

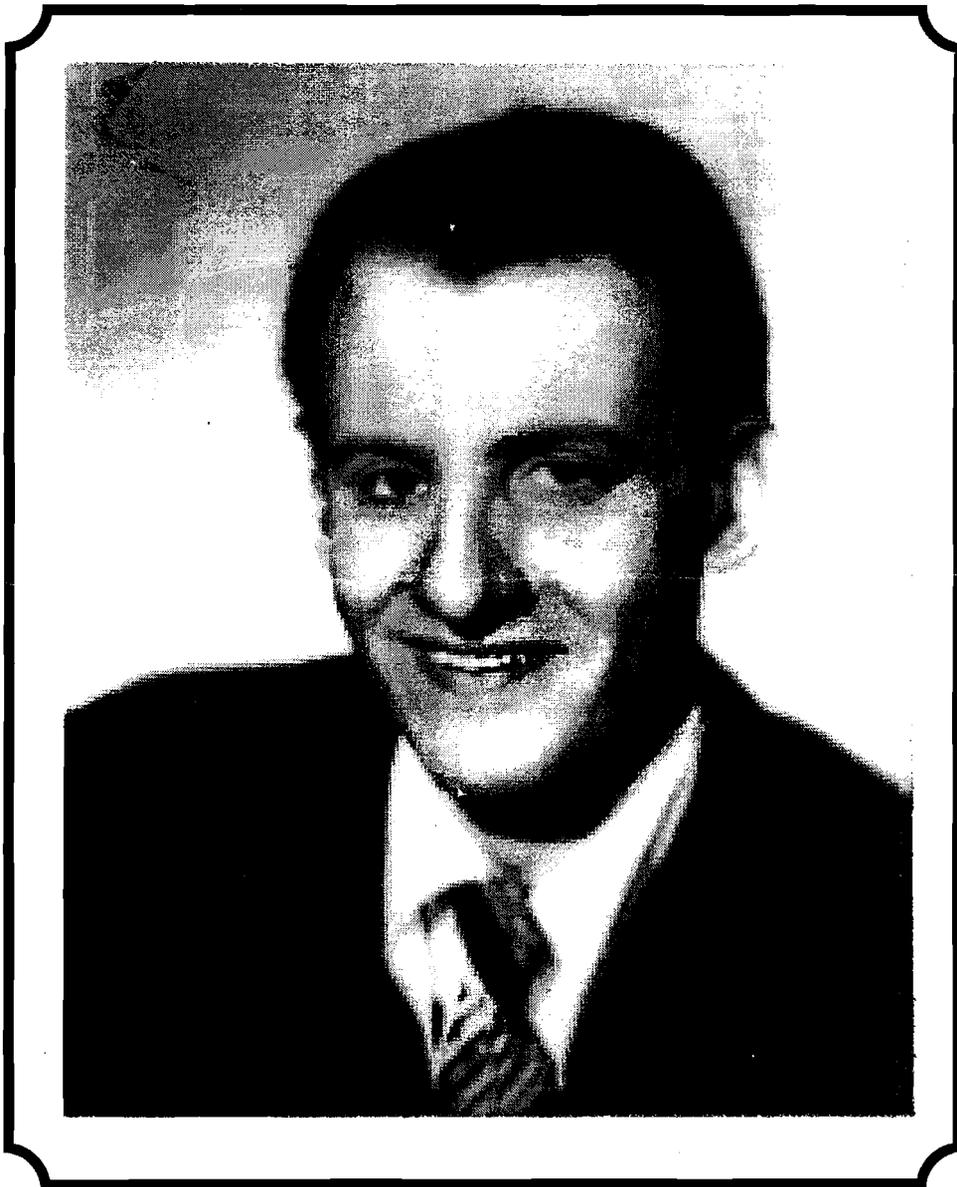
*The Old Time Radio Club*

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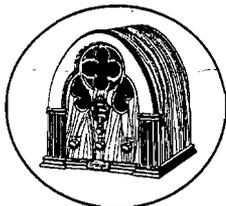
**HANS CONRIED**

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Old Time Radio Club  
56 Christen Ct.  
Lancaster, NY 14086



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# The Skelton Saga

*From the father he never saw, Red inherited two weapons: a stick of greasepaint, a pair of clown's trousers. With them, he began to fight for what he wanted.*

By PAULINE SWANSON

*Continued from last month*

Red Skelton, playing a vaudeville date in Indianapolis, got wind of stuff going on when his agents in Chicago called on Monday to say they were flying in, and his agents in New York popped in unexpectedly, the same day. This was the big break, the agents explained. All Red had to do was run over to Cincinnati and audition for the fellows who sold the soap. Red, who can be a contrary little boy, stomped his foot and said "Uh-Uh. No more auditions. I've done auditions until I'm blue in the face. They're never any good." And he went back out on stage and dunked doughnuts.

Edna agreed. "If they want to see him work they can pay him for a guest shot." The poor agents, drooling at the thought of all that money just lying there, had to go back to Chicago and tell Freeman Keyes that their man Skelton didn't do auditions. Keyes raged. "Don't you think the guy's a little uppity," he said, "considering he needs the work?" He told his wife who gave him two more aspirins. And more advice. "I think the boy is right," she said. "Why shouldn't he be paid if he works? And, besides, he's much funnier than the others."

So Red played a guest shot on the Barn Dance, and two weeks later was signed for his own show.

He worked for a year for Keyes—and Avalon cigarettes—and then quit in a huff because the raise stipulated in his contract was not forthcoming. "I don't care what you do to me if you tell me," Red said, "but it hurts if you don't keep your word." A year later, Red and Keyes—by then abbreviated to "Boss"—kissed and made up, and have been a radio team since, for a series of sponsors.

Whoever hires Red for radio must hire Keyes' agency—Red is loyal to his friends—and nobody but Keyes can give Red orders from the sponsor. That's in the contract. And Keyes has kept his word. There is even a clause in the contract which says Red can quit if he isn't happy. "I wouldn't try to work with Red if he were in a pout," Keyes explains. "There are easier ways of earning a dollar." But there hasn't been a pout—about radio, at least—in ten years.



In 1936, Red and Edna had to use "leg art" in their pictures to get newspaper space.

In Red's film career, the weather has been more changeable. He did his first movie in 1937, playing the camp social director in "Having Wonderful Time," and as he himself says "was so bad it took me five years to get back in." In 1941, he signed the now legendary seven year contract with MGM where his embroglios with the big shots have made trade paper headlines every other week since he arrived on the lot.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER, more than any other studio in Hollywood, is boss-heavy. And at Metro, Red has had himself a circus throwing his weight around. Edna recalls the day that she answered the phone to hear a secretary's voice proclaim, "Mr. Mayer would like to speak to Mr. Skelton." "Mr. Skelton doesn't talk on the telephone," she said, "but he's right here. I can relay a message. Or if Mr. Mayer wants to see Red, he'll drive out to the studio," she added. Face to face across the desk, the Boss and the Bad Boy glowered at one another. "Don't you think it's a little early for you to be going Hollywood'?" the Boss asked. "I'm not going Hollywood," Red snapped back. "But I don't talk on the telephone. That's what Edna is for." "What did you do,"

Mr. Mayer remarked acidly, "before Edna was around?" . . . "Before Edna was around," Red replied, "nobody called me up."

Edna had been around for a long time, taking care of things for a long time, and it is revealing no secret to say that at this time Red was taking his marriage pretty casually. It wasn't much fun for Edna, as a good many of Red's friends noticed particularly Frank Borzage who directed Red's early pictures. Edna was young, too, and pretty, but she wasn't having any flings like Red's. She remembers one night when Red came home for dinner at 9:30, bursting with explanations. "I ran into Uncle Frank and Uncle Boo at the club and they wanted to sit around and hash," he said. (Uncle Frank was Mr. Borzage, and Uncle Boo is Boo Roos, Red's investment manager.) "Well," said Edna quietly, "you go on in the study and relax. I'll try to dig you up some supper." Red sauntered into the study to find Uncle Boo, waiting with papers for Red to sign. He had been there for four hours, by appointment. Edna laughed, but you can't go on laughing forever, and in 1941 Edna decided to divorce Junior, let him have his fling with no strings attached.

Red was indignant. "What you gonna tell that judge?" he demanded, "If you tell him that I made you sick, that you just wasted away, if you tell him anything like that I'll—" What Edna finally did say was, "We just didn't get along." . . . "Didn't get along?" the judge asked. Who does? was implied. "Well," Edna went on, "I got sick of the same old alibis." . . . "Such as?"

"Such as the night he came home at 3 A.M. and said 'I'm sorry to be late, but I've been waiting for the Sunset-Sepulveda light to change.'" The courtroom rocked, and in the hub-bub Edna could just barely hear the judge's voice saying, "Divorce granted." Thus, to the accompaniment of a belly laugh, Red was set free to have his fling, and Edna was free to marry Frank Borzage, who had admired her from the very first day she brought "Junior" onto his MGM set.

Red had his lonely days; it was then that he began painting. He had never had any training in the arts, never had a paint brush in his hand, but his first painting was an oil and good. It was a portrait of a clown. That first painting is now the center of interest in Edna Borzage's Westwood apartment, and the walls of all the rooms are hung with later Skelton clowns. Red shouldn't have complained about time on his hands, for in June, 1944, as it must in those days to all men young and hearty and unencumbered by dependents, came the President's Greetings. Red reported to Camp Roberts, California, a very private private assigned to Battery F, 53rd Field Artillery.

It shouldn't have happened to the Army. Things started happening at Camp Roberts the day Junior arrived. The battery was sent into the field for maneuvers. Paired up to dig slit trenches, then camouflage them, the raw recruits fell to with their bayonets in soil that was like cement. But when the whistle blew for inspection, Red and his buddy were covered with glory. Of all the slit trenches, theirs obviously was the deepest. Junior's red hair behind the tangled camouflage branches hardly showed at all. "Great work," the Captain commended them, and he challenged the others, "watch these men and learn how to dig." Then he walked around in back, only to find Red and his buddy walking around in their trench on their knees.

Red wasn't out of trouble during his whole army career. Red limped back to the barracks one time after a twenty-five mile hike to find the big barn-like structure draped with banners, "Tour of Movie Star's Home, Twenty-Five Cents." He was so pleased that that night he gave the boys a show. From that day, he did double duty. A private in the field by day, the camp's Number One morale builder at night.

At this point, Edna received a frantic telephone call. She expected the usual Sunday night wail in Junior's bad-boy voice:

"You tell my mummie I'm broke and if "she doesn't send money, I'll be in the guard house." This time it was different. "Mummie, I'm in real trouble. I've run out of jokes." It took nineteen people working day and night to do it, but a week later Red had a gag file with 80,000 jokes and sight bits, all on 12 by 12 sheets, just the size of his foot locker. After that, it was easy to get up a new show every night.

The army didn't think much of Private Skelton in the field, but Private Skelton on the stage was worth his weight in K-rations. And the Captain with whom Red had tangled so often found himself in the interesting position of offering his problem child a stripe, for Private First Class. Red refused it. "Tomorrow I'll get in dutch again and you'll make me take it off, and I'll have to explain to everybody how all those stitch-marks got on my sleeve," he explained politely. "If you please, sir, I'll give you four dollars a month to keep it." "Just for that," said the Captain, "you won't get it." But he did come home with a Good Conduct Medal.

In the spring of '45, during a three-day furlough at home, Red married Georgia Davis, a girl from Kallispell, Montana, with hair and freckles as flaming as his own. Red had met Georgia—who was modeling in Hollywood, and playing small parts in films—at a party at the Garry Davises just before he was drafted. She

had written to him at camp. And Red found that he missed her. She was definitely not just another of the pretty girls he had met at parties. Georgia was different. He asked her to marry him two hours after his train got into Los Angeles. And they were married with all the trimmings—twenty-four hours later in the interdenominational Beverly Vista Church in Beverly Hills by the Reverend J. K. Stewart.

His army service finished, Red came back to a new kind of life. With Georgia, he moved into his first real home. Red and Edna had had a couple of houses, but they were never really furnished and guests who were invited to dinner were enjoined to bring their own dishes.

"I always believed Uncle Boo when he said we couldn't afford to furnish the living room," Edna says. Red and Georgia bought a beautiful Georgian Colonial house in Bel Air, with the works. They furnished it tastefully with fine antiques, and soft, comfortable sofas and chairs. They soon had to furnish the nursery as well, for Valentina Marie, the first of their young red-heads, arrived in May, 1947, and Richard Freeman a year and a month later. With his children, Red found a new kind of joy. He hovered over Valentina until her nurses drove him out of the room, took so many pictures of her that the first word she said was "light." When, at ten months, she discovered the wonderful dark cave under the bed, Red would crawl under the bed with her and play for hours.

In the meantime, professionally, he was rejoicing in the greatest successes of his career. His radio program was climbing to the top of the heap, and "The Fuller Brush Man"—made away from his quarrel—shadowed home lot established him among the all-time great comics of the screen.

Red saw no occasion to be a good boy, just because his new picture was produced at Columbia. When Harry Cohn, boss of the studio, walked onto the set one day and started to make boss noises, Red silenced him with "Hey, Harry, you can go back now. They've just cleaned out your cage." Nobody can say that Junior made good by buttering up to the boss.

Christmas, in 1948, was a milestone for Red. For the first time in twenty years he didn't have to work. He helped decorate the tree, wrapped up the children's presents which he had brought home in carloads from the stores himself, and on Christmas Day shot a hundred flashbulbs taking pictures of the babies. And at his New Year's Eve broadcast, when his friends asked him where he would ring in the New Year, he said: "You know that big pine tree right outside the living room window at our house. At twelve o'clock, I'm going out

and stand under that pine tree and say a little prayer." Red Skelton is a big star now, center of a tremendous organization with no other care than to keep Red in front of the public with his best foot forward.

In Edna's office at the Wilshire Palms, Anne Tarwater, Barbara Geis, and Mary Lou May work steadily just to keep his fan letters answered, requests for pictures filled, his script files and scrapbook records up to date. Edna and three radio writers, Ben Freedman, John Murray and Harry Eller, toil just as steadily to whip the week's radio script into shape for Junior's critical eye at the Tuesday rehearsals and preview. His radio "family"—Producer Keith McLeod, Musical Director Dave Rose, Sound Technicians Fred Cole and Jack Robinson, Announcer Rod O'Connor, the versatile regulars of the cast, Lurene Tuttle (Daisy May, Willie LumpLump's mother) Verna Felton, (Namaw, Cactus Kate), Pat McGeehan, (the cowboy), Engineer Art Brearley, and Script Girl Zelda Lamarr work like beavers to keep America laughing at Skelton. And to a man they proclaim that Boss-Hating Junior is the best little boss in the world.

Red doesn't think he's a boss—doesn't want to be a boss, ever. He would like to be a great comedian, but hero worshiper that he is, he will name a dozen others—clowns in circuses and burlesque and films and radio—he thinks have reached greater comedic heights than he has. Greatest of them all, Red thinks, is the great Chaplin. He would shout down anyone who tried to say that Red, himself, is touched with the Chaplin quality, that he too can evoke the tear within the smile which is the essence of "the little tramp's" genius. But he has it. His friends say he has. And they say, further, that Red hasn't scratched the surface of what he can do. Watch him, they say. He hasn't begun to act. What Red Skelton will be tomorrow is another story.

What is he today? Essentially, he is still Junior, the little guy who can stand in the middle of the room without touching a thing and the joint falls apart. Junior, who can have a temper tantrum one minute and forget what it was about the next. "Are you still thinking about that?" he will ask in amazement, after throwing everybody into a whirl. A little guy at heart, he likes little guys best. In an argument, if he sees that a little fellow is taking a beating he will switch sides to back him up. Pretty soon the little fellow is in the clear, but Red is in trouble.

On his vacation trip last summer with Lou Borzage he drove all over the South in a station wagon, stopping in little towns, talking with everybody who shouted "Hey, Red" at him, going home every night with some brand new friend for a fried chicken and corn pone dinner.

Even his charities are aimed toward helping the little guy in trouble. Red supports practically alone Pacific Lodge, a school for juvenile court wards in Los Angeles. "Not a bad boy in the lot," he will insist. "Just kids who never had a chance to live decently." His own slim chances, his own hard years, are—except deep in the unconscious—forgotten.

Still perennially broke, with no idea what he did with all that allowance, still fond of baubles—his sponsor has given him four sets of gold pencils and he carries them all—still superstitious she wears the same lucky cuff links, the same lucky burgundy tie which got his radio show off to a good start at every program—still burning his brand new suit every time he lights a cigar, still sorry honestly and never going to do it again. He's Junior. For the most revealing picture of Red Skelton as he is today, everybody should tag along with him—as I did in assembling the material for this story on his traditional show day stroll along Vine Street. Rehearsal breaks at five. Red has an hour before he must be back in the studio for the final run-through.

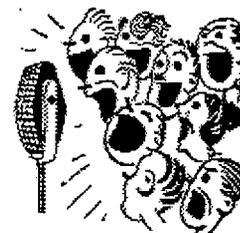
He stops for a moment in his dressing room, reads letters his secretaries have written in response to mail from fans, suggests changes in nearly every one, stops for a moment across the hall to hear Jimmy Durante run through a song. "That Durante is great," he says. And then, with Edna, and anybody else from the show who wants a little air he saunters out of the NBC building into the throng of people who mill up and down Hollywood's main stem. "Hi, Red," says a teen-age girl, "hey, did I tell you I'm going to get married next week?" . . . "Great, Margie," he says. "Congratulations." "One of my best fans," he says proudly. Willie, a Vine street character whom most performers think is a pest, comes up to offer to sell Red a new gimmick he has invented. Red looks at it seriously. "Speak to Mrs. Skelton—I mean Mrs. Borzage—" he says, indicating Edna, "she takes care of all those things."

Most radio folk, at the break, hurry up the street to the Brown Derby for a refresher. It takes Red a lot longer to get to his rendezvous, which is nearer, a ramshackle hot dog stand called Mom's. Mom's is right across the street from the Derby, but very few tourists drop in. The Brown Derby has a thousand pictures of stars on the walls. Mom's has two: Red's and Edna's.

At Mom's, leaning against the oil cloth counter, Red has two hot dogs, with everything. Then he goes next door to Tommy's—Tommy is a Negro shoeblack—for his pre-show shine, signing autographs, of course, all the while. Next stop is a camera shop where Red picks up sixty-four dollars worth of prints of pictures of Valentina and Richard which he shot on Christmas Day. "Sixty-four

dollars!" he says, in amazement. Maybe that's where his allowance goes. "You haven't seen anything yet," the clerk tells him, amused. "There are eight more rolls to come." Last stop-for dessert-is the Thrifty Drug Store. Red and his entourage, grown somewhat unwieldy by now, crowd up to the counter and order coffee and oatmeal cookies. "Still dunking doughnuts, I guess," he explains, apologetically. At the Derby, things are fancier and he knows it. Two marines are sitting across the way, choking on their chocolate ice cream sodas at this unexpected break in their Movietown fur-lough. Stars, and in person. After a few minutes, one of them comes up. "I have a camera with me, Mr. Skelton," he stammers. "Would you mind if I took a picture of you." . . . "I'd love it," says Mr. Skelton, "and by the way, call me Red." The Marine carefully sets his focus, and shoots. The flash has gone off but the shutter didn't click. He tries again. The shutter clicks, but the bulb doesn't go off. The kid is out of bulbs. And desolate. Everybody at the counter is hurting. "Here, leatherneck," says Junior, digging down into his pocket, "have one of mine." And he pulls out one of Valentina's flash bulbs. "And hurry, will you. I have to get on the air."

## MEMBER'S MIKE



EDITOR:

In the January issue of the *I.P.*, Dom Parisi asked if there is a complete copy of "13 Rue Madeleine" from the "Lux Radio Theater" (10/20/47). He mentioned all copies that he could find have act 2 missing.

I don't know if a complete copy exists, but I have never been able to find one. I do know why that act is missing on my copy of the show, and I suppose that explains all the other incomplete ones out there.

Major cast members on Lux were given "presentation sets" of records, following their appearance, of the show in which they appeared. The source of my copy of "13" was from Vanessa Brown's presentation set. Her records were numbered consecutively (no missing numbers) but act 2 simply wasn't there. My guess would be that all copies of the show that we are seeing are from someone's "presentation set," whether Vanessa's or someone else's. In any case, I guess that probably all the presentation sets had that act missing.

Why the act was missing is open to pure speculation. My guess would be that there was some technical problem when the show was being transcribed so that act 2 simply wasn't recorded.

I can't answer the specific question raised by Dom, but thought that some explanation of why there is a problem with this show might be of interest.

Jim Snyder

## Updates from the Low End Librarian

The following cassette tapes have been added to replace missing, damaged or repeated tapes.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>C1 Lux Radio Theatre "Life of Riley" William Bendix 5/8/50</p> <p>C4 The Big Show w/Fred Allen 2/18/51 (90 min.)</p> <p>C5 Yours truly, Johnny Dollar "Silver Belle Matter" 10/13/57</p> <p>Yours truly, Johnny Dollar "Shy Beneficiary" 11/17/57</p> <p>C19 Jackie Gleason Show "Goes to Racetrack" 8/27/44</p> <p>Jackie Gleason Show "Becomes A Lawyer" 10/1/44</p> <p>C30 Family Theatre "Goodbye" 6/5/47</p> <p>Family Theatre "Laughing into Glory" 6/12/47</p> <p>C39 Lux Radio Theatre "Tale of Two Cities" R. Coleman (60 min.)</p> <p>C41 Ford Theatre "It's A Gift" (60 min.)</p> <p>C73 Life of Riley "Roof Leaks"</p> <p>Life of Riley "Early Marriage"</p> <p>C80 Family Theatre "World of David Lee" 8/28/47</p> <p>Family Theatre "No Man is a Stranger" 9/4/47</p> <p>C115 Family Theatre "Let Us Remember" 3/13/47</p> <p>Family Theatre "Work of a Lifetime" 3/20/47</p> <p>C139 Family Theatre "A Bunch of Keys" 3/27/47</p> <p>Family Theatre "Passion &amp; Death of Jesus Christ" 4/3/47</p> <p>C141 Escape "Up Periscope" 8/8/51</p> <p>Escape "The Gladiator" 8/1/51</p> <p>C181 Roy Rogers "Ed Bailey's Bad Luck" 10/12/51</p> <p>Roy Rogers "Night Riders" 10/19/51</p> <p>C182 Wild Bill Hickok "Capture of Trader Joe" #127</p> <p>Wild Bill Hickok "Killer of Candy Flat" #136</p> <p>C183 Masters of Mystery "Success Story"</p> <p>Masters of Mystery "Death Walked In"</p> <p>C184 Let George Do It "Surprise, Surprise" 2/4/52</p> <p>Let George Do It "Cortez Island" 2/11/52</p> | <p>C185 Let George Do It "Woman in Black" 10/29/51</p> <p>Let George Do It "Destination Danger" 11/19/51</p> <p>C187 Mystery Is My Hobby "Kid Brown is 'KO'd"</p> <p>Mystery Is My Hobby "Who Killed David Austin?"</p> <p>C188 CBS Mystery Theatre "Kill Now, Pay Later" 8/20/80</p> <p>C220 Screen Director's Playhouse "A Foreign Affair" 3/1/51 (60 min.)</p> <p>C298 Family Theatre "Top Man" 6/19/47</p> <p>Family Theatre "Little Boy Blue" 6/26/47</p> <p>C349 Let George Do It "Greystone Ghost" 3/24/52</p> <p>C357 Let George Do It "The Symbol 3" 2/18/52</p> <p>Let George Do It "Starbright Pier" 2/25/52</p> <p>C367 Cavalcade of America "All that Money Can Buy" 10/20/41</p> <p>Cavalcade of America "One Foot in Heaven" 11/3/41</p> <p>C505 Ford Theatre "Madame Bovary" (60 min.)</p> <p>Let George Do It "Forgotten Murders" 4/14/52</p> <p>C626 Movietown Theatre "Nothing Like a Good Cup of Coffee"</p> <p>Movietown Theatre "Flowers for Millie"</p> <p>C634 Inner Sanctum "Death In The Depths" 2/6/45</p> <p>Inner Sanctum "No Coffin for the Dead" 2/20/45</p> <p>C659 Song of the City 7/30/35. 7/31/35</p> <p>Song of the City 8/1/35, 8/7/35</p> <p>C857 Let George Do It "Last Payoff" 12/10/51</p> <p>Let George Do It "Stolen Goods" 12/17/51</p> <p>C915 Kraft Music Hall "Melvyn Douglas" 6/26/41</p> <p>C920 Let George Do It "School of Sharks" 1/7/52</p> <p>Let George Do It "Bad Little Girl" 1/14/52</p> <p>C1270 The Chase "Murder Row" 3/29/53</p> <p>The Chase "Robbery, Kidnapping" 4/5/53</p> |
|---|---|

## A LITTLE MIXED UP

Here are some titles to radio shows. Can you unscramble them? Have fun!

1. Hte Wadosh
2. Nerni Tumsanc
3. Hte Onel Nagerr
4. My Orifteva Usandhb
5. Ruet Tectevibe Sisteriym
6. Teh Aft Amn
7. Penseuss
8. Erylle Neeuq
9. Terbusgangs
10. Ontfr Agep Rrellaf
11. Paintac Dignithm
12. Torpia Acefs File
13. Pppeer Onguys Mayfil
14. Sirft Terhign

(answers next page)

**Answers:  
A LITTLE MIXED UP**

1. The Shadow
2. Inner Sanctum
3. The Lone Ranger
4. My Favorite Husband
5. True Detective Mysteries
6. The Fat Man
7. Suspense
8. Ellery Queen
9. Gangbusters
10. Front Page Farrell
11. Captain Midnight
12. Portia Faces Life
13. Pepper Young's Family
14. First Nighter

**He's Made His MARX**

*Groucho Marx has been combining comedy and questions for some time now on his quiz program—but nobody's ever bothered to quiz Groucho. To correct this tempting oversight, RADIO MIRROR dispatched Fredda Dudley Balling to turn the tables on Groucho. Here are the questions Mrs. Balling asked—and the answers she received.*

Q. I understand that your name is Groucho Marx. Why?  
 A. I was named after my brothers, Chico and Harpo.  
 Q. There doesn't seem to be much connection, except for a family insistence on the letter "o."  
 A. They were born first, so you see I was named after my brothers, Chico and Harpo.  
 Q. Is Groucho your real name?  
 A. No; my real name is Julius. I was so-called because my mother mistakenly thought my Uncle Julius had a lot of money hidden away. The idea was that when he passed to his reward, he would be so pleased at having a namesake that we all would receive a rich inheritance.  
 Q. And?  
 A. Uncle Julius lived with us, board and room free, for thirty years. When he finally departed, he still owed my father \$38.00. This came as quite a shock to my mother.  
 Q. How did you acquire the name Groucho?  
 A.. From a juggler who appeared on the same vaudeville bill with my brothers and me. He started at the foot of the family and worked up: he called Gummo by that title because he always wore his rubbers, rain or shine, and in those days rubbers were called 'gum shoes.' Harpo played the harp. Chico was a chicken fancier, and I don't mean the chickens you keep in coops. Zeppo, the youngest, was named after a clown we saw one time.

They called me Groucho because I was supposed to be grouchy. This is a lie, of course.

Q. What are some of the other names you've been called?

A. To what age group are we addressing this interview?

Q. This is a family magazine, Mr. Marx.

A. Then I'll omit some of the names I've been called. However, in the movies and on the stage I've been known impressively as "Professor Wagstaff," "Rufus T. Firefly," "Otis B.-Driftwood," "Dr. Hackenbush," "Attorney Loophold" "J. Quentin Quale," "Wolf J. Flywheel," "Lionel Q. Devereaux," "Julius B. Fritewiff," and "Emil Kreck." That last guy got in through a Kreck in the script.

Q. Now, Mr. Marx, let's have some vital statistics. For example, how old are you?

A. That's not a vital statistic, that's a chemical formula. Besides, I'd rather avoid the question on the grounds that I can't remember; it's been years since I had my rings counted.

Q. Birthplace?

A. New York.

Q. Height?

A. Five feet, seven.

Q. Hair?

A. Yes.

Q. I meant, what color is your hair?

A. early nubian, or Beverly Hills black.

Q. Eyes?

A. Two—both brown.

Q. As for your mustache, Mr. Marx—true or false?

A. Like love in the soap operas, it started out false but as time wore on it became true. In movies, my mustache was a generous smear of burned cork. In radio, I was persuaded by my producer to let my mustache grow. A week later I was persuaded by my wife to shave it off. One week on, one week off. Somebody had to weaken. It was my wife; she let me keep the mustache.

Q. Weight, Mr. Marx?

A. Sure. As long as you like, baby.

Q. I mean, how heavy are you?

A. Last time I lifted myself, the hand on my suspenders stopped at 155, which was probably the address of the manufacturer. Besides, it was my hand and it was holding up my pants at the time.

Q: Married?

A: Yes, to Kay Gorcey . . . blonde, lovely and a lousy strudel maker. Do you know where I can find a good strudel maker?

Q: Sorry, I can't help you there.

A: It's my wife needs help. If I need your help, I'll ask for it.

Q: Children?

A: Yes—three. Arthur, twenty-eight, is a film writer and tournament tennis player, two nice rackets. Miriam, twenty-two, is a senior at Bennington College,

in Vermont; a handy girl with a typewriter, she assures me that some day she is going to be a great writer. She's doing all right so far—has taken in one hundred dollars a word for some of her writing.

Q: That is terrific pay for writing. What was the literary effort, article, short story, or a novel?

A: A five-word telegram to me reading, "Please rush five hundred dollars:"

Q: Tell me about your third child.

A: Melinda is three; at present she is specializing in being a little girl.

Q: How did you meet your wife?

A: The first time my wife saw me, I was on the screen. So she opened the door and, let me in. The next time was on a ferry boat, when she gave me the slip. But if you're still interested in how I met my wife, it was while we were making "Copacabana." This proves the adage, "Movies are dangerous weapons in the hands of a pretty blonde."

Q: Mr. Marx, what do you consider your biggest mistake to date?

A: On a sunny Thursday afternoon in October of 1929, Max Gordon, the Broadway producer, and I were playing golf at a swanky Long Island country club. We were smoking five dollar cigars and rolling in wealth, all gained from our Wall Street speculations. We were making around twenty-five hundred dollars per day. We spent some time that sunny afternoon plotting ways to boost the take to three thousand per day. The next morning the telephone rang and Gordon's voice moaned, "The jig's up Wall Street has crashed and we're on the bottom layer."

Q: So that was your biggest mistake dabbling in the stock market?

A: Six hundred thousand dollars is not dabbling; that's swimming in deep water. That was bad enough, but the biggest mistake was playing golf with Gordon. He beat me out of three bucks and a tomato surprise.

Q: For thirty years, Mr. Marx, you've been one of the world's favorite comedians. Tell me, how did you get started in show business?

A: I was a boy soprano until my voice changed in Denver and I got fired. That's one story. Actually it goes back farther than that. My mother, Minnie, was the daughter of a German magician who toured Europe for fifty years. I think my mother was thoroughly indoctrinated in show business long before I was born. She came to New York and married an East Side tailor, Sam Marx, but she never got used to the idea of being a housewife. Her vigorous interest in show business was given the jet treatment when her brother became a star; he was Al Shean, of the team of Gallagher and Shean. Mother decided that if Al could do it, so could her boys. She hornswoggled Chico into learning piano; Harpo she introduced to her mother's ancient instrument; me, she trained as a singer and dancer. At the

age of thirteen, I went to work with the LeRoy Trio as a female impersonator. This ended when my soprano became a baritone in Denver.

Q: How did the Marx Brothers become an act?

A: Mother again. As fast as we boys grew up, she shoved us onto the stage. When Gummo finally reached his teens, Mother tied the two of us together, added a girl singer and dubbed us "The Three Nightingales." We earned twenty dollars a week.

Q: What was Harpo doing?

A: He was a bellhop at the Hotel Plaza. On the spur of the moment one night, Mother decided that it was time for Harpo to make his debut. She took a cab to the Plaza, collared Harpo, and dragged him to the theater where Gummo and I were appearing. He had no lines to speak, no song to sing, no dance to do and no harp to play, but Mother shoved him out onto the stage with us. Since he had nothing to do or say, he just stood there looking dumb. He's been a success at it ever since. To this day he's never said a word in public, and he still looks dumb.

Q: That accounts for three of the Marx Brothers. How about the fourth?

A: After World War I, Gummo left our act and went into business, so Mother kidnapped Chico and pushed him into the duo of Harpo and Groucho to make us a trio. Zeppo was old enough to graduate from high school by this time, so he was added to the act. That made four of us.

Q: The Four Marx Brothers on the stage made theatrical history. What brought you to Hollywood?

A: The Union Pacific railroad.

Q: I mean, why did you come to Hollywood?

A: To make money, same as everybody else.

Q: You're making this very difficult. Mr. Marx.

A: Making money is very difficult.

Q: Well, then-what particular reason did you have for coming to Hollywood?

A: To make a film version of our stage hit, "Cocoanuts." A satisfactory number of people paid their money and swallowed "Cocoanuts" so we stayed on to make "Animal Crackers," "Monkey Business," "Horse Feathers," "Duck Soup," "A Night at the Opera," "A Day at the Races," "A Day at the Circus," "A Night in Casablanca"—so we should have made one called "Time Stood Still," but we worked in "The Big Store," and "Go West," instead. I did a solo in "Copacabana" (during which I met Kay), and in my new picture for RKO, "It's Only Money" In this one I'm a different Groucho: kindly, warm and bumbling. It proves that I'm an actor.

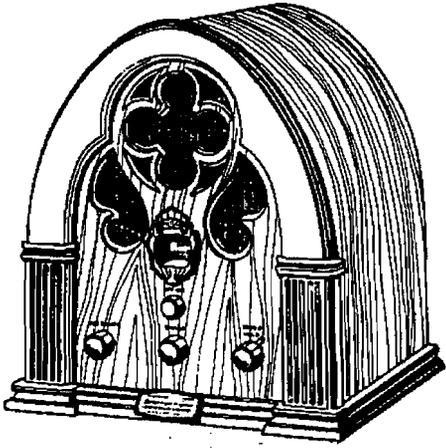
Q: Are the Marx Brothers going to make an more pictures together?

A: "Love Happy," out this year, is our last as far as I know. Of course, if someone should come along with a good story, we would do another picture together; there's no hard and fast rule about it, like who's going to make the next six passes at Las Vegas.

*(to be continued next month)*

# Old Time Radio Club

49 Regal Street  
Depew, NY 14043



## FIRST CLASS MAIL

All Times Below Are Eastern Daylight Time  
For Correct Central Daylight Time Subtract One Hour

### SUNDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30			Earl Wild	Carolina Calling
8:45				Memo From Lake Success
9:00	Story to Order	Tone Tapestrips	Sunday Morning Concert Hall	News E Power Biggs
9:15	Cameras of Music	Wrings Over Jordan	Voice of Prophecy	Trinity Chok of St. Paul's Chapel
9:30				
10:00	National Radio	Radio Bible Class	Message of Israel	Church of the Air
10:15	Pugh	Voice of Prophecy	Southernaires	Church of the Air
10:30	Children's Hour	Christian Reform Church	The Fitzgeralds	Alan Jackson News
10:45		Reviewing Stand	Hour of Faith	Newsmakers
11:00				Salt Lake Tabernacle
11:15	News Highlights			
11:30	Softaire Time			
11:45				

### AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	Living 1948	Chamber Music	Piano Playhouse	Invitation to Learning
12:15				
12:30	Eternal Light	Lutheran Hour		People's Platform
12:45				
1:00	America United	News	National Vespers	Meaning of the News
1:15		Organ Music		Elmo Roper
1:30	Chicago Roundtable	Michael O'Duffy		Synopation Place
1:45		Musical Music Box		
2:00	U. S. in World	Dr. Simon's Band	This Week Around	Longline Syn-
2:15	Affairs	Bill Cunningham	The World	phonate
2:30	NBC University	Veteran's Information	Mr. President	You Are There
2:45	Theater		Drama	
3:00		Ernie Lee Show	Harrison Wood	CBS Symphony
3:15		Juvenile Jury	Dance Music	
3:30	One Man's Family			
3:45				
4:00	The Quiz Kids	House of Mystery	Ted Malone	
4:15		True Detective	Dick Todd	
4:30	News		Million Cross Opera	Skway to the Stars
4:45	Jane Pickens Show		Album	
5:00		Under Arrest	U. S. Navy Band	Choraliers
5:15		Quick As A Flash	Curt Massey Show	"Broadway's My
5:30	James Melton			Beat"
5:45				

### EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	The Catholic Hour	Roy Rogers	Draw Parson	Family Hour of Stars
6:15		Nick Carter	Don Gardner	Adventures of Ozile
6:30	Martin and Lewis		Betty Clark Sings	and Harriet
6:45				
7:00		Adv. of the Falcon	Think Fast	The Jack Berry
7:15	Guy Lombardo	Mayor of the Town	Carnegie Hall	Show'r Andy
7:30			Musicals	Anchor n' Andy
7:45				
8:00	Fred Allen	A. L. Alexander	Stop the Music	Sam Spade
8:15				
8:30	NBC Symphony	Smoke Rings		Lum and Abner
8:45				
9:00	NBC Theater	Under Arrest	Walter Winchell	Earn Your Vacation
9:15		Jimmie Fidler	Louella Parsons	Our Miles Brooks
9:30	American Album	Twin Views of News	Go For The House	
9:45				
10:00	Take It or Leave It	Secret Missions	Jimmie Fidler	Life With Lulu
10:30	Horace Heidt	Don Wright Chorus		It Pays to be Ignorant