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JULY MEETING

The next meeting of the Radio Historical Association of Colorado will be held on Sunday, July 18 at 2 PM at Saint Barnabas Church. The address of the church is 1280 Vine St. This would be on the corner of 13th and Vine. Vine is 21 blocks east of Broadway and 13th Avenue runs one way west.

OUR THANKS

I would like to thank the publishers of LIBERTY magazine for their permission to use their fine magazine as a source for interesting articles for this newsletter. This magazine is a fine nostalgic magazine and is highly recommended.

GOOD LISTENING

The schedule for John Dunning's show for the remainder of July is as follows:

- July 11- Suspense "On a Country Road" with Cary Grant
 - This is Jazz from 1947
 - CBS Radio Workshop "Storm" from 1956
- July 18- Rogues Gallery "murder with Muriel" with Dick Powell
 - Tribute to the Richfield Reporter with Dick Powell
 - Phil Harris and Alice Faye show from 1949 (Part 1)
- July 25- Phil Harris and Alice Faye show from 1949 (Part 2)
 - Lux Radio Theater "Mad About Music" with Deanna Durbin
 - The Goldbergs (if time permits)

RHAC JUNE MEETING

The June meeting of the RHAC proved to be a very enjoyable evening with our guest, Jim Hawthorne (or BIG JIM as he is known to Frank Sinatra). Mr. Hawthorne gave us all a good look at the workings of radio and added to our evenings enjoyment with some very interesting tapes and stories about his association with many radio stars. At the conclusion of the meeting Mr. Hawthorne was named as an Honorary Member of the RHAC and we are very pleased to welcome him.

TAPE SALE

If anyone is still using Concerttapes from Radio Shack, they are having a sale which will last until the end of the month. Reels of 1800 foot tape, which regularly sell for \$1.95 per reel are selling for \$1.49.

BOOK CORNER by Joan Lloyd

This is the first of what we hope is a long running column of book reviews dealing with old time radio and its stars. I really hope that we have many contributors to this column from our list of members, Honorary Members and other OTR clubs. Like any book, it isn't going to please everyone and it should be understood that it is the person's opinion who reads it.

I have just completed reading a wonderful book called JACK BENNY: AN INTIMATE BIOGRAPHY by Irving Fein. Mr. Fein was Jack's personal manager for the last 28 years of Jack's life. It is a very moving story which touches on the greatness of the man and also many of his shortcomings. There is a terrific introduction written by Jack's friend of 55 years, George Burns. It contains many amusing anecdotes from other friends such as Bob Hope, Danny Kaye, Mervyn Leroy and others.

This biography touches on all phases of Jack's life, from his early years when he disappointed his parents by choosing to play his violin in vaudeville theaters rather than playing classical music, through his movie days, his radio career, into television and finally all of the charity concerts he played.

The part of the book that I found most interesting naturally, was his radio career. It gives a behind the scenes look at his shows and their preparations. It shows how the Allan-Benny feud developed, how his character of stinginess was developed and much more.

There are also stories about Jack which only Mr. Fein or George Burns could relate about the practical joker in Jack. Mr. Fein does a great job in bringing Jack's true personality out. Stories about how very generous he really was, donating his time and his money for many worthwhile causes.

The book is both funny, with stories about Jack's practical jokes on George Burns and others and sad, when Mr. Fein tells of Jack's last years which were full of depression and worry.

The book, on the whole, is excellent. Once I picked it up, it was difficult to put it down. If you have the opportunity to read it, please do so. (EDITORS NOTE: There are more and more books available now on old time radio stars. I have read the Jack Benny book, also the Czzie Nelson book and am almost finished with the Bing Crosby book. There are also biographies on Alexander Woolcott, Milton Berle, Rudy Vallee and Walter Winchell. If you look hard enough I'm sure you can find something on Nelson, Hope, Western, Scaps, Musical, etc. Would really appreciate hearing from our Honorary Members and other clubs).

TRIVIA QUIZ

Identify the familiar voice of the announcer and the show:

- | | |
|-----------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Don Wilson | a) Burns and Allen |
| 2. Don Garfield | b) Fibber McGee and Molly |
| 3. Jimmy Walkington | c) Eddie Cantor |
| 4. Henry Ford Hall | d) Aunt Jenny |
| 5. Bill Hoy | e) Jack Benny |
| 6. Eugene Amadio | f) Knott Music Hall |
| 7. Franklyn McCannock | g) The Lone Ranger |
| 8. George Amadio | h) Your Hit Parade |
| 9. Harold Wilcox | i) Amos n' Andy |
| 10. Fred Coy | j) Little Orphan Annie |
| 11. Fred Schick | k) Jack Armstrong |
| 12. Don Payne | l) Young Widder Brown |

THE JACK ARMSTRONG MURDER (PART 1) by Chuck Seeley of the Old Time Radio Club of Buffalo

The following article is part one of a long series from the MEMORIES magazine, published by the Old Time Radio Club of Buffalo. It is done with their permission and we owe them our thanks.

I'm still not sure how it happened.

Oh, they've explained it to me several times but I can never keep it straight in my head. It started like this:

I was sitting on my back porch frying some perch on the hibachi and watching the storm coming in over the lake. I hoped to be done cooking before the storm hit but I wasn't. I burned my hands trying to pick up the hibachi and swore while the rain soaked me. It happened then, I remember distinctly. A bolt of lightning hit the gutter downspout on my cabin, rolled across the edge of the porch, and engulfed me. Before I blacked out, I remember a feeling of icy cold waves passing through me.

The first thing I saw when I woke up and focussed my eyes was a body. It didn't register for a minute because I realized that I wasn't where I was. I mean, I wasn't on the back porch of my cabin on the shore of Lake Huron. I was lying face down on a blue rug in the living room of what I rightly guessed to be an apartment. A window was wide open on one wall. A cool breeze swept in and the sunlight hurt my eyes. I got to my feet and made sure everything worked.

Then I took a closer look at the body. It, too, was lying face down, next to an over-turned chair. The body was that of a good sized boy, maybe 15 or 16 years old. I noticed the knife in his ribs when I tried to turn him over. The blue rug was all red underneath him. The handle of the knife was heavily inlaid with some kind of jewels and wrought with gold. The boy was dead.

Just when the door opened. A tall, older man walked in, followed closely by a young boy and a young girl. They stood and stared at me and the body. I stood up quickly. Have you ever felt as though you were guilty of something even if you weren't? I did. All I could think of to say was: "Hi".

The young girl gave a short scream and covered her eyes with her hands. The older man growled, stepped quickly towards me, and planted his right fist alongside the left side of my jaw. I saw stars for the second time in five minutes.

This time I woke up in handcuffs. An angular faced guy, wearing a felt hat, was looking at me impassively. He looked familiar.

"I give up," I said. "Who are you?"

He didn't smile.

"My name's Friday. You're under arrest for suspicion of murder. Wanna talk about it?"

I was a little bewildered. I looked around. The place was full of uniformed police and people taking pictures. The three people I had seen before were in one corner. The little girl was sobbing softly on the shoulder of the young boy, while the guy who had slugged me just glared at me. I was really confused.

"Look, Friday--" I said and then something dawned.

"Hot... Joe Friday?"

He didn't smile.

"Yeah," he said. "Joe's a common enough name. Now tell me yours."

I realized I was looking at Jack Webb. JACK WEBB!

"Don't tell me," I said. "This is Los Angeles, right?"

He just wasn't amused at all.

"You're just full of smart guesses, aren't you, bright boy? How are you gonna talk here or do we go downtown?"

"Sure, sure, I'll talk. I didn't do anything."

"That's what they all say. What's your name?"

"Kyle Foster."

"Why are you wearing those clothes and why are they soaked?"

I looked down at my fishing clothes.

"Well, when I'm up at the cabin, I fish a lot."

"Cabin?"

"My fishing cabin near Oscoda, Michigan."

Friday looked at the heavy set man next to him. He nodded slowly.

"Let's take him downtown, Ben."

They each took an arm and led me out of the apartment.

"Look, I know it sounds ridic--"

"Sheddap." Friday said in his monotone.

"Will you at least tell me who's been killed?"

Friday looked at me hard and his gaze made me feel like a low animal.

"A real smart guy, huh? I hope they let me watch you fry."

"Hey, come on. Really. Who is that guy?"

By this time we had reached a squad car on the street.

"Don't you keep track of who you kill, punk?" he spit out the last word as he shoved me roughly into the back seat of the car, he added, "You killed Jack Armstrong."

I sat, slumped and dejected, on the bunk in the evil smelling cell they had put me in. I was exhausted. They'd been at me for hours.

"Why did you kill Jack Armstrong?" they asked me over and over again. "Where did you get the knife?"

I told them again and again what I was and where I lived, and, no, I didn't know what I was doing in Armstrong's apartment. It was a nightmare, Joe Friday and Jack Armstrong. That was wrong. Something else was wrong, too, the city. I've never been in Los Angeles, our Los Angeles, that is, but as we drove through the city, it looked...old, somehow. All the cars I saw were old, too, but they looked like new, as if we had stumbled on the biggest convention of antique car collectors there ever was. Hell, even the police car was old, a 1949 Dodge.

In spite of everything and in the face of the incredibility of it all, I was nodding off. That's when I heard the laugh. It was a low, wicked chuckle that filled my cell and seemed to come from everywhere. The short hairs on the nape of my neck stood up at attention. I came wide awake. I didn't see anyone. The laugh faded away.

"Kyle Foster," a low voice said.

I almost passed out.

"Kyle Foster," the disembodied voice continued. "I am... the Shadow."

I was certain then. The lightning bolt had killed me. This was Hell.

"Go away," I said. "Go haunt someone else."

"Hear no, Kyle Foster, I can help you."

He sounded just like he did on the radio, low compelling tones, sometimes speaking slowly, sometimes quickly and urgently.

I shook my head.

"You are not well. Go away. This whole damn thing is not real."

"That is real, Kyle Foster, and I am real. You are in deadly danger, not from the police, but from something else. I was present during your interrogation. Foster, I believe you. I know you didn't kill Jack Armstrong."

TO BE CONTINUED

YOUR NEWSLETTER

I have gone over the suggestions made on the questionnaire concerning improvements in the newsletter. I would like to give my ideas at this time.

"A more professional printing process" - I would also like to see this someday but at this time it is financially impossible. The least expensive place I have found would run about \$15 a month. If anyone can find a better deal than this please let me know.

"Where to find good stereo buys column" - I would like to see this also. I could really use a member to find out about sales and special prices and good dealers and report it for each issue. Who will help?

"A column about what stars are doing now" - There are several books out called "Whatever Became of". . . and they are very interesting. They are available in libraries and bookstores. I could use a columnist to look up radio stars and write a brief story about them.

"Attaching news clippings" - We have done this before and I have run out of articles. I need some more.

"Book reviews" - Very good idea and the first one appears in this issue.

"Logs of shows" - There are many logs of shows available through Jay Peterson's HELLO AGAIN. In the last issue of that paper there were many available from next to nothing to a few dollars. I would like to have some of these to attach to the newsletter if someone would purchase a few and send me copies.

"Omit the envelope when mailing the newsletter" - As I am writing this I have every intention of doing this except when it becomes too large.

Overall the newsletter is getting more difficult with every issue. I am trying to make it as interesting as possible but I need the help of more members. To date only about 5 people have contributed articles to this newsletter. I would like to put in everything you want, but you all are going to have to get it to me. I have contacted many stars, many other clubs for news - now it is time we had more help from our own members. Please get in touch with me if you want to help.

TRIVIA QUIZ ANSWERS

1-e 2-f 3-a 4-c 5-i 6-j 7-k 8-l 9-b 10-g 11-h 12-d

