

CHUCK SCHADEN'S

NOSTALGIA NEWSLETTER

AND
RADIO
GUIDE

FROM THE HALL CLOSET • BOX 421 • MORTON GROVE, IL 60053

BOOK THREE

CHAPTER NINE

SEPTEMBER, 1977

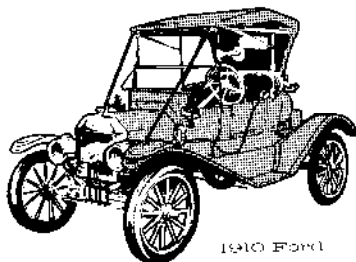


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NOSTALGIA NEWSLETTER



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SEPTEMBER, 1977

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The Eddie Cantor I Know

By Ida Cantor, His Wife

**How Many Times Have Listeners Wondered Whether
a Comedian Is a Grouch in the Bosom of His Family—
or If He Is as Funny at Home as Before the Public?
Eddie Cantor's Wife Here Gives the Lowdown About
Her Celebrated Husband — and Reveals Many Inti-
macies of Their Home Life Never Before Published**

REPRINT from RADIO GUIDE MAGAZINE, September 22, 1934

I'm getting very tired of it. Some day I'm going to scream when some kind soul asks me: "And is Mr. Cantor as funny at home as he is on the radio?"

If your husband was a bricklayer or a steeplejack or a jockey, how would *you* like to have people ask: "And does he lay bricks? . . ." or "Does he paint flagpoles? . . ." or "Does he ride horses . . . as well in your parlor as he does at work?"

Would you like it?

Neither do I! I'm married to a real man who happens to be a comedian, not to a comedian who just happens to be a husband!

There, I feel better—so much better that I'll break down and confess that Eddie *is* as funny at home as anywhere else. Most husbands are, but Eddie does it on purpose.

For instance, the other day he came home and said he was very tired. He wanted a nap. Would our five daughters and I please keep the house very quiet?

The six of us sat around and "shushed" one another. Eddie went upstairs. But in a few minutes we heard a soft tread on the stairs, and Eddie came into the room. His eyes were closed. His arm was stretched, rigid, in front of him. He was the perfect picture of the somnambulist.

"The house is so quiet," he said sepulchraly, "I'm walking in my sleep. For Heaven's sake make a noise and wake me up!"

And all he had on was a silk hat and a pair of bathing trunks!

Were we surprised!

Yes, Eddie clown at home. Sometimes he laughs us out of little domestic peevs that arise even in the best families. And only when it's all over do we realize that he did it on purpose—tickled us into good humor against our wills.



Eddie Cantor photographed at his home in Beverly Hills, with "his six girls." Left to right they are Marilyn (12) standing; Natalie (18) the studious member of the family; Marjorie (19) her father's secretary and

companion and sometimes advisor; Mrs. Cantor; Edna (15) standing with Eddie. It is Edna who plays the piano when he rehearses his songs. And seated on the steps is the smallest Cantor, little Janet, aged 6



And that, you see, is the keynote of Eddie's character. He clowns at home to make us happy. Because home, for him, is the center of the universe. The real truth about Eddie Cantor is that he is a husband and father first—and a great artist second. As I shall try to explain, he became a great artist only when moved to boundless ambition through the inspiration afforded him by his growing family.

Of course, you may think I'm prejudiced in favor of this man I'm married to—but remember, I've known him for a long time. They say that no man is a hero to his valet. Certainly, few men are heroes in the eyes of their wives, as Eddie really is in mine.

He wore short pants when I met him, and by that I don't mean golf knickers. If anybody had said "golf" to us kids who played in the gloom and racket under the Elevated tracks of New York's East Side, we'd have thought he had eaten too many radishes! Anyway, Eddie and I went to Henry Street public school. I was attracted to him by his genius for the comic—remarkable even in those days. I remained fascinated by the shyness, the tenderness and the tremendous force of character of this sensitive, big-eyed boy. And as he says: "I used to carry your schoolbooks; now you carry my bank books!"

It was only after Eddie went on the stage, while still a youngster, that we began to think of marriage. But my family had ambitions for me. They wanted me to enjoy greater comfort than they had experienced; they did *not* think I could find that comfort and security in marriage with a young actor. They said, in effect: "We *don't* want Cantor!"

It was then that Eddie gave me the first of the big surprises that have enlivened all our days. He made a great sacrifice. Instead of trying to persuade me to disobey my parents, he tried to conform to their wishes. This young man, born to be a genius of the stage, denied the urge of his blood. He gave up the

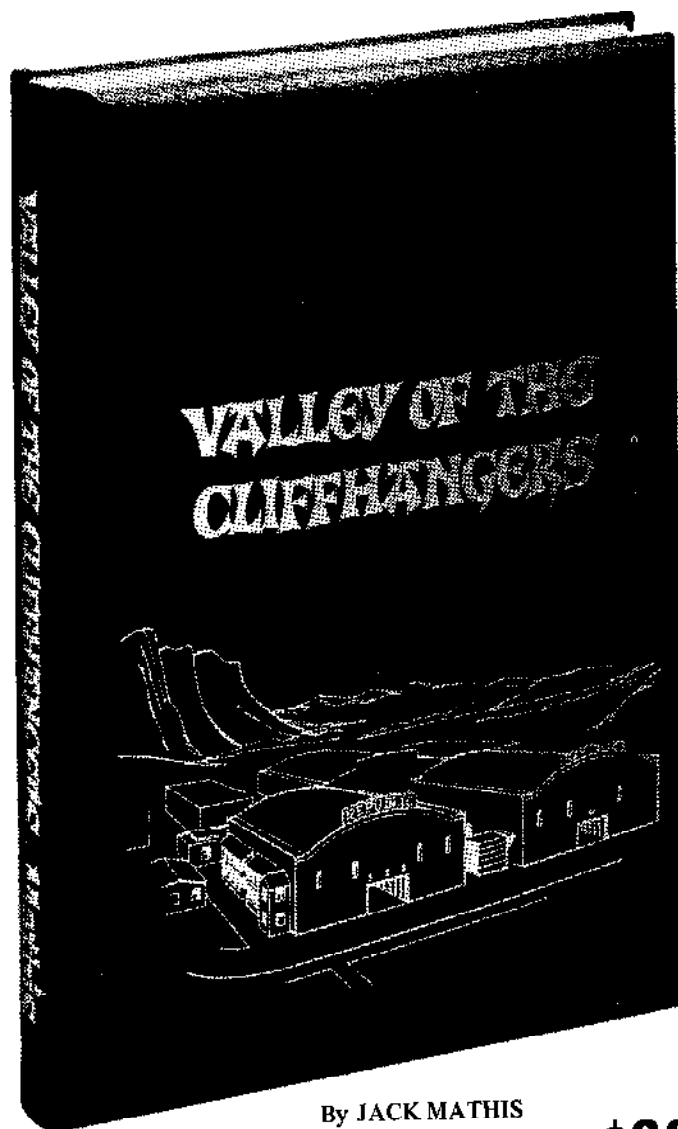
stage for me, and got a series of jobs—including one in a garment house. As long as I live I shall always remember that I was more important to my Eddie even than his career. He was willing to give up the life he loved—and cut out patterns!

But it was an impractical sacrifice. They fired him from his pattern-cutting when they caught him cutting dance-steps on the table!

For one whole unhappy year Eddie tried to get the dancing and singing out of his system—to walk sedately in the ways of commerce. And at the end of that time it was I—not he—who gave up in despair. With a heavy heart—for I knew my entire future happiness might be at stake—I made him go back to the stage. I didn't want my man to turn himself into a drudge—a tame husbandly, clerky person—even for me! Well, I'm still having my reward.

Immediately he got a job with Gus Edwards' "Kid Cabaret" at \$75 a week. This lasted eleven months, and each week he sent me every penny he could squeeze out of that \$75, to save for him. When he came back, we had \$1,800. This, he said, would be our nest-egg. Furthermore, he had an offer of a European theatrical engagement. Wouldn't I like a European honeymoon? Wouldn't I marry him right away?

The Cantor I Know



By JACK MATHIS

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And that illustrates another side of Eddie Cantor. Note the calm, quiet persistence he showed in wooing me. For a year he slaved at jobs which revolted him; for the next year he demonstrated how much better, financially, was *his* way of making a living. And finally, he popped this romantic-plus-practical offer of a European honeymoon (with a job for him thrown into the bargain) and a nest-egg of \$1,800. What a campaign!

And didn't Eddie make the English like him! His success during an eight-weeks' engagement at the Alhambra Music Hall in London was simply phenomenal. It made me realize anew what a great sacrifice Eddie had made by working at petty jobs, just to please me and my family. And ever since, I have had a tender spot in my heart for the English. My husband was appreciated in London before New York gave him recognition—and the English have been enthusiastic about him ever since! I sometimes think they are more so than anywhere else.

We returned from Europe just as the Great War started. At first we shared an apartment in the Bronx with my married sister. Then when we could afford it, we moved to one of our own near by, when Max Hart—then Eddie's booking agent—signed him on a vaudeville tour doing blackface. He teamed with a straight man, Al Lee, first husband of the late Lilyan Tashman. The vaudeville engagement lasted five years.

Marjorie, oldest of our five daughters, was born a year after we were married. Eddie's reactions to this birth surprised even me—already too proud of him. It was, in fact, the second big surprise he handed me. You'd have thought that he had suddenly become the father of his country, instead of one little red, squalling infant! His joy was equalled only by the tremendous feeling of responsibility he suddenly acquired.

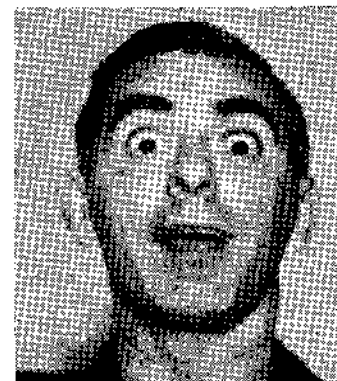
I think young married people who are afraid of the expense of raising children, would be happier if they realized how much the coming of babies can help. Before Marjorie came, Eddie was a clever, happy comic, a fine fellow with probably a good future ahead of him. After her arrival he became, overnight, utterly determined to rise to the very topmost pinnacle of his profession. And in that contrast there is all the difference between a man who will "get along," and a *great* man. From that day on Eddie never ceased to watch for the big chance, the opportunity that would put him among the comic immortals.

It came. Max Hart obtained him a one-night engagement in the Ziegfeld Roof Show. If Eddie could put that over, he was made!

The big night arrived. Unknown to Eddie, I slipped by the doorman and peeked in on his performance. I dared not go in. A smart, brilliant, blase New York audience was there to be amused. The biggest names in town sat at the tables.

Spotlight! Out comes Eddie Cantor, the unknown—a slim youth in blackface. In the shadows of a doorway I trembled, nervously twisting a handkerchief. Music! A song! Eddie passing from table to table clowning with the millionaires, calling them by name.

He was a sensation! The distinguished audience fell for this newcomer.



They liked his songs and they loved the subtle, backhanded flattery of his intimacy. Tears of joy rolled down my cheeks as I stood concealed in the shadows, unnoticed or ignored by the haughty waiters. And the blasé New Yorkers shouted: "We want Cantor!"

How did Eddie react to all this? So many talented men and women have been ruined by Broadway success. Did Eddie accept any of the invitations to brilliant parties, after the show—invitations which Broadway showers on every new sensation of the stage?

No! Eddie came home with me. Aflame with happiness, he talked about the future—our home. We cried together!

Our home—our family—Eddie's career—and our love; all of those things have grown since then. Yet he is the same Eddie, though he has grown, too. Those Cantor qualities of patience, fidelity, dependability, a sense of responsibility, gentleness, and that warm, sensitive humanity which I have tried feebly to illustrate in this article—they have ripened and deepened with the passing of the years.

Eddie's home—as I have said—is the center of his universe. From it springs all his inspiration. Those frequent mentions of our daughters he makes on his radio programs are not simply "gags." The girls are on his mind constantly. All five Cantor daughters—and I—listen to

his every program; even baby Janet. Just try to put her to bed at a decent hour when her father is on the air! And the first thing Eddie wants to know, on coming home, is: "Where are the girls? What are they doing?"

He neither drinks nor smokes nor gambles. Night life, parties and crowds are his pet hates. He loves to swim and play handball with the girls. And he helps them so much with their homework that he's practically going through school again—several grades at once!

And how those girls of ours respond to his affection! They clearly prove that Eddie is an even greater success as a father than as an artist. Marjorie, the eldest—she's nineteen—is her father's shadow. She is his personal secretary, always is at the movie studios when he is there, and helps with his radio scripts.

Natalie, our second daughter, is eighteen, Edna is fifteen. We were going to name "him" Eddie, but had to compromise on Edna. Marilyn, twelve—whom we expected surely to be a boy—was to have been named Michael, after Grandpa Cantor. By the time Janet was born Eddie had about given up hope of being father to a boy.

What are the things that annoy Eddie—get under his skin? Well, sometimes he comes in very quiet. At once I know that something is wrong, for usually he bounces in singing. But I don't bother him with questions. And in a few minutes, sure enough, he unburdens himself. Maybe somebody was late for an appointment—and if you ever have business with Eddie, for goodness' sake be on time. He hates tardiness. He will hardly forgive me for it. Or perhaps a director insisted upon retaking the same movie "shot" several times. Eddie dislikes this because his wit and humor are essentially spontaneous—he claims that it ruins clowning to rehearse all the life out of it. In general, Eddie is easily upset by trifles—but no sooner does he tell about it than the annoyance is out of his system and he is his real, sunny self again.

Incidentally, I think that some of his best clowning is done when he tells us those little true stories of the day's petty irritations. The way he mimics people who annoy him makes us six Cantor women positively weak and helpless with laughter. And that is clowning that the public never sees or hears. We are his private audience.

And by the way, that is the only contact Eddie wants the girls to have with the theater—being in the audience. He does not want any of them ever to go on the stage; claims that the stage has too many obstacles, even for a man. Instead, he wants them all to go through college, and then marry.

Eddie will probably have his own way in this matter, too. He has such a genius for making things work out as he wants them! For instance, Edna is musically inclined—but it used to be like pulling teeth to get her to sit down at a piano and practice. Eddie fixed that. He promised to let her accompany his songs when he rehearsed them. You never saw such a change! We almost had to drag Edna away from the piano after that. And the result is that today she is a really fine pianist, and she does accompany him in rehearsal.

But please don't think that my husband's fine flair for making people do what he wants them to, is a mark of selfishness on his part. I have never known a more unselfish man in my life than Eddie Cantor. His philanthropies cost him a great deal of money—and what is more important, he gives himself as well as his cash. For example, not only does he send about 2,000 boys every summer to his "Eddie Cantor Camp" at Cold Springs on the Hudson near New York; he goes there himself as often as he can to be with them—to be one of them. For never has he forgotten how hot those sidewalks of New York can be in summer!

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PATSY MONTANA -

America's Cowboy Sweetheart!

BY AUSTIN A. FINKENBINDER

Contrary to public belief, **PATSY MONTANA**, nee **RUBBYE BLEVINS**, is not retired — and probably never will!

In the 30's, 40's and very early 50's, **PATSY MONTANA** was a singing and yodeling star on the **WLS National Barn Dance**. **PATSY'S** backup group, in those days, was **THE PRAIRIE RAMBLERS**, featuring Jack Taylor, Chick Hurt, "Tex" Atchinson and "Salty" Holmes. Unfortunately, **PATSY** and "Tex" Atchinson are the only ones alive of that famous group! Of course, in those days radio shows presented "live" entertainment and provided music for many **WLS** programs during the week. As was the custom, they also traveled to thousands of towns and State Fairs in the midwest, appearing in person in theatres, parks and for fraternal organizations.

Patsy Montana is probably best known for being the first female Country/Western singer to sell a million records! Her own composition, "I Want To Be A Cowboy Sweetheart", hit the airwaves in 1936 and was an immediate hit! What made this feat most unique was the fact that, in the 30's, people were just getting over the Depression, so money was certainly not plentiful as it seems to be nowadays. During her years as a star on **WLS**, **Patsy** recorded for many different labels. She wrote over 200 songs, which were published and recorded, and has been a long-time member of **ASCAP**.

Early in 1952 **Patsy** and her husband, **Paul Rose** (he was Manager of the blind singing team of **MAC & BOB**, who also appeared over **WLS**) and their two children, **Beverly** and **Judy**, moved to Southern California. They first settled in North Hollywood, but now live in Long Beach, California.

After getting settled in her new home, **Patsy** continued her career, appearing in the local clubs and occasionally on college campuses. She has appeared at the famous **Palomino Club**, North Hollywood; **Disneyland**, Anaheim; **The Brandin' Iron**, San Bernadino; and **Nashville West**, El Monte, to name a few. Invited by many celebrities for their shows, she has appeared with the **JOHNNY CASH SHOW** in Phoenix, Arizona; the **DAVID**

HOUSTON SHOW, Hot Springs, Arkansas; the **MONTE MONTANA** (no relation) **SHOW**, Wolf Point, Montana and the **BUCK OWENS' SHOW**, Bakersfield, California. As a representative of the Academy of Country Music, **Patsy** appeared on Coast-to-Coast TV, the ABC Network, in March and July, 1975.

Each year, **Patsy** scheduled a tour of the various clubs in Southwestern United States and Nashville, Tennessee. She has also toured Europe on three different occasions and will be returning, in September, for her fourth successful tour of England, Holland, Scotland and perhaps West Germany. Working nowadays as a "single," **Patsy** still plays to packed houses and is always invited back for a return visit wherever she appears. What with nostalgia back in vogue and the young people discovering and liking Country/Western Music, **Patsy** finds herself as popular as ever. The young people delight in hearing her yodel (it's something they've never heard before), which she does well as she ever did!

During her career, **Patsy** has been the recipient of many well-deserved awards and honors. The Colorado Music Festival honored her by naming her "Queen of Western Singers"; the Academy of Country Music recently presented her with the "Pioneer Award". **Patsy** has been selected to appear in "Who's Who In American Women" (1974-75) and, also, "The World's Who's Who". Her picture graces the walls of the Hall of Fame, both in Nashville and Denver, Colorado. She is also a member of the Selection Board for the Hall of Fame, Nashville, Tennessee.

While on a recent tour of Europe, **Patsy** and her daughter, **JUDY ROSE**, recorded an album on Look Records entitled, "Mum And Me In Campbell's Country". This album was released in England in September, 1975 and will be available to the United States public as soon as a U.S. Distributorship has been selected. A few years ago, she recorded an album of her favorite hymns on Birch Records, Wilmette, Illinois. The album, "Precious Memories", sold very well and proved to her public that **Patsy Montana** had not retired, but was singing as good as she ever did!



PATSY MONTANA

One would think that such a busy lady as **Patsy** would have no time at all for hobbies; however, she loves to sew, paint, garden and ride horseback (she appeared with **GENE AUTRY** in many Western movies). Not to be outdone by the younger set, **Patsy** enjoys talking on CB and her "handle", naturally, is "Cowboy Sweetheart".

Patsy's love for singing is overshadowed only by her love for people. She has been quoted many times, saying that "the most rewarding thing about my singing career, is meeting all the wonderful people!"

America's Cowboy Sweetheart has a very active Fan Club, whose mailing address is:

410 E. Water Street, Apt. 206, Pontiac, Illinois 61764. This past June, for the first time, her Fan Club had a booth in Nashville, Tennessee for the Annual Fan Fair Convention that is held each year during the second week in June.

If any one person was noted for "blazing a trail" for Country/Western Music, I'd have to say that it was **PATSY MONTANA**, America's Cowboy Sweetheart!"

(ED. NOTE — Austin A. Finkenbinder is president of the **Patsy Montana International Fan Club**.)

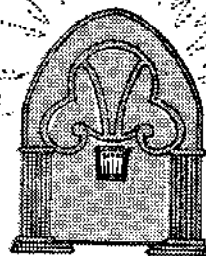
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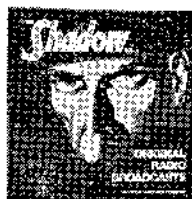
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pastel blues

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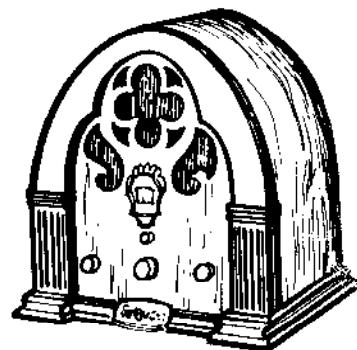
■ They throw a spotlight on her—this beautiful woman in a shimmering gown, and before you catch your breath, she starts the song. Low and sad it comes, and drifts in the air. Maybe it's *Stormy Weather*, or *St. Louis Blues*, or *The Man I Love*—the old ones. Maybe she's singing something you never heard before. But the words and the music—they don't matter when she's there. Only the mood and the meaning. And she takes you with her out of the smoke-filled room; she takes you where you may not want to be, where the laughter isn't half so loud as the tears. And it's a while coming back. Even after she's flashed you a smile that says it was only a song, even then you're still far away . . . When she was sixteen, her mother, who was an actress, got her a job at the Cotton Club. She was a dancer then, though she'd never studied dancing in her life. And singing she'd do in the dressing room with the girls kidding her. But one night, Lyle Miller, a producer, heard her voice coming through the transom. There was something about it that made him listen till the end, and then he arranged for her to tour with Noble Sissle's band. She learned a lot the next few years—how to dress, how to walk, how to use her speaking voice. She was beginning to make herself a name when suddenly she changed it—by marriage in 1937. Except for her two children—Gail, 9, and Theodore, 7—the marriage failed. Lena went back to work. Cafe Society in New York's Greenwich Village was the place. She liked it there. Artists came, actors, musicians, they'd watch the entertainment and then put on a show themselves. If it weren't for her agent she'd be there still. But her agent said Hollywood was next. Lena went along for the ride. Every morning in California she'd pack up to come home. Her agent said "no," and finally he took her to see Arthur Freed. "I have five minutes," said Mr. Freed. In five minutes he had another actress for M-G-M. You saw her in *Panama Hattie*, in *Cabin In The Sky*, more recently in *Till The Clouds Roll By*. Success didn't hurt when it came. Lena accepted it quietly. When you work that hard and that long success looks smaller than it did before. And when you're fighting all your life against race hatred, other things matter even more—simple things that most Americans take for granted. Important things—basic things to Lena. The girl has a song to sing, the mood is indigo. The beat is slow and steady, and when it stops you hear the echo in your heart.

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NOTES FROM THE BANDSTAND

by KARL PEARSON

I recently had the opportunity to see The Glenn Miller Orchestra under the direction of Jimmy Henderson when the band appeared at one of the summer concerts at the Old Orchard Shopping Center in Skokie. It had been a little over a year since I had last seen the band and at that time the band had improved a great deal. But now the band plays even better!

From the opening theme, *Moonlight Serenade*, through several of the Miller standards and right to the closing, the band presented a high-class performance which the audience definitely enjoyed.

The tunes played at this concert included, for the most part, many of the Miller standards: *American Patrol*, *Tuxedo Junction* and *Kalamazoo*. There were a few more recent selections, such as *Come Fly With Me*, *What I Did For Love* (from the current Broadway hit "A Chorus Line") and the recent pop song *I Write The Songs*. The interesting thing about these songs is that they were played in the famous Glenn Miller style.

The playing by the members of the band was extremely good. The trumpet section and trombone section played with precision and the solos by these people were great. The rhythm section of the band (piano, bass and

drums) has improved greatly. I was extremely impressed by the drummer, although I'm sorry to say I can't remember his name — I missed it. The sax section, too, has the "Miller sound" down pat. What I mean, of course, by the Miller sound is the clarinet lead backed by four saxophones which Glenn featured on so many of his recordings of the original band. It's not a very easy sound to try to copy, which is one reason I was impressed with the sax section's playing.

The band has two new vocalists — Anita Dee and Laigh Langley. Both were featured separately and together with the band's vocal group, the *Moonlight Serenaders*. Anita sang *What I Did For Love* and *I Write The Songs*, both previously mentioned, while Laigh sang the Miller standard *At Last and Come Fly With Me*. Together with the vocal group (consisting of Henderson, Anita Dee, Laigh Langley, trumpeter Dale Orris and trombonist Gary Tole) they sang *Don't Sit Under The Apple Tree*, *Elmer's Tune*, *Kalamazoo*, *Chattanooga Choo Choo* and *Perfidia*.

Jimmy Henderson's trombone playing was great, as usual. Henderson shared solo honors with Gary Tole, who took a couple of the trombone solos. Henderson was his usual enthusiastic self, always sounding as though he enjoys leading this band — and he does.

As the band went into its closing theme, *Moonlight Serenade*, Jimmy said goodnight to the audience, which had received the band enthusiastically, and the band finished the theme. Then a surprising thing happened — the audience gave the band a standing ovation. Quite an honor for a band whose original leader disappeared over 30 years ago. The audience wanted an encore, and let Henderson know with its shouts of "more!" Henderson honored those shouts with two encores — the old Glenn Miller favorite *Perfidia* and a new arrangement of an old tune — *Lassus Trombone*, which of course, featured the trombone section. Then again the closing theme, ending an enjoyable evening of music.

One last comment about Jimmy Henderson. In the short time that he has led the band (since March 31, 1975), he has really improved it — in its playing and in the tunes it plays.

For those of you interested in seeing this band, you will be able to catch them on September 16 and 17, when it will play at the Willowbrook Ballroom in suburban Western Springs. I know you'll enjoy it!



Tune in CBS Radio Mystery Theatre nightly on WBBM radio, 780 on the AM dial, from 10:30 p.m. to 11:30 p.m. These dramatic productions are sponsored in part by North West Federal.

THOSE WERE THE DAYS • WNIB- FM 97.1

SATURDAY AFTERNOONS • 1:00 UNTIL 5:00

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3rd

WINDY CITY BANDSTAND

BENNY GOODMAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA (1-20-36) from the Joseph Urban Room of the Congress Hotel in Chicago. Vocals by Helan Ward and Joe Harris. (9:10; 8:50; 11:45)

RAYMOND SCOTT AND HIS ORCHESTRA (10-21-41) from The Blackhawk Restaurant in Chicago via WGN with announcer Jack Brickhouse. (9:30; 11:30; 7:30)

EDDIE HOWARD AND HIS ORCHESTRA (12-5-45) from Chicago's Aragon Ballroom with vocals by Eddie Howard and Kenny Myers. (13:10; 12:05)

DUKE ELLINGTON AND HIS ORCHESTRA (8-13-52) from the Blue Note in Chicago. Vocals by Betty Roche, Ray Nance and Jimmy Grissom. Announcer is Bill Griskey. (10:40; 10:20, 8:00)

RICHARD MALTBY AND HIS ORCHESTRA (12-31-58) New Year's Eve at the Melody Mill Ballroom. (11:05, 8:00; 9:10)

OUR GUEST will be Big Band authority and collector **KARL PEARSON**, author of **NOTES FROM THE BANDSTAND** in our Nostalgia Newsletter.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10th

JACK BENNY AND FRED ALLEN: SUPERSTARS

JACK BENNY PROGRAM (1-15-50) Excerpt from program showing how Jack Benny met Fred Allen. (7:50)

FRED ALLEN SHOW (6-26-49) Jack Benny and Henry Morgan guest on Fred's last starring program on radio. Ford Motor Company. (15:30, 14:17)

TOWN HALL TONIGHT (12-22-37) Excerpt from program as guest Jack Benny tries to sell his Maxwell to host Fred Allen. (10:30)

JACK BENNY PROGRAM (8-3-50) Excerpt from broadcast featuring Fred and Jack looking back at their careers in vaudeville. (12:50)

COMMAND PERFORMANCE (12-25-43) Fred Allen and Jack Benny remember more of the good old days. (9:45)

COMMAND PERFORMANCE (12-25-42) Jack Benny and Fred Allen attempt to put an end to their feud. (6:00)

COMMAND PERFORMANCE (12-25-44) Christmas shopping with Jack Benny and Fred Allen. (14:15)

CAMEL COMEDY CARAVAN (6-11-43) Excerpt as Jack Benny and his cast offer the

Benny version of the Fred Allen Show with "Benny's Boulevard." (7:00)

THE BIG SHOW (11-5-50) An excerpt from the first show in the series features Fred Allen, Tallulah Bankhead, Portland Hoffa, Danny Thomas, Jimmy Durante, Frankie Laine and Meredith Willson in the spoof of Jack Benny's show called "The Pinch Penny Program." (16:30)

JACK BENNY PROGRAM (5-19-46) Guest Fred Allen joins Jack and Don Wilson, Mary Livingstone, Dennis Day, Phil Harris, and Rochester in a program from New York City. Lucky Strike Cigarettes. (11:55; 17:05)

FRED ALLEN SHOW (5-26-46) Excerpt with one of the most famous Benny-Allen radio get-togethers. Fred hosts the "King for a Day" radio give-away show and Jack is a contestant. (12:50)

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17th

AL-EDDIE-JIMMY: THE GREAT ONES

THE LEGEND OF JIMMY DURANTE—Walter Winchell narrates the life story of Jimmy "Schnozzola" Durante. (14:50; 13:15; 8:20)

LUX RADIO THEATRE (6-2-47) "The Jazz Singer" starring Al Jolson recreating the role he created on the screen in the movies' first talking picture. With Gail Patrick, Ludwig Donath, Tamara Shane. Lux Toilet Soap. (19:50; 18:40; 21:40)

EDDIE CANTOR AT CARNEGIE HALL (1962) "Banjo Eyes" on the stage at the famous Carnegie Hall, reminisces about his career, show business, and his friends. (26:00; 25:45)

PLUS—Throughout the afternoon, Jimmy Durante and his friends at the **CLUB DURANT**: Sophie Tucket, Al Jolson, Ethel Barrymore, Lou Clayton, Eddie Jackson, Bing Crosby, Helen Traubel, Bob Hope, Eddie Cantor and Peter Lawford. (total of 37 min)

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24th
RADIO IN THE 1950s

HAVE GUN WILL TRAVEL (3-1-59) John Dehner stars as Paladin with Ben Wright as Hey Boy. Hey Boy's brother dies. (9:55; 14:10)

SILVER EAGLE, MOUNTIE (7-20-54) Jim Ameche as Jim West of the Northwest Mounted Police. General Mills. (11:30, 12:45)

FORT LARAMIE (3-11-56) Raymond Burr stars as Capt. Lee Quince with Vic Perrin,

THOSE WERE THE DAYS • WNIB- FM 97.1

SATURDAY AFTERNOONS • 1:00 UNTIL 5:00

Virginia Gregg and John Dehner. Life on the Wyoming frontier.

DRAGNET (3-30-50) Jack Webb as Sgt. Friday with Barton Yarborough as Sgt. Romero. Underworld figure is shot to death in gangland style. Fatima Cigarettes. (17:20, 12:10)

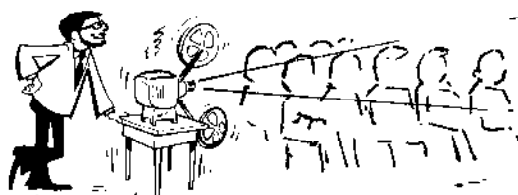
FRONTIER GENTLEMAN (3-2-58) John Dehner stars as J. B. Kendall with Joe Kearns, Virginia Gregg and Herb Ellis. "The

Lost Mine." (10:30; 12:20)

X MINUS ONE (2-27-57) "Real Gone" stars real-life 1950s disc jockey Al "Jazzbo" Collins. (11:50, 10:20)

LUKE SLAUGHTER OF TOMBSTONE (3-16-58) Sam Buffington stars as Luke, a Civil War cavalryman turned Arizona cattleman. Directed by William N. Robson. (12:00; 11:35)

CHUCK SCHADEN'S



If you have a fondness for the "good old days," then you're automatically a member of our **MEMORY CLUB** which resumes meeting on Saturday, September 10 in the Community Room at North West Federal Savings, 4901 W. Irving Park Road, Chicago. There's plenty of free parking in the large lot at the rear of the NWF office on Dakin street and CTA transportation to the door. **MEMORY CLUB** movies begin at 8 p.m. and the doors open at 7:30 p.m. "Dues" are \$1.25 per meeting.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10

LOVE THY NEIGHBOR (1940) Jack Benny and Fred Allen carry their famous radio feud on to the silver screen in this comedy. Eddie "Rochester" Anderson is there to provide for more laughs and the musical fun is supplied by the Merry Macs and Mary Martin singing "My Heart Belongs to Daddy."

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17th

MISSISSIPPI (1935) Bing Crosby and W. C. Fields co-star with Joan Bennett, Gail Patrick. Great cast in a musical comedy with Bing singing many wonderful Rodgers and Hart songs including "It's Easy to Remember but Hard to Forget." Fields is a riverboat captain and the poker game scene is an unforgettable classic.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24th

ICELAND (1942) Sonja Henie stars with John Payne, Jack Oakie, Felix Bressart, Joan Merrill. Love story with comedy and music on ice. The great skating star skates her way into our hearts. The film features the musical standard "There Will Never Be Another You."

COMING UP AT THE MEMORY CLUB

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1st—Captains of the Clouds ((1942) with James Cagney, Dennis Morgan.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8th—All-Star Cartoon Festival with rare Amos 'n' Andy cartoons and others from World War II.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15th—One Hundred Men and A Girl (1937) starring Deanna Durbin and Leopold Stokowski.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22nd—Fifty Million Frenchmen (1931) with Olson and Johnson.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29th—Hallowe'en with Laurel and Hardy: A-Haunting We Will Go (1942) and The Laurel and Hardy Murder Case (1930).

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5th—Wake Up and Live (1937) Walter Winchell, Ben Bernie, Alice Faye, Jack Haley.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12th—A Saturday Night Matinee with the original film of The Lone Ranger plus selected short subjects.

FILM CLIPS

CLIPPED BY
Mark Nelson

NOT TOO LONG AGO, in these very same pages, we discussed the 3-D craze of the 1950s and its eventual demise due to technological expense and lack of audience interest. **Stereovision** was not the only gimmick theatre-owners used to lure wary customers into their lobbies. **Color** was at one time considered a promotional gimmick; **talkies** were referred to as "a passing fad". But with the fall of **3-D** and the rise of television, film promoters were anxious to try anything to attract attention to their product, even if that product wasn't worth the attention.

Undisputed king of the gimmicks was independent producer **William Castle**, who began his career in the theatre and worked as director of dozens of grade B costume adventures in Hollywood. After detaching him-

self from his Columbia contract (under which he directed **FORT TI** in 3-D in 1953), Castle formed his own company and made a cheap little mystery thriller called **MACABRE** (1956). The film cost Castle less than \$100,000 to make, and Allied Artists agreed to release. But Castle's reputation was on the line: how on earth could he convince an audience to start lines at the box office when **MACABRE** played at the local theatre?

The answer cost Castle an additional \$5,000, but it was an investment well worth the price. His fast-talking convinced Lloyd's of London, a posh soliciting agency, to insure every person in the world against death by fright while viewing **MACABRE**. Thousand-dollar policies were distributed to each patron as they entered the theatre. (This device was quickly pilfered by American-International, which prefaced each print of **THE SCREAMING SKULL** (1958) with a trailer informing patrons that a free burial would be provided for those who died of fright during the screening). Lloyd's of London is pleased to report that they have never had to pay off on the **MACABRE** policy.

The industry was astounded at the success of William Castle's modest little melodrama, and he was happy to produce a follow-up for Allied Artists (provided, of course, he came up with a showman's gimmick for exploitation's sake). **THE HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL** featured an elaborate gimmick called **EMERGO**. At the climax of the film, when actor **Vincent Price** operated a puppet-like skeleton onscreen, projectionists at local theatres pressed a button which caused a life-sized skeleton to float over the heads of the audience on mechanized wires. **EMERGO** wasn't a great success; it was expensive to install and required a projectionist who never fell asleep during the last reel.

Castle talked theatre-owners into wiring selected seats with small electric motors which vibrated at key moments in **THE TINGLER** (1959). In 1960, for **13 GHOSTS**, he developed the "Ghost Viewer" which allowed patrons to either see or blot out the spirits cavorting onscreen, depending upon their individual measures of courage. **HOMICIDAL** (1961) featured a "Fright Break" just before the climax; a huge clock appeared on the screen and patrons were given one minute to leave the theatre, visit the "Coward's Corner" in the lobby, and be refunded their admission price. Even Castle's most prestigious picture employed a gimmick of sorts: for **ROSEMARY'S**



Produced and Directed by **WILLIAM CASTLE** • Written by **ROBB WHITE** • An **ALLIED ARTISTS** Picture

BABY (1968), **Mia Farrow** cut off her long hair.

William Castle's gimmicks were expensive, and, for the most part, imaginative. Far less expense was needed for such features as **THE MASK** (1961), which gave away free mask replicas tinted with 3-D eyepieces for the dream segments of the film. For **THE HYPNOTIC EYE** (1960), the producers had **Jacques Bergerac** try to put theatre audiences under a hypnotic spell; they were given **Hypnotic Eye Balloons** in order to try the tests exhibited on the screen. Customers who went to see **RASPUTIN—THE MAD MONK** in 1966 were given a free **Rasputin Beard** as they entered the theatre. At a double-bill of **PLAGUE OF THE ZOMBIES** (1966) and **DRACULA—PRINCE OF DARKNESS** (1966), boys were given **vampire fangs** to bite back with; girls were given **zombie eyes** to protect themselves from the toothy advances of their escorts.

The soundtrack has played an interesting role in the history of film gimmickery. The first film to exploit the possibilities of dimensional sound was **Walt Disney's FANTASIA** (1940), which was released in key engagements with a nine-channel stereophonic soundtrack dubbed **FANTASOUND**. More recently,

Universal Pictures developed **SENSURROUND** for **EARTHQUAKE** (1974) and subsequent features; the gimmick here was a distorted low-pitched soundtrack rumbling through huge speakers strategically placed in the theatres. (When **EARTHQUAKE** had its network television premiere, the soundtrack was simulcast over FM radio in major markets to create the **SENSURROUND** effect.) **THE EXORCIST** (1974) derived much of its shock value from its peculiarly recorded sound track: voices and dialogue were recorded at a very low level, and were scarcely audible unless the projectionist cranked up the amplifier all the way. That way, whenever a sound effect was heard (a scream, for example, or a door slamming), the sound blasted from the speakers, startling the weak-hearted in the audience.

Gimmicks are still with us. Pressbooks for modern thrillers endorse the same exploitation techniques that were used in the 1930s; parking an ambulance in front of the theatre, for example, or sponsoring a scream contest over the local radio station. Horror films have always been the most easily exploitable motion picture commodity, and so they are what we have discussed here. And why not? In these late dog-days of summer, they often supply a badly needed dose of chills.



UNWRITTEN LAWS OF RADIO ROW

REPRINT from RADIO STARS, June, 1935

THE night had come and gone, and the last lances of daylight were fading in the dim court-room where I sat sleepily waiting for a jury to come in. A lady of the Broadway song and dance seminars had taken bull's-eye aim at her beau's hard heart, laying him among the sweet peas forever more.

The jury came in after a night of haggling, and set the homicidal cutie free to shoot some more. At breakfast her attorney told me something I shall always remember.

"We beat that rap with the unwritten law," the barrister said. "Kid, the unwritten law is stronger than any law on the books."

All of radio's laws are unwritten.

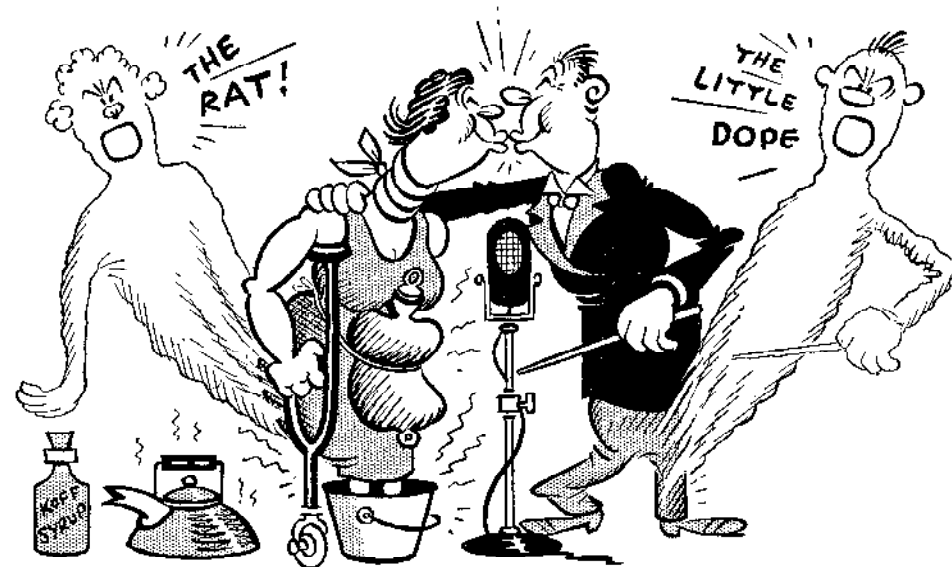
There is no kilocycle constitution engraved on any scroll, imprisoned by pen and ink so all can read. But those who make their living in the studios are governed by this unwritten code. There are universal rules that never are set down on paper but which are as stern as any roster of conduct for court procedure devised by Blackstone.

There are people in radio who do not speak to one another when they pass in the narrow studio corridors, yet they send long and happy wires of congratulations on the nights when their enemies begin a new program to assure them of their good wishes.

I have frisked my brain, badgered radio wise-aces with questions, asked every one from page boy to president—but no one can tell me why they do it.

"They just do it," they explained unsatisfactorily.

**BY JAMES
CANNON**



I recall sitting in the murky twilight of a night-club around the corner from Columbia's studios on Madison Avenue, with a knocking knot of radio troupers. With sadistic happiness they were sticking knives into the backs of absent brothers and sisters. The name of a certain orchestra leader came up. The most violent hater of the missing baton boss was a young singer, who tore the orchestra leader to tatters. He said he was a rat, the meanest man in the world to those who worked for and with him, that he knew as much about music as a butcher about art.

"Gee, that reminds me," he said. "I forgot to send that dope a telegram! He opens on a new show tonight."

I helped the serenader compose the telegram. If memory serves this fatigued brain, it read something like this:

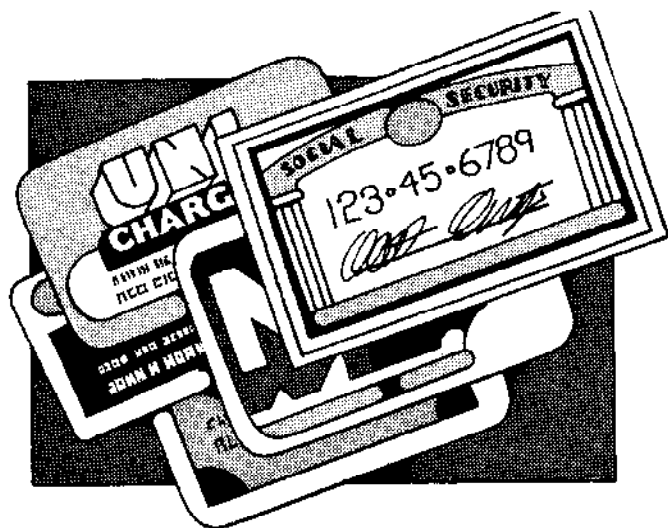
"A great fellow like you rates all the success and the happiness in the world stop I know you will be sensational on your new show and you will be the talk of the town stop I'm rooting for you."

He hurried to a telephone booth and sent it. When he returned to the table, I asked him why he had telegraphed congratulations to a man he hated.

"Oh," he said, "he sent one to me. He always does."

He had obeyed the unwritten law of radio. That was all.

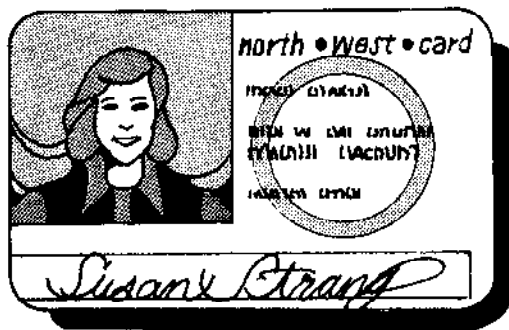
It is an unwritten law that you must attend the hotel and night club openings of orchestras, if you are a performer. The badge of radio success is the frequency with which you are seen at ringside tables at these noisy festivals. The same people compose the audience at every opening.



Lots of cards tell people who you are.

The north-west-card shows them.

It's your personal picture I.D. It also gets you free photocopies, free notary service, and free card lamination. No service charge for travellers checks, registered checks, greeting card checks. You can even enjoy special group tours. Keep \$500 in a savings account with us, and a *north-west-card* is yours free.



It can save you a lot of money... 63 hours a week.



CHICAGO EDISON PARK NORRIDGE
DES PLAINES ARLINGTON HEIGHTS
Phone: 777-7200

Unwritten Laws of Radio Row

The broadcasting chains who microphone these jamborees usually run the seating arrangements. It is an unwritten law that the stars who get the highest salaries never get a check. But those performers who are struggling, trying to live on small salaries, get the worst tables—and would be arrested if they tried to put a check on the cuff!

Another unwritten law is that the most capable performers present never perform. They take their bows with a blasé majesty, and then angrily wave the spotlight off them as the crowd applauds for them to do their acts. Occasionally, if the applause keeps up, they will mutter a few words. If they are not introduced, they will stalk peevishly from the room, swearing they were deliberately insulted.

If you can't make it, you wire. But if you can make it, you come to the cabaret or hotel opening of the man you hate.

There is a man in radio who is a social ogre. He is an orchestra leader, and is insulting and arrogant.

I think no one hated him more than the torch singer who sulkily muttered of love while he led his orchestra in sultry accompaniment.

The young lady spent most of her spare time telling people how she loathed him. She refused to talk to him, snubbed him openly at the studio. It was her endless complaint that the man was ruining her with his inferior music.

But one snowy night in February the orchestra leader started a run in one of the town's caravansaries. The young singer had a cold, and

was weary from doing five shows a day at Loew's State Theatre in New York. But she had to go to the doings.

The young lady was the hit of the night. It was a strange and lovely sight to see as she kissed the man she never spoke to, and sang song after song. She explained she had got out of a sick bed to honor "the swell feller who plays those swell tunes on our swell program with such a swell band," and what a fine man he was to work with and so sweet and lovely to a little girl who was what she was today because of his swell assistance.

The bogus Svengali didn't seem baffled by this counterfeit praise. He expected it. It's an unwritten law that people who work on the same programs always show up on opening nights and do a free show for the orchestra on their program.

When RADIO STARS Magazine gave me

this assignment, I telephoned the young singer and recalled the incident. After I had promised I would not mention her name, she said:

"I still don't talk to him—he's no good! But what else could I do that night? I had to go. You know I had to go."

Another unwritten law of Radio Row is that you have to learn how to take it.

The Broadway boys call it "the velvet knock." At openings and dinners the radio stars abuse one another from the dais and the spotlight-freckled floor. They single out a performer in the audience and smilingly insult him. And the clay pigeons for the sharpshooting insults sit back and grin while their social and professional life is attacked, pretending to be having as much

fun as any one. Not once have I heard a radio personality object to being insulted in public by an alleged funny man whom he privately despised. But as soon as it is over, the insultee begins to grumble and complain under his breath. If the self-designated wit had said the same things in private, a brawl would have followed.

But why do they take it?

Just another unwritten law in radio's invisible constitution.

Another mysterious axiom of the ether business is that singers and orchestra leaders must show a violent contempt for song-pluggers.

It is conceded by warblers and musicians that they could not make a living if they did not have songs to sing and play. They need the words and music of Tin Pan Alley on Kilocycle Causeway. But they must ritz the contact men—they are called song pluggers—of the music publishing firms. I have seen heads of million-dollar music firms snubbed by fifty-dollar-a-week chanters. The pluggers accept the humiliation and seem to flourish on it.

Why?

Just one of those unwritten laws.

Singers and musicians refuse to make appointments with the pluggers. They hold mass auditions for songs at odd hours of the day. They get cuts on songs they sing. They dine with the pluggers, but never reach for the check. They make errand boys out of the publishers' repre-

sentatives, and treat them as servants while they get rich singing their songs.

Successes in radio always must have a manager, a large office, a press agent and a meek platoon of secretaries. Usually the star's bookings are handled by the network's artist bureau. The chain's publicity department blows the bugles, contacts the papers and schemes up angles. They could use a hat as an office. Few stars do any business themselves.

But again we come back to the unwritten law. They just have to have these things. Why? Oh, it's the thing. Everyone has them. Why? Well, that's how it is. They're living by a set of rules more rigid than the penal code!

The sponsors say that New York does not represent the United States; it is just another city as far as they are concerned. But the stars don't agree with them. They crave a good notice in a New York tabloid's radio column.

It has become tradition that you must play every benefit a certain New York critic has anything to do with—and he is connected with many a benefit.

A year or so ago radio actors traveled out into one of Manhattan's suburbs, rode on a ferry-boat across an ice-ridden bay to play a benefit for this Boswell. One of the country's leading kilocycle comedians made a trip from Philadelphia, and returned the same night to please this journalistic master of ceremonies.

All these actors who played that benefit in a blizzard said radio criticism, especially in New York, meant nothing. But they all risked their lives, broke up their schedule, travelled many miles to do tricks for nothing for a man they hardly knew. It is one of radio's unwritten laws to despise but never to offend a newspaperman who has a radio column.

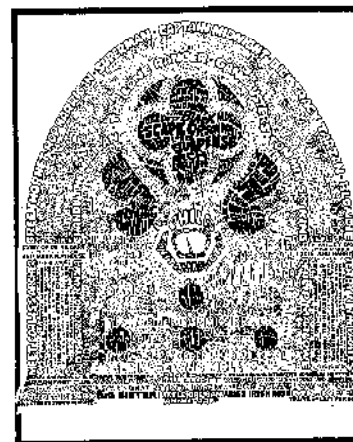
I ran the New York World Telegram's radio page for two years. I know personally or have interviewed every leading funny fellow before the American microphone. Every one spends his spare time searching for fresh gags, employing comedy writers or thinking up new angles for laughter. But most of them—Fred Allen is the only exception—will tell you they deliberately use old gags because that is what you and I want as we sit on the other side of the loud speaker.

There you are.

You can't explain them. You can't find them on any record. But they are the unwritten laws of radio.

THE END

GET A NOSTALGIA GRAPHIC TO DECORATE YOUR MEMORY...



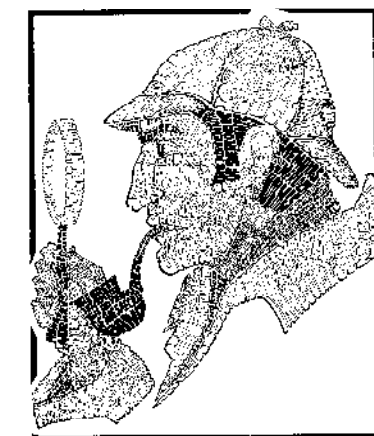
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**WHO IS
STUDS
TERKEL**

?

**TUNE IN WENR
SUNDAY NITE
10 P.M.**

AD from CHICAGO SUN, March 22, 1946

BURBANK, ILL. — I was just a kid, with a memory of nail-biting, hair-raising radio programs like "Peter Quill," "Lights Out," and "Hermit's Cave." For me, these were the scariest! Even now, I can still remember the feeling that came over me at the beginning of each program. In the darkened living room, that eerie voice called out "Peeee-ter---Quiiiiii!" and the winds whistled and howled when the Hermit told his story. Wow!

Once, when it was really storming outside (like it is as I write this) and the story was a real goose-bump raiser, my brother shouted to me to shut off the radio. I wouldn't, so he did. I switched it back on again and he switched it off again and took out the radio tube and hid it until the next morning. Because he was older and the hour was late, he got his way. So, you can see why I'd like to hear some of those programs again. Lots of memories. Sure, some sound a little corny today, but, as I said, the memories...

Talk about "Lights Out!" That's just what happened. Lightning just struck the telephone pole here and knocked out the electricity!



Now that the smoke and smells outside have cleared, I'm finishing this letter by candlelight. How about that? Maybe I couldn't have called some of the radio programs "corny" 'cause that's when the lightning struck! Could it be there's a ghostly Shadow that watches over the golden radio from the past? — **LENNY KASMAR.**

(ED. NOTE — Thanks for the memories. We continue our search for a "Peter Quill" program, but so far not a single program has turned up. In the meantime, hang on to those sounds in your mind.)



MORE THAN 10,000 people jammed RAVINIA PARK on August 10th for "The Nostalgic Sounds of the Summer of '42" starring Tex Beneke and the orchestra. Chuck Schaden was master of ceremonies.



FRANKLIN PARK—We were discussing whether or not Life With Luigi was on TV. I said that I believed that Luigi was on television, but it's been so long ago there is some doubt. My wife Maralyn says no, because she can't remember it. Who's right?—**ALEX M. BAKALET.**

(ED. NOTE—You are right. Life With Luigi was on television—for one season: September 22, 1952 thru June 11, 1953. J. Carroll Naish, who created the role on radio, also starred on the C.B.S. TV series. Pasquale was played by Alan Reed, who also appeared on the radio show.)

GRIFFITH, INDIANA—I was wondering when you were going to have another mystery series. My language arts teacher in seventh grade told me about your show and he played one in school called "The Thing That Cries in the Night." I thought it was good. I especially like to hear the ones with Jack, Doc and Reggie. —**MARK DECKARD.**

(ED. NOTE—We'll probably run a complete "I Love A Mystery" or other Carlton E. Morse series sometime early next year, when the snow is on the ground and the wind is howling outside. That's the best time for an afternoon of chilling mystery!)

NORTHFIELD—May I express my congratulations on a job well done on your World War II series (May-June, 1977). I feel that I have lived through it even though I was not born until after that incredible period of time. Some of those programs gave me the chills, such as "A Lesson in Japanese" and "Chicago,



BACKSTAGE at Ravinia with Chuck Schaden and Tex Beneke.

Germany." — and I know how the war came out! It must have produced more than one nightmare for people, especially children, propaganda notwithstanding. The educational value is, I feel, significant.—**SUSAN CAREY.**

BERWYN—Approximately a year ago I wrote you about some statistics about your morning "Hall Closet" and your "Those Were The Days" shows which you printed in the August, 1976, Newsletter. Perhaps your listeners would like to be brought up to date. On WLTD you had 689 Hall Closet morning shows. On July 1, 1977, you aired your 480th and last Hall Closet morning show on WXFM since September 1, 1975. This was your 1,169th and last Hall Closet morning show since the series began on November 27, 1972. On WLTD you had 251 Those Were the Days shows. On Saturday, July 23, 1977, you aired your 99th TWTD show on WNIB since September 6, 1975. This was also your 350th TWTD show since the series began on May 2, 1970. So sorry to hear that you have discontinued your morning Hall Closet series. I have greatly enjoyed and taped most of your 1,169 Hall Closet shows as well as your 350 TWTD programs. I want to thank you for your great efforts in restoring old time radio to the Chicago area.—**ROBERT G. HARTFIELD.**

(ED. NOTE—Thanks for the statistics! And don't forget that WXFM currently broadcasts vintage radio shows from Jack Cripe's collection. Jack's program, Radio Days Gone By, is presented every Monday thru Friday morning from 7 to 9 a.m. on WXFM, 106-FM.)



ON STAGE at Ravinia: Tex Beneke, Helen O'Connell and Bob Eberly — "Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree."

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FOR SALE—Magnavox Console TV—Good Condition, \$25. Portable TV, \$35. Large toaster oven, \$10. 2 very old console radios need work, \$25 each—both for \$35. 424-3505.

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