

The Old Time Radio Club

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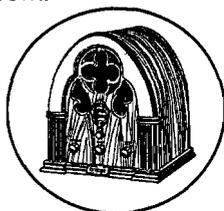


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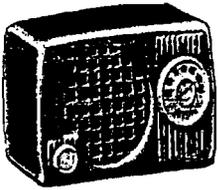
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SAME TIME, SAME STATION

by JIM COX

QUEEN FOR A DAY

In spite of his long association with *Queen for a Day* Jack Bailey was in fact the *second* individual to host that venerable series. The first, Dud (Dudley) Williamson, was among its creators. And would you believe the show was contrived one day over lunch?

In 1945 Williamson was hosting the musical quiz *What's the Name of That Song?* It had begun two years earlier on the Don Lee Network and moved to a nationwide Mutual hookup in 1944. It was to last until its host untimely death at age 45 in Lido Beach, Calif. in 1948.

The famous power lunch at which *Queen for a Day* was conceived took place after Williamson's *What's the Name of That Song?*—which he also created—caught on among radio's early giveaways.

Feted in New York one day by a couple of advertising czars—Robert Raisbeck and Raymond R. Morgan, the latter a brainstormer who had helped devise *Chandu, the Magician* in 1931—the real objective of lunch was to discover another radio vehicle that would allow Williamson to fully apply his interview skills. One abstraction led to another and someone postulated a notion of granting women their most important wishes while on the air. The idea seemed plausible yet it had never been tried.

In a little while—on April 30, 1945 and initially under multiple sponsorship—the trio's newest weekday matinee series debuted to the full MBS network under the moniker *Queen for Today*.

Airing from New York, Bob Spence—a Williamson associate on *What's the Name of That Song?*—helped the emcee launch *Queen* as he interviewed candidates on the air. But in a short while one of the series' major backers, adman Morgan, saw greater potential for the fledgling effort and ordered some changes: he proposed originating the show from the west coast, called for an altered title and substituted the jocular Jack Bailey as host. Morgan's influence would continue to be felt for years, incidentally: from 1956-58 The Raymond R. Morgan Company packaged the show for its launch on

network television. Within eight weeks of the radio debut Morgan's alterations had been instituted. The die was cast for the next two decades: the basic premise and format for the show would remain essentially the same as it then was.

Strikingly *Queen for a Day* blurred the hazy line that existed between quiz and game shows. Maxene Fabe, an audience participation critic, distinguished *Queen* like this: "Not a quiz, and not even close to being a game, nonetheless, this supremely popular show epitomizes the Cinderella fantasy at the core of the best games." The series deliberately referred to itself on the air as "The Cinderella Show." While not only granting the wishes of its winners it also laden them with merchandise and service gifts that would have mortified a pauper. Simultaneously it blatantly and interminably enumerated the generosity of the benefactors. Seldom have so many providers and manufacturers been plugged so shamelessly in the history of broadcasting. In a single year more than three dozen firms supplied the program with collective prize values exceeding a quarter-million dollars—and did so gratis, unless one counts these as commercials that money couldn't buy.

The bottom line, according to the program's critics, evolved not from making dreams come true, nor from giving away stuff ad nauseum. It was instead derived from turning teardrops into addicts who thrived on the foibles of others as the show squeezed out all of the anguish and pathos that could be injected into a half-hour (a la *Strike It Rich*). Enroute to it some said this was the most insipid tearjerker on radio, packing a "surfeit of human misery." As hard-luck homemakers told their tales of woe, tormented contemporaries all over America rejoiced with those who made it out of the abyss of dismal circumstances, even if doing so only vicariously.

Contestants would bare their souls to gain a shot at a few moments of fleeting national exposure. A wish come true was only the tip of the iceberg, of course; with it came all those stock prizes, plus an Internal Revenue Service investigator clamoring for the taxes on each queen's winnings. But if a candidate couldn't articulate her simple needs in a tolerable manner to the studio audience the chances of her gaining the crown were radically diminished anyway. Furthermore, if a subject stipulated a wish that wasn't merchandise-related her chances of being picked as a contestant were virtually zilch. Beyond that, medical or legal needs, for example—while possibly of paramount importance to a potential candidate—carried no sway with the show's producers. Such requests generally offered little opportunity for manufacturers to acknowledge. Therefore, the show gained nothing by highlighting such.

During *Queen's* early years in Hollywood the show originated from several popular venues. Before airtime each day emcee Bailey would descend from the stage into the studio audience to dialogue with specific ladies. Before he'd return to the stage he had picked out four, five or six contestants (the number varied throughout the run) who had scribbled intriguing aspirations on their note cards. He was assisted in making those selections by producer Bud Ernst and announcer Mark Houston. On the air Bailey interviewed each candidate. These women attempted to pry into the hearts of audience members by telling, sometimes with all the anguish they could muster, what they wanted.

The Grand Council, a feminine panel also plucked from the studio audience, then determined who the finalists were to be. The finalists were put to a vote before the full body and an applause meter registered the responses. The queen's court was at last comprised of the also rans.

The selection process was revised after the show advanced to television. The show was attracting larger and larger audiences because the program had by then become so highly visible. This translated into greater pools of applicants desiring to be queen too. On a typical morning as many as 900 women would arrive at the Moulin Rouge studios to complete cards with their fondest wishes on them. The Moulin Rouge was a theatre-style restaurant located at 6230 Sunset Boulevard near Vine Street in Hollywood. Across a history dating to the early 20th century the site was known under a half-dozen different monikers. Previously the show had emanated from the El Capitan and then the Hawaii theaters.

A couple of reviews of those 900 cards by five program staffers netted 400 serious prospects. That number was soon reduced to 21 from whom Bailey picked eight. The total was ultimately narrowed to five for the day's show.

Neither appearance nor age were vital factors in determining the final candidates. Personality counted for something. The requests themselves made the real difference in a contestant's getting on the show. Celebrating *Queen's* fifteenth anniversary on the air Bailey observed: "It's no so much the wish as the why of the wish. Many women put on their cards that they'd like an ironer to make their work lighter. Who wouldn't! But the woman who wants an ironer so she can take in ironing to help the family finances, that's a different story."

The fantasies of potential candidates ran from the ridiculous to the sublime, and common to bizarre. The ladies wanted plastic surgery, false teeth, screen tests

and a chance to meet revered dignitaries. Sometimes the zanier a request sounded the more likely the espouser might land on the show. Some aspirations touched the heartstrings of staff and listener alike.

So much pillage was distributed on this show that for a couple of years the network expanded the TV series to 45 minutes daily. They felt it had to be done to accommodate the time it took to pan all the wares with the camera and describe it all in glowing detail while still meeting the contestants and selecting the winners! *Queen for a Day* producers affirmed that the wishes granted and the shower of merchandise and services distributed topped \$5 million by the time the series ran out of gas in 1964.

On rare occasions—human nature being what it is—a handful of winners was forced to return to the show everything that had been awarded. Contestants had to sign release forms stating that if they had lied about their dire circumstances and such later came to light they would forfeit their prizes and receive nothing. While this didn't happen very often it did occur more than once.

Occasionally the show introduced other features that involved the home audience. In the spring of 1949 it pushed a Mother-in-Law Queen Contest. Listeners were invited to submit names of mothers-in-law on penny post cards. At the end of the competition one card was drawn. The winner was brought to Hollywood for a 10-day vacation including an appearance on *Queen for a Day* and loot that approximated the stash hauled away by the daily queens.

Bailey relied upon his announcer to deliver the sponsor's product messages and to describe the wealth that winners were taking home. These men would also banter back and forth with him on various inane topics. Gene Baker, Mark Houston and Fort Pearson took turns at filing this bill during the Hollywood audio era.

Queen had an auspicious launch each day. From its earliest Hollywood epoch Bailey would almost scream into the microphone: "Would YOU like to be queen for a day?" When the show moved to television he'd shake a bony finger at the camera and offer the same inquisition.

While on radio announcers introduced him with this rejoinder laden with double entendres: "An here's the man who conducts this daily search for Cinderella, your mutual friend, like candied yam and corn-bred, Jack 'What's Cookin'?' Bailey!" [*What's Cookin'?* was a volume the show published as a premium for its legions of faithful followers.]

Queen was introduced to a national TV audience by NBC on Jan. 3, 1956 at 4:30 p.m. ET. The show was still originating from the site of its durable radio digs at the Moulin Rouge in Hollywood. The MBS series continued airing for another 17 months, through June 10, 1957. The TV version shifted to ABC in 1960 and left the air at the end of that run on Oct. 2, 1964.

While Jack Bailey continued at the helm of *Queen for a Day* throughout the TV run, during his occasional absences a number of Hollywood notables supplanted him including: Ben Alexander, Dennis Day, Don DeFore, Steve Dunne, Adolphe Menjou, Walter O'Keefe and Jack Smith.

Dick Curtis was master of ceremonies for a Metromedia Producers revival of *Queen for a Day* that originated from the Hollywood Video Center a few years later (1969-70). The syndicated series featured an electronic voting machine that tabulated the studio audience's votes in determining queens. It made little difference, however; viewer tastes and preferences had long since banished such revival attempts to the Valhalla of ex-series, and a few were being recalled for permanent residency.

Music, Music, Music (MUSICAL RADIO SHOWS)

By Owens L. Pomeroy

[Co-Founder, Golden Radio Buffs of MD, Inc.]

Excerpted from his Book: "Sounds Like Yesterday,
The Magic & Power of Radio"

YOUR HIT PARADE

Way back in the 1940s, there was a time when Saturday night meant that family and friends would sit around the radio anticipating to hear the song that was "numero uno" on The Hit Parade the week before.

The show was a song plugger's dream. It started playing the top tunes as far back as 1935, and held an audience of millions of listeners until 1959. Disc Jockeys took over after that, being neither musicians, writers, creators or true performers, but merely—and I use the word loosely



—“personalities”. Live music, as we knew it was getting to be quite expensive by that time, and the LP records were king.

Now comes the \$64 question: “Just how did they determine which tunes were on top?” Quite simply, there was an agency in charge to determine this. And I quote directly from a *Hit Parade* tape: “**Your Hit Parade Survey checks the best sellers in sheet music and phonograph records, the most songs heard on the air and played in the automatic coin machines, an accurate authentic tabulation of America’s taste in popular music**”.

To me, the one feature that stands out in my memory of this show was the rapid fire delivery of the Lucky Strike auctioneer [there were actually two during the entire run of the radio and TV series: L. A. “Speed” Riggs and F. E. Boone] always ending with “. . . sold American!” The male vocalists over the years included: Buddy Clark, Lanny Ross, Frank Sinatra, Dick Haymes, Andy Russell, all of whom went on to greater heights as Big Band Singers, and “Snooky” Lanson [I never did discover his real first name, do any of you reading this remember? If so, let Ken know, and we will solve the mystery in a future issue of the IP.] Lanson stayed with the show until it left the airwaves.

Their female counterparts were: Kay Thompson, Bea Wain, Dinah Shore, Martha Tilton, Doris Day [believe it or not], Eileen Wilson and Dorothy Collins. The orchestra directors reads like a “who’s who” of musical greats: Harry Salter, Alex Stordahl [who was hired especially for Sinatra], Al Goodman, Peter Van Steeden, Ray Sinatra [no relation to “ole’ blue eyes”], Abe Lyman, Freddie Rich, Mark Wanow [who’s arrangement of “Sound Off” during WW II is a classic. He also wrote it], Raymond Scott [who married Dorothy Collins], Lenny Hayton [who married Lena Horne], Richard Himber, Harry Sosnik, Orin Tucker and last—but by no means least—Johnny Green.

There was one vocalist I forgot to mention. During the 40s, Lawrence Tibbett did his turn as a “pop” singer. There were four announcers with the show at various times: Andre’ Baruch [who married Bea Wain], Del Sharbut, Martin Block [better known as the host of “Make-Believe Ball Room”], and Kenny Delmar, known to all Fred Allen Fans as “Senator Claghorn.” There was a back up group called [what else?]. The Hit Paraders.” The program always ended with one of the most appropriate endings of any show on radio:

“SO LONG FOR A WHILE,
THAT’S ALL THE SONGS FOR AWHILE ,

**SO LONG TO YOUR HIT PARADE
AND THE TUNES THAT YOU PICKED
TO BE PLAYED,
SO LONG"**

Yes, it truly was one of the best musical programs during the Golden Era. Like I said in the beginning of this essay, it provided us with the music for our Saturday night dance parties and it was "live," and didn't cost us one dime to have them come into our home and entertain us. And we were humming the hit tunes all week long, until the next show rolled around. And you know what? I am *still humming those tunes!* They never left me—because they are forever implanted in my . . . "theater of the mind"!

**MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR
[THE ORIGINAL "GONG SHOW"]**

Not only was radio a great medium for entertaining during the heyday - but - back in the mid-thirties - 1935 to be exact - nearly everyone in America that owned a radio set thought that they were talented enough to be heard over the airwaves.

Crazy things like singing in two voices at once, tap dancing on roller skates, playing a musical tire pump, or some other equally outlandish talent, earned them the opportunity for a break in "show-biz," that otherwise had been denied them. The answer to their dreams—so they thought—came in the form of an appearance on "Major Bowes' Original Amateur Hour". This of course was wishful thinking - maybe - because the Amateur Hour was one of the most listened to shows for seven years [1935-1942].

The show received upwards of **twenty-thousand** applications per week. Road companies were created to broadcast from a "host" city each week. The audience who listened were the sole judges who decided the winner by phone. There were as many as **fifty-thousand** phone calls for each show, Major Bowes was a heart-warming individual, but when he "gonged" you [which was rare], in the middle of your tire-pump rendition of "Mandy" that you rehearsed over and over again before appearing on the show, that was it—you were finished in "show bizz," as far as the Major was concerned. That was exactly what happened to thousand of would-be entertainers over the seven year period of the show. He was a man who could make your dreams come true—a star-maker—and millions of us who listened week after week believed it!

There was one person though, who was discovered in 1937. He was a skinny kid that looked like "death warmed

over," [to quote a popular NY columnist of the day], who was the lead singer in a group appearing on the show called "The Hoboken Four." His name, of course was **Frank Sinatra**. There were others, who attained greatness after winning on the show, but top list them all would be an article in itself. [Do you know any?]

The show had two themes "Stand By," and "There's No Business Like Show Business." After leaving the air in the mid-forties, one of Major Bowes' original staff members that screened the many applications brought the show back. His name was **Ted Mack**. He used the old format that the Major initiated and kept the show alive, bringing it to television in the late forties. He stayed with it until it left the TV airwaves in 1952.

What the Reviewer's Said . . .

THEATRE GUILD ON THE AIR

This program is the backbone of NBC's bid for recapture of lost Sunday night Hooper glory which went the way of all Jack Bennys when stars started moving to CBS. There isn't a better hour of drama anywhere on the air, on TV or in radio. The ether version of *Theatre Guild* has what it takes to attract listeners—plays, production, directing, cast, general know-how. This reviewer—who has often advised audiences to voice their gripes when the broadcasters fail to come through with service—now has another song to sing. Hear *Theatre Guild*—and if you agree with my evaluation, let yourself be heard in praise. A postcard to the network will do.

I remember when *Theatre Guild* first came to radio, this is its fifth season. It started off quite well. But it had notable faults too. Brought to radio by highly experienced stage producers, the radio version of the *Guild* program knew too much about the stage, and not enough about radio. The originators thought, at first, that all you had to do was shorten a full-length play to an hour (minus time out for the commercials), line up a top cast, then place a microphone on the stage. They found out that there was more to it than that.

Now with four notches in its belt, *Theatre Guild* is really radio. On the opening of this season, for instance, Betty Field played her former stage role as the star of "Dream Girl." I saw her on the stage in that very amusing play (written by her husband, Elmer Rice). But as adapted for radio by Robert Anderson, this play was purest radio. John Lund, who played the male lead on the air, was tops. So was the rest of an excellent cast. Director Homer Fickett held the sizeable cast together tightly and

ept the action going at proper pace. It was an excellent, all-around job. And the rest of the *Guild's* productions are on a par with the opener. Even the commercials, spoken by George Hicks, and the mere announcements by Norman Brookshire, are handled with taste.

The ABC network may well feel sorry it lost *Theatre Guild on the Air* to NBC. But the listener has lost nothing by the shift. It's a fitting hour for a Sunday evening at home—especially if you have no television.

THE BIG STORY

I speak here of the radio version of this program. When it first came to the air, I had the feeling that there was a lot of phony journalism here. It is nothing of the kind. In each instance, the "Big" story is one that had really been covered, or uncovered, by some reporter on some newspaper around the country. The sequence of events may be changed, or the dialogue altered, but the story is from life.

Very often the story may be one of crime and violence. Nevertheless, both the telling of the tale and its re-enactment come close to reality on this program.

MY FAVORITE HUSBAND

Lucille Ball is back with this vehicle, and Richard Denning plays the lady's other half. The situations developed by a team of three writers for this comedy may range from the corny or homey to the hackneyed and the trite—certainly not a very broad range. Just the same, the deft handling of the lines by Miss Ball and Denning and their thoroughly capable team-mates makes for a good deal of fun. Sometimes, the dialog punctuating the action is more imaginative than the plot itself. But always, the punch is provided by the actors, principals and supporters alike. In other words, they're funny.

The Wartime Radio Plays of Norman Corwin

By Lance Hunt

(Continued from the February
Issue)



The German is accorded a very short and succinct role: "The sins of our Fascist fathers belong to them, and lie buried with them in their deep disgrace. We the children of these tragic fathers, rejoice with you, the children of their conquerors, in what was their defeat and our victory. The final message is brought by a voice identified only as a speaker but obviously the American. He describes how border points and passports have dis-

appeared from the earth due in part to "a new use of an old American idea, remodeled and expanded for the modern world." Speaker: Almost three hundred years ago in the city named Philadelphia—Philadelphia being then as now the Greek word for Brotherly Love—a band of un-united states, facing a common enemy, united. They did not know it then, but they had made a working model of the future world. I speak now for that nation. In our few centuries we have had many enemies—enemies who spoke our language and who didn't speak our language. We, who were of the mingled people of all lands, fought in the mingled wars.. We fought those who are this day at our side; co-holders of the earth; co-partners in its enterprise; co-keepers of the peace.

America is a fair land, but each land is fair where a city could be named for the same thing Philadelphia was named for—and be worthy of the name. All lands are fair where a man can enjoy the fruits of his labor, and speak freely, and know neither fear nor want. These are the matters for which the poor endured and the young gave up their years and the defenseless died among the ruins of their homes, and the great peoples poured out their blood. These are the matters. These are the works to be commemorated. Let us continue to remember, and remembering, continue.

In notes prepared nine months after the broadcast, Corwin mentions that this program was actually commissioned as a commercial program by William H. Weintraub, head of a large advertising agency, which bears his name.

Corwin took this opportunity to take a swipe at advertising agencies in general on radio and if one didn't know he was referring to the medium popular at the time it could very well apply uncannily to television today. To wit: "I believe it was a tragic day for American radio and the American people when the networks permitted the building and servicing of commercial programs to get so far out of their control. There is unquestionably much that is good in the output of sponsored radio, but a great deal of what is bad in it can be pinned on the advertising agency rather than on the man who pays the bills. Sponsors as a class are not venal, equivocal, pussy-footing, timid or insecure in their own minds. Agencies too often are. They stand on their heads to get a client's business, then crawl on their bellies to keep it. It is the agency and not the sponsor who dreams up the horrible jingle, the slogan that makes you want to attack your receiving set with an ax; it is the agency, not the sponsor, who would insist on interrupting the Lord's Prayer, if need be, to make way for a middle commercial.

A MOMENT OF THE NATION'S TIME—Written at the invitation of the President's Birthday Ball Committee and produced over the four major networks on Jan. 30, 1943. An adaptation was later staged on Feb. 14 that same year as a finale to the "Night of the Americas" at the Martin Beck Theater.

Here Corwin presents a familiar theme repeated often in his wartime writings—the obligation of the living to the dead of war. "If any of us knew what it felt like to be disembowled by a bomb fragment or clipped by a bullet in a stinking jungle eight thousand miles from home, we might well think and act differently about war and peace, isolation and collective security, reaction and progress," he states. "I doubt if the dead would want us to be careless or slap-happy with victories won at their expense."

The script was a five-minute spot on the Four Freedoms punctuated by a chorus of voices of dead soldiers—"one lies with an ocean across his chest, at the bottom of a deep south sea. Another sleeps with sand in his eyes where he fell on a field in Tunisia. Others are resting with folded hands by mountain streams in Asia, and where their planes came down in France and in the frozen north waters."

In conclusion, the narrator asks: "Are these the freedoms, then, you set your hands to gentlemen? Will you be satisfied with fearlessness and plenty and the tides of peace flowing like oceans on the earth? The dignity of labor and the rights of common men? Is this a fair exchange for what you've given? Will you rest content, men, having died for these?"

THE LONG NAME NONE COULD SPELL—Written at the invitation of Jan Papanek, Czechoslovak Minister to the United States and presented following an address by President Eduard Benes in a program arranged by the American Friends of Czechoslovakia at Carnegie Hall, New York City, on May 28, 1943. Joseph Losey produced and directed. Berry Kroeger narrated and Stefan Schnabel was the Voice. Lyn Murray composed and conducted an original score.

Corwin wrote this program in a burst of fervor about "the country of a great ally." The narrator compares the nation's remains to those after a dissection or autopsy—"into our midst bring now what was dismembered on the bright green table. Wheel it down the center aisle—There—thus—so—and leave it covered for a moment please."

NARRATOR: Under this shroud, this most official linen embroidered with the names of friends, the carving knives are laid at rest beside the carving. Not much is

left. It was agreed the head be severed and delivered to the killer of the Jews. Also the living heart plucked out and laid upon his hand. And then the viscera; and that was all. After a chorus of full-throated music, a Voice asks:

"We were not theirs to give away who gave us away. Nor are we theirs to whom we have been given." The voice delineates various atrocities, a young girl handed though six months pregnant; the shooting of every tenth worker in a factory, the annihilation of a village. The Czech anthem of retaliation is punctuated by actual names of those who "laid down . . . the pledged unfinished business of sacred vengeance."

UNTITLED—Perhaps one of Corwin's most touching voice poems is his tribute to the typical American soldier killed in the war and destined to remain an "unknown" to those not directly moved or affected by his death.

Coronet Magazine, which published the play in its November 1944 issue, called the production a "radio classic." In the simplistic Corwin style, we meet a prototype of the American G.I. in an "everyman" approach. Hank Peters, who might be any American son, is killed in Italy. Is his death necessary? Did it serve a purpose?

We hear the voices of those with whom he came in contact most directly and around whom his life revolved—a medical officer, an obstetrician, his mother, his teachers, a Nazi soldier, his service buddy, and his girl friend.

VOICE: With reference to Hank Peters: he is dead. That much is certain. The fact of his death is common knowledge to himself and to the files of the War Department in Washington, D.C. And has been duly reported in his hometown newspaper, and has been taken into consideration by his relatives and friends. Perhaps you knew Hank Peters?

The confusion and heartbreak of Hank's mother: "Why did he have to get killed? Why did it have to happen to my boy?" She describes the last time she ever saw him: "He kissed me goodbye on a Thursday morning—it was August 20, 1942—he had to get up very early that morning—and I cried, and the last I saw of him was when he went out of the front door, and I hurried into the front room and watched him through the front window, going down the street."

Reading of Hank's associations as he grew up we gain a feel for the United States of the 1940s when war suddenly interrupted a somewhat insular American dream. All the cultural artifacts are there—railroads—the Santa Fe, the Union Pacific, the New York Central, the Nickel Plate—all ridden by a thousand Hank Peters;

Childs restaurants featuring blue plate specials; sodas magazines and razor blades at the Liggett drug store; movies at the Loews; Socony road maps. And we are reminded of similar pleasures, too, in a much less complicated America—the smell of antique books in the public library; movies once a week, a moon over your girl's shoulder on the front porch.

And although officially Hank died of multiple physical injuries, Corwin says he really died of: "a broken Hebrew and multiple abrasions of the skin of a Chinese. And where in the report have you mentioned what happened in a little Spanish town in 1938? We hear from the Nazi soldier who killed him: "I killed him. It was early in the morning when we shelled the road. I did not see him, of course, because I was miles away. I merely pulled the drawstring which fired the 88 millimeter shell. As far as I am concerned, it was merely a puff of smoke on the side of a hill. I had nothing against this man personally. I was merely doing my duty for the Fuhrer and the Fatherland, in the struggle to save the world from the Bolshevik Democrats. It was an entirely impersonal matter." "Heil Hitler!"

His girl said that she wanted to get married right away after Pearl Harbor but Hank enlisted and preferred to wait "in case he might get crippled or blinded or something and be a burden to me. When Hank went away, I felt sure he'd come back, and I still can't get used to the idea that he won't."

Corwin's anger is then vented towards the causes of the conflict and to those responsible: the Weimar Republic, Senators who voted down the League of Nations, a paperhanger, the greaseproud face of France. And Hank Peters himself claims he is dead "of the mistakes of old men." In a prophetic introspective mood, Corwin has Hank note that even though the year's end will signal for jubiliations and aroclamations, he believes, ironically, that all the words will merely make "a noise of truth and sensibility."

The real test of the war's success (or failure) will come in time, in the future (now?) and he will be listening from "my acre of now undisputed ground. I will be tuned to clauses in the contract where the word democracy appears. And how the Freedoms are inflected to a Negro's ear. I shall listen for a phrase obliging little peoples of the earth: For Partisans and Jews and Puerto Ricans, Chinese farmers, miners of tin ores beneath Bolivia; I shall listen how the words go easy into Russian, and the idioms translated into the tongue of Spain. I shall wait and I shall wait in a long and long suspense for the password that the Peace is setting solidly. On that day, please to let my mother know why it had to happen to her boy."

FROM THE PRESIDENT'S DESK



JERRY COLLINS

Well I am here again with some more radio trivia for the new millennium. This month I am asking all our members to select their ten most favorite radio personalities: Richard Diamond, the Shadow, etc. as well as their ten most favorite radio actors. Dick Powell, Humphrey Bogart, etc. This might be more difficult on the female side. Please list your ten most favorite female radio personalities; Margot Lane, Candy Matson, etc. and your ten most favorite radio actresses; Agnes Morehead, Lee Allman, etc. Please send your lists with your renewal or maybe the name of a friend that is interested in joining our club.

Here and There

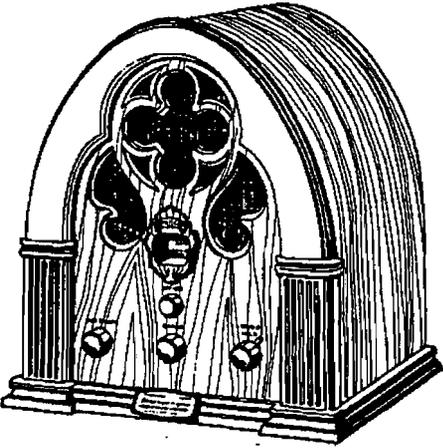
A new book has just become available Arthur Godfrey, The Adventures of an American Broadcaster. By Arthur J. Singer. Includes the stories behind his pioneering work that brought informality to radio and TV, his sales impact, all the Little Godfreys, the LaRosa firing, false charges of anti-Semitism, his relationship with FDR, Eisenhower and LBJ, his civil rights and environmental work. Extensive first person interviews with Frank Stanton, Larry King, Andy Rooney, Pat Boone, Julius LaRosa, Steve Allen and many more. 256 pages, \$39.95 illustrated case binding (7 x 10). Published by McFarland, Box 611, Jefferson, NC 28640.



Partners & Crime Mystery Booksellers presents W-WOW! Radio, recreating the thrills of old time radio mysteries. W-WOW! Radio begins its season of regularly scheduled performances in the secret room behind the bookcases at Partners & Crime (44 Greenwich Avenue, NYC) in February and will continue throughout the year on the first Saturday of each month. Performances will be at 6 PM, repeated at 8 PM. To help you mark your calendars, those dates are: 2/5/00, 3/4/00, 4/1/00, 5/6/00, 6/3/00, 7/1/00, 8/5/00, 9/2/00, 10/7/00, 11/4/00, 12/2/00. W-WOW! Hotline for reservations & Information (212) 462-3027. All tickets \$5.00, information about each months episodes will be available on the Hotline starting one month prior to the performance date.

Old Time Radio Club

49 Regal Street
Depew, NY 14043



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The PEMCO/REPS Radio Showcase

June 30 - July 1, 2000

"OTR Treasures"



With Norman Corwin, Alan Young and 20+ other wonderful Performers

The PEMCO/REPS Radio Showcase is taking shape nicely according to Co-Chair Mike Sprague. "We have heard from all our returning OTR friends that we call 'The Company.' Almost all are coming back, and we're delighted. They create such a special, warm chemistry and each year is totally different."

RETURNING GUESTS

Douglas Young...Alan Young...Rhoda Williams...Anne Whitfield Phillips
Janet Waldo...Ginny Tyler...Gil Stratton, Jr....Norma Jean Nilsson...Tyler McVey
Jo Anna March...Merrill Mael...Art Gilmore...Ray Erlenborn...Herb Ellis
Sam Edwards...Stewart Conway...Frank Buxton...Dick Beals...Harry Bartell
Live music will be provided by returning friends
Esther Geddes McVey...Randy McMillan...The 88th Street Band

NEW GUESTS

Sprague added that three first time Showcase guests will be on hand too.
"We feel extremely fortunate to have the three new attendees who have agreed to come."
Norman Corwin...Jack Edwards...Jane Webb

THE PROGRAM

At present, PREPS believes that they will be doing
"Dr. Christian" "Vic & Sade" "My Client Curly" "Romance"
Two other re-creations are being selected with the performers in mind.
Panels tentatively include Radio's Most Memorable Commercials; Radio's Top 10
Actors; Stop The Music; Interviews with Stars and more. There will again be a
Vendor's Room with OTR and other nostalgia merchandise.

OTHER DETAILS

Where? Seattle Center...The Newest Rooms
When? Friday, June 30 3 PM - 9 PM Saturday, July 1 8:30 AM - 9:15 PM
Cost? Entire program for REPS members \$77 non-members \$89
Hotel? Comfort Suites (4/10ths of a mile away) 1-800-228-5150

For registration information, contact Mike Sprague, 9936 NE 197th St.,
Bothell, WA 98011 Phone 425-488-9518 email hrrmikes@aol.com