

The Old Time Radio Club

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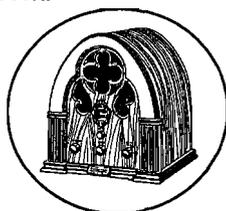
On the Road to Christmas Past

Membership Information

New member processing, \$5 plus club membership of \$17.50 per year from January 1 to December 31. Members receive a tape library listing, reference library listing and a monthly newsletter. Memberships are as follows: if you join January-March, \$17.50; April-June, \$14; July-September, \$10; October-December, \$7. All renewals should be sent in as soon as possible to avoid missing issues. Please be sure to notify us if you have a change of address. The **Old Time Radio Club** meets the first Monday of every month at 7:30 PM during the months of September to June at 393 George Urban Blvd., Cheektowaga, NY 14225. The club meets informally during the months of July and August at the same address. Anyone interested in the Golden Age of Radio is welcome. The **Old Time Radio Club** is affiliated with The Old Time Radio Network.

Club Mailing Address

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



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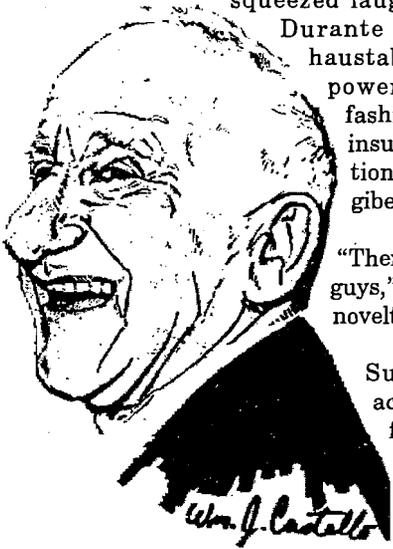
Ed Wanat, Sr. (716) 895-9690
393 George Urban Blvd.
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Tape Library Rates: All reels and video cassettes are \$1.85 per month; audio cassettes and records are \$0.85 per month. Rates include postage and handling and are payable in U.S. funds.

Ed WANAT's Clips

(This column is made up of clippings from various publications gathered over the years by Ed Wanat.)

Jimmy Durante was a true artist. He drew upon his own enormous talents not the files of gag writers, for the uproarious antics and songs that convulsed, his millions of admirers over the years. Lesser comedians squeezed laughs with vulgarity, but Durante trusted to his inexhaustable good will and overpowering energy. When the fashion of comedy drifted to insult, he clung to the tradition of the great clowns and giped only at himself.



"There's a million good-lookin' guys," he often said, "but I'm a novelty."

Superficial observers accepting this modesty at face value, sometimes ascribed the Durante fame in theater, night-clubs, movies, and radio and television entirely

to his comical appearance and raffish mannerisms. But the Durante formula for converting pandemonium into laughter was much more than a preposterous nose, merry eyes, raucous voice, penguin strut and battered hat. Like Charlie Chaplain, W.C. Fields, Willie Howard and Bert Lahr, he had perfect timing and the "feel" of an audience, developed by almost a lifetime in show business. And, like his famous contemporaries, this comedian was indefatigable at the rehearsals that made his brand of humor seem as spontaneous and simple as child's play.

So successful was Durante that his trademarks became as well known in the nation as the long nose that brought him the nickname Schnozzola, or Schnozzle. For decades house parties could count on someone to rasp such Durante comments as: "Everybody's gettin' into de act," "Am I mortified," "I'm surrounded by assassins," "Don't raise da bridge boys, lower da river." A creature of his imagination, Umbriago, became almost as widely known at one time as Pinnochio. Professional comedians tried to capture the Durante technique of word slaughter that brought him laughs

with "cazanclysmic," "nonfriction" books. But not even experts could catch the wondrous frenzy of Durante smashing musical instruments or throwing his hat into the orchestra pit. And when he attacked the, piano, honky-tonk style, and roared "I'm Jimmy, the Well Dressed Man," or "Inka Dinka Doo," gangsters and literati alike laughed until they cried.

One bookish connoisseur of the Durante studies in frustration said the secret of this waving, stomping, thigh-slapping zany was that "he is eternally baffled by the screw world, but never angry about it."

Offstage, Durante was as popular as during performances. Even in the highly competitive world of professional comedians, where W.C. Fields sniffed at Chaplain as a "ballet dancer," Durante was regarded with enormous affection. One admirer said Durante's only enemy was the King's English. His humility and generosity were extraordinary. Once, when a more worldly acquaintance suggested he might be naive in his love for his fellow man, Durante replied: "I know there are more good people than bad ones in the world. I don't mind, if a gentleman scratches a match on the furniture so long as he is careful to go with the grain." And when he was teased about the large, amounts of money he gave to panhandlers, he responded: "Maybe we ain't all born equal, but its a cinch we all die equal."

To strangers who crossed his path—fans, doormen, parking-lot attendhops—Duranate was always greeted as Jimmy. He cherished the familiarity. "What's so, undignifiable about that?" he would say. "Why, I crinch whenever anyone calls me Mister Durante."

His mere appearance made people smile, even when he was not performing. Lou Clayton, the soft-shoe dancer in the Durante troupe from the early 1920s until his death in 1950, used to say, "You could warm your hands on this man."

Though his artistry made him very wealthy, his behavior seemed the same as that of the urchin who was born and grew up in the slums of the Lower East Side of Manhattan. His retainers—he was rarely without an entourage for fear of loneliness—were his friends of 40 and 50 years. He declined social invitations if those associates were not invited. Of his comparatively simple Hollywood home with eight rooms he said: "I got a house wit' two swimmin' pools. One for swimmin' and one for rinsin' off." In later tears, he spent his summers at a beach house at Del Mar, Calif., strolling nearby beaches and surf-casting, but seldom swimming. Asked why, he once replied, "When Durante swims, nobody watches."

James Francis Durante was born Feb. 10, 1893. His father, Bartolomeo Durante, a barber, encouraged him to play the piano in the hope he would become a concert artist. But before the boy was out of his teens this hope had been abandoned.

By 1910 Durante was banging a honkey-tonk piano in Coney Island, where he met Eddie Cantor, then a singing waiter. For a few years he worked the Coney Island-Bowery-Chinatown circuit of glorified saloons. He went from \$1 a night to \$25 a week. At one of these jobs he met Jeanne Olson, a singer, and married her in 1921. She died in 1943.

A year later, while playing at the Copacabana, Durante met Marjorie Little, who was working at the club as a hat-check girl and telephone switchboard operator. After a 16-year courtship, he married her in December 1960, when he was 67 and she was 39.

By the mid-'30s, Durante had established himself on the Broadway stage with "Show Girl," "The New Yorkers," "Strike Me Pink," "Jumbo" and "Red, Hot and Blue." Brooks Atkinson, drama critic of the New York Times and a Durante admirer, said of the comedian, "In his mountebankery, nothing like excess."

Simultaneously, Durante was lured to Hollywood. At first his movies were disappointing; mainly because of the scripts and the refusal of the movie industry to let him try the comedy he knew best. But, after his enormously successful comeback in nightclub work, Durante's popularity reached new heights. He was recalled to Hollywood. All told, between 1930 and 1951, he made 29 movies, none of which were as good as his musicals or nightclub routines.

In the mid-'40s, Durante extended his fame on radio and created a nationwide mystery by signing off programs with a goodnight to "Mrs. Calabash." Eventually, he confessed in an interview that she was a sweetheart of his in grammar school, the only school he attended.

A new chapter in the Durante career began in 1950 when he burst into millions of living rooms from the television screen. He was as welcome as when he first began singing "Who Will Be With You When I'm Far Away?" The homes of the nation became his nightclub, exactly suited to the man who once said: "I like a small place where you know everybody and can kid around." But at the height of his popularity and public affection, he fretted about the durability of his image on television. "That box could be the death of us. They're going to hate us if we stay on too long" he said. Consequently, he ended his regular Saturday night, half-hour television show at the end of the 1956 season.

"If y'retire; y'decay," he said in 1965. Four years later, at 76, he still felt the lure of the stage and the audience, noting after one of his periodic appearances. "As long as they laugh, as long as they want me to sing, I'll stay."

But after hospitalization in late 1972 for exhaustion and a fall, his endurance and health waned. Thin, enfeebled and in a wheelchair, he was a guest of honor in April 1974, at a luncheon show of 1,600 newspaper executives and guests in New York. Several standing ovations greeted him, and he was awarded a statuette. "Thanks a million," Durante responded in a weak whisper. Then—a pause of some seconds.

His wife, Marge, leaned toward him. He seemed to gather new strength. He took a table microphone and began belting out his old favorite from years earlier, "Inka Dinka Doo."

Jimmy Durante passed away on January 29, 1980 just 1-1/2 weeks before his eighty-seventh birthday.



With Margie Little at the Stork Club,
New York City, July 1946

26th Annual Friends of Old Time Radio Convention

by R. A. OLDAY

Before I begin, I would like to thank the following OTR Dealers who once again gave very generously to our OTR club tape library. I brought back over 100 cassettes and these will be listed in the *Illustrated Press* early next year so send in your renewals because there are a lot of great shows for you to borrow as a member. All of the following dealers sell quality shows at very reasonable prices, please buy from them and tell them that our club recommended you to them:

- 1.) **Leo Gawroniak**
P.O. Box 248, Glen Gardner, NJ 08826
- 2.) **Great American Radio**
P.O. Box 504, Genesee, MI 48437-0504
- 3.) **Barry Hill**
Rt. 1 Box 197, Belpre, OH 45714
- 4.) **Radio Memories**
P.O. Box 94548, N. Little Rock, AR 72190-4548
- 5.) **Sci Fi Guy (Gordon Payton)**
118 East Palmer Avenue, Collingswood, NJ 08108
- 6.) **Vintage Broadcasts**
P.O. Box 50065, Staten Island, NY 10305-0065

On Thursday morning, October 25, Arlene and I arrived bright??? and early at the Amtrak station in Depew to catch a 5 AM train to NYC. After a pleasurable ride across NY State, we arrived on schedule at Penn Station in NYC at 12:25 PM. We switched to a New Jersey Transit train for the short (15 minutes) trip to Newark. After boarding the train, we noticed a new stop had been added the previous Sunday. The train now stopped at the airport which allowed us to take advantage of the Holiday Inn free shuttle. Even though we had to take a monorail (\$5 per person) from the train stop to the airport, it still was faster, more enjoyable and less expensive than the cab fare. Soon after, we were checking in at the hotel and were ready to enjoy another convention.

After visiting the various dealer rooms, we attended a re-creation of *The Avenger*. This was not the mid-forties show of which many shows have survived, this was from the 1941 series which has not survived except for 7 scripts. This series was based on the pulp Avenger—Richard Benson & Justice Inc. These shows were broadcast from WHN on Long Island and this show was originally aired on 9/9/41 as the ninth show of the series. While interesting, the background music and sounds were too loud and tended to over power the actors

voices. Next up was dinner which was served veeerrry slowly!

After dinner we were treated to a four star re-creation of *Fu Manchu*. The show was written by last year's winner of the script writing contest and was outstanding as was the presentation. Although many of the conventions other shows were very well presented, this was the highlight of the convention for me. Ending the evening was a variety show by fans such as Mrs. Russell Arms, Brian Gari (Eddie Cantor's grandson) and Joan Beck.

At 9 AM Friday, Gary Yoggy listed his top ten mystery shows.

1. *The Shadow*
2. *Suspense*
3. *Sam Spade*
4. *Dragnet*
5. *The Fat Man*
6. *Sherlock Holmes*
7. *Richard Diamond*
8. *Inner Sanctum & Lights Out*
9. *Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar*
10. *Broadway Is My Beat*

Honorable Mention: *Escape*

Gary listed the shows in reverse order and when he listed *Johnny Dollar* as ninth, it was due to the actors who preceded Bob Bailey that dropped the show to ninth (based on Bob Bailey's version, I would rate this first). I went along with his ratings until he listed *Sam Spade* third. Since he ignored the actor that took over the show after Howard Duff left the series, he should have done the same for *Johnny Dollar* or down rated *Sam Spade*. Anyway, it was still an enjoyable presentation even if our opinions differ.

At noon, we attended One On One With Ben Cooper. Ben starred as Scotty in the *Mark Trail* series. *The Land Is Bright* was his first radio show. When he auditioned, he memorized the script, his parents did not tell him how to act, and he was very polite to the director. Since this was not the norm for the director's, they gave him the part and recommended him to other directors. Ben has starred in many Western shows and movies. He is a fast draw artist and can draw his gun in less than 1/5 of a second due to daily 90 minute practice sessions even when he is ill.

Next up was *Fred Allen & Me* featuring author and humorist, Stuart Hample. He wrote the book because a woman told him in the 1970s, that she had never heard of Fred Allen. He discussed Fred's dislike of Hollywood, censorship, the Benny feud, and *Stop The Music* which ended Fred's radio series on 6/26/1949. Stuart was very funny and enjoyed his topic thoroughly, in fact, so much

that he ran well over his time slot and they had a difficult time trying to get him to end his presentation.

After another visit to the dealer's rooms (\$\$\$), we returned for an original music story, *The Man Who Couldn't Make Music* presented by the Living Audio Repertory Company. Next was dinner.

After another sloooooow serving of dinner, we were treated to Charlie Wild. No scripts were available from this show, so they used a *Sam Spade* script since this show was created after *Sam Spade*. Music was found on an old *Charlie Wild* TV show that was broadcast on the Dumont Network. Wildroot was the sponsor and hence the name Charlie Wild. Did you know that Wildroot was manufactured in Buffalo?

Chick Carter was next and starred Dick Beals as Chick. In this episode, Chick was visited by the Shadow portrayed by Bob Hastings and Margot Lane portrayed by Margot Avery who is Margot Stephenson's daughter. Margot Stephenson played Margot Lane on *The Shadow* and her character was named after her. Margot Avery even sounded like a Margot Lane. Even though the script was weak, the crossover was interesting.

Ending the evening, was a *Red Ryder* show starring Will Hutchinson, with Dick Beals as Little Beaver and original announcer, Art Gilmore. Will had inadvertently left part of his script in his room and this made an interesting show of performers sharing scripts to keep the show from stopping. We can all imagine how this must have happened more than once during radio's golden days.

At 10 AM on Saturday, we attended Who Wants To Be An OTR Trivia Champion? Arlene rated this as her convention highlight. I even provided one of the answers for a contestant. The question was what town did Gildersleeve live in?

Noontime found us at The Gotham Player's presentation of *Suspense's Heaven To Betsy* which originally and once again starred Dick Beals. This was followed by a *Dragnet* panel consisting of Art Gilmore, Gil Stratton Jr., Beverly Washburn and Dick Beals. Several TV segments were shown featuring the guests on *Dragnet*.

After one last trip to the dealer rooms, we attended a *Lorenzo Jones* recreation. This was followed by dinner which fortunately was served faster than the previous two evenings. The convention ended with presentations of *Frontier Gentleman* and *The Life Of Riley—The Problem Of Aging*. I believe the level of re-creations was better this year and this was due to the sound engineer and the actor's being more rehearsed.

Sunday morning, Arlene and I caught the early train (6:24 AM) and headed home. Since the day was bright and sunny, we were treated to some spectacular scenery as we zipped along the Hudson River to Albany. This section of NY was still enjoying peak viewing times of the foliage. The train was running ahead of schedule and we arrived in Depew 5 minutes ahead of schedule.

A salute to Jay for running another great convention and for enduring the many problems such as the restaurant slow serving and people accusing him of making lots of money on the convention. Do these people have any idea of the cost of transporting and housing the celebrities? Also the cost of the hotel and meals as well as the plaques and trophies presented. If anybody thinks this is such a great way to make money, why aren't they running a convention? Thank you Jay!

LATEST ADDITIONS TO THE CASSETTE LIBRARY

- | | |
|------|---|
| 2974 | This Is Your FBI "Meticulous Mobster" 10/7/49
This Is Your FBI "Friendly Stowaway" 10/14/49 |
| 2975 | Ozzie & Harriet "The Drip" 9/2/45
Ozzie & Harriet "The Fight" 9/9/45 |
| 2976 | Ozzie & Harriet "The Invitation" 9/16/45
Ozzie & Harriet "Apartment House" 9/23/45 |
| 2977 | Mystery Playhouse "Six Who Did Not Die"
The Whistler "Til Death Do Us Part" |
| 2978 | Mystery Playhouse "Danger! Man At Bay"
Mystery Playhouse "Malice In Wonderland" |
| 2979 | Mystery Playhouse "Criminal At Large"
4/11/44
Mystery Playhouse "The Bottle Imp" 12/12/44 |
| 2980 | Movietown Theater "East Goes West"
Movietown Theater "Strange Courtship" |
| 2981 | Movietown Theater "Visit From Uncle Harry"
Movietown Theater "The Great Dane" |
| 2982 | Movietown Theater "One Third of Life"
Movietown Theater "For the Good of the Show" |
| 2983 | Clyde Beatty Show "Marvelous Marvins"
Clyde Beatty Show "Jungle Joe" |
| 2984 | Clyde Beatty Show "Flying Politos"
Clyde Beatty Show "Baquiri Bravert" |
| 2985 | Clyde Beatty Show "Mystery Island"
Clyde Beatty Show "Wombo's Strange Pet" |
| 2986 | Clyde Beatty Show "Jungle Medico"
Clyde Beatty Show "The Lost City" |
| 2987 | Wild Bill Hickok "Timber Trouble" 12/5/52
Wild Bill Hickok "War Drumd & The Princess"
12/3/52 |
| 2988 | Countabrand "Tanks for Tickets"
Countabrand "Billion Dollar Business" |

- 2989 Ford Theater "Arrowsmith" (60 min.) 6/27/48
2990 Hermit's Cave "Spirit Vengeance"
Hermit's Cave "It Happens on Sunday"
2991 Romance "Story of Mayerling" 8/1/50
Romance "Off Shore Pirate" 8/8/50
2992 Romance "Carmen" 7/18/50
Romance "Wild Orange" 7/25/50
2993 Challenge of the Yukon "Murder on Traintime"
Challenge of the Yukon "Previewed Confession"
Challenge of the Yukon "Attempted Man-
slaughter"
Challenge of the Yukon "Lantern Rock"
2994 Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar "Short Term
Matter" 1/28/61
Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar "Who's Who
Matter" 2/4/61
2995 Reader's Digest Radio Theater "A Piece of
String" 10/30/47
Reader's Digest Radio Theater "Death Across
The Table" 11/6/47

Gene Autry's Horse Champion

I was always a lucky cowboy because I had a Champion under me. Or to be exact . . . three Champions. I used three horses in my films, each with the distinctive blazed face and white socks and the name, "Champion." In those days the horse was virtually a costar. The kids all knew that the Lone Ranger's mount was Silver and Roy Rogers rode Trigger. But who could tell you, years later, the name of Jim Arness' horse or Paladdin's or what the Cartwrights called theirs? Sure, it was part of the western myth, but often a myth is simply history with costumes.

We gave our horses things to do that were important in beating the "bad guys." Remember how Champion used to nibble at the ropes that were tied around my wrists, in order to free me? Not for nothing were they called horse operas. Champ received bagloads of his own fan mail. He practically made the gossip columns. In 1940 he created headlines by becoming the first horse ever to fly from California to New York.

I was lunching one day at the Roosevelt Hotel, in New York, with a congressman from Oklahoma, Jack Nicholas, and with Jack Frey, then the president of TWA, an airline owned by Howard Hughes. Idly I said: "Man, have I got a problem. I've signed to do a picture in Hollywood and I don't finish until two days before we open the rodeo at the Garden. I don't know how I'm going to get my horse back in time." Jack Frey looked up and said, "I'll put him on one of our planes." I

thought he was kidding. "Can you do that?" I said. "Absolutely," he said. Actually it wasn't that simple. The horse could not get into the little DC-3s being flown then—until we solved the problem by creating a special ramp.

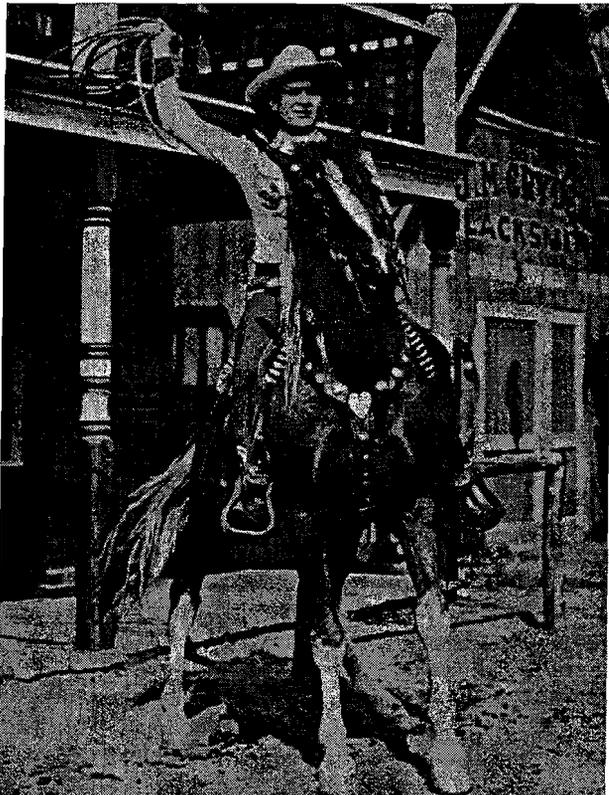
The airline went to great lengths to accommodate its special passenger. Five rows of seats were removed at the rear of the craft and a private stall created, including a metal trough with hay. A harness dangled from the ceiling, so Champion could be strapped in for safety if the weather turned rough. Whenever it did I slipped the horse an apple, a small bribe to take his mind off the choppy air. By the time we landed in New York he would no longer eat oats. He had become an apple junkie. The historic flight lasted two days. We stopped at most of the major cities along the TWA route, so the press and public could peek inside the plane and see Champion in all his high and mightiness.

Of the three screen Champions, the first was probably the best tempered. He didn't act up even when the kids, at a rodeo or a parade, yanked hairs out of his tail for a souvenir. In a curious way, his death led to the kind of story that gets twisted in the retelling. (The third Champion lived until the summer of 1976. The second, my Tennessee Walker, is enjoying his retirement at Melody Ranch.)

I was in a hotel room in the east when I learned the original Champ had died. Johnny Brousseau, who took care of my horses, said he had checked with a taxidermist. It would be possible, he said, to have Champion stuffed and mounted and put on display. The cost would run around five thousand dollars. As gently as I could I said, "Johnny, the horse had a good life. Let's not make him work for us now. Go ahead and bury him." By the time the story hit print, the price had dropped to fifteen hundred and the punch line was, "FIFTEEN HUNDRED DOLLARS? Drag him out and plant him." I do not mind so much being made to appear thrifty: I do object to being made to appear insensitive.

My radio show gave me a chance to meet the rich and the famous—like Eleanor Roosevelt. Mrs. Roosevelt was a guest on one of our shows from Washington, D.C. On the same show we featured a baby boy with the distinguished name of Franklin Delano Gene Autry Johnston. There were reporters and photographers on hand and they wanted pictures of us with the little boy. So Mrs. Roosevelt lifted him on her lap. As the flashbulbs popped the baby tinkled all over her dress. I have never seen such composure in all of my life. Mrs. Roosevelt was due at a formal party right after our show, and now the entire front of her dress was soaked. The photographers looked at each other as if one of them had caused

it. No one knew what to do. But Mrs. FDR slowly rose, handed the baby to his mother, took a handkerchief, dabbed at her dress and reassured everyone: "Don't mind that. Remember. I raised four babies."



While radio gave me an introduction to the famous, country fairs offered some very interesting—if not so famous—people. It was between shows at a country fair one day, strolling around the midway with Pat Buttram, that we met Colonel Tom Parker in Du Quoin, Illinois. Of course, this was many years before he became immortal as the man who discovered Elvis Presley (and Eddy Arnold, before him). He was in front of a tent with a sign that said "COLONEL TOM PARKER AND HIS DANCING TURKEYS," and he was acting as his own barker. He was giving his spiel to a growing crowd of farmers: "They dance, they do the hoochie-cooch. Come in and see these amazing creatures. Only a quarter." It developed that he had a large table with sawdust on it and underneath was a metal plate. He would arrange about 20 live turkeys on it and then he'd throw on a switch and it would become, literally, a hot plate. At the same time the Colonel would turn on the record player and the turkeys would seem to be jumping around in rhythm to the music. I knew then that he was destined for greatness. It didn't surprise me when Tom Parker emerged as the genius behind Elvis.

MY FAVORITE JOKES

by bob HOPE

When it comes to Christmas, few comedians can match Hope's collection of jokes. Here are some of his favorites:



Christmas Eve at Bing's house is always wonderful. Santa comes down the chimney and Bing gives him a present.

In keeping with the Christmas spirit, Crosby gave me a gift certificate last year. Isn't that nice? I didn't even know J.C. Penney had a store in Belfast.

Of course I got my kids what they wanted last year. I asked Tony what he wanted for Christmas, and he said, "I wanna watch." So I turned on the television and let him.

And I got a sweater from my Aunt Leslie in El Segundo last year. It's a nice sweater but it has too much fuzz on it. I put it on one morning, walked out the door, and a St. Bernard offered me its bone.

The Christmas spirit is a wonderful thing. It's the one time of the year when a man will give somebody a \$50 watch, and the rest of the year he wouldn't give him the right time.

I'll never forget Christmas back home in Ohio. We were so poor when we were kids, we didn't have a fireplace—so we used to hang our stockings over a can of Sterno.

We couldn't afford a Christmas turkey, so Dad bought a sparrow and had it pumped up at a gas station.

My folks couldn't afford to buy us Christmas toys either. So every Christmas Eve my father used to tear one page off the calendar, then when we came downstairs in the morning he'd point to the calendar and say, "Look, it's December 26. Where were you kids yesterday?"

Yes, every Christmas Eve we'd hang our stockings up, and the next morning they'd be nice and dry.

I still miss those Eastern Christmases putting the holly wreath on the door, singing carols, stealing the yule log, belly-whopping down a snow-covered hill. My stomach is still sore. I didn't have a sled.

But I love Christmas in Hollywood. It's so different. Where else do you see Santa wearing a white beard, red suit with a plunging neckline, dark glasses, beach shorts . . . driving a Jaguar?

And they're selling a lot of mistletoe this year. You know what mistletoe is? That's a temporary necking license.

In Hollywood everybody tries to outdo his neighbor with a spectacular Christmas display. Last year the guy next door won easy—his house burned down. Nobody called the fire department. We thought he was just showing off.

All the movie stars are buying Christmas decorations. I saw Lassie picking out a tree.

Edgar Bergen & Charlie McCarthy

When ventriloquist Edgar Bergen announced his pending retirement from show business, just eight days before he died he also announced that his old friend and co-worker Charlie McCarthy would go to the Smithsonian Institution, a fitting place for the world's most famous ventriloquist dummy.



McCarthy would "mow you down," as he used to say, to be called a "doll." He was no dummy either. Bergen made him a fast talking smarty.

Bergen was 75 when he died of a heart attack in his sleep at Caesar's Palace in Las Vegas. He had just started a 10-day engagement, the first of several that were to be his final appearances before packing up Charlie, Mortimer and Effie, for good.

He said he decided he was "tired of working." His great talent is still missed.

WE STAND CORRECTED . . . In the November issue in the Radio-IQ quiz, in question number 8 we asked "name the capital of Nebraska." The answer was given as "Carson City". The question should have read "name the capital of Nevada." Thanks go to Jack French for catching the error.

Humorous Thoughts

If lawyers are disbarred and clergymen are defrocked—does it follow that electricians are delighted, musicians denoted, cowboys deranged, models deposed, tree surgeons debarked and dry cleaners depressed?

A Gem of A Private Eye

Richard Diamond, Private Detective, starred Dick Powell. He was quick with a quip, a rod, his fists, and even a ditty. At the close of each show Diamond would croon a number to his Park Avenue sweetie, Helen Asher. Diamond, as you might have guessed, had a sense of humor. Not quite as hard-boiled as Richard Rogue (Powell's earlier radio shamus), he got the job done just as neatly.

The shows were no standouts as far as plot went—which is to say, they were no better or worse than the average. But *Richard Diamond* had Dick Powell, and that carried the show. A former movie song and dance man, he still retained a touch of his former cuteness. He was never tough in the very adult way of, say, Humphrey Bogart. But there was a hint of petulance in his voice that could explode into violence. He made Diamond his own and actually added something of an extra dimension to the private eye drama of the '40s.

- (1) Who was Diamond's Lieutenant pal?
- (2) The boob desk Sergeant?
- (3) Miss Asher's butler (who always inadvertently popped up during the smooching)?
- (4) And the sponsor?

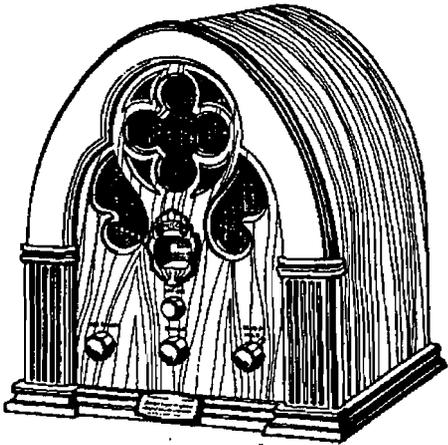
ANSWERS

- (1) Walt Levinson (Ed Begley), (2) Otis (William Herbert) (3) Francis (4) Rexall.

HAPPY HOLIDAYS !

Old Time Radio Club

49 Regal Street
Depew, NY 14043



FIRST CLASS MAIL

THE OTR COLLECTOR'S CREED

I am lucky to be involved with one of the most fascinating hobbies there ever was.

Let the TV networks program what they want, we've got our OTR shows to entertain us.

Only the most hard-hearted can look back at OTR without a feeling of warmth and joy.

Very few in our hobby don't get totally involved in it.

Entertainers may come and go, but to an OTR collector they will live forever.

Over the years our love of OTR will endure and grow.

Lux Radio Theater seems to be on everyone's list of favorites.

Drama, comedy, news, and music are all available on OTR.

Tom Mix was a favorite in both the movies and OTR.

In the old days no one realized just how great OTR was.

Many OTR shows tried switching over to TV, but TV couldn't convey the "magic" of radio.

Entertainment ran rampant on OTR with stars like Eddie Cantor, Al Jolson, and Rudy Vallee.

Replays of OTR shows are still being aired on many stations.

All you need is your imagination to enjoy OTR, the "screen" is behind your eyes.

David Harum, Ma Perkins, Our Gal Sunday, and Stella Dallas all helped the ladies get through the day.

Innersanctum and Lights Out both thrilled and chilled us.

Oak trees fall and buildings may crumble but OTR lives on!

*Take the first letter of each sentence and you'll have
the OTR Collector's Creed*