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The Great Radio Giveaway Disaster

James J. Yellen

Every time I turn on the television I yearn for the golden age of radio. Last night, for example, I was watching one of television's most popular giveaway shows. As I stared numbly at the hazy blue electronic images dancing across the screen, I saw an overweight middle-aged matron dressed in a bunny suit. She was in a desperate quandary trying to decide whether to keep the one thousand dollar bill, which she had in her hand, or trade it for the unknown contents of a box.

I couldn't help but remember back to the days of radio giveaway shows, and what I remember most is how my father was a sucker for them. If there was a radio show that gave the listeners a chance to make a buck, my father was in there pitching for some of that loot.

For example, there was a time when Dad would spend entire evenings writing jokes on postcards to be sent off to *Can You Top This?* a humor show that paid listeners for sending in funny stories that they could use on the air. A friend of Dad's from Teddy's Tavern had picked up a cool one hundred bucks in this manner and for months afterward my father tried to collect some of that free loot.

Once a week Dad would stop at the post office on his way home from work and pick up twenty-five cents worth of penny postcards. Then, in the evening, after the kitchen table had been cleared, he would pull out his dog-eared copy of "1001 Funny Stories and Jokes for All Occasions" and go to work. This book, which he had won at a wheel of fortune booth at a church picnic, was his main source of material for the jokes that he submitted. It was a mild form of plagiarism

but totally justifiable since the only other jokes Dad knew were ones that could not be written down and sent through the mail.

My father's lack of success in that endeavor did not discourage him nor dampen his enthusiasm for radio giveaway shows. One time he enlisted the aid of the entire family in writing letters to the Mystery Walking Man contest on *Truth or Consequences*. This was a contest in which listeners were asked to identify a famous person from only his footsteps plus a series of inscrutable clues. For a full week we all spent each evening addressing envelopes until our hands became palsied.

Ralph Edwards, the *Truth or Consequences* host, had had several similar contests previous to this one. There was the Miss Hush contest and also the Mrs. Hush contest. My father claimed that he had known the correct identity of Mrs. Hush, Martha Graham, the very first week of the contest.

"I would've won!" He repeated for weeks to anyone who would listen. "If only they had called me. I knew that Mrs. Hush was Martha Graham right from the start. I would've won!" He wasn't about to let easy money slip away this time. This time he was inundating Ralph Edwards with entries.

"It's gotta be J. Edger Hoover." he had insisted during the early weeks of the Walking Man contest. Presumably he had arrived at that conclusion from a careful scrutinization of the incomprehensible clues. But when a man from Sundance, Wyoming guessed Mr. Hoover and was informed that he was incorrect, Dad hastily made a reevaluation and concluded that the mystery personality had to be Fred Allen.

The rules of conduct for Saturday nights, *Truth or Consequences* night, in our house were firmly set forth and strictly enforced. No

one, absolutely no one, was permitted to use the telephone during those crucial thirty minutes during which Ralph Edwards might call us. Any incoming callers were to be quickly and firmly informed that the line was to be kept open. One Saturday night my Dad's sister, our Aunt Martha, called long distance from upstate New York during the forbidden time to tell of the impending marriage of her daughter, my cousin Beatrice, to the son of the owner of the local feed store. My Dad became increasingly more agitated each time my Mom would say, "Oh how nice." as Aunt Martha rattled on about each detail of the upcoming nuptials. Finally Dad reached his exploding point and snatched the receiver out of Mom's hand, told Aunt Martha that he would call back tomorrow and hung up.

Every Saturday we would wait anxiously for Ralph to identify the contestant that he was calling, and every Saturday we were disappointed when our phone failed to ring. It worked out for the best since even if Ralph had called us, we would have only been further disappointed to be informed that the Walking Man was not Fred Allen. When a woman from Chicago correctly identified him as Jack Benny, my father was quick to comment, "That was my second guess!" He had missed by the skin of his teeth again.

But despite the big prizes offered on the other shows, my father's absolute favorite radio giveaway show was *Dr. I.Q.* Each week on this show, Dr. I.Q., the Mental Banker, would give a dozen or more eager members of his studio audience the opportunity to go home with a fistful of silver dollars. With his crew of roving assistants, the Doctor would ask questions of members of the audience offering them a given amount of silver dollars as a reward for a correct answer. Usually, of the dozen or more persons queried per show, only two or three would be able to answer correctly and leave with the loot. The remainder generally failed to give any response at all, preferring to admit that they don't know the correct answer rather than chance the possibility of being embarrassed from coast to coast by giving an incorrect guess.

The action on *Dr. I.Q.* was fast and furious and invariably predictable.

"...And now to Ed Rhymers on my LEFT in the balcony!"

"I have a gentleman, Doctor."

"Eleven silver dollars to that gentleman for the correct answer to this question." At this point the Doctor would ask his question.

"Ah...ah," says the gentleman.

"Five seconds, please," prods the Doctor.

"Ah...ah," repeats the gentleman.

"I'm going to have to call time," warns the Doctor.

"I'm sorry Doctor, I don't know," the gentleman meekly responds.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," laments the Doctor, "I think that you'll find that the correct answer is blah-blah-blah."

Now came my favorite part of the whole show. At this point the pace would quicken and Dr. I.Q. would go into his machine gun delivery.

"...But a box of Dr. I.Q. candy bars for you and two tickets to next week's show at the Cleveland Orpheum featuring Humphrey Bogart and Mary Astor in the *Maltese Falcon*. And now to Charlie Lyons on my RIGHT downstairs!"

When those contestants said, "I'm sorry Doctor, I don't know," my father would bounce out of his easy chair and shout, "The idiot! Why doesn't he take a guess? What's he got to lose? STUPID IDIOT!" It would especially incense him when he knew the right answer. "Geeze, I knew that one," he would often vociferate pounding the top of our Atwater Kent.

But there were no silver dollars for knowing the correct answer while sitting at home in your parlor. And that's why it was such a big event the day that Dad opened his morning newspaper and saw the advertisement saying:

"DR. I.Q. COMES TO NEWARK. Dr. I.Q., the mental banker, will broadcast live from the Newark Palace Theater, Friday May 6. All are invited to take part in this greatest of all giveaway shows. FREE ADMISSION."

This was the chance that Dad had been waiting for, and he instantly made up his mind that he was going. For the next two weeks he was a different person. Whereas before he would skim the newspaper, seriously reading only the sports page searching in vain for some good news about the New York Giants, now he was carefully scrutinizing every printed word. Many times in those two weeks he would excitedly slam the paper down onto the kitchen table exclaiming, "Here's one that they might ask...Donald M. Nelson was just named to head the War Production Board. They might ask that."

Several evenings he spent all his time studying my one volume desktop encyclopedia, a Christmas gift from Aunt Martha that previously went ignored and unused.

"Here's something I didn't know," he commented on night. "Did you know that the principal export of Bolivia is tin?"

In a short two weeks, my father became a veritable walking information machine, able to easily name the capital of South Dakota or the world's largest salt-water lake. It reached the point that the rest of the family avoided conversation with him, fearful that we might be encouraged to, "Ask me something. Go ahead, ask me

something."

He worked himself into such a state of euphoria that when the eventful day came and I whined, "Can I go with you, Dad?" he good naturedly said, "Sure you can come. It'll be educational."

It was a half-hour drive from Athenia to Newark, and we arrived at the theater a full hour before show time. We parked the car and quickly took our places in the line that was already circling the block. Almost instantly other eager faces filled in behind us until I could barely see the end of the queue. I stood silently until the doors to the theater were finally opened and the line started to inch forward. I could tell that my father was giving his newly acquired storehouse of knowledge one last inventory, and I didn't want to disturb his concentration.

In a short time we arrived inside the theater where the scene was mayhem. Greedy silver seekers were racing up and down the aisles elbowing each other in an effort to get to the best seats. Rather than risk suffering bruised ribs, Dad and I settled for two seats toward the back on the left side of the balcony. We could barely see the stage.

Finally the show went on the air, but Dad and I paid little attention to the Doctor. Instead, our focus was on Pat Hill as he rushed to and fro in front of us selecting contestants. Pat was our connection to Dr. I.Q.

Then it happened. As a thin woman downstairs was trying to name the new Secretary of War, by father suddenly jumped out of his seat. Pat Hill had tapped HIM on the shoulder!

"Would you like to be a contestant?" Pat whispered to Dad.

"Sure!" Dad answered, his voice cracking with anticipation.

"You'll be next then."

I couldn't believe it! My father was going to be on the Dr. I.Q. show. We waited anxiously as the good Doctor finished with the thin woman, then we heard his voice ring out, "...and now to Pat Hill on my LEFT in the balcony!"

"I have a gentleman, Doctor." Pat Hill announced in his best official radio announcing voice.

My father was standing next to Pat and he smiled down at me. The gentleman was him.

"I have seventeen silver dollars for that gentleman if he can give me the correct answer to this question. We all know that the U.S. Army Military Academy is at West Point, and that the U.S. Naval Academy is at Annapolis, but for seventeen silver dollars, can you tell me the location of the U.S. Air Corps Academy?"

I watched as Pat Hill shoved the microphone in front of Dad's face, waiting for his response. I waited too.

Silence.

"No prompting, please," the Doctor warned the audience.

More silence...then, "Could you please repeat the question, Doctor." It was a smart delaying tactic. This way Dad would get more time to think of the right answer.

"Certainly," said the doctor condescendingly, and he repeated the question.

"Five seconds, please," egged the Doctor.

Come on Dad. Take a guess. You've got nothing to lose.

"Five seconds, please," warned the Doctor again.

Nothing. Come on Dad. Take a guess.

"Time is almost up," the Doctor pleaded.

"I-I'm sorry Doctor, I don't know."

OH NO!

"Oh, I'm sorry. I think you'll find that the correct answer is Randolph Field, Texas. But a box of Dr. I.Q. candy bars and two tickets to next week's..." I didn't hear the rest. My father slumped down into his seat as Pat Hill bolted off in search of his next victim. I wanted to say something like "Good try" or "That was a tough one" but I could tell that Dad was in no mood for words of consolation from a fourteen year old. He remained stone faced for the rest of the show, not even flinching when an usher in a frayed, tacky uniform unceremoniously dropped the box of candy bars into his lap.

When the show was finally mercifully over, I found that I had a hard time keeping up with Dad as he hastily scurried back to our car. He kept furtively glancing around as if not to let anyone on the street recognize him as the man who didn't know the answer to the Air Corps question.

As we drove home, I was dying to eat one of the candy bars in the box that was lying between us, but I dared not speak a word.

When we arrived home we were eagerly greeted by my mother who was quick to innocently inquire, "I listened to the show. Did you get a chance to answer a question?"

I had foolishly opened my mouth and was about to verbalize the truth when I heard Dad say in a loud clear voice, "No, they didn't even come near us." He was glaring straight at me and the message was coming through loud and clear. If I wanted to keep my two arms and two legs intact, it was best for me to keep my trap shut.

From that day on, the only time that we were allowed to listen to the *Dr. I.Q.* show was when Dad wasn't home.

"I don't know why your father hates that show," my mother would say. "I think it's educational."

It was an education for Dad and me.

The Halloween Broadcast that Spooked America

Jack French © 2007

The most significant, and compelling, radio drama in American broadcasting almost never aired. But because it did, the production of "The War of the Worlds" by *The Mercury Theater on the Air* mesmerized a nation, as no single radio drama had ever done....before or since.

A chance meeting in 1934 of a Bucharest-born grain dealer, John Houseman, and a kid from Kenosha, WI who had become Broadway's "wonder boy", Orson Welles, resulted in the formation of a famed, but short-lived, theater. This unlikely odd couple together produced a number of innovative plays independently in New York City in 1935-37, most under sponsorship of the WPA. This led them to their banned staging of *The Cradle Will Rock*, a powerful, anti-capitalist drama by Marc Blitzstein, in which the actors, prohibited from taking the stage, acted their roles from the aisles. The next day, Welles and Houseman were praised by most, jeered by some, and the WPA terminated their funding.

The energetic duo then founded their own company, the Mercury Theater, with a company of 34 actors and a capital of \$ 10,500. They soon launched three Broadway hits in succession: *Shoemaker's Holiday*, *Heartbreak House*, and a modern-dress *Julius Caesar*. Their success and laudatory reviews prompted CBS radio executives in June 1938 to offer Houseman and Welles a one-hour time slot. Welles had some radio experience; he was regularly on *The March of Time* and was the lead in *The Shadow*.

With Houseman producing and writing and Welles directing and acting, *The Mercury Theater on the Air* debuted on July 11, 1938 with an adaptation of *Dracula*. They had planned to do *Treasure Island* as their initial offering, but Welles pushed it to the second week to do more script revision. Throughout the summer, they aired nine more dramatizations. Off-mike there was frantic effort weekly with the attention of the principles divided between the stage productions and radio shows of the theater company. The daunting task of converting large novels within 2-3 days to a one-hour radio show was borne by Houseman until October 1938 when he hired Howard Koch at \$ 75 a week to do the writing.

In the next three weeks, Koch transformed three novels into radio scripts: *Hell on Ice*, *Seventeen*, and *Around the World in 80 Days*. Welles wanted a spooky show for their October 30th broadcast so he handed Koch a copy of H.G.

Wells' 40 year old science fiction novel, *The War of the Worlds*. Orson thought the volume was too dated and too dull and instructed Koch to change the Martian invasion from England to the U.S. and write it as a news bulletin program. To do so, Koch would have to jettison most of the novel and write an almost-original play for a live broadcast less than six days away. Koch picked Grover's Mill as the invasion landing by throwing a dart at a map of New Jersey.

After two days struggling, Koch told Houseman it couldn't be done in time. They considered switching to *Lorna Doone* but couldn't reach Welles for permission so Houseman joined Koch for two more days of writing, producing a script for Thursday's rehearsal which showed it to be dull. The two worked through the night, gave a new script to the CBS censor, who demanded major changes. They worked on it until Sunday afternoon when Welles first saw it at rehearsal. He then rewrote most of the scenes.

At 8 PM Welles, actor and director, mounted his studio podium, the ON THE AIR sign flashed, and he began the total destruction of the Northeast region by Martian invaders. Thousands of duped listeners began to panic, first in NJ and then in Manhattan, running screaming into the streets. In Boston, terrified citizens climbed rooftops to see the red glow from the burning of New York City. Official denials from the network and the police did not convince those who telephoned authorities. But ultimately the chaos resulting from the broadcast did not result in any deaths, although there were some injuries within the panicked crowds.

Two years later, Princeton University commissioned a scholarly study of the incident and concluded that of the estimated six million people who heard the broadcast, nearly two million believed it was an authentic news program and had not realized it was a radio dramatization.

Thanks, Jack, for returning to the pages of the Old Radio Times. Jack is the editor of Radio Recall, the journal of the Metro-Washington Old Time Radio Club. He is also the award-winning author of Private Eyelashes: Radio's Lady Detectives.

Casey, Crime Photographer Released as Certified Series

Dr. Joe Webb, an Old Time Radio Researchers member announced that, after extensive work on this series lasting well over a year, his team has fulfilled their task. "I'm glad to say that we did the best we could, and I believe our members will be extremely happy at the quality of the episodes in this series. We've added a large number of extras that will add to the enjoyment."

When asked what 'extras' were included, Dr. Joe said, "One of the things we're most proud of in the inclusion of 4 issues of the Casey comic book. There were hard to locate. Additionally we have included eight audio interviews either of the series or series stars. The pictures are also a plus."

Casey, Crime Photographer went on the air on July 7, 1943 and lasted until April 22, 1955. A total of 431 episodes were broadcast.

Casey, Crime Photographer had more history than substance. It was a B-grade radio detective on a par perhaps with *The Falcon*, better than *Mr. Keen*, but lacking the style and polish of *Sam Spade*.

Originally appearing in the pages of *Black Mask*, under the watchful eyes of then-editor Joseph Shaw, Flashgun Casey was the originally fast-talking crime photographer, a big, hot-tempered Boston Mick with a gift for gab and a nose for trouble. No "artiste", Casey kept a bottle of hooch and a .38 in his desk drawer, and boasted of being able to put a "slug where he aimed" and having "two big fists he knew how to use." He appeared in several short stories in the pulps and several novels.

Casey, whose first name was never revealed, was the major crime photographer at the fictional Morning Express newspaper. With the help of reporter Ann Williams, he tracked down criminals and solved numerous crimes on this popular mystery-adventure series. Often a picture snapped at a crime scene led Casey to play detective.

Casey and Ann often enlisted the aid their police chief friend, Captain Logan during each week's half-hour episode. In between assignments, crime investigators Casey and Ann went to their favorite tavern, The Blue Note, and discussed their adventures with their bartender friend Ethelbert. There the crowd was friendly and the music was more than a backdrop. The jazz piano belonged to Herman Chittison.

Matt Crowley and Staats Cotsworth played Casey, with the latter playing the role longer: Alice Reinheart, Betty Furness, Jone Allison, Lesley Woods, and Jan Miner (best

remembered in the role) played Ann at different times.

Jackson Beck and Bernard Lenrow were heard as Captain Logan and John Gibson played Ethelbert.

Sponsors included Anchor-Hocking glass, Toni home permanent, Toni Creme Shampoo and Philip Morris cigarettes.

The Old Time Radio Researchers Group would like to thank the following people who helped on this series -

- Series Coordinator -Dr. Joe Webb
- Quality Listener(s) - Archie Hunter, Ben Kibler, Dave Siegel, Randy Cox
- Missing Episodes - Dave Siegel, Clorinda Thompson, Archie Hunter
- Log Verifier - Ben Kibler
- Series Synopsis - Jim Beshires
- Audio Briefs Announcer(s) - Andrew Serenkos, David Schweigler, Fred Bertelsen
- Audio Briefs Compiler(s) - Jim Beshires
- Pictures, other extras - Terry Caswell
- Artwork - Brian Allen

And the members and friends of OTRR for their contributions of time, knowledge, and funds.



Boston Blackie Series Released

After nearly two years of starts and stops, the Old Time Radio Researchers has released the archival certified set of *Boston Blackie*. It was a long process with several people working on the series at various times, and then shelving it in favor of more pressing series.

This set contains many extras, including several different label versions, a 'First Line of Dialog' pdf file, many pictures, some scripts, and 'The Ultimate *Boston Blackie* Log', prepared especially by Charles Laughlin, Arlene Osborne, and Al Hubin, and several textual reports prepared by Marc Olayne.

Boston Blackie is a fictional character who has been on both sides of the law. As originally created by author Jack Boyle, he was a safecracker, a hardened criminal who had served time in a California prison. Prowling the underworld as a detective in adaptations for films, radio and television, the detective Boston Blackie was "an enemy to those who make him an enemy, friend to those who have no friend."

Jack Boyle's stories first appeared in the early 20th Century. "The Price of Principle" was a short story in the July, 1914 issue of *The American Magazine*. Boyle's character also turned up in *Cosmopolitan*. In 1917, Redbook published the novelette, "Boston Blackie's Mary," and the magazine brought the character back with "The Heart of the Lily" (February, 1921). Boyle's stories were collected in the book, *Boston Blackie* (1919), reprinted in 1979 by Gregg Press. Boyle died in 1928.

The Boston Blackie radio series, also starring Morris, began June 23, 1944, on NBC as a summer replacement for *The Amos 'n' Andy Show*. Sponsored by Rinso, the series continued until September 15 of that year.

Unlike the concurrent films, Blackie had a steady romantic interest in the radio show: Lesley Woods appeared as Blackie's girlfriend Mary Wesley. Harlow Wilcox was the show's announcer. There is some disagreement on how many episodes actually aired. On April 11, 1945, Richard Kollmar took over the title role in a radio series syndicated by Frederic W. Ziv to Mutual and other network outlets. Over 200 episodes of this series were produced between 1944 and October 25, 1950. Other sponsors included Lifebuoy Soap, Champagne Velvet beer, and R&H beer.

While investigating mysteries, Blackie invariably encountered harebrained Police Inspector Farraday (Maurice Tarplin) and always solved the mystery to Farraday's amazement. Initially, friction surfaced in the relationship between Blackie and Farraday, but as the

series continued, Farraday recognized Blackie's talents and requested assistance. Blackie dated Mary Wesley (Jan Miner), and for the first half of the series, his best pal Shorty was always on hand. The humorless Farraday was on the receiving end of Blackie's bad puns and word play.

The following people worked on the series, and we'd like to thank each of them for their contributions -
Series Coordinator - Jim Beshires
Quality Listener(s) - Marc Olayne
Series Synopsis - Jim Scott
The Ultimate Boston Blackie Log - Charles Laughlin, Arlene Osborne, and Al Huber
Audio Briefs Announcer(s) - David Schwegler, Fred Bertlesen, Sue Sieger
Audio Briefs Compiler(s) - Jim Scott
Missing Episodes - Clorinda Thompson
Pictures, other extras - Terry Caswell
Artwork - Brian Allen
Stars Bios - Jim Scott

And all the members and friends of the Old Time Radio Researchers Group for their contributions of time, episodes, finances, and support. Look for this series to come to a distro near you. It will also be uploaded to Archive.org, both as a zipped set and with individual downloadable episodes.

(Some of the material for this article came from Wikipedia.)



The Great Radio Sitcoms

Jim Cox

Reviewed by Ryan Ellett

Writing about radio comedy is not a new niche uncovered by OTR author Jim Cox. Just in my own meager library Jim Harmon's "The Great Radio Comedians" and Arthur Frank Wertheim's "Radio Comedy" broached this topic in the 1970s. Further, individual books about Jack Benny, the Great Gildersleeve, Fibber McGee and Molly, Amos 'n Andy, Eddie Cantor, Burns and Allen, and Lum 'n Abner have been published in the last 20 years. So how does one approach this subject with a unique eye?

By focusing on the sitcom genre instead of comedy generally, Cox, as his readers have come to expect, takes us on a refreshing journey in which we meet characters we've heard and read about for decades and are also introduced to some who are much less familiar. Whether a given chapter focuses on old friends or new acquaintances, however, Cox's writing engages the reader throughout.

Mr. Cox generally has three types of books; narrative histories such as his work on the Hummerts and "Say Goodnight, Gracie," encyclopedic works such as his previous work on radio speakers and announcers with a mind-boggling number of entries on hundreds of old radio performers, and finally his genre studies, which review a particular style of radio programming, such as his books on Radio Crimefighters and Soaps. Cox's latest work, "The Great Radio Sitcoms," fits into the last of these three categories.

The book takes on an informative and entertaining tour of twenty old time radio sitcom programs. As we've come to expect from Mr. Cox, he covers not only the canonical shows (*Amos 'n Andy*, *Jack Benny*, etc) but many lesser-known shows that might invoke a double take (*Meet Millie*, *Beulah*). The book also includes two appendixes (A Directory of Network Radio Sitcoms and Additional Radio Sitcomes), which, as we've come to expect from Cox, are not throw-away material but a wealth of information in their own right.

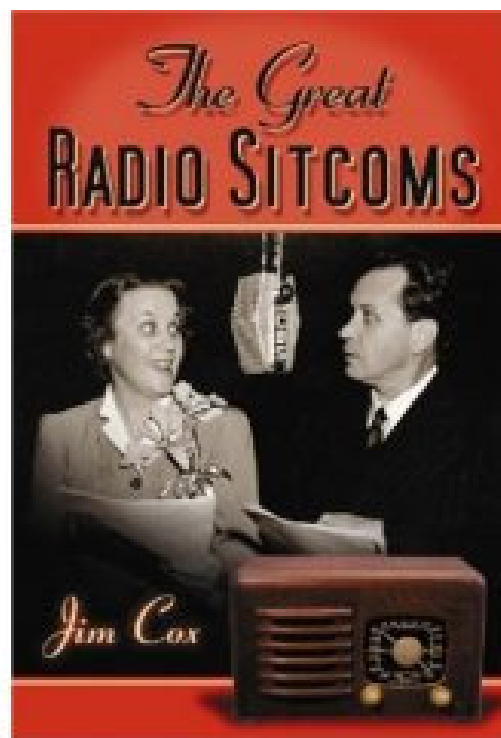
Surely every reader will have a particular favorite that does not receive star billing in the book. *A Day in the Life of Dennis Day* and *Vic and Sade* are two of my personal favorites that are relegated to Appendix B. At the same time he covers some that are tops on my list (*Amos 'n Andy*, *Great Gildersleeve*, *My Favorite Husband*) in individual chapters. Given the detail and attention given to even the appendix-relegated programs, most readers

should find it possible to go easy on Mr. Cox in this unenviable task of picking only twenty shows to which to devote a full chapter.

Potential readers should keep in mind that this book focuses on sitcoms, not simply radio comedy. Hence you will not find entries on such legends as Bergen and McCarthy, Red Skelton, or Eddie Cantor. In addition, the book is not a narrative history of the development of the sitcom genre, though that broader topic is covered in the introduction.

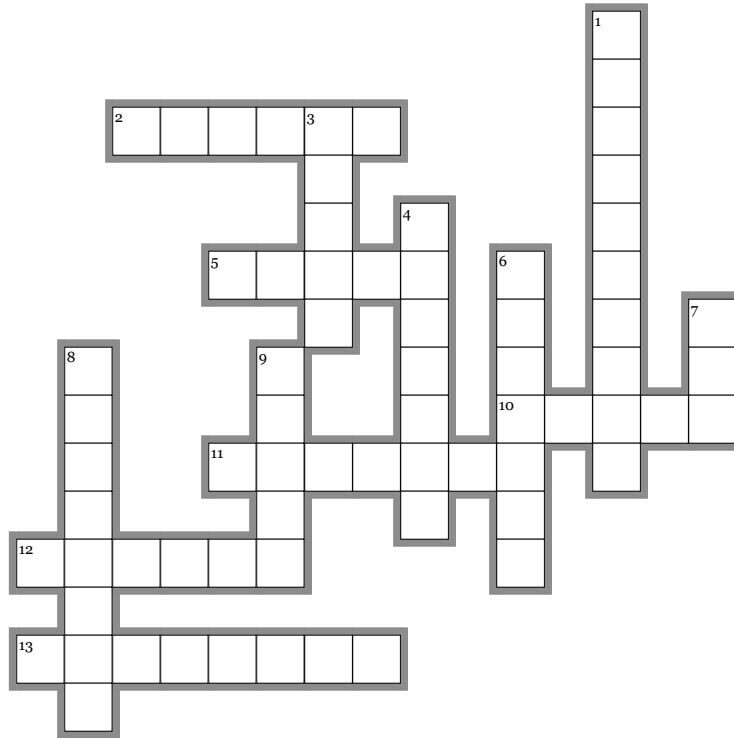
There's little to fault in Cox's latest effort, unless one simply has no interest in OTR sitcoms. Its biggest drawback, as is the case with many of his books, is that the reader is disappointed to finish the last page because Cox's writing inevitably leaves us wanting more. Sitcom fans can only hope that as Mr. Cox continues to grow his amazing written contribution to OTR history, he'll find the time to write more on some of the series given shorter space in this book.

The Great Radio Sitcoms (an all-to-brief 296 pages, \$55) can be ordered from McFarland (www.mcfarlandpub.com, 800-253-2187). Even if the price is a bit steep for you, many public libraries solicit requests from patrons for book purchases. Likely many others in your community would appreciate reading about favorite programs from an era gone by.



GUNSMOKE

By
Fred Bertelsen



Created with EclipseCrossword – www.eclipsecrossword.com

Across

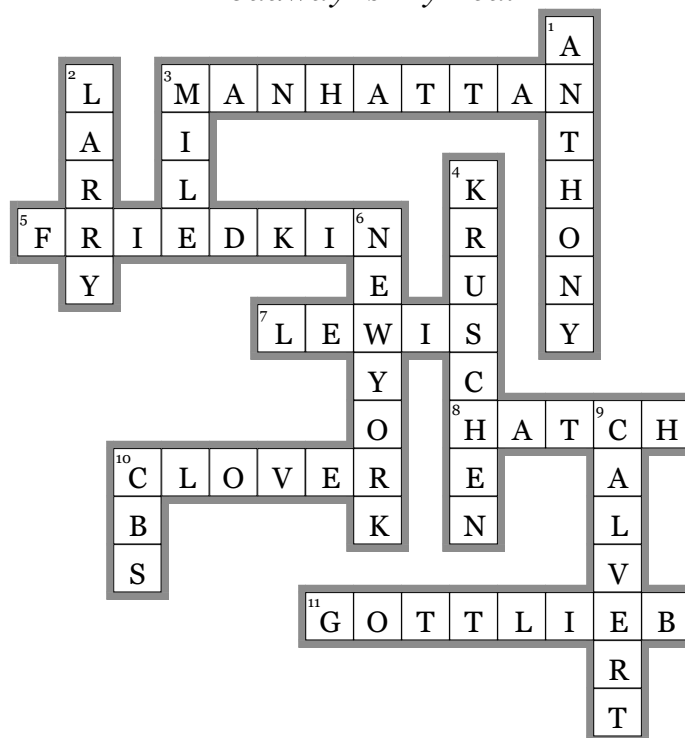
2. Actor William _____ played Matt Dillon, US Marshal.
5. Roy Roan and George _____ were the main announcers for the series.
10. Actress Georgia _____ will always be remembered for her role as Kitty.
11. Kitty's last name was _____.
12. Parley Baer was Chester _____ Proudfoot.
13. Sound _____ were by Tom Hanley, Ray Kemper, and Bill James

Down

1. Gunsmoke was produced and directed by Norman _____.
3. Gunsmoke was an _____ Western.
4. Howard McNear was Dr. _____ Adams.
6. During the opening, Matt Dillon said, "It's a chancey job, and it makes a man watchful, and a little _____."
7. Gunsmoke Aired over _____ from April 1952 to June 1961.
8. George _____ was the announcer for Chesterfield on the show.
9. The music was by Rex _____.

Last Month's Answers

Broadway Is My Beat



Created with EclipseCrossword — www.eclipsecrossword.com

Wistful Vistas

Ryan Ellett

Welcome back, OTR fans, for another month of news around the solemn halls of the Old Radio Times publishing offices.

You'll notice that this month's issue is much smaller than what you have come to expect. I am simply not able to continue putting out a 25+ page edition every month. Even though most of the content is contributed by others, I have neither the time to solicit as much original work as I have in the past, nor is it a quick task to set up 30 pages, even with template in hand.

More than once I have contemplated shutting our doors because the Times has often been more an experience in stress and frustration than joy. Hopefully reducing the monthly page count will be a happy medium for everyone.

Thanks to OTRR founder Jim Beshires' efforts, we have a number of exciting features now in queue for upcoming issues. I don't think our faithful will be disappointed by our quality.

Until next month, let the old times roll.

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* James Yellen

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