vaudeville and burlesque staple for years.

Allen was ordered not to even mention the fictitious town of North Wrinkle until or unless it could be proven that no such town actually did exist. (It didn't.)

"Allen not only couldn't poke fun at individuals", Crosby wrote, "he also had to be careful not to step on their professions, their beliefs, and sometimes even their hobbies and amusements. Portland Hoffa was once given a line about wasting an afternoon at the rodeo. NBC objected to

the implication that an afternoon at the rodeo was wasted and the line had to be changed.

Another time, Allen gagged that a girl could have found a better husband in a cemetery. (The censor) thought this might hurt the feelings of people who own and operate cemeteries. Allen got the line cleared only after pointing out that cemeteries have been topics for comedy since the time of Aristophanes."

The final years. After his own show ended, Allen became a regular attraction on NBC's *The Big Show* (1950–1952), hosted by Tallulah Bankhead. He appeared on 24 of the show's 57 installments, including the landmark premiere, and showed he had not lost his trademark ad-lib skill or his rapier wit. In some ways, *The Big Show* was an offspring of the old Allen show: his one-time Texaco Star Theater announcer, Jimmy Wallington, was one of *The Big Show's* announcers, and Portland Hoffa made several appearances with him as well. On the show's premiere, in fact, Allen — with a little prodding from head writer Goodman Ace — could not resist one more play on the old Allen-Benny "feud," a riotous parody of Benny's show called "The Pinch Penny Program."

It was also on *The Big Show's* premiere that Allen delivered perhaps his best-remembered crack about television: "You know, television is called a new medium, and I have discovered why they call it a medium — because nothing is well done." This jaundiced TV eye proved a bigger influence on the medium than his cynicism would have suggested. The Museum of Broadcast Communications considers Allen "the intellectual conscience of television." Aside from his

famous crack about not liking furniture that talked, Allen observed that television allowed "people who haven't anything to do to watch people who can't do anything."

Allen tried three short-lived television projects of his own, including a bid to bring "Allen's Alley" to television in a visual setting similar to *Our Town*. NBC apparently rejected the idea out of hand. "Television is a triumph of equipment over people," Allen observed after that, "and the minds that control it are so small that you could put them in the navel of a flea and still have enough room beside them for the heart of a network vice president."

His other two TV tries were quiz shows. *Judge For Yourself* (subtitled "The Fred Allen Show") was a game show incorporating musical acts. The idea was to allow Allen to ad-lib with guests a la Groucho Marx, but the involved format had to be revamped in the middle of the run. (The star was "lost in the confusion of a half hour filled with too many people and too much activity," wrote Alan Havig.) A comedy series, *Fred Allen's Sketchbook*, didn't catch on. Allen finally held down a two-year stint as a panelist on the CBS quiz show *What's My Line?* from 1954 until his death in 1956 (March 17, 1956).

Allen also spent his final years as a newspaper columnist/humorist and as a memoirist, renting a small New York office to work six hours a day without distractions. He wrote *Treadmill to Oblivion* (1954, reviewing his radio and television years) and *Much Ado About Me* (1956, covering his childhood and his vaudeville and Broadway years, and detailing especially vaudeville at its height with surprising objectivity); the former — which included many of his vintage radio scripts —

was the best-selling book on radio's classic period for many years.

But before he finished the final chapter completely (the book was published as the author had left it), Allen took one of his regular midnight walks on West 57th Street in New York on the night of St. Patrick's Day, 1956 — and suffered a fatal heart attack at the age of 61. A myth for many years was that he died walking his dog, but his biographer Robert Taylor revealed Allen had never owned a dog. A tireless (and funny) letter writer, Allen's letters were edited by his wife into the publication of Fred Allen's Letters in 1965.

Allen is buried at Gate of Heaven Cemetery in Hawthorne, New York and has two stars on the Hollywood Walk of Fame: a radio star on 6709½ Hollywood Blvd. and a TV star on 7021 Hollywood Blvd. His widow, Portland Hoffa, remarried in 1959, to bandleader Joe Rimes, and celebrated a second silver wedding anniversary well before her own death of natural causes in Los Angeles on Christmas Day, 1990. Hoffa also has a star on the Walk of Fame as well. Fred Allen was inducted into the Radio Hall of Fame in 1988.



Old Time Radio Series Reviews

by Bill Kiddle

BOX 13

Alan Ladd, a well-known Hollywood film star, made a natural transition to radio detective drama in 1949, when he played "Dan Holiday", a former reporter who has 'moved up' the professional chain as a writer of mystery novels. "Holiday" sought new material for his books by running ads in the STAR TIMES... "Adventure wanted: will go anywhere, do anything-BOX 13." Each week's drama was based upon a reply. Mr Ladd had a perfect voice for radio drama, and he used it to project the audience into a series of harrowing situations in each new episode. BOX THIRTEEN was a syndicated Mayfair Production broadcast during the 1948-1949 seasons. *Radio Memories has all 52 of the fine crime dramas in the series.*

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. See ad in this issue.*

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.

CALLING ALL CARS

One of the earliest police shows on the air, CALLING ALL CARS, dramatized the true crime stories investigated and solved by various law-enforcement agencies in California and the Southwestern portion of the US. Writer-Director William M. Robeson (of later SUSPENS fame) worked in close concert with the Los Angeles police department, and used their crime files as a major source of inspiration and information. The program was an early proto-type for later serious

police dramas like DRAGNET. Robeson's scripts took the listening audience "step by step on the side of the law" through a actual police investigation. The program, sponsored by the Rio Grande Oil Co., was first heard over CBS on West Coast stations from 11/29/33 to 9/08/39.

Radio Memories has a fine collection of these early police dramas dating from 1934-39. See ad in this issue.

THE CASEBOOK OF GREGORY HOOD

became the summer replacement on Monday nights over the Mutual Network at 8:30. "Hood", the masslueth, was in reality an American export-importer from San Francisco. He was a man with a keen eye for art, and a passion for justice. First, Gale Gordon and then George Petrie assumed the title role in a series that lasted over five years, from 6/03/46 to 10/10/51.

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AMOS 'N' ANDY

- 00778 02/20/49 Godfather To Amos' Baby
03/06/49 Photo of Jewelry Store Robber
- 00779 03/13/49 Andy Engaged To Dorothy Richards
03/20/49 \$100 Worth of Oil Stock
- 00780 03/27/49 Easter Dress - Pawn Shop Robbery
04/10/49 The Kingfish Is Evicted
- 00781 04/24/49 Andy inherits \$2000
05/01/49 Kingfish's Boarder
- 00782 05/08/49 Kingfish Has No Friends w/Mel Blanc
10/16/49 Charmaine LaRue & Her Mother
- 00783 10/23/49 Kingfish's Old Car
10/30/49 Charmaine & Pen Pal In Town
- 00784 11/06/49 Friendly Loan Company w/Jack Benny
11/20/49 Thanksgiving Dinner
- 00785 11/27/49 Sapphire's Birthday
01/15/50 Abigail Simpson Brown vs Andrew Brown
- 00786 01/29/50 Stolen Suits
02/05/50 Thinks Sapphire Is Expecting a Baby
- 00787 02/12/50 Partnership In Flower Shop
03/19/50 In Love With Eloise Walker
- 00788 03/26/50 Happy Harringtons
04/02/50 Charm School
- 00789 04/09/50 Still In Love With Slim?
04/16/50 Census Taker
- 00792 05/21/50 Summer Jobs At Pine Crest Lodge
10/01/50 Kingfish Drafted

CALLING ALL CARS

- 18503 03/28/34 #18 The Spinoza Case
12/25/34 #57 Human Side Of a Cop
- 16188 06/27/34 #31 Power & Light Holdup
07/04/34 #32 July 4th In a Radio Car
- 16189 10/02/34 #45 Skid Row Dope Ring
10/09/34 #46 The Unwritten Law
- 16190 10/23/34 #100 Lt Crowley Murder
10/30/34 #101 The Murder Quartet
- 18504 01/01/35 #58 Highlights Of 1934
01/22/35 #61 San Quentin Prison Break
- 18505 03/05/35 #67 Undercover Woman
03/12/35 #68 Thou Shalt Not Kill
- 18600 04/24/36 #126 Beer Bottle Murder
10/29/36 #153 The Army Game
- 18602 05/22/36 #130 Triple Cross
05/29/36 #131 Throat That Didn't Bleed
- 18603 06/18/36 #134 Woman With the Heart Of Stone
06/25/36 #135 Reefers By the Acre
- 17928 12/21/36 #161 Milk Bottle Murder
02/17/37 #169 Ten Tortured Extortionists

GOOD NEWS

- 22934 02/10/38 #15 Frank Morgan
- 22935 02/17/38 #16 Jack Benny
- 22936 03/10/38 #19 Robert Taylor
- 22940 03/24/38 #21 Robert Montgomery
- 22941 03/31/38 #22 Louis And Mayer
- 22942 04/14/38 #24 Freddie Bartholomew
- 22946 05/05/38 #27 Clark Gable
- 22947 05/19/38 #29 Joan Crawford
- 22948 05/26/38 #30 Virginia Bruce

- 22994 06/09/38 #32 Robert Young
- 22995 06/16/38 #33 Ed Sullivan
- 22996 09/01/38 #36 Father Flanagan
- CASEY, CRIME PHOTOGRAPHER**
- 16593 07/17/47 #197 Casey & the Self-Made Hero
07/24/47 #198 Photo Of the Dead
- 16376 09/04/47 #25 Loaded Dice
09/11/47 #26 Graveyard Gertie
- 16377 09/18/47 #27 The Tobacco Pouch
09/25/47 #28 Treasure Cave
- 16378 10/02/47 #29 Miscarriage of Justice
10/09/47 #30 Wedding Breakfast
- 16519 04/13/50 Disappearance Of Mr Dizzel
11/16/50 The Upholsterer

THE CHASE

- 08792 04/27/52 #01 Tales
05/04/52 #02 Harry Troid's Diamond
- 08793 05/11/52 #03 Countess Treanna
05/18/52 #04 Elliott Preston Framed
- 08794 05/25/52 #05 After Germans In South America
06/01/52 #06 Easy Riches, Sudden Death
- 08795 06/08/52 #07 Hardluck Ethel (WOW At End)
06/15/52 #08 Terminate Prof Kolcheck
- 08796 06/22/52 #09 Bald Artie Bender
06/29/52 #10 Steven, Monica, & \$1,000,000
- 08797 07/10/52 #11 Doug Burton & the Mysterious Letter
07/17/52 #12 Joey
- 08799 08/14/52 #15 The Amusement Park
08/21/52 #16 The Promotion
- 08800 09/21/52 #17 The Chinese Buddha
09/28/52 #18 Twenty Million Bum
- 08801 10/05/52 #19 Flight From Istanbul
10/12/52 #20 The Cat's Meow
- 08802 10/19/52 #21 Man Hunt
10/26/52 #22 Iron Curtain Express

THE MAGIC KEY

- 22898 09/29/35 #01 Welcome To the Magic Key Of RCA
- 22899 10/27/35 #05 Navy Day
- 22900 11/03/35 #06 The Holland Symphony Orchestra
- 22904 12/01/35 #10 Porgy And Bess
- 22905 01/12/36 #16 Adele Astaire
- 22906 02/09/36 #20 Thirteen Hours By Air
- 22910 03/01/36 #23 Cornelia Otis Skinner
- 22911 03/08/36 #24 Call It A Day
- 22912 03/22/36 #26 Lanny Ross
- 22913 03/29/36 #27 School For Scandal
- 22928 06/28/36 #40 Prelude To Parlamen
- 22929 09/27/36 #53 Faust
- 22930 02/28/37 #75 The Secret Of Suzanne

THE SILENT MEN

- 22529 11/18/51 #06 Heroin Source X
11/25/51 #07 The Roping Of Joe Landis
12/02/51 #08 Death And Taxes (C-90)
- 22530 01/06/52 #12 Visas For Sale
01/13/52 #13 Little White Lies
01/20/52 #14 The Gigantic Hoax (C-90)
- 22542 03/19/52 #22 Confess Or Die
03/26/52 #23 Murder In Vienna
04/02/52 #24 Trouble At Suez (C-90)
- 22543 04/09/52 #25 The University Fix
04/16/52 #26 The Torch /
04/23/52 #27 Food And War (C-90)
- 22565 05/07/52 #28 Missing Masterpiece
05/14/52 #29 The Miracle Cure
- 22531 05/21/52 #30 Sabotage
05/28/52 #31 the Green Sedan

THE TWILIGHT ZONE

- 22394 The Last Flight
Long Live Walter Jameson (C-90)
- 22395 Person Or Persons Unknown
The Whole Truth (C-90)
- 22396 Stopover In A Quiet Town
Judgment Night (C-90)
- 22397 The Chaser
Shadow Play (C-90)

QUIET PLEASE

- 03235 01/19/48 #033 Baker's Dozen
01/26/48 #034 Green Light
- 03236 02/02/48 #035 Pathetic Fallacy
02/09/48 #036 The Red And
White Guidon
- 03237 02/16/48 #037 Whence Came You
02/23/48 #038 Wear The
Dead Man's Coat
- 03238 03/01/48 #039 Sketch For A
Screenplay
03/08/48 #040 Never Send To Know
- 03240 04/05/48 #044 I Always Marry Juliet
04/12/48 #045 Twelve To Five
- 03241 04/19/48 #046 Clarissa
04/26/48 #047 Thirteen And Eight
- 03242 05/03/48 #048 How Beautiful Upon
The Mountain
05/10/48 #049 There Are
Shadows Here
- 03243 05/17/48 #050 Gem Of Purest Ray
05/24/48 #051 In The House
Where I Was Born
- 03244 06/14/48 #054 Not Responsible
After 30 Years
06/28/48 #055 Let The Lilies Consider

COLLEGE QUIZ BOWL

- 08832 10/10/53 Columbia vs Northwestern
10/17/53 Wesleyan vs Northwestern
- 08833 10/24/53 Tulane vs Northwestern
10/31/53 Minnesota vs Northwestern
- 08834 11/07/53 Minnesota vs Radcliff
11/14/53 Minnesota vs Wisconsin
- 08835 11/21/53 Minnesota vs Pennsylvania
11/28/53 Minnesota vs Illinois
- 08836 12/05/53 Minnesota vs New York
12/12/53 Minnesota vs Notre Dame
- 08837 12/19/53 Minnesota vs Georgia
01/02/54 Brown vs Michigan
- 08838 01/16/54 Brown vs University of Ohio
01/31/54 Brown vs Maryland
- 08839 02/07/54 Brown vs Smith
02/14/54 Smith vs Indiana

COLUMBIA WORKSHOP

- 16648 09/05/36 The San Quinton Broadcast
09/12/36 Voyage To Brobdingnag
(Gulliver's Travels)
- 18042 07/03/42 Tag #1-184-463
04/19/42 Play Ball
- 16649 03/16/46 The Four Quartets Of
TS Elliot
03/23/46 Act Of Faith
- 16231 06/02/46 Richard III (C-90)
- 16232 06/09/46 #19 Peer Gynt (C-90)
- 18043 08/11/46 Wilbur the Psycho
Neurotic Automobile
09/21/46 Midnight Town Is Full
Of Boys

COMMAND PERFORMANCE (AFRS)

- 06427 AFRS #266 George Murphy
AFRS #275 Meredith Wilson
- 06428 AFRS #280 Esther Williams
AFRS #294 Bill Goodwin
- 06431 AFRS #307 Anita Ellis
AFRS #353 Vincent Price (C-90)
- 06429 AFRS #314 Edgar Bergen &
Charlie McCarthy
AFRS #316 Celeste Holmes
- 06430 AFRS #368 Lina Romay (Vol Flux)
AFRS #397 Alexis Smith
- 06426 ???/??/?? AFRS #215 June Haver
??/??/?? AFRS #226 Shirley Temple
- 19159 03/01/42 #01 Eddie Cantor
03/09/42 #02 Fred Waring
- 19160 03/13/42 #03 Kate Smith
03/18/42 #04 Fred Allen
- 19162 03/29/42 #05 George Jessel
04/01/42 #06 Kay Kyser
- 19163 04/12/42 #07 Gene Tierney
04/16/42 #08 Clifton Fadiman
- 13365 04/19/42 #09 Shirley Temple
04/23/42 #10 Pat O'Brien
05/07/42 #12 Betty Grable (C-90)
- 13366 05/13/42 #15 Marlene Dietrich
06/02/42 #16 Mickey Rooney

COUNTERSPY

- 08908 00/00/00 The Case of the
Spectograph
12/10/50 The Infiltrating Agent
- 14159 07/27/42 #11 Nazis From Mexico
09/14/42 #17 Spy Captured In Maine
- 17251 08/15/50 The Foolish Father
02/14/52 Fighting Narcotics
- 08906 10/13/50 The Case of the Foreign Fires
10/20/50 The Curious Conspiracy
- 07002 11/03/50 Carbon Consul
11/12/50 Stolen Secret
- 08907 11/19/50 The Pseudo Spuds
11/26/50 The Hideous Hi-Jacker
- 08909 12/17/50 The Invisible Insurrectionist
12/24/50 The Pretty Plant
- 08910 01/07/51 The Kleptomaniac Clues
01/14/51 The Captured Contact
- 08911 01/21/51 The Double-Crossing
Defender
10/27/51 The Insidious Impersonation

CRIME CLUB

- 16236 01/22/47 Mr Smith's Hat
03/20/47 Dead Man's Control
- 16579 03/27/47 Silent Witnesses
04/03/47 Sun Is a Witness
- 16237 04/10/47 Gray Mist Murders
06/05/47 Murder Rents a Room
- 18792 04/24/47 #22 The Topaz Flower
05/01/47 #23 Epitaph For Lydia
- 18793 05/22/47 #26 Murder On Margin
05/29/47 #27 Murder Makes a Mummy
- 18794 06/12/47 #29 Death Is A Knockout
06/19/47 #30 Hearses Don't Hurry
06/26/47 #31 Death Never Doubles
(C-90)
- 16238 07/17/47 Death Deals a Diamond
08/07/47 A Pitch In Time
- 18795 07/24/47 #35 Serenade Macabre
07/31/47 #36 Self Made Corpse
- 18867 12/02/46 #01 Death Blew Out
the Match
03/13/47 #16 Fear Came First

DESTINATION FREEDOM

- 17991 07/18/48 Denmark Vesey Story
07/25/48 Frederick Douglas, Part 1
- 17992 08/01/48 Frederick Douglas, Part 2
09/05/48 Poet In Pine Mill: James
W Johnson

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