



OLD TIME RADIO CLUB

*PRESENTS*

# MEMORIES

FALL 1984

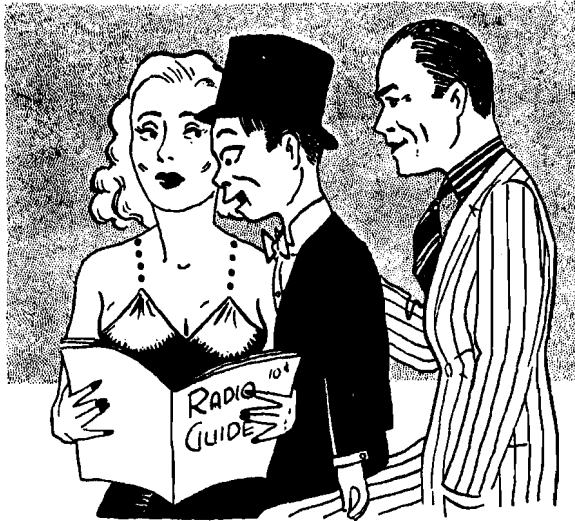
THIS ISSUE:



*YOU BET  
YOUR LIFE,  
CHARLIE  
MC CARTHY!*

MEMORIES – VOL. 10 – ANNUAL ISSUE FALL 1984

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Bergen: "What are you looking at, Charlie?"

Charlie McCarthy: "Oh—er—I'm looking in RADIO GUIDE's program section to find out when we're on."

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The Old Time Radio Club meets on the second Monday of each month, September through June, at 393 George Urban Blvd., Cheektowaga, New York. Those who are interested in the golden age of radio are invited to join us as observers, participants, or members. Any inquiries regarding the club should be sent to OTRC, 100 Harvey Dr., Lancaster, N.Y. 14086

This issue has been co-produced and edited by Frank Boncore, Joseph O'Donnell, and Phyllis Wazenska-O'Donnell.

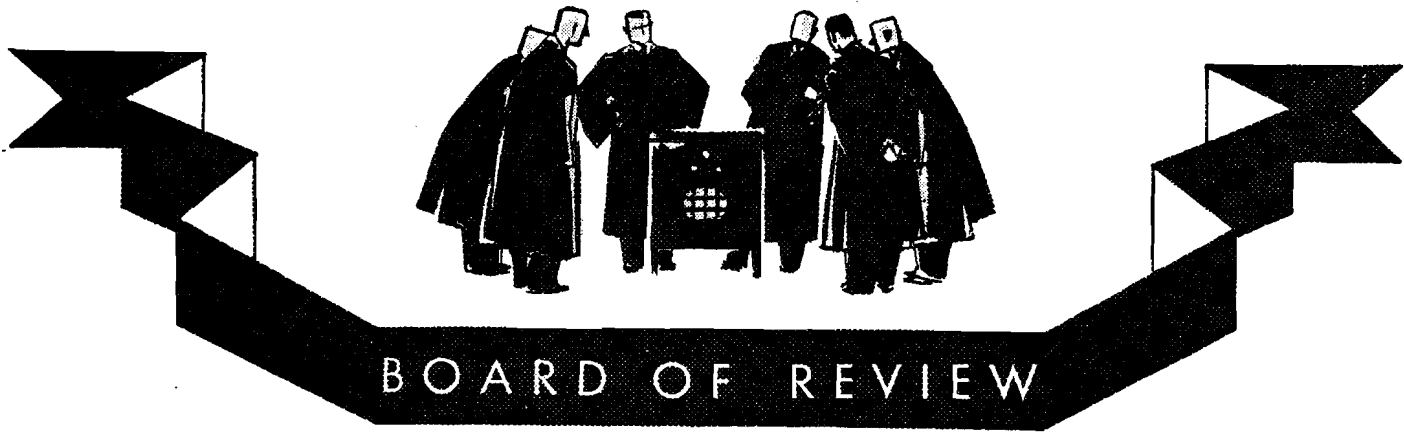
Any inquiries or comments regarding this issue of Memories should be sent to any of the above at 206 Lydia Lane, Cheektowaga, New York 14225.

Our special thanks go to Michelle O'Donnell who was junior research assistant.

Our marvelous composer/cover work is attributed to Lorraine Bialoglowicz.

*Memories, Fall 1984, is being dedicated to John Barrett, the first Lone Ranger, whose death in the past year has diminished the number of living legends of radio.*

## RADIO STARS



*As every fiction writer knows, there comes a time when the characters he has created assume lives of their own and gain control of a situation with which the author who gave them life is forced to struggle in order to maintain his original plan. One would not think this could happen in a nonfiction situation; but this issue of MEMORIES proves there is an exception to every rule. The end result, "You bet your life, Charlie McCarthy!", is far removed from our original concept of this issue, but we hope you enjoy it.*

*Herewith we present to you two "smart mouths" who emerged from vaudeville to enter the new medium, radio – Charlie McCarthy, with his alter ego Edgar Bergen, and Groucho Marx. Both experienced difficulty breaking into and establishing themselves in radio. Groucho failed with several programs prior to hitting his stride with "You Bet Your Life". As for Charlie, who could possibly imagine a ventriloquist's dummy as a star in a nonvisual format. Yet, once he got started, Charlie took off like a rocket! Like Pinocchio, he grew to be a "real live boy" – with several distinctions. This dummy had a father, a real live sister, Candy, and a room of his own; and he was involved in all the Bergen family activities. He was brash – a master of the put-down, aimed at his mentor, Bergie – and was renowned for his "love affairs". Charlie has become an American classic, finding his final resting place at the Smithsonian Institute.*

*A former member of the famed Marx Brothers who found success in movies and the theater, Groucho emerged as a single – a master of ad lib, crazy antics, biting wit, and sharp satire. He was a shrewd interviewer who obtained laughs by exploiting the unusual in his contestants. Allowed, finally, to be his spontaneous self, Groucho rose to stardom in radio. Another original, he, too, created a niche for himself in the entertainment industry.*

*We hope that, by bringing these two "gentlemen" up for your review, we will entertain you and carry you back, nostalgically, to the days when humor, though brash and raucous, was innocent – and fun.*

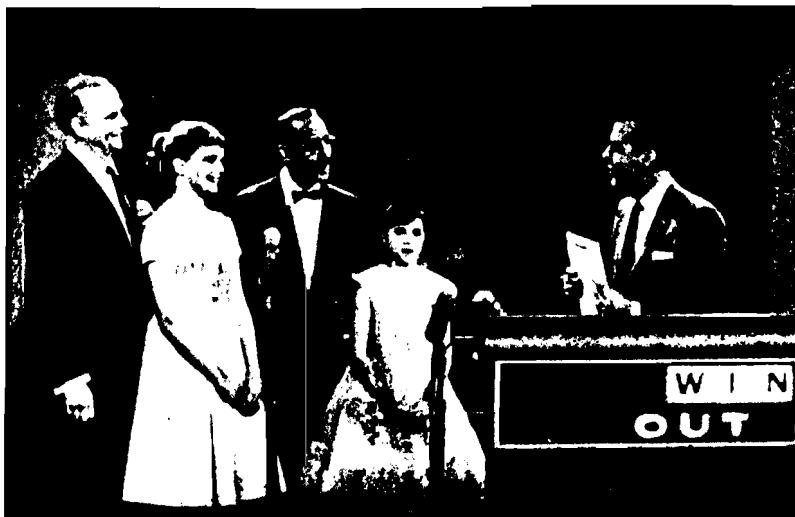
## TABLE OF CONTENTS

### GROUCHO:

*The Secret Word Is . . .*  
*A Compendium of Groucho One-Liners*  
*Interview with Gonzales Gonzales*  
*A Professional Scrapbook of Photos*

### CHARLIE:

*The Birth of Charlie McCarthy*  
*Charlie McCarthy's Father*  
*The Incredible Stooge*  
*Fun after Dark*  
*Now It's Official*  
*Pictures from the Family Album*



The Family Hour. Edgar Bergen and I answer questions any sixth grader could answer. Quizmaster is George Fenneman. Edgar and I each brought our own sixth graders, daughters Candice and Melinda, both age eleven and a half.

# GROUCHO



NBC and I were seeing eye to eye as we started our second television season in 1951.



Here I am during my first season of *You Bet Your Life* on ABC radio.



The Thinker starts his third season on NBC. (David Zalkus collection)

# The Secret Word Is

If you analyze it, the rules of the game were quite simple: Each pair of contestants was given twenty dollars. They could bet any of that amount on the first question, and as the amount increased on the three following questions so that the couple winning the highest amount would be eligible for the \$2,000 grand prize question, not to mention the \$100 they may have already won on the secret word, which if added to the four questions they could consecutively answer without missing two in a row, would give them \$1,000 and make them eligible to spin the wheel, depending on if they picked the respective numbers previously selected by the contestants for the \$5,000 and \$10,000 questions, or they could bet on the basic amount by answering questions naturally paying off more, say \$300 to the \$100 payoff on the question even your Aunt Gladys could answer; however, if George Fenneman was recruited to help answer the questions, they were allowed to pick two questions from Column A and one from Column B, because after all George was born in China, and this added a novel slant to the game, not to mention the fortune cookies, none of which contained the right answers, because we were a rigidly honest show and no help from the audience was permitted. This was why our show was so distinctive.



## WHO'S BURIED IN GRANT'S TOMB?

Sorry you didn't answer more. But so you won't go away empty-handed, here's a consolation question for you. If you can't answer the first one, go on to the next. If you're still drawing a blank around Question Seven, then I suggest you start all over again . . . in the first grade.

Here are the questions and, please, no help from the audience:

1. Who's buried in Grant's Tomb?
2. What insect is flea-brained?
3. In what sport do we use a basketball?
4. What was the color of the old gray mare?
5. How many bullets does a six-shooter shoot?
6. What is the main course of the man-eating shark?
7. What color is an orange?
8. From what state do we get Maine lobsters?
9. Where do Boston baked beans come from?
10. What state has the same name as the Mississippi River?

## QUESTIONS

1. In what country is Waterloo, where Napoleon met his defeat?
2. What was the name of the stone found in 1799 that helped scientists decipher hieroglyphics?
3. What cabinet post is in charge of the U.S. Coast Guard?
4. How many squares on a standard checker board?
5. What is the word, originally French, for banter or repartee?
6. What is the length between a car's front and rear axles called?
7. Where is Nantucket?
8. What is the Cornhusker State?
9. What was Francis Scott Key's profession?
10. What kind of animal is a dromedary?
11. What is myopia?
12. What was the name of King Arthur's wife?
13. What river separates Manchuria from Korea?
14. What are potables?
15. What is Princess Grace's last name?
16. What do you call a female seal?
17. If donkeys bray, what do elephants do?
18. Who was our only bachelor President?
19. Who killed Cock Robin?
20. What is the national motto of the United States?
21. What city was buried in A.D. 79 by the eruption of Vesuvius?
22. What was the first capital of the United States under the Constitution?
23. What was the epic film about the South made by D. W. Griffith in 1915?
24. Where is Mandalay?
25. On what street is the White House located?
26. Who spread sickness and worry on the world by opening a box?
27. If soft coal is bituminous, what is hard coal?
28. What is the name of the town in Ontario, Canada, where the Dionne quintuplets were born?
29. The Stanley Cup is given in what sport?
30. Who blazed the Wilderness Trail in 1775?
31. What is the largest city in Finland?
32. Florence, Italy, is on what river?
33. What movie was it where Charles Boyer tried to drive his wife Ingrid Bergman mad?
34. Where does the film *The Sundowners* take place?
35. What is the capital of Nevada?
36. To what country do the Bahama Islands belong?
37. What is the name of the observatory whose solar times serve as the standard for the rest of the world?
38. Under the stadium of what university was the first nuclear stockpile stored?
39. Who was the male star of *Room at the Top*?
40. Who was the female Secretary of the Treasury from 1953 to 1960?

41. Who was the ringleader of the mutiny on the *Bounty*?
42. What is the name of California's only volcanic peak?
43. In what city is the League of Nations' building?
44. Who wrote "The Ballad of Barbara Fritchie"?
45. In 1814, Francis Scott Key watched the bombardment of an American fort, and was then inspired to write "The Star-Spangled Banner." What fort?
46. What is the French word for potato?
47. What food is more widely grown and consumed than any other?
48. Clark Gable won the Best Actor award in 1934. Who won as Best Actress?
49. What profession was Jacques Fath?
50. What was Hippocrates' profession?
51. What famous Norwegian's name is now synonymous with traitor?
52. What Greek poet's name now means actor?
53. In 1949, Olivia de Havilland played a rich young woman who was disillusioned by a young suitor, played by Montgomery Clift. What film?
54. What was the post held by Vincent Massey in 1960?
55. Where is Crater Lake?
56. Where is the Hall of Fame for Great Americans?
57. Only one man has ever served two nonconsecutive terms as President of the United States. What was his name?
58. During the celebrated Scopes trial, Clarence Darrow was the attorney for the defense. Who opposed him as chief prosecuting attorney?
59. What is Art Buchwald's profession?
60. In 1579, Sir Francis Drake claimed a new land for Queen Elizabeth. He named it Nova Albion. By what name is it known today?
61. What were the first words sent over the telegraph by its inventor, Samuel Morse?
62. In 1959, Mamie Eisenhower christened the first atom-powered merchant ship. What was it called?
63. Who directed the Marilyn Monroe-Clark Gable film, *The Misfits*?
64. In what country are the ruins of Stonehenge?
65. During the campaign to pass the Nineteenth Amendment, the best-known woman suffragette was a schoolteacher. Who was she?
66. Who was Tom Sawyer's sweetheart?
67. Who is Popeye's lady love?
68. What is the highest point on the African continent?
69. Who was JFK's ambassador-at-large?
70. What was the name of the knot that Alexander the Great cut?
71. Who was the Dutchman who bought Manhattan from the Indians for \$24?
72. What do you call the groups of people who are paid to persuade legislators to vote for or against a bill?
73. In what state is Glacier National Park?
74. St. Louis is in Missouri. In what state is East St. Louis?
75. The Great Smokies are in two states. North Carolina is one. What is the other?



76. Who was the Polish astronomer who said that the sun is in the center of the universe?

77. In 1958, who was the man who succeeded Sherman Adams as the President's top administrative assistant?

78. Sugar Loaf Mountain is in what South American city?

79. In what city is Tempelhof Airport?

80. What do you call the right side of a ship?

81. What plants do silkworms feed on?

82. What is Bermuda grass commonly known as?

83. What is the ancient Hellespont called today?

84. In what country are the cities of Baghdad and Basra located?

85. Legend has it that the greatest of the Greek orators placed pebbles in his mouth to overcome a speech impediment. Who was he?

86. What do you call the species of weasel whose coat turns white in the winter?

87. What sign of the Zodiac is Capricorn?

88. What is the oldest university in the United States?

89. These are the four largest places in what state? Milford, Elsmere, Newark, and Dover.

90. What Russian was known as the Mad Monk?

91. Who was known as the Swedish Nightingale?

92. Who wrote *Andersonville*?

93. What kind of sauce is served on Eggs Benedict?

94. What is a podiatrist?

95. He directed *It Happened One Night*, *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*, and *You Can't Take It with You*. He won Academy Awards for all three pictures. Who is he?

96. Who "stole a pig and away he run"?

97. What is the word, originally French, meaning clumsy or awkward?

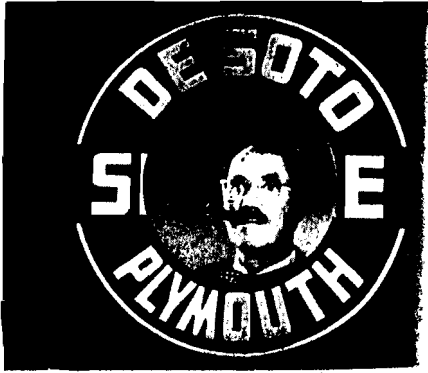
98. Who jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge in 1888?

99. Which of the Great Lakes does not touch the state of Michigan?

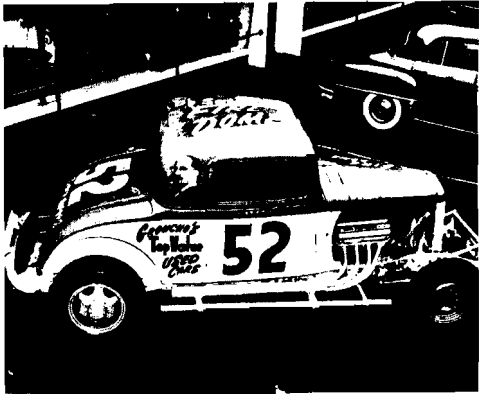
100. Name the following popular song:



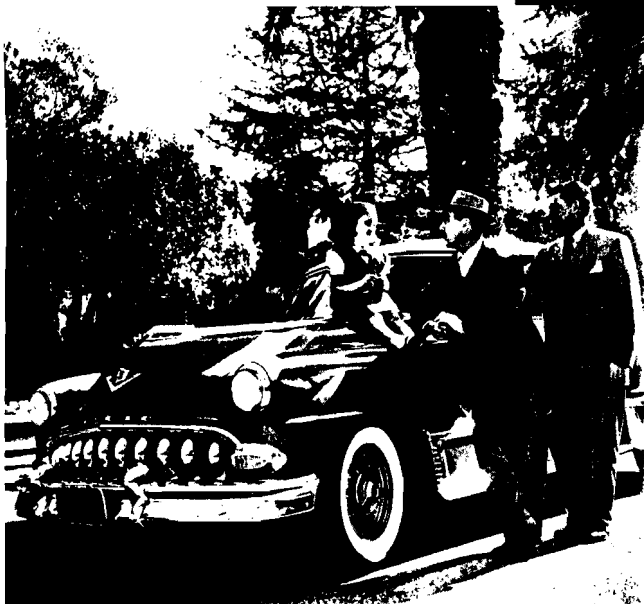
The secret word is Ouch!



Tell them Groucho sent you. (I hope he still does.)



Groucho's Top Value Used Cars. Are you sure Madman Muntz started this way?



The fancy hood ornament on my 1952 DeSoto was my daughter Melinda. I accepted delivery of the car (I received two of them a year) from my friendly Dodge-DeSoto dealer. The grille, you will notice, looks like a set of bad teeth.



My partners in crime during the third season on CBS radio: First row, Edward T. Tyler, Gummo Marx, Bernie Smith, unidentified, John Guedel, Dorothy Nye, yours truly, Robert Dwan, Hy Freedman, Carroll Nye, the CBS sound effects man, the CBS unit manager; second row, Edwin I. Mills, sound engineer John Neal, unidentified, Jerry Fielding, George Fenneman.

I was named Outstanding Television Personality of 1949 by the Academy of Television Arts and Sciences. The awards were so new that when I was told Emmy was mine, I reached for the girl instead of the statuette.



GEORGE FENNEMAN: Groucho, you were kind of proud of me, weren't you—like when I'd win an award or something?  
GROUCHO: I wasn't proud of you. I was disgraced. (NBC photo by Paul Bailey)



Am I blue?

Harpo's only appearance on the show, to promote his autobiography. He always made me laugh.



Mona and I had the same wistful smile.



I learn to shimmy like sister Kate. That's my sister Kate.



Actually, I look more like my mother.

Melinda danced with her proud father on many shows.



1. Belgium
2. The Rosetta Stone
3. Secretary of the Treasury
4. 64
5. Badinage
6. Wheelbase
7. Massachusetts
8. Nebraska
9. Lawyer
10. Camel
11. Nearsightedness
12. Guinevere
13. Yalu
14. Beverages
15. Grimaldi
16. A cow
17. Trumpet
18. James Buchanan
19. The sparrow with his little arrow
20. In God We Trust
21. Pompeii
22. New York
23. *Birth of a Nation*
24. Burma
25. Pennsylvania Avenue
26. Pandora
27. Anthracite
28. Calendar
29. Ice hockey
30. Daniel Boone
31. Helsinki
32. Arno
33. *Gaslight*
34. Australia
35. Carson City
36. Great Britain
37. Greenwich
38. University of Chicago
39. Laurence Harvey
40. Ivy Baker Priest
41. Fletcher Christian
42. Mount Lassen
43. Geneva
44. John Greenleaf Whittier
45. Fort McHenry
46. Pomme de terre
47. Rice
48. Claudette Colbert
49. Dress designer
50. Doctor
51. Quisling
52. Thespian
53. *The Heiress*
54. Governor-General of Canada
55. Oregon
56. New York
57. Grover Cleveland
58. William Jennings Bryan
59. Newspaper columnist
60. California
61. What hath God wrought
62. *The Savannah*
63. John Huston
64. England
65. Susan B. Anthony
66. Becky Thatcher
67. Olive Oyl
68. Mount Kilimanjaro
69. Averill Harriman
70. The Gordian Knot
71. Peter Minuit
72. Lobbyists
73. Montana
74. Illinois
75. Tennessee
76. Copernicus
77. Wilton B. Persons
78. Rio de Janeiro
79. Berlin
80. Starboard
81. Mulberry
82. Devil grass
83. The Dardanelles
84. Iraq
85. Demosthenes
86. Ermine
87. Goat
88. Harvard
89. Delaware
90. Rasputin
91. Jenny Lind
92. MacKinlay Kantor
93. Hollandaise
94. Foot doctor
95. Frank Capra
96. Tom, the piper's son
97. Gauche
98. Steve Brodie
99. Lake Ontario
100. "Autumn Leaves"

PRESENTING  
**THE MARX  
BROS.**



## A COMPENDIUM OF GROUCHO ONE-LINERS



**TO WESTERN UNION EMPLOYEE:** *"Do you still charge for a . . . stop? . . . like I know what you're doing in Atlantic City. . . stop!"*

**TO A MAID OF COTTON:** *"Cotton is very important, Pat. How else could they sell silk shirts for three-and-a-half dollars?"*

**TO A PRETTY GIRL:** *"You have a very good head on your shoulders, and I wish it were on mine."*

**TO A WATCHMAKER:** *"Where's your business—on the main stem?"*

**TO MELBA TAYLOR:** *"You're Melba Taylor? You must be the toast of the town!"*

**TO CHIEF NINO COCHISE OF THE APACHE TRIBE:** *"Chief, I'm glad to meet you. You're not the Chief that runs from here to Chicago in 39 hours, huh?"*

**TO A CARTOONIST:** *"If you want to see a comic strip, you should see me in a shower."*

**TO A FATHER OF TRIPLETS:** *"You've been married 15 months and you have three daughters? This is indeed the age of rapid transit."*

**TO ELDERLY NEWLYWEDS:** *"I'll never forget my wedding day . . . . They threw vitamin pills."*

**TO AN ADMIRAL:** *"We're not very formal on the show; so, mind if I call you Captain?"*

**TO A MARRIAGE BROKER:** *"I met my wife on a ferry boat; and when we landed, she gave me the slip."*

**TO GARY COOPER'S MOTHER:** *"He's a real chatterbox, too. . . . I've been watching him for 20 years in the movies, and I would say, conversationally, he's about six words ahead of my brother Harpo."*

**TO FRED HANEY, MANAGER OF THE MILWAUKEE BRAVES:** *"This is the man who made Milwaukee famous, you know. He also made Milwaukee come in second. . . . or was it third?"*

**TO A MALE CONTESTANT:** *"So your name is John Rose. . . . That's a simple declarative, isn't it?"*

**TO A MUSICIAN:** *"Beethoven is famous for his fifth, and he never touched a drop."*

**TO FATHER REAGAN:** *"What kind of business are you in?"*

**TO BOBBY VAN:** *"I know Bobby Van. You moved me into my house . . . . Bobby Van and Storage."*

**TO A PRETTY GIRL:** *"You're quite a dish, Marie, and since I'm the head dish around here, let's start cooking."*

**TO A MUSCLEMAN:** *"You don't have any muscles unless you take your jacket off, and I don't have any muscles until I put my jacket on."*

**TO AN ENGLISH TEACHER:** *"I thought homonym was a cereal."*

**TO AN IRISHMAN:** *"Some of my best friends are Irish . . . like Harry McRuby and David O'Selznick."*

**TO A VASSAR GRADUATE:** *"Were you fat when you left Vassar or did you leave Vassarlean?"*

**TO AN AUTHOR:** *"It won't do any good to plug your book on my show, because none of our listeners can read."*

**TO A HOUSEWIFE:** *"Your husband has a very good head for business, and if you take my advice, you'll have it examined the first thing in the morning."*

**TO A POET:** *"In other words, you're out of work?"*

**TO A WAR VETERAN:** *"Well, that's highly commendable . . . I knew his brother, Haile Selassie."*

**TO A POLICE OFFICER:** *"You have nothing on me, I've been busy every night this week at meetings of the Beverly Hills Mafia."*

**TO A CHICKEN RAISER:** *"How many did you raise and how high did you raise them?"*

**TO TWO HEIDIS:** *"I'll call you Heidi-Hi . . . and I'll call you Heidi-Ho . . . and you can call me Cab Calloway."*

**TO A FAT WOMAN:** *"I bet you're a lot of fun at a party . . . In fact, you are the whole party."*

**TO THE SINGING MARX BROTHERS:** *"Boys, if you ever get the desire to sing again, please call yourselves the McGuire Sisters."*

**TO A CHAMPION DIVER:** *"I've been reading your feats on the diving board for years . . . You did have your feet on the diving board?"*

**TO A COOK:** *"I tried boiling pig's feet once, but I couldn't get the pig to stand still."*

**TO A SWISS MAN:** *"Switzerland is a wonderful country . . . everyone seems so friendly . . . particularly when they clip tourists."*

**TO THE OWNER OF A 1902 AUDI:** *"You must have it paid by this time."*

**TO A CHINESE PUNSTER:** *"You know, you're a bigger menace than the Asiatic flu."*

**TO DR. HOWARD DRUM:** *"Well, if you're a drum, you can beat it anytime, Doc."*

**TO A DENTIST:** *"I thought you looked down in the mouth."*

**TO A SCOTTISH GIRL:** *"Whether you're straight Scotch or not, I'd like to be your chaser."*

**TO A CHOREOGRAPHER:** *"Oh, you make maps?"*

**TO A NATIVE OF CANTON:** *"I had that for dinner last night—canned tongue."*



**TO A BASEBALL UMPIRE:** *"And do you have any little thieves at home?"*

**TO A DEALER IN WAR SURPLUS:** *"How many times have you been indicted?"*

**TO A DRESS DESIGNER WHO SAID WOMEN DRESS FOR THEMSELVES, NOT FOR MEN:** *"If they dressed for me, the stores wouldn't sell much—just an occasional sun visor."*

**TO A METEOROLOGIST:** *"Any little squalls at home running around with their barometers dropping?"*

**TO A PHARMICIST:** *"Is it true that Rexall is a drug on the market?"*

**TO A PROFESSIONAL GAMBLER:** *"Have you ever had an unusual experience—like letting a customer win once in a while?"*

**TO A TREE SURGEON:** *"Have you ever fallen out of a patient?"*

**TO A SKY-WRITER:** *"When you're up there sky-writing, do you ever feel that someone is looking over your shoulder?"*

**TO A PRETTY SCHOOLTEACHER:** *"How would you like to take over my student body?"*

**TO GLOBEL ZOBEL:** *"Global Zobel—that's quite euphonious . . . it's one of the euphonious names I've ever heard."*

**TO A CONTESTANT:** *"You say a buffoon is a clown? I thought a buffoon was like an aspirin, except that it works faster."*

**TO AN ECONOMIST:** *"I made a killing on Wall Street a few years ago . . . I shot my broker."*

**TO A SUPERIOR COURT BAILIFF:** *"That's a good job, especially if you like to sleep in the daytime."*



At the recent Hollywood preview of "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" at the Four Star Theater, Groucho Marx, comedian of "The Circle" (Sun., NBC), stood at the theater entrance getting autographs from attending celebrities. Above: Marlene Dietrich signs her autograph, using the back of the irrepressible Groucho, minus the stove-polish make-up, for an impromptu writing-desk



Monte Montana and his horse. Loved his horse.



Housewife-comedienne Phyllis Diller, who made her first national television appearance on *You Bet Your Life*.



Olympic decathlon champion Robert Mathias.

Crazylegs Rowena was our most eccentric dancer. After her appearance, Irwin Allen signed her to a studio contract.



My favorite musician, the man who played the tube.





And thanks to you and all our contestants.

A reunion at my eighty-fifth birthday party with Bernie Smith, George Fenneman, Howard Harris, and Robert Dwan.



"You Bet Your Life" was on for approximately 12 years. Following is a dialogue between Groucho and the funniest contestant ever to appear on the show, Ramiro G. Gonzalez. This show was recorded on January 7, 1953. (Note: Mr. Gonzalez's partner was an attractive young girl named Sally Neidlinger.)

GROUCHO: "Mr. G. Gonzalez. Is that you?"

GONZALEZ: "Si, Senor."

GROUCHO: "Si, Si! Senor! . . . Ramiro G. Gonzalez. What does the 'G' stand for Ramiro?"

GONZALEZ: "Gonzalez."

GROUCHO: "I know, Ramiro G. Gonzalez. What does the 'G' stand for?"

GONZALEZ: "Ramiro Gonzalez Gonzalez."

GROUCHO: "What are you—twins?"

GONZALEZ: "No."

GROUCHO: "Are you pitch hitting for your father?"

GONZALEZ: "No. I'm Ramiro Gonzalez Gonzalez because my father, before she married my mother, he was a Gonzalez."

GROUCHO: "Would you give me that once more?"

GONZALEZ: "My father was Gonzalez before he married my mother. My mother was Gonzalez before she married my father."

GROUCHO: "Then they were crazy to get married! . . . What does your wife call you—Ramiro or Gonzalez?"

GONZALEZ: "She call me Pedro."

GROUCHO: "That's the easy way, huh? I'll call you Gonzalez Gonzalez Gonzalez Pedro Gonzalez Sam Gonzalez."

GONZALEZ: "Everybody call me Pedro."

GROUCHO: "Where are you from, Mr. Gonzalez Gonzalez--Walla Walla?"

GONZALEZ: "San Antonio, Te-has."

GROUCHO: "What's that?"

GONZALEZ: "San Antonio, Te-has."

GROUCHO: "What do you do for a living?"

GONZALEZ: "I work at the WOAI Radio Station. I just drive a station wagon, pick up some copies; and sometime I take money and take it to the station . . . that's all I do."

GROUCHO: "You're married."

GONZALEZ: "Oh, yes."

GROUCHO: "How long have you been married?"

GONZALEZ: "Nine years. (*Makes a face.*)

GROUCHO: "Was your wife named Gonzalez before you married her?"

GONZALEZ: "No."

GROUCHO: "How did you meet Mrs. Gonzalez Gonzalez?"

GONZALEZ: "She was working in San Antonio in an old theater. She was a dancer, and I had a friend. And then, she took me to her backstage, and then gave me a good look, and I gave her good look . . ."

GROUCHO: "What kind of a look did you give this girl when you met her backstage? Can you give us a sample?"

GONZALEZ: "Well, I just . . . Can I look at her?" *(Points to Sally)*

GROUCHO: "Give her a look."

*(Gonzalez does a Groucho-like leer, complete with eyebrows.)*

GROUCHO: "Did that have any affect on you, Sally?"

SALLY: "Well . . . I looked back."

GROUCHO: "Well, I'm curious about your courtship, Pedro. Didn't her mother object because her daughter was so young?"

GONZALEZ: "Well, she object sometimes, you know. I remember one time I went to see my girlfriend, to take her a serenade."

GROUCHO: "You took her a serenade?"

GONZALEZ: "Yeah, like I saw in the movies. So I took a serenade to her. And then I got my guitar to sing her a song. When I was singing the song, I saw the window open, and I thought it was my girlfriend who was going to give me a nice godnight kiss."

GROUCHO: "And she was upstairs and you were downstairs?"

GONZALEZ: "Yes, sir."

GROUCHO: "Well, how could she kiss you if she was upstairs and you were downstairs?"

GONZALEZ: "I climb up."

GROUCHO: "She was younger than you. She should have climbed down."

GONZALEZ: "And then the window open, and I thought it was my girlfriend; but no, it was her mother. She throw a pail of water."

GROUCHO: "She threw a pail of water on you?"

GONZALEZ: "Yes."

GROUCHO: "What were you singing—'Kiss of Fire'?"

GONZALEZ: "No."

GROUCHO: "What were you singing? Do you remember?"

GONZALEZ: "I was singing 'El Rancho Grande'."

GROUCHO: "Well, could you give us a little of —"

GONZALEZ: "Yes. *(Singing)* All en el rancho grande . . . Do you want it in English or Spanish?"

GROUCHO: "I don't know. What do you call that—what you just did?"

GONZALEZ: "El Rancho Grande."

GROUCHO: "I mean would you call it English or Spanish?"

GONZALEZ: "Well, I think I call it English."

GROUCHO: "Well, you do it in English then."

GONZALEZ: *(Singing)* Down on the big ranch, I have a beautiful—"

GROUCHO: "No wonder you got the water."

GONZALEZ: "I dance, too."

GROUCHO: "You do, huh? Well, could you do a little dance for us?"

GONZALEZ: "Sure. Why not?"

GROUCHO: "You come over here, Sally."

GONZALEZ: "You want me to dance. What do you want me to dance? I dance Jarabe Tapatio. I dance LaBamba. I dance you know."

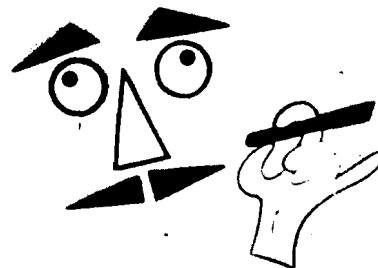
GROUCHO: "Well, do something you dance very well."

**GONZALEZ:** "Okay. I dance Jarabe Tapatio  
(He does, singing at the same time).

**GROUCHO:** "Pedro, we could do a great act  
together. We could make a tour of vaudeville,  
you and I. What could we call our act—"Two  
Hot Tamales?""

**GONZALEZ:** "No. We would call it 'Gonzalez  
Gonzalez and Marx'."

**GROUCHO:** "That's great billing. Two people  
in the act and I get third place."



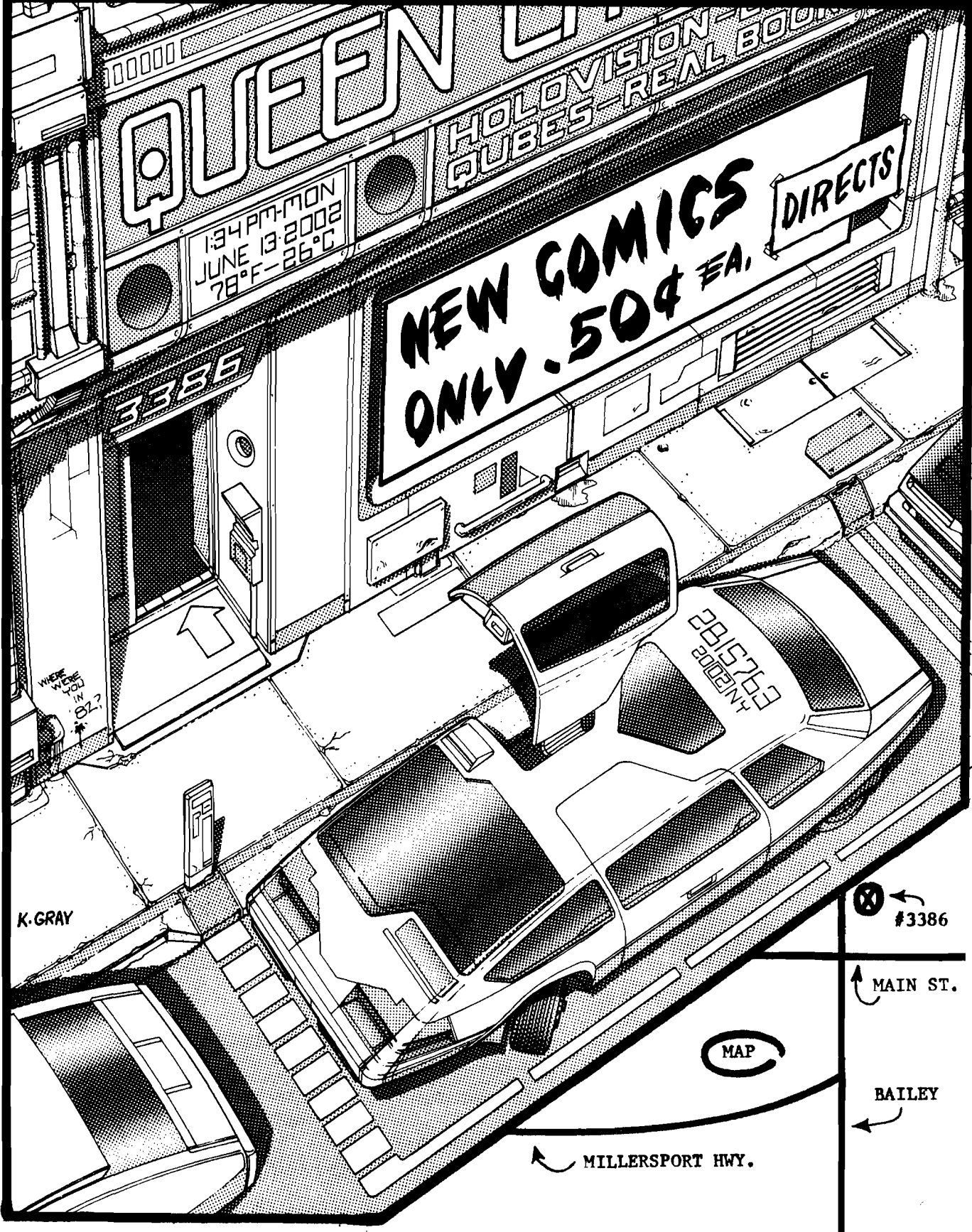
Pedro Gonzalez Gonzalez  
was one of the earliest  
"civilian stars" on our show.  
He later joined "the service"  
and was under personal  
contract to John Wayne for  
many years. Some say he was  
the funniest guest ever to  
appear on *You Bet Your Life*.



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couple, and it's been fun talking  
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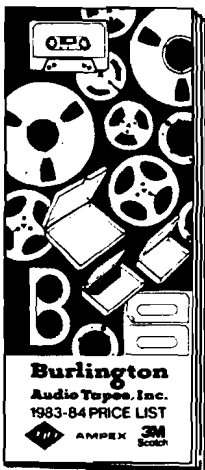
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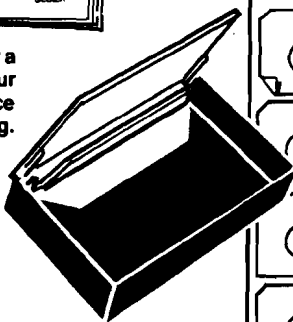
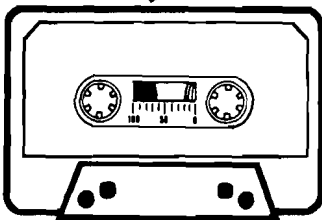
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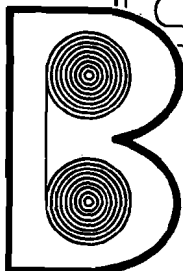
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# PHOTO · CARNIVAL

Radio Guide's Picture Panorama of Broadcasting



## THE BIRTH OF CHARLIE McCARTHY

THE AMAZING PHOTO-STORY OF A BLOCK OF WOOD THAT BECAME A VENTRILOQUIST'S DOLL—AND TURNED INTO RADIO HERO NO. 1

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



1 Frank Marshall's first step in dummy-making is to draft the head of the dummy on heavy paper. After the profile and portrait have been sketched, they're cut out for patterns



2 This is a typical "Fresh Kid" pattern, the basis of nearly all dummies. It is dated 1914, belonged to Theodore Mack



3 The pattern is traced on a block of kiln-dried, 4-ply basswood, and the outline is cut out on a band-saw



8 The jaw is band-sawed (left), then hinged in place. Afterwards, rolling eyes, winking lids, other effects which operate by springs and strings (right) are put into place

**S**TRICTLY speaking, Charlie McCarthy is an orphan, Theodore Mack, who carved Charlie from a block of basswood in 1923, died within the year—and so did his brother Louis and son Charlie, with whom he operated his shop. Surviving, however, were two wood-working assistants, Alex Cameron and Frank Marszalkiewicz, and, buying the business from the Mack heirs, these two carried on the unique trade. In 1925, Marszalkiewicz bought Cameron's interest, and since that time has been the only man in America making ventriloquial dolls exclusively.

Marszalkiewicz—whose name the ventriloquists have shortened to Marshall—was present at the birth of Charlie McCarthy, of course, might even have had a hand in his creation. But that is neither to be proved nor disproved, for in 1923 Edgar Bergen was a Northwestern University student and an obscure ventriloquist; Charlie McCarthy, just another dummy. Charlie's birth differed in no respect from that of 5,000 other dummies that Marshall has made since 1917.

That its readers may attend the birth of Charlie McCarthy—using a "stand-in" for Charlie, of course—Radio Guide tours the basement workshop of Frank Marshall at 5518 Loomis Street, Chicago, watches the one-man industry create distant "relatives" of the show-stealing Charlie McCarthy.



9 When all movable effects have been put in the head of the dummy, the two halves are screwed together again



12 Making the body frame. Basswood is used, because it's soft and light, won't check or split



13 The arms and legs, stuffed with wood wool, are made of muslin Frank buys by the bolt



14 Regular boys' clothes are used on the dolls. Frank buys them at department stores at regular prices, tacks them on



15 The mouth movement is a bellows made of inner-tube patches, controlled by a bulb



4 Using a mallet and a heavy chisel, Marshall then does the rough carving of the head



5 Using regular wood-carver's tools, Frank finishes the face of the dummy with hand chisels, sandpaper



6 Between the two center pieces of wood there is a layer of paper, so that the head can be split without being broken



7 The next step is to hollow out both halves of the head. Again Frank uses the hand chisel



10 The head is then given four coats of a special paint Frank mixes himself. It's sanded between each of the first three coats



11 Above: Wigs for Marshall's dummies are bought by the dozen from a Chicago wigmaker. Right: Hands for the dummies are carved from solid blocks



16 Lever (No. 1) and the bulb control the mouth movements, cord (No. 2) works the winking eye, ball (No. 3) rolling eyes



17 Frank Marshall and three of his dummies, all "brothers under the bark"—of Charlie McCarthy. Dummies with only the movable mouth sell for \$50 upward, others, more complex, up to any price the ventriloquist wants to spend. Seldom are more than seven movable effects incorporated in any one doll



Above, Charlie's newest conquest, Danielle Darrieux, Universal star. Below, Ken Murray, Edgar and his mother.

# Charlie McCarthy's

**Just once in his life Edgar  
Bergen banished Charlie, nearly  
ruining the year's greatest  
success story before it began**

*The story thus far:*

**W**HEN Edgar Bergen, not quite in his 'teens, first discovered he could throw his voice, he thought it was pretty wonderful—but he never expected to become a world-famous ventriloquist. After his father died, he and his mother and brother moved from their home town of Decatur, Illinois, to Chicago, and Edgar started studying to be an engineer. In order to earn his way through college, however, he worked as a ventriloquist—with Charlie McCarthy—in vaudeville and Chautauqua; and the work was so



By MARIAN RHEA

"Dinner for three," is Charlie McCarthy's order as he dines with Edgar and lovely Dorothy Lamour in the home Edgar Bergen built in Beverly Hills.

for him in the Follies, and he had to be content with an inferior contract in a New Orleans cafe. And then, when he and Charlie had been south for only a short while, the Follies wanted them back—but they had to decline because of the New Orleans contract. That, says Edgar, was life's darkest moment. . . .

#### CONCLUSION

EDGAR BERGEN, back in New York at last after fulfilling his regretted contract at the New Orleans cafe, was secretly putting into execution a long-cherished plan. Jobs were scarce during these days of Depression, but he had saved a little money and he figured now was the time to try out his big idea.

Of course, his pal, Ken Murray, was against it. So were all his other friends. So was his agent. But he got around that. He simply didn't tell them what he was doing. He'd let 'em find it out afterward, he decided, when in his big moment of triumph, he could crow over them and chortle: "I told you so!"

However, things didn't work out quite like that. In the end it was the others who chortled: "I told you so!" long and loudly. You see, Edgar's cherished project was a *vaudeville act without Charlie McCarthy!* And who can imagine any piece of entertainment bettered by the urbane Mr. McCarthy's absence? Can you?

It is rather to be expected, therefore, that when "The Professor Plushbottom and His Apple-Knockers" (very Swedish and supposed to be very funny) appeared in a certain theater in Hoboken, N. Y., sad things happened. Ken Murray's story of just what is terse and to the point:

"Eddie called me up at noon, on a Monday. He told me he had a spot without Charlie at this theater in Hoboken. 'Come over and see me tonight,' he suggested. But when I went to Hoboken that night, there was no Bergen act. Eddie and his 'apple-knockers' had been fired after the matinee."

And so ended Edgar's first and last attempt to shelve Charlie McCarthy. "It always was a crazy idea, I suppose," he says, now. "But a guy does get kinda tired of playing stooge for a dummy."

"Oh, yeh?" Charlie catches him up right smartly. "Well, Bergen, any time you want to part company, I have plenty of other offers. Yeh, Bergen, *any time!*"

But Edgar always has been smart. He is not making the same mistake twice. After the Hoboken fiasco he took Charlie back to his bosom resignedly, maybe, but for good; brushed up his top hat and tails and laid siege to that new miracle of the ether that had so swiftly come into its own—the radio. Rudy Vallee was now a national idol. Amos 'n' Andy were household words. "Well, why not Bergen and McCarthy?" he asked himself.

However, the broadcasting companies and the advertisers thought differently. Vainly, he and Charlie tried out before the leading talent scouts of radio.

# Father

fascinating he soon gave up his engineering plans and took a liberal arts course instead. After he graduated from college, he took to vaudeville in earnest and eventually became a headliner. Radio, talking pictures, and the Depression dealt a series of death blows to vaudeville in the early 30's, and Edgar dressed himself and Charlie in top hat and tails to lay siege to the night-club field. He was successful, too, but he made the mistake of giving up a good post in Helen Morgan's night-spot for a better job—he thought—in the Ziegfeld Follies. At the last minute, there wasn't room

It was no soap. A ventriloquist on the air? "Don't make me laugh," they all said with such discouraging unanimity that Edgar finally believed them and turned back to night clubs.

Here he found things could be worse. While he didn't land a steady job, he and Charlie grew to be much in demand for special entertainments and parties given by the "white tie" crowd. Their own top hats and tails; their particular brand of urbane chatter caught on. They were quoted with increasing frequency—or Charlie was. And finally came the day when they were engaged to entertain at one of Elsa Maxwell's famous *soirees* where Fate was also a guest—in the person of Noel Coward, the famous actor-playwright.

WITH characteristic perspicacity, Edgar secured the guest list in advance and saw to it that Charlie got pretty personal with those assembled, a novel proceeding which everybody thoroughly enjoyed. When it was over, Coward sought Edgar out.

"Who wrote your script?" he demanded.

"I did."

"Well, it's excellent. . . . The best I ever heard," Coward told him.

And that moment, Edgar says, marked one of the big thrills of his life. Noel Coward didn't go around complimenting this and that ventriloquist. His praise meant something. Just how much it meant Edgar found out within the week. On the strength of Coward's endorsement, he was signed for an engagement at the fabulous Rainbow Room at \$400 a week!

Of course, \$400 a week is only a fraction of what he makes now, but it looked mighty good to him then. He was perfectly contented. He thought he was all set. And then Ken Murray, who was starring in Earl Carroll's "Sketch Book," also at Radio City, dropped in one night after his own performance to see Edgar. He waylaid Edgar afterwards and gave him a piece of his mind.

"You're a dope," he said. "You're a nit-wit. You're so dumb you need a guardian!"

"Could I inquire why?" Edgar asked him, bristling.

"You are getting a measly \$400 a week when you should be getting at least \$800—that's why!" Ken yelled. "Lissen, you lunk-head, you're good! You're darn good! I didn't know a cock-eyed ventriloquist could be so good. Don't be a stupe all your life. Tell 'em you've gotta have more money or you'll quit!"

"But suppose they tell me to go ahead and do it?" Edgar suggested, doubtfully.

"They won't!" Ken brought a fist down hard on the lunch counter where they were having a midnight snack. "The customers like you. Can't you see that? You're a hit and as long as you are a hit you should be paid for it!"

There was more of this. Ken, Irish and out-spoken, didn't mince words. And he finally convinced the modest, conservative Edgar that it should be \$800 or nothing.

"I remember I spent most of the night walking in the park, waiting until it was the right time to call my agent and muttering to myself that I was a dope and a dumb-bell just to keep up my nerve," he told me the other day, reminiscently.

"My \$400 looked pretty good and I was scared pink I'd spoil everything. But Ken had been so convincing that I insisted on the \$800 a week—or else."

And did he get it? Of course. The Rainbow Room paid the \$800 and liked it.

"Thanks to Ken Murray," Edgar says, now. He has never forgotten this and innumerable other things Ken did for him back in those days when Ken was the "big shot" and he only a "lesser light." And he's never stopped trying to repay Ken, either.

It was not so long after Edgar got his raise at the Rainbow Room that radio, which had previously turned its back on himself and Charlie, did a right-about-face. A Rudy Vallee talent scout saw them, realized they were unique, and made them an offer.

"We'll give you \$200 for a special performance," he said.

So one memorable night in December, 1936, Edgar and Charlie faced the microphone for the first time and radio history was made. Telephone calls, wires and letters poured in. They were an outstanding success. They were, in fact, a riot. And so, although it was unprecedented, Vallee hired them for the following week, this time at \$300. More phone calls, wires and letters resulted. Whereupon Edgar and Charlie were signed to a three years' radio contract. You know the rest of that story. You've commiserated with Charlie in his Sunday evening dilemmas dozens of times. You've laughed at his mannerisms. You've quoted his wise-cracks.

"Ah, yes, the river of life flows on, and we drifted together . . . Flotsam and jetsam . . . Which is which? Well-er-Bergen! Every time you open my mouth you put my foot in it!"

Silly, funny, lovable Charlie, we wouldn't know what to do without him on a Sunday evening, we say. . . . Forgetting that it is not Charlie we

are hearing, but quiet-spoken Edgar Bergen



Universal Pictures

Charlie is able to walk now with the aid of his new pair of legs.

EDGAR, himself, is the first to discount his own importance, though. It is Charlie who is important, he says. Moreover, there is only one Charlie McCarthy, although Edgar has tried to acquire another in case something should happen to this one. He went back to the shop where he got Charlie, but Theodore Mack, the man who made him, is dead, and the duplicate which Mack's successor made—well, it isn't Charlie. I know. I saw the two of them—Charlie and this dummy—side by side, and the difference was plain as day. The dummy was just a grinning, painted, wooden face. But Charlie—well, he is a Personality.

No, there is no one like him, so all Edgar can do is insure him for \$5000 and hope for the best. He cannot be replaced, therefore no insurance could really cover his value.



However, if nothing happens to him for a little while longer, Edgar Bergen will be able to retire, if he likes, independently wealthy. They're making money, those two, hand over fist. They make \$2500 for each radio broadcast. They make \$1000 a week in royalties for dolls, books, toys and other by-products. For a single week's vaudeville appearance in Los Angeles, they were paid \$17,000, and for another in San Francisco, \$5000. They got \$15,000 for their participation in "The Goldwyn Follies" and several times that much for the Universal picture, "Letter of Introduction." Edgar not so long ago turned down \$200,000 for a ten weeks personal appearance tour.

Meanwhile, Edgar and Charlie and his mother and a servant or two live quietly in their Beverly Hills home. It is not such a pretentious establishment. It is just a big, roomy, comfortable place where a guy can entertain his friends once in a while and enjoy life.

HE'S a quiet sort of chap, Eddie Bergen, as I've said before. But he's wide awake every minute and not missing a trick, withal. He is interested in people he meets, the famous ones and the others who are not so famous. He does a lot of interesting things, too, although he doesn't say much about that. I had met and talked with him any number of times before I found out he is a licensed pilot with a good many solo hours to his credit.

Also, he and Ken Murray have learned, of all things, to ride a motorcycle, and they go tearing around the country raising a gosh-awful racket and having an elegant time.

They'd like to get married—or Edgar would.

No, it isn't Charlie who told me that, but Ken Murray. He says that Edgar, deep in his heart, would give a good deal to have a wife to take care of—like he wanted to take care of Mary, once—and kids. He told me how he and Edgar and Charlie will spend whole evenings sometimes, playing with Sue Carol's little youngster, Carol Lee.

On those occasions, Edgar sits down on the floor, Turk fashion, with Carol Lee on one knee and Charlie on the other, and the three of them have the

time of their lives telling stories. Of course, Charlie does most of the talking, Ken says, and Carol Lee is always entranced by him.

I had tea the other afternoon with Edgar, myself. Charlie wasn't present to usurp the conversation and therefore I learned quite a little about his "father". . . .

That he likes to read, for instance, not fiction, though. Biography, rather, and travel books and also scientific books—"if they aren't too deep." His favorites are "History of Philosophy," by Will Durant; Munthe's "The Story of San Michele" and Woolcott's assembled "Second Reader."

He is wild about music—two kinds: the classics and hill-billy music. He hasn't much use for jazz, except to dance by. Yes, he likes to dance and goes dancing often. . . . Seldom with the same girl, though. He doesn't drink. He works on his scripts until he almost literally "wears them out," according to Ken. He likes girls—"that is, the ones that like me"—but he feels kind of shy with them.

His ambitions? Well, he wants to make some kind of a record with Charlie. He wants to keep Charlie's nonsense fresh and spontaneous always.

He isn't kidding himself about a great career in pictures. "I may get by all right, but I'm no Robert Taylor or Clark Gable and I know it," he told me.

However, if he doesn't, and also if by some dire mischance Charlie suddenly finds himself *persona non grata* with those fans who are crying him to the skies at present, things still won't go so badly with Edgar Bergen. I happen to know that any time he wants to, he can grab off a very pretty job with any one of half a dozen studios, writing motion picture scripts. He would be good at it, too, wouldn't he? That McCarthy dialogue we laugh at Sunday after Sunday on the air doesn't just happen. It is written by Edgar Bergen.

However, I don't think he will be going in for movie writing for a while. I see by the newest radio statistics that Charlie McCarthy's rating is higher than ever. . . . Which doesn't surprise me at all. . . .

Considering who is Charlie's "father."



When Olsen and Johnson, comedians of "Hellzapoppin," heard Edgar Bergen was in audience without McCarthy, they sent above dummy to keep him company



When Charlie McCarthy's partial parent, Frank Marshall, was interviewed by Helen Stevens Fischer for the National Farm and Home Hour, he brought along Charlie's dummy cousin. Marshall has made saucy dummies for ventriloquists all over the country. Above: His latest model

#### McCarthy Kidnaping Mystery

The day-long kidnaping in New York City of Charlie McCarthy by a newspaperman was a bunglesome accomplishment of an idea every radio-writer here or in Manhattan has had ever since the little dummy became such an important figure in American life. Despite denials, it was the REAL Charlie, not his stand-in Cass, who was borrowed, for your correspondent knows how to tell the genuine from the imitations. . . . and Edgar Bergen has several McCarthy heads and bodies. The Hollywood lads have been pretty well dissuaded from snatching Charlie, but your reporter tried to bribe a certain party to make Charlie disappear some months ago when Bergen was doing a show in San Francisco. The party listened to the bribe offer but developed an attack of cold feet that even a hotfoot wouldn't thaw. A McCarthy snatch wouldn't be the easiest thing to accomplish, either, for early in the history of Charlie's rise to fame his sponsor exacted pledges from everyone connected with the show that they would not be a party to, aid or abet any such attempts!



"Last year Eddie Bergen earned about \$400,000 on a machine that does his talking—suave, conceited Charlie McCarthy, brat of radio, an American phenomenon"

## THE INCREDIBLE STOOGE

**M**RS. NELLIE BERGREN, the farmer's wife, needed strawberries for the shortcake she was making to please her big Viking husband and their two sons, Clarence and Eddie. The farmer was busy in the cattle-barn, stripping his cows, for milk must be delivered, come sundown, to his customers, the staid, solid folk of Decatur, Mich.

He couldn't gather the berries from the little patch near the stable. He had more important things to do and, too, stooping for berries was beneath his Swedish dignity when he had two boys to do the task.

Clarence was splitting wood. He was nine then, back in those dear, dead days of 1910. Clarence was a good boy. Steady. But he couldn't pick berries for Mother Bergren, because when he finished his wood he must help his father in the barn.

So there was none left for the chore but Eddie, who was seven and a master architect, mason and glazier for castles in Spain, palaces built on day-dreams with spires in the clouds. Eddie liked many things muchly, and many things not at all, and the foremost of his dislikes was work.

Mrs. Bergren sighed, as all mothers

EDGAR BERGEN HAS GIVEN AMERICANS  
A DUMMY FOR A NATIONAL IDOL AND  
MADE THEM LIKE IT—TREMENDOUSLY

BY JAMES STREET

sigh, and decided it would be better to pick the berries herself than to try to get Eddie to put in a few licks of labor. But being a resolute woman, also Swedish, she changed her mind and called Eddie. After all, why shouldn't the boy do a little work? Work was good for a boy. If a boy didn't work, he'd probably grow up to be a loafer and wind up on the poor-farm. The world didn't owe anybody a living. It was writ that a man must live by the sweat of his brow. Remember, that was 1910! Mrs. Bergren thought it out and called Eddie—"You, Eddie!"—like that.

She handed him a little wooden basket and told him to make tracks to that berry-patch and hurry back before her

sponge-cake burned. Eddie lit out. He knew his mother meant business. But the cake burned and the supper beans got wrinkled and soggy. There were no berries for the cake, for there was no Eddie.

Mother Bergren snatched off her apron, jammed on her bonnet and swished out to the berry-patch. Her son was just sitting there, staring at the sky.

"What are you doing now?" demanded the mother.

"Nothing. Just sitting here thinking."

"Thinking?"

"Yes'm," the boy said. "Thinking about inventing a machine that will pick strawberries."

Mrs. Bergren restrained herself. "Great

land of Goshen, Eddie! You are lazy. Some day you will try to invent a machine to do your thinking and talking."

Last year Eddie Bergen earned about \$400,000 on a machine that does his talking—suave, conceited Charlie McCarthy, the brat of radio, an American phenomenon whose hands are the hands of McCarthy but whose voice is the voice of his master and stooge. For McCarthy's animation is in Bergen's fingers and his life is in his stooge's stomach.

What manner of man is this Bergen, the butcher of sacred cows, the sentimental cynic who studies mankind so objectively and then transposes his personality into a doll and makes the doll report his findings?

Tellers of twice-told tales say he is a Casanova, the lover who kissed and told, and that the unctuous and slightly lecherous dawdlings of McCarthy are Bergen's darts at romance. That's not true. Bergen had one love many years ago, but that old debbil money interfered and Bergen's Swedish caution caused him to postpone marriage until he had a stake. He is still loyal to that first ideal, although the girl is the happy wife of one of his best friends. Tell that story some night, Mr. Charles



Miles Standish McCarthy, and watch them cry.

They will tell you that Bergen is a penny-pincher. No. He won't give his friends the shirts off of his back, but he will tell them how to earn their own shirts.

They say he's a heavy drinker. He's not. But if he were, America would like to know what brand he uses so we could give some of it to other showmen.

Shy? No. He's simply got sense enough to know he can't learn anything by talking. They say he has a dual personality. Who hasn't? They say he's not happy. Well, who is?

He is more than a ventriloquist, and he doesn't like to be called one. He is a writer to whom Noel Coward gave a bow, an artist who sketched the face of a doll that no man has been able to copy, the face of McCarthy that has launched a million laughs. He is a doctor of human emotions, who found America's funny-bone and heart-strings and gave us a new hero, Master Charles McCarthy, honor graduate of Northwestern University, a hunk of wood and a hank of hair who smashes our ego and makes us realize that, after all, we are only men and he is the heart of a tree.

Edgar Bergen was born Bergren in Chicago on February 16, 1903. Somewhere along the long trail he has followed, talking to himself, he lost one r in his name. His parents were Swedish and taught him the mother tongue. His father was a dairy farmer in Chicago and perhaps milked some of the descendants of Mrs. O'Leary's cow.

**HIS** folks and his friends called the slight, serious boy Eddie, and when he was five his father put mother Nellie, brother Clarence and little Eddie and all the family's possessions on a train and moved to Decatur, Mich., where they settled on a dairy farm.

He was a mimic even at five, and a practical joker. The first inking that he could do strange things with his voice came when he was eight. He was sitting one afternoon at the kitchen

table, watching his mother bake pies and prattling about a pie-making machine he wanted to invent.

Then, just because he was a hellion, he murmured "Hello, hello, in there," and knocked on the bottom of his chair, and stared at the kitchen door. He had muffled his words and they seemed to come from no particular place. His mother did the obvious thing: she went to the door.

"I was sure I heard somebody," she muttered.

"So did I," said Eddie, and when his mother returned to the stove he said, "Hello, hello," and looked at the oven. Mrs. Bergren snatched open the oven door.

He laughed at her confusion and confessed. "I did it, Mother; I played a joke on you."

"You'll be the death of me, Eddie," moaned Mrs. Bergren. "You'll drive me mad." (She lives with him now.)

He didn't know what had caused his voice to go haywire and he still doesn't. But he knew he had some strange gift. He never had heard of ventriloquism and couldn't have pronounced or spelled the word if he had. He reasoned, however, that he could have a lot of fun with his gift and practised it in his spare time, of which he had plenty, for Master Bergren would plot for an hour on how to get out of ten minutes' manual work.

He wearied of the effort of practising and turned his attention to inventions. He tried to invent a lot of gadgets, but he wouldn't stick to them. One day, however, he actually worked three hours without stopping and made a waterproof shoe-polish. He put a little bit of almost everything he could find in it, blackened his shoes and ruined his mother's rug.

His father was a just man and didn't punish him. "That boy will come around," he told his wife.

Eddie persuaded his father to buy him a camera in 1917, and the boy took pictures of soldiers leaving Decatur for camps and France. Then he sold the pictures to the soldiers' loved ones. It wasn't hard work and Eddie loved it.

He bought better equipment and saved his earnings. It was the first money Eddie had ever made on his own.

His father died when he was fourteen and Mrs. Bergren took Clarence and Eddie back to Chicago. There was little money and the value of money was impressed upon Eddie's mind. Money — security — happiness. He learned to think of money and happiness in the same thought. But he had a normal boyhood. His mother sent him to Lakeview High School, at Irving Park and Ashland Boulevards in Chicago.

Alger wouldn't have liked Eddie. He didn't sell papers and he wasn't very industrious. He earned a few extra dollars with his camera and helped carry his load at home. He had forgotten all about his wacky voice until one night he was at a high-school party and the youngsters were bunched around a piano. A very pretty little girl was playing and when she finished the piece she smiled and waited for the applause.

**BUT** before a hand was clapped, Eddie murmured, "That may sound good to you guys out there, but it sounds terrible in here." He stared at the piano as he spoke, and gasped when he realized what he had done. So Charlie McCarthy really was conceived in a piano.

The crowd was stunned for a moment. Then there was a mad scramble and the boys almost took the piano apart, seeking the impudent voice, the nebulous voice of the unborn McCarthy crying in a wilderness of piano-strings.

When they learned Eddie had tricked them, the boys threatened revenge, and the neighbor put on her hat and swished over to Mrs. Bergren's and demanded payment for the damaged piano. Mrs. Bergren told Eddie he must foot the bill. It was the first time McCarthy ever got Eddie in trouble.

The boy tried to earn the money with his camera, but he couldn't. Then one day he fooled two companions while walking to school, and at school he an-

swered present for two fellows who were absent, and amazed the teacher. That day he decided to become a ventriloquist. He wrote to one of those dollar-down-and-dollar-when-you-catch-me places and ordered lessons in ventriloquism. As a matter of fact, he sent the payment in stamps, and had enough money left over to send for a book on magic.

He was a junior in high school and was rather proficient as a pencil-sketch artist. His book on ventriloquism said he needed a dummy. He had been to vaudeville and had seen a ventriloquist work. So he drew a picture of how he wanted his dummy to look, and took the picture and \$35 to Theodore Mack, a master woodcraftsman.

Bergen had got inspiration for the face from a newsboy who sold papers near the school. That would have made Alger happy, for, after all, there is a newsboy influence in Bergen's life.

Bergen knew a secret that most ventriloquists never learn, and that is that the voice has a personality and the dummy must fit the voice and not the voice fit the dummy. He studied his own voice carefully and visualized what kind of doll would fit his voice. He pictured a pert but pathetic face, a wisecracking youngster but one whose gayety really hid a bleeding heart. Selah! The Laugh-Clown-Laugh type, which always is sure-fire with good showmanship. He drew his dummy's face so it would be smart-alecky from a front view but from a side view it would have a quizzical expression, a rather sad look, as though the face were saying, "What is this all about?"

**THEODORE (TED) MACK** studied the face carefully and duplicated it perfectly. The head was carved from a block of basswood and is in six pieces, glued together and supported with screws. The eyes are made of brown glass and the complexion is ruddy. A shock of red hair was painted on the head.

Under the wooden jaw was a square piece of canvas which served as an



Charlie McCarthy, like any other normal young upstart, goes in for all sorts of activities, such as, for instance, pretending to be a minstrel man



It's no wonder Charlie has such an active and wild imagination with a wardrobe extensive enough to satisfy the wildest dreams of any kid



So resourceful and self-satisfied is the irrepressible McCarthy that he is equally at home as a Dead End kid, a con-salesman, or a maharajah

Adam's apple and wore out frequently. The lower part of the jaw was manipulated by a paddle on a stick that was connected to the head. There was an opening in the back of the dummy, and Bergen shoved his hand into his doll's vitals and worked the mouth with the paddle.

The chest was made of aluminum and the arms and legs were sacks stuffed with sawdust. His first hands (excuse me, that should be ITS first hands, but I always think of the little guy as a human) were wide open. But Bergen noticed that when people spoke without gesticulating they usually cupped their hands so the forefingers touched the tips of the thumbs. He incorporated that feature in McCarthy's second pair of hands.

The McCarthy you see and hear is the same head that Mack whittled out of basswood. His body has been changed several times, and streamlined.

The head has defied duplication, although many woodcarvers have tried it. That worried Bergen in the early days. McCarthy might meet with an accident. Finally Eddie had a plaster cast made of the face so he is sure to have a duplicate.

When Theodore Mack did such a good job for young Bergen and \$35, the boy named his dummy McCarthy in honor of his creator. He selected an Irish name because his dummy had that sentimental sadness typical of the Irish. The Charlie in the name was a hunch and a streak of luck. He couldn't name him Theodore McCarthy or Ted McCarthy. It wouldn't fit the dummy's personality. So Charlie McCarthy was born nineteen years ago.

Bergen dressed him first in a Lord Fauntleroy collar, big bow tie, short pants and black socks.

Bergen and McCarthy made their first professional bow in a movie theater in Oak Park, Ill. The manager had heard of his work and offered him a bit. He was promised \$2 for the performance and was told to show up on a certain Saturday night. Bergen was so excited that he showed up a week early. But when his time came he wowed them, first with a bit of rapid-fire free-hand sketching, then some magic, and finally—Master McCarthy. He didn't go to the books for his gags. He simply plopped McCarthy on his knee and they swapped a running fire of patter. The manager was so pleased he tipped Bergen a quarter and gave him a regular Saturday night job, \$2 a performance.

Eddie was seventeen then and hadn't made up his mind what he wanted to be. Back in Decatur he had dreamed of being an inventor or an actor. He had a job then playing a player-piano in a movie and reckoned he would be a movie actor and ride a horse and shoot Indians and rescue and kiss the maidens. It was a noble ambition.

But when he got to high school in Chicago his rather wandering mind began to concentrate some and he decided to become a doctor. After all, a doctor can save maidens, too.

He studied ventriloquism and magic just for the fun of it. All normal boys go through that stage, but Bergen never got out of it. He got interested in hypnotism about the time McCarthy was clicking in the neighborhood theater. Hypnotism was a good side-line. Bergen reckoned that if he could master hypnotism he would be a whole show himself, and might up his pay to \$4 a week. He took some of the money Mc-

Carthy had earned for him and ordered a course in the sleepy art.

About that time he landed a part-time after-school job of window-trimming for a Chicago department store. He had shown an aptitude for decorating and the store gave him a chance. He and another boy would move those hefty models around and try to make them look lifelike.

Then one day Bergen told his co-worker that he was a hypnotist, and the colleague double-dog dared him to do his stuff. Bergen went into a mumble-jumble, go-to-sleep business and the boy went to sleep, really! with two undraped window models at his feet.

The manager fired them both, and Bergen swore off hypnotism. Even now he says: "I don't know if I actually put that fellow to sleep or not. He was such a sleepy guy anyway that maybe he just used the opportunity as an excuse."

He decided to go to Northwestern University at Evanston and study medicine. McCarthy, meanwhile, had become the mascot of the high school and the life of every party. In fact, Bergen was giving McCarthy so much attention that he was neglecting his studies, and in his senior year he suddenly discovered that he might not even be graduated. His knowledge of history was terrible and the teacher of history was tough.

He crammed for his final history examination, but the information wouldn't stick.

The night before the final exams the school gave a show and the history teacher was there, right in the front row. Bergen quipped and McCarthy punned and the history teacher roared. Eddie passed the examination and to this day gives McCarthy the credit.

After his graduation from high school, he packed McCarthy in suitcases and went out to Northwestern and entered the college of medicine. The course was expensive and Bergen needed funds. He gave campus shows and became very popular, but he couldn't buy medical books with popularity.

Then came the event that probably changed his life. He began charging a fee to entertain at private parties and switched from the college of medicine to the school of speech. He had definitely decided to become an actor, not a ventriloquist, but a real actor, whatever that is. For if Edgar Bergen is not an actor, Shakespeare was not a playwright.

He joined Delta Upsilon fraternity and made many friends. Among them is Art Curtis, a frat brother, who now is with the Chicago brokerage company of A. A. Becker. Another fraternity brother and friend is Lieutenant Frank Kreml, the traffic-safety engineer of Evanston, who began as a motorcycle cop. He devised the plan of arresting motorists only when to blame for accidents, and it worked so successfully in Evanston that the plan, under Kreml's counsel, has been adopted in many other cities.

Bergen also studied in college the history of ventriloquism and now is an authority on the art that is older than Christianity.

"The art," he said, "is proper grunting." And he's right. A ventriloquist literally does not throw his voice. You just think he does. The voice you hear is a belly-grunt. Ventriloquism simply is a merger of two Latin words, *venter* (stomach) and *loquor* (speak), and it really means speaking from the stomach instead of from the throat. Medi-

cine men and magicians of the ancients used the art to fool the folks. Eurycles, the divine philosopher, was a ventriloquist who made images speak. Some historians believe the famous oracle of Apollo at Delphi was a ventriloquist.

"A Chinese woman ventriloquist recently made a lot of money by fooling the public into thinking her unborn baby could talk," Bergen said. "Birds are the greatest natural ventriloquists in the world, especially the chickadee and barn dove. The song of the nightingale is actually a cultivated stomach grunt. It's really voice diffusion, and it takes a lot of practise for a person to master the art. (You can't see Bergen's lips move if you are within four feet of him.)"

"The labials are the tough letters to speak without moving the lower lip. M and P are giveaways to ventriloquists. When I pronounce labials I make my tongue take the place of my lower lip. If you get stuck on an M just say N. The audience will never know the difference.

"The ear is a very faulty organ, and illusion is the father of ventriloquism. You think McCarthy is talking because you see his lips moving. Your eye tells your ear and your ear believes it."

Bergen was graduated from Northwestern with a degree in letters, and he and McCarthy went out into the cruel world. He had done some vaudeville work around Chicago during his college days and had earned as much as \$8 a week. He toured the Redpath Chautauqua and lyceum circuits during vacations and did an hour-and-three-quarters program in magic, cartooning and ventriloquism. And when he left college with a sheepskin and McCarthy he went into the gaslight vaudeville circuits.

A surgeon gave him the act that made him famous in vaudeville. He was on the operating-table awaiting the ether and began kidding with the surgeon and assistants. Then he discovered that the doctors were not absolutely positive exactly what was wrong with him. So he argued with them that perhaps he didn't need an operation. He even "threw" his voice and let his feet seem to say that he was o.k., and when he went out with a load of ether in his lungs he still was kidding.

Out of the hospital, he wrote his famous skit, "The Operation." He dressed McCarthy in tatters and made him a street urchin and a paper-vendor. (Ah, there's the Alger influence.) The act consisted of "Dr." Bergen and McCarthy meeting in a park. A nurse, very pretty, strolled by and was picked up. Bergen and nurse decided McCarthy needed his tonsils out, and Bergen

agreed to operate, over the protests of poor Charlie. The little fellow pleaded, but they wielded the scalpel. The vaudeville audiences ate it up.

Bergen's nurses in the act were always chic, and all that. He has used many girls for the part, among them being Marion Butler, Wilma Wayne, Christine Chadwell and, more recently (for he still uses the act), Marilyn Stuart, former stooge for Ken Murray.

But back around 1928, Bergen hired Christine Graver for the part. She was a pretty auburn-haired girl, fresh from finishing-school. Bergen had been saving his money. Always a conservative man, he didn't play the market but invested his earnings in Chicago real estate and first-mortgage bonds. Safe, Swedish Bergen. Let the suckers go for Wall Street, he would play it safe.

He fell in love with Miss Graver and planned to marry her. He hesitated to ask a girl to share his knock-about life, but maybe she would. He checked his assets. He could support her. Practical to his finger-tips, he checked every possibility, and checked himself out into the cold. The crash of 1929 wiped him out. He vowed to rebuild his fortune and ask Miss Graver to marry him. But he waited too long. If he had had the Irish impetuosity of McCarthy he would have thrown his heart at her feet and said, "There it is, for what it's worth." But not Bergen, old play-unsafe Bergen. There's no Irish in him, no McCarthy. He won't plunge like the Irish, and that's why our sad, sentimental Hibernian clansmen and McCarthies are princes and paupers, but the conservative Bergens pull the strings.

A Cleveland doctor took McCarthy's nurse away from Bergen. He proposed and she accepted before Bergen realized he had been too practical. Today Eddie still corresponds with her and her husband, and with her two sisters who live in Chicago. He never visits Cleveland without calling on them. Right now they are planning a cruise to California and will visit him.

"I was in love with Christine," Bergen said. "But I was too practical. She married the other fellow. I'd like to get married now and have youngsters. Now that I have financial security, it's only a question of finding the girl and the time to spend with her after I've found her."

Well, Brother Bergen, if you don't find one in all the girls you run around with, you are a hard man to please.

He's an emotional hermit, says Master Charles (Love-'em-and-leave-'em) McCarthy.

James Street's second and conclusive story of the personal history of Charlie McCarthy appears in next week's issue of RADIO GUIDE.



Work in his new film, "The Goldwyn Follies," and on his Sunday show keeps Charlie McCarthy quite busy. He's been wondering who Santa really is—plans to find out

# THE INCREDIBLE STOOGE

BY JAMES STREET



—Jack Ains

Slicker Charlie McCarthy, somewhat resentful of sharing the spotlight with Bergen's Mortimer Snerd, preys upon the homely yokel with the old shell game

**A**FTER the spree of 1929, and when the hangover set in, Bergen kept plugging in vaudeville, which even then had a death-rattle in its throat. Eddie decided he needed a new character to work with McCarthy, so he had Little Audrey made. But it was no soap. She was the magpie type and Bergen didn't have a voice to fit her. She was the animated type, and Eddie had to talk rapid-fire to keep her personality alive. It was too hard on his stomach.

So he had Elmer Snerd created, and he was better—a bashful rustic, a goof, and fitted Eddie's voice exactly. Of course not as well as McCarthy but well enough. Funny thing about Elmer, though. When he was carved, Elmer had a thin upper lip and firm chin. The public turned thumbs down on him, because a thin lip suggests meanness. Bergen laughs about it. "I had to give Elmer a thick, protruding lip and a receding chin," he said. "Then the public accepted him." (Elmer now is Mortimer Snerd.)

Bergen had made a warm friend of Ken Murray in vaudeville. They still are pals. Eddie had a great yearning for a headline billing and didn't want to be billed as a ventriloquist. So he wrote himself a one-act opus called "Apple Valley." In it he was a Swedish explorer and gaggled about his trip to the North Pole. Master McCarthy was out.

"Apple Valley" flopped the first night.

## MORE FACTS ABOUT THAT FELLOW BERGEN AND HIS MIRACLE OF ENTERTAINMENT, THAT GUY MCCARTHY

Bergen knew the act was funny. He figured one thousand Americans must be wrong, because they said the act was terrible. He tried to pull a fast one. He was billed as a ventriloquist but came on the stage as the explorer and went into his act. The crowd froze him. The manager said, "Get that dummy, brother, or get out!" Bergen pulled Charlie out of the bag, went back into the old patter stuff, and left them in the aisles. Ironically enough, Bergen and McCarthy were the backbone of many bills, but they never got headline billing.

McCarthy had taken many parts during his life—newsboy, baseball player, Lord Fauntleroy—and the time had come for him to assume his real personality and take his rightful place among men. Bergen was billed in England and McCarthy put on a high hat. Eddie realized the old vaudeville McCarthy wouldn't go over with the claw-hammer-and-white-tie boys, so he whittled off McCarthy's wooden hair and bought him a red wig. He cringes

now when he thinks of the chance he took, carving McCarthy as though he were a slab of pine. He put a monocle on his doll, and in boring the hole in McCarthy's cheek for the monocle's pin, the knife slipped and almost changed Charles McCarthy, Esq., into Scarface Mac. The tiny cut still shows on McCarthy's cheek and his face must have a special treatment before McCarthy faces the movie cameras, or the scar shows.

Eddie hunted high and low for a special paint that wouldn't shine in the spotlights, and finally solved the problem himself by loading his paint with pumice-stone.

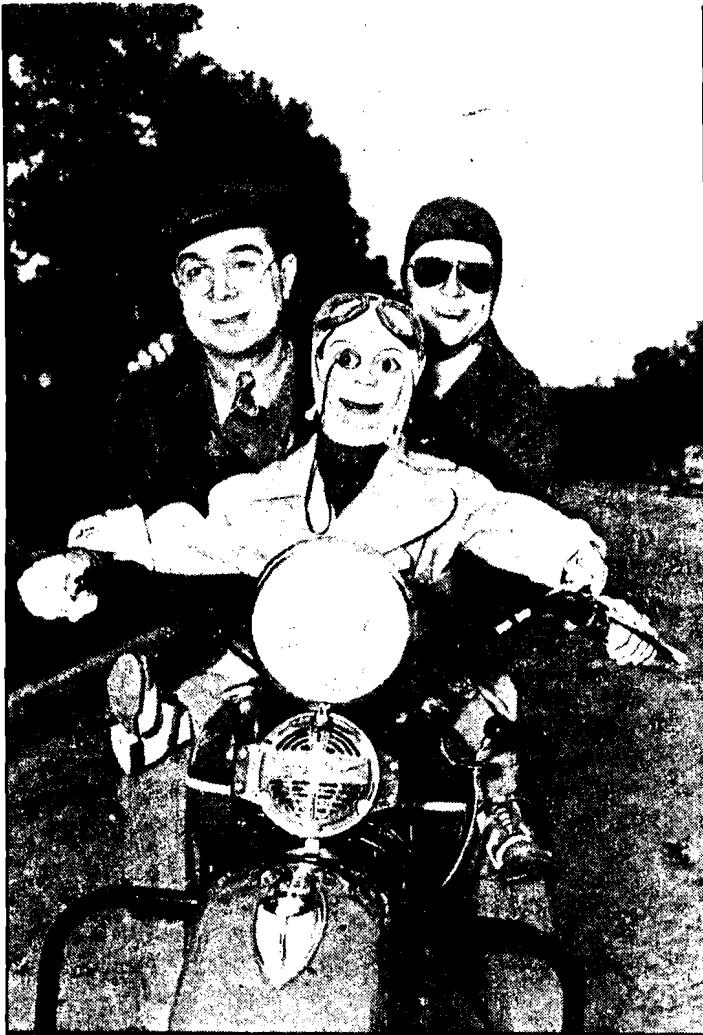
**H**E practised until his fingers ached, perfecting the manipulation of his dummy, and he made the operation as simple as possible. McCarthy had worn out many innards in vaudeville and Bergen finally gave him a new inside. He learned to operate McCarthy with only two motions. The million-dollar head was mounted on a wooden pole

about the size of a broom-handle. It revolves, nods, and is raised or lowered by Bergen's thumb and the last three fingers of his right hand, which grasps the rod—McCarthy's windpipe. The index-finger is hooked into a ring, and Bergen works his trigger-finger as though he were shooting a gun. That motion works McCarthy's mouth.

Eddie took McCarthy to his tailor and he was fitted with tails, and the pair was ready for the conquest of Europe. They had come a long way together. Charlie the Gamin had become Charles McCarthy, Esq. Bergen, the boy who wanted to invent a strawberry-picking machine, was to play before a king.

Eddie says he worried on the way to London, wondering how the English would accept the top-hatted McCarthy, who is a take-off on the English. Mr. Bergen, we suggest, probably is pulling our leg, as we say in dear old Mayfair. We have an idea Mr. Bergen, smart showman, knew that the English won't laugh at many things but will always laugh at themselves, and that's why Mr. McCarthy put on tails.

In London, he appeared first at London's famous Grosvenor House. Barbara Hutton was there. So was Lady Furness. So were many other persons who whooped and laughed, quite vulgarly, at McCarthy. Then Bergen went to Sweden and put on "The Operation." There wasn't a giggle, although Eddie did it in Swedish. Suddenly he remembered that in the old country doctors



Bergen likes to tear around on his motorcycle with his pal Ken Murray and Charlie. When Eddie bought the motorcycle the dealer thought he'd make a fat profit, but Bergen's clever bargaining amazed the dealer



Bergen is making big money, but in spite of his fame and prosperity, he is still enough of a home-boy to share his worldly goods with his mother, who lives with him in his rambling Bellavista Spanish-type bungalow



One of Bergen's most recent girl friends is singer Kay St. Germain. Edgar's romances furnish choice gossip in Hollywood. Friends say he is still looking for his ideal girl, even though he's quite a gadabout

are venerated. He tried that Swedish explorer's thing, and even the Swedes gave it the cold shoulder. Next Bergen went back to his old patter—and clicked. He played a command appearance before Swedish royalty.

He went to Russia and Denmark and visited Iceland on a cruise. The natives understood Swedish and Eddie gave an impromptu performance. McCarthy, the love-sneak, bowed to an Icelander's wife and said, "Madam, will you allow me to kiss you?"

The woman blushed. "Oh!" she said, and acted as though she wouldn't object. But her husband was there, so she said, "In Iceland a married woman is not allowed to kiss another man. My husband would object."

A giant of a fellow stepped from the crowd and glowered at McCarthy. Bergen almost stammered, but managed to save McCarthy, who said graciously, "Where I come from it's merely a sign of respect. I wanted to show my respect for you by kissing your hand."

Nice work, Bergen.

The lady offered her hand and McCarthy bowed and kissed it.

The hardest assignment Bergen ever had was in Venezuela, where he performed in a leper colony. The memory still haunts him. He stood in a courtyard surrounded by cells out of which the lepers peered. He knew no Spanish, so he made McCarthy sing. The lepers just stared at him. Eddie did some tricks of magic, but the lepers

didn't smile. After all, they needed a miracle.

Bergen came home and discovered the old place had changed. Vaudeville was dead and Eddie's meal-ticket was gone. Booking-agents laughed when he said he could click in night-clubs, but he put on the pressure and got a spot in a small club.

Then it happened. The night-clubbers toasted McCarthy, and before Eddie knew just what it was all about he was booked for the Rainbow Room in Rockefeller Center, one of those very very places. Bergen and McCarthy shot up like the elevators in the dump. Elsa Maxwell gave a party and Bergen entertained. He and McCarthy lampooned cafe society, and they loved it.

Other night-club bookings came in, and he went to Chicago to play at the College Inn. He arrived a week ahead of time and decided to fill in at the State-Lake Theater. The College Inn fired him before he started.

**HE DROPPED** by to see his friend Joe Jacobson, at the Chez Paree, and Jacobson gave him a spot. Rudy Vallee blew into Chicago, and Jacobson told him Bergen was a radio natural. Rudy said he was too busy to hear the show, but when Jacobson insisted Vallee went to the club. If Rudy ever needs a job, he can get big money as a talent-scout. For the minute he heard Bergen, he knew he had something. The next morning he signed Bergen for an appearance on the Variety Hour.

"I can't put you on steady," Rudy said, "because your material won't hold up."

Bergen agreed with him. It never had entered his head that he was a top-flight writer, although Noel Coward once had told him he was a whiz. But good old conservative Bergen didn't believe all he heard.

**HIS** first radio appearance was with Vallee on December 17, 1936. He got \$350 and used one of his standard routines. The next week he got more and used another old, reliable routine. The third week he said he couldn't think of anything to say, but he was offered \$750, and he sat down and wrote himself a program.

The nation forgot about its woes and Bergen gave us a new deal in entertainment.

Out in Hollywood, Sam Goldwyn heard him and McCarthy and said, "Sign those two guys. They are good."

He and McCarthy went to Hollywood, but they've never gone Hollywood. Bergen signed with Goldwyn for \$15,000 for a picture, but was astute enough to refuse an option on his future services. He was a smash in Goldwyn Follies. He began on the Chase and Sanborn Hour in May of 1937 at \$2,000 a week on an increasing salary arrangement. He now draws \$3,250 every Sunday from Chase and Sanborn. Universal paid him \$100,000 for his last two pictures, and now he is asking \$100,000 a picture. His dolls,

toys, books and other side-lines earn another \$100,000 a year for him. He declined a personal-appearance tour which would have netted him \$200,000 in ten weeks. At an appearance in Los Angeles on a 50-50 basis, he made \$17,500 in a week. He was paid \$5,000 in San Francisco for five minutes' work.

He is making money hand over fist, but his feet are on the ground. When he realized what he had, he sent home for his mother and brother Clarence. He turned his side-line business over to Clarence's management, and devoted all of his time to radio and movies.

Just in case you've forgotten, McCarthy is an old hand at the movie business. He was acting in shorts for Vitaphone back in 1935, but he wasn't a star.

With a swelling bank-account, Bergen looked around for a house and found Bellavista to his liking. It's a rambling Spanish-type bungalow. He picked it up at a bargain and improved it to suit himself. He has a small swimming-pool, a golf putting-green and a badminton court. There are no more rooms than he needs—bedrooms for his servants, himself, mother and secretary. He has an office-den, living-room, dining-room and a hobby-room, or shop. He is adding a wing to contain a rumpus-room, at the end of which will be a small stage, and there he is determined to put over his Swedish-

explorer act, or bust, which is what the act always did.

He has invested his money in government bonds and annuities.

"I'm making more money than I ever dreamed of," he said. "It's more than I want, even if eighty-five percent of it does go for income taxes. I think income taxes are good things. They set a limit on a man's work and keep him from killing himself with ambition."

He is never reckless with his money and knows how to spend everything deductible for tax purposes. He is apt to be long on correspondence and short on cash with friends in difficulties. He will take them to lunch, maybe, hear their hard-luck stories, and perhaps buy a script, which he probably never will use. He would rather show them a way out of their predicaments than dig into his pockets.

He is canny with his money. Last year the police department of Culver City tried to unload a flock of benefit tickets on him. He balked and said he would support his own community, Beverly Hills. Since then, it is reported the Culver City cops have been watching for a chance to tag him, but he avoids that town.

Bergen likes to rip around the countryside on a motorcycle, and when he bought it the dealer thought he had a nice fat profit coming. But Bergen drove such a hard bargain that the dealer is not sure he even made a profit.

His habits are jerky and he is a restless, industrious fellow. There was a time when he drank rather heavily, but he had sense enough to realize the stupidity and futility of it and now he is a light drinker. And for every cocktail or highball he downs, he averages a quart of milk.

He is a sound sleeper, and gets in his seven or eight hours a night, and usually gets up at 7 a.m. and reports at the movie studio at 8. He sleeps in gay pajamas with wide stripes, and shuns a pillow. He often takes a mid-day nap. Bergen won't have breakfast in bed, but after a hard day's work he enjoys dinner in bed. He's a hefty eater and likes Chinese food, and frequently has snacks between meals. When he went to Hollywood he weighed about 140 pounds. Now he weighs about 160.

Bergen is a conservative dresser, with a weakness for shoes and hats. His hair is thinning. Maybe that's why he likes hats. The most he ever spent for a suit was \$225 for a claw-hammer get-up. McCarthy has a larger wardrobe than his stooge.

His household employs a Swedish cook and her husband, who also serves as houseman, valet and chauffeur. His secretary is Mary Hanrahan, tall, brunette and very efficient. She was working in the government research department of the University of Chicago until she took a job with Bergen. Now she helps mother him, and has been with him two years. Bill is Bergen's gardener. Mrs. Nellie Bergren completes the household. She and Clarence retain the *r* in their name.

Bergen's office force includes a staff of three or four gag-men, but they do more suggesting than writing. They write an idea and Bergen studies it. Then he runs the lines through an Ediphone and changes them to suit his style. If he likes it, he has the act transcribed and runs it through a refining process. The completed job usually is nothing like the suggestions of his gag-men. At rehearsals, he is apt to ad-

lib some swell spontaneous cracks. His secretary must catch them, and they are added to the script.

Like many other radio personalities, Bergen gets ideas from his own life. He was in a minor automobile accident one evening, and that gave him the idea for the great script in which McCarthy wrecked Bergen's car. It also furnished the idea for Bergen to give McCarthy a car for his birthday and have the little fellow wreck it.

Remember the time Charlie was an interior decorator? That was at the same time Bergen was decorating his new home. Bergen got the idea for McCarthy going into the bird business when he bought a canary for his mother.

His versatility is among the marvels of Hollywood. He knows writing, comedy, mechanics, and is superior in most sports. He has a smattering knowledge of medicine and a great knack for law. He is a cartoonist and an airplane pilot. He loves gadgets and is always trying to invent something, but his only patents are on McCarthy. He spends much of his time in his workshop, just tinkering. He enjoys fishing, but his favorite sport is hunting, particularly wild goats on Catalina Island.

He has a big collection of firearms, many of which were given him by Texas Rangers, who made Bergen and McCarthy honorary members.

His secretary doesn't like the guns, and one of her problems is to get information from him while he stands on his patio and blazes away at the markers on his putting-green.

He has one dog, a cocker named Skinny Dugan, but he is planning to buy a Doberman pinscher. Skinny is afraid of McCarthy and goes into a dither when the dummy calls him. Most dogs, however, are fascinated by McCarthy's voice.

Bergen owns two cars, a sedan and a limousine. He prefers to drive himself, but uses his chauffeur when the occasion calls for one. He flies his lawyer's plane.

His favorite musical instrument is the pipe-organ. He studied music a bit in school and can trifle with a piano. He has a good collection of phonograph records, mostly organ music.

Bergen's favorite hobby still is photography. He is not a heavy reader. His library has books on magic, photography and movie-making. He also goes for Skippy and Donald Ogden Stuart's books, and at times he wades into philosophy. He seldom reads newspapers, but gets his news from the radio.

His idea of a good time is to take a pretty girl to noisy night-clubs, where he generally is quiet. But every now and then he'll come up with a crack that will convulse the party.

He is very forgetful of things he doesn't want to remember, and is seemingly bashful. He'll let McCarthy say things he wouldn't dare say. When he thinks, he'll sit and scratch his nose. He is inclined to twist his right wrist when concentrating, as though he were manipulating McCarthy. He is even-tempered, but when he is irked his taut lips are a storm warning. During a meal he will frequently go wool-gathering, think of a crack for McCarthy, and laugh out loud.

He still loves to travel. "I'm too tied down now to travel much," he said. "I should like to go to Europe this summer, but I can't get away. However, I'm going to New York pretty soon and broadcast from there."

Bergen's romances are choice chitchats of Hollywood, but those who are close to him say he still is loyal to the idea of his first love and probably will stay that way until the right girl comes along.

He's quite a gadabout, however. He never moons as the suffering swain who loved and lost. His first love now is McCarthy. He has set up a fund of \$10,000 as a bequest to the National Society of Ventriloquists. The society will get McCarthy and the money when Bergen passes.

So with McCarthy fixed up, Bergen began having some fun. He first began dating Judy Canova, but that was more of a press-agent gag, for soon Judy was on the program with Bergen, and when they parted company, she made the rather trite and page-four crack that she wouldn't play second fiddle to a dummy.

Next, Bergen began swiping Ken Murray's girls. He and Murray still are pals. They must be. It takes a real pal to grin when a fellow takes his gal. Bergen likes to steal Vallee's girls, too. However, Ken and Rudy often manage to snatch one of Bergen's favorites.

Florence Heller, once reported engaged to Murray, became a Bergen date. He still rides and flies with her. Murray began dating Shirley Ross. Bergen stepped in. Then Ken Dolan arrived on the scene and married her. Andrea Leeds was added to his list, and Katherine Stanley became an athletic pal. He began dating Helen Woods of NBC's "Those We Love" last winter, but she went to New York

and Bergen turned his attention to Kay St. Germain, the singer. He dated Marion Talley, but her heart is elsewhere. He night-clubbed with Eleanor Walsh, the dance-instructor, but they are old friends. Madaline Lee, Rochelle Hudson and Anita Louise have been on his date list. He often dates Florence Heller and Nancy Carroll for men friends who haven't got a girl. The latest news from the night-club front was that he was trying to date Norma Shearer, and not getting very far.

He seems to favor small brunettes, and he has his own specifications for the future Mrs. Bergen, if ever. She must be vivacious and amusing, but not too intelligent. He wants her to lean on him.

Bergen is bewildered by his success and often pinches himself to see if he's dreaming. He loves to talk about the tough days when he was coming up the ladder.

"I look back on the bad old days sometimes and decide they were pretty good at that," he said. "I had a lot of fun and made a lot of friends—not much money, but good friends."

He thinks it's all sort of cock-eyed and amusing that after a dozen years in vaudeville all over the world he should go into a night-club and be discovered as a great entertainer, and that he should go on the radio and be discovered as a comedian.

Don't let that worry you, Brother Bergen. The world didn't realize "Alice in Wonderland" is marvelous satire until the author was dead. And, by the way, you should add that book to your library, for you, too, stepped through a looking-glass.



SCOOP! Exclusive photo of the back of that great little man—Chase and Sanborn's Charlie McCarthy. Note the high cut in the back of Charlie's coat where his "voice," Edgar Bergen, places his hand to operate the wooden comic. Bergen ordinarily objects to such a picture as this



**C. McCarthy, Scholar**

A few months ago staid Harvard unbent so far as to give an honorary degree to Walt Disney, creator of Mickey Mouse. Mickey himself, however, wasn't in the running. Comes now Northwestern University with a little plan to go Harvard one better. On Sunday, August 28, Charlie McCarthy will be given the honorary degree of Master of Innuendo by Edgar Bergen's alma mater. This will definitely put him a grade above Bergen, who never got an honorary degree in his life. And as far back as the records go—that's a long, long way, too—no mere wooden-headed dummy ever before was given a degree by a great university. Charlie McCarthy's honor is definitely a "first."

The ceremonies of presentation will be heard on the Chase & Sanborn hour at 8 p.m. EDT on Sunday (NBC) with Bergen and McCarthy in Chicago and the rest of the cast broadcasting as usual from Hollywood.



The Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy Show. Left to right: Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy, and W.C. Fields. (The photo depicts the feud that existed between Fields and McCarthy.)

*We applaud—*



... for the brand new radio comedy that Ventriquoist Edgar Bergen gives to dialers

**Charlie McCarthy . . . new wonder**

"Chase and Sanborn Hour"—NBC, 8 p.m. EST.

Sunday Charlie McCarthy brings fairyland to radio. He'll have as his special guests seven people who made voices in Walt Disney's new full-length sensation—"Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs."



The Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy Show. Left to right: Guest Jack Benny, Charlie McCarthy, and Edgar Bergen.



The Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy Show. Edgar Bergen (center) with dummies Charlie McCarthy (left) and Mortimer Snerd.



Charlie McCarthy had a big day when Nelson Eddy gave him his first shave. Charlie ran a splinter in his hand when he touched his cheek, so Nelson got a McCarthy-sized razor and went "once over lightly." Nelson, Charlie, Edgar Bergen are together on Sunday's Chase & Sanborn Hour



THE SEX-APPEAL BATTLE OF THE CENTURY—MAE WEST versus CHARLIE McCARTHY—THIS SUNDAY

**Mae West . . . visits McCarthy**

Mae West of the films will be guest of "Chase and Sanborn," NBC, Sunday at 8 p.m. EST. Possessor of America's most famous feminine form, Miss ("Come Up and See Me Sometime") West always "gets her man." This Sunday evening she'll "get" Casanova McCarthy.

*With Marilyn Monroe*



# FUN AFTER DARK: It's a Surprise Party for Edgar Bergen



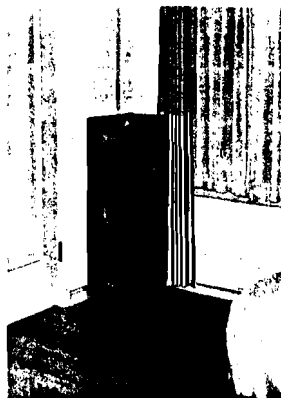
To add Hollywood glamour to the party, Ken Murray hired kleig lights to brighten up the neighborhood. Another gag was to picket the house with the sign: "After much delay, Bergen finally came through with a party"



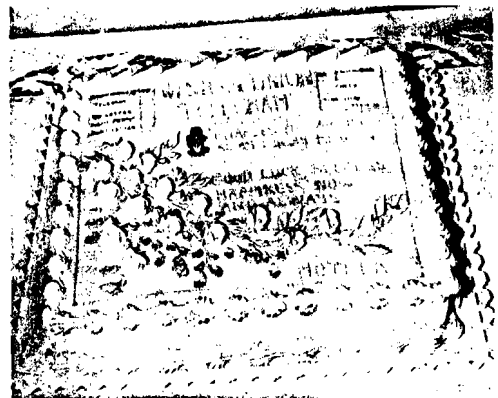
While Comedian W. C. Fields and Singer Dorothy Lamour relieved the picket line, Mrs. Nellie Bergen rushes to kiss her son as he is surprised in his own home. The clock wasn't running. It was actually 8 o'clock



Shirley Ross, one of the airwaves' rhythm singers, is first to present the ventriloquist with a gift. The Ross-Murray twosome is one of Hollywood's latest romances



While guests made merry, Charlie McCarthy was tucked away in his suitcase—forgotten



Mother Bergen made the birthday cake, iced on it the message, "Good luck, success, happiness now and always." Murray provided forty-odd kinds of foods



Many gifts were addressed to Charlie, so he was released from his suitcase, became the center of attraction. Gag gifts included book on ventriloquism, toupee

**E**DGAR BERGEN, nationally famous "mouthpiece" of Charlie McCarthy on the NBC-Red network each Sunday night, celebrated his thirty-fifth birthday February 16—but he didn't intend to do any celebrating. It was all the result of some scheming on the part of Ken Murray, Hollywood Hotel m.c., who, with Mrs. Nellie Bergen, Edgar's mother, set up a genuine surprise party. That day Bergen worked hard, suggested to Murray, his friend of more than fifteen years, that they go to some night club. "But first let's have dinner at your house," suggested Ken. At the Bergen home they were greeted by kleig lights and a house full of friends gleefully singing "Happy Birthday to You."

Photographed by  
Gene Lester



Dorothy Lamour brought a wooden birthday cake. Bergen, used to such gags, had a saw handy. Another gift was a box of rubber cigars addressed to Charlie





Left to right, around the table, are: Frances Langford, Hollywood Hotel singer; Jon Hall, star of the movie "Hurricane"; Dorothy Lamour, singer on Bergen's show; and Cal Kuhl, radio program producer



Mrs. Phil Harris (Marcia Ralston of Warner films); Mrs. Ed Sullivan, wife of the Broadway columnist; and Mr. and Mrs. Don Ameche have a table together. Many uninvited persons, who heard about the party, came anyway



Diana Bourbon, Hollywood Hotel's associate producer, and Louella Parsons, of the same show, look on as Shirley Ross and W. C. Fields wish Bergen long life. Fields formerly worked in radio with Bergen



Claire Dodd, of the movies, and Claude Stroud, one of the twins on Bergen's Sunday night program, were teamed for the party. The appearance of Frances Langford and Jon Hall (right) together gave weight to rumors of their romance



Maestro Robert Armbruster of the Chase & Sanborn Hour; Shirley Warde, script-writer, and Don Ameche refill their plates. Jackie Coogan, James Fidler, John Carter, Lew Ayres came too late for photos



A singfest is always a part of any party. Singers here are, left to right, front: Mrs. Bergen, Groucho Marx, Charlie McCarthy and his voice, Edgar Bergen. In rear are Bob Hope, Shirley Ross, Dorothy Lamour and Ken Murray

# NOW IT'S OFFICIAL



Radio favorites Bergen and McCarthy have their imprints placed among movie-famous for work in "Letter of Introduction." Producer of hit picture, John Stahl, Sid Grauman, officiate



Ceremony took place in forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theater in Hollywood, where blocks of movie fame are made. "Let's see if you spelled my name right," cracks Charlie (above)



Quaintest custom in Hollywood is that of recording hand-, footprints of movie-famous in cement. Bergen and McCarthy are latest honored. Above: Charlie gets his footprints done by cement artist-sculptor Gene Klossner. "Voice" Edgar Bergen assists



Because of stiffness of Monsieur Charlie's "hands," special "handprint" hands had to be made for imprints. Above: Theater attendant holds one of them



Above: Prints of world's most famous dummy and his partner, Edgar Bergen, recorded for posterity. Hundreds of people attended the ceremony to watch Charlie get printed, listen to his wisecracks. It was front-page news. Photographers, newsreel men were there to film the fun!



*"Bergens had McCarthys and Snerds in their family tree"*

*Out for a drive. Back seat: Effie Klinker, Podine, Edgar, Mortimer Snerd. Front seat: Frances, Charlie McCarthy and Candy.*



*Charlie's room*





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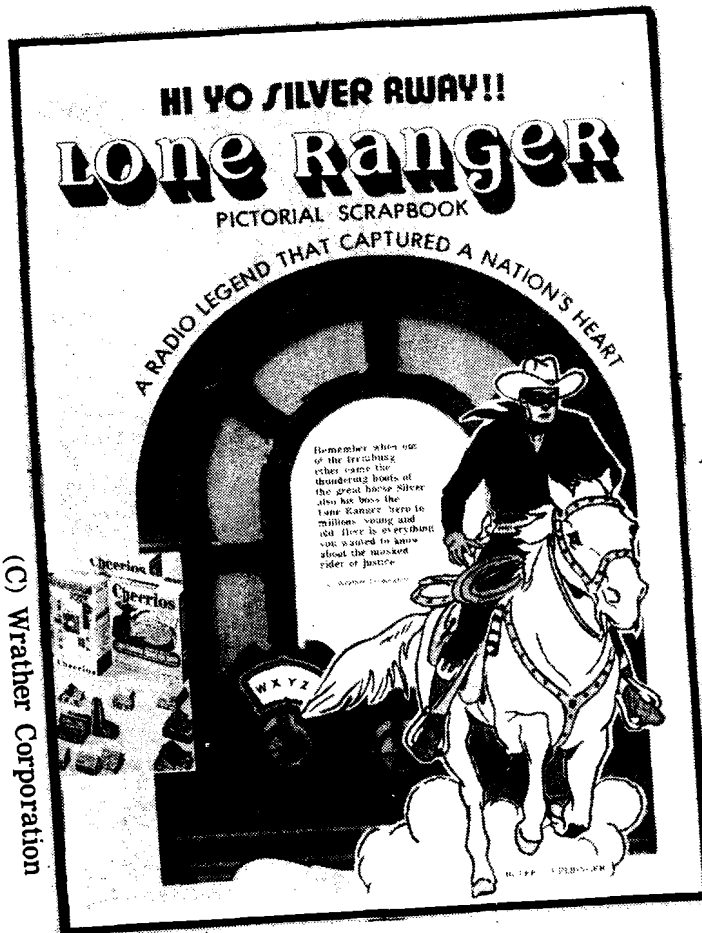
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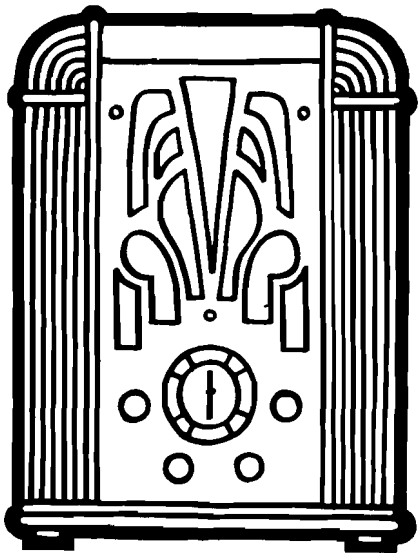


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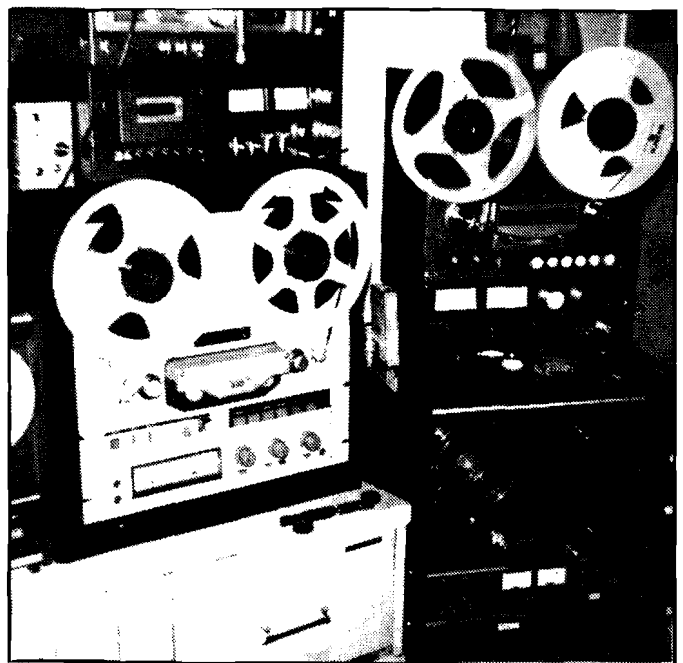
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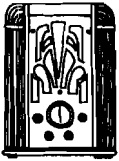
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- Horror in Wax 2/26/39
- Sabotage by Air 3/5/39
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- The Stockings Were Hung 12/24/39
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- Blind Man's Bluff 1943 [Hortons]
- Axis Submarines 1943
- Help Wanted 8/13/45
- Claim Check Murders 1/17/47
- #11 Death at the Races
- #12 Death Loops the Loop
- #25 Death Uses Disappearing Ink
- The Bookstore
- The Fatal Right [Tums]

**REEL 6303 MARK TRAIL**

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**REEL 6304 BULLDOG & CADETS**

- BULLDOG DRUMMOND---**
- #29 The Circus
- #30 The Deadly Stand In
- TOM CORBETT, SPACE CADET**
- #1 1/28/52
- #2 1/28/52
- #5 2/12/52
- #6 2/12/52
- #7 2/19/52
- #8 2/19/52
- #9 2/26/52
- #10 2/26/52

**REEL 4515 GUNSMOKE**

- #193 Scared Kid 12/18/55
- #194 Twelfth Night 12/25/55
- #195 Pucket's New Year 1/1/56
- #196 Doc's Revenge 1/8/56
- #197 How to Cure a Friend 1/15/56
- #198 Romeo 1/22/56
- #199 Bureaucrat 1/29/56
- #200 Legal Revenge 2/5/56
- #201 Kitty's Outlaw 2/12/56
- #202 New Hotel [reh] 2/19/56
- #203 New Hotel [b. cast] 2/19/56
- #204 Who Lives by the Sword 2/26/56

**REEL 6305 THAT HAMMER GUY**

- Mickey Spillane's Mike Hammer (sound quality varies)
- Zelda's Brother
- Man in Wheelchair Fools All
- Fayne Durando
- Laura Fenton [Dog Collar]
- Hank Busby Story
- Wakefield Dame
- Murdered Dame in Park
- Mark Judson
- Jim Gordon
- Sgt. William McTusick
- Pete Morrison

**REEL 4516 GUNSMOKE**

- #205 The Hunter 3/4/56
- #206 Bringing Down Father 3/11/56
- #207 The Man who would be Marshall 3/18/56
- #208 Hanging Man 3/25/56
- #209 How to Sell a Ranch 4/1/56
- #210 Widow's Mite 4/8/56
- #211 The Executioner 4/15/56
- #212 Indian Crazy 4/22/56
- #213 Doc's Reward 4/29/56
- #214 The Photographer 5/6/56
- #215 Cows and Cribs 5/13/56
- #216 Buffalo Man 5/20/56

**REEL 4517 GUNSMOKE**

- #217 Man Hunter 5/27/56
- #218 The Pacifist 6/3/56
- #219 Daddy-O 6/10/56
- #220 Cheap Labor 6/17/56
- #221 Sunday Supplement 6/24/56
- #222 Gun for Chester 7/1/56
- #223 Passive Resistance 7/8/56
- #224 Letter of the Law 7/15/56
- #225 Lynching Man 7/22/56
- #226 Lost Rifle 7/29/56
- #227 Sweet and Sour 8/5/56
- #228 Snake Bite 8/12/56

**REEL 4518 GUNSMOKE**

- #229 Annie Oakley 8/19/56
- #230 No Sale 8/26/56
- #231 Old Pal 9/2/56
- #232 Belle's Back 9/9/56
- #233 Thick 'n Thin 9/16/56
- #234 Box of Rocks 9/23/56
- #235 The Brothers 9/30/56
- #236 The Gamblers 10/7/56
- #237 Gunshot Wound 10/14/56
- #238 Till Death Do Us 10/21/56
- #239 Dirty Bill's Girl 10/28/56
- #240 Crowbat Bob 11/4/56

**REEL 4519 GUNSMOKE**

- #241 Pretty Mama 11/11/56
- #242 Brother Whelp 11/18/56
- #243 Tail to the Wind 11/25/56
- #244 Speak to Me Fair 12/2/56
- #245 Braggart's Boy 12/9/56
- #246 Cherry Red 12/16/56
- #247 Beeker's Barn 12/23/56
- #248 Hound Dog 12/30/56
- #249 Devil's Hindmost 1/6/57
- #250 Ozymandias 1/13/57
- #251 Catagorical Imperative 1/20/57
- #252 1/27/57 (missing)

**REEL 4520 GUNSMOKE**

- #253 Cold Fire 2/3/57
- #254 Hellbent Harriet 2/10/57
- #255 Doubtful Zone 2/17/57
- #256 Impact 2/24/57
- #257 Colleen so Green 3/3/57
- #258 Grebb Hassle 3/10/57
- #259 Spring Freshet 3/17/57 (missing)
- #260 Saddle Sore Sal 3/24/57
- #261 Chicken Smith 3/31/57
- #262 Rock Bottom 4/7/57 (missing)
- #263 Saludos 4/14/57
- #264 Bear Trap 4/21/57

**REEL 4521 GUNSMOKE**

- #265 4/28/57 (missing)
- #266 5/5/57 (missing)
- #267 Sheep Dog 5/12/57
- #268 One Night Stand 5/19/57
- #269 Pal 5/26/57
- #270 Ben Tolliver's Stud 6/2/57
- #271 Dodge Podge 6/9/57
- #272 Summer Night 6/16/57
- In 1957, listeners voted the next five Gunsmoke shows as the best of the series.
- #273 Home Sugery 6/23/57
- #274 The Buffalo Hunter 6/30/57
- #275 Word of Honor 7/7/57
- #276 Bloody Hands 7/14/57

**REEL 4522 GUNSMOKE**

- #277 Kitty Caught 7/21/57
- #278 Cow Doctor 7/28/57
- #279 Big Hands 8/4/57
- #280 Jay Hawkens 8/11/57
- #281 The Peace Officer 8/18/57
- #282 Grass 8/25/57
- #283 Jobe's Son 9/1/57
- #284 Loony McCluney 9/8/57
- #285 Child Labor 9/15/57
- #286 Custer 9/22/57
- #287 Another Man's Poison 9/29/57
- #288 The Rooks 10/6/57

**REEL 4523 GUNSMOKE**

- #289 The Margin 10/13/57
- #290 Professor Lute Bone 10/20/57
- #291 Man and Boy 10/27/57
- #292 Bull 11/3/57
- #293 Gunshy 11/10/57
- #294 The Queue 11/17/57
- #295 Odd Man Out 11/24/57
- #296 Jud's Woman 12/1/57
- #297 Long as I Live 12/8/57
- #298 Ugly 12/15/57
- #299 Twelfth Night 12/28/57
- #300 Where'd they Go 12/29/57

**REEL 4524 GUNSMOKE**

- #301 Pucket's New Year 1/5/58
- #302 Second Son 1/12/58
- #303 Moo Moo Raid 1/19/58
- #304 One for Lee 1/26/58
- #305 Kitty's Killing 2/2/58
- #306 Joke's on Us 2/9/58
- #307 Bruger's Folly 2/16/58
- #308 The Surgery 2/23/58
- #309 The Guitar 3/2/58
- #310 Laughing Gas 3/9/58
- #311 Real Sent Johnny 3/16/58
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hours of programming [4 track].  
\*\*\*\*\*

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Gunsmoke programs star  
William Conrad as Matt Dillon.

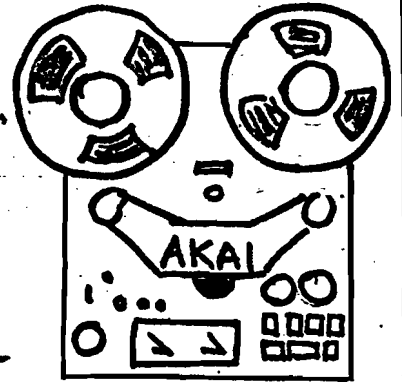
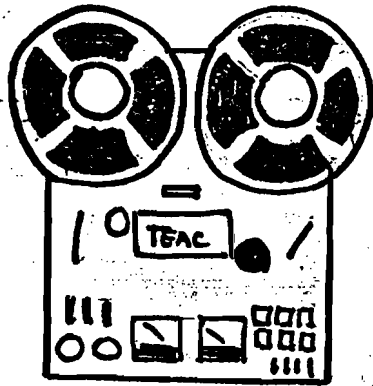


# JOHN WALLACE

3724 SOUCHAK DR

HOPE MILLS N.C. 28348

919-4256813



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- AKAI GX 635 10" Reel to Reel, Glass heads, auto reverse, variable speed \$350.00 - \$425.00
- AKAI GX 625 10" Reel to Reel, Glass heads, auto system, variable speed \$350.00 - \$400.00
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- HITACHI HTA 2 Receiver 20/watts/channel. \$140.00
- MARANTZ 1030 3-Way Speaker Set, 10" Woofer, attractive wood cabinet, rated 150 watts ea. \$300.00 set
- SANYO RDS 22 Cassette Deck - Dolby, metal tape, soft touch mech., bar graft display. \$89.00
- CRAIG Car Stereo. List \$399.95. Digital Display, clock, fader control, loudness button, dolby, metal tape, scan tuning, 6 presets, local/distance, auto reverse, sendust heads. \$235.00

## Q U E S T I O N N A I R E

- Purpose:
1. To see if anyone else has had similar experiences in collecting OTF programs as I have.
  2. To provide guidance for the various old time radio clubs with regards to membership needs.
  3. To provide reputable dealers with information concerning how to find their markets.

1. How long have you been collecting old time radio programs?
2. Do you remember what got you interested in collecting OTR?
3. How did you find your sources? Please be as specific as you can- if from a magazine please name the magazine(s).
4. How many dealers do you purchase from?
5. Who are they? Please include addresses
6. What problems have you experienced in purchasing OTR programming?  
(ie-bad broadcast dates, bad titles, poor reproduction, slow delivery)
7. Have you ever dropped a source because of these problems?  
If so, what was the specific problem.
7. Are you a member of an old time radio club?
8. More than one?
9. How did you find out about the club(s)?
10. Why did you join?
11. What services do the clubs provide you that you feel are important?
12. Are there any services that you feel that a club could provide that you would be interested in?
13. What problems have you encountered in building your old time radio collection?
14. What have been your greatest joys in building your old time radio collection?
15. Do you share your collection with a friend?

Thank you for your time and effort in filling out this questionnaire.  
Please use the other side for any additional comments.  
Please return to: Tom Monroe, 1426 Roycroft Ave., Lakewood, Oh 44107