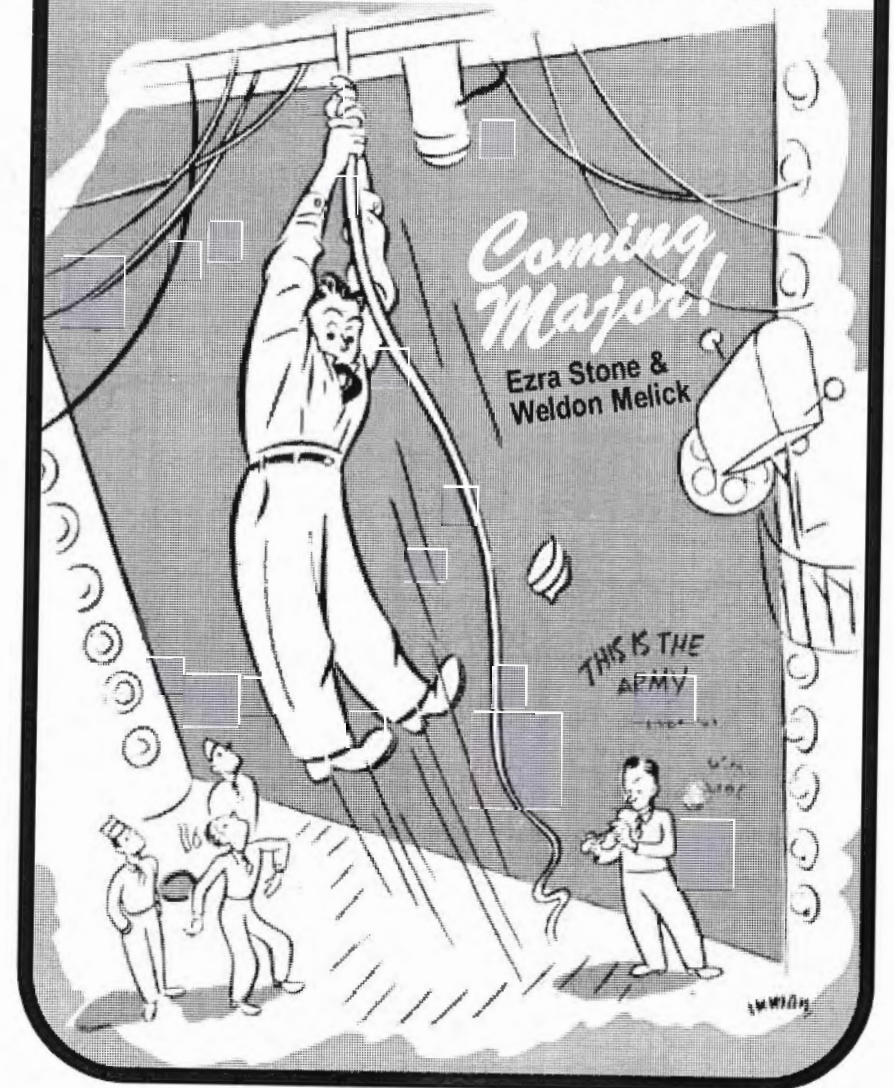


Old Time Radio **DIGEST**

No. 121

Spring 2008 \$3.75



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The Old Time Radio Digest is printed, published and distributed by RMS & Associates
Edited by Bob Burchett

Published quarterly, four times a year
One-year subscription is \$15 per year
Single copies \$3.75 each
Past issues are available. Make checks payable to Old Time Radio Digest.

Business and editorial office
RMS & Associates, 10280 Gunpowder Rd
Florence, Kentucky 41042
(888) 477-9112 fax (859) 282-1999
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Advertising rates as of January 1, 2008
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Fall issue closes June 1
Winter issue closes September 1
Spring issue closes December 1
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ISSN: 1083-8376

**TONIGHT
DIAL 700 FOR**



*Fugitive
from a
wood pile*

Charlie McCarthy
8:00 PM



**Fred
Allen**
*Laugh-master
of Allen's Alley*

8:30 PM



**Take it
or leave it**
10:00 PM

WLW

Sunday, February 29, 1948

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The simultaneous rise in popularity of radio and FDR's political success is highly significant. Radio brought news alive, but left people free to create images in their imaginations. FDR's distinctive voice and sincerity flowed into people's homes. At the same time, his physical disability was invisible. Radio helped make this possible. Through this means of mass communication, FDR could convey his ideas effectively, sitting in his estate in Hyde Park, New York or in the White House in Washington, D.C. He immediately realized the importance of this form of mass media and its power to promote his ideas. As the first president to use it almost on a daily basis, he made Americans realize the benefits of radio. In this way, he helped radio to become more popular. Because FDR was such a masterful communicator, he was able thru the use of reason and

rhetoric in his speeches, to influence the course of American history.

At the beginning of Roosevelt's presidency about 62 per cent of the population owned radios; at the time of his death, over 90 percent owned one...and over fifteen million letters had been sent to the White House addressed to the President regarding his radio addresses - especially his "Fireside Chats."

By the time of FDR's inauguration, on March 4, 1933, Roosevelt's voice was already familiar to the public, of course. They had heard it many times before. The largest radio audience in history up to that time heard his stern, clarion call: "All we have to fear is fear itself," a warning greeted by applause so loud and so sustained that it sent a flutter of fear through Eleanor Roosevelt.

On March 12, 1933, the President

struck a different chord. This was the first of dozens of "fireside chats" Franklin Roosevelt would deliver over the course of his twelve years in office. Speaking in terms that were clear, concise, but never condescending, he began by explaining how the banking system worked: "...when you deposit money in a bank, the bank does not put the money into a safe-deposit vault. It invests your money in many different forms of credit, bonds and mortgages. In other words, the bank puts your money to work to keep the wheels turning around..." He went on to announce that the banks would reopen the next day, and that those that chose to participate would have most of their deposits guaranteed by the federal government. It was not the end of the Depression, but it was the end of the downward spiral that had brought the economy to a standstill.

According to Roosevelt's principal speech writer Judge Samuel Rosenman, FDR first used "fireside chats" in 1929 during his first term as Governor of New York. Roosevelt faced a conservative Republican legislature so during each legislative session he would occasionally address the citizens of New York directly. He appealed to them for help getting his agenda passed. Letters would pour in following each of these "chats," which helped pressure legislators to pass measures Roosevelt had proposed.

Roosevelt would go on to give 30 more fireside chats as President, hundreds of formal speeches, and 998 press conferences, as he guided his audiences through that combination of pragmatism, improvisation, and experimentation that became known as the New Deal; and as he directed them through the shoals of neutrality, and the terrible conflict from

which the United States would emerge as the greatest power in world history.

It was a remarkable departure for an institution that had previously tended to deal with the public through respectful newsmen, handing written questions to the President's press secretary, to be answered at his convenience. Few chief executives had ever dared to speak quite so frankly to the American people, about such complex and important subjects. The fireside chats were, of course, shrewdly calculated to be homey, "down-to-earth" appeals to "the common man." Franklin Roosevelt was nothing if not a consummate politician.

Frances Perkins, Roosevelt's not uncritical secretary of labor, described how thoroughly he came to envision the audience himself, across the imaginary fireside: "His face would smile and light up as though he were actually sitting on the front porch or in the parlor with them. People felt this, and it bound them to him in affection."

Furthermore, Roosevelt's fireside chats contrasted with those of another political master of the airwaves. Adolf Hitler's rise to power paralleled Roosevelt's in many ways. Throughout the thirties, he mesmerized his people with hate shouted out through cheap plastic radios built and sold to the German masses. The appropriation of this new medium for reason and common sense, was one of the great triumphs of American democracy. Millions found in his calm, measured statements assurance that he was their representative and friend. Their response gave the President—at least for the moment—an incalculable political advantage. The fireside chats and the response they won helped propel through Congress with miraculous speed a broad legislative program—establishing the AAA

(Agricultural Adjustment Administration), NRA (National Recovery Administration), FERA (Federal Emergency Relief Administration), and many other New Deal innovations. The country seemed to recover momentum.

The success of FDR's Fireside Chats was also demonstrated by the millions of letters that flooded the White House. Farmers, housewives, businessmen, and urbanites, Americans from all walks of life, wrote FDR, and many of these letters were written within days, even hours, of hearing their beloved president over the radio. In these letters, people often wrote about how they felt during these radio addresses, as if FDR entered their homes and spoke to each of them.

They also expressed their praise, appreciation, and confidence in their leader and friend. People also wrote of listening to the President's speech with a group of friends or relatives, illustrating the Chats' collective appeal. Through these letters, Roosevelt became better acquainted with the views of the public and became even more aware of the power of radio.

FDR connected with the public in a way no other president had before. As conversations between the people and their president, the Fireside Chats provide a portrait of America during one of its most difficult times and how its leader reminded us of our dreams, our hopes, and the promise of democracy. By breaking down his policies, and explaining them thoroughly Roosevelt made international relations and politics comprehensible.

Roosevelt took special care in preparing each aspect of his Fireside Chats and made his addresses accessible and understandable to ordinary Americans. In order to attract a peak national audience,



the Chats were broadcast on all national networks around 10:00 pm Eastern time—early enough that Easterners were still awake but late enough that even the West Coast would be home from their day's activities.

The chats were relatively brief, ranging in length from fifteen to forty-five minutes. In addition, FDR and his speech writers always used basic language when preparing the Fireside Chats. Eighty percent of the words FDR chose were among the 1000 most commonly used words in the English vocabulary.

He also relied on stories, anecdotes, and analogies to explain the complex issues facing the country. For example, he used a baseball analogy to describe the first two months of the New Deal: "I have no expect-

tations of making a hit every time I come to bat. What I seek is the highest possible batting average, not only for myself, but for the team."

Before each speech, Roosevelt and his aides would collect a wealth of information, from polls to press clippings and letters, on the various subjects to be tackled. By 1940, the president generally relied on three men to sort through these and fashion them into a rough draft: Judge Rosenman; Robert E. Sherwood, the staunchly pro-interventionist playwright; and Harry Hopkins, Roosevelt's closest confidant who lived and worked in the Lincoln Bedroom on the second floor of the White House. A few days before a keynote address, the three men would gather in the Cabinet Room adjacent to

the president's Oval Office, using the large table to arrange the array for suggestions that had to be fitted into the text. Ten or more drafts would then go to the president for discussion, revision, and finally approval. Fortified by Coca-Cola, beer, and an occasional glass of bourbon, the team would often work late into the night, carefully scrutinizing each phrase to ensure that it carried the desired message and hit the correct note. It was always the president, however, who had the final word. And it was frequently Roosevelt who would be responsible for the speech's most striking imagery or its more pungent passages.

When it was time to deliver the speech, especially if it was a fireside chat, Roosevelt would be wheeled into the

Diplomatic Reception Room on the ground floor of the White House. Seated behind a desk, surrounded by microphones, technicians, and guests, the president would then begin to speak in slow, measured tones, averaging about one hundred words a minute. By common consensus, his versatile voice was ideally suited to the radio. The public certainly flocked to their sets in huge numbers to listen to him. By the start of the 1940s there were 60 million radio receivers throughout the country, which meant the 90 percent of the American people could be reached directly in their homes. Whenever Roosevelt took to the airwaves, more than two-thirds of households would huddle around their radios, anxious to hear the president's interpretation of the worsening international situation.

The "Day of Infamy" speech offers dramatic evidence of Roosevelt's speech making skills – requesting Congress for a declaration of war on Japan was probably the most important address FDR ever delivered.

Theoretically, the "Day of Infamy" speech did not declare war against Japan. It was a request to Congress to declare war. However, because of FDR's awareness of his vast audience, the speech was a declaration of purpose, a speech that would arouse Americans to support their country in the war effort. It is important to note that FDR had rejected a longer version of the draft that Undersecretary of State Sumner Welles proposed. That draft contained an explanation of the events leading up to Pearl Harbor, details that were appropriate for a president to specify to Congress as justification for the need to go to war. Although this address was being made to the Congress, FDR knew that this speech would have a larger, more significant audi-

ence: the people of the United States via radio. His goal was to persuade the people, as well as Congress, to support his call to war. He did not want Americans to be confused at such a critical time. Also Roosevelt kept in mind that the public was not supportive of a war. He needed to make events sound less intimidating than they actually were, in order to instill the belief in Americans that such catastrophes as the attack on Pearl Harbor could be overcome. Therefore in his final draft there was no mention of Germany, which FDR knew to be another threat, or the number of casualties.

Roosevelt also revised the ending to make it more powerful typical of his style— as he made the argument that the United States of America could accomplish anything it put its mind to do. Hopkins added the line that eventually became "With confidence in our armed forces — with the unbounding determination of our people— we will gain the inevitable triumph—so help us God." Then FDR added his own closing line, "No matter how long it may take us to overcome this premeditated invasion, the American people in their righteous might will win through to absolute victory."

Reviewing both the original transcripts and an audio recording of the "Day of Infamy" speech is important not only for what FDR said to the nation, but how he said it. Listening to the recording, and hearing the inflection and delivery is as important as reading the content. The strategically placed pauses, and the amount of emotion put into the speech greatly helped him to convey his message to the people.

Congress interrupted FDR four times during the speech, and again at the end,



with supportive applause. Congress, as well as, the people listening by their radios at home, now supported a war.

FDR continued his communication strategy of simplification in his fireside chats following the Day of Infamy speech. In the February 23, 1942 "chat" his second after the attack, FDR claimed that, "...the number of our officers and men killed in the attack on Pearl Harbor on December seventh was 2,340, and the number wounded was 940. Of all of the combatant ships based on Pearl Harbor—battleships, heavy cruisers, light cruisers, aircraft carriers, destroyers and submarines, —only three (were) are permanently put out of commission." Some historians argue that these numbers were too low, but as with other wartime presidents, Roosevelt knew it was important to keep up America's

morale. He needed the country's support to gain victory against the Axis forces, Roosevelt also clearly stated that he believed the rumors about the number of American losses at Pearl Harbor were exaggerated, and such talk was unacceptable to the people of the United States. Though FDR did not mention the number of aircraft destroyed, minimized the sunken ships and the number of wounded and missing he used the numbers he gave over the radio to quite rumors and strengthen morale. Analysis of FDR's style indicates that he knew exactly what he was doing by minimizing the losses in his radio addresses. Americans were uneasy. Roosevelt's objective was to build confidence.

Franklin D. Roosevelt's presidency marked a change in the nature of the office, as well as a level of familiarity and intimacy

between him and the American people that has never been experienced before or since that time. Something very unusual happened as Roosevelt entered the homes of the people through the radio: he became an entertainer, an educator, and a personal friend in addition to being a commanding leader.

As with any successful politician, FDR's power came from the people. Radio provided him with a direct link to his voting public and the next generation of voters. Schoolchildren were influenced greatly as they came to know the President, developing a deep sense of respect and even worship for FDR. His use of radio helped him win people's hearts. They would gather on a night in front of the radio in the living room, and listen to the comforting words of their president, encouraging them, and telling them that he knew how they felt because he was one of them. Even those who did not support his programs and presidency found it difficult to resist the impact of the intimacy of his radio addresses.

Thus did FDR exert a direct influence on the lives of Americans never before experienced by an American president. Thru the reason and rhetoric of his broadcast speeches and "chats" he guided the United States through two of the most serious crises in her history, while at the same time establishing radio's place in the political as well as cultural evolution of America.

FDR's Fireside Chats

1. On the Bank Crisis - Sunday, March 12, 1933
2. Outlining the New Deal Program - Sunday, May 7, 1933
3. On the purposes and Foundations of the Recovery Program - Monday, July 24, 1933 On the Currency Situation Sunday, October 22, 1933

5. Review of the Achievements of the Seventy-third congress - Thursday, June 28, 1934
6. On Moving Forward to Greater Freedom and Greater Security - Sunday, September 30, 1934
7. On the Works Relief Program - Sunday, April 28, 1935
8. On Drought Conditions - Sunday, September 6, 1936
9. On the Reorganization of the Judiciary - Tuesday, March 9
10. On Legislation to be Recommended to the Extraordinary Session of the Congress - Tuesday, October 12, 1937
11. On the Unemployment Census - Sunday, November 14, 1937
12. On Economic Conditions - Thursday, April 14, 1938
13. On Party Primaries - Friday, June 24, 1938
14. On the European War - Sunday, September 3, 1939
15. On National Defense - Sunday, May 26, 1940
16. On National Security - Sunday, December 29, 1940
17. Announcing Unlimited National Emergency - Tuesday, May 27, 1941 (the longest fireside chat)
18. On Maintaining Freedom of the Seas - Thursday, September 11, 1941
19. On the Declaration of War with Japan Tuesday, December 9, 1941
20. On Progress of the War - Monday, February 23, 1942
25. On Progress of the War and Plans for Peace - Wednesday, July 28, 1943
26. Opening Third War Loan Drive - Wednesday, September 8, 1943
27. On Tehran and Cairo Conferences - Friday, December 24, 1943
28. State of the Union Message to

- Congress - Tuesday, January 11, 1944
29. On the Fall of Rome - Monday, June 5, 1944
 30. Opening Fifth War Loan Drive - Monday, June 12, 1944

In addition to recordings of FDR's various addresses on radio and his fireside chats, I found the following printed sources especially useful:

Erik Barnouw, The Golden Web (Oxford University Press, 1968) Steve Casey, Cautious Crusade (Oxford University Press, 2001)

Gerd Horten, Radio Goes to War (University of California Press, 2002)

Ted Morgan, FDR, A Biography (Simon and Schuster, 1985)

Lumeug Yu, "How FDR's Radio Speeches Shaped American History" The History Teacher (November, 2005)



Radio Oddities

- Most ambitious project of Orson Welles' career is the recording of the entire Bible. The complete series will consist of 365 discs to be played one-a-day, for a full year, by individual stations all over the country.

- Rotund comedian Lou Costello was once much thinner but just as energetic as he is today. While trying to break into pictures, years ago, he donned dress, and wig, doubled as a stunt "woman" for Dolores Del Rio by jumping out of a window for a movie scene.

- Weirdest assignment Art Linkletter has ever, had in his lively radio life was that of being hoisted up and down the front of a skyscraper on a scaffold, interviewing people on each floor.

- Highest-paid unskilled workers in America are those who win the \$64 on "Take It or Leave It." An avid Phil Baker fan has estimated that each such contestant appears at the mike for an average of five minutes, is paid off at the rate of \$768—when he wins.

- Towns are often named after men, but the present-day daddy of "Baby Snooks" reversed the procedure. Actor Hanley Stafford was born in the town of Hanley, in Staffordshire, England.

- Ethel Barrymore, a talented pianist, occasionally gives impromptu recitals for fellow-members of the "Miss Hattie" cast. While still in her teens, the now-famous actress appeared as soloist with many big symphony orchestras.

TUNE IN July, 1945



Sgt. Ezra Stone directing a scene from "TITA"

When Ezra Stone was the age Henry Aldrich is supposed to be, it was pretty obvious to anyone who knew him well that he would be a Broadway star in lieu of going to college, although I guess I was the first to make that (or any other) statement about him in a national magazine. I was, at the time, scripting a juvenile network show in which he appeared. And although Ezra far outstripped all the other youngsters in talent, he was the only one of the lot who didn't have a speck of braggadocio in his make-up. In that respect, he's never changed.

Ezra descended on me in panic one day several months ago. "Honest, Weldon, I was only making conversation," he erupted in his disarming way, "—you know how you do at a cocktail party? Somebody says, 'How do you like This Is The Army?' and

you say, 'Great, but this isn't the Army,' or 'I'd rather be fighting in the lines than for lines.' But somebody had said both of those things, and I had to be different. So I'd opened my big mouth and said 'I could write a book!' How did I know the guy standing next to me was going to turn around and say, 'I could publish a book! What'll I do, Weldon?'

"Write a book," I suggested.

"Do you really think we should?" Ezra asked innocuously.

And before I knew it, I was involved in the kind of collaboration a writer dreams of. Because the book was already written—not in words, but in the rollicking adventures of Ezra and his irrepressible soldier-actor cronies while rehearsing for the Theatre of War. Searching for the proper 60,000 words to preserve the fla-

vor of those adventures had the prolonged fascination of working a sort of super-cross-word puzzle. I've never had so much fun in my life. *Weldon Melick*

Ezra Stone hoped when his haberdashery turned khaki overnight that he'd be known henceforth as "Private Ezra Stone." But even in the Army he was still thought of as the original Henry Aldrich. Small wonder, too, considering the ludicrous difficulties he got into in the process of organizing soldier entertainment at Camp Upton, and then on the bigger stage of the whole U. S. A. For practically anything Ezra touched turned into hilarious comedy.

But *Coming, Major!* is not only one of the funniest books that has come out of the war. It is the first book written around Army theatricals, one of the most potent morale weapons ever devised. ("Morale," said a Negro soldier in the 372nd Division, "is what makes your feet do what your head knows is impossible.") *Coming, Major!* is the merry and high-spirited account of Army theatricals, starting with corny variety programs at Camp Upton and advancing with the establishment of the Army's first Theatre Section. From that came creditable stock productions for camp tours and *This Is The Army*, greatest of all Army shows, which has played in London, Ireland, Algiers and Naples, and is now trouping in the Pacific area.

Ezra Stone took an active part in every step of this significant development within the Army Special Services Branch and, while doing it, wore a hole in his G. I. sleeve rubbing elbows with colorful personalities like President Roosevelt, Mayor LaGuardia, Billy Rose, Irving Berlin and an assortment of Broadway and Hollywood notables.

This story of the Army in grease-paint has been told by Weldon Melick and Ezra Stone with scintillating humor that you will be quoting for a long time to come.



Weldon Melick

Weldon Melick was a successful radio and magazine writer at 17, had a college degree, and a movie-writing contract before he was 20. Between periodic stints in Hollywood, he has been on the editorial staff of *Liberty* and has contributed to *Reader's Digest*, *Coronet*, *Harper's*, the *American*, and other magazines. He has also been a columnist, critic, syndicate and radio writer.

Mr. Melick's one brief separation from his whimsical typewriter was the result of an avocational interest in child prodigies. He consented to manage a seven-year-old mind reader one summer, but no sooner had he arranged fifteen weeks of bookings at a fancy salary than the miniature marvel and his paternal stooge disappeared. Not being a mind reader himself, Mr. Melick doesn't know to this day what became of them. Career babies still intrigue him, however, and one of his current activities is writing a weekly network show for America's youngest radio comedian, six-year-old Bobby Hookey.

Chapter One

And so, ten days after I was hit by the bolt out of the Red, White, and Blue that wiped out my civilian status for the duration, I entered the portals of Camp Upton, through which pass the most beautiful cases of homesickness in the world. I was labeled with a baggage tag in my lapel and delivered, like a sack of laundry, to the movie theatre on the Post, along with a couple of hundred other new arrivals at the Long Island reception center. We thought Uncle Sam was going to cushion the shock with a bit of welcoming entertainment. But the screen offering, which depicted *What Every Young Man Should Know He Won't Get Much Opportunity For in the Army*, had questionable value as a morale booster.

This was, of course, in the pre-Pearl Harbor days before such excellent pictures as Colonel Frank Capra's *Prelude to War* had been made to start the boys off with the proper mental attitude toward their training. However, if the reel we saw accomplished nothing more, it probably effected quite a saving in the commissary department on our first meal.

As soon as the house lights went up, the flag was brought on-stage, and acting sergeants, one to about every fifteen men, ordered us to our feet to take the oath of allegiance to the Army of the United States. This creed is memorably inspiring—or would be, if mass-production methods didn't give it interchangeable syllables. The cumulative vocal effect is impressive, though, so what matter that one cannot be quite sure whether he is joining the American or the Chinese Army, so long as both are on the same side? Only a limited portion of my abridged physique was visible above the seat backs, sandwiched

between a stevedore and a Fordham fullback, both of heroic design, representing Nature in her most expansive mood before meat rationing.

"You blankety-blank blank—I told you to stand up and take your oath," our ersatz Sergeant yelled at me, slightly bloated with the importance of having preceded us through the ceremony by at least forty-eight hours.

"I am standing up," I informed him pleasantly, "and I seem to be taking quite a few oaths." Some of the other boys snickered.

"Midgets and children they're drafting now," he snorted.

It was the beginning of a beautiful friendship which lasted until I was assigned to my permanent station. "Shorty" was the least-offensive epithet he ever flung in my direction, and that must have been a secondhand handle as I could spot him an inch with my meager five-foot-three. I'll designate him "Acting Sergeant Smith," because the initials somehow typify him and I don't want to waste the considerable effort and time I have devoted to forgetting his real name.

After we were issued bedding and assigned to barracks that afternoon, Corporal McGillis gave chambermaid instruction. I was already a past master at hospital corners, thanks to summer camps and boarding-school days. But military practice also includes turning down the top sheet and blanket eight inches, doubling them over another eight inches to make a "white collar," and folding up the spare blanket like a letter from the finance company, to be placed lovingly under the pillow with the middle fold facing the



He ripped my bed to pieces

door where the inspecting officer enters. How this quaint Moslem custom originated, I have no idea. I suspect it was a peacetime innovation when the authorities felt they had to find something for the boys to do.

Corporal McGillis put the finishing touches on my bed by way of example and then tossed a half-dollar in the center as a test of tautness. It bounced.

"That," said he, standing back to admire his handiwork, "is a perfect bed." It did look almost too good to desecrate with weary flesh. After mentioning that he wanted to see every bed in the barracks look exactly like mine when he came back anon by way of the east door, he departed.

I busily twiddled my thumbs as I watched the rest of the boys struggle over their bunks, mumbling in their mattresses, "How do you like that Stone—two hours in the Army and he's already mastered the fundamentals of goldbricking!"

I'll admit there's nothing I like less than having to make a bed. That's why I always slept just off the ceiling at home. The top deck of my bunk bed, being above eye level, never had to be made. It seemed too good to be true that I had been singled out of the whole barracks to be given maid service by a noncommissioned officer on my first day in the Army.

But Corporal McGillis' masterpiece was a thing of beauty and a joy for but a few moments. The Acting Sergeant barged in, turned a gloating eye on my impeccable bed, and yelled: "Who taught you to make a bed like that? Don't you numbskulls know the smooth edge of the blanket has to face the door the officer is going to enter through?"

"Corporal McGillis said he was coming back through the east door," I explained.

"I came through the north door, didn't I? And your blanket wasn't facing north." With which Accidental Sergeant Smith ripped my bed to pieces and dumped it on the floor. "Now make it right," he snapped.

Van Zuuk, a red-haired recruit with a whimsical turn of mind, was eyeing this procedure with a littleman-what-now expression, and I sensed something fomenting behind his impish eyes.

"Sergeant Smith," he asked innocently, with just the suggestion of a whine, "Do we have to obey Corporal McGillis' orders?"

Sergeant Smith bristled and blew up.

"But he's only a corporal," van Zuuk pursued.

Sergeant Smith was livid as he lost his temper and vocabulary. "You're in the Army now," he raged, "and you'll carry out my orders and McGillis' or wake up in the kitchen doing bayonet practice with a potato peeler.

"What did McGillis tell you?" he inquired as an afterthought.

"He said he wanted every bed in the barracks to look like Stone's," twitted van Zuuk, sweeping the sheets and blankets off his own bed and slamming them on the floor. "Seems silly to me—but those were his orders."

The rest of the boys howled, and the more intrepid among them began to follow van Zuuk's example, until the floor looked like winter in the Catskills. A pillow fight started in one corner, and several denuded mattresses were askew.

Acting Sergeant Smith was fit to be tied—mostly, I suspect, because he couldn't turn anybody in to the First Sergeant. A recruit's disciplinary ledger was opened only after he had completed his processing, which took about three days, and by that time he was usually on his way to

another camp, Upton being strictly a reception center.

"Pick those blankety-blank blankets up," he raged.

For lack of a more amusing pastime we did his bidding with the bedding, favoring the spare blankets this time with a northern exposure and keeping our fingers crossed as we watched the east door, ready for a quick switch.

"What are we being trained to fight—bull?" van Zuuk muttered under his breath. "Flipping blankets around like matadors!"

The unofficial officer turned inquiringly toward the remark, and van Zuuk deemed it advisable to start walking away.

"Where are you going?" he was challenged.

"I'm going to the supply room to get a pivot," he said, "so I can spin my blanket around like a roulette wheel and bet which door the inspecting officer is going to bounce through."

Army efficiency is a wondrous thing. I'm not a fighting man by nature, but the military system was fast instilling murder into my ordinarily peaceful heart.

Chapter Two

We got our uniforms the second day. Saks' sacks and zoot suits were shed and replaced by olive drabs. The butterfly-by-nights, reversing nature's pattern, turned into grubs.

In my own case I felt the transition to be particularly significant. For four years I had been vainly trying to convince someone—anyone—that Ezra Stone was not a mythical character. Being Henry Aldrich for a half hour on Thursday nights was all very well. I loved it and was constantly grateful that I had the program. But being treated like a sixteen-year old kid, and not

a very bright kid at that, during the other 167½ hours a week got to be a bit thick. I had lost my own identity in Henry's success.

I had directed plays, appeared in them, taught at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, and learned to smoke cigars—but people still thought of me as Henry. Actors whom it was my duty to audition for Abbott shows would recognize my voice immediately and say, "Oh, you're Henry Aldrich." Then, peering expectantly over my head, "I have an appointment with Mr. Stone." The fact that my head was fairly easy to peer over may have strengthened the office-boy illusion. At any rate when I insisted I was Mr. Stone and their appointment was with me, they were either incredulous or insulted.

But I would no longer be typed as a child—not in khaki. At last I could shuffle off the immortal coil of Henry Aldrich and live my own life.

An agreeable prospect.

The magic began to work even while I was trying on the uniform. The boys in the processing building were overly solicitous about seeing that I was fitted properly. "Try on this shirt, Mr. Stone," they'd say, after I'd tried on ten and was perfectly satisfied. "I think you'll like the sleeve length better." Or, "Those pants are a little tight in back, Mr. Stone—you need more room there—after all, you've got a pretty big—that is, why don't you slip on this other pair, Mr. Stone?"

Obviously these fellows didn't think of me as a rosy-cheeked youngster. They were giving me the sort of attention only an adult rates. It flattered my ego, so I slipped on the other pair and then another and several more.

"It's very important to get the right size the first time," they assured me, "because once you've signed for anything, it's

impossible to exchange it. You have to wear it until it's worn out—and that's impossible, too—these materials wear like iron."

I began to take a little more interest in the fit, modeling each garment critically before a two-inch shaving mirror I found on the table and then disrobing again until I felt like a third-rate strip teaser.

They had me hold a forty-pound weight in each hand when I sampled shoes.

"We want to see how much your feet spread when you're carrying eighty pounds on your back," they said.

"Restrain your idle curiosity," I suggested. "I don't think I'll be delivering any ice."

They explained that the government is lavish with sartorial accessories. It furnishes about seven pounds of them with the Army sport suit for a week end in the country and sixty pounds for more extensive outings during the shooting season. "Get your shoes plenty big," they advised. "You'll thank us a thousand times after thirty-mile hikes with full pack."

I began to wonder whether, after all, I was going to live my own life or that of a pack horse.

The tiresome fittings were dispensed with when we came to fatigues, the blue-denim army garb which serves all but formal purposes. (The color was later changed when it was decided we would look prettier digging ditches in a green ensemble.) It would be pointless, they remarked, to try on shapeless garments which come only in three sizes anyway—small, medium, and large—and are undoubtedly made up for the Army by the same clothiers who outfit the Georgia chain gangs. So they simply handed me a pair of neatly folded pants and a blouse in the same virgin condition. I was all for putting them on immediately, but the boys

quickly informed me that the proper procedure was to take my shots while still in my suntans. After I got back to the barracks, I could wear my denims.

I had no sooner entered the partitioned room they indicated as my next port of call than I was set upon by three thugs who, it became painfully obvious, were out to needle me. Before I could utter a cry of protest, I was smallpox, tetanus, and typhoid-proof, but certainly not puncture-proof. The new recruit goes through as much processing as Swiss cheese—a comparison which seems peculiarly appropriate as you contemplate your perforated arms.

Back in the barracks, I substituted my fatigue pants for my sun-tans. They couldn't have fit better if they had been tailored. The waist was just tight enough to wear without a belt. With a glow of satisfaction I started to unfold the slipover blouse, and my eyes popped. It could easily have housed Siamese twins. I put it on just to see if I could walk in it without tripping on the hem. The sleeves hung practically to the ground. When I tried to reach one of the pockets, I could feel my ankle through the voluminous folds of sleeve and blouse. Plainly, someone in the supply department had thought Gargantua was going to be drafted.

The boys in the processing building had certainly done me in. Those Saks-Fifth Avenue manners should have aroused my suspicions instead of lulling them to sleep. But it was too late now. I had signed for this Roman toga, and I was doomed to wear it for the rest of my natural life in the Army, if the boys were on the level about nothing being exchangeable.

A floppy fatigue hat, which hadn't even been mentioned but which I must have unwittingly signed for, too, was wrapped in with the blouse. With the gravest apprehen-



"Is that a salute or are you swatting flies?"

sions I tried it on and felt, rather than saw, my worst fears justified. I couldn't see anything—the hat came down over my eyes and ears and must have made me look like a caricature of a Gloucester fisherman.

"Nobody will ever find me in here," I reflected bitterly, "they'll think I've gone AWOL." But I was mistaken. Acting Sergeant Smith, who had been so helpful in showing us how to make a bedlam, immediately recognized me in my scare-crow disguise.

"Get up out of that hole, Little Benny, and take these papers to the Captain," he ordered, handing me two newspapers which I clutched through my dangling sleeve.

"I'll have to change my clothes first," I protested. "Why? You won't be staying for dinner, will you?" he mocked.

"But—but—I can't deliver papers in this—this bathrobe—not to the Captain," I pleaded.

"Get going!" he commanded, "or you'll be the answer to the Mess Sergeant's prayer. I hear he's looking for a good, dependable maidservant."

I started to roll up my sleeves.

"No rolled sleeves," he snapped. "Army regulations." He was making up Army regulations as he went along but I was too green at the time to realize it. I let the sleeves drop again to the floor.

Covered with dismay and my GI tent, I reached the Captain's quarters but couldn't force myself to go up to the door. I paced back and forth on the duckboard sidewalk, like a guy trying to screw up courage to ring the dentist's bell. I was ten times as nervous as I've ever been on any opening night.

Then, to my consternation, I saw Sergeant Smith approaching, evidently having followed me to make sure I did the deed and to revel in my humiliation. I was so jumpy that my hand flew to salute before I thought

what I was doing. The loose end of the sleeve knocked my hat off.

"Is that a salute or are you swatting flies?" he gibed. "You don't salute a non-com, Eight Ball. Well—aren't you going to deliver the Captain's papers? Or would you prefer duties more worthy of your sparkling talents? I'd be glad to use my influence to get you on a latrine detail."

"I was just going to deliver the papers," I stalled, retrieving my hat, "but I don't quite know how to go about it."

He gave me a choice of several expletives, then outlined in a confiding crescendo, "Open them up to the funny page, heave them through his window, yell 'PAPER,' and run like hell!"

I heard a screen door open behind me, and a clipped military voice saying, "Well? Do you want something?" I turned around and tried to speak, but my throat was dry. I raised my hand to salute the Captain and at the same time started up the steps to hand him the papers. But at the first step I tripped on my blouse and fell flat on my face. The newspapers blew across the lawn, and my hat went rolling down the walk.

I feebly finished my salute from this unorthodox position and blurted out, "Mr. Block, I'm Captain Stone—" I stopped, dumfounded at the words my ears reported to my numbed brain. I had addressed my Commanding Officer as "Mr." and elevated myself to a captaincy on my second day in the Army.

I saw myself being marched to the brig between armed guards. The next scene showed me cowering before a General Court Martial, awaiting sentence.

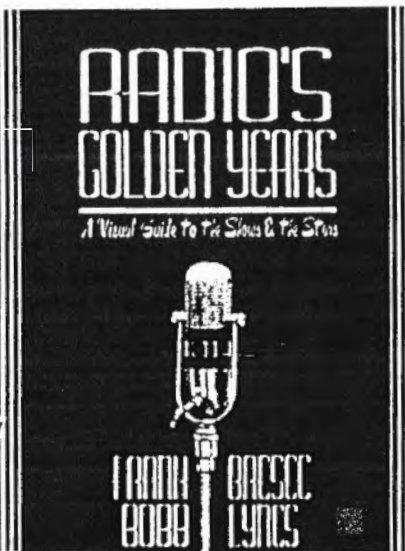
"Back to your barracks," boomed the sound track. Then the picture faded. I saw Captain Block standing in his doorway, smiling indulgently, as he repeated, "Back to your barracks—Henry!"

To be continued next issue.

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Straight Arrow

The Definitive Radio Log and Resource Guide for that Legendary Indian Figure on the Trail of Justice by William H. Harper

Review by Rodney Bowcock

"Kaneewah, Fury!"

In the 1950's, that was the battle cry that sent kids all over America rushing to their radios. It lives on today, through those who remember the program, the premiums, the comic books and everything else that comes with a media sensation. Bill Harper is one such man who recalls this.

A chance encounter with a trio of Straight Arrow comic books found in an antique store evidently struck a nerve, and brought back fond memories to Harper. It was this discovery and purchase that made Straight Arrow a passion to him. It sent him on a quest to meet those who made the program and the comic book what it was, and also led him into a large web of information. Harper, now regarded as the ultimate authority on the show, published a newsletter for fifteen years (called Pow-Wow) with the aid of his wife, and the results of research originally outlined in that newsletter, provides the structure for this book.

Indeed while it appears that much of the information in this book was previously published, fans will be delighted to have it all collected in one easily readable volume. The book is divided into three main sections.

The first, Straight Arrow radio, focuses on the cast members and technicians who made the program happen. It also contains a log that while thorough with cast members, does not contain plot descriptions, which is a touch that surely would be appreciated, both by the casual listener

such as me and the devotee of the Straight Arrow cult.

The second section, Premiums and Merchandise and Others, deals with the fascinating array of premiums that Nabisco created to promote the program. Black and white photographs of each premium are featured with acceptable reproduction quality along with written descriptions, information about distribution numbers, and exactly what was required for the nation's children to get one of these trinkets themselves. It's a thorough and well written section.

The final section, Print Media, deals primarily with the Straight Arrow comic book and comic strip. Segments detail the various titles and formats that the character would be featured in through the years, as well as a log of the stories in the comic book. We also meet the artists and writers that worked on the comic, adding to the idea that so many kids had that Straight Arrow and Fury were indeed a real man and horse.

My favorite part of the book however, is not one of the three main sections, but a few pages about Howard Culver's personal appearances as Straight Arrow. I was not one of the fortunate OTR fans who got to meet Culver, but it became obvious to me that he enjoyed the role greatly and was a kind and honorable man that appreciated the role he played in the lives of young people.

The book is not perfect. Typos abound.

Indeed there are two on the cover alone, which feature a nice drawing by current Gasoline Alley artist Jim Scanarelli. As previously mentioned plot descriptions for the radio episodes would be appreciated, and with the bar for OTR logs at an all-time high, is almost expected. Still, Bill Harper's love of the show shines through, and makes this a pleasant and greatly informative read.

Straight Arrow: The Definitive Radio Log and Resource Guide for that Legendary Indian Figure On the Trail of Justice by William H. Harper retails for \$18.95 and is available from BearManor Media PO Box 71426 Albany, GA 31708 or at www.bearmanormedia.com



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TUNE IN March, 1943

Old Time Radio Series Reviews

by Bill Kiddle

FRONTIER FIGHTERS

Some radio series had the unique ability to take listeners back in time. FRONTIER FIGHTERS, a syndicated quarter-hour series, produced by Bruce Ells and Associates in 1935, will transport your imagination back to the days of the wild, unsettled west, and allow you to follow in the footsteps of a host of interesting people, from all walks of life, who despite staggering odds, fought and conquered the American frontier. Biographical sketches of well-known men of the west, like Kit Carson and Wild Bill Hickok are placed side by side with people like J.C. Fremont and Annie D. Tallent--lesser known "heroes of the west." Radio Memories had 39 of these interesting tales.

GENE AUTRY'S MELODY RANCH

Country and western music mixed with adventure stories from the modern west were the elements that made GENE AUTRY'S MELODY RANCH a favorite of Sunday evening CBS listeners for 16 seasons, between 1940 and 1956. Cowboy star Autry was the featured vocalist, accompanied by the Cass Mountain Boys, Johnny Bond, the King Sisters and others. "Back in the Saddle Again" is the long remembered theme song of the series. The Autry drama segment were 10 to 15 minute stories about Gene's fictional exploits fighting rustlers and other outlaws. The stories featured Pat Buttram as Gene's side-kick.

THE GHOST CORP

In the mid-1930's serialized quarter-hour dramas were quite common-place. One of these series, GHOST CORP, had a special

special story line that was replicated by others. Since the days of Napoleon, Europeans and Americans had a special interest in the culture and history of Egypt and the oil-rich lands of Central Asia.

During a span of 26 weeks, two different adventures unfolded on GHOST CORP. The first 13 episodes, titled "Prayer Rug of Nana Sahib" deals with the adventures of "C.D. Baker", and Englishman and "Casey Smith" an American, both members of a secret service unit known as the "Ghost Corp" operating out of Cairo. The second adventure is titled "Knives of El Meleak." Radio Memories has all 26 episodes that compose the GHOST CORP serial drama. Mondayevenings for only two months, between July 5 and August 28. Unfortunately, listeners did not consider the show to be "amazing"

FLASH GORDON

In 1935 two of Alex Raymond's popular comic strip characters, FLASH GORDON and JUNGLE JIM made their way from the Sunday comic strip supplement of the Hearst newspapers to a quarter-hour adventure serial on the Mutual network. On Saturday 4/27/35, the first weekly episode of FLASH GORDON was aired, featuring Gale Gordon in the title role. Over the years, several other attempts were made to bring the character of "Flash" to life for a juvenile audience, but this effort is considered to be the best and most widely known. Radio Memories has the complete run of the 26 episodes found in the first series.

AMAZING MR. TUFF

In the summer of 1948, veteran character actor Will Wright was cast in the role of "Ephriam Tuff", a clever old New England attorney who uses his skills and

experience in a comedy drama titled THE AMAZING MR. TUFF. The program, originated by Arthur Train, written by Arnold Perl, and produced/directed by Anton M. Leader was heard over CBS on Monday evenings for only two months, between July 5 and August 28. Unfortunately, listeners did not consider the show to be "amazing".

AMERICA LOOKS ABROAD

In the early years of the 21st century, America faces new political and economic challenges. In the winter of 1940, NBC, in cooperation with the Foreign Policy Association in Washington, presented a weekly program that focused upon some of the most challenging problems facing our nation in a war-torn world. The "key person" each Sunday was a research associate of the Association. The topics were many and varied --from food rationing, to Japanese foreign policy (months before Pearl Harbor), America's neutrality, and the war in various parts of Europe. As a result of this fine program, Americans were given the facts they needed!

AMERICAN FAMILY ROBINSON

In 1812 a Swiss clergyman, Johann David Wyss, wrote an interesting novel, THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON as an object lesson to teach his four sons about family values, good husbandry and self reliance. One hundred and twenty-eight years later, Marjorie Barnett and Douglas Silver combined their writing talents, and with the support of the National Industrial Council, produced AMERICAN FAMILY ROBINSON, an interesting quarter-hour situation comedy that was often broadcast "back to back" on the same Sunday evening in 1940-1941. "Myra and Luke Robinson", the two main characters in the series, start out operating an emporium in Birch Falls, but switch to a newspaper enterprise in Centerville where a

host of personal problems present themselves. The family gets involved in a movie making scheme go to Hollywood by way of some strange "backroads settings." In the program #157, the finale, they return to Centerville. They have gained some practical wisdom!

AMANDA OF HONEYMOON HILL

Frank and Anne Hummert created, wrote, and produced more than 125 different radio series. Many of them were quarter-hour daytime melodramas. AMANDA OF HONEYMOON HILL, one of their least remembered creations, was the story of a lovely young redhead--a common girl who marries into a rich aristocratic Virginia family. Her handsome husband, "Edward Leighton", is an artist, forced by the circumstances of war to take over the operation of a family factory in a distant city--leaving "Amanda" alone at the country estate. All this was very commonplace in the Hummert tales.

ANALOG

When we look at the face of a traditional clock we see the hands move continuously around the face. Such a clock is a typical analog device capable of indicating every possible time of day. For over three years, between 1/03/68 and 4/02/71, CBS presented ANALOG a program designed to present changing values in our American society. Each week two guest participants would air their perspectives on a topic to which each was a major participant. In the first program in the series Whitney Young and Sterling Brown discussed civil rights and in the second half-hour program Elston Howard and Joe Garagiola considered changes in major league baseball. Political leaders and clergymen were often participants. Radio Memories has an outstanding collection of these fine programs for your

listening enjoyment.

ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN ?

Juvenile delinquency and crime are a spector hanging over many American homes today. Back in the late 1940's the public was becoming more aware of the dramatic rise in the crime rate among teenagers thanks to programs like ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN? This half-hour drama heard over ABC on Sunday nights for 16 months, between 9/29/46 and 1/19/48, was a study of various cases involving youthful offenders. John Galbraith was the host to the series.

AMERICAN CHALLENGE

Western Europe and the mainland of Asia were blazing with World War in 1939-1940. The flames of conflict had not yet reached American shores. The history texts suggest that the USA was technically neutral, but our national leaders had taken the first steps toward a strong national defensive posture. The AMERICAN CHALLENGE was a syndicated series of dramas devoted to the Allied cause. One episode, "Bombers For Britain" tells of an underemployed American stunt pilot who joins the Canadian Royal Air Force and flies war planes across the Atlantic in a dangerous ferrying mission. In "Lafayette", another story in the series, an old American WW-1 vet tells of his flying and fighting for the French Flying Corp prior to the US entry into the conflict.

A TRAIL OF BLOOD

"A good person once said, that where mystery begins religion ends." This reflection by the 18th Century Irish philosopher Edmund Burke makes an interesting prologue to an afternoon BBC production titled A TRAIL OF BLOOD. This 90 minute drama by Alan Scott, broadcast on February 1, 1984, relates a

fictional "event" from the year 1535 during the reign of Henry VIII. The king has used his royal powers to force the submission of the clergy and the subservience of Parliament to his will, yet a young priest finds himself carrying out a royal decree to search the records of a remote abbey for some "important information." The BBC weaves a interesting drama from this footnote in history!

ALAN YOUNG SHOW

Most American audiences remember Alan Young as the star of the popular MR ED television series. In reality, this Canadian-born comedian had been for four seasons, between 6/28/44 and 7/05/49, the star of his own half-hour situation comedy program titled THE ALAN YOUNG SHOW. Mr. Young's style of humor was more intellectual than many of the other "in your face" comedy routines. The program typically opened with a monologue by Young, followed by some musical numbers by Peter VanSteeden (later George Wyle). Comedy skits by Jean Gillespie, Ed Begley, Louise Erickson or Jim Backus were featured each week. Sal Hepatica, Ipana & Tums were some of the sponsors of this fine comedic series.

AMERICA ON THE MARCH

The Office of Price Stabilization in Washington syndicated a quarter-hour program designed to help consumers cope with the difficult choices in the post war economy of 1952-1953. The program stressed the need for thrift, careful buying habits, and the importance of ceiling prices to curb inflation. During its short run William Santelman and George Shelton were the directors and Ron Rawson was the announcer. In 1953 a weekly message was given by Tighe Woods, director of Price Stabilization. Excellent music was supplied

first by the US Marine Band and later by the US Air Force Symphony Orchestra.

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 Blackwell. 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.

MAN AT WORK!



Homer G. Snoopshaw, (Battery Replacement Specialist), has a new position as Replacement Adviser in Bud's Radio Shop. The customer's "Down Draft Special" almost has him stumped, but Homer will figure out what batteries should be installed if it's the last thing he does—and it may be just that. After two days of this he is seeing little green megacycles with purple ohms. It's a pity Homer's boss doesn't have a copy of the Burgess Replacement Guide.*

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FDR FOR PRESIDENT

10712 11/06/44 Humphrey Bogart, Judy Garland, James Cagney

BOB & RAY (NEW)

20473 08/31/48 Bob Is Ill
09/01/48 Bob Returns
20474 09/02/48 Modern Radio Commercials
09/03/48 A Trip To Clinton's Clothes
20475 09/08/48 Kidding The Musicians
09/09/48 The Gay Nineties Show
20476 09/11/48 Transcribed For Broadcast At A More Convenient Time
10/11/48 Ray Returns From Vacation
20477 10/12/48 Columbus Day
10/25/48 Political Broadcasts
20478 10/26/48 The Red River Porterhouse Promotion
10/27/48 Winner Of The Bob & Ray Contest
20479 10/28/48 How To Have Fun On Halloween
10/29/48 Fan Mail
20480 10/30/48 Dinner At The Latin Quarter
11/08/48 Vocal Impersonator Auditions For The Show
20481 11/09/48 Bill Green Wins Contest
11/10/48 Crosby's Coming
20482 11/13/48 Sam Shovel
11/15/48 The WHDH Sales Office

CASEY, CRIME PHOTOGRAPHER (NEW)

20989 10/16/47 #31 The Camera Bug
10/23/47 #32 Lady In Distress

20990 10/30/47 #33 Great Grandfather's Rent Receipt)
11/06/47 #34 The Blonde's Lipstick
20991 11/13/47 #35 Too Many Angels
11/20/47 #36 Earned Reward
20992 11/27/47 #37 After Turkey, The Bill
12/04/47 #38 The Serpent Goddess

MYSTERY IS MY HOBBY

14014 #21 Cinderella For A Day
#22 Mink Coat
14015 #23 Stella Dix Is Murdered
#24 Hit Plan Gone Astray
19809 #25 Murder At Asa Clark's House
#26 Wife & Her Friends
19810 #27 Woman Shoots Self
#28 Andrew Bradford Runs For Governor
19811 #29 Murder & The Folsom Point
#30 Blue Jay Dude Ranch (X-Talk)
19812 #31 Ben Cramer
#32 Chris Pomeroy
19813 #33 Sally Anders Is Murdered
#34 Uncle Howard's Treasure Map
19814 #35 Murder At The Arnold House
#36 Madame Valentine
19815 #37 Death Of An Old Prospector
#38 Thief & The Paintings
19816 #39 Fishing Trip Ends In Murder
#40 Voice Of Doom
17925 #116 Death Is a Twin
#117 Murder Can Sometimes Be Pleasant

ALDRICH FAMILY

13604 10/12/39 Barbara Pearson's Ring
08/18/42 Christmas Cards
09191 10/17/39 Jealousy Jumble
02/20/40 Fur And Feathers
19141 00/00/00 No Tuxedo
09/15/40 Generous Gentleman
13605 00/00/00 Love Note To Miss Elliott
C-90 By Mistake
12/17/49 Antique Chairs
00/00/00 Carrier Pigeons
13393 Duck For Turkey Run
Henry & Loretta To Dance
13394 09/22/40 Aunt Harriet & Watch
C-90 03/03/49 Trip To Washington, D.C.
05/13/49 Kathleen & Cynthia
14944 02/11/43 Valentine's Day Party
03/11/43 Seeks Legal Advice
13205 02/11/43 Two Valentine Parties
00/00/00 Warm March Day
14943 04/01/43 Selling War Bonds
10/23/41 Forgets To Mail Letter
16206 11/20/44 McCall's Bike
01/25/45 Church & Chocolate
09192 06/24/48 Summertime Blues
09/16/48 A Quiet Night At Home
09193 10/07/48 Mary's Surprise
10/14/48 The Great Weiner Roast
09194 10/21/48 The Babysitter
10/28/48 Sticky Situation

BOB AND RAY (new)

20473 08/31/48 Bob Is Ill
09/01/48 Bob Returns
20474 09/02/48 Modern Radio Commercials
09/03/48 A Trip To Clinton's Clothes
20475 09/08/48 Kidding The Musicians
09/09/48 The Gay Nineties Show
20476 09/11/48 Transcribed For Broadcast At A More Convenient Time Vacation

17621 09/15/48 Wonderful Special
09/16/48 Electrician Made A Mistake Yesterday
20477 10/12/48 Columbus Day
10/25/48 Political Broadcasts
20478 10/26/48 The Red River Porterhouse Promotion
10/27/48 Winner Of Bob & Ray Contest
20479 10/28/48 How To Have Fun On Halloween
10/29/48 Fan Mail
20480 10/30/48 Dinner At The Latin Quarter
11/08/48 Vocal Impersonator Auditions For The Show
20481 11/09/48 Bill Green Wins Contest
11/10/48 Crosby's Coming
20482 11/13/48 Sam Shovel
11/15/48 The WHDH Sales Office

HOLLYWOOD STAR PLAYHOUSE (new)

20926 09/18/50 #22 A Question Of Time
11/13/50 #30 Exhibit A
20927 01/15/51 #39 Statement In Full
02/05/51 #42 Calculated Risk
20928 03/05/51 #46 The Unknown
03/26/51 #49 You'll Never Know When
20929 04/23/51 #53 Father's Day
05/28/51 #58 They Call Me Lucky
20930 06/11/51 #60 On A Windy Night
07/02/51 #63 The Envelope

NIGHTBEAT

20934 05/22/52 # 95 Target For A Week
05/29/52 # 96 The Jockey Brothers
21004 08/21/52 #107 The Man With The Red Hair
09/04/52 #109 Ellen

THE REVIEWERS (new)

20764 04/23/40
05/14/40
20765 06/18/40
09/29/40
20766 10/06/40
11/03/40

THIS IS YOUR FBI (new)

- 20931 05/17/46 #59 The Fugitive Horse C-90 Player
 05/24/46 #60 Homicide Hideout
 05/31/46 #61 The Slaughterhouse Swindlers
 20932 07/05/46 #66 Sinister Shakedown
 07/19/46 #68 The Walkie-Talkie Stick-Up
 20933 07/26/46 #69 The Sinister Witness
 C-90 08/02/46 #70 The Would Be Movie Star
 08/30/46 #74 The Return Of The Mob
 20426 11/08/46 #84 The Frightened
 C-90 Fugitive
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 01/12/45 #15 Poet Of Liberty
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 07/17/43, 07/24/43 (Part 2 Only)
 20836 07/31/43, 08/07/43, 08/14/43
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 20837 10/16/43, 10/23/43 (Part 1 Only)
 10/30/43, 11/13/43, 11/20/43
 20838 12/18/43, 01/08/44, 01/22/44
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 20839 02/19/44, 02/26/44, 03/04/44
 03/18/44, 04/01/44
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 20878 05/06/44, 05/20/44, 06/03/44
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