



March 2008

The

Old Radio Times

The Official Publication of the Old-Time Radio Researchers

1957 Subscribers

www.otrr.org

Number 28

Contents

The Big Webb 1

Virtual Girlfriend 4

Mystery Play Radio 6

Book Review 7

Full Broadcast Day 8

**Panic in the Streets
10**

**Pilgrimage of Poetry
15**

Planet Man 17

Bing Crosby, Pt. 3 18

Scarlet Queen 19

**Broadway's My Beat
19**

Conventions 21

Crossword 23

News 24

OTR Stations 25

Wisful Vistas 26

Quiz 27

Treasury 27

Acquisitions 28

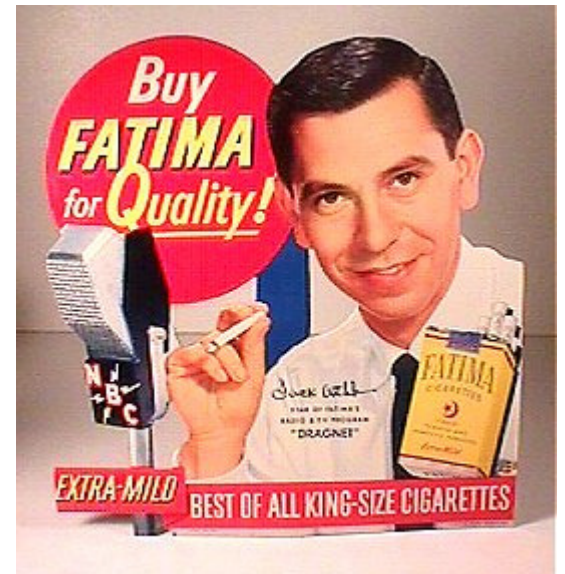
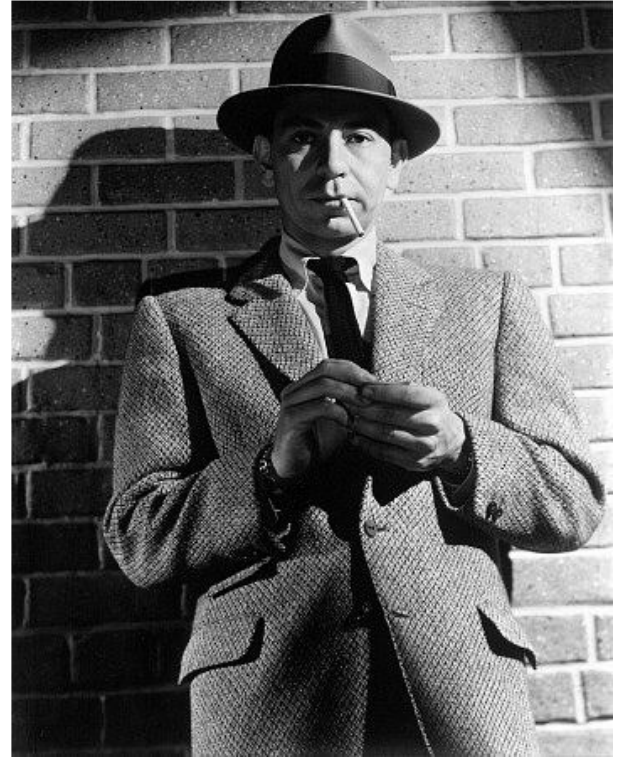
The Big Webb

Mike Thomas

His real name was not Joe Friday, nor was it Pat, Jeff, Pete, Buzz-saw Louie or even Jack. He was born John Randolph Webb on April 2nd 1920 in Santa Monica California with a special gift that would be discovered later on and enjoyed for many years. One of the West Coast's most consistent and sought after radio actors of that age, Mr. Webb could do many things, and do them well. Since his illustrious career is longer than my left leg, we shall focus mainly on his old time radio accomplishments where "Jack" (the name he went by) left his legacy.

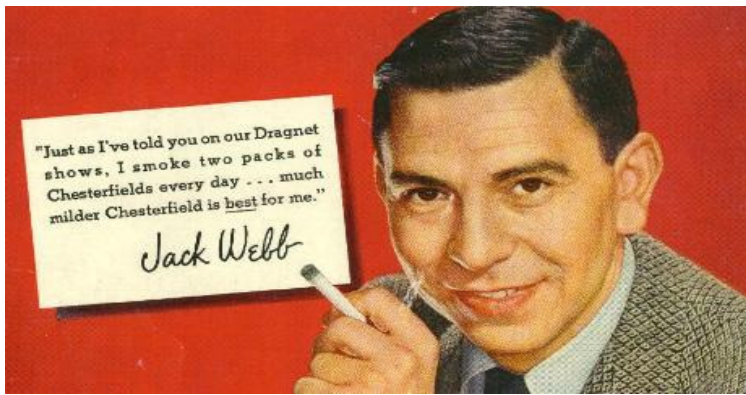
Jack Webb Served in WWII and started out in radio as a disc jockey before hosting, and acting in hundreds of old time radio shows. He had talent to be reckoned with and far off dreams of directing that eventually came to fruition in his well decorated career. His pedigree goes way back to the golden age of radio where it made its' permanent gold mark before moving on to the medium that seemed to rudely push radio aside — namely television. Between radio shows he acted in old movies and eventually starred as Joe Friday on the famous television version of *Dragnet*. Webb ran the gamut of acting, producing and even directing – fulfilling his dreams of old.

The spring of 1946 saw him doing several different shows from the West Coast on ABC. One of these was a comedy-variety program called *The Jack Webb Show*. Some People may not readily associate him with a funny show but this one had all the makings of a silly stage cast with the closing signature by Webb – "Tonight's egg was laid on the vocal



side by Clancy Hayes and Nora McNamara. John Galbraith blew the lines and Dick Breen glued the joints together” (Dunning). The only apparent surviving episodes are full of fun and worth the listen. About the same time we can hear him with another type of script and on another stage — a stage with drama all over it. The show was a dramatic anthology called *Spotlight Playhouse*, and unfortunately has only a couple episodes in circulation. Both of these shows featured music and score by Phil Bovero. Another ABC drama called *Are These Our Children?* which originated out of San Francisco, aired an episode in November 1946 named “Edith Hayes” which had the expertise of Mr. Webb in the credits.

Before these shows though we can hear Jack showcase his talent in a documentary drama called *One Out Of Seven*. Each story for the show was chosen from actual news that happened the past week. Hence one story from the past seven days was picked; the scripts were fleshed out by James Edward Moser. This particular program stood up for what was right and hailed a voice that would not stand for racial prejudice. Jack Webb’s genius was proven as he played all roles and characters for this show and seemed to do them with such effortless ease. Jack Webb would be pro early on in his career.



There were other shows that capitalized on Jack Webb’s ability in his early years in radio. The Red Cross had a syndicated 15 minute drama called *Errand of Mercy* that ran in the 1948-1949 timeframe with Jack in the line-up. At the same time the Treasury Department ran a syndicated show called *Guest Star* that penciled Jack in a handful of roles. On at least one occasion we see the episode date of these two shows with Jack’s name in the credits on the same exact day.

Jack soon became *Pat Novak, For Hire*, which ran on the west coast only circa 1946-47 on ABC. This was a crime drama that slapped a persona on Webb that would follow him for a long time in Radio. He was a tough,

clever and quick witted detective full of one-liners. You have to love this guy — just listening to him think will bring many laughs and much enjoyment. Even when a gun is pointed at him, the calm one-liners flowed like a river after a big rain. Jack left the show and moved south, but since Pat Novak was so popular, the network re-cast that show and kept it on with a new lead and script writer. The show resurfaced in February 1949 nationwide with Webb back in old form.

After Jack left San Francisco for Hollywood, a new detective adventure show began called *Johnny Madero, Pier 23*, which ran on Mutual from April through September 1947. This show is entertaining and reminds me of Phillip Marlowe in its descriptive writing style. Among the many quips you will here Johnny say are “You’re so scary, I bet your dandruff stands on end,” “You couldn’t clear your throat in an empty tunnel,” “Some days you’re not gonna make out better than an ice cube at a cocktail party,” and “Breaking more records than a disc jockey with a hangover.” This show had Gale Gordon and William Conrad in it with a familiar name writing the scripts — Richard Breen. Richard and Jack had worked together on most of his shows to this point.

They (Breen and Webb) wanted to continue with Pat Novak but it was being carried on up north by Ben Morris and Gil Doud, so apparently, as the story goes, they started the *Johnny Modero, Pier 23* show in the same spirit as Novak.(Dunning)

Jack frequently starred in many popular mystery and drama series like *Escape, Suspense, and The Whistler*, doing his thing in these series dozens of times. He was a busy guy that anyone would want on their cast. By 1948 you could see his name in the credits on *The New Adventures of Michael Shayne* before his debut as *Jeff Regan, Investigator*. By the time Regan aired, Jack Webb had a following of people who missed the Pat Novak days and wanted to hear Jack on the air again. *Jeff Regan, Investigator* was Webb’s third detective show before *Dragnet*’s creation and had a lot going for it from the get go. Even though this show was different than Webb’s previous detective characters, it did have a very prolific script writer in E. Jack Neuman and ran on CBS.

There were other ventures that Jack Webb had his hands in. Command Radio Productions hatched an idea for a show called *Three For Adventure* that had Elliot Lewis, Barton Yarborough and Jack Webb starring in the audition. This was to be an adventure series that apparently had the likeness of Carlton E. Morse’s famous *I Love a Mystery* series. As to what became of that program, the author has no idea but the audition show does exist. Other crime dramas in the ‘40’s that had Jack

in a role, were *Ellery Queen*, *The Adventures of Sam Spade* and the *Murder and Mr. Malone* series (which is also known by three other names).

In 1948 he starred in a movie called "He Walked By Night," playing a crime lab police officer. It was on that set where he met sergeant Marty Wynn of the LA Police who happened to be the film's technical adviser. As they discussed various aspects of investigative procedure and melodrama the idea for *Dragnet* was sown in the head of Jack Webb. He thought about creating the show with realism at the core and the stories to be authentic in every sense, using genuine police files. At that point Jack began hanging out with the police, attending classes at the police academy and riding along with them on calls. *Dragnet* began its steady march of the airwaves in June 1949 and ran until February 1957. This would be Webb's Magnum Opus in radio and followed into a more than one television series. Jack Webb played Detective Sergeant Joe Friday of The Los Angeles Police Dept. and also directed the series.



When the time came to pitch the show to NBC, they were unimpressed, thinking it would be just another cop show (Dunning). Webb went to the LA Police for help. He pitched the idea to them as well, wanting the stories to be real and from authentic files (with names being changed of course). Jack was a detailed professional and wanted nothing less than perfection on this one. The police approved and the show was successful beyond any other detective show in history. It won the coveted "Edgar" award for best drama two years in a row (1951-52) by the Mystery Writers of America and would forever be a show to be remembered. No other old time radio show could share the same repeat winning credits as this awarded program did.

By the time the 50's rolled around, *Dragnet* was a household name and the desire for Jack's services was as



strong as ever. He played a cynical police lieutenant in an episode of *The Story of Dr. Kildare*, along-side the great Lionel Barrymore, and also spot starred in classic shows like *Nightbeat*, and *Family Theater* and can even be heard in a show named *Proudly We Hail* circa 1952. His voice was on many channels during the prime of his career.

Two some odd years after *Dragnet* became a hit, Richard Breen created a new show called *Pete Kelly's Blues* with Jack as the lead, and ran for 12 weeks on NBC. This show was set in the roaring twenties and featured Jack Webb as a cornet player in a speak-easy in Kansas City. The writing was similar to his old detective characters in some ways as he thinks much the same way and the language in his head sounds oh so familiar. The setting and music theme seemed to be its biggest charm and even led to a film of the same name in 1955 played by — you guessed it — Jack Webb. Fortunately most of this show's run has been saved and is very enjoyable.

Jack Webb was not only an American, but also a patriot who loved his country. Many times he would do specials that would reflect these beliefs. In July 1957 he did the Fifth Anniversary Salute of "*peration Skywatch*" which featured the U.S. Air Force Band. Another special, *Hollywood Salutes the National Guard* which was done in February 1959 had his help as well. The Air Force reserve had a syndicated show called *Weekend Sound Flights '63* that had Jack as the announcer for at least three consecutive shows in 1963 and to round off things, he did a show on Mutual in 1969 called *Special Delivery: Vietnam*.

The list of credits goes on of course. Lots of celebrities had Jack on their shows throughout his acting tenure. From Bob Hope, Martin & Lewis and even to Jack Benny's second farewell special in 1974, we can see that Jack Webb was respected and loved by fans and famous folks as well. He was nominated for an Emmy four times, authored a book and has his own star on the Hollywood walk of fame. He passed away in December 1982 but much of his work is preserved and enjoyed to this day. Jack Webb lives on!

Virtual Girl Friend

Jeff Kallman

If you think virtual seduction was invented in the Internet age, you weren't a) listening; or, b) around an old-time radio, when a Texas lady transplanted to Ohio via Hollywood sought to deliver something close enough to it, five nights a week, for a few years between the late 1940s and the very early 1950s.

I was damned lonely in Dayton. So I just hooked into this idea and talked about my loneliness. And, you know, I found out there are a lot of lonesome people in this world.

---Jean King, classic radio's *Lonesome Gal*, to *Time*, 26 June 1950.

Sweetie, she began, typically, in a voice that sounded six parts temptress and half a dozen parts as isolated as the audience she imagined, *no matter what anybody says, I love ya better than anybody in the whole world.*

Missing no beat, she began to croon, over a muted sweep of electric organ. And if you were one of the lonely men who fastened tight to her nightly, fifteen-minute romancings for a period between the late 1940s and early 1950s, perhaps you couldn't help noticing that there was at least a pinch of mothering to this dream girl friend.

*Lonesome/I'm a real lonesome gal
I can't stop feeling lonesome/Heaven knows
when I shall . . .*

A softly punched, single-note piano line picked up the melody where her croon left off as she addressed you once again, this time leaving just about all the implicit mothering pinch all the way out of her delivery.

Hi, baby. This is your lonesome gal. And I don't know why, but if you don't stay and visit with me I'll be the unhappiest girl in the whole world. I wonder how that could be possible. While I'm wondering, light up a pipe of Bond Street now. You know I love you.

And, once again, barely having made even a non-smoker hunger for a small load of her sponsoring tobacco, she crooned.

*Who knows what tomorrow can bring?
I wonder whether I'll know/why my heart
wants to sing.*

The piano took over the melody once more, fading slowly behind the unseen lady with the smoky voice. She spoke as if she were taking your hand, holding it warmly between hers, and locking your eyes onto her own, expecting to keep you within her power until she was good and ready to release you, if you really were as lonely as she portrayed herself to be.

Lover, did you ever stop to think how you'd react to sudden wealth? I think most women who suddenly inherit a million dollars would probably buy lots of clothes and furs and jewels. As to how a man would react to such an inheritance, I only know of incident to recite:

There was this cute little old man who for years walked the streets with his popcorn machine, selling peanuts and popcorn to all those kids in the poor neighbourhood. One day, a rich old lady, who'd been rather eccentric, left him all her money. With that money he adhered to his greatest desire, he bought a big black limousine and hired a chauffeur. But for two months before the car ever drove off the premises of his home, he practised all day long getting in and out of the car gracefully. I hear that, sometimes, he even repeated that practise in the still of the night.

Habitually, she crafted her monologues to end in a line that just so happened to be the title of the song she'd instructed her engineer to play next. For the most part, these would be recordings of arrangements that plunged deep enough into swollen sugar, once in awhile with a chorale that could have been rented right from the sentimentalistic division of the Disney studios---the take she used of "In the Still of the Night" (not to be confused with the eventual rock and roll hit of the same name) sounded like a discard from *Pinocchio's* soundtrack. Once in awhile, however, they'd be more of the burry, atmospheric, jazz-overtone style refined soon enough into art by Nelson Riddle charting Frank Sinatra, Nat King Cole, and others.

Whether a sugar-swollen weepie or a jazz-undertoned soft swinger, her prelude aimed to send you lost in the thought of her tugging you up off the sofa for a quiet dance or a balcony caress, her hands never far from yours, perhaps her face leaning against your shoulder, interrupted only to sip a cold drink or exhale a smoke, before she might turn to face you after putting your arms around her and hers around yourself. She did the talking and if she had her way you were in little enough position to object.

Sweetie, did you ever wonder about the things that last, the things that endure? The good things that were put on this earth for us to share and to enjoy? The beautiful sunset that we watched today will be just as beautiful a hundred years from now. The song that was lovely in Shakespeare's time is just as lovely now. And, Angel, the deep, rich, wonderful pleasure of smoking mellow Bond Street tobacco is another experience that will never change . . .

She was hard pressed to make personal appearances, the demand for which appears to have been profound enough; some surviving accounts say she preserved her mystique at such dates by wearing a cat-eye-shaped mask. Then, in 1950, the mask was lifted by *Time*. The magazine described her as a tall, slender woman with a resemblance to Rosalind Russell, who'd tried to make it in Hollywood (she sang, she appeared in a few of the *Tarzan* films and as a guest performer on radio's *I Love a Mystery*) before ending up in Dayton, somehow, and talking her way into a gig on WING radio.

At first that voice, weaving from smoky to honeyed and back to flickering temptress and around again to hopeless romantic, must have sounded as though she were waiting for him, whomever he was, to walk through her door, or greet her in a cafe, with a warm, insistent hug, a lingering kiss, and a promise never to leave her alone for too long again. In short enough order *Lonesome Gal* became phenomenon enough out of Dayton---fifty regional stations picked her up, and her income approached six figures, according to OTR.com---that she decided to return to Hollywood and try to break it nationally.

In a plot that could have been a dream enunciated in one of her between-song mini-fantasies, she met and married a *Dragnet* co-producer, William Rousseau, and it was his influence that landed her sponsored syndication on several hundred local stations. She even developed the practise of

keeping regular touch with chambers of commerce wherever her show aired, the better to keep current on locations, activities, and people, so she could tailor her broadcasts specifically to those locales. She recorded over three hundred such versions a week of her fifteen-minute romancings to satisfy that tailoring.

She also had to contend with what *Time* called being misunderstood by her fellow women. "Some girls think I'm trying to steal their guys," she told the magazine, "but I'm not. I just say things a lot of girls don't have the nerve to say to their men. I never say more than 'I'd like to kiss you on the end of the nose'---something impersonal like that. I might tell a guy how nice it would be to spend a weekend in a small and charming hotel---but I always add: 'If we were married'."

Angel, sometimes I get to sitting here wondering just what I ought to do about you. I'm in pretty deep, you know, 'cause you're definitely a part of my life. You're the greatest part of all my dreams and plans. What if I made up my mind to stop seeing you, to forget you, I ask myself. But that's an impossibility, my dream, because your smile is imprinted happily and joyfully in my mind. Your eyes laughing and saying unspoken words are firmly attached to my sentimental side. And you, Angel---all of you, every tiny hair on your head, every wrinkle on your brow, every mood you know, make me realise that it's too late now.

This was virtual seduction filtered through a kind of sly sentimentalism, years before anyone even thought of telephone or cybersex, stopping well short of prurience. A generation and a half of men, whose postwar domestic lives may have been less than their dressings made them appear, from bewildered singles and awakening widowers to disillusioned husbands and shamed ex-husbands, lost themselves for fifteen minutes a night in the dream of so undemanding a lover, whose actual loneliness made their own seem lighter, if not necessarily more bearable.

Maybe King's worst mistake was letting *Time* in, to even the small extent that she allowed. The magazine acknowledged she wasn't exactly that anxious to reveal the woman behind the virtual lover, and she may have been right. Within short of two years following *Time's* gentle exposure, as best as I can determine, *Lonesome Gal*

slipped off the air almost as unobtrusively as she had first slipped on, becoming a pleasant if very distant memory almost as swiftly as she had become a radio date.

Well, Angel, there comes a time and this is it. Saying "so long" is not of my doing, but I relent on the condition that I can be with you again tomorrow night. And I'll be back thanks to Bond Street Tobacco. But meantime, keep one thing in mind: Your lonesome gal loves you better than anybody in the whole world.

(singing) Who knows what tomorrow may bring?

I wonder if I'll know when my heart starts to sing.

If you have love to spare, lips to share, why don't you be a pal and share them with your lonesome gal?

(speaking) Good night, baby.

She died quietly 19 August 1993 in North Hollywood. Presumably, her real-life marriage lasted as long as the quiet memory her audience kept of the half-decade-plus she was their virtual girl friend.



Mystery Play Internet Radio Site

C.J. Kell

Well, I guess its time to toot my horn about my web site. With persistent encouragement and requests from your humble editor Ryan Ellett and Jim Beshires. I'm going to attempt to give the readers of Old Radio Times a brief tour.

When I started Mystery Play Internet Radio some seven years ago, I didn't have much of a web site, and in fact the web site was always an after thought. However over the years the site has evolved into a multimedia resource for old time radio fans.

www.mystery-otr.net is the main site address. I hope navigation is easy for you. Or least that's always been my objective. On the top menu bar you will find "Player Links" this is a page from where you can listen to the main MPIR OTR stream. "Old Radio Times," a link to a page for downloading and reading current and past issues of this wonderful publication, plus links to other old radio publications. "FREE Movies," my Mystery Play Theater page, where you can watch vintage movies on-line. All of these movies are hosted on sites throughout the internet and are suppose to be in the public domain. I list some real classics!

When you scroll down the screen, on the left side is the main menu. From here you can listen to some of the Mystery Play Internet Radio pod cast on-line. Plus, I have the very popular Mystery Play Jukebox listed. This is another resource to listen to more old time radio online with the WinAmp mp3 player.

Now focus your eyes to the middle of the screen and you will find listings under "Latest News." I think this area is probably the most confusing to new visitors. This web site is what they call a content manager. So, the news items are simply web pages to either text or audio listening resources. When you click on any of the items listed, a page will open and you can either listen to something or sometimes read a noticed posted there.

In a nut shell, a visitor could utilize the various multimedia assets on the MPIR web site and receive a very educational experience of what we call old time radio.

That's the purpose of Mystery Play Internet Radio; no longer an after thought or a single means of promoting the OTR stream. For you statistical people, the web site receives about 1500 visitors per day, and the MPIR station has an average of 4,500 listeners each day listening on average 50 minutes, and this is not an income producing organization. I hope your visit to Mystery Play Internet Radio is a great experience and you catch the OTR bug!

Hey Kids, What Time Is It? Not What You're Thinking

A book review by Jim Cox

At precisely 4:30 every weekday afternoon in Charlotte, North Carolina from the 1930s to the 1950s, an announcer stepped before a WBT microphone and pondered: "Do y'all know what hit is?"

"No!" in unison replied a group of male voices.

"Hit's Briarhopper Time!" the announcer shouted.

A string band struck up a rousing refrain of "Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie," the Briarhoppers' signature theme.

Another half-hour of fun and frolics was beamed across the ether wherever WBT's big 50,000-watt stick was pointed, easily blanketing the two Carolinas, some of Georgia, Tennessee, Virginia, West Virginia and Kentucky. The radio show, an institution along the Eastern Seaboard, was amplified by thousands of personal appearances, more than 500 country music recordings on Decca, RCA and other major labels, and perpetuated by WBTV when it signed on in 1949 as the Carolinas' first television outlet.

This is documented in a new soft-cover volume by Thomas and Lucy Warlick, *The WBT Briarhoppers: Eight Decades of a Bluegrass Band Made for Radio*. It's a compelling account of the effects of a string band that became synonymous with one station in a medium-sized market on its city and region as well as its greater implications on country music as a species. There was a time that Charlotte amassed so many pickers and singers and had so many major recording studios within its environs that — with a little persistence — it could have challenged Nashville for honors as "Music City, U. S. A." By 1938, more than 30 mountain bands streamed into the city and took up permanent residence. But alas, in the early 1950s, station officials at WBT turned toward other pursuits. They were convinced that a more sophisticated culture was the chief desire of the listening audience. As a result, they relinquished an opportunity for continued dominance in country music broadcasting from Richmond to Miami.

That didn't banish the Briarhoppers forever, however. In fact, the authors reveal that there have been at least two resurgences of the original crew and their heirs.

Late CBS newsman Charles Kuralt, an ex-WBT staffer, exclaimed: "The Briarhoppers were the Julliard String Quartet of country music and theirs was the music of my youth and upbringing in North Carolina. I thought that all music was played by guitar, banjo, fiddle, and bass, for that is pretty much all we ever heard on WBT."

Members of the troupe fluctuated frequently although some remained with it permanently. Stalwarts included Whitey and Hogan (Roy "Whitey" Grant, Arval Hogan),

Don White, Hank Warren, Shannon Grayson, Fred Kirby, Claude Casey. Arthur "Guitar Boogie" Smith and the Crackerjacks along with George Hamilton IV and The Johnson Family Singers (including recording artist-radio singer Betty Johnson) were part of the WBT staff simultaneously. All of these legends of country and gospel music, however, operated outside the parameters of the Briarhoppers, suggesting that WBT was a beehive of live entertainment then. In the late 1930s and early 1940s the Carter Family was also with WBT (including Johnny Cash's future wife, June).

The Warlicks' greatest donation is possibly how a group like this came together, stayed together and perpetuated a form of rustic music that resonated not only with the rural people of the farms and hills but with many who had left those very places to move to Charlotte, Greensboro, Columbia, Greenville, Winston-Salem and other cities searching for better opportunities. These folks didn't abandon their roots, and the Briarhoppers reminded them of their sacred heritage in daily installments.

Unintentionally, it seems the authors provided a tell-all volume, too. Casually they reveal which Nashville superstar's illegitimate child (one we did not know about) was born in Charlotte while he was in town for personal appearances. We learned about a major Carolinas musician who was gay decades before it was popular to make such disclosures. When that made the local press, his services were terminated at WBT.

Carolina Hayride, Carolina Calling, The Johnson Family Singers, Grady Cole, Arthur Smith's Corner Store and other WBT-originated series frequently found themselves on the CBS network in the 1940s and 1950s. WBT was a CBS owned-and-operated station until 1945 and continued a powerhouse for the chain in that territory. This is a study encompassing more than music and musicians, reflecting how one outlet completely dominated the landscape.

The Warlick book is a delightful read for anyone following the Saturday night barn dances and folk musicians emanating from the hollows and hills of an earlier America, especially those finding a station like WBT to perpetuate it. It's a comprehensive summary of what happened in one place that was most likely repeated elsewhere across the nation in a handful of regional markets.

The WBT Briarhoppers: Eight Decades of a Bluegrass Band Made for Radio by Thomas and Lucy Warlick sells for \$29.95 and may be ordered from www.mcfarlandpub.com or 800-253-2187.

November 9, 2007

Historic Broadcast Day of WJSV, Washington, DC

Paul W. Urbahns
OTRRG WAV Librarian
paul.urbahns@gmail.com

Back in the 1940s and early 50s there was a popular radio, movie and television character named Fibber McGee. Fibber deserved his name because of the tall tales he told everyone.

During one particular episode, Fibber invented a radio that would tune in old radio programs. It was his contention that old radio programs never die, they are just broadcast out into space waiting for someone to tune them in again. A great idea if it worked.

Imagine turning on this “time machine radio” and listening to a speech by President Roosevelt, laughing to the clean humor of *Amos n’ Andy*, or simply listening to a live performance by one of the entertainment field’s great performers of the past.

Sounds like a dream doesn’t it? An escape from the rushed lifestyle of today, back to a simpler time.

Turning back the clock 60 years is no easy task. Any documentary of the time, regardless of length, cannot do justice to the flavor of the era. America was in an uneasy peace. England, France and Poland were in a war against Germany and Italy. The European continent was in flames and Americans were concerned, about possible US involvement.

Unlike the 60s when many American teenagers fled to Canada to avoid military service, sixty years ago young American men were going to Canada to volunteer for military service. It was their hope that Hitler could be stopped in Europe and that would stop the war from spreading to America. At that time the horror of the Great War (World War One) was still fresh in everybody’s minds.

It is because of the forward thinking of a group of broadcasters in Washington DC sixty years ago, we can almost bring Fibber McGee’s dream to reality.

On September 21, 1939, President Franklin Roosevelt declared a special joint session of the United States Congress to present his arguments for repeal of the Neutrality Act which was enacted at the beginning of hostilities in Europe. This was an unusual move for any President, and especially at that time in our history.

Sensing the possibility of a historic event occurring on that day, Washington DC radio station WJSV (later known as WTOP) decided to record the entire day’s programming from sign on to sign off, a total of 19

hours. That was a feat in itself because in those days prior to tape recording, the mode of recording was actual disk transcriptions, and disks only held about 15 minutes of programming. That means approximately 43 records were made that day.

Unlike the radio of today which is mostly recorded or automated. Sixty years ago most radio was live. Transcriptions were seldom used in broadcasts because of their poor quality. If a transcription was used it was normally for fill music between scheduled programs, during technical difficulty or for a short commercial announcement. In almost all cases an announcement, sounding almost like an apology, was made stating the following or proceeding segment was a transcription.

The disks cut that day at WJSV were donated to the National Archives for future generations. Little did those broadcasters realize their efforts would turn into a most complete picture of an era. It’s not just a lesson in broadcasting history but rather a chance to listen to another place in time.

WJSV went on the air in 1928 with transmitter facilities located in Mount Vernon Hills, Virginia and studios in Washington DC. The station is believed to have been named after its founder, James S. Vance, hence WJSV. It kept those call letters from sign on until the early 1940’s when it became WTOP. The General Manager and Vice President in Charge during 1939 was Harry C. Butcher. Butcher was very aware of the political climate in Washington and eventually became a Naval Aid to President Dwight Eisenhower. During 1939 WJSV was owned and operated by CBS radio network and was an important station when matters of Federal government were aired nationally.

WJSV broadcasting on 1460 (AM Band) was an important radio station in our nation’s capitol, and was the only 10,000 watt facility. Other stations in Washington DC at that time, operated in a range from 100 to 500 watts power output. This seems small compared to today’s mega-power outlets. But stations were fewer and farther between so a little power went a long way.

A look at the WJSV schedule for September 21, 1939, indicated radio in the thirties was much like television today. Block programming with something for everyone on one station.

5:59 Sign-On

6:00 Sunrise – a program of transcribed music with time checks announced between songs, gave the technical staff a chance to get the transmitting facilities operating properly. In fact on September 21, 1939, the transcription

reveals they had to sign off momentarily for technical adjustments.

6:30 Sundial with Arthur Godfrey – Godfrey came to WJSV in 1934 and started doing a morning DJ show. By 1939 he was a household word in the Washington area but CBS had turned him down several times for a national program. Eventually, CBS Radio did hire Godfrey, who became a national personality and did a morning show for the network up until the late 60s. Arthur Godfrey's home spun personality involved joking with the crew and listeners, humming along with the transcriptions and a commercial delivery that would sell refrigerators to the Eskimos. He was a professional communicator in every sense of the word.

8:30 Certified Magic Carpet – a transcribed interview program.

Then at 8:45 – Bachelor's Children started the morning run of soap opera dramas which included:

9:00 Pretty Kitty Kelly

9:15 Story of Myrt & Marge

9:30 Hilltop House

9:45 Stepmother

10:15 Brenda Curtis

10:30 Big Sister

10:45 Aunt Jennie's True Stories

... well you get the idea.

These were fifteen minute melodramas looking at life through the eyes of (mostly women) characters that made us glad we were not them. Naturally, the housewife needed a break from crying over the tribulations of Aunt Jennie, so throughout the day other short programs dealing with shopping advice or recipes were interspersed between the soap operas.

During the early afternoon, WJSV broadcast live, President Roosevelt's address to the assembled members of Congress, followed by interviews with various political leaders concerning what was the nation's best course of action. According to a Fortune Magazine poll of the day 83 percent of Americans wanted the Allies (England, France and Poland) to win the war while 2/3 of the American population opposed the strict isolationist policy then in effect. Roosevelt's address was repeated later that evening at 10:45 so factory workers and the like could hear his comments.

At 4 pm, the baseball game between the Cleveland Indians and the Washington Senators was joined in progress at the 4th inning and broadcast until completion. According to historians, this is the longest early broadcast

excerpt of a sporting event in existence today.

During the dinner hour, when families traditionally gathered for supper together, WJSV carried a transcribed program, *The World Dances* as well as a half-hour of news and sports. At 6 p.m. a national institution *Amos 'N Andy* was scheduled but due to network difficulties was joined in progress, about 6:20 p.m., after some organ music for time filler.

At this time, *Amos 'N Andy* and their daily misadventures in running the Fresh Air Taxi Cab Company of America was the most popular series in broadcasting history. Movie theaters during the 30s would post signs informing customers that they would turn off the movie and turn on the radio when it was *Amos 'N Andy* time. No program before or since that time has endeared itself to the masses in the same way.

The evenings were filled with a variety of family fare including the *Joe E. Brown Show*, *Ask-It-Basket*, a question and answer game show, and of course, *Major Bowes Original Amateur Hour*. Major Bowes presented people from all walks of life performing a variety of talents, which were rated by the audience. Many well-known celebrities made their first appearance on Major Bowes' show, before fame came knocking on their door.

Then in the late evening after Roosevelt's speech had been repeated and the children were off to bed, mom and dad could dance in the dining room, or just sit on the front porch and listen to the big name bands broadcasting from major hotels and ballrooms. This particular evening WJSV presented Jerry Livingston's Orchestra, Teddy Powell's Band, the great Louis Prima, and finally Bob Chester's Orchestra, just prior to sign off at 1 am.

Of those four bands the best remembered today would be Louis (pronounced Louie) Prima because of his early 50's popular hit, "That Old Black Magic". Additionally Prima did the voice of "King Louie" in Walt Disney's animated feature film, *The Jungle Book*.

But these are just words on paper; the real thrill lies in listening to the whole 19 hours. The recordings are not just in the National Archives anymore. WJSV lives on at www.archive.org in recognition of this landmark achievement.

Old Time Radio is gone, but it's not forgotten. This one radio day at WJSV offers an audio window on the world as it was sixty years ago.

<http://www.archive.org/details/CompleteBroadcastDay>

Panic in the Jersey Streets
or
The Halloween Hoaxers Meet Orson
Welles
James J. Yellen

I pressed and cracked open the thin, sugary shell of my Chinese fortune cookie and pulled the long thin slip of paper from within. I silently read it.

SATAN SELECTS HIS DISCIPLES WHEN THEY ARE IDLE.

I stared in disbelief at the small black lettering as the acid taste of fear entered my mouth and small beads of perspiration formed on my temples.

Across the small, intimate candle lit table my doe-eyed fiancé gazed back at me with a worried look. “Is something wrong Herbie?”

“Wrong? Heh-heh. What makes you think that something is wrong?” I flashed my best boyish Hugh Grant grin as I tried to stifle a choking lump that grew in my throat.

“You have a strange look on your face. Is it your fortune? What does it say? Mine says, ‘The soul of woman lives in love.’” She cooed the words and under the table I could feel her foot run halfway up my calf.

I swallowed hard to get rid of that festering lump and reluctantly told her, “It says, ‘Satan selects his disciples when they are idle.’”

“What kind of fortune is that?” she asked with a pouting frown. “What does it mean? I don’t like it.”

“I-I don’t know.” I stammered.

I lied. I knew exactly what it meant. I had always feared that one day my past would catch up with me. I was like a Nazi war criminal hiding in Buenos Aires. For years I’ve been living a lie, trying to deny my past, and just when I was beginning to feel most secure, thinking I had gotten away with it, an apparition from my former life returns to haunt me.

I mulled over those words again; “Satan selects his disciples when they are idle.” How did they know that I would be here ... today? Which one of these unpretentious people is their secret agent? Is it the smiling coat check girl? Or perhaps that grinning waiter. Why can't they leave me alone? Don't they know that I've reformed? I no longer do Satan's work. I'm no longer one of his disciples. Why do they have to remind me of something that I've worked so hard to forget?

I tried to fight back the memories, but the true

unpleasant facts of the unfortunate incident slowly began to rise in my mind like an emerging fungus in the dank, musty sub-cellar of my subconscious.

It had all begun innocently enough. It was under a dim yellow street lamp on a cluttered street corner in Athenia, a dim cluttered semi-urban industrial center in Northern New Jersey, my hometown. A small group of idle teenagers was wasting away another cool autumn evening. Duke, Chuck, Boz and I were engaged in a lively conversation attempting to plan our annual Halloween prank. The big night was only forty-eight hours away and we still hadn't decided on a suitable stunt.

“This year we got to do something spectacular.” Chuck said.

“Let's release the brake on old man Parker's DeSoto.” Boz suggested. “It'll roll halfway to Passaic before he knows what's happening. That's spectacular.”

“Forget it,” I interjected soberly. “That's too spectacular.”

It was a tradition in our section of Athenia that male youths would annually stage a spectacular Halloween night prank. In my memory, this tradition dated back to when my older brother Bob and his friends had fashioned a realistic looking dummy out of old clothing. They covered it with a bottle of ketchup purchased at Nazimek’s Market, threw into the middle of Van Houten Avenue and called the police to report a hit and run accident. That stunt created quite a stir, including a trip by my extremely annoyed father to the Athenia police station to retrieve Bob who had been brought there with his cohorts for a “talking to” by the police.

Now that the torch had been passed to a new generation, the burden to match or surpass the past weighed heavily on the shoulders of my friends and me. It was an Athenia rite of passage that could not be avoided. It had to be met head on.

So the debate continued. Suggestions continued to be presented, and then the merits of each were discussed, disputed and argued. Most ideas were finally rejected for one reason or another. Several others were set aside for thought and further discussion if no better ideas came along.

While ideas were being formulated, other topics of conversation were also discussed.

“My cousin says he heard that somebody in Picatinny spotted those flying saucers over the reservoir again.” Boz informed us.

Picatinny was a rural locale about thirty miles north of Athenia. It had three claims to fame. One, it was the location of the reservoir that supplied drinking water to our faucets. Two, it was the location of several secluded

spots along that reservoir which were frequented by amorous couples seeking privacy. And three, it was the location of Billy's Great Notch Inn, a backwoods bar that did not bother with the formality of checking verification of age when serving alcoholic beverages.

Back in the summer there had been a sensational furor in the newspapers about strange lights being seen over the reservoir. This caused an epidemic of sightings with all kinds of wild reports. It also caused major traffic problems in Picatinny as curious UFO buffs swarmed up to the tiny hamlet to try and spot those strange visitors. Now, according to Boz, it was happening again.

"Those people are crazy. They're seeing things," Duke, our resident skeptic, said.

"No, really, there's something out there." Boz said earnestly. Boz was a believer and probably today is an officer in the X-Files fan club. "Visitors from outer space," he said solemnly.

"They're probably coming down to take you back to where you came from," Duke giped at Boz. The two were forever verbally jousting. It stemmed from the friendly animosity, which arose from one being a New York Giants fan and the other a Brooklyn Dodger rooter.

But maybe Boz was right. This was the era of the greatest wave of UFO sightings ever. The publicity given by the news media to a report by an Air Force pilot that he had seen a dozen or more disc-shaped unidentified objects maneuvering in formation near his speeding aircraft touched off an epidemic of similar sightings from coast to coast. Almost daily, the newspapers carried reports of new sightings of strange lights or unidentifiable objects in the skies. Speculation as to the origin of these strange flying objects was limited only by the speculator's imagination. Visitors from outer space was the most common theory. It became a popular pastime for people everywhere to sit on their front steps after dark scanning the sky hoping that they might catch a glimpse of one of these unknown objects. But at the same time, they were frightened that they would.

"I'd like to see one of those flying saucers," I announced.

"I don't believe there are such things. Why would anybody from another planet want to come down here?" Duke the skeptic wanted to know.

"Because of the atom bomb," I sagely informed him. "I heard a program about it on *Dimension X* about these creatures that came down to earth from another planet because they saw the atomic explosions. They came here to wipe us out because they were afraid that we'd use the bomb to wipe them out first."

Dimension X was a radio show of the time that dealt

with fantastic stories of science fiction. It was one of my favorites, and I considered it to be on the cutting edge of science.

Chuck, who had been quietly listening to the discussion on extraterrestrial phenomena, suddenly blurted, "That's like what happened in *War of the Worlds*."

Boz looked at him puzzled. "What are you talking about?"

Chuck answered. "Before the war, some guy put a play on the radio that was all about Martians landing on earth. Everybody panicked because they thought that it was really happening."

"That's crazy," Duke the skeptic, again interjected.

"I'm not kidding. It really happened." Chuck insisted.

"You mean people thought that a radio show was really happening?" I asked.

"Yea," Chuck replied. "It was just a radio play about how flying saucers land and funny-looking Martians come out and they start to zap everybody in sight with ray guns, and a big war breaks out between them and us. But the people listening to the radio didn't know that it was just a show. They thought that it was the real thing and some thought that it was the end of the world."

"How do you know all about it?" Duke asked.

"My father told me. And he has a clipping from the newspaper that tells all about it."

When we all expressed complete disbelief that such an outlandish story could be true, Chuck insisted that we go with him to see that clipping. As we hurriedly walked the six blocks to Chuck's house, the conversation continued to argue the validity of such an occurrence. It was hard to believe that anybody could or would mistake a radio play for fact.

Arriving at his house, Chuck went inside and returned shortly with a folded and yellow clipping from the *New York Daily News*. It was dated November 1, 1938, more than ten years old.

"Be careful. Don't tear it. My father will kill me if you tear it."

We could all see the bold black headline. RADIO LISTENERS IN PANIC-MARTIAN LANDING ONLY A HOAX.

Chuck read the story aloud to us. "A radio dramatization of H. G. Wells' *'War of the Worlds'*, which thousands of people misunderstood as a news broadcast of a current catastrophe in New Jersey, created almost unbelievable scenes of terror across the United State."

"Wow, right here in New Jersey!" Boz was excited. Duke pounded him on the arm to keep him quiet.

Chuck continued. "Hearing reports that a mass of metal

had struck New Jersey in a blazing light, and that weird monsters were swarming out of the object, destroying hundreds of people with death ray guns, thousands of listeners rushed from their homes with towels over their faces to protect themselves from the gas which the invaders were supposed to be spewing forth.”

We were fascinated by the unbelievable scenes of chaos, which were wrought by the radio show.

“That was really something.” Box sighed. “Wouldn't it be something if that happened today?”

That's when the idea struck me broadside in the same blunt, attention-getting manner that Moe invariably used on his sidekicks, Larry and Curly.

Those who have not had the touch of pure inspiration fall upon them cannot fully appreciate the way that I felt at that moment. I was like the cartoon character that suddenly has the light bulb go on above his head. I felt the same excitement and exhilaration that Eli Whitney must have felt when the idea for the cotton gin popped into his mind. But little did I suspect that Mephisto himself inspired my idea. He had selected my idle body to do his work.

It was at this time in my life, a time when my mind and hands should have been busily occupied shaping a solid future for myself that I veered from the mundane straight and narrow and staggered onto the wavering road of ruin.

“THAT'S IT!” It was the Devil speaking through my voice. “WE COULD DO IT!”

Everyone turned to stare at me in astonishment. They had obviously never seen a man possessed before.

“Do what?” Chuck asked calmly.

“We could make people think that the Martians have landed! We could make a fake flying saucer! Everybody will think it's real! They'll go crazy! That's our Halloween trick!”

I took a deep breath to calm myself, and then carefully explained my plan to my friends. Several months ago, I had seen an article in Popular Mechanics magazine.

Popular Mechanics magazine was my father's absolute favorite magazine. It was the only one our family subscribed to, and when the new issue arrived each month, all crispy and shiny, my father would devour it. For that evening, even his beloved New York Daily News had to take a back seat. Dad would sit in the living room ensconced in this favorite easy chair with the three-way bulb over his head turned all the way to the third click, two hundred and fifty watts of illumination. He would spend the night slowly turning the pages, absorbing every article, and bending over the corner of pages that he would want to refer back to later. He wouldn't go to bed until he'd examined every page.

After this first detailed perusal, the magazine would then be put in the place of honor, the top of the toilet tank in our bathroom. It would stay there for future easy reference as Dad would go back to it often, rereading especially important articles or rechecking the instructions for that particularly interesting home handyman project that he was going to construct “one of these days.” This frequent usage took its toll, and each day the magazine became a little more worn. Finally a month would pass. The new issue would arrive and replace the old issue in bathroom. The previous, old tattered issue, having served faithfully for the past thirty days, would then be mercifully retired to the basement where it blissfully rested on the top of a pile of several years worth of other back issues. We never threw away a single issue of Popular Mechanics magazine.

I distinctly remember that it was while was contentedly sitting there in our backroom, leisurely leafing through the latest issue, the one with the new Studebaker, Commander, V-8 Starline on the cover, when I came across the article. It gave full details, complete with photos, on how to make a small, working model of a hot-air balloon. The materials required were common objects found around the home. My plan was devilishly simple we would make the balloon and release it after dark. It would surely be seen and mistaken for a flying saucer! It was the perfect Halloween prank!

My buddies were immediately seized by my excitement. For two days that's almost all we talked about. Reading and rereading the article that I had ripped from the magazine so that we would each know what to bring and how to do it.

Finally, Halloween night arrived and we all met as planned in the open field behind St. John's church to hatch my satanic scheme.

“Where are we going to do it?” Boz asked.

“Right here, no?” said Chuck.

“There are too many trees around here.” Duke said, “What if it flies into one and gets stuck? The whole thing is ruined.”

“The steeple!” I blurted. “We can let it go from there!” I gestured upward and all heads turned simultaneously to look where I was pointing.

Once again, a force outside of the flesh and blood of my mortal being guided my sub-conscious. It was a force that controlled my thoughts, actions and words while I helplessly enacted them.

It was right there, looming over us. A tall, brick tower topped with an open belfry, the steeple of St. John's Church. We had been up there many times before. It was one of those adventures we went on when overcome with

boredom. It was the tallest structure in Athenia except maybe for the water tower of the propeller plant and Van Houten Avenue. It afforded a magnificent view in all directions, and on a clear day even the jagged spires of the New York City skyline were visible twelve miles to the east. For years, researchers have unsuccessfully tried to determine the connection between teenage boys and high places. I cannot explain it either, but I do know that it was from the steeple of St. John's Church that Boz had his name indelibly etched into the annals of the Athenia Hall of Fame. It was from here that on one warm night the previous summer he had performed the incredibly daring and skillful act of peeing into an empty peanut butter jar we had placed on the sidewalk below. It was a feat that had never been accomplished before or since.

The steeple belfry was a truly special place, and access to it was amazingly simple for insiders who knew the secrets of St. John's. Since all four of us served as alter boys in the church, we were insiders who had long ago figured it out.

I took one last inventory to make sure that we had all the materials and equipment that we needed. Satisfied that we had everything, I said in a low, conspiratorial voice, like Fu Man Chu ordering his dacoits, "Come on, let's go. And keep it quiet!"

We furtively entered the church using the door on the Wesley Street side. This was the side that faced away from the rectory and the watchful eyes of the priests. We went up the long flight of stairs to the choir level where in the corner, hidden behind some storage cabinets, was a circular iron staircase. There was a flimsy chain latched across the opening of the stairs, which provided token resistance to unauthorized entry. We leapt over that and shuffled up about thirty spiraling steps to a platform. Only one of us at a time could occupy this platform. The last leg of the journey was the only one that caused any trepidation. It was a series of iron ladder rungs, about ten of them, embedded into the tower wall. I went first, holding tightly to each rung as I ascended. At the top I pushed up the trap door in the floor of the belfry, then lifted myself up. I was there. My cohorts followed without hesitation. We were there!

The belfry was a small space and the four of us filled it up. There were no bells, just a couple of loudspeakers hanging over our heads that blared the sound of chiming bells whenever a priest pressed a button in the rectory or sacristy. We paused a very short time to look around and watch the trick or treaters zig-zagging on the streets below us as they rushed from house to house. But we didn't have time for sightseeing.

"This is going to be great." Boz said. "We're above all

the trees."

"Yea," I agreed, then solemnly said, "Let's do it!"

While my friends quietly watched, I calmly set about my hellish work.

The Devil guided my hands as I reshaped a wire coat hanger into a circle, leaving one jagged end at its center. My voice quivered with excitement as I asked Chuck to hand me the plastic bag he had brought. It was the kind that covered fresh dry cleaning. Using Scotch tape, I fastened the open end of the bag to the circumference of the wire ring.

Following the instructions in my magazine to the letter, I next pulled a huge wad of cotton out of my pocket and impaled it on the pointed end of the hanger.

"Now what?" Boz asked eagerly.

"Here, hold it over the edge by the top." I instructed him.

He grabbed the top of the plastic bag and dangled the sinister object as far out over the edge of the belfry as he could. I soaked the wad of cotton with the contents of a can of Ronson lighter fluid that Chuck had supplied.

"Hand me the matches." I instructed Duke.

"Here," he answered pulling them from his jeans pocket.

I gave him the final order. "Light it!"

Duke pulled a match from the book and dragged it several times over the striker until it finally lit. I could see his hand nervously shaking as he brought it closer and closer to the cotton wad. Finally the flame touched the cotton and it instantly burst into a ball of hot orange flame.

"Hold onto it as long as you can." I told Boz, and we watched as the warm rising air stretched the plastic outward until it billowed.

"My fingers are burning!" Boz screamed. "I can't hold on anymore!"

"Let go," I instructed, and he did.

The whole mass seemed to be magically suspended in midair. For a split second we thought it was going to go down as it faltered and sank slightly. But then it recovered and the evil thing slowly rose until it was caught by a gentle current of air and lazily drifted down Penobscot Street. We craned our necks to watch it. The orange flame reflected off the clear plastic giving the accursed object the appearance of a floating, glowing apparition.

"It really looks like a flying saucer!" Boz screamed, and it did. It was a glowing, orange ball eerily drifting down Spear Avenue. The Devil in me smiled knowingly.

We were mesmerized by the sinister object and continued to watch it float away until finally we realized that it was about to drift out of view.

“Let’s go follow it!” Boz shouted, and we clamored down the steeple tower and burst out the door onto Wesley Street. We ran down to the corner of Speer Avenue searching the sky for our homemade UFO. At first we couldn’t spot it until Duke shouted, “There it is!” It had floated almost out of sight. We ran down the street to follow our man-made UFO on its flight. It miraculously evaded treetops, power lines and rooftop TV antennas as if guided by some sinister, unseen force.

Speer Avenue was crowded with costumed Halloween celebrators running from house to house to get their candy and other treats. The younger ones were accompanied by their watchful parents. When our glowing apparition paused in its flight, we stopped too. That’s when Duke went into action.

“Look,” he shouted, loud enough to get the attention of nearby trick or treaters, “What’s that?” He was pointing right at the thing in the sky.

I caught on quickly. “It looks like a flying saucer!” I shouted, and Boz and Chuck followed up with loud remarks about UFOs and visitors from space. Some of the kids nearby looked up too and saw it. Then the grown ups noticed it. Pretty soon almost everyone on Speer Avenue was standing on the sidewalks or the street looking up at our thing. Other grown ups came out of their homes to see what the curiosity was and joined in. Boz, Chuck, Duke and I kept up our loud patter about alien spaceships and that seem to fuel the imagination of all the others. Soon I heard the adults whispering among themselves about UFOs and flying saucers. Our Halloween hoax was catching on. It had worked!

But soon the thing began to float away again, drifting over backyards and buildings until it disappeared from sight somewhere in the vicinity of Castle Hill, a large open field of grass.

The kids that gathered went back to their trick or treating, but a small groups of adults lingered on the sidewalk discussing what they had just seen in low voices.

We didn’t hang around for a long time but we went back out our usual hangout location, the corner of Speer Avenue and Wesley Street and animatedly discussed the night’s prank. It had been a fantastic success. Everybody on the street had seen our homemade flying saucer and was trying to figure out just what it was that they had seen.

“That was great!” Boz said, “We should do it again.”

“Yea,” joined in Chuck, “Let’s do it again tomorrow.”

That seemed like a great idea, so with the hurly burly done, we parted into the dark night like the three witches of Mac Beth, with an agreement to meet again the next night to re-do our deed.

It was late when I arrived home that night and so I went

directly to bed. As I lay in my room, the familiar sounds of the Athenia night drifted into my open window on the breeze of the Indian summer night. The plaintive wails of a tugboat meandering down the Passaic River, the clang of steel on steel from the night shift at the propeller factory, and the faint distant sound of screaming sirens rushing to an emergency all helped me drift off to a restful, contented sleep.

The next morning dawned dank, drab and chilly. I dragged myself out of bed and shuffled into the kitchen for my usual bowl of Cheerios with sliced bananas. My mother was at her usual position at the table toiling over the crossword puzzle in the morning newspaper. I shoved my first spoonful of cereal into my mouth, then asked “Is there anything in the paper about people seeing a flying saucer last night?”

“No,” Mom said, matter-of-factly without looking up from her puzzle, “but there was a fire at Castle Hill last night.”

At first those words meant nothing to me, but then they sank into my brain. “WHAT?” I ejaculated.

“There was a fire at Castle Hill. The whole field burned. Not a blade of grass left. Mrs. Wagoner called me to tell me. It was so bad that they had to call Mr. Wagoner to go help put it out. He’s an auxiliary fireman. It’s a good thing it started to rain. They were afraid some houses would catch fire.”

I refused to believe what my mind was telling me, but it must have been true!

“Y-Y-Y-Yea ... lucky.” I stammered.

“Probably some careless boys playing a dreadful Halloween stunt.” Mom said turning back to her puzzle. “I wonder who their parents are. Honestly!”

A short time later, I was standing with Boz, Chuck and Duke in the cold drizzle outside of School Thirteen. Our mood was somber.

“We almost burned down houses.” Chuck whispered.

“Yea.” Duke said weakly, his voice quivering with fear.

“We better forget about doing that again.” I said.

“Yea,” said Boz, “I’m not going to jail over some stupid Halloween prank.”

With that, the school’s opening bell clanged, the doors were flung open by the monitors, and we all marched in to begin another day of education. But we had all learned that some of the best lessons in life are not learned in school

“Herb, don’t you just love Chinese food?” Tiffany asked smiling benignly at me.

“What?” I asked. She had awakened me from my painful recollections.

“I said, don’t you love Chinese food?” Her foot ran up my calf again.

“Yea, the food’s all right,” I told her, “but you can keep these damn fortune cookies!”

Pilgrimage of Poetry

Larry Husch

The program begins: "Westinghouse, pioneer in the field of radio, radar and electronics, brings you the well-known author, war correspondent, and radio friend of millions, Ted Malone." When Ted Malone begins talking in this, the September 14, 1945, broadcast of *Between the Bookends*, he does not sound like the Ted Malone that is described in the October 30, 1939 issue of TIME magazine as

the coziest parlor voice in U. S. radio nowadays is that of Ted (Between the Bookends) Malone, sympathizer, poesy reader, prattler extraordinary. When Ted Malone comes visiting, the average U. S. woman-of-the-house finds herself as politely helpless as when the gadabout from down the street calls. "May I come in?" asks Ted. "I see you are alone. . . . Now I'll just take this rocker here by the radio and chat awhile. . . . What lovely new curtains . . . Well. . . ."

However, when you come to the postscript in the program, you can hear the Ted Malone that is described in the quoted paragraph.

My introduction to Ted Malone came when I read the above-mentioned article which discussed the new program, *Pilgrimage of Poetry*. Ted Malone was someone who was not a poet but who, after reading from a book of poetry on the air, "poetry got him." The poetry consultant to the U. S. Library of Congress, Joseph Auslander, invited Ted Malone to be the U.S.'s "Voice of Poetry." Dunning describes the series, *Between the Bookends*, as poetry and talk and tells us that in this series of more than 25 years, Ted Malone "was the nation's top caterer of 'poems that are famous and poems that are unknown.'" In 1937, Ted Malone surveyed approximately 700 collegiate and university English departments for rankings of American poets. From this data, he culled a list of the top 32 poets and planned a journey to visit "to broadcast from their homes, workshops, shrines." The TIME article describes the first such broadcast:

Pilgrim Malone visited the room in the Roger Brooke Taney house at Frederick, Md. which Francis Scott Key used to frequent, broadcast chattily of the old medico whose truculence toward the British got Key in the prison-ship predicament that inspired his deathless ditty.

It was not clear to me from the article what the broadcast was really about. On his website, David Goldin gives a little bit of insight into this series with information about



Picture of Ted Malone from the March 1948 issue of Radio Mirror.

four of the programs. I was unable to obtain any recordings but did find out that the Library of Congress did have recordings of the broadcasts. Feeling that I was stymied until I could make a trip to the Washington area, I was excited to find out there was a book, *A Listener's Aid to Pilgrimage of Poetry* written by Ted Malone, to accompany the series. From the introduction of this book:

We hope to give you the feeling of being present in these homes. We hope to condense into a few colorful phrases the essential importance and place of the author in American literature. . . but most vital of all we hope to demonstrate how the poetry of each author is related to your life and how a fuller understanding of poetry can give you a fuller understanding and appreciation of the adventure of living.

What did Ted Malone write about the first broadcast?

THE TANEY HOUSE, Frederick, Maryland... a small, square, brick house... four rooms housing history for half a century. The home young attorney Francis Scott Key often visited after his sister Anne's marriage to Roger Brooke Taney. . . the old slave quarters... the original Dutch oven. . . the wine cellar... the smoke house where meats were cured. The house where the poet-lawyer brought his wife Polly and their six children. . . after the burning of Washington in 1814...where they waited while he sailed down the Chesapeake to rescue Dr. Beans from the British Fleet in the Bay of Baltimore. The house to which he returned. . . with the dramatic story of "The Flag" and its two-foot stars flying defiantly over Ft. McHenry after the long night. . . of the words he dashed off on the back of a letter that morning. . . "The Star Spangled Banner."

This sounds more like the Ted Malone who was described above in the quote from the TIME magazine article; this is the Ted Malone that you hear in the postscript of the broadcast mentioned above; this is the radio friend Ted Malone.

From the December 8, 1939 issue of Radio Guide, we read

Ted Malone is making the listener forget the present and live for a brief spell in the enchanted glow of hallowed halls and stirring memories. ... You may have heard the toneless plinking of the very guitar which a century ago made music for Francis Scott Key, composer of our national anthem.

Until the time that I can listen to the recordings of these broadcasts, all I can do is to report on what else I have found out about this series. Searching the SONIC (Sound Online Inventory & Catalog) Database at the Library of Congress for *Pilgrimage of Poetry*, I obtained 31 hits:

- 10/22/1939 (01) Francis Scott Key
- 10/29/1939 (02) Edgar Allan Poe
- 11/05/1939 (03) Philip Freneau
- 11/12/1939 (04) Joyce Kilmer
- 11/19/1939 (05) Walt Whitman
- 11/26/1939 (06) Stephen Crane
- 12/03/1939 (07) Elinore Wylie
- 12/10/1939 (08) Alan Seeger
- 12/17/1939 (09) John Greenleaf Whittier
- 12/24/1939 (10) John Banister Tabb
- 12/31/1939 (11) William Vaughn Moody
- 01/07/1940 (12) Oliver Wendell Holmes, Senior
- 01/21/1940 (13) Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
- 01/28/1940 (14) James Russell Lowell
- 02/04/1940 (15) Lizette Woodworth Reese
- 02/11/1940 (16) Sidney Lanier
- 02/18/1940 (17) Joel Chandler Harris
- 02/25/1940 (18) Stephen C. Foster
- 03/03/1940 (19) Paul Laurence Dunbar
- 03/10/1940 (20) James Whitcomb Riley
- 03/17/1940 (21) Vachel Lindsay
- 03/24/1940 (22) Eugene Field
- 03/31/1940 (23) Joaquin Miller
- 04/07/1940 (24) Brett Harte
- 04/14/1940 (25) Harriet Monroe
- 04/21/1940 (26) Edward Arlington Robinson
- 04/28/1940 (27) Ralph Waldo Emerson
- 05/05/1940 (28) Amy Lowell
- 05/12/1940 (29) William Cullen Bryant
- 05/19/1940 (30) Emily Dickenson
- 05/26/1940 (31)

Note that the date 01/14/1940 is missing.

Searching the radio schedules in the New York Times (at 1PM), I was able to match up the dates and names as in the listing above with 5 possible exceptions.

1. 05/26/1940: The New York Times lists John Howard Payne, East Hampton, NY
2. 12/24/1939: The New York Times lists St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, MD. Further searching on the web led to the information that John Banister Tabb was a Catholic priest in Maryland.
3. 12/31/1939: The New York Times lists Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. Further searching on the web led to the information that William Vaughn Moody was an assistant in English at Harvard during 1894-5.
4. 01/07/1940: The New York Times lists Sara Teasdale's home, New York.
5. 01/14/1940: The New York Times lists Oliver Wendell Holmes' home, Boston.

Therefore, there is a discrepancy between the Library of Congress and New York Times listings only on the dates January 7 and January 14. Following up with the Washington Post and the Los Angeles Times, there were no episode titles listed. However, the Washington Post indicates that there was a broadcast of *Poetry Pilgrimage* scheduled for January 14. The Los Angeles Times indicates that there was Poetry on KFI, the NBC Red affiliate, at 10AM on both January 7 and January 14.

The schedule in the book, *A Listener's Aid to Pilgrimage of Poetry*, coincides with the New York Times on all dates including January 7 and January 14. It would be interesting to see the tape for January 7 at the Library of Congress to see if there was possibly an error in its listing.

Finally, the above-mentioned TIMES magazine article mentioned an "unofficial send-off from Admirer Auslander at the Library of Congress." On the October 15, 1939 radio schedule of the New York Times at 1PM, there is mentioned a tour of the poetry wing of the Library of Congress with Archibald MacLeish, Joseph Auslander and Professor P.C. Harvey. I believe that this program should be included in any log of the *Pilgrimage of Poetry*.



"WERE YOU with us when we visited Walt Whitman? This poet (above) was not only a deeply inspired writer but also the soul of American individualism and common humanity as portrayed in 'Leaves of Grass'"

From Radio Guide, December 8, 1939



"'MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME' (above) is one of the most famous and beloved homes in American song and story. Whether you're from North, South, East or West, you'll want to be along when we visit the Bardstown, Ky., home of songwriter Stephen Collins Foster. This home is inseparably a part of Foster's life. Here, the story goes, he came with his bride on their honeymoon and here got the inspiration for the grand old heart-throb song"

From Radio Guide, December 8, 1939

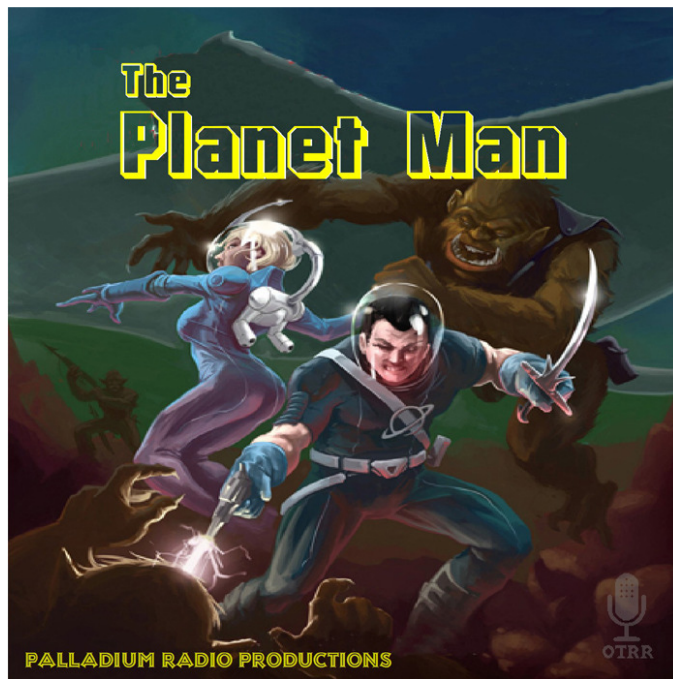
OTRR Re-Releases *Planet Man*

Version Two of *The Planet Man* was released on March 1, 2008, it was recently announced by one of the Old Time Radio Researchers Certification teams.

While V2 does not contain any new or upgraded episodes, it does include two new audio briefs and redone artwork.

Other than the fact that the series was originally released in 2004, and was due for another look at, an objection to a text file that was included in the original released was voiced by an old time radio site that sells programs. That text file was deleted.

Look for V2 to come to a distribution group near you soon!



Bing Crosby – Cremo Singer

Excerpts from Bing Crosby — The Radio Directories (out of print) compiled by Lionel Pairpoint. Reprinted by permission.

Pt. 3

Bing's fifteen minute sustaining series for CBS, *Presenting Bing Crosby* had pitted his talents against the top ranked, *Amos 'N Andy* show and in spite of a \$3000-a-week price tag, sponsors were showing more than a passing interest in the young singer. The tab was picked up by the American Tobacco Company and rather than Lucky Strike cigarettes, the president, George Washington Hill, chose to promote another of the Company's products, Cremo Cigars.

The fifteen minute programme was moved up a quarter of an hour from 7:00 to 7:15 p.m. Eastern time, to avoid competing with *Amos 'N Andy*, with a second "live" broadcast at 11:00 p.m. to catch prime time listeners on the West coast.

It is regrettable that so few examples of the series, survive, as air time was used to its maximum advantage, to provide an ideal showcase for the emergent crooner. Naturally, the commercials were obliged to make their intrusions but there was no "chat," simply brief introductions and titles. Crosby sang two songs, followed by an orchestral item, and closed with another song.

"Bing Crosby is scheduled to begin his new series of night-time broadcasts over the Columbia network on Monday, November 2. The hour is 8 o'clock, P.S.T. However, since the opening night is Monday, and since the Blue Monday Jamboree has the 8 o'clock spot it is a certainty that Bing's opening night for us will be Tuesday, November 3." (Ray De O'Fan, *Los Angeles Examiner*, 26th October, 1931)

"Baritone Bing Crosby begins a new series of programs tonight, sponsored by the people who put Arthur Pryor's band on the air. But Bing Crosby appears at 8pm, and in the west this period on Mondays can mean only one thing - the Blue Monday Jamboree. Station KHJ promises the Crosby-loving public that it will take his programs every other night except Sundays. With Crosby's new program, a new orchestra, under direction of Carl Fenton, makes its debut on the air. Favorite at eastern society functions and college parties, Fenton has been recording music for 11 years, promises big support for Crosby." (Kenneth Frogley, *Los Angeles Illustrated Daily News*, 2nd. November, 1931)

"8 pm KHJ Bing Crosby - (CBS) has moved up to make more hearts miss a beat. With the moving of Bing

Crosby from a four o'clock spot to eight at night, those of his West Coast audience who work days will let out a cheer. With this change should come an initial programme well worth hearing if you are an admirer of his type of ballad singing. This also is on KHJ's schedule."

(*Los Angeles Times* 3rd November 1931)

"You who mourned when Bing Crosby's programs were changed to an afternoon hour may smile now in earnest. Bing not only returns at night, but on a sponsored broadcast so that there will be no change in his schedule for some time at least. He is to be heard every evening except Sunday and Monday at 8 over KHJ."

(Zuma Palmer, *Hollywood Daily Citizen*, 3rd November 1931)

"Certified Cremo Cigar Company must have stepped high to corral Bing Crosby, the rage of the radio hour, for their WABC broadcast. But, judging by his work, he's worth it. This must be a tough week for him, however, for he is doing four shows a day at the Paramount Theatre which, on top of his radio work in the evening, puts a heavy strain on his voice. Monday night, when caught, he showed no effects of hard usage, however, his tones being clear and vibrant as ever. On the air Monday night he used, "Now That You're Gone," "Then She's Mine" (sic) and "Goodnight, Sweetheart." All these he threw off in the manner that has brought him forward so fast in the favor of the public. It is highly individual, belongs to him alone and he need stand in no fear of competition, because, while he may have imitators, there will be only one Bing Crosby."

(*Variety*, November 10, 1931)



All I Ask Is a Tall Ship and a Star to Steer Her By . . .

Hank Harwell

For the last several weeks, I have had the immense pleasure of enjoying the Old-Time Radio adventure series, *The Voyage Of The Scarlet Queen*.

It is a series about Philip Carney, the master of the 78-foot ketch *Scarlet Queen* and his first mate, Red Gallagher, and the adventures they have sailing the Pacific Ocean.

When we first meet this unusual threesome (Carney, Gallagher and the Queen), they are putting out from San Francisco on a voyage to the orient in the employ of a mysterious Asian merchant, named Kuji Kang. He has hired Carney and built the Queen in order to search for a prize worth \$10 million lost somewhere in the eastern [edit: western] Pacific. They are opposed by the equally-mysterious (and ruthless) Portuguese merchant Constantino, who is searching for the prize himself and will stop at nothing to get it. I loved the way this story arc was introduced and the way it was played out, with no hint of stringing the listeners along. I felt as if I was actually making progress, and finding the treasure was no guarantee that the adventure was over. No, they still have to get it to Kang . . .

It's a formulaic series, sure (it sort of has to be in order to keep it to a 30 minute block), but at the same time it doesn't feel predictable. There are many twists and turns throughout each weekly episode.

Highlights for me:

1. The intro, featuring Gallagher bellowing to the crew "Stand by to make sail!" (which would also be echoed at the end of the episode)
2. The writing at the end to describe the way the crew raises the sails is pure poetry.
3. At the end, when Carney is signing off the log entry, the way he says ". . . signed, Philip Kearney [edit: Carney] . . . Master."

Each episode was written by the team of Gil Doud and Bob Tallman who had just written for *The Adventures of Sam Spade*. (Doud would later write for another OTR classic *Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar*) It starred Elliott ("Mr. Radio") Lewis as Carney and Ed Max as Gallagher.

Yesterday I had the pleasure of listening to episode #33 "Rocky III and the Dead Man's Chest." What made this one episode especially enjoyable was the guest stars: A young (19-year-old) Roddy McDowell and William Conrad.

Fun stuff.

OTRR Certifies *Broadway's My Beat*

"In autumn sunlight the September day trots out its promises for Broadway's consideration, displays them in doorways, in push carts, in gutters, decorates them with price tags, invites you to browse - don't touch, buy - don't squeeze, and at cut rates of secondhand delights, the prices slashed down to any man's purse, the bold end of dreams. The vendors simper, the hawkers wink. 'Buy, kid. That's a winter sun on your shoulder and the day is short, so buy.' And that's watchya' do, kid, because on Broadway there's no other choice."

So begins one episode of *Broadway's My Beat*, radio's detective equivalent of beat poetry. Classy, lyrical prose backed up by trumpet & piano instead of bongo drums. The composer, Alexander Courage, was later famous for the Star Trek theme. The writing was by Morton Fine and David Friedkin. Fine and Friedkin were one of radio's busiest writing teams. Besides *Broadway*, they did *Bold Venture*, *Crime Classics*, and several *Suspense* shows. They even wrote the radio pilot for *Gunsmoke*.

New York City homicide detective Danny Clover narrated the stories, ably assisted in his investigations by leg-man Muggavan. Sgt. Gino Tartaglia did the research and office part of the cases, while he wasn't talking about his family or plying Danny with food from Mrs. T. Gino clearly tried Danny's patience, and although frequently met with brusqueness, never stopped trying to soften him up.

Danny never accepted Tartaglia's invitations or his proffered treats, and seemed to have no life outside of his job, but he was no Joe Friday. He clearly empathized with the victims and their families.

The show was heard over CBS from 02/27/49 through 08/01/54. From 02/27/49 until 05/29/49, the character of Danny Clover was played by Anthony Ross and was broadcast from New York. Beginning on 07/07/49 the program was moved to Hollywood and a lead change had the audience listening to Larry Thor. Ben Wright, Edgar Barrier, Sheldon Leonard, Herb Ellis, Barney Phillips, Hy Averback, Byron Kane, Paula Winslowe were among those heard on a regular basis.

Anytime you hear a rumor that Ed Sehlhorst and his team are working on a series, your ears perk up, because you know that it will be one of the classics, that it will be well done, and be of the highest quality.

It was no different when it was announced that *Broadway's My Beat* was in the planning stages. Ed and his team have done their work well and thoroughly. This release contains every known episode, all in the best sound, and with the teams usual extra additions, this is one

of their best. The Old Time Radio Researchers are proud to be able to bring this archival certified set to the hobby.

The Series Researchers, Log Researchers and Database compilers of the Old Time Radio Researchers (OTRR) Group have thoroughly researched this Old Time Radio Series, utilizing information found on the Internet, books published on this series and old time radio in general. They have determined that as of March 20, 2008, this series is as complete as possible, with the most current information included as to broadcast dates, episode numbers, episode titles, number of episodes broadcast, and best encodes at the time of Certification.

Each file has been named in accordance with the Uniform Naming Code as based on the OTR Database to be found at - <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/Otr-Project/>

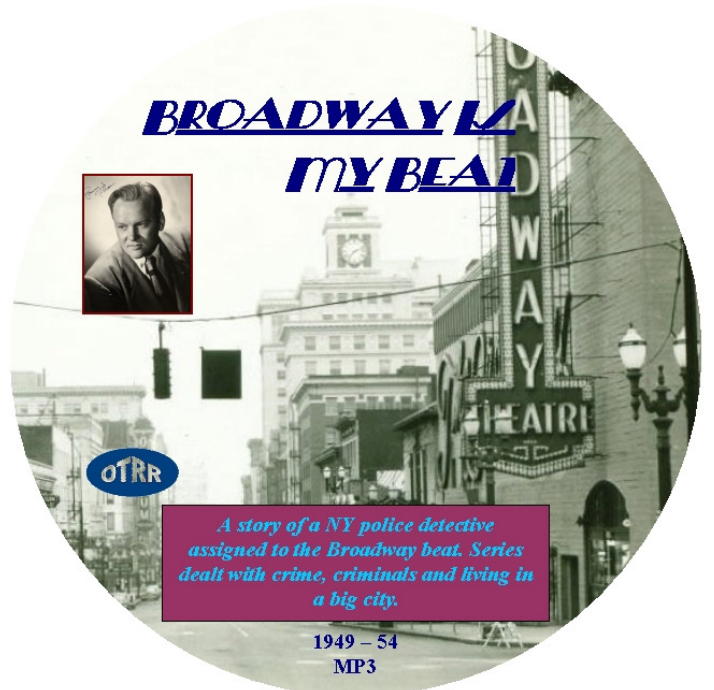
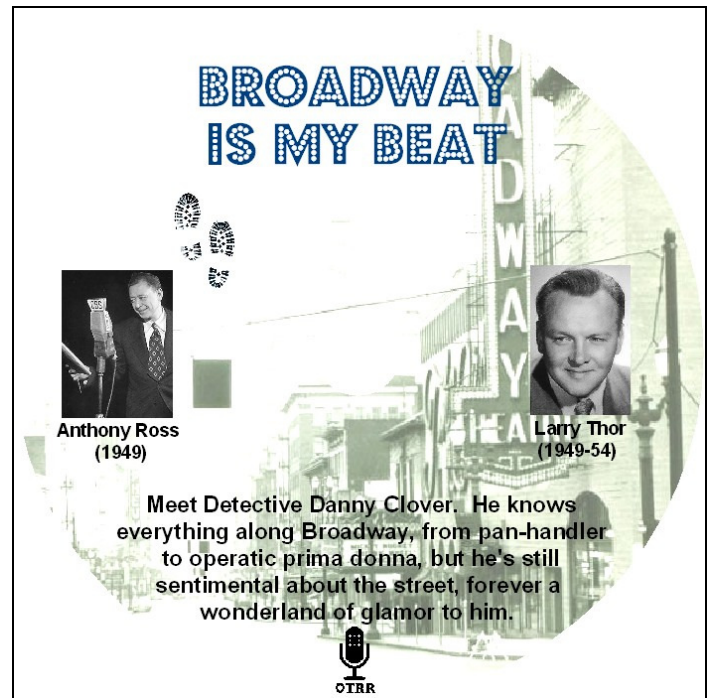
The Old Time Radio Researchers Group now declares this series to be Certified Accurate. There is Obe DVD or three CDs in this release, which represents the most up to date and accurate version endorsed by the OTRR. In order to ensure that only the best possible version of this series is in circulation, we recommend that all prior OTRR versions be discarded.

As always, it is possible that more information will surface which will show that some of our conclusions were wrong. Please e-mail us and let us know if any corrections are required. Also, if you have any better encodes of the series, or additional episodes, please let us know so that we can include them with the next release of the Certified Series.

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

Series Coordinator - Ed Sehlhorst
Quality Listener(s) - His great team (see the Consolidated Log)
Series Synopsis - Sue Seiger
Audio Briefs Announcer(s) - Sue Sieger, David Schwegler, Danny Clark
Audio Briefs Compiler(s) - Jim Beshires, Sue Sieger, Danny Clark
Pictures, other extras - Ed Sehlorst and team
Artwork - Ed Sehlhorst
Stars Bios - Ed Sehlhorst

And all the members of the OTRR for their contributions of time, knowledge, funds, and other support.



**CINCINNATI'S
22ND ANNUAL**

**OLD TIME
RADIO
&
NOSTALGIA
CONVENTION**

APRIL 11-12, 2008
THURSDAY DEALERS ROOM OPEN 6:00
FRIDAY 9AM-9PM
SATURDAY 9AM-4PM

CINCINNATI NORTH

(Formerly Ramada Plaza)
 11911 SHERATON LANE
 CINCINNATI, OH 45246 513.671.6600
 ROOMS \$79 SINGLE or DOUBLE
 MENTION SHOW AND ASK FOR BETTY WHEN
 MAKING RESERVATIONS)
 \$8 PER DAY SATURDAY DINNER \$38
 FOR MORE INFORMATION CALL
 BOB BURCHETT 888.477.9112
 haradio@hotmail.com

SPECIAL GUESTS



THURSDAY

6:00 DEALERS ROOM OPENS
 (IT WAS OPEN EARLIER LAST YEAR)

FRIDAY

9:00 DEALERS ROOM OPEN
 OLD RADIO SHOWS ON CASSETTES, CD'S & MP3'S, DVDS
 BOOKS, MAGAZINES, RADIO PREMIUMS, VIDEOS,
 T-SHIRTS, POSTERS, AUTOGRAPHS & COMICS

10:30 RADIO IN THE MOVIES

1:30 AUTHOR'S PANEL

3:00 CASTING NON-PROFESSIONAL
 RE-CREATIONS ROLES

7:00 PAT NOVAC

SATURDAY

9:00 DEALERS ROOM OPEN

10:30 JOHN RAYBURN PRESENTS

1:30 HAVE GUN WILL TRAVEL
 PART 1 SUSPENSE

3:00 RAFFLE DRAWING

6:00 BUFFET DINNER

JOHNNY DOLLAR
 PART 2 SUSPENSE

Bob Hastings
 Archie Andrews,
 McHale's Navy

Rosemary Rice
 Archie Andrews
 I Remember Mama

Esther Geddes
 Talk of The Town

John Rayburn
 Over 55 years in radio

Ruth Last
 Many old radio shows.



Says Charlie McCarthy: “Join me with a cup of Chase and Sanborn along with my good friend W.C. Fields, who thinks the world revolves around him . . . and most of the time it does too! He He He “

That’s right folks, Charlie McCarthy and W.C. Fields (as played by Chuck McCann) together again as part of this year’s REPS Radio Showcase. Who can forget one of radio’s greatest feuds. In an early radio broadcast, Fields was insulted by one of Charlie’s classic barbs and replied “Quiet now or I’ll cut you into a Venetian blind” Charlie’s quick retort: “Oh that makes me shutter”. W.C Field’s appearances on the Chase and Sanborn Hour with Charlie McCarthy are till this day regarded as a highlight of the series. Experience the hilarity as part of this year’s program. We would be remiss if we failed to mention that Mortimer Snerd will also make an appearance. For those fortunate to have attended the 2007 event you know what great times await you. Spend the weekend with special people who appeared in so many of those favorite programs. They will be joined by talented performers to present episodes from the all time great shows. We’ll have interviews, panel discussions, we’ll go behind the scenes with the Radio Sound Effects man and More . . .

Featuring:

The Great Gildersleeve returns. Jim French will be back at the REPS microphone as Throckmorton P. Gildersleeve with Shirley Mitchell reprising her original role as Leila Ransom. Others from the original cast are - Louise Erickson, Dick Beals and Gil Stratton.

From Comedy to Creepy, we step back in time for a spine tingling story originally presented during the midnight hour on radio’s *Lights Out*. We warn you calmly, but sincerely, if you are frightened by such dramatizations, to turn off your radio now!! Good Health to all from REXALL - *The Phil Harris and Alice Faye Show!* This is one of the all- time great comedy shows with clever writing and great characters. REPS will rise to the challenge to bring this wonderful program with its full cast of characters to the REPS microphone (Remley, Julius, Mr. Scott, and the rest). Cartoon Theater - Many radio performers were also the voices of our favorite cartoons. We’ll take a classic cartoon with no sound and re-create the sound with live actors, live music and live sound effects. Strap yourself to your chair for this fabulous joy ride full of belly laughs.

Truth Or Consequences

A new script by the original show’s writer – to be performed live at the 2008 REPS Showcase.

George and Gracie have new neighbors and Gracie thinks something odd is going on at the house down the street. George Burns & Gracie Allen introduce *Arsenic & Old Lace*.

Other presentations throughout the weekend include:

The Bickersons, Vic and Sade, Sam Spade, Radio Ladies from Hollywood , My Friend Irma, Meet Corliss Archer, Gunsmoke, Allen’s Alley and more.

Our special guests – Dick Van Patten, Bob Hastings, Rosemary Rice, Gloria McMillan, Shirley Mitchell, Janet Waldo, Louise Erickson, Gil Stratton, Tommy Cook, Dick Beals, Stuffy Singer, Chuck McCann, Grant Goodeve, Jim French, Pat French, Paul Herlinger, Ilona Herlinger, Esther Geddes McVey, Frank Buxton.

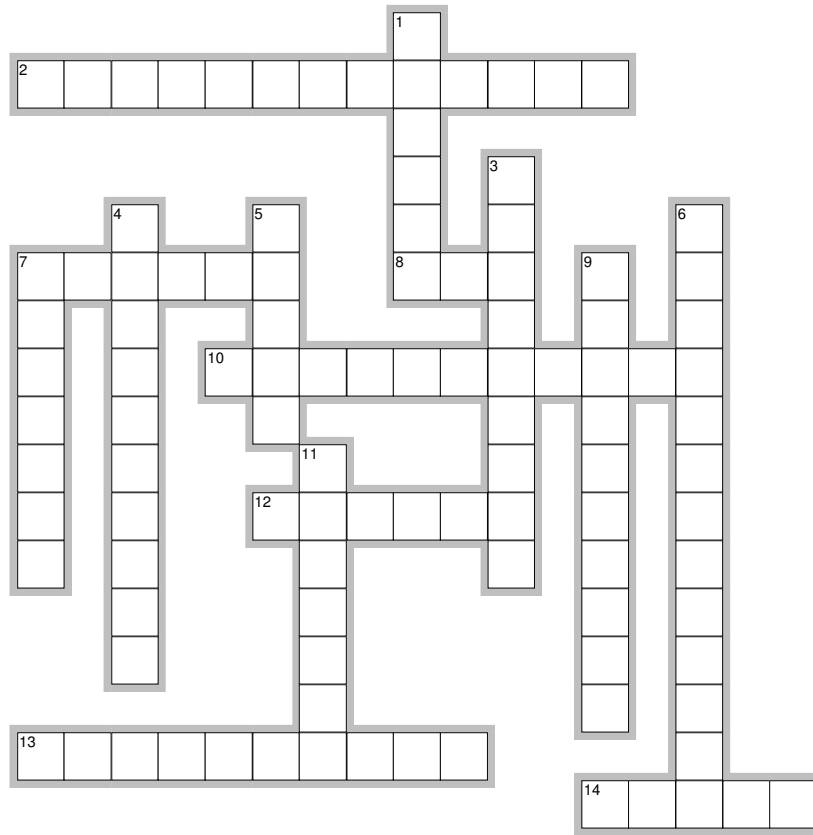


**You will be surprised and thrilled with a
Weekend of Laughs and Chills
The 2008 Grand Salute to the Greatest
Shows and Stars from the
Golden Age of Radio
June 27 - 28
9 AM to 9 PM
BELLEVUE COAST HOTEL**

His Honor, The Barber

By

Fred Bertelsen



EclipseCrossword.com

Across

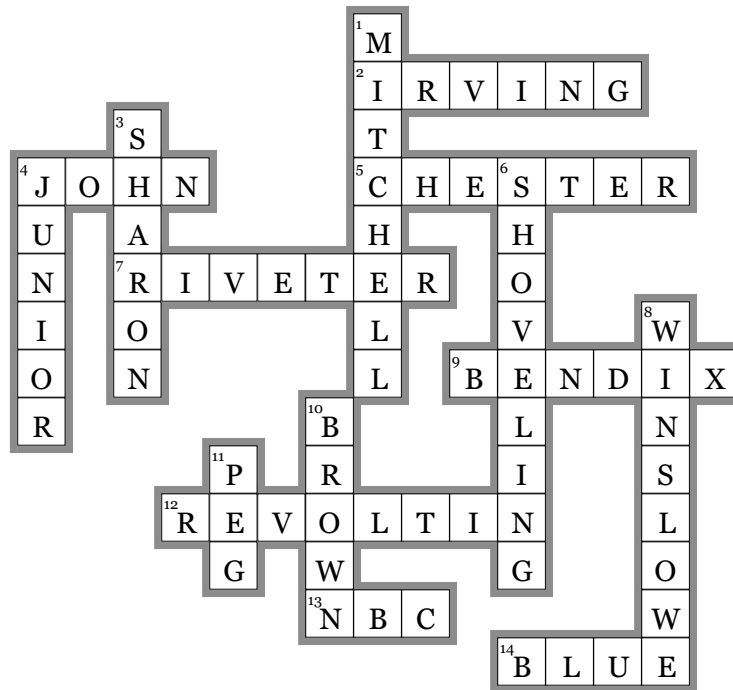
2. This show bore many of the trademarks that had been established on _____ (3 wds)
7. Before his election, Judge Fitz was a _____.
8. This show aired on _____.
10. The Judge was staunchly Irish and could be painfully _____.
12. Sheriff McGrath was referred to as "Vincent County's own little _____"
13. _____ Ale was the major sponsor of the show.
14. Barbara Fuller was Susan, the Judge's lovely young _____.

Down

1. Frank _____ was the announcer.
3. Opie Cates conducted the _____.
4. One reviewer noted that the judge "_____ the law as much as he enforces it"
5. Bill _____ appeared as Sheriff McGrath.
6. The Writer-producer-director was _____ of One Man's Family fame.
7. Leo Cleary was the _____.
9. Barry _____ Judge Bernard Fitz.
11. Judge Fitz worked for the _____ County District Court.

The Life of Riley

By
Fred Bertelsen



Created with EclipseCrossword — www.eclipsecrossword.com

News From the Community

Conventions -

Cincinnati Old Time Radio Convention CONVENTION - April 12, 12, 2008, Cincinnati North, OH - Phone 513-671-6600, and ask for Betty to get renovated rooms. For more information, Call Bob Burchette at 888-4777-9112
SPERDVAC - May 2-4, 2008. Sportsman's Lodge, Studio City, CA. Scheduled guests - Fred Foy, Dick Beals, Casey Kasem, Ivan Cury, and Ben Cooper.
Friends of Old Time Radio 33rd - Oct 23-26, 2008. Holiday Inn, NJ. For more info, check the website www.fotr.net.

Windy City Pulp Con - April 25-27, 2008, Westin Lombard Yorktown Center, 70 Yorktown Center, Lombard, IL 60148. For more information, check the website - www.windycitypulpandpaper.com.
Movie Serial Con - May 15-18, 2008, The Newtown Theater, 120 N State St, Newtown, PA 18940. For more information check the website - www.serialsquadron.com.

3rd Annual Mid-Atlantic Nostalgia Convention - Sept 18-20, 2008. Clarion Hotel, Aberdeen, MD. For more

information, call 443-286-6821 or visit the website - www.midatlanticnostalgiaconvention.com.
Tom Mix Festival - Sept 27, 28, 2008 - Sponsored by the City of Dewey, OK. More info at website www.cityofdewey.com.

Publications received -

Return With Us Now - March 2008 - 'Wistful Vista to Summerfield', by Elizabeth McLeod, 'Multi-Sponsors' by Danny Goodwin, New additions to the Tape Library, 'Catch Phrases', by Jack M Richards, and the Editorial.
Radiogram - March 2008 - 'In the Land of Oz', by Jim Cox, Information Please, by Barbara J Watkins, Information on May Convention, 'Where were They Then', by Fred Essex, .
AirCheck - March 2008 - 'The Early Radio Adventures of Sam Spade', by Martin Grams, 'Pontiac Bay Symphony Orchestra Presents', REPS Acquires New Sound System, New Additions to the CD Library, 'The Life Of A Radio Actor', by Dick Beal, Book Review "Radio Speakers", by Jim Cox, Information on June Convention, Editorial.
Radio Recall - Feb 2008, 'The Hour of Charm', by Cort Vitty, Upcoming OTR Events, Letters To The Editor, 'A

OTR on the Air

| Station | Freq | Place | Days | Time |
|---------------------|-------|----------------|---------|-------------|
| California | | | | |
| KQMS | 1400 | Redding | Sat. | 7pm - 12am |
| Canada | | | | |
| CHQR-AM | 770 | Calgary | Daily | 11pm - 1am |
| CHED-AM | 630 | Edmonton | Daily | 11pm - 1am |
| CHML-AM | 900 | Hamilton | Daily | 10pm - 2am |
| CJCS-AM | 130 | Stratford | Mon | 7pm - 8pm |
| CKNW-AM | 980 | Vancouver | Daily | 12am - 3am |
| CHWO-AM | 740 | Toronto | Mon | 11pm - 12am |
| Connecticut | | | | |
| WICC-AM | 630 | Bridgeport | Sun | 9pm - 12am |
| Illinois | | | | |
| | 1710 | Antioch | Daily | 24/7 |
| WBBM | 780 | Chicago | Daily | 12am - 1am |
| WDCB-FM | 90.9 | Chicago | Sat | 1pm - 5pm |
| Louisiana | | | | |
| WRBH-FM | 88.3 | New Orleans | Sat | 6am - 7am |
| | | | Sun | 6am - 7am |
| | | | Mon-Fri | 11pm - 12am |
| Missouri | | | | |
| KMOX-AM | 850 | St. Louis | Sun | 1am - 5am |
| New Jersey | | | | |
| WTCT-AM | 1450 | Somerset | Sat | 11pm - 12am |
| | | | Sun | 10pm - 11pm |
| New York | | | | |
| WRCU-FM | 90.1 | Hamilton | Daily | 9pm - 12am |
| WRVO-FM | 89.0 | Oswego | Daily | 9pm - 12am |
| WRVD-FM | 90.3 | Syracuse | Daily | 9pm - 12am |
| WRVN-FM | 91.9 | Utica | Daily | 9pm - 12am |
| WRVJ-FM | 91.7 | Watertown | Daily | 9pm - 12am |
| Ohio | | | | |
| WMKV-FM | 89.3 | Cincinnati | M-F | 12pm - 1pm |
| | | | | 7pm - 8pm |
| | | | Sat | 7pm - 11pm |
| Oregon | | | | |
| KKRR-AM | 1680 | Albany | Daily | 7pm - 7am |
| KKRR-FM | 105.7 | Albany | Daily | 7pm - 7am |
| Pennsylvania | | | | |
| WNAR-AM | 1620 | Lansdale | Daily | 24/7 |
| Texas | | | | |
| KTXK-FM | 91.5 | Texarkana | M-F | 1pm - 2pm |
| | | | Sat | 7pm - 8pm |
| | | | Sun | 1am - 4am |
| Utah | | | | |
| KLS-AM | 1160 | Salt Lake City | Daily | 11pm - 12am |

Bite Out Of History', by Jack French, Book Review "The WBT Briarhoppers", Update on Club Rental Holdings, Financial Report, 'Ask The Expert', by Dr. Michael Biel, 'From The Editor's Desk', The Puzzle Corner.

If you would like information on your club, convention, or nostalgia organization reviewed, please e-mail beshiresjim@yahoo.com with the information. If you publish an old time radio catalog, please send your latest copy for mention.

CATALOGS - 2008 Catalog #1 of Old-Time Radio, TV and Classic Video received from BRC Productions, POBox 158, Dearborn Heights, MI 48127, bob@brcbroadcast.com

Bob has some new(to me) TV episodes of Suspense. 60 episodes in the two volume collection. Vol 1(14 1/2 hrs) - \$33.95, Vol 2 (14 1/2 hrs) - 33.95, plus shipping or both volumes for \$62.90 plus shipping. Support those dealers who support OTRR.

ATTN: OTR or Nostalgia publications, please add us to your complimentary subscription list - OTRR, 123 Davidson Ave, Savannah, GA, 31419

This is a listing of Radio stations that carry old time programs. If you have any additions to this list, please send them to beshiresjim@yahoo.com, for inclusion on this list.

| | | |
|------|-----|------------|
| OPB* | Fri | 8pm - 11pm |
| | Sat | 1pm - 3 pm |
| | | 8pm - 11pm |
| | Sun | 12am - 1am |
| | | 12pm - 3pm |
| | | 9pm - 11pm |
| | Mon | 12am - 1am |

GROUP LEADERS

Jim Beshires (beshiresjim@yahoo.com)
Clorinda Thompson (cthompson@embarqmail.com)
Dee Detevis (dedeweedy@aol.com)

TREASURER

Tony Jaworoski, 15520 Fairlane Drive, Livonia, MI
48154 (tony_senior@yahoo.com)

ASSISTANT GROUP LEADERS

Acquisitions (cassette) - Ed Sehlhorst
(ed.sehlhorst@gmail.com)
Acquisitions (paper-based items) - Ryan Ellett
(OldRadioTimes@yahoo.com)
Certified Series Moderator - Bob Yorli
(yorli@yahoo.com)
Webmaster - OTR Project - any of one
(otrmail@mail.com)
OTRR DVD/VCD Library - Ron Speegle
(ronspeegle@hotmail.com)
OTR Web Moderator - Jim Sprague
(sprocketj@comcast.net)
Missing Episodes Moderator - Clorinda Thompson
(cthompsonhsd@embarqmail.com)
Distro Moderator - Dee Detevis (dedeweedy@aol.com)
Distro2 Moderator - Dave Tysver
(dave.tysver@verizon.net)
OTR Project Moderator - Andrew Steinberg
(nightkey5@yahoo.com)
Final Preparations Moderator - Roger Hohenbrink
(rhohenbrink@earthlink.net)

OTTER Moderator - Archie Hunter
(y_know_archie@hotmail.com)
Hubmaster - Philip (phlipper376@yahoo.com)
Software Development - any of one
(otrmail@gmail.com)
Streamload - Allan (allanpqz@gmail.com)
Mail Library - Paul Urbahns (paul.urbahns@gmail.com)
Wiki Master - Menachem Shapiro
(m.shapiro@gmail.com)
Sound Restoration Moderator - Henry Morse
(spock1@yahoo.com)

Sound Restoration Moderator - Anita Boyd
(synagogue@yahoo.com)
Purchasing Group Distro Moderator - David Oxford
(david0@centurytel.net)
Newsletter Editor - Ryan Ellett
(OldRadioTimes@yahoo.com)

Wistful Vistas

Ryan Ellett

Welcome back, chums. You'll notice we're back to our regular format after last month's daring foray into some new software with Jim Beshires. I appreciated the break and he appreciated reveling in all the glory accorded the editor of this rag for a month.

This is one of the most exciting issues I feel that we've put out in a few months, not because of big name authors (of whom we have a few), but because of the nice range of material. Mike Thomas is back with a wonderful piece on Jack Webb, while Jeff Kallman and Larry Husch regale us with information on little-known series. Long time group member Paul Urbahns provides some nice background to the complete day recordings of WJSV, files that have been circulating since I've been in the hobby yet to which I've paid little attention. Most importantly, Fred's crosswords are back after much rioting from last month's omission.

I hope you'll make every effort to get to Cincinnati in a couple weeks; this year's convention looks to be as fun and exciting as the last few. Rumor on the street is that the big cheese, Bob Burchett, is hoping to do another next year. Attend this one to encourage him on! While OTRR is not on the official schedule, we're scheming to crash the convention and get a presentation in. You wouldn't want to miss that circus.

Happy Spring and look for convention highlights and new releases next month.

Liason to the Cobalt Club - Steve Smith
(gracchi@msn.com)

Liason to the Talk N Trade Forum - Douglass Keeslar
(dfinagle@frontiernet.net)

Acquisitions (reel to reel) - David Oxford
(david0@centurytel.net)

RELATED GROUPS

Old Time Radio Researchers
OTR Project
Distro
Distro 2
Purchasing
Sound Restoration
Software Development

A Blast From the Past: Early Old Time Radio Quiz

Think you know a lot about radio? Can you discuss its' various aspects for hours? Try your hand at answering these questions from the pre-20s era of radio.

- Who was the official 'Father of Radio'?
- Who was Nathan Stubblefield and what did he do?
- What were the call letters of the first station to broadcast wireless music?
- What station broadcast the first commercial?
- What year did the US pass the first Radio Act?
- What was the date that Reginald Fessenden broadcast a program consisting of music, a violin solo, and a speech?
- Charles Herrold began regular, continuous broadcasts of music and information in what year?
- Who was Vaugh de Leath?
- How many networks did David Sarnoff found?
- What were radio waves commonly known as in the very early days?

The first person to either answer all ten questions correctly or the first person to answer the most correctly will win a copy of 'The Road Less Traveled', a biography of Bob Hope.

Send your answers to beshiresjim@yahoo.com.

Be sure that 'Radio Quiz' is in the topic line.

Correct answers in next months issue.

From The Treasurer's Corner

Over the past two years, The Old Time Radio Researchers has spent over \$7800.00 in bringing new and better quality material to the OTR community. All material is released freely to anyone desiring it.

The Old Time Radio Researchers currently has \$1492.61 in the treasury. Funds recently disbursed include \$8.00 to Michael Muderick for shipping expenses, \$345.03 to Dr. Joe Webb for his acquisition of over 20 transcription discs.

Many thanks to our monthly supporters who include : Tony Adams, Del Ahlstedt, Dale Beckman, Jim Beshires, Robert Booze, Krys Bulding, Scott Carpenter, Terry Caswell, Pete Cavallo, Greg Coakley, Gary Costel, Dee DeTevis, Ryan Ellet, Scott Erickson, Lisa Fittinghoff, Allan Foster, Michael Galbreath, Allan George, David Gibbs, Charlie Henson, Roger Hohenbrink, Archie Hunter, Larry Husch, Donald Husing, Tony Jaworowski, Dave Johnson, Jim Jones, Ben Kibler, Robert Lenk, Toby Levy, John Liska,

Thomas Mandeville, Gary Mollica, Henry Morse, Jess Oliver, David Oxford, Robert Phillips, Lenny Price, Peter Risbey, Ron Schalow, David Shipman, Gary Stanley, Daryl Taylor, Gregg Taylor, Lee Tefertiller, Clorinda Thompson, Allan Turner, Eugene Ward, Joseph Webb, and Gordon Whitman. This monthly support assists us in bringing new and better quality old time radio programming to the entire OTR community.

Donations were also received from: Bruce Palese, Curtis Edmundson, Larry Maupin, Alison Moore, John Schneider, Terry Caswell, Ed Sehlhorst, Archie Hunter, Larry Husch, Jim Beshires, Ron Speegle, OTRR DVD Library, Gary Mollica, Ben Kibler, Martin Horvat, Jerry Thomas, Travis Glenn, Jim Jones, Thomas Zotti, Pat Patterson, Robert Strike, Bruce Williams and Vince Tobias. These donations will go towards our support of the 2008 Old Time Radio Convention being held in Cincinnati. Thanks to all who contributed, it is truly appreciated.

If you are interested in becoming a monthly supporter of the Old Time Radio Researchers, please contact the treasurer, Tony Jaworowski via email : tony_senior@yahoo.com Monthly support dues are currently \$5.00 and monthly supporters receive advance releases of all purchases made, usually high quality MP3 files distributed on DVD media in a 'round robin' fashion. As always, one time contributions of any amount are also welcome and will greatly be appreciated. Donations can be made with PayPal by using the ID ajaworowski@ameritech.net or via cash, check, or money order made out to

Tony Jaworowski
15520 Fairlane Drive
Livonia, MI 48154

Thanks to all for their continued support!

Editorial Policy

It is the policy of 'The Old Radio Times' not to accept paid advertising in any form. We feel that it would be detrimental to the goal of the Old Time Radio Researchers organization to distribute its' products freely to all wishing them. Accepting paid advertising would compromise that goal, as dealers whose ideals are not in line with ours could buy ad space.

That being said, 'The Old Radio Times' will run free ads from individuals, groups, and dealers whose ideals are in line with the group's goals and who support the hobby.

Publishing houses who wish to advertise in this magazine will be considered if they supply the publisher and editor with a review copy of their new publication. Anyone is free to submit a review of a new publication about old time radio or nostalgia though.

Dealers whose ads we carry or may carry have agreed to give those placing orders with them a discount if they mention that they saw their ad in 'The Old Radio Times'. This is in line with the group's goal of making otr available to the collecting community.

We will gladly carry free ads for any other old time radio group, or any group devoted to nostalgia. Submit your ads to oldradiotimes@yahoo.com.

New Acquisitions

The following is a list of newly acquired episodes, many not previously available in mp3 format. The few that are are upgraded sound encodes. These were acquired by the Group during the month of February.

They were purchased by donations from members and friends of the Old Time Radio Researchers.

If you have cassette tapes that you would like to donate, contact Jim Beshires at beshiresjim@yahoo.com. For reel-to-reels, David Oxford at david0@centurytel.net, and for transcription disks, Tony Jaworski at tony_senior@yahoo.com.

Blue Grass Roy 31-xx-xx First Song - I Can't Forget The Day I Was Born

Captain Midnight 43-10-09 The Phillipines Fight On

Carson Robinson 3x-xx-xx First Song - Blue Skies.
Got My Love To Keep Me Warm

Light Crust Doughboys 48-12-24 (1795) First Song - Jingle Bells

Light Crust Doughboys 48-12-27 (1796) First Song - Ida
Light Crust Doughboys 49-xx-xx (1855) First Song - The Texas Playboy Rag

Light Crust Doughboys 49-xx-xx (1857) First Song - Bye Bye Blues.

Light Crust Doughboys 49-xx-xx (1858) First Song - Happy Days Are Here Again

Light Crust Doughboys 49-xx-xx (1859) First Song - Hallelujah

Man Hunt xx-xx-xx Story Of The Accusing Violin (no end)

Man Hunt xx-xx-xx Story Of The Crystal Clue (no end)

Naval Air Reserve Show xx-xx-xx (23) First Song - Avalon

Naval Air Reserve Show xx-xx-xx (24) First Song - I've

One Night Stand 44-04-25 (237) First Song - Lullabye Of Broadway (Gus Arnheim)

One Night Stand 44-06-23 (375) First Song - Keep The Home Fires Burning

One Night Stand 44-07-08 (296) First Song - Come Out Wherever You Are (Shep Field)

One Night Stand 44-08-01 (366) First Song - Blue Moon

One Night Stand 44-08-28 (365) First Song - Straighten Up And Fly Right (Jimmy Dorsey)

One Night Stand 45-12-16 (585) First Song - Swanee River

One Night Stand xx-xx-xx First Song - Okay For Baby (Les Brown)

Red River Dave 44-03-11 First Song - The Old Chisholm Trail

Texas Rangers xx-xx-xx (2659) First Song - We Wanta Sing

Texas Swingsters 46-06-05 First Song - Souix City Souix

The People Act 51-xx-xx (09) Cloth Of Many Colors

The People Act 51-xx-xx (10) The City That Refused To Die

The People Act 51-xx-xx (11) As The Children Grow

The People Act 51-xx-xx (12) Red Clay And Teamwork

Tom Mix 41-12-01 Mystery Of The Black Cat

Tom Mix 41-12-15 Mystery Of The Border Smugglers

Tom Mix 41-12-16 Mystery Of The Border Smugglers

