

# Old Time Radio **DIGEST**

No. 49

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**HAROLD  
PEARY**

*WADEN*

# Old Time Radio DIGEST

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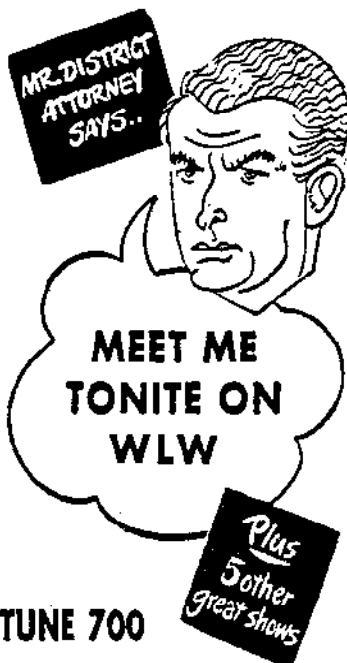
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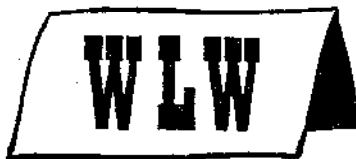
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- 9:00 PM Duffy's Tavern
- 9:30 PM Mr. District Attorney
- 10:00 PM The Big Story
- 10:30 PM Jimmy Durante Show
- 11:00 PM Peter Grant News
- 11:15 PM Peter Donald Show



Wednesday, February 25, 1948

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# Radio & Nostalgia Treasures...

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**Magazines**—Radio Guide, Tune In, Stand By, Radio Mirror and others

**Comics**—Mysterious Traveler, Shadow, Lone Ranger

**Coloring Books**—Charlie M<sup>c</sup>Carthy, Green Hornet, Lone Ranger

**Photos**—B/W Fibber M<sup>c</sup>Gee & Molly, Bergan & M<sup>c</sup>Carthy, Shadow, and other stars. **Color Photo** of "JOHNNIE" 5 x 7 or 8 x 10

**Fibber M<sup>c</sup>Gee & Molly:** Lobby Cards, Poster, Lobby Photos, 8 x 10  
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# The Human Comedy

by Clair Schulz

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When Throckmorton P. Gildersleeve left Wistful Vista on a train in 1941, no one would have predicted that he would be riding the airwaves until 1958. But when one listens to episodes of The Great Gildersleeve spread over that time period it becomes clear why the show was successful: the cast was filled with people much like the people we knew well. Vic and Sade was probably the only other radio comedy that presented a more vivid picture of small-town America, and that show was household most of the time with much of the action being reported by the three principals. In The Great Gildersleeve we get out and mingle with our neighbors.

Undoubtedly, the most conspicuous person we would meet as we toured Summerfield would be the great man himself. As a water commissioner, Gildy was a washout. He habitually got to work late, knew little about his job, and couldn't bring himself to fire his inefficient secretary because "I'm not tough. I'm just lovable." And also love-addicted. Over the years he chased belles like Lila Ransom and Adeline Fairchild and professional women like Eve Goodwin and Kathryn Milford almost to the altar. If we caught him sighing, it was probably because he had just fallen in or out of favor with another woman. If we found him muttering, it was very likely because he had just stumbled over a roller skate left by his nephew Leroy.

That scamp with the dirty hands and the shirt hanging out is the culprit. Leroy as played by Walter Tetley was Everyboy. He broke windows, loved sports and comic books, read his sister's diary, didn't like girls, struggled with schoolwork, pouted or cried when he didn't get what he wanted, and bellowed with "the soul of a train announcer." His answers to questions also bore the stamp of youthful logic. When his uncle found a

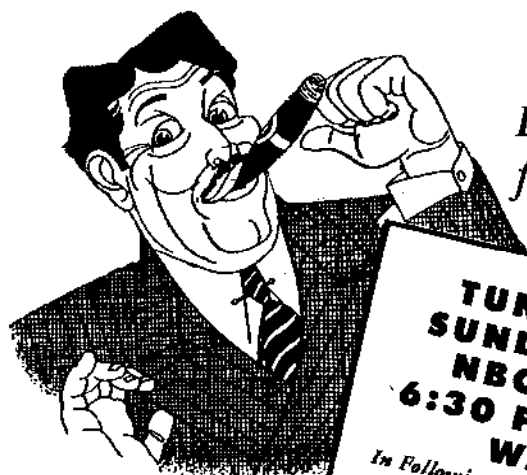
bird's nest under his bed and asked what it was doing there Leroy replied, "It must've got lost." He once tried to get Gildy to go fishing by citing a newspaper article about a man who caught a ninety-pound swordfish. After he was reminded that that event happened in Florida and not in nearby Grass Lake, Leroy said, "Sure, but it shows they're biting."

If Leroy was subject to all the fits that affected boys, his sister Marjorie was possessed by all the fancies that attracted teenage girls. If she had a faraway look in her eyes as she sat in the swing, it was because she had a boyfriend or a crooner on her mind. If a boy like Marshall Bullard was sitting next to her, we would hear some very authentic dialogue filled with hesitant questions and awkward silences. When she got married and became a mother of twins she lost some of her charm, but when she was in high school she was a more realistic adolescent than Corliss Archer and Judy Foster were.

If there was an astrological sign that ruled Gildersleeve's life, it had to be Capricorn, for it was inevitable that he had to encounter on his peregrinations that old goat, Judge Horace Hooker. Hooker was both friend and nemesis. He was Gildy's rival in love and enjoyed taunting him with insults and the purest cackle ever heard on radio. When Harold Peary's "dirty laugh" confronted Earle Ross's rat-tat-tat chortle, it was the best duel without words since the grunt of Frankenstein's monster met the growl of the wolfman.

When Throcky wanted balm for wounds of the body and soul, he usually avoided the sarcastic Hooker and instead turned for solace to Richard Peavy. Quite often his visits to the drugstore were ostensibly for the purchase of cigars, but it soon became apparent that what he really wanted from the

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Detroit—WXYZ—Tuesday, 8 P.M.  
Florence—WOLS—Monday, 7:30 P.M.  
Ft. Worth—Dallas—KGGK—Monday, 8 P.M.  
Greenville—WBFC—Sunday, 8 P.M.  
Kingsport—WKPT—Monday, 10 P.M.  
Memphis—WMC—Monday, 10 P.M.  
Miami—WIOD—Monday, 6:30 P.M.  
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Pittsburgh—KDKA—Monday, 7:30 P.M.  
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pharmacist was advice. But of all people in the hamlet to ask, Peavy was the worst choice, for he was the Great Equivocator, a fence-sitter who if asked by St. Peter at the pearly gates "You want to go inside, don't you?" would probably say, "Well, now, I wouldn't say that." Peavy was also the town fuddy-duddy, a dullard who could spend several minutes tracing his sales of hot chocolate through the seasons when he could have stated the obvious in a few words: he sells more when it's cold, little or none when it's warm. By the time Gildersleeve left the store, he frequently departed with more nostrums or stogies and less patience than when he walked in.

Going to Floyd Munson's barbershop to regain his composure sometimes brought no relief. Floyd's patter was not as soporific as Peavy's, but his incessant chatter and teasing got on the nerves of the man he addressed as the commish. Munson (Arthur Q. Bryan) was a crafty clipper who would appeal to Gildersleeve's vanity in order to supply him with a shave, shampoo, massage, and anything else flattery would sell.

On his way home Gildersleeve might stop to chat with Rumson Bullard if his snobbish neighbor would deign to converse with him. Like most characters played by Gale Gordon, Bullard had a hairtrigger temper and a blustery manner. Two blowhards living across the street from each other was a powderkeg, and all it would take to set it off was Bullard shouting, "Gildersleeve, you're a nincompoop!"

If Gildersleeve took a stroll after supper and was out of luck with Cupid, his destination would likely be the room above the barbershop. In this clubhouse of sorts, incomplete with a badly-tuned piano and worn furniture, the Jolly Boys would play cards, tell stories, and sing standards. Police Chief Gates joined Gildy, Munson, Hooker, and Peavy to form a barbershop quintet who weren't always melodic, but at least they were loud and fervent.

By taking us around the town almost weekly, the writers created a small world

that leaves an ache in our hearts, because we know that we now have teeming airports, malls, cinema complexes, and impersonal clinics where we once had railroad stations, vibrant downtowns with soda fountains and clammy theaters with slippery flip-down seats, and crusty, no-nonsense doctors who made house calls. The family hour wasn't a time determined by network executives when people were to gather around their televisions and be entertained; it was the time after supper when families actively entertained themselves with games, songs, reading aloud, and reviewing the day's activities. Although Gildersleeve wasn't always successful in convincing Marjorie and Leroy to keep the home fire burning, he gave it his best shot.

The show itself seemed to give us more than other thirty-minute programs did. Unlike Fibber McGee and Molly, Charlie McCarthy, Abbott and Costello, and other humorous shows that featured regular musical interludes, The Great Gildersleeve was a true situation comedy that seemed longer than other programs because it was packed with incidents. An example is the June 9, 1946 episode that looked back on the previous Fourth of July. Gildersleeve wakes up to the sound of firecrackers, enjoys some holiday chitchat at the breakfast table, has a window drop on him while hanging the flag, converses with Lila, confronts the neighbor boy and his toy cannon, joins the Jolly Boys on a hayride, argues with Hooker and Munson over who will be chef at the picnic, engages in horseplay at the swimming hole, and concludes the day by singing "In The Good Old Summertime" with the Boys on the ride home. Every program was so loaded with details and scenes that we never felt cheated.

Another trait that separated The Great Gildersleeve from other comedy shows was that the humor came not so much from the lines as from how they were spoken. Cook Birdie would repeat the same phrase over three or four times and still get guffaws. Leroy's doubting laugh preceded Gildersleeve's "Le-e-roy" like

clockwork. If Throckmorton promised to pay Leroy as much as he was worth to do a job, Tetley could bring a whine to "Is that all?" that earned more laughs than the question merited. Richard LeGrand's dry delivery would provoke chuckles just by speaking his opening "Hello, Mr. Gildersleeve." Both Willard Waterman and Harold Peary could sputter and pontificate just the way an impulsive and amiable windbag should. When Leroy shook his head at his uncle and exclaimed, "What a character!" he said a mouthful, because it truly were the characters and not just what they said that brought us back week after week.

Even today we want to come back again and again to The Great Gildersleeve. Each time we listen is like a visit to that place we called home and to meet one more time those very human people we knew then. For Thornton Wilder it was Grover's Corners, but many of us have come to think of Summerfield as our town.



ABOVE: Walter Tetley plays Gildersleeve's nephew, Leroy, and Lurene Tuttle has the part of Leroy's indulgent sister, Marjorie

## A CHECKLIST FOR CHOOSING AN OTR DEALER

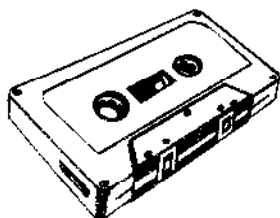
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# The Great Gildersleeve

# SETTLES a

NBC's Great Gildersleeve (played by Harold Peary), with the doubtful aid of Leroy (Walter Tetley) weathers a crisis created especially for Radio Mirror. For more adventures, tune in Wednesdays, 8:30 P. M. EST.

Reprinted from Radio Mirror  
October 1946



# MONUMENTAL PROBLEM

The warm late-September night was an insidious, tempting invitation to sit on the front porch, rocking gently and considering the way of the universe, but Gildersleeve nobly ignored all such pleasant distractions. He bent over the desk in the living room, pen in hand, sheets of paper spread before him, frowning darkly. Leroy, his nephew, who was seated on the other side of the room near the radio, kept one anxious eye on Gildersleeve, the other on the clock. In a scant ten minutes it would be time for Zeke Muldoon, Gang Smasher, his favorite radio program, and if Unc hadn't finished by then he would miss it. He had already tried to turn on the radio once, only to be asked sternly how he thought his uncle was going to concentrate with all that racket going on?

Leroy wished fervently that someone—anyone—other than J. Throckmorton Gildersleeve had been asked to deliver the principal address at the annual Founders' Day banquet. For a week now Unc had worn a portentous air of abstraction, broken at times by periods when he would murmur soundlessly to himself, purse his lips, shake his head, and go off into another gloomy silence. And Leroy noticed that the paper on the desk was as clean as it had been last night and the night before. So far, Unc hadn't written a word of his speech.

Gildersleeve cleared his throat. "Leroy," he inquired, "did you learn anything in school about the fellow that first settled this town—what's—his—name—Homer Quink?"

"Sure," Leroy said. "Lots."

"Well, what sort of a man was he? I mean, did he ever make any speeches?"

"Nope. Had a farm and ran a

blacksmith shop."

Gildersleeve sighed and said testily he'd known that much himself. Somehow, Homer Quink didn't seem to be an inspiring peg upon which to hang a Founders' Day address. The truth was that Gildy, seldom at a loss for words, was suffering from stage-fright. When the committee had first asked him to deliver the speech he had been overcome with pride. But the importance of the occasion made every idea that entered his head sound trifling. Rising to his feet, resplendent in his dinner jacket, to speak to the assembled nobility of the town, he felt he needed a subject so thrilling, so meaningful, that it would bring them all cheering to their feet at the end of his talk. What such a subject would be, he hadn't the foggiest notion.

He passed a weary hand over his brow and Leroy, noting the gesture, said shrewdly, "Don't you think you ought to knock off for tonight, Unc? You can't work when you're tired."

"Perhaps you're right, my boy," Gildersleeve agreed, and began to put his unsullied white paper away. Leroy reached out eagerly for the radio switch, and at that moment there was a knock on the front door, accompanied by a familiar voice calling, "Gildy? Are you in?"

"Aw!" Leroy muttered, as his uncle stood up and went into the hall, crying, "Right here, Judge. Come in, come in!" Judge Horace Hooker was a nice old guy, Leroy thought sadly, but he always stuck around talking for hours, and he would consent to sit on the porch only on the hottest summer nights. For the hundredth time, Leroy vowed to have a radio of his own, up in his room, where he could listen without distraction.

Judge Hooker came in and lowered his

thin frame into the most comfortable chair in the room. "Well, Gildy," he said, "how's the speech coming?"

Gildy drummed his fingers against his knees. "Well—" he said. "To tell the truth, Judge, I don't seem to be able to get a start on it. Been so busy, with one thing and another—"

"It occurred to me," the Judge said, "this town ought to erect itself a memorial to the boys who fought in the war. Been a whole year now since hostilities ceased, and we haven't done anything about it. A good granite monument in the square would look mighty nice—don't you agree with me, Gildy?"

"I certainly do!" Gildy nodded his head solemnly.

"So I thought, when's a better time to start the ball rolling than at the Founders' Day banquet? Folks'll be in a generous mood, all full up with civic pride, and they'll all be there in one place, so we could decide on the kind of monument we wanted, and appoint a committee to get prices." The Judge leaned back. "How's that for an idea?"

Gildy struck one hand into the palm of the other. "By golly, Judge," he exulted, "it's perfect! That's one speech I can really get my heart and soul into. Why, you're right—it's a shame and a disgrace that nothing's been done yet to honor those boys who fought to save our homes!"

"Exactly," the Judge agreed. "And you better make a note of that phrase to use in your speech, Gildy—it's a good one. Now, look—once people decide to put up a memorial, they're going to start arguing about what it should be, and we don't want that to happen. So I think in your speech you ought to stress the need for a nice, dignified monument in the Square."

Before Judge Hooker departed, he had produced a pencil and drawn a sketch of the kind of monument he had in mind—a granite column, very plain, with an inscription around the base.

The following day, however, Gildy found that not everyone in town was in

such perfect agreement. Dropping into Floyd Munson's barber shop for a shave, Gildy was startled to hear Floyd observe:

"Commissioner, you're an important man in this town. How about doin' something about this war memorial deal some of the folks're cookin' up?"

Gildy stiffened in the friendly barber's chair. "War memorial deal?"

"Mean you haven't heard about it?" Floyd applied lather with expert swoops of his brush. "Well, there's a movement on foot to collect money for one. That's a good thing; I'm all in favor of it. But some parties—I ain't sayin' who, just certain parties around town—want to knock together some kind of a stone monument and stick it up in the Square. Now, I'm asking you, Commissioner—what good's a hunk of stone? Who's goin' to get any fun out of it?"

"Why—I don't know, Floyd," he said. "But it'd be pretty."

"Pretty!" Floyd snorted. "Might be and might not. Point is, we don't need any monument, and what we do need in this town is a park, with tennis courts and swings for the kids and maybe a swimmin' pool. Way it is now, there's nothin' for young folks to do but go to the movies or sit around some bar or drug store drinkin'. You ought to know that, Commissioner, with a niece and nephew of your own."

"Um—yes, of course." Now that he thought of it, Gildy did remember that Margie and Leroy had often complained over the lack of tennis courts and such. "Cost a good deal of money," he said cautiously.

"Sure it would, and that's what's eating Judge Hoo—I mean, the parties that want just a plain old monument. They got wind o' the way people were talkin' up a memorial, and they begun advocatin' a monument right away, figurin' it was the cheapest and least likely to raise taxes. But what good's a thing if you can't use it?"

Floyd sounded aggrieved; in fact, Gildersleeve had seldom heard him speak so vehemently on any subject. He squinted at Floyd's razor, being wielded

in wide, angry sweeps, and decided that this was no time to irritate him further.

"Well," he said carefully, "I'm certainly glad to get your point of view, Floyd, and I'll look into the matter. . . Better give me a massage, too."

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**Judge Hooker (Earle Ross) was no help!**



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Judge Hooker dropped in again that night, and Gildy cautiously brought up the matter of a recreation park. He'd heard, he said, that some people favored a park instead of a monument.

The Judge bristled. "And where," he asked, "did you hear all this?"

"Well. . . several places," Gildy exaggerated.

"Any place in particular?" The Judge assumed his courtroom manner.

"Floyd Munson mentioned it," Gildy admitted, and the Judge snorted.

"Thought so! He's been going around telling everyone he knows the town needs a recreation park. I'm surprised you were taken in by it, Throckmorton. Didn't you remember that Floyd's cousin Neeley Herkimer owns the bottling works?"

"Ah? That so?" asked Gildersleeve, wading knee-deep in confusion. "I mean, yes of course I know it, but what's it got to do with Floyd thinking a recreation park would be good?"

"People get mighty thirsty playing tennis and swimming, don't they?" the Judge inquired. "Ever see a swimming pool or public tennis court that didn't have a soft-drink stand close to it?"

"Oh," Gildersleeve said. "Oh, I see. But just the same—" He struggled with the rights and wrongs of the situation. "I mean, just because one man is interested in getting a park for a selfish reason—that doesn't mean the town oughtn't to *have* a park, does it? I mean, a park would still be a good thing for the youngsters."

"Out of the question," Judge Hooker said firmly. "And you ought to know it as well as I do. A park'd cost thousands of dollars—town would have to float a bond issue—and there's the cost of maintenance—gardeners, caretakers, water, lawn-mowing machines. . . Tax rate'd go up by leaps and bounds. Property-owners'd go broke paying the bills, non-property-owners'd get all the benefits and it wouldn't cost 'em a cent. Out of the question."

Judge Hooker, Gildy saw, disapproved of a park just as strongly as Floyd Munson approved of one.

The question was, whose side was he, J. Throckmorton Gildersleeve, on?

It kept him from sleeping that night, and in the morning he was irritable to Margie and Leroy, and even to Birdie, pearl among cooks and housekeepers. Afterwards he was sorry, gave Margie and Leroy each a dollar, and apologized humbly to a weeping Birdie.

After a troubled day, he went next door and called upon Mrs. Leila Ransome. She was the most soothing person he knew. Her pink-and-white complexion, her soft voice that reeked of magnolias and moonlight, were like balm to his soul. But tonight she failed.

"Leila," he complained, taking long sips at the tall glass of lemonade she made for him, "I need your advice."

Leila fluttered her eyelashes. "Now Throckmorton," she said, "what possible advice could poor little me give to you? Why, I declare, sometimes it seems that you know everything!"

"Well, I don't know the answer to this one. You know, I'm supposed to give the address at the Founders' Day banquet Saturday night. . ."

"Yes, I do know, and I'm so terribly proud of you!"

Automatically, Gildersleeve sat straighter in his chair. "Oh, well—" he said modestly. "Anyway, I thought I'd talk it over with you." He told her about Judge Hooker's visit, about Floyd Munson's advocacy of a recreation park. "The worst of it is," he finished, "I can see ways they're *both* right."

Leila had been gazing off into the middle distance. Now, very gravely, she shook her head.

"No, Throckmorton," she said. "They are *not* both right. Neither is right. What this town needs far, far more than either a monument or a park is a lovely model theater. Why, I remember when I first came here from down south, how disappointed I was to find that there was no auditorium—except the one at the high school, of course, and it doesn't count, it's so bare and ugly, and the stage is so small." She leaned forward, impulsively putting her small hand on his arm. "Why, Throckmorton, just think! Think of what a wonderful thing a little theater would be here! A place where we could all get together and put on beautiful plays."

Her words conjured up a charming picture in Gildersleeve's mind. He saw her on the stage—as Juliet, perhaps, while he was Romeo. Lights, applause, the smell of grease-paint. . .and Leila in his arms. Nearly every play had some kissing, didn't it?

Reluctantly, he came back to reality. *Another* idea for the memorial—that makes three. And I don't expect either the Judge and his crowd or the Munson bunch would go for it."

"Well, you must do as you think best," Leila remarked a trifle stiffly. "I

wouldn't dream of interfering. Because of course I realize I'm only a woman, and a comparative newcomer in town. . ."

Gildersleeve had finished his lemonade, and he was hoping she would offer him another. But she didn't, and after a while he went back home, uneasily aware that Leila was not pleased.

It was still early, and he decided to walk down to the drug store and talk his problem over with Mr. Peavey, its proprietor. Peavey was a level-headed sort of person, and he always looked at both sides of a question.

Peavey gave the matter careful consideration. Nodding in time to Gildersleeve's words, he caressed his chin with his hand and listened.

"...and Judge Hooker thinks a monument would be just the thing," Gildersleeve said.

"Excellent. Very appropriate and tasteful," said Mr. Peavey.

"But Floyd Munson and some others want a park with tennis courts and playground equipment. . ."

"Fine thing for the town. Youngsters need someplace to play. Keeps 'em healthy."

"And Leila Ransome suggests that a model theater where we could have local talent shows and musical recitals would be better than either a park or a monument."

"Charming woman, Mrs. Ransome. Always felt we needed a theater for home-town plays around here. Fine idea, just fine." Peavey sounded really enthusiastic.

"Then you'd say that a theater was the best bet?" Gildy asked, and Peavey drew back from the counter where he had been leaning.

"Well now, I wouldn't say that, exactly," he replied. "Not the *best*—no. Some folks mightn't want to see shows—might like to play tennis better."

"You'd favor the park?"

"No-o-o," Peavey said on a rising inflection. "Not necessarily. Some folks don't play tennis, you know, or go swimming. Might be they'd just like to

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look at a monument. Takes all kinds to make a world, like the fellow said."

Gildersleeve drew a deep breath.

"Look—suppose I were to ask you which you'd favor, personally—just you, yourself—what would you say?"

Peavey thought it over. After a silence he shook his head. "Don't believe I can answer that question, Mr. Gildersleeve. Too many angles to it, and besides this store keeps me so busy I never get a chance to see shows or play tennis anyway, and if there was a monument on the Square I couldn't see it from here. Whatever the rest of you people decide'll be all right with me—but thanks for asking, just the same."

"A fat lot of good asking you did me!" muttered Gildersleeve wrathfully, and banged out of the store.

The day had one more tribulation for him. When he returned home he found Margie in the living room, looking severe.

"Unkie," she demanded, "where in the world have you been? You've had a visitor."

"I have?" Gildersleeve sat down wearily. "Who?"

"Mrs. Pettibone. She waited until after nine o'clock, but you didn't show up, so she's going to see you in your office. Somehow she heard that you were going to talk about the new war memorial at the banquet Saturday night, and she thinks you ought to recommend a new public library. The one we have is a disgrace, she says—and Unkie, she's absolutely right. Have you ever been in there? They haven't got a novel newer than *The Sheik*, and—"

Gildersleeve clutched his head in both hands. "Don't you start, Margie," he begged. "I warn you, I can't stand any more. Monuments, parks, theaters, and now a library! By this time tomorrow somebody will be pestering me to say we ought to build a stadium!"

"Now you're cookin' with gas, Unc! A football stadium—that's what we *really* need!"

Gildersleeve whirled. Unheard, Leroy had come in and was standing in the

archway between living room and hall. Uttering the cry of a wounded banshee, Gildersleeve brushed past his nephew and sought the peace of his own room upstairs.

At five-thirty on Saturday afternoon, Gildersleeve had not yet written his speech. Worse still, he had no idea what he was going to say. Mrs. Pettibone had, as promised, called on him at his office, and had presented the case for a new library in full detail. Floyd Munson had returned to the subject of the park when Gildy went in to get a shave, and had been so eloquent that for the past two days Gildy had been forced to shave himself. Judge Hooker had drawn up and brought around to exhibit another sketch of a monument. Leila Ransome, apparently knowing that her theater had no partisans except herself, was indulging in a fit of ladylike sulks.

A wild notion crossed his head as he started to change from business clothes into his dinner jacket. He could send word to the banquet hall that he was sick! Nobody would expect a sick man to appear—particularly tonight, when it looked as if it might rain. And actually, he didn't feel too good. He was pretty sure he had a fever.

He was standing, indecisive, in the middle of the bedroom when the doorbell rang and Birdie called up the stairs, "Mistah Gil'sleeve! Miss Eve Goodwin's here—say she goin' to the banquet an' wondered if you—all wanted to walk 'long with her."

Gildersleeve jumped. Eve Goodwin—cool, crisp Eve, the best teacher the high school had ever had, and an expert at telling when pupils were really ill and when they weren't. If he sent down word that he was sick she'd be up here—and know perfectly well the minute she set eyes on him that he was healthy as a mule.

"I'm just dressing," he called down.

"Ask Miss Goodwin if she'll wait."

There was no escape now. Gloomily, he put on his clothes. He surveyed himself in the mirror, getting no satisfaction from a reflection which ordinarily he would



have thought distinguished. Neither did he get any pleasure from the sight of Eve smiling up at him as he came downstairs.

"What are you going to talk about?" she asked as they walked down the street.

"The new war memorial?"

"Guess so," Gildy grunted. "But I don't know what to say." For a moment he had an impulse to confide in Eve and ask for her advice, but he put it aside.

"Whatever you say," Eve said calmly. "I'm sure it will be very interesting."

The dining room of Summerfield House was crowded with the most prominent citizens of town, all in their best clothes and raising a polite buzz of conversation. Judge Hooker, in an antiquated set of tails, bustled up to them, crying, "Ah, Gildy! We've been waiting for you. And Miss Goodwin! Do those kids at school know how lucky they are to get a chance

to look at you every day?" He winked and prodded Gildy with a jovial elbow. It looked as though Judge Hooker believed the monument was in the bag.

The banquet began. Fruit cocktails. Fried chicken with mashed potatoes and green peas. Waldorf salad. Apple pie a la mode and coffee.

"You're very quiet tonight, Throckmorton," Eve said beside him. "Are you thinking about your speech?"

"Yump," he said.

Judge Hooker was toastmaster. He introduced Gwendolyn Quink, descendant of the founder, who played a cornet solo, and Mrs. Pettibone, who sang "By the Waters of Minnetonka" and looked meaningfully at Gildy before she sat down. Then, with a flourish, he introduced "a man everyone here knows and loves for his warm heart, ready laugh, and keen judgment—Water Commissioner J. Throckmorton Gildersleeve!"

There was applause.

Gildy stood up. A funny story he'd heard the day before came into his head, and he told it. Everyone laughed, so he told another. This was greeted with more laughter, but during it he caught Judge Hooker's eye, and the Judge frowned and gave his head a tiny shake, as if to signal that this was no time for too much levity. "But to turn to more serious matters," Gildy said hastily, and stopped.

They were all waiting.

"I want to talk to you tonight about an important—uh—thing," he said. "Many good people of our town, following in the immortal footsteps of the founder, Homer Quink, whose every thought was for the good of the community he—er—fathered, have come to me in the last few days urging a memorial for the brave boys who left us to fight in the war. It was suggested that I take this opportunity to—ah—start the ball rolling, so to speak. . ."

He heard his voice going on and on and on, stringing one word out after another. Somebody coughed, and somebody else followed suit, and Judge Hooker stared

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# "THE GREAT GILDERSLEEVE"

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Detroit—WXYZ—Tuesday, 7:30 P.M.  
Florence—WOLS—Monday, 8 P.M.  
Ft. Worth—Dallas—KGKO—Sunday, 8 P.M.  
Greenville—WFBC—Sunday, 9:30 P.M.  
Kingsport—WKFT—Monday, 10 P.M.  
Memphis—WMC—Monday, 6:30 P.M.  
Miami—WIOD—Monday, 8 P.M.  
Philadelphia—KYW—Monday, 7:30 P.M.  
Pittsburgh—KDKA—Monday, 7:30 P.M.  
Raleigh—WPTF—Monday, 8 P.M.

*Presented by Kraft*

at him glumly.

"...so let's all get together and contribute to a fund for a beautiful war memorial," he said desperately, "something that will be a lasting inspiration to ourselves and our children. It can be a stone monument, as some of you have suggested—or a park—or a theater or a new library building—I don't think it matters much *what* we finally decide to build, as long as we build something fine and permanent."

A rustle ran around the hall, and people could be seen to sit straighter in their chairs, ready to jump to their feet and begin talking as soon as Gildy had sat down. They'd be at each other's throats in another five minutes, he thought, and it would be all his fault.

He felt a gentle tug on his coat-tail, on the side where Eve was sitting. "Throckmorton!" Her whisper was low.

Under cover of taking a drink of water, he bent down toward her.

"I've been wondering," Eve whispered—"has anybody thought to ask the war veterans what *they'd* like to have for a memorial?"

"Huh?" said Gildy. His jaw dropped. "Why—no! And—" A glad light came into his eyes. "Of course!" he said.

It was the real J. Throckmorton Gildersleeve who straightened up then and faced his audience—a man unafraid, sure of himself, a noble crusader. "It doesn't matter what we decide on for our war memorial," he said loudly. "Just one thing does matter. It's got to be something that is approved of by the boys it's supposed to honor. There's no sense in the rest of us, who stayed safe at home throughout the war, making up our minds what we want. Who cares what we want? It's not a memorial to us—it's a memorial to every man who left this town and served in the Army or Navy, the Coast Guard or Marines—those that came back and those that never will come back. And by golly, we've got no right to be even thinking about how we'll spend the fund until we've consulted them. Now, what I think we ought to do is ask the different veterans' groups in this community to

appoint a joint committee to sound out sentiment among their members, and report back in a couple of weeks. Meanwhile, the rest of us will start raising the fund. And just to get things started, I hereby pledge a contribution of one hundred dollars to the War Memorial Fund!"

Even Judge Hooker, Mrs. Pettibone, and Floyd Munson—all looking a bit abashed—joined in the storm of applause that burst out and rose to a roar as Gildy sat down.

An hour later, Gildy and Eve walked home together. The stars were out, and there was a faint smell of woodsmoke in the air. It was a perfect night, a peaceful time in which to remember the congratulations, the pledges rolling in, the spirit of goodwill which had brought the Founders' Day banquet to a beneficent close.

Gildy took Eve's hand and tucked it through his arm.

"I was so proud of you, Throckmorton," Eve murmured. "The way you handled the situation—the tact and finesse you showed—no one else in town could have done it so well. I just know the fund is going to be immense—and best of all, there will be no hard feelings over the way it is spent. There can't be, after tonight."

Gildy sighed. At the moment, he felt humble. Maybe tomorrow he would begin to believe that consulting the veterans had been all his own idea, but tonight he knew better.

"Eve," he said with heartfelt gratitude, "all I know is that next time I get myself into a spot like that, I'm going to make sure beforehand you're around to get me out."



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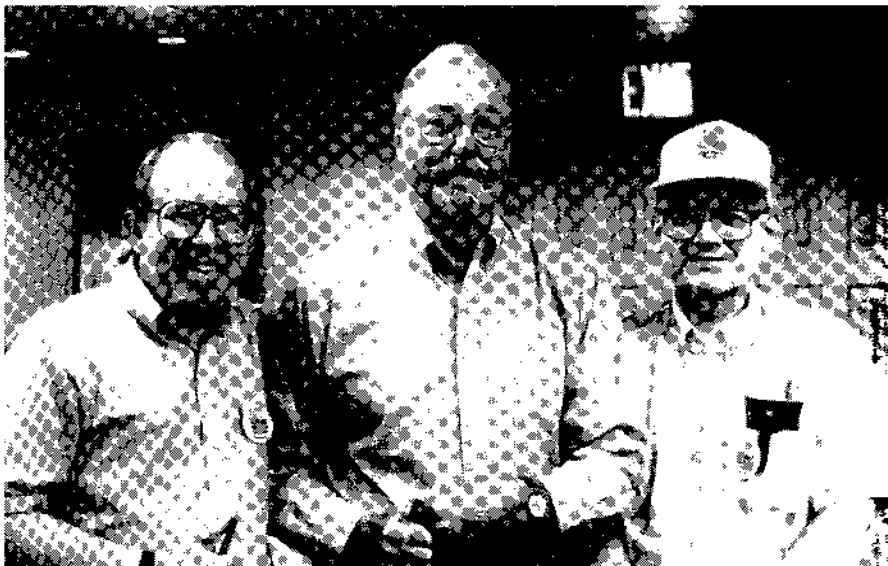
# Off The Wall by Jim Snyder

I would like to pay tribute to our host. By "host" I mean the editor of the OLD TIME RADIO DIGEST, Bob Burchett. I use that term because he invites us "in" every other month for an excellent collection of memories and information. In addition to this, he invites us to Cincinnati each year to meet with other OTR friends and some of the radio stars that we all remember.

Bob has been active in this hobby for many years. My first contact with him was ten years ago with a purchase that I made from HELLO AGAIN RADIO, which Bob owns, along with Herb Brandenburg. Later, I met him in person at a number of New Jersey conventions, where he more or less served as the official photographer. His most notable qualities at that time were great friendliness, a true interest in other people, and an extremely infectious and unforgettable laugh.

Over the years, Bob has put a great deal of work into several OTR

publications put out by other people. In 1984, Bob and Herb Brandenburg, his partner from HELLO AGAIN RADIO, started publishing the OLD TIME RADIO DIGEST, a magazine that I, for one, certainly look forward to getting six times a year. Besides the articles and reprints, the classified ad section has become the most important source used today by collectors trying to contact others. And since those ads are free, the price is certainly right. I can assure you that the OLD TIME RADIO DIGEST is not a money maker for Bob and Herb. My files are full of other OTR publications that have gone out of existence because of financial problems. We are a small hobby, and there just aren't enough of us to support such ventures as independent publications. If Bob and Herb are breaking even, that would be a great accomplishment. This makes it obvious that they are not in this venture for financial gain, but because of the dedication these two have for the



*Bob Burchett, Willard and Herb Brandenburg*

hobby and their generosity of time and labor in making this publication available to us.

As if this weren't enough, six years ago, Bob started another venture for the hobby. That was the CINCINNATI OLD TIME RADIO AND NOSTALGIA CONVENTION. In spite of its name, this is not a local Cincinnati affair. I will be attending my third one this year, and at each of the last two I have met people who have come in from both the east and west coasts and everywhere in between. For those of us from the Midwest, it is a pleasant springtime drive to a very convenient location right on the interstate highway. With the very small admission price, it is again being put on as a service, not as a money maker. There is a fine dealer's room with all sorts of stuff related to the hobby. This year, Bob is bringing in four notable personalities from old time radio, headed up by Willard Waterman, the GREAT GILDERSLEEVE himself. Finally, there is the fellowship of being with other OTR fans from around the country. Let's face it: Old time radio is a rather lonely hobby, and the convention makes you realize that you are not alone. You will find information on this April's convention elsewhere in this issue. I really hope that I will get to meet many of you there this year. You will find it one of the best bargains of your life, and it is only available because of the efforts and interest of Bob Burchett.

Back in 1989, Bob was awarded the Allen Rockford Award. This is a prestigious award given out at the New Jersey convention to people who have made outstanding contributions to the old time radio hobby, helping to keep it alive in some notable way. Bob's contributions have been those of dealer, publication editor, and convention organizer. Many thanks, Bob, for all that you have done for the rest of us.

---

*Thanks, Jim, for the kind words. Old radio meant a lot to me growing up, and I know how I felt when I rediscovered it. My "profit", as I'm sure it is with Jay*

*Hickerson, is helping more people make old radio more than a pleasant memory. I'm lucky to be in a position, with the help of many people who feel the same way I do, to be a part of all three ways to promote old radio. (It was at Jim's request that my picture be used with this column.)*

---

Washington Post April 2, 1985

From News Services

TORRANCE, Calif.—Harold Peary, 76, who played "The Great Gildersleeve" during radio's golden age and helped make "You're a hard man, McGee" a national catch-phrase, died March 30 at a hospital here after a heart attack.

Mr. Peary was best known for his portrayal of Throckmorton P. Gildersleeve, a next-door neighbor of Fibber McGee, on the radio. The character, who took to the airwaves in 1937, was a blundering baritone whose heart of gold usually was well concealed. The character was such a hit that in 1941 Mr. Peary was given his own radio show.

"The Great Gildersleeve," with Mr. Peary playing a windbag water commissioner of the mythical town of Summerfield, was one of the first program spinoffs created from another series. It was acclaimed as one of the last great comedy series of radio. It ran until 1958, although Mr. Peary left the program in 1950. He was replaced by Willard Waterman, an actor who sounded so much like Mr. Peary that their voices were nearly indistinguishable.

Mr. Peary was a son of Portuguese immigrants. He was born Harrold Jese Pereira de Faria in San Leandro, Calif., and started his career at 11 by singing at neighborhood functions. He began his radio career in the late 1920s, singing on an NBC show called "The Spanish Serenader" that was produced in San Francisco. He moved to big-time radio in Chicago in 1935, where the flexibility of his voice allowed him to play as many as half a dozen parts in a single radio show.

# Dear Friends of Old Time Radio

Let me tell you about a book you will enjoy. I certainly did and not just because I am sort of a running gag between its covers.

NEXT TIME I WANT TO COME  
BACK AS A YELLOW BIRD (Illus.)  
by Richard S. Burdick. 1992.  
Clothbound. \$24.95  
Axelrod Publishing of Tampa Bay.  
236 Pages.

I turn to Richard Burdick whenever I need the proper special, effective prose or poetry for any project in which I am involved, starting with "This Is The Army" in 1942 and as recently as August 12, 1990, when Richard worked all night to create a moving eulogy for Sara Seegar Stone, my beloved, multi-talented first and only wife of forty-eight years.

I read "... Yellow Bird" in one sitting, and I have not done that since I was ten years old and had just discovered "Tom Swift and His Flying Machine," forsaking magazines like "Film Fun," "Ballyhoo" and "Captain Billy's Whizz Bang."

I now know more about my creative, cherished, colleague Richard and his wonderful wife Betty (who never washed her man out of her hair) than I ever knew about them in over half a century of treasured friendship. You can enjoy the pleasure of his company a lot quicker. Just read this book.

You will also get to know several platoons of people whose lives he touched and they his. Between these covers you will find a cornucopia of fascinating characters from Eugene Ormandy to Max Baer, from Tallulah Bankhead to Reverend Billy Graham and with Helen Hayes, Ethel Barrymore, Dinah Shore, Mae West, Burl Ives, Gary Merrill, Victor Borge, Dr. Timothy Johnson, Dick Cavett, Barbara Stanwyck, and Irving Berlin, among many others.

You will certainly enjoy "... Yellow Bird." I know it will tickle your funny bone many times, and when you least expect it, Richard will touch your heart, your brain, and your soul—assuming we all possess at least one of these erogenous zones.

Cheers,

Ezra Stone  
President/Director  
The David Library of  
The American Revolution



Ms. Vander Pyl as Mary Aldrich  
with Ezra Stone—Henry Aldrich

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WANTED: Amos & Andy radio program items, puzzles & stand-ups. Bob Morgan, 4005 Pitman Rd., College Park, GA 30349.

Steve Dolter, 577 West Locust, Dubuque, Iowa 52001. (319) 556-1188  
200 reels, comedy, mystery, drama, Fred Allen, Jack Benny, Suspense, I Love a Mystery. Interested in books about OTR or OTR performers.

Raymond Stanich, 173 Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, NY 11201  
Music, personalities, drama, comedy, Railroad Hour, Chicago Theater of the Air, Fred Allen, Richard Diamond, Baby Snooks, Bickersons, Ray Bradbury. Co-authored book: "SOUND OF DETECTION-ELLERY QUEEN ON RADIO." Do research on old time radio. Issue logs.

Radio books, parts wanted prior 1950 from radio repair shops. Send price list. Richards, Box 1542-D, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201.

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT ITEMS wanted. DeWayne Nail, P.O. Box 555, Cleburne, TX 76031

Want these Lux shows: Red River, Alice in Wonderland, Paradine Case, Kent Coscarelli, 2173 Willester Ave., San Jose, Calif. 95124

RADIO ITEMS BEFORE 1935, sets, speakers, tubes, parts, literature & advertising. Schneider, 9511-23 Sunrise Blvd., Cleveland, OH 44133

WANTED: To hear from anyone with Baby Snooks programs. Buy, sell or trade. Will buy or exchange catalogs. Lynn Wagar, Box 202 B.C.A., St. Cloud, MN 56301.

WANTED TO BUY: Tape recordings of Jay Roberts' Nightflight show on WJR-AM. Please send prices to: Jeff Jontzen, 21465 Detroit Rd. #205A, Rocky River, OH 44116.

OLD RADIO SHOWS on cassettes. Rare Big Bands and Vocalists too! The absolute best quality. Free catalog. 2732-R Queensboro Ave., Pittsburgh, PA 15226

Tom Monroe, 2055 Elmwood, Lakewood, Ohio 44107, (216) 226-8189 Cassette and reel, mystery, adventure, sci-fi, westerns, drama, some comedy.

MORNING MEN wanted on cassette—older 1940s style especially: Bob Steele, John Gambling, etc. Lieberman, Hazel St., Tunkhannock, PA 18657.

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Kan Weigel, 7011 Lennox Ave. #126, Van Nuys, CA 91405

Nelson Eddy and Bing Crosby Research; send data Box 724, Redmond, WA 98073-0724

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Wanted: 1st Nightbeat program (2-6-50) as well as one where William Conrad appears. Victor Padilla, Jr. 104 Marcy Ave., Brooklyn, NY 11211.

Wanted: Trade or buy Tom Corbett and other SF cassettes. Mark Skullerud, 20110 21st Ave. NW, Seattle, Wash. 98177

WANTED: 16" RADIO transcription recordings. All types.—Paul Scriven, 238 West State Street, Niles, OH 44446. my40441

RADIO TRANSCRIPTION DISCS wanted. Any size, speed. — Box 724H, Redmond, WA 98052.

EDWARD HAMILTON, 933 Naismith, Pl., Topeka, KS 66606 wants CBS Radio Mystery Theater; prefers cassettes...

ALLAN SHERRY, 5410 Netherland Ave., Riverdale, NY 10471 is trying to locate the last date for Prescott Robinson on the air plus any other information about him.

THOMAS HEATHWOOD, 22 Broadlawn Pk., Chestnut Hill, MA 02167 looking for Portia Faces Life, especially July 1948 and April 1949.

ROBERT SHEPHERD, 129 Highfields Rd., Abington, MA 02351 wants to know: who was the announcer for Suspense after Larry Thor and also during Bill Robson's era as producer.

Ted Davenport, 1600 Wewoka, No. Little Rock, AR 72116 is looking for real traders for VG-EX material, 15,000—20,000 shows.

LOGS: Ray Stanica, 173 Columbia Hts., Brooklyn, NY 11201 has a complete log of Mercury Theater of the Air and Campbell Playhouse for a S.A.S.E. with 2 stamps.

WANTED: To hear from anyone with Baby Snooks programs. Buy, sell or trade. Will buy or exchange catalogs. Lyn Wagar, Box 202 BCA, St. Cloud, MN 56301.



WANTED: Masterpiece Radio Theater, other multipart NPR or BBC dramas. Buy or trade cassettes. Howard Lewis, 132 Hutchin Hill Rd., Snydy, NY 12409

Don Berhent, 807 Glenhurst Rd., Willwick, OH 44094. The Shadow and movie serials. Books on both also.

Frank Tomaselli, 29-10 Donna Ct., Staten Island, NY 10314 is looking for 11 AM from 1939-1944; also Fred Allen's Town Hall Tonight.

Tom Heathwood, 22 Broadlawn Pl., Chestnut Hill, MA 02167. Shadow programs between 1941-44. Has supplement to his catalog for a S.A.S.E.

Chuck Juzek, 57 Hutton Ave., Nanuet, NY 10954. Green Hornet episode where Reid reveals himself to his father as the Hornet around 1943. Need log from 1936-40.

New club based in Seattle invites you to membership. Growing 700 cassette library, printed materials and newsletter. For information write Mike Sprague, Radio Enthusiasts of Puget Sound, 11732 NE 148th Place, Kirkland, WA 98034.

Amos n' Andy Sale: 8mm film in box—Sheet Music Perfect Song—Fresh Air Taxi Cab tin sign. Bob Morgan, 4005 Pntman Road, College Park, GA 30349

Harry Goldman, RR6, Box 181, Glens Falls, NY 12801 wants Kraft Music Hall of 12-11-47 (Al Johnson) Jack Benny "The Bee", Fiorello LaGuardia tribute to Nikola Tesla over WNYC on Jan. 10, 1943.

WANTED: Kid Shows, Serials, Big Band Remotes, Transcription Recordings on Reel to Reel only please. Write to Wally Stall, 8408 N.W. 101, Oklahoma City, OK 73132.

Phil Evans, Box 136 Downtown Station, Sakersfield, CA 93302-0136. Looking for any info in the Candlelight Hour Broadcast from NYC in 1931.

Richard Pepe, Box 303, Elizabeth, NJ 07207. Looking for listing of Top-40 "Hits of the Week" broadcast on WMGM, NYC by Peter Tripp, the Curly-Headed Kid, from 1955-58 (especially 1956).

Charles Michelson, 9350 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA 90212. Looking for broadcast quality episodes of Amazing Mr. Malone and Mr. and Mrs. North for his syndicated show.

Oldtime Radio-Show Collector's Association (ORCA) is actively seeking members. You can remain loyal to your own local club and still belong. Write Reg Hubert, 45 Barry St., Sudburg, Ontario, Canada P3B 3H6.

Debbie Piroch, Rd 4, Box 234, Meadville, Pa 16335. Looking for any show with Nelson Eddy and/or Jeanette MacDonald.

Jim Blythe, 941 Redding Rd., Asheboro, NC 27203. Wants Lum and Abner, Magic Island, Jerry at Fair Oaks.

Marty Lewin, 8836 N. Lincolnwood Dr., Evanston, IL 60203. Looking for Sid McCoy Show (a Chicago DJ from 50's and 60's.) Also any new Phil Harris-Alice Faye Shows.

Ronald Waite, 578 Whitney Ave., New Haven, CT 06511. Interested in Jack Benny.

Chuck Juzek, 57 Hutton Ave., Nanuet, NY 10954. Would like any info about Maurice Joachim who wrote the scripts for The Avenger.

Classic radio programs on cassettes. Hundreds of titles. Big catalog \$1.00 (refundable). Radio Americana Inc., Box 7431, Baltimore, MD 21227

Richard Palanik, 165 Summitt St., Plantsville CT 06479. Looking for copies of NPR's Dol Savage shows and Nightfall.

Wanted: Jack Benny show dated 12/8/46. Jack Goes Christmas Shopping and Buys Don Shoelaces. Steve Ovaline, 10214 Black Mtn. Rd. 49, San Diego, CA 92126.

Wanted: Cassette of any of the radio program "Hotel for Pets" name your price. Bruce Manschak, 6549 N. Drake, Lincolnwood, IL 60645.

Wanted: I am looking for the Green Hornet Show "Underwater Adventure" that aired 9-24-46. Chuck Juzek, 57 Hutton Avenue, Nanuet, NY 10967.

Wanted: "We The People" Broadcast 1-13-50 and any Lum and Abner shows prior to 1941. Willing to trade for anything in my catalog. Steve Ferrante, Box 153, Oakland Mills, PA 17076.

CAN YOU HELP? I am looking for programs with magic or related material. My catalogue has 48 pages, November 1976, and grows. Will trade recordings of anything and catalogue with you. Drop a line: Snader, Box 12-655, Mexico 12, D.F. Mexico.

WANTED: Classical music broadcasts, ET's, Acetates, tapes, all speeds, sizes, formats, for cash. Joe Salerno, 9407 Westheimer #311A, Houston, Texas 77063.

Vintage broadcasts, reliving radio's past. Free flyers. 42 Bowling Green, Staten Island, NY 10314.

Van Christo, 91 Newbury St., Boston, MA 02116. Looking for Goldberg's Episode which was called "The Hannukah Bush."

Wanted: Space Patrol - Tom Corbett, Capt. Video, old radio cereal giveaways, gum cards, pep pins, nostalgia, comic character items 1930's-1950's. Joseph Fair, 10 Crestwood-R.D., New Castle, PA 16101 (35)

Trade Fibber McGee and Molly Cassettes VG/EX only. Offer 110 shows. Exchange list. Bill Oliver, 516 Third St. North East, Massillon, Ohio 44646.

Mary Sayer, 801 8th St. F5, Sioux City, IA 51105. Looking for any info on "Uncle" Jim Harkin, Fred Allen's manager.

Wanted: 1950 Summer Replacement Show "Somebody Knows" by Jack Johnstone. (8 show run) Dick Olday, 100 Harvey Dr., Lancaster, NY 14080.

GILBERT HUEY, 90 W. Triple Tree Dr., Carrollton, GA 30017 is writing an article on Flash Gordon and needs much information on the radio and tv show.

Pam Nemeck, 1424 Heatheron Dr., Naperville, IL 60563 is looking for program listings of old radio stations of the 30's and 40's especially WJZ, KMMJ, KMA, KFNF and KFEO.

WANTED: RADIO MAGAZINES before 1935, such as Radio News, Popular Radio, Radio Retailing, Short Wave Craft, etc. Gary B. Schneider, 9511 Sunrise Blvd., #J-23, North Royalton, Ohio 44133.

WANTED: Kid Shows, Serials, Big Band Remotes, Transcription Recordings on Reel to Reel only please. Write to Wally Stall, 8408 N.W. 101 Oklahoma City, OK 73132.

For autobiography would like to know date (at least year/year, month better) of Superman radio episodes in which (1) S. finds Atlantis; (2) S. catches crook by following crook's discarded peanut shells. Believe first is 1945 or 6. Other 47-9. S.J. Estes/205 E. 78/ NY, NY/10021. Many thanks.

For Sale: Boxed set of six tapes from Stephen King's Night Shift. Original Price: \$34.95. My Price: \$12.00 postpaid. Five sets available. Phil Nelson, 221 Scioto, Chillicothe, OH 45601.

Would like: Mysterious Traveler, Whistler, Pat Novak For Hire on cassette. I have a lot to trade. Write to: Victor D. Padilla, Jr., 104 Marcy Avenue, Brooklyn, NY 11211

Wanted: Amos and Andy, Roy Rogers, and Gunsmoke. Will buy or have shows to trade in X Minus One, Dimension X, Sgt. Preston, Captain Midnight, Suspense, Escape, others. Phil Nelson, 221 Scioto, Chillicothe, OH 45601.

WANTED: Aldrich Family radio programs on cassettes, as well as information. Kenneth Barker, 874 27th Street East, Owen Sound, ON N4K 6P3

FOR-TRADE: SCRIPT-FOR-PROGRAM THE SHADOW 9/26/37, 3/20/38, (have show also) 12/3/39, 4/11/54, 4/18/54, 4/25/54, 5/30/54, 7/4/54, 7/25/54, 8/1/54, 8/8/54, 8/29/54, 9/19/54, 9/26/54, 10/10/54, 10/17/54, 10/24/54, 10/31/54, 9/30/45-or 9/3/54 (not sure which I have). Adam Trachtenburg, 1243 Knorr St., Phila., PA 19111 (215) 745-8224

WANTED: NBC MONITOR. Broadcasts from '55 to '64. I have many complete editions from '65-'75. Write to: Warren Gerbe, 42-60 Bowne Street, Flushing, New York 11355-2907

RADIO SHOWS ON CASSETTE, also radio/tv related material. Catalog \$1, Phil Kiernan, 30235 Cupeno Lane, Temecula, CA 92390

JACK MELCHER, P.O. Box 14, Waukegan, IL 60087 wants to buy radio premiums, games, toys, buttons comic related items. Disney, political, gum wrappers BUY SELL TRADE 312-249-5626

WILLIAM OSOVSKY, 2501 Ivy St., Chattanooga, TN 37404. Collector of Ralston Tom Mix premiums, green 20 Grand Ale bottles with neck and paper labels intact. Octagon soap premium kites. Alaga syrup tins.

Wanted: Jake & the Kid, Hardy Family, Maisie on cassettes. N.A. McNamee, Box 602, Oran, New Mexico 88052.

Amos & Andy or Jack Benny Shows, other comedy shows. Rob Cohen, 6635 Helm Ave., Reynoldsburg, OH 43068

Wanted: Hercule Poirot shows, Mutual Net, 1945; or info. on these shows. Tim Goggin, 1777 N. Vine #409, L.A., CA 90028 Thank You, Tim Goggin

WANTED: 16" transcriptions, for cash or trade. Joe Salerno, Box 1487, Bellaire, Texas 77402.

"THERE'S A SMALL HOTEL with a wishing well... Can anyone identify the show having this theme? Michael Sprague, 11732 NE 148th Place, Kirkland, WA 98034.

Kitty Kallen is looking for radio and TV shows that she appeared on. She sang with Harry James, Jimmy Dorsey, and others. She worked on the Danny Kay radio show, David Rose shows, and her own show called Kitty Kallen Kalling. Contact Duken Hughes at (714) 545-0318 or write 2527 Duke Place, Costa Mesa, CA 92626.

WANTED: Episodes of AGAINST THE STORM, TERRY & THE PIRATES, THE WOMAN IN MY HOUSE, ONE MAN'S FAMILY episodes prior to 1946, and THE VOYAGE OF THE SCARLET QUEEN programs #6, 7 and 10. Will buy or trade cassettes. John L. Woodruff, 145 Park Avenue, Randolph, NJ 07869-3442.

# Past Times

Vol. 1, No. 2

THE NOSTALGIA ENTERTAINMENT NEWSLETTER

Fall 1990

## Remember the Golden Days of Radio? Join the Club

By Randy Skovrood

On September 30, 1962, CBS canceled *Suspense* and *Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar*, the last two dramatic shows on the network. The decline of dramatic radio, which had begun in 1948 with the rise of television, was complete, and the studios was dead—except in the memories of millions of people who still loved it.

The great radio programs of yesteryear get precious little air time these days. There are a few series syndicated nationally by Charles Michelson, and local programs done for free on college FM stations by radio buffs. But what if you're hooked on the mind-expanding experience that's provided only by listening to old radio shows? Where can you hear and acquire these shows, and how do they?

The best answer is to join an old-time radio club. One of the most active is Southern California's *SPEKOVAC*, an acronym for The Society to Preserve and Encourage Radio Drama, Variety and Comedy. Founded in November

by Christian Erbe, a handy, died in with a drink called the "Fozzy Brother."



## OCTOBER MARX GROUCHO'S CENTENNIAL

By Paul G. Wasthokki

Groucho Marx, whose razor-sharp wit, sly arrogance, wiggling eyebrows and ever-present cigar made him one of this century's most beloved comedians, would have been 100 years old on October 2. Now one for sentiment or ceremony, he decided not to stick around for the celebration, dying in 1977 at the age of 86.

Groucho's centennial promises to be much more elaborate than his brothers'. (Chico's centennial passed with little fanfare in 1987; Harpo's 100th birthday was celebrated in 1988, 24 years after his death, through a series of parties around the country and a production by Christian Erbe, a handy, died in with a drink called the "Fozzy Brother.")

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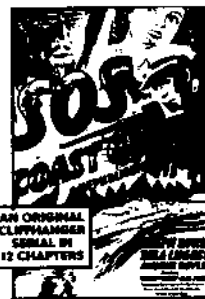


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- #RP03 Daredevils Of The Red Circle (1939)  
12 episodes w/Charles Quigley, Herman Brix
- #RP04 The Fighting Devil Dogs (1938)  
12 episodes w/Lee Powell, Herman Brix
- #RP05 G Men Vs. The Black Dragon (1943)  
15 episodes w/Rod Cameron, Roland Got
- #RP06 Jesse James Rides Again (1947) 13 episodes  
w/Clayton Moore, Linda Stirling
- #RP07 King Of The Rocketmen (1949) 12 episodes  
w/Tristram Coffin, Mae Clarke
- #RP08 King Of The Texas Rangers (1941)  
12 episodes w/"Singin' Sammy" Baugh
- #RP09 Manhunt In The African Jungle (1943)  
15 chapters w/Rod Cameron, Joan Marsh
- #RP10 The Masked Marvel (1943) 12 episodes  
w/William Forrest, Louise Currie
- #RP11 The Mysterious Doctor Satan (1940)  
15 episodes w/Edward Cianelli, Robert Wilcox
- #RP12 Nyoka And The Tigermen (1942)  
15 episodes w/Clayton Moore, Kay Aldridge
- #RP13 The Painted Stallion (1937) 12 episodes  
w/Ray "Crash" Corrigan, Hoot Gibson
- #RP14 Perils Of The Darkest Jungle (1944)  
12 episodes w/Alan Lane, Linda Stirling
- #RP15 The Purple Monster Strikes (1945)  
15 episodes w/Dennis Moore, Linda Stirling
- #RP16 Radar Men From The Moon (1952) 12 episodes  
w/George Wallace, Aline Towne, Clayton Moore
- #RP17 Robinson Crusoe On Clipper Island (1936)  
14 chapters w/Mala, Rex, Buck, Mamo Clark
- #RP18 Son Of Zorro (1947) 13 episodes  
w/George Turner, Peggy Stewart, Roy Barcroft
- #RP19 Spy Smasher (1942) 12 episodes  
w/Kane Richmond, Marguerite Chapman
- #RP20 S.O.S. Coast Guard (1937) 12 episodes  
w/Ralph Byrd, Bela Lugosi, Maxine Doyle
- #RP21 Undersea Kingdom (1936) 12 episodes  
w/Ray "Crash" Corrigan, Lois Wilde
- #RP22 Zombies Of The Stratosphere (1952)  
12 episodes w/Judd Holdren, Aline Towne
- #RP23 Zorro's Black Whip (1944) 12 episodes  
w/George J. Lewis, Linda Stirling
- #RP24 Zorro's Fighting Legion (1939) 12 episodes  
w/Reed Hadley, Sheila Darcy, William Corson
- #RP25 G-Men Never Forget (1947) 12 episodes  
w/Clayton Moore, Roy Barcroft, Ramsey Ames
- #RP26 Government Agents Vs. Phantom Legion (1951)  
12 episodes w/Walter Reed, Mary Ellen Kay
- #RP27 King Of The Forest Rangers (1946) 12 episodes  
w/Larry Thompson, Helen Talbot, Stuart Hamblen

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- #RV03 Junior G-Men (1940) 12 episodes  
w/The Dead End Kids
- #RV04 The Phantom Empire (1935) 12 episodes  
w/Gene Autry, Frankie Darro
- #RV05 The Return Of Chandu (The Magician) (1934)  
12 episodes w/Bela Lugosi, Maria Alba
- #RV06 The Shadow Of The Eagle (1932) 12 episodes  
w/John Wayne, Dorothy Gulliver
- #RV07 The Three Musketeers (1933) 12 episodes  
w/John Wayne, Ruth Hall, Francis X. Bushman



## FROM VCI VIDEO

- #VC01 The Adventures Of Smilin' Jack (1942)  
13 episodes w/Tom Brown, Sidney Toler
- #VC02 The Mystery Of The Riverboat (1944)  
13 episodes w/Robert Lowrey
- #VC04 Dick Tracy Returns (1938) 15 episodes  
w/Ralph Byrd, Lynne Roberts
- #VC05 Dick Tracy's G-Men (1939) 15 episodes  
w/Ralph Byrd, Irving Pichel, Ted Pearson
- #VC06 Dick Tracy Vs. Crime, Inc. (1941)  
15 episodes w/Ralph Byrd, Michael Owen
- #VC07 The Fighting Marines (1935) 12 episodes  
w/Grant Withers, Adrian Morris
- #VC08 The Miracle Rider (1935) 15 episodes  
w/Tom Mix, Tony, Jr., Joan Gale
- #VC09 The Clutching Hand (1936) 15 episodes  
w/Jack Mulhall, William Farnum
- #VC10 Burn'em Up Barnes (1934) 12 episodes  
w/Jack Mulhall, Lola Lane, Frankie Darro
- #VC11 The Last Of The Mohicans (1932)  
12 episodes w/Harry Carey, Edwina Booth
- #VC12 The Whispering Shadow (1933) 12 episodes  
w/Larry "Buster" Crabbe, Jacqueline Wells
- #VC13 The Green Hornet (1939) 13 episodes  
w/Gordon Jones, Keye Luke, Anne Nagel
- #VC14 Riders Of Death Valley (1941) 15 episodes  
w/Dick Foran, Buck Jones, Charles Bickford
- #VC15 Flash Gordon Conquers The Universe (1940)  
12 episodes w/Larry "Buster" Crabbe
- #VC16 The Adventures Of Rex & Rinty (1935)  
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06/21/42 The Father's Day Chair  
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01/10/57, 01/11/57  
01/14/57, 01/15/57  
01/16/57, 01/17/57

JUST ENTERTAINMENT (REEL SP41-B)  
w/Pat Buttram (15 Minutes each)  
01/18/57, 01/21/57  
01/22/57, 01/23/57  
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01/28/57, 01/29/57  
01/30/57, 01/31/57  
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02/07/57, 02/08/57  
02/11/57, 02/12/57  
02/13/57, 02/14/57  
02/15/57, 02/18/57  
02/19/57, 02/20/57

JUST ENTERTAINMENT (REEL SP42-B)  
w/Pat Buttram (15 Minutes each)  
02/21/57, 02/22/57  
02/25/57, 02/26/57  
02/27/57, 02/28/57  
03/01/57, 03/04/57  
03/05/57, 03/06/57  
03/07/57, 03/08/57

JUST ENTERTAINMENT (REEL SP43-A)  
w/Pat Buttram (15 Minutes each)  
03/11/57, 03/12/57  
03/13/57, 09/02/57  
09/03/57, 09/04/57  
09/05/57, 09/06/57  
09/09/57, 09/10/57  
09/11/57, 09/12/57

JUST ENTERTAINMENT (REEL SP43-B)  
w/Pat Buttram (15 Minutes each)  
09/13/57, 09/16/57  
09/17/57, 09/18/57  
09/19/57, 09/20/57  
09/23/57, 09/24/57  
09/25/57, 09/26/57  
09/27/57, 09/30/57

JUST ENTERTAINMENT (REEL SP44-A)  
w/Pat Buttram (15 Minutes each)  
10/01/57, 10/02/57  
10/03/57, 10/04/57  
10/07/57, 10/08/57  
10/09/57, 10/10/57  
10/11/57, 10/14/57  
10/15/57, 10/16/57

JUST ENTERTAINMENT (REEL SP44-B)  
w/Pat Buttram (15 Minutes each)  
10/17/57, 10/18/57  
10/21/57, 10/22/57  
10/23/57, 10/24/57  
10/25/57, 10/28/57  
10/29/57, 10/30/57  
10/31/57, 11/01/57

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11/04/57, 11/05/57  
11/06/57, 11/07/57  
11/08/57, 05/20/59  
05/21/59, 05/22/59  
05/25/59, 05/26/59  
05/27/59, 05/28/59

JUST ENTERTAINMENT (REEL SP45-B)  
w/Pat Buttram (15 Minutes each)  
05/29/59, 06/01/59  
06/02/59, 06/03/59  
06/04/59, 06/05/59  
06/08/59, 06/09/59  
06/10/59, 06/11/59  
06/12/59, 06/15/59

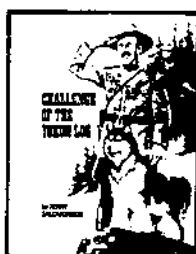
JUST ENTERTAINMENT (REEL SP46-A)  
w/Pat Buttram (15 Minutes each)  
06/16/59, 06/17/59  
06/18/59, 06/19/59  
06/29/59, 06/30/59  
07/01/59, 07/02/59  
07/03/59, 07/06/59  
07/07/59, 07/08/59

JUST ENTERTAINMENT (REEL SP46-B)  
w/Pat Buttram (15 Minutes each)  
07/09/59, 07/10/59  
07/13/59, 07/14/59  
07/15/59, 07/16/59  
07/17/59, 07/20/59  
07/21/59, 07/22/59  
07/23/59, 07/24/59

JUST ENTERTAINMENT (REEL SP47-A)  
w/Pat Buttram (15 Minutes each)  
07/27/59, 07/28/59  
07/29/59, 07/30/59  
07/31/59, 08/03/59  
08/04/59, 08/05/59

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