



# The Old Radio Times

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## These Scavenger-Hunting Radio Fans



**One of the usual scavenger hunt items was William Powell. Carole Lombard, in the movie, *My Man Godfred*, was to bring back a 'forgotten man' from the local train yard.**

MR. GLICKSMAN, who ran the little delicatessen store on Lombard street in Baltimore, had just been saying to his wife:

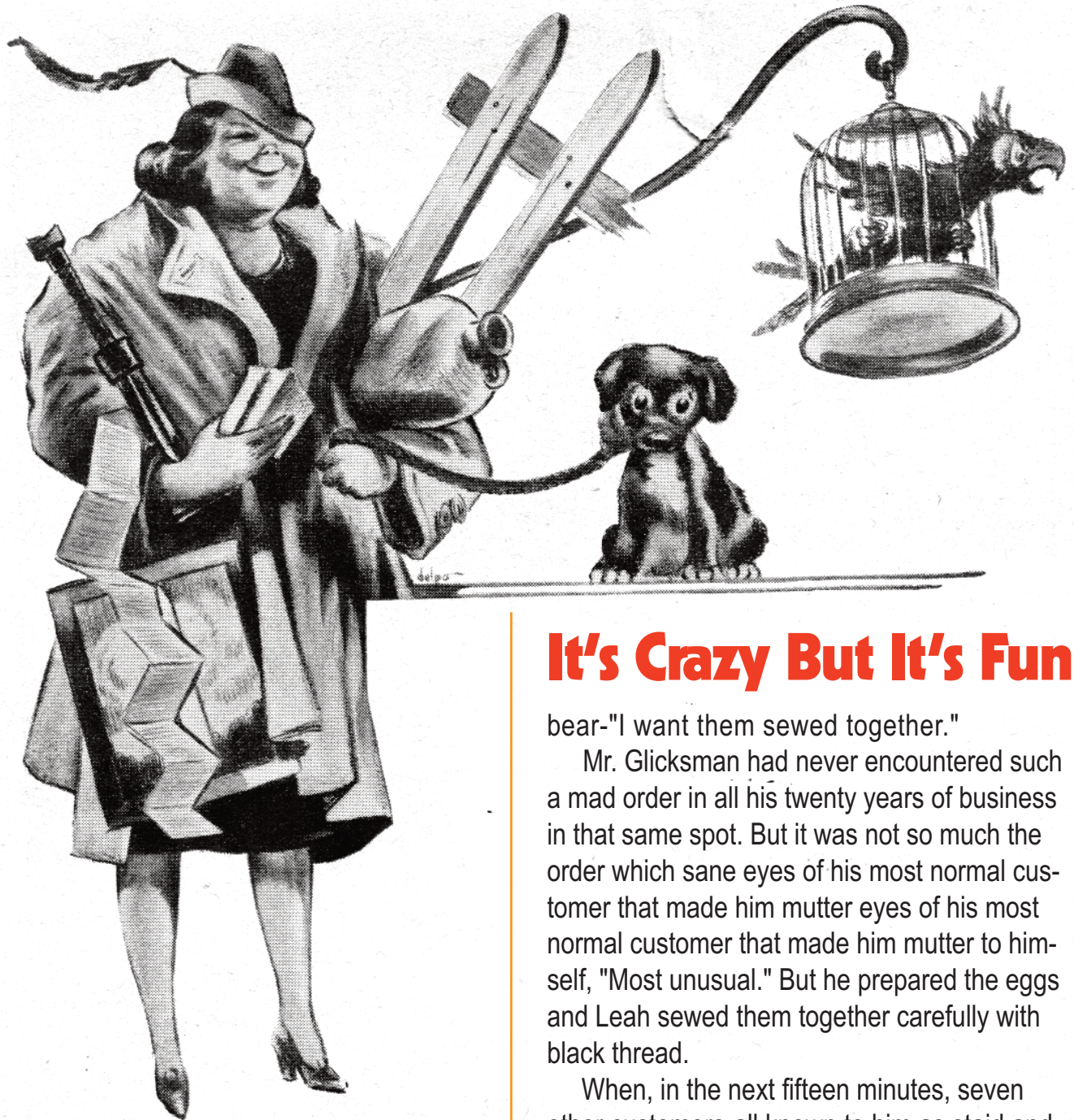
"Leah, I tell you the eating-trade is crazy. One guy wants vinegar on his hotdogs, another wants mustard on eggs. It's a pleasure to wait on a lady like Mrs. Jones, who always wants sensible things. Now take Mrs. Jones-" He was interrupted by the loud clang of the bell on the door.

It was Mrs. Jones, and Mr. Glicksman's eyes grew wide and round as he stared at her. In one hand she carried an' auto jack and a peanut-butter sandwich. Over that arm

was draped a red necktie and a pair of spats. In the other hand was a plate, a picture of the Washington monument and a railroad time-table. And under that arm she carried a dog.

"Well, don't stand there staring," she shouted. "I want two fried eggs and-" This was almost more than Mr. Glicksman could





They may gab your pet cat  
or a button off your coat -- these  
scavenger-hunting radio fans

**By Francis Chase, Jr.**

## **It's Crazy But It's Fun**

bear-"I want them sewed together."

Mr. Glicksman had never encountered such a mad order in all his twenty years of business in that same spot. But it was not so much the order which sane eyes of his most normal customer that made him mutter eyes of his most normal customer that made him mutter to himself, "Most unusual." But he prepared the eggs and Leah sewed them together carefully with black thread.

When, in the next fifteen minutes, seven other customers-all known to him as staid and reserved pillars of society in that particular section of the city-rushed in with identical demands and with the same wild-eyed look, Mr. Glicksman threw up his hands and gave up.

"I TELL you, Leah, it's crazy. That's what it is--crazy. But--" he added, more soberly, "whatever it is, it's good for business."

Had Mr. Glicksman had his radio tuned to



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Had Mr. Glicksman had his radio tuned to station WBAL that October night in 1937, he would have understood that he was witnessing--was even participating in, to a minor degree--the birth of a new radio idea, "The Scavenger Hunt."

Since that first night, the "radio Scavenger Hunt" has spread across the country like a mad contagion, and currently is creating a sensation in Paris, where it is heard--or played-through the Poste Parisien, a privately owned station, with a master of ceremonies aptly designated as le roi des loutoques, or, in simple, every-day English, king of the nuts.

For radio Scavenger Hunts are nutty--hilariously so. Sane clerks who, day after day, labor at their dull tasks; men who have built great business establishments upon little more than their sound judgment; calm housewives who go serenely about their work by day-- all these, by night (and by this strange, new alchemy), are converted into a crazy, boisterous, enthusiastic and slaphappy gang of seekers into strange places for even stranger articles--a bottle filled with cigar-smoke, a money-order blank, or--to combined dismay and elation--two fried eggs sewed together. Its appeal is universal. Its effect, devastating. But it does things to radio listeners that no other program has succeeded in doing, and that's why NBC is now auditioning it with a view to making it a network feature.

IT ALL started one morning in the elevator at WBAL. Leslie Peard, salesman at that station, was telling Garry Morfit, at that time announcer, continuity-writer and general handy-man around the plant, about a treasure-hunt he had been on the night before.

"I tell you, Garry, we had more fun than we've had since 1929. Everybody gets into the spirit of the thing you sure forget about the butcher, baker, the bills and the tough customers you try

to sell. If you could get something like that on the radio--something thing to make people forget their troubles for a while--you'd have a show."

"I guess you would," Morfit agreed.

"But I don't see how you'd work out."

The idea had been planted, however and all that day it kept forcing it insidiously into the forefront of mind. He couldn't work. A radiogram into which the listener we enter, in which he would participate actively and enthusiastically, would a sellout. But how to work it.

And then--at two o'clock in morning--he jumped out of bed. He had it! Not a treasure-hunt-in which the players would follow clues from one spot to another until they find the treasure--but a scavenger-hunt would have to be done in two periods a couple of hours apart. The period would be used in explaining game and in giving the list of items to be collected. The second period would be used in interviewing the winner.



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On October 2, 1937, the first radio scavenger-hunt was held. It was heralded and unadvertised, shoved a vacant fifteen-minute spot at the minute. A prize of ten dollars was offered for the winner and a two-hour intervening period was allowed for collecting the weird assortment called on that first program. The contestants were to bring their findings to a studio-room set aside as a "receiving room."

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The winner that night came in with all of the articles in twenty-seven rutes flat, closely followed by forty eight others--a clamoring, howling, good natured mob, representative of every walk of life. In that first group was banker in evening dress, a street motorman, stenographers, clerks, businessmen and housewives. As part of their collections, there were forty- excited, barking and snapping dogs add to the excitement. The studio was' jammed and the excited good-humor the crowd was transmitted with able fidelity to those who had not participated but who were listening in.

MORFIT, acting as master of ceremonies, saw at once that his place was strictly in the background. And there he stayed. People had been chasing madly around the city for an hour, and they were still warm and enthusiastic when they came in the studio. They had all had such strange and exciting experiences and they wanted to tell about them. When next week rolled around, it was necessary to use the largest studio at station as a "receiving" room. Over two hundred contestants came that second week.



On that program, one of the items called for was "any kind of animal." Every kind of animal was forthcoming. People brought three parrots, a raccoon, cats, dogs, and a goat was threatened

to "baaa" the show off the air. But with the spontaneous good-humor the show seemed to produce in everyone, the goat--far from being expelled from the studio--was brought up close to the microphone for his innings.



But it was not smoothsailing. First, the title of the show had to be changed to "Treasure Hunt" because a sponsor objected to the association of the word "scavenger" with his product. Then, in Baltimore, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals made a strong protest. On an early program, contestants had been asked to bring a cat to the studio. The next day, citizens of the city awoke to find their pets gone and, that same day, the SPCA found hundreds of homeless cats wandering around in downtown Baltimore, abandoned by treasure-hunters for whom they had served their purpose.

In the winter of 1937, in Pittsburgh, the "Treasure Hunt" was dealt a blow which threatened its existence. The hilly streets were covered with snow, and a scavenger-hunter, hurrying to the station in his automobile, skidded across a red-lighted intersection and collided with another car. Immediately the Pittsburgh Safety Council demanded that the program be withdrawn from the air.



Modifications were worked out, however, which eliminated speed as an element of success, and skill items were inserted. Typical of these skill items was, "Write a letter to the mayor applying for the job-of dog-catcher." The only time element now remaining was that the collection must be completed within the hour which intervenes between the first and second broadcasts.

These were the objectionable features which cropped up during the program's early tryouts. On the other hand, the value of the show as one into which the public entered with an enthusiasm that made it forget the troubles of the work-a-day world had already been demonstrated in more than fifteen cities. And forgetting the troubles of a world bestridden by war and threats of war, strange "isms," and economic uncertainty is not to be sneezed at. For radio-aside from its other obligations-has the definite obligation to bring entertainment and relaxation to its audience. The scavenger-hunt has proved itself as entertainment and diversion.

Currently, the National Broadcasting Company is auditioning the show with a view to making a network feature of it, feeling that few other shows have achieved the spontaneity and good-humor that scavenger-hunts have evoked.

For the thousands who have-and will-enter into the game as contestants, it means release from the drab and dull through adventure and thrills and fun. To the listener who does not care, to leave his comfortable living-room will-enter into the game as contestants, it means release from the drab and dull through adventure and thrills and fun. To the listener who does not care, to leave his comfortable living-room, the scavenger-hunt still brings a vicarious sort of adventure and fun in the excited and garbled interviews with the winners. For the enthusiasm and

rowdy good-nature of the participants seeds throughout the microphone to the listener with a contagious infection. So, this summer, if a wild-eyed lady rushes up to you on the street and snatches a button from your coat, or if in a restaurant-you hear the amazing order, "Two fried eggs and sew 'em together:' don't call the keeper.

It's just a radio scavenger-hunt.



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# Sixty-Six Years Ago

By Tom Garcia

"The turntable is spinning, the record goes 'round and 'round, and here is the first number for today --- A new one from 'The Singing Ranger,' Hank Snow. Give a listen...."



The voice behind the microphone was Dave Miller hosting a weekday country music show on WPAT, Paterson, New Jersey, from three to six each afternoon. The year was 1949 and I was a 14 year old school boy whose current hobby was building "portable" crystal radio sets based on the 1N34 germanium diode. Sylvania introduced the 1N34 in 1946, the first of a long line of miniature solid state devices. This tiny wonder was a great improvement over the galena crystal and cat's whisker contact I experimented with during World War Two. A brass drawer handle provided the ground (my body) and a war surplus telescopic whip did double duty as an antenna and occasionally as a fishing pole. The radio cabinet was fashioned from the remains of

the kitchen cabinet drawer.

My design and construction abilities did not extend to such advanced electronic features as frequency tuning but that didn't matter. I lived within sight of the WPAT tower (a single tower at that time) and any kind of RF detector could easily pick up the signal.

Country music wasn't of particular interest to me but I listened to it because it was available. WPAT was the station I could hear those weekday afternoons between school and dinner time as I wandered the banks of the long defunct Morris Canal in Northern New Jersey. Soon I knew all the current country (or "hillbilly") hits and artists and I felt as though Dave Miller was an old friend.

Country-Western music was hard to come by in the New York metropolitan area in the 1949-1950 time period. There was Dave's show plus one other, an evening program hosted by > Rosalie Allen. Her show seemed to be mostly commercials and I didn't much like the music she played, either.

Once I became a full fledged country music fan (one of the few in the NYC area) I started searching the nighttime airwaves for distant stations playing Hank Williams, Lefty Frizzell, Montana Slim, etc., style music. My home receiver was a Hallicrafters S-38B, purchased new at Newark's Lafayette Radio for \$29.95.

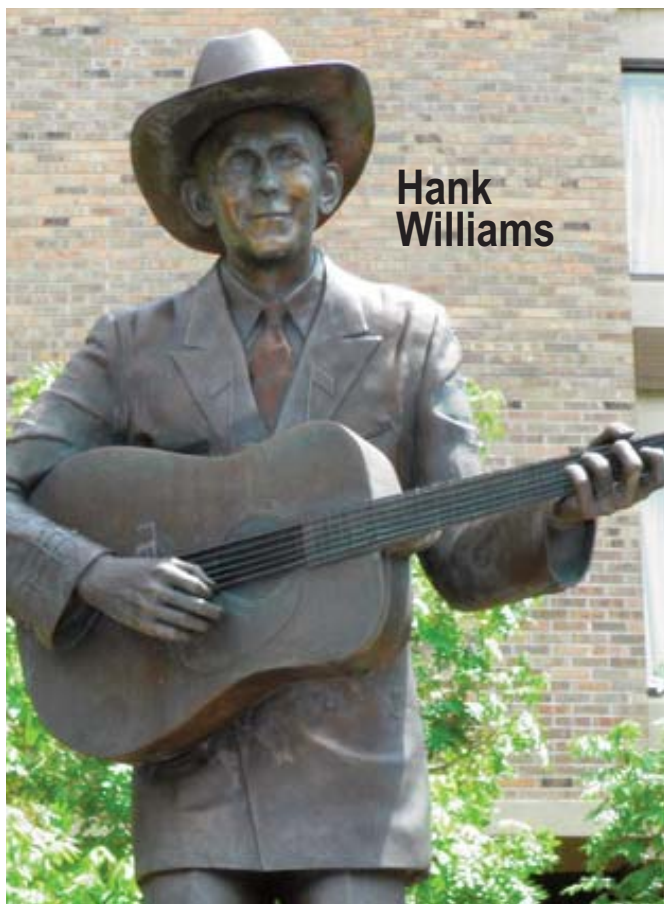
Soon, I found WCKY, Cincinnati, "Queen City Radio," with wall-to-wall country music starting nightly at six pm. During the winter months I could just barely pull it in at that time of day. By eight o'clock it came in loud and clear. If conditions were right WSM in Nashville could be heard. WWVA in Wheeling was another station marked on my dial.

The day came when I decided to visit the



WPAT studio in Paterson and meet Dave Miller.  
> I assumed I could do that by just showing up at the station during air time. Paterson was a town I had never visited, well removed as it was from the WPAT tower location. Somehow I got to Paterson, via bus, from Bloomfield, on a > Thursday afternoon. I found the station, stood around outside for a while getting up my nerve to go in, then went through the double glass doors. The receptionist was very nice to me but had some bad news. Thursday was Dave Miller's day off. The Thursday show was on tape.

Country music is still something I like but not the kind that is played on today's radio stations. The current crop of country artists is mostly unknown to me. do listen in my car to CD's of --- Guess who? Right. Hank Snow, Hank Williams, Lefty Frizzell and all the other big stars of 1949. Thank you, Dave Miller.



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COMES  
TO RICK'S  
PLACE!**

Everyone who is on the internet and has email needs to take a quick few seconds and click on this link: [www.RicksPlace.info](http://www.RicksPlace.info) and sign up. It's absolutely free. Rick's Place, named after the upscale nightclub and gambling den in Casablanca (1942), is a newsgroup that started back in January, providing the latest news about conventions, comics, books, movies, old-time radio and anything in between. This has proven to be a valuable vehicle that delivers pertinent information and items of interest to the membership. The discussion group has, in past issues, discovered that the Asheville Western Film Festival was recently cancelled due to a disagreement with the convention management and the hotel, new DVD releases, and recent old-time radio findings. Over 2,000 people have subscribed already, according to Dave, the man in charge, and an average of two additional people subscribe every day. "What I would like to see is more discussions about old-time radio," he explained. So take a moment and subscribe at [www.RicksPlace.info](http://www.RicksPlace.info). If you do not like what you read, you can always unsubscribe.

## **JOEYGRAFIX CARTOONS**

I'm a freelance cartoonist for nearly 30 years now with a passion for old time radio and movies. Love the opportunity to draw for you. [joeyleft@yahoo.com](mailto:joeyleft@yahoo.com)  
<http://all30acresgirl.wix.com/joeyleft-cartoons>







Going strong for 30 years, the **Metropolitan Washington Old Time Radio Club** brings people together who have an interest in Old Time Radio (OTR). This is done through monthly meetings consisting of presentations about OTR stars and programs, and recreations of classic OTR shows, plus occasional performances of member-penned scripts produced in the OTR style.

**Radio Recall** is our illustrated twelve page journal published every other month, edited by Jack French, OTR historian and author. Articles by Jim Cox,



# RADIO RECALL

Metro Washington Old Time Radio Club



Martin Grams, Jr., Karl Schadow, Jim Widner and other OTR researchers. OTR book reviews, upcoming OTR events, and historical footnotes. Available in full-color or PDF via email, B&W hardcopy via USPS, or distributed to members at meetings.



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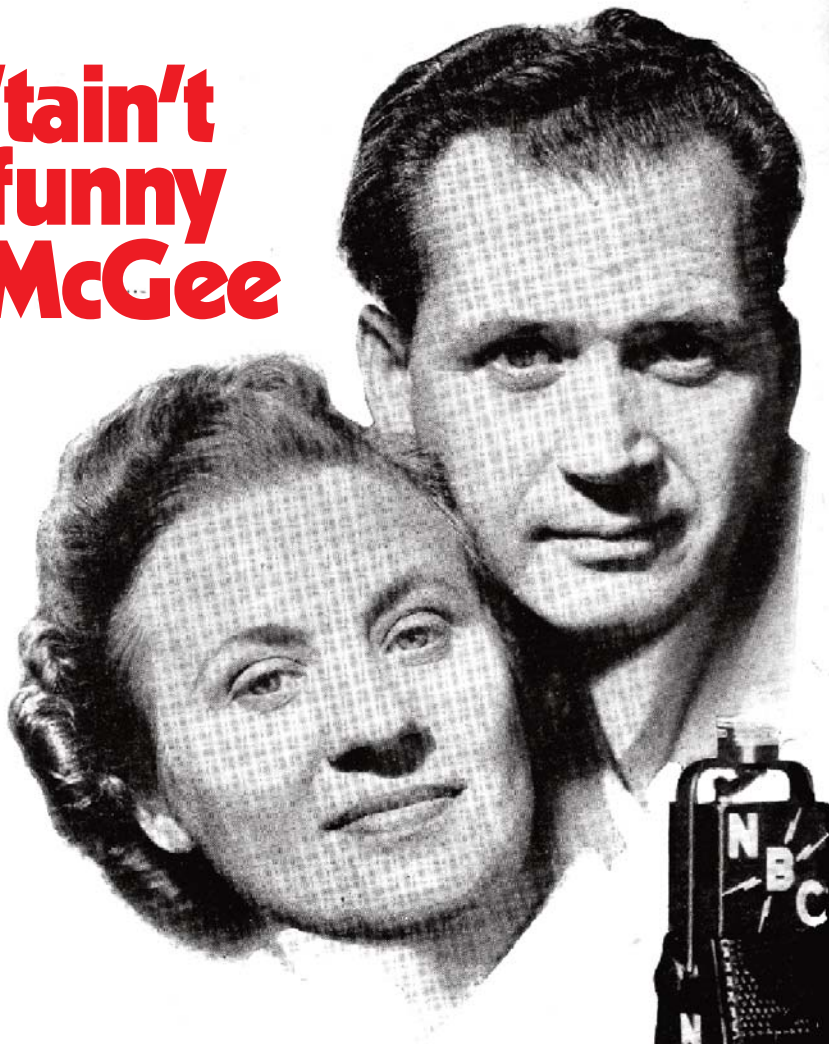
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# 'tain't funny McGee



Popularity surveys—those telephone polls that make radio sponsors payoff—report one program right now that almost all of us tune in every Tuesday night. It is the Fibber McGee and Molly broadcast, a hilarious half hour that according to the Hooper poll tops all other programs on the air. Because broadcasts are such a perishable commodity, Liberty offers here with a sample page of highlights from a regular Fibber McGee and Molly script, brought for the first time to the printed

page, following its broadcast over the National Broadcasting Company network.

This is what America is laughing at in 1941: 'Tain't funny, McGee!"

THERE'S nothing like a handy man about the house, is there?

Oh is there?

Fibber McGee would be a handier man if he could keep track of his screw driver. He thinks it's in his tool chest. So he brought the tool chest up into the living room. And here,

emptying things out of the tool chest, we find—Fibber McGee and Molly!

**MOLLY:** For goodness' sakes, McGee, what have you got there?

**FIBBER:** Tool chest.

**MOLLY:** Well, did you bring that up out of the basement just to look for a screw driver?

**FIBBER:** Yep. Too dark in the cellar. Light socket's busted.

**MOLLY:** Why don't you fix it?

**FIBBER:** Can't find my screw driver.

**MOLLY:** Well, use the blade of your jackknife.

**FIBBER:** Can't . . . point's busted off.

**MOLLY:** How'd you do that?

**FIBBER:** Us in' it as a screw driver. Now, lesseeeee . . .

**SOUND:** Thuds . . . clanks.

**FIBBER:** Bicycle sprocket . . . auto crank . . .

**SOUND:** Thuds . . . rattles.

**FIBBER:** Wood-burning outfit

**MOLLY:** What's that book there—under the broken alarm clock?

**FIBBER:** This? Helpful Hints on Home Handicraft, by Henry Horace Hepplewhite. Great stuff, too.

**MOLLY:** Is that where you got the information about how to fix my sewing machine?

**FIBBER:** Yeah. How does it work?

**MOLLY:** Oh, fine! Except that the bobbin keeps coming



loose and shoots across the room. I nearly got Mrs. Uppington the other day. She was sitting down at the time, too which wasn't very sporting of me.

**SOUND:** Clatter of junk.

**FIBBER:** Umbrella handle . . . bear trap . . .

**SOUND:** Clank:Let it lay there, Molly-might catch Gildersleeve in it. Hey. . . here's that old shotgun I was gonna fix the trigger spring on.

**SOUND:** Loud shot; patter of falling plaster.

**FIBBER:** Come to think of it, I did fix that trigger spring.

**MOLLY:** Isn't that nice! Now you can fix that hole in the ceiling, too. Or make it a little bigger and install a brass pole. Then we'd have a guestroom for visitihg firemen.

**FIBBER:** Wouldn't be gettin' sarcastic, wouldja?

**MOLLY:** No-and incidentally what do you want the screw driver for?

**FIBBER:** Gonna surprise you.

**SOUND :** Knock at door.

**FIBBER:** Who's that? Oh, oh . it's Mrs. Uppington, The front bumper of the station-wagon set!

**MOLLY:** The queen of Wistful Vista society-and wouldn't you love to crown her! Come in!

**SOUND:** Door open and close.

**MOLLY:** Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Uppington ?

**UPPINGTON:** How do you do,

Mrs. McGee . . . and Mr. McGee!

**FIBBER:** Hiyah, Uppy,

**UPPINGTON:** I just stepped in to-

**SOUND:** Crunch of berry box.

**UPPINGTON:**

Ohhhhhhhh...what have I stepped into?

**MOLLY:** You stepped in to an old camera, Mrs. Uppington, But don't feel badly. He never used it, anyways.

**FIBBER:** Aw-I was gonna fix it when I got time.

**MOLLY:** What was wrong with it?

**FIBBER:** Well, when you looked into that ground-glass plate, everything was upside

through life with the guilty feelin' that she's broke up a man's hobby with them big clumsy feet of hers when.

**MOLLY:** McGee! And don't worry about paying for the camera, Mrs. Uppington.

**UPPINGTON:** Oh, I wouldn't insult Mr. McGee by offering him money ...

**FIBBER:** Eh?

**UPPINGTON:** It's just that I feel so You may think you're an artist. But confidentially-well . . . good- byeeeeeee !!!

**SOUND:** Door slam.

**FIBBER:** Oh, I do, do I?-Hey, Molly. Open this dad-ratted bear trap, will you?

**MOLLY:** How?



**FIBBER:** Why, Molly! How can you be so mean to Mrs. Uppington? You want her to have this thing on her conscience? You want her to go through life with the guilty feelin' that she's broke up a man's hobby with them big clumsy feet of hers when -

**MOLLY:** McGee! And don't worry about paying for the camera, Mrs. Uppington.

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**MOLLY:** How?

**FIBBER:** Well, take a screw driver --oh. my gosh . . . no screw driver Hey, wait . . . I can do it . . .

**SOUND:** Ratchets . . . Clank.

**FIBBER:** Ahh, is that a relief!

**MOLLY:** How on earth did you get it open, McGee?

**FIBBER:** Just used a little logic and common sense. I says to myself . . . "Now keep cool, McGee." "Sure," I says. "Now what kind of a trap is this?" . . . "Well," says I, "it's a bear trap." "Of course," I says. "So what's



the logical way to open a bear trap? " " Shucks," I says, " with your bear hands." . . . So . . .

**MOLLY:** Well, I'm glad it wasn't a mousetrap. You'd have had to give yourself a Mickey. *Now hurry up and get that junk off my floor and--*

**FIBBER:** But, Molly . . . I ain't found the screw driver yet.

**SOUND:** Door open and

close.

**OLD MAN:** Hello, Johnny. Hello, Daughter. Goin' to the auto show?

**MOLLY:** I don't think so. Not this year, Mr. Old-Timer.

**OLD MAN:** Why not, Daughter?

**FIBBER:** They've took all the fun out of it. You used to go to auto shows so you could stand on the running boards show you how easy the clutch and gearshift worked. And now-



so You may think you're an artist. But confidentially-well ... good- byeeeeeee !!!

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fun out of it. You used to go to auto shows so you could stand on the running boards show you how easy the clutch and gearshift worked. And now-no gear- shift-no clutches ... no running boards! All they got left is salesmen.

**OLD MAN:** Heh-heh-heh. That's pretty good, Johnny. But that ain't the way I heard it. The way I heard it, one-feller says, "Sayyyy- yyyyy," he says, "I see where Fibber McGee and Molly are back on the air. You hear their first two shows?" "Yep," says t'other feller. "Sure are in the groove, ain't says the first feller. "That ain't a groove-that's a rut! "Heh-heh-heh. ... Well, guess I'll take my gal to the auto show. She's a streamlined to the auto show. She's a streamlined cutie with sealed-beam headlights and a choice 0' paint jobs. And knee action? (Whistle) So long, kids!

**SOUND:** Door slam.

**MOLLY:** Hello, Mr. Boomer.

**BOOMER:** And a horrible Hallowe'en to you, False Face. Allow me to introduce my little nephew-Cedric Boomer. Cedric-take your hand out of the gentleman's pock- et and say hello to Mr. and Mrs. McGee.

**CEDRIC:** If you insist, Neon Nose.

Hello, Molly-Dolly. And greetings to you, Snooperman!

**MOLLY:** Ahhh, Little Sir Echo!!

**FIBBER:** Hey, is that a real revolver he's playing with?

**MOLLY:** Heavenly days! Do you

permit him to have such dangerous toys, Mr. Boomer?

**BOOMER:** Certainly ... certainly

... Spare the rod and spoil the child, I always say. (Put the heater away, Cedric, before I kick your teeth down your little pink epiglottis.)

**CEDRIC:** You lay a knuckle on me, Boom Town, and you'll wind up in a Forest Lawn mud pack.

**BOOMER:** Hah-hah ... Well said,

Cedric! Spirited lad, isn't he?

**MOLLY:** Sorry we can't stop to talk, Mr. Boomer, but we have to hunt for a screw driver. The hardware store wants two seventy-nine for one.

**BOOMER:** Two seventy-nine! Why, that's an outrage. I'll sell you one for only thirty-seven cents myself. Shortcake. Always carry a few tools with me, for one reason and another.

**FIBBER:** O. K., Boomer. Le'see it.

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# VOX POP

*“The Voice of the people”*

**BOOMER:** Of course . . . of course . . . Now let me see . . . Where did I put that screw driver? . . . Here's a letter from the draft board. Asking me to report in the morning. Hmm-mmm . . . dated October 15, 1917. I should have dropped in some time ago. . . . Post card from Jefferson City, Moe. Poor old Moe. . . you should have seen the police report they had on him. Doing time, 20 yea. . . Ah . . . what's this in my hip pocket? A small grimy hand with arm attached. Oh, it's you, Cedric my lad. Trying to follow in your uncle's fingerprints. . . . Perhaps you know what became of the screw driver.

**CEDRIC:** Of course . . . of course . . . now let me see. . . . Where did I put that screw driver? . . . Here's a wad of bubble gum that had a blowout . . . must remember to have it vulcanized. . . . Boy Scout knife . . . what am I carrying that for? I wouldn't knife a Boy Scout. . . . The license plate off a hot tricycle, and a check for a short root beer. Well, well, imagine that--no screw driver!! But come on, Uncle Horatio. You said we were going to meet the mob and case a couple of joints for a heist.

**BOOMER:** Ah, yes. I forgot. Tonight is bank nite. Good day, my dear, and good day to you, Fish Fry!

## KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING?

**NEW GUINEA**--Having just read Gary Cooper's rather accurate description of how we SWPA orphans feel about things, *The Fellows in the Foxholes* (March 18 Liberty), we wish to take exception to only one of his statements. He is apparently laboring under the delusion that Phyllis Brooks's rendition of *They're Either Too Young or Too Old* took quite a load off our minds regarding the women we left behind, 10, these many years.

Perhaps such talk is good advertising copy for *la Brooks*, but it ain't the truth.



By conservative count, 95 per cent of the eligibles in our outfit have received "brush-off" notifications since early 1942, when we left the States. That goes for married and single men in the same proportions. By the time we saw Cooper, Merkel,

Arcari, and Brooks, this song drew suppressed hysteria and muffled, bitter laughs from the G.I.s. The tune should have new lyrics and a new title, reading, "They're Never Too Young or Too Old." Brother, WE KNOW!! -T/IV Charles Dimond and T/V Joe Kendrick.

## A SOAPBOX, PLEASE!

**GEORGETOWN, PA.**--I have just finished reading all the letters extolling the "Indispensable Man" (August 26 Vox Pop). I believe that the reason you have not had more letters from Republicans is that they are sufficiently levelheaded to realize that such tirades actually accomplish nothing. When all the ugly things have been said and names have been called, there are plenty of hurt and angry feelings. However, none of the ranting and raving changes anyone's opinion one whit. There are just two comments I wish to make. First, I wonder where Sgt. H. P.

has been for the last eleven years. He speaks of Roosevelt as the man who pulled us out of the hole in 1933. Doesn't the sergeant know we were not pulled out of the hole in 1933? The depression did not end until 1939, when the European war began. The so-called prosperity since that time has been paid by "The Price of Blood." Secondly, I note that one Harold Cluck suggests that if we don't like the way our government is being managed, we go else. **Editor:** This could be a letter written today not October 7, 1944. All those years we haven't learned a thing.

## ON PALM TREES. JUNGLES. AND MORTARS

c/o FPO, San Francisco--In the April 15 Vox Pop there appeared a letter from Mr. Paul C. Smith in which he stated that Ira Wolfert's article, *Jungle Fighting*--Yankee Style, was just hooley. Mr. Smith made it very clear that the closest that he had ever been to a jungle was the streets of Honolulu.

Digging into my own experience, I wish to state that Mr. Wolfert's account of a jungle battle is very good. Stranger things happen in the jungles than the movies would ever dare show.

As for shooting the fronds from a palm tree to locate a Jap sniper perched therein, well, perhaps an Army rifle ball will not snip

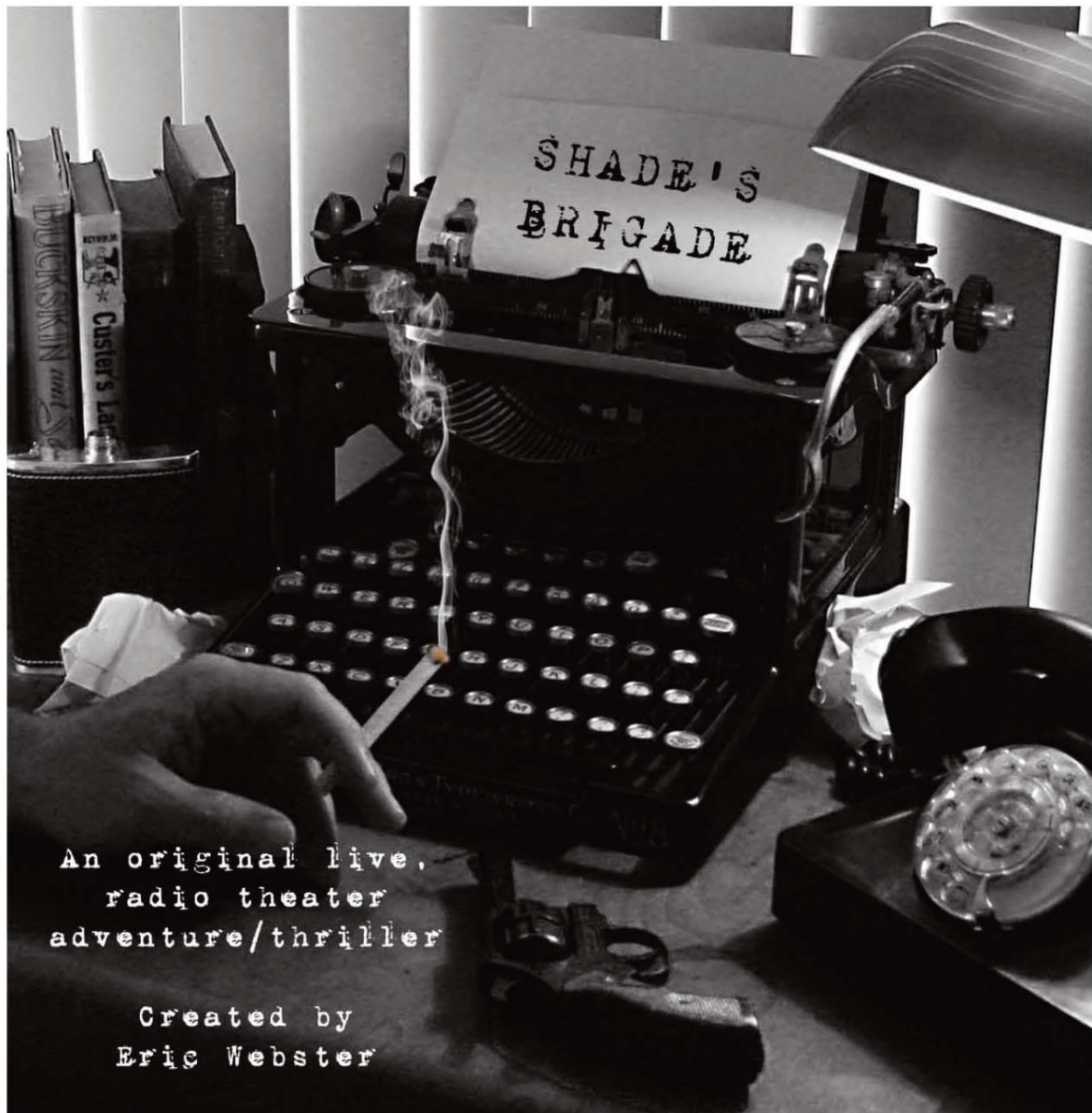


a palm frond off in one shot, but if you give a marine ten minutes and the same rifle, he will denude any palm tree you wish to point out. It is just a case of putting one or two shots, not twenty, where the frond will break from its own weight. I can name two cases where Jap snipers have been liquidated that way.



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# WHERE'S AMOS? WHERE'S ANDY?

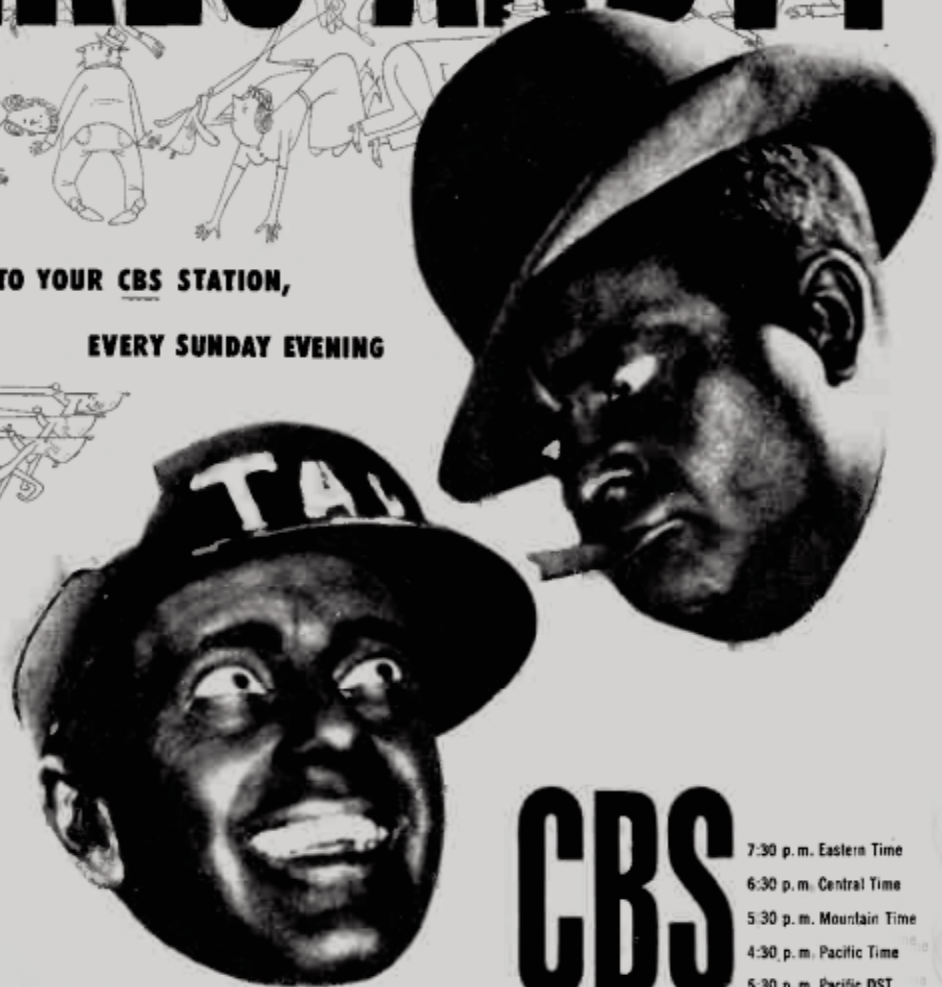
THEY'VE MOVED TO YOUR CBS STATION,  
EVERY SUNDAY EVENING

New night...

New network...

CBS, coast-to-coast...

Sunday evenings



**CBS**

7:30 p. m. Eastern Time  
6:30 p. m. Central Time  
5:30 p. m. Mountain Time  
4:30 p. m. Pacific Time  
5:30 p. m. Pacific DST

Radio & Television News - September 1948



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## **OTRR ACQUIRES NEW EPISODES AND UPGRADED SOUND ENCODES FOR JULY AND AUG**

This is a list of newly acquired series/episodes. They may either be new to mp3 or better encodes. These were acquired by the Group during the months of May and June They were purchased by donations from members and friends of the Old Time Radio Researchers. If you have cassettes that you would like to donate, please e-mail [beshiresjim@yahoo.com](mailto:beshiresjim@yahoo.com) For reel-to-reels, contact [david0@centurytel.net](mailto:david0@centurytel.net) & for transcription disks [tony\\_senior@yahoo.com](mailto:tony_senior@yahoo.com)

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### **Kay Kysers Kollege of Musical Knowledge**

44-08-16 AFRS 95 San Luis Obispo.mp3  
44-10-11 AFRS 103 San Francisco.mp3  
44-12-13 AFRS 112 San Diego.mp3  
45-07-25 Hollywood.mp3

### **Lets Go To The Opera**

46-09-22 (22) The King's Prayer.mp3  
46-09-23 (23) The Empresario.mp3  
46-10-05 (24) The Flying Dutchman.mp3  
46-10-13 (25) Derosian Cavalier.mp3  
46-08-14 (15) The Secret Of Suzanne.mp3

### **Line Up**

51-07-05 Doctor Simpson Killed.mp3  
51-09-26 - Lorraine Oberhauser.mp3  
51-10-04 Irene Oldin  
52-06-03 Don Smiley.mp3  
52-06-10 One Dead Husband.mp3

### **Listeners Playhouse**

40-08-31 Who You Pushing Brother.mp3

### **Living 1948**

48-03-21 Silver Chords And Apron Strings.mp3  
48-03-28 I Am With You Always.mp3  
48-04-04 From A Gentleman In Mufti.mp3  
48-04-11 As Europe sees us.mp3  
48-04-18 USA Growing Pains.mp3

48-04-25 Home Broken Home.mp3  
49-01-16 Inside Innagurations.mp3  
49-01-23 The Biggest Job In The World.mp3  
49-01-30 The State Of American Humor with Fred Allen.mp3  
49-02-06 Operation Co-operation.mp3  
49-02-13 Only One To A Customer.mp3  
49-02-20 Who Rides The Tiger.mp3

### **The Kings Jesters**

37-xx-xx From The Music Library.mp3  
37-xx-xx Remote From Congress Hotel NBC.mp3  
3x-xx-xx (01) I'm In Heaven When I See You Smile.mp3  
3x-xx-xx (02) Speak To Me Of Love.mp3  
3x-xx-xx (03) Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes.mp3  
3x-xx-xx (04) I'm In Heaven When I See You Smile.mp3

### **Mission Village On the Air**

Chants #22.mp3  
37-08-25 pt1 (KMTR Air Check) #05.mp3  
37-09-22 (KMTR Air Check pt2) #33.mp3  
37-09-26 pt3 (KMTR Air Check) #07.mp3  
37-10-25 pt2 (KMTR Air Check) #31.mp3

### **World Peace Special**

37-10-27 pt1 (KMTR Air Check) #29.mp3  
37-10-27 pt2 (KMTR Air Check) #28.mp3  
37-10-27 pt3 (KMTR Air Check) #30.mp3

### **Santa Fe Trail**

Music and Soundtracks (5817) #101.mp3  
Music and Soundtracks (5817) #14.mp3  
Music and Soundtracks (5817) #15.mp3  
Music and Soundtracks (alternate) #88.mp3  
Songs (5807) #08.mp3  
Songs (5807) #34.mp3  
Westbound Immigration #89  
(Audition Disc).mp3  
ep01 (RR1489) #03.mp3

### **Santa Fe Trail**

ep01 (RR1489) #127.mp3

ep01 (RR1489) #16.mp3  
 ep01 (RR1489) #18.mp3  
 ep02 (RR1490) #04.mp3  
 ep02 (RR1490) #125.mp3  
 ep02 (RR1490) #128.mp3  
 ep02 (RR1490) #17.mp3  
 ep02 (RR1490) #19.mp3  
 ep02 (RR1490) #53.mp3  
 ep03 (RR1491) #126.mp3  
 ep03 (RR1491) #52.mp3  
 37-01-31 (KMTR Air Check pt2) #32.mp3  
 37-02-07 (KMTR Air Check pt2) #12.mp3

**The Lone Indian**

Mud Baths (8077) #01.mp3  
 Mud Baths (8077) #24.mp3  
 Pawnee-Ute Fight (B-855-A) #99.mp3  
 The Apache Kid (8087) #114.mp3  
 The Apache Kid (8087) #120.mp3  
 The Painted Desert (B874A) #107.mp3  
 The Painted Desert (B874A) #108 .mp3

The Painted Desert (B874A) #109.mp3  
 The Spider (B-857-A) #98.mp3  
 The Spirit Bird (B-953-A) #100.mp3

**Walker's Lone Indian Calls**

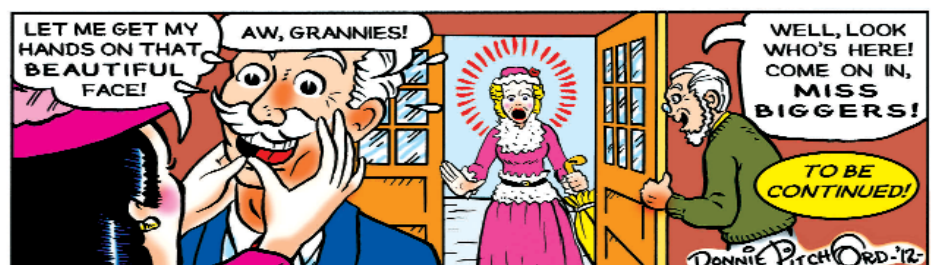
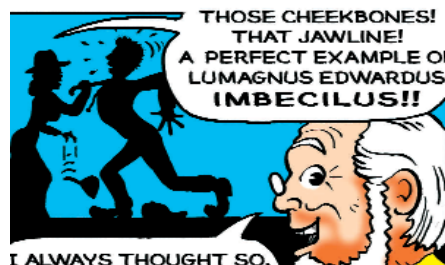
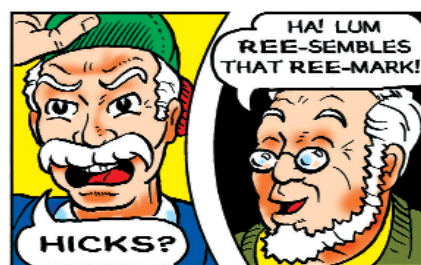
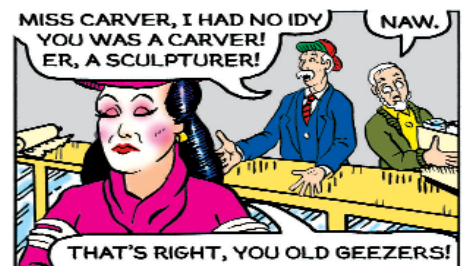
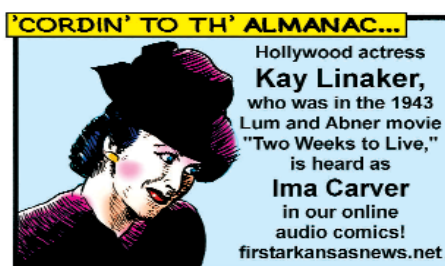
pt01 (208C) #93.mp3  
 pt01 (208C) #94.mp3  
 pt02 (209C) #95.mp3  
 pt02 (209C) #96.mp3  
 pt02 (209C) #97.mp3

**Who Killed Luke Berry**

#23.mp3  
 (8097) #113.mp3  
 ep01 #103 (Audition Disc).mp3  
 ep01 (OC-12) #105.mp3  
 ep08 (OC-13) #104 (Audition Disc).mp3  
 ep08 (OC-13) #106.mp3

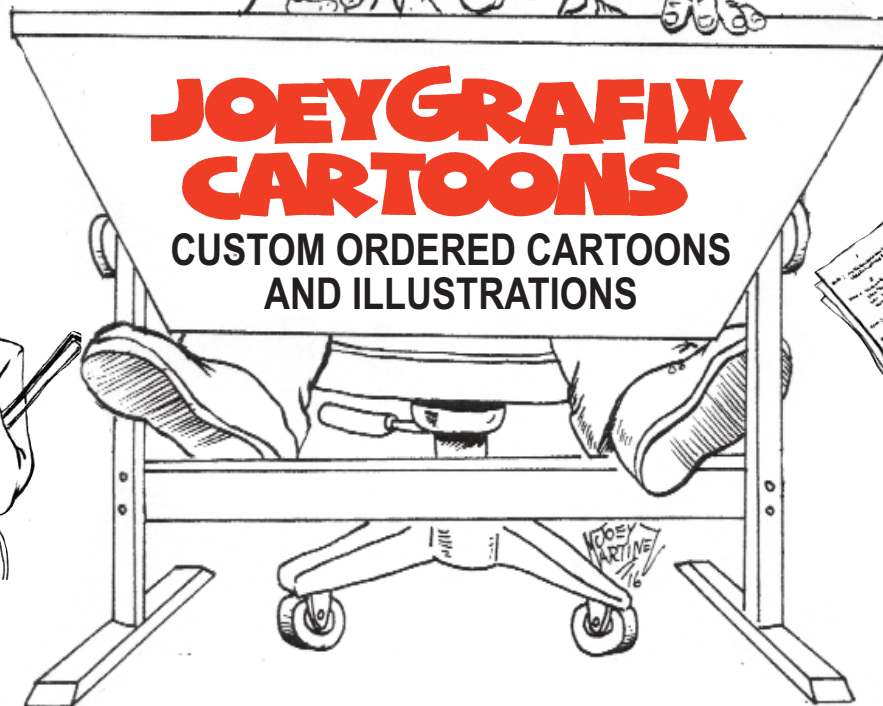
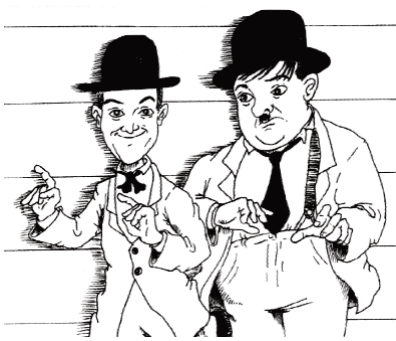
**Tommy Gale of the Box T Ranch**

ep01 (take 1) #35.mp3  
 ep01 (take 2) #36.mp3



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# The Dorothy Lamour Disaster

by Martin Grams Jr.

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On the evening of Thursday, March 15, 1945, Hollywood forgot all about the recent strikes, jurisdictions and other dramatic doings for a few hours and galloped through the Oscar derby during the 17th Academy Awards. The show got off to a technical start, which was all right for the technicians but not very hilarious for Joe Public, who did not realize that the technician was the man behind the screen who made it possible for stars to pay those abnormal income taxes. The show then turned from technicalities to verbal acrobatics when Ed Gardner took over as emcee for the first half of the program in his best Third Avenue dialect and introduced the Andrews Sisters who, in turn, introduced a couple of tunes never heard before except in 1,500,000 juke boxes. The selections were "Don't Fence Me In" and "Rum and Coca-Cola." Next came Danny Kaye, who put on a one-man show illustrating the art of motion picture production in dear old Moscow. During the second half of the program (the half that was broadcast), Bob Hope drew a lifetime membership to the Academy, followed by his emcee job as the awards were handed out. For the radio audience, listen-

ing in on ABC (then recently renamed from The Blue Network) the first half of the ceremony was never broadcast and Ed Gardner was not heard over the airwaves.

Besides his famous apron, Ed Gardner took advantage of his residency in California to solicit autograph requests from his celebrity guests. Charles Coburn, Gene Tierney, Milton Berle and Jennifer Jones, among others, autographed glossy photographs which Gardner collected. Most simply signed their name but when Orson Welles signed a glossy to Gardner, he inscribed, "Dear Ed, Here's looking at you and sometimes unavoidable and always an experience, Orson Welles."

The fact that Gardner was never heard over the radio might have annoyed the comedian, but four years later he made a guest appearance on a special Dorothy Lamour broadcast which resulted in a different stance -- he probably wished he wasn't on radio.

Ghost voices, technical difficulties and an overenthusiastic opening night crowd bedeviled a radio broadcast featuring Dorothy Lamour as



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the “femcee” at the premiere opening of oilman Glenn McCarthy’s Shamrock Hotel in Houston, Texas. On the evening of March 17, 1949, Glenhall Taylor, producer of The Sealtest Variety Theater, agreed to allow the program to originate from the Herald Room of the new Shamrock Hotel. The usual format of the program involved two guest spots each week: one performed a comedy sketch, the other a dramatic sketch in which Lamour herself usually took part with the guest star. Music was provided by Henry Russell and his Orchestra with vocals by the Crew Chiefs Male Quartet. For the evening of March 17, Hollywood screen actor Van Heflin and comedian Ed Gardner were in attendance to appear on the broadcast. What followed was a scrambled program which faded several times and was off the air completely at others, now considered one of the biggest disasters for NBC in the calendar year of 1947. Thankfully for Glenn McCarthy, Dorothy Lamour’s nation-wide radio broadcast was the only “casualty” of the glittering formal opening of his twenty million

dollar Shamrock Hotel. While Lamour told the press the whole thing was “unavoidable,” her name was briefly tarnished in newspapers across the country that week.

Between 2,000 and 3,000 people jammed into the 18-story hotel’s dining rooms for a \$42-per-plate dinner marking the formal opening. The confusion was too much for Lamour’s radio broadcast which was scheduled at 9:30 p.m. Eastern. As the radio show began, many guests were still hunting for their seats and the hubub was so great that Lamour and her guest stars, Heflin and Gardner, had to shout over the microphone to be heard. “The crowd was still entering the room at the start of the program and we had trouble getting started,” Lamour explained. “Later the public address system failed and we departed somewhat from our script.”

The program suffered numerous line breaks and was of low quality with the actors’ conversation repeated when they obviously thought they were off the air. The continuity of the program suffered most with ad-libbing in an at-



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tempt to keep the show moving. At approximately 9:32:42, a telephone conversation going on at the source of the program came over the air and, although muffled, was intelligible. Radio listeners might have wondered if they had bad frequency on their own radios. Because the attendees arrived late, instructions were never given to prevent the high background noise that was picked up by the microphones. Lamour herself made several attempts to get the cast back on the script but to little avail. Gardner ad-libbed freely after an attempt to tell his “Two-Top Gruskin” routine failed. Instead, Gardner announced the names of prominent guests in the ballroom for the benefit of the radio listeners. The dramatic spot between Van Heflin and Dorothy Lamour suffered most with little of the actual script broadcast.

At Chicago, NBC officials said line failure forced piano standby music to be used during most of the first 12 minutes of the show. NBC officials in Chicago said the program, sponsored by Sealtest, was off the air for the first 12 minutes because of line failure, “probably at the Shamrock Hotel.” The direct cause of the error was never reported publicly, to avoid pointing full blame toward the correct source. In Hollywood, it was an NBC spokesman who blamed the whole thing on an “over-enthusiastic opening night crowd,” adding that, “at one point, two diners seized the microphone and shouted into it.”

In New York, another spokesman said network executives were conducting an investigation to determine whether any profanity went out over the air. Dorothy Lamour insisted no profanity was involved.

The network at Chicago, the controlling point of the broadcast, stayed with the show for the first five minutes, during line breaks and low quality, in the hope that difficulties would clear

momentarily. NBC delivered multiple “One Moment, Please” announcements, then cut to the piano music as filler until 9:43:15 when NBC brought the chaos back to the air.

Ed Gardner had flown to Houston early that morning to participate in the broadcast. He flew back to New York City the morning after and, a week later, took his entire family on a probably much-needed vacation (Honolulu or Miami, depending on varied sources). Ironically, this was not the first time the Sealtest radio program suffered technical difficulties. For the broadcast of October 3, 1946, similar technical difficulties occurred on the same program. AT&T trouble between Denver and Omaha prevented the first two and a half minutes from being broadcast nationwide. Meanwhile, due to Chicago operating error, an announcer apologized to the listening audience and music filled the remaining minute and a half. The WEAH program portion failed to go through for the same reasons, resulting in a standby announcer apologizing and introducing a transcribed orchestra which failed to go out due to engineering trouble. WEAH also had dead air for the first minute and a half.

*Martin Grams Jr. is the author of the new DUFFY'S TAVERN book due for publication in August 2013.*

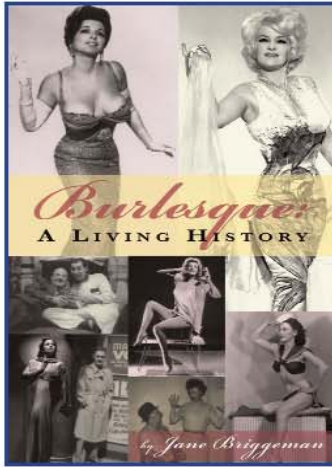




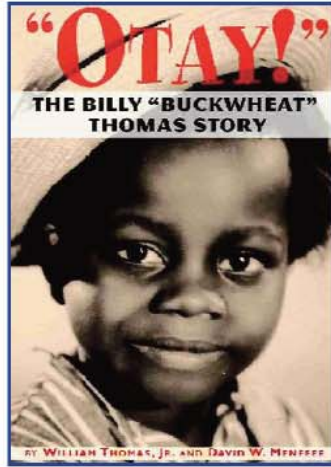
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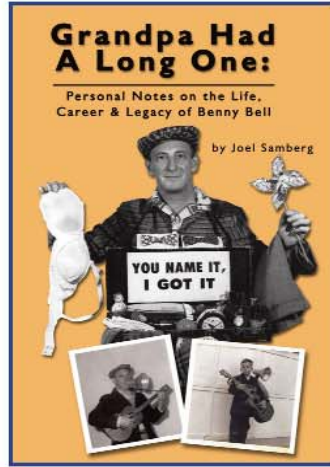
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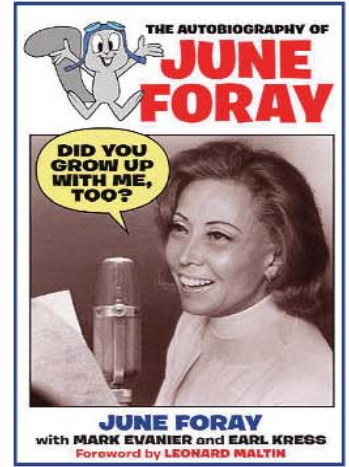
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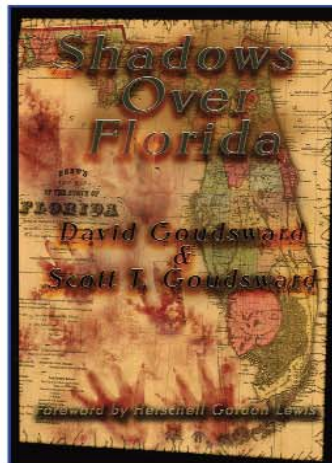
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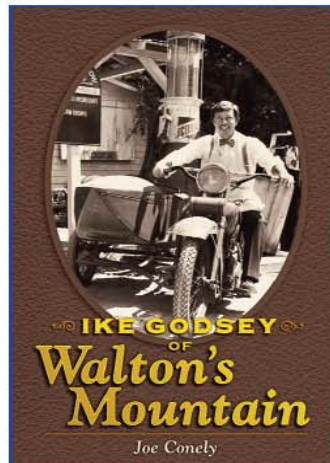
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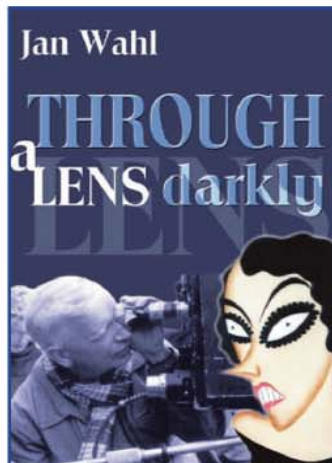
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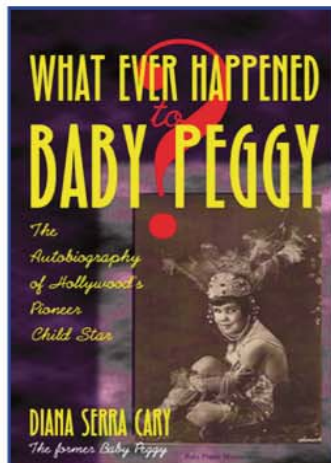
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