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Speedy Alka-Seltzer by Jim Cox

Alka-Seltzer resulted after Hub Beardsley, nephew of founding associate Albert Beardsley, rose through the ranks of his uncle's business from clerk (1890) to chairman of the board (1925). He engaged one of the outfit's chemists, Mikey Wiseman, in transforming Nervine into an innovative combination that could be housed in an effervescent capsule. But before Wiseman's work had gone very far, Beardsley learned that, by merely consuming a liquid blend of bicarbonate of soda and aspirin, some journalists at *The Elkhart Truth* staved off all signs of colds. What if, he thought to himself, we could derive an effervescent aspirin-bicar-bonate of soda dosage in something like a pill?

After combining acetylsalicylic acid (aspirin), sodium bicarbonate (baking soda) and citric acid, Wiseman and his associates created some large effervescent tablets. Mixed with water, they produced carbon dioxide gas

(seltzer) as the acid and bicarbonate reacted robustly while dissolving. The ingested solution offered users a quick remedy for headache, heartburn and hangovers by treating their pain while it neutralized excess stomach acid.

After conducting many tests, Miles' Alka-Seltzer went on the market in 1931. The product's "immediate and increasing success had much to do with the repeal of prohibition," noted one corporate authority. "As the incidence of hangovers increased, so did consumption of Alka-Seltzer. Even today Alka-Seltzer remains the world's number one cure for the hangover."

Miles turned its new discovery into a gold mine by plugging it in multiple advertising media, including printed tracts and all the added promotional tools that rolled from its presses. Within a few months, nevertheless, advertising guru Charles Beardsley — yet another descendant of one of the company's early fathers, a man

man whose destiny would also include the firm's presidency — led Miles into an early radio buy. The syndicated *Alka-Seltzer Comedy Stars of Hollywood* in spring 1932 and the *National Barn Dance* emanating from Chicago in NBC Blue in autumn 1933 were the first of numerous sponsorships for Alka-Seltzer, "first aid for acid indigestion," in what would become a pervasive aural presence.

Miles began tinkering substantially with the focus of its product line in the 1960s through new product development, acquisitions and divestitures. Pursuing a new strategy in health care, it purchased Worthington Foods Company, a pioneer in developing vegetable protein substitutes, especially soybeans. In the late 1960s and early 1970s, the firm introduced a wide range of supplementary vitamins, including some for juveniles (Bugs Bunny, Chocks and Flintstones brands), to One-A-Day brand with minerals and iron, on the market without the extras since 1943.

A fifth of Miles' sales and a still higher percentage of earnings were derived by the firm's professional product group. That included diagnostic agents and ethical drugs for treating allergies and skin conditions plus lab supplies and electronic instruments. In the five-year period beginning in 1972, Miles' fortunes fell as consumer product sales faltered, accounting for less than half the company's sales (they had been responsible for 75 percent of sales in 1961). It was a difficult reality with Miles' flagship Alka-Seltzer trademark suddenly underperforming expectations. There were reasons for this: (a) increasing medical awareness of the general public, who realized it wasn't in their interest to ingest a multi-symptom remedy without having all of the symptoms it treated (like a headache *and* an upset stomach); (b) a growing trend



away from aspirin-based cures to acetaminophen- and ibuprofen-based pain relievers; (c) a disturbingly noticeable lackluster, dry, dusty savor.

As sales of Alka-Seltzer in its original form diminished, Bayer HealthCare (the former name of Miles Laboratories, Inc.) applied the instantly identifiable sobriquet to newly-created preparations, like the common cold line of medications dubbed Alka-Seltzer Plus. Some of the creations no longer carry aspirin as part of their ingredients, nor are they any longer effervescent. "This is because the billions of dollars building the brand through advertising are still yielding benefits," claimed one source.

By the late 1970s, Miles' ethical drug sector, Dome Laboratories, introduced new wares for treating allergies, skin disorders and mental illness. In the meantime, although the founders' heirs continued to populate the company's board, beginning in 1977, outsiders assumed much more profound participation in running the drug-maker. According to one historian: "In the 1970s the leadership of Miles Laboratories, led by chairman Walter Ames Compton and president Rowland G. Rose, concluded that the cor-

poration lacked adequate assets for growth, and they explored opportunities for joint ventures and mergers."? Out of the blue, Miles was abruptly faced with the prospect of a takeover by the much larger Bayer AG of West Germany, fourth largest chemical manufacturer on the planet.

Bayer's original North American commerce, situated in the United States and Canada, was seized as enemy assets near the end of the First World War. Bayer AG's original possessions here were long gone, having been confiscated and dispatched as adversarial substance by the U.S. government decades before. But in 1978, the Leverkusen, Germany-based multinational was prepared to start over. It purchased Miles Laboratories, Inc., and its auxiliary unit, Miles Canada, plus Cutter Biologicals, yet another Miles accessory that produced insect repellent and Factor VIII, a synthetic human clotting solution for hemophiliacs. In acquiring Miles, Bayer AG reestablished its presence in this hemisphere. Bayer ultimately paid almost \$254 million for Miles, the costliest purchase involving a U.S. firm by an international pharma-

ceutical outfit to that date.

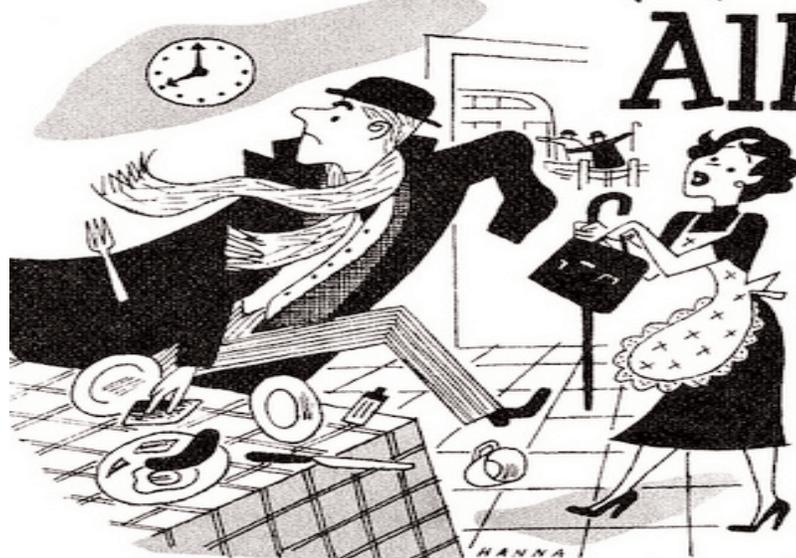
"Analysts now agree that the Bayer takeover was simply the most dramatic occurrence in a growing industry trend of established European companies entering the U.S. market by acquiring medium-sized American companies," declared one business observer. "Rather than build their own distribution systems, foreign companies save a great deal of trouble and money by buying American firms in the same business that have already developed successful operations. While maintaining its identity, Miles Laboratories in Elkhart effectively became Bayer's headquarters for its U.S. pharmaceutical operations."

Beginning in 1985, Miles' health care commodities rose to the forefront, dominating all the subsidiary's other wares. By then, Bayer AG had acquired a half-dozen additional American firms with competing product lines. Yet it was Miles Labs that unambiguously "remains the most prized of Bayer's acquisitions" wrote one reporter. Noting that a third of Miles' profits were derived from international markets, the scribe added: "Its sales have grown impres-

Somebody's going to need

Alka-Seltzer

for Indigestion!



Acid Indigestion, resulting from hurried or wrong eating, is put right in double-quick time with ALKA-SELTZER. A tablet or two taken in hot or cold water rapidly neutralizes excess stomach acid and soothes pain. Get ALKA-SELTZER from your chemist to-day. Millions sold yearly.



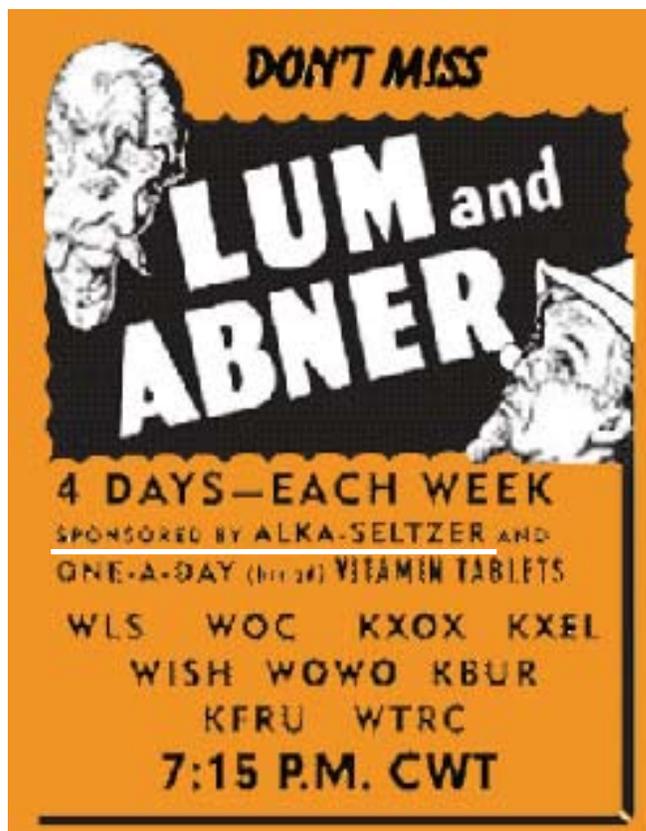
HANNA

sively since the takeover." Miles was also strategically placed to market an extensive line of Bayer derivatives. "For now, at least, neither management nor investors can quarrel with Miles' impressive performance and Bayer's very satisfying profit margins," another assessment read.

The holding firm transferred its American headquarters to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, in 1992, when it merged Miles with a half-dozen other U.S. interests acquired by Bayer. The new name was Miles, Inc., but it, too, was living on borrowed time. In 1995, the Miles nomenclature was totally abolished from all commodities, physical plants and other markings. Bayer AG had acquired Sterling Winthrop in 1994, manufacturing Bayer aspirin in North America. It thereby reclaimed the rights to its own name and trademarks as well as to Bayer aspirin.

Radio Series

Alka-Seltzer Comedy Stars of Hollywood, with Franklin Brown, Kay LaValle, The King's Men-1932 to 1934, Syndication (Alka-Seltzer)
National Barn Dance, with Joe Kelly-1933 to 1946, NBC Blue, NBC (Alka-Seltzer)
Uncle Ezra's Radio Station, aka **Sunday Afternoon in Rosedale**, with Pat Barrett -1934 to 1939, NBC (Alka-Seltzer)
Alec Templeton Time-1939 to 1941, NBC (Alka-Seltzer)
The Quiz Kids, with Joe Kelly-1940 to 1951, NBC Blue, NBC, Blue, ABC (Alka-Seltzer)
Lum and Abner, with Chester Lauck and Norris Goff-1941 to 1948, NBC Blue, Blue, ABC, CBS (Alka-Seltzer, Miles Nervine, Bactine, One-A-Day, Tabcin)
News of the World, with John W Vandercook-1941 to 1946, NBC (Alka-Seltzer)
The Roy Rogers Show, with Pat Buttram and Dale Evans -1946 to 1947, NBC (Alka-Seltzer)



Queen for a Day, with Jack Bailey -1946 to 1950, MBS (Alka-Seltzer)
News of the World, with Morgan Beatty-1946-ca. 1958, NBC (Alka-Seltzer)
Ladies Be Seated, with Johnny Olsen -1947 to 1949, ABC (Alka-Seltzer and Tabcin - multiple participation)
Alka-Seltzer Time, with Herb Shriner and the Raymond Scott Quintet-1948 to 1949, CBS (Alka-Selrzer)
Hilltop House-1948 to 1954, CBS (Alka-Seltzer, Bactine, Miles Nervine, One-A-Day, Tabcin)
The Curt Massey-Martha Tilton Show-1949 to 1954, CBS, MBS (Alka-Seltzer)
One Man's Family-1950 to 1954, NBC (Alka-Seltzer, Tabcin, Bactine, One-A-Day, Miles Nervine)
Break the Bank, with Clayton "Bud" Collyer -1953 to 1955, NBC, MBS (Alka-Seltzer)
Just Plain Bill-1954 to 1955, NBC (Alka-Seltzer)

Fibber McGee & Molly, with Jim and Marian Jordan -1955 to 1956, NBC (Alka-Seltzer, Tabcin)
The Woman in My House-1955 to 1957, NBC (Alka-Seltzer, Tabcin, One-A-Day, Miles Nervine, Bactine)

Exposition

Miles Laboratories, Inc., applied a pervasive formula to its radio advertising, much as it did in the patent medicines it manufactured. All of its shows touted Alka-Seltzer in at least one commercial and often in multiple pitches. But before most of the firm's series left the air each day or week, in a closing plug — commonly branded by broadcasting as a hitchhike commercial — Miles rotated in one of its other "fine, dependable products": Bactine antiseptic, Miles Nervine anxiety calmative, One-A-Day multiple vitamins or Tabcin antihistamine cold tablets were the most common in these concluding spots.

"The common denominator of both the company's radio and subsequent television commercials has been humor — memorable and amusing jingles for radio, exaggerated and often hilarious depictions of the 'before and after' Alka-Seltzer patient for television," wrote one reviewer. As has been noted, Miles Laboratories wasn't hesitant about spending money to increase its presence on the ether, having done

so from the early 1930s to the latter days of its enveloping impact as Miles' reputation as a drug manufacturer increased. Its innovations in broadcast advertising, particularly for Alka-Seltzer, created these unforgettable taglines to all who saw or heard them in repeated airings:

- I can't believe I ate the whole thing!***
- Mama mia, that's some spicy meatball!***
- Try it, you'll like it!***
- Plop, plop ... fizz, fizz ... oh, what a relief it is!***

Each expression was summarily adopted by American radio listeners and TV viewers and added to the nation's omnipresent everyday vernacular. Subsequently, Alka-Seltzer celebrated its 75th anniversary on March 28, 2006, with a record-setting buffet featuring more than 500 dishes. The event was staged at the Hilton Hotel in Las Vegas and infused the product with some needed promotion reminiscent of its earlier years.

One of the most imaginative creations of Miles' numerous forays into ad campaigns resulted when commercial artist Bob Watkins and advertising account executive Chuck Tenant, of the Miles business at Chicago's Wade Advertising, combined their ideas. The pair had been buddies during the Second World War. When they coalesced, the result (which report-

NO HEADACHES SPOIL OUR SHOPPING DAYS, THANK GOODNESS WE ARE WISE. **LIKE OTHERS, WE HAVE FOUND IT PAYS - TO ALKA-SELTZER-IZE**

IF AFTER-DINNER-MISERY CREEPS IN TO CAUSE US WOE. **A GLASS OF ALKA-SELTZER IS THE FINEST THING WE KNOW.**

I WISH I KNEW JUST WHAT YOU DO - TO KEEP BAD COLDS AWAY. **I'LL PUT YOU WISE I ALKALIZE, THE ALKA-SELTZER WAY.**

Be Wise - Alkalize

Alka-Seltzer Makes a sparkling alkalinizing solution containing an analgesic (acetyl salicylate). You drink it and it gives prompt, pleasant relief for Headaches, Sour Stomach, Distress after Meals, Colds and other minor Aches and Pains

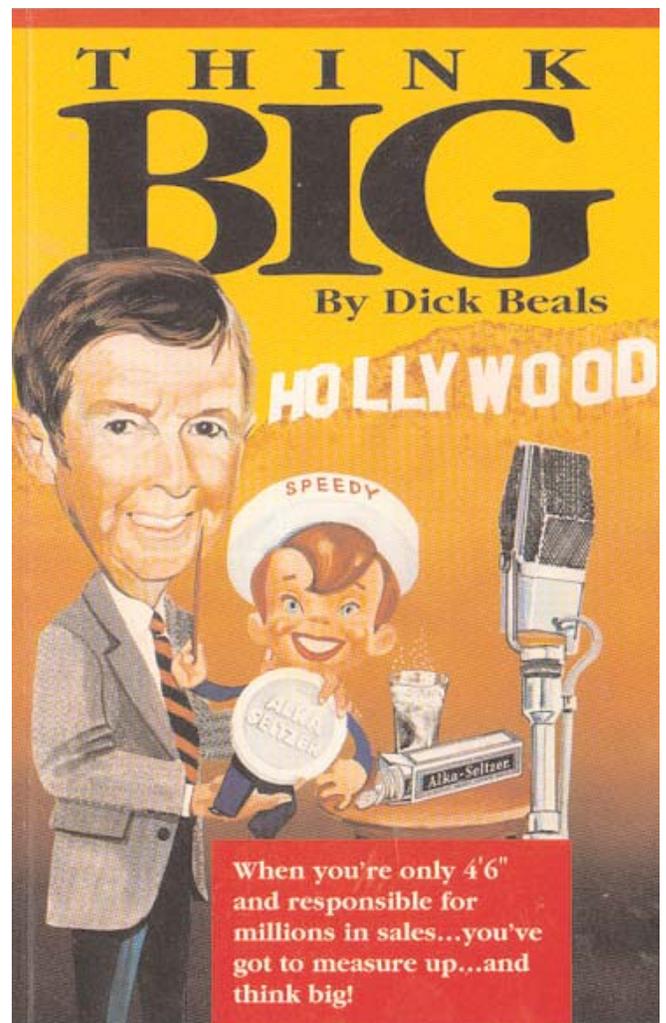
Alkalize with Alka-Seltzer AT ALL DRUGGISTS 30¢ 60¢ SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA

TUNE IN THE NATIONAL BARN DANCE SATURDAY NIGHT NBC NETWORK

edly took only three hours to produce) was a caricature figure that was to sell billions of boxes and bottles of the bicarbonate preparation that had already made Miles renowned and prosperous in previous decades. Speedy Alka-Seltzer, exhibiting a tablet-emblem body complete with hat and effervescent wand, initially turned up in the slick women's magazines during the spring of 1952. While he sang his little heart out on radio commercials—actually, it was pint-sized actor Dick Beals speaking; Beals had launched his career on radio's *The Lone Ranger* a few years earlier — possibly not until the character appeared on scads of TV commercials did mainstream Americans begin to seriously interact with him. In a decade, 1954 to 1964, the little animated fellow adorned 212 commercials, making more than 20 debuts a year.

When Alka-Seltzer began to fall out of favor with the younger drug buyers as the 1960s wore on, some imaginative thinking was elicited to reverse the ebbing fortunes of a brand that had "become the symbol of people who drank too much and ate too much." Employing (Jack) Tinker & Partners advertising think tank, Miles underwrote a new campaign offering reasons for people to use Alka-Seltzer. To get that across, the firm exhibited some amusing new commercials.

For one thing, at Tinkers' suggestion, sales of the product increased sharply when users were instructed to drop two tablets in a glass of water. While revenues didn't double, there was a dramatic shift of fortune attributable to that hint. The emphasis was fortified with the catchy, enduring jingle *Plop, plop ... fizz, fizz ... oh, what a relief it is!* If audiences hadn't gotten the message before, the thought that anyone had ever used anything less than two Alka-Seltzer tablets at one time was now anathema — erased from public consciousness by the



sound and sight of dual tablets hitting the water. It worked on radio about as effectively as it did on TV for you could hear the twin substances striking the H₂O before the fizz began.

In another dimension, the popular *One Man's Family* (1932 to 1959) radio series — which originated as a weekly prime time drama and finished its ethereal career as a daytime serial—proffered numerous premium hooks over its lifetime. Offers were frequently mentioned on the air for cookbooks, flower seed packets, photographs, diaries, sheet music, record albums and scrapbook recollections of the infamous Barbour family's past. Listeners could receive "one of these cherished mementoes for your very own" by dispatching a label from one of



One Man's Family

the underwriter's advertised commodities accompanied by a dime or a quarter (as inflation struck). More than a half-million requests poured in for copies of *Teddy's Diary*, reportedly in her own handwriting, in 1937, underscoring the value of such promotions in getting people to tune in and, more importantly, buy the advertised product. *Jack's Camera Scrapbook* was another popular premium.

Such enthusiasm for a trinket representing a favorite audio series didn't abate with the passage of time, surprisingly. Miles Laboratories, Inc., which paid the bills for a quadrennium (1950 to 1954), experienced its endgame full force, too. When Father Barbour's printed legacy to each member of his family, *This I Give*, was pitched on the broadcast of March 23, 1953, and for several installments thereafter — after the series had been airing for more than two decades — tens of thousands of Bactine box-tops accompanied by quarters arrived at the Elkhart offices of Miles Labs. There was little doubt that *One Man's Family* was still riding the crest of enormous fan loyalty, no matter that radio's lifeblood was draining away freely in some jurisdictions. Miles had a particular knack for picking features that the listeners adored.

And the sponsor liberally exploited them until the wheels of network radio figuratively fell off the track.

Commercial

For more than 13 years (1947 to 1960), radio actor Sandy Becker was the authoritative voice of CBS Radio's *Young Doctor Malone*. As the calm, reassuring medical practitioner, he appeared to dispense psychological advice more often than he did prescriptions on that enduring daytime serial. By the early 1950s, nonetheless, the versatile Becker also added hawking Alka-Seltzer "and other fine, dependable products made by Miles Laboratories" to his resume. On that occasion, he returned to the CBS microphones weekday afternoons as the interlocutor for the longrunning *Hilltop House* underwritten by Miles.

There, perhaps ironically, the same fellow who had been playing doctor 90 minutes before was meting out advice about calming stomach indigestion and other maladies for the leviathan drug-maker. It must have seemed a tad bizarre to anyone realizing it was the same guy. Did the Miles marketers think Becker's superior credentials as a respected "physician" added impetus to his ability for them? That may be too much

a stretch although it could actually be true. Here's one of those Hilltop House openings, from the broadcast of July 16, 1953.

NETWORK CUE: (bong)

SANDY BECKER: Alka-Seltzer first aid for the relief of headaches, acid indigestion, and muscular aches and pains.

INTERLUDE: (a few bright organ notes ascending the scale)

SANDY BECKER: (music under) Alka-Seltzer ... brings you ... Hilltop House.

THEME: "Lullaby" by Brahms, on organ and xylophone

SANDY BECKER: This is Sandy Becker, reminding you that warm weather menus may change from heavy pot roasts to light tossed salads ... from freshly baked pies to chilled melons. Yet ... hot weather can still tempt you into eating unwisely ... and the result can be ... acid indigestion. So how's your Alka-Seltzer supply, ladies? Remember, speedy Alka-Seltzer for relief when acid indigestion comes along. Let Alka-Seltzer help you feel better ... fast. Alka-Seltzer has instant alkalizing action ... to reduce excess acidity in the stomach in a hurry ... and to ease that uncomfortable feeling. And Alka-Seltzer is soothing and settling to an acid upset stomach. It works with gentle action.

So next time you're uncomfortable with after-meal acid indigestion, try a glass of sparkling, tangy Alka-Seltzer for fast relief. One or two tablets dissolve in a glass of water to make a refreshing effervescent solution. It's pleasant to take, too really refreshing. So, get a package of Alka-Seltzer from your druggist. And then when unwise eating causes acid indigestion ... be wise ... alkalize ... with Alka-Seltzer,

INTERLUDE: (a few bright organ notes ascending the scale)

SANDY BECKER: (music under) And now ... Hilltop House.

Bridge Music ■

This has been an excerpt from Jim's book "Sold on Radio". **About the Book**

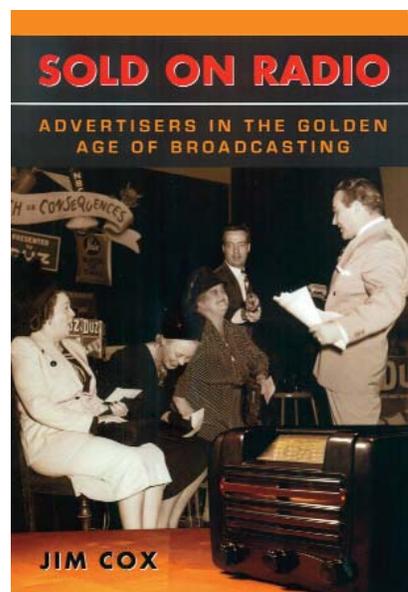
How was it that America would fund its nascent national radio services? Government control and a subscription-like model were both considered! Soon an advertising system emerged, leading radio into its golden age from the 1920s to the early 1960s.

This work, divided into two parts, studies the commercialization of network radio during its golden age. The first part covers the general history of radio advertising. The second examines major radio advertisers of the period, with profiles of 24 companies who maintained a strong presence on the airwaves.

Appendices provide information on 100 additional advertisers, unusual advertisement formats, and a glossary. The book has notes and a bibliography and is fully indexed.

About the Author

Jim Cox, a leading radio historian, is an award-winning author of numerous books on the subject. A retired college professor, he lives in Louisville, Kentucky.



The book can be purchased from McFarland www.mcfarlandpub.com

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Slips that pass through the mike

The best performers made fluffs — but listeners loved it!

Ever feel like pushing yourself under the rug when your tongue tripped, slipped or balked and turned up with a neat little phrase you never should have uttered? Or hopelessly myfted an important introduction, or stuttered on the snappy comeback that should have panicked your dinner guests?

Then you can readily sympathize with the poor announcer or actor who suddenly finds himself pulling what he is sure must be radio's prize slip everyone on the air—and novice, star and bit player — makes his share of "fluffs." The phenomenon can't be explained any more a logically than tripping on a sidewalk or spilling a glass of water on your vest. Slips just happen and no amount of rehearsal and preparation can guarantee they won't.

Sometimes, the result of a jumbled phrase causes the listener to howl with far greater glee than could be induced by professional gag-writers after a week of burning the midnight oil. While most of the quips are innocently humorous, some of them have sent the perpetrators off into a corner blushing furiously, while censors gnawed their blue pencils in futile indignation. Like the time that perhaps we'd better not go into *that* one!

High on the list of funniest twisted tongue lines is which occurred during the broadcast of an



NBC soap opera. The harrassed heroine was aboard a ship riding a dense fog. In a voice with menial, she proclaimed to her coast-to-coast her coats audience that the fog was "thick as sea poop."

Another momentarily unhappy performer was the young man playing the part of an aidedecamp to a German general on Mutual's *Nick Carter*. Said the general: "We are surrounded on all sides by the enemy they come from the left, from the right—from the east, west, north and south — and we without food and water!" The aide was supposed to exclaim: "Is it that

bad?" Instead, the luckless actor found himself burbling: Is that had ?"

Then, of course, there was the dramatic actress, appearing on a CBS serial, whose simple line. We'll give the bell a pull, came out unexpectedly "We'll give the bull a pill !" And young Bill Lipton, who has appeared in hundreds of roles since his air debut at the age of 11 admonished a fellow actor in soap opera to "Keep a stuff upper lup, old boy."

It isn't always the players who supply unintentional humor in the dramatic shows tthe boys in the sound effects department can claim their share of the scallions for fluffs and pour timing. Many

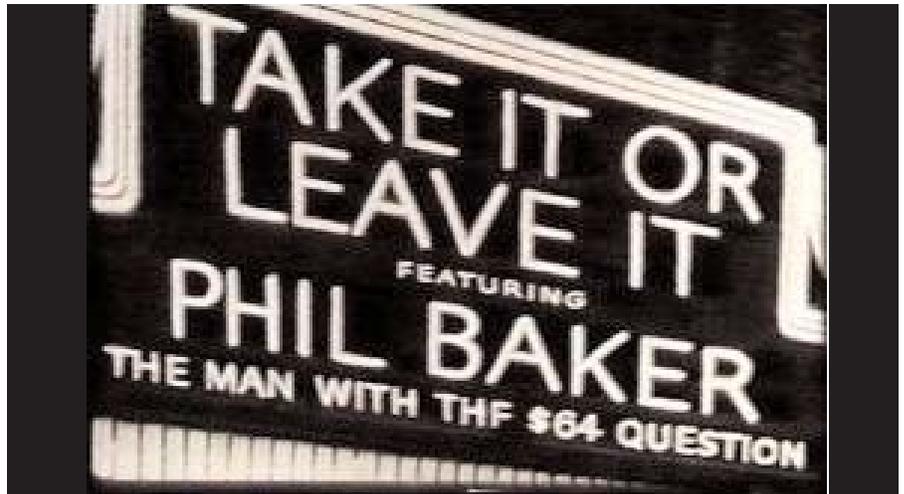
an overworked producer and director has spent sleepless nights planing all sorts of medieval tortures to inflict on the hapless sound effects man who ruined a dramatic scene.

On one occasion the breathless lovers in a popular soap opera were supposed to whisper their words of endearment against a soft, light background of summer breeze. The director signalled for his "light breeze" but the sound man—evidently in a slight state of confusion—obliged with a gale of hurricane proportions. The young lovers were actually drowned out by the sound of nature run wild.

Then there was the time the plot called for the sound of surf beating against the rocks. What the listeners heard, instead, was a recording of a crowd cheering the players at a football game. The ocean waves are said to whisper many things. This was probably the first time in history that they roared out: "Hold That line"

While most of the blunders give its listeners a chuckle, maybe even a hearty guffaw, some produce reactions of a far different nature. Picture for example, what the charming ladies of the Mary Margaret McBride circle must have thought, on the day their idol blandly proclaimed: "A lot of things you are supposed to eat, you just don't like especially children"

Nervous contestants on the quiz shows and amateur programs are responsible for as goodly share of radio's fluffs. A Mrs. O'Leary,



appearing an Phil Baker's "Take It or Leave It," proudly acknowledged her introduction by stating: "I'm a first cousin to the cow that started the Chicago Fire."

An amateur musician, describing the wonders of his homemade contraption to Major Bowes, gave the CBS audience a macabre thought when he said: "The spoons belong to me the bones are my father's!" Presumably, the "bones" in question were those ivory or wooden clappers once wielded so enthusiastically by the end-man in minstrel show-- but how were enthralled dialers to guess that listening in ?

Another night, the Major was chatting with one of his amateurs who was a decorator. Asked about this work, the contestant nervously admitted that he had just finished over-doing an apartment." On yet another occasion a Russian girl told the Major that her father was a painter. "House painter?" he asked. "Just mine," answered the little Russian girl.

But even the seasoned performers cannot void the pitfall of garbled phrases. Erudite veteran Milton Cross, for instance, once intrigued music lovers all over the nation by describing the operetta. "The Prince of Pilsen," as "The Pill of Princeton."

When this global war ends some sort of medal should be struck off and presented to the news reporters who have spent the past five years rolling their tonsils around the names of Polish, Russian and Japanese towns and generals. While the boys in the news room don't always agree on pronunciation they have done a creditable job in giving the listener a nodding acquaintance with some of the more indiscriminately-voweled names around the world. And, if they do stumble over a few, who does know the difference?

But other accidents can happen on the news circuits, which no dialer could fail with either surprise or amusement. John Van-

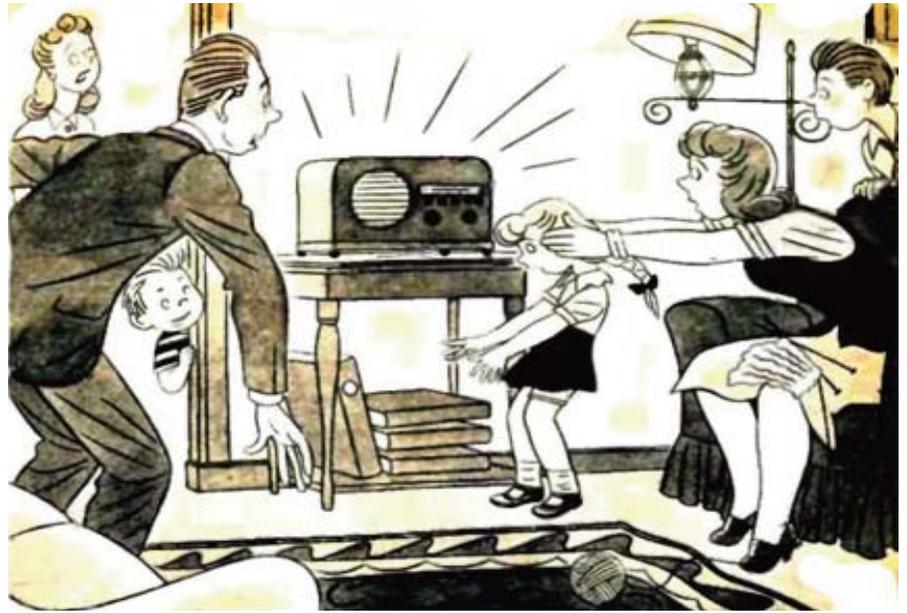
dercook was once involved in a mix-up over locale, during his nightly world news roundup. In making a switch, he announced said: "We take you now to John McVane in London." After a short pause came the blithe greeting: "This is John McVane, speaking from Paris."

Occasionally, the overseas reporter gets a personal shock himself--or her self--as the day Bob Denton was announcing a Helen Hiatt broadcast from Spain. "Miss Hiatt," said he, is NBC's though Bob won't admit, it he may have been playing amateur critic on another occasion, when he proudly presented a "pewgram of music."

Even the weather proves a stumbling block once in a while. NBC's George Putnam (now in service) capped one of his news programs with the daily weather reports. Most of the items this particular day had been of Chinese and Japanese origin, so maybe the audience felt that George was just keeping in character when he predicted: "Tornorrow moderate temperatures incleasing cloudiness"

Reporting the war on the other side of the globe, Frank Singiser described a certain well-remembered German drive and gave his Mutual followers an added treat by calling the story of the "Hulgian Belch." And listeners to the same network found themselves being introduced one night to Paul Schubert, "the newted nose analyst."

Out on the West Coas where



almost anything can happen and usually does--a Hollywood news voice breathlessly informed his cinema city listeners that "Johnny Weissmuler's wife, Beryl Scott, presented him with an eight-pound baby boy today and now for other sporting events."

Gabriel Heatter's several million listeners heard him wind up a broadcast one evening with the portentous sentence: Listen to The Voice of the Dead followed immediately with the introduction: "And now, ladies and gentlemen, announcer Len Sterling."

Life can be terrible when an announcer Buffs at a particularly serious moment. If you don't think so, just ask Harry Von Zell how he felt when he introduced the the President of the United States as "Hooben Heever"! Even the famed Von Zell aplomb was shaken that time. But, if the Crown Prince of Norway had

been within ear shot, he too might have been startled out of his dignity the day Mutual's Arthur White-side announced into the microphone: "Here comes the brown quint of Norway."

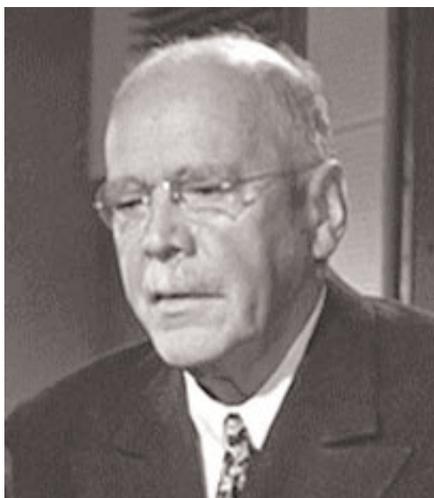
Lip-tripping and twisted meanings are the bane of the commercial announcer, who could often cheerfully strangle the boys in the agencies who seem content to let the particples, prepositions and verbs fall where they may. Take, for instance, the plug that read: "Have you tried Wheaties for a bedtime snack? They're light and easy to sleep on. "Or the snappy come on for a favorite brand of bread: "Is given you a rich, nutlike flavor." Or the nifty Tom Slater uttered on a Raymond Gran Swing program: "More and more men are turning to White Owls,"

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H.V. Kaltenborn

bly the last-- time. Representative of that group is the president of a manufacturing concern whose to address his fellow executives at a convention dinner, which was also broadcast over a nationwide network. His greeting listed all the distinguished guests on the rostrum and wound up with "and also the people of the audio radiance." After a moment of hushed silence the speaker stumbled on "It is indeed a pleasure to address such a gathering of ragged individualists." From that point on, it didn't matter very much what he said. His fame was immortal!

It isn't always the man at the mike who makes the boner. H.V. Kaltenborn will probably never forget the time he was presented to a dignified lecture audience with what was undoubtedly intended so be a staid and proper introduction: "We now present H.V. Kaltenborn, who has been on the lecher platform for twenty-five years."

The atmosphere was also momentarily electric over the airwaves, when (George Putnam gravely introduced the star of an original drama with the breathtaking words: "Miss Helen Hayes presents a litter for Hitler!" What he should have said was "letter."

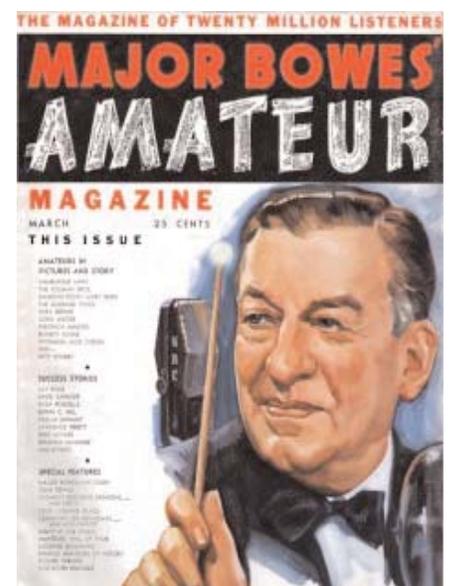
Andre Baruch once confused his CBS listeners no end by referring to the Marine Roof of Brooklyn's Hotel Bossen as she "Maroon Reef." The same Andre (now Major Baruch of the Army)

introduced a musical selection on Muteal's "Your Army Service Program" with: "And now the orchestra, with Warrant Officer Edward Sadowsky selucting

While such slips of the lip are the nightmare of a radio speaker's existence, they do lend spice to radio listening. Occasionally, a *faux par* is the fillip which turns an otherwise dull session into a veritable funfest.

But it doesn't make life any pleasanter for the hapless "fluffer" -- who more often than not wishes he could just follow the lead of the little boy who appeared on the Major Bowes hour. This 6-year old sang about three bars of his song, then forgot the words. Not the least bit flustered, he turned to the Major, raised his hand in signal -- and asked if he could leave the room. ■

TUNE IN Vol 3 No.3 July, 1945



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Going strong for 30 years, the **Metropolitan Washington Old Time Radio Club** brings people together who have an interest in Old Time Radio (OTR). This is done through monthly meetings consisting of presentations about OTR stars and programs, and recreations of classic OTR shows, plus occasional performances of member-penned scripts produced in the OTR style.

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"And again I hear": Old Time Radio and the Imagination

Notes on an ancient form of "Spoken Word" (a script for radio) by Jack Foley

"I enjoy old radio drama because it appeals to the imagination. I enjoy old radio drama because it forces me to use my imagination. Television gives you too much: you don't use your imagination."

Broadcast from KP FA (April 15, 2009)

That is the kind of thing one hears often from people who have retained a fondness for old radio drama. I'm one of them—I grew up during the "golden age"—yet I do not believe that such statements are accurate, especially if one conceives of the "imagination" as the *imagination*, the image-making faculty.

It's curious that people don't say such things about movies—don't assert that movies, like television, stimulate their imaginations less than radio. Most people consider "film" to be a pre-eminently "imaginative" art. Yet film "gives you" as much as television. Indeed, in these days of video cassettes and DVDs, many films are seen on television. It could be argued that because film and video excite us with *both* visual and auditory symbols—rather than only auditory symbols they stimulate our imaginations *more* than radio does. Do silent films stimulate our auditory imaginations—so that we supply them with our own personal soundtracks—the way radio is supposed to stimulate our visual imaginations?

When we watch film or TV we are not being "given" something we might just as easily "create" for ourselves. Tell that to Francis Ford Coppola. We are being bombarded by a highly stylized set of visual/auditory symbols whose purpose is to stimulate us—just as the purpose of radio's highly stylized auditory symbols is to

stimulate us, to make us feel something.

I don't wish to deny the obvious—the great power of early radio drama. Yet it seems to me that the source of that power lies in something other than "forcing me to use my imagination." Father Walter J. Ong and others have pointed out that our culture tends to privilege the visual over other senses—so that a sentence like "I see what you're *saying*" doesn't strike anyone as paradoxical. Many people feel that for something to have value it must in some sense involve the visual. Radio obviously does not involve the visual in any literal way—so it must involve the visual in another way: it lets us "use our imaginations." But is there another explanation for the power of radio?

People who like *old* radio programs are not necessarily fond of new radio programs—even when those programs are attempts to recreate

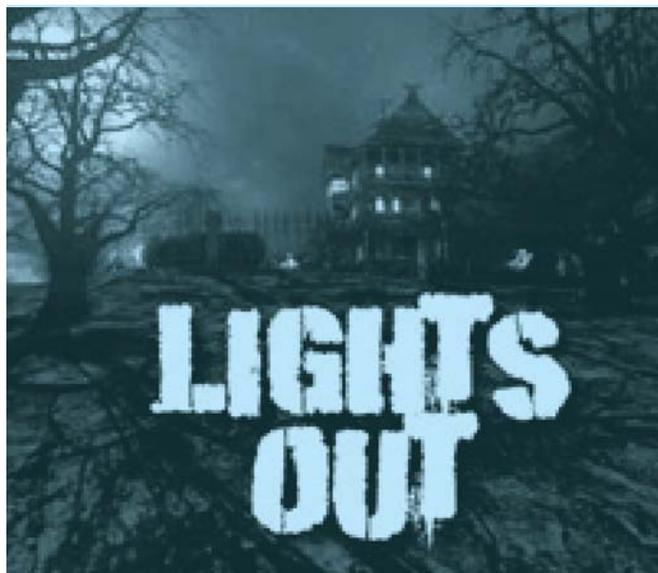


the conditions of the old. (*The CBS Radio Mystery Theater*, for instance.) The reason for that is easy enough to—see. Old radio programs did not exist in a vacuum but in a total context in which the rituals of radio listening were only one part of a fabric which included many other things as well. That context is now gone. Yet the radio shows, which were a part of the context, remain. New radio programs, however skillfully they may be done, do not provide us with a doorway to that vanished world—with the deep pleasures of self-awareness, self-consciousness.

Wordsworth:

Five years have past: five summers, with
the length
Of five long winters! and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain-
springs
With a soft inland murmur.—Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs
("Tintern Abbey")

It's interesting that Wordsworth's great poem begins with *hearing* ("again I hear"), despite the fact that so much of it is concerned with *seeing*: "these beauteous forms," "the picture of the mind revives again." (But a few lines later: "*hear-*



ing oftentimes | The still, sad music of humanity.") Wordsworth (who is one of the sources of the modern idea of "imagination")* may be asserting a deep connection between *recollection* and *sound*, and I will want to pursue that notion a little further on. For the moment it's enough to notice that for someone who grew up with old radio—someone like me—the ancient programs are in effect the equivalent to Wordsworth's landscape: listening to *Suspense*, *Escape*, *Captain Midnight*, or *The Jack Benny Program*, one is at once aware of the child-selflistening and of the abyss which exists between that child-self and one's presence; aware of the intense spiraling out of the bitter-sweet, nostalgia (by etymology, "homesickness").

Yet of course such "homesickness" was not a part of one's original condition when the broadcasts were first heard. One was not homesick; one was—at home. But before dismissing homesickness as entirely irrelevant, we might consider the matter a little more. For after all what is homesickness but the intense awareness of an *absence*? And what, finally, was "the golden age of radio" but the continual *assertion* of an absence?

I happen to own a wonderful recorded adaptation of James Hilton's *Lost Horizon*—bought when I was a child. It begins, "You are deep in



the mountains of Tibet... " Radio could place the listener as easily as that, could shift scenes in a sentence. And yet such placement was in fact a recognition that one was *not* "deep in the mountains of Tibet," that one was in one's living room, hoping to escape for a few moments from the conditions of living in that living room. Not for nothing did the *Lights Out* broadcasts begin with the command to "Turn out your lights." If the objects of the living room were seen less clearly, one could concentrate better on the deep pretense that the broadcast was asking you to initiate. The opening words of *Escape* almost admit the duplicity involved. They name the living room ("the *four walls* of today") but also whisk you away from it:

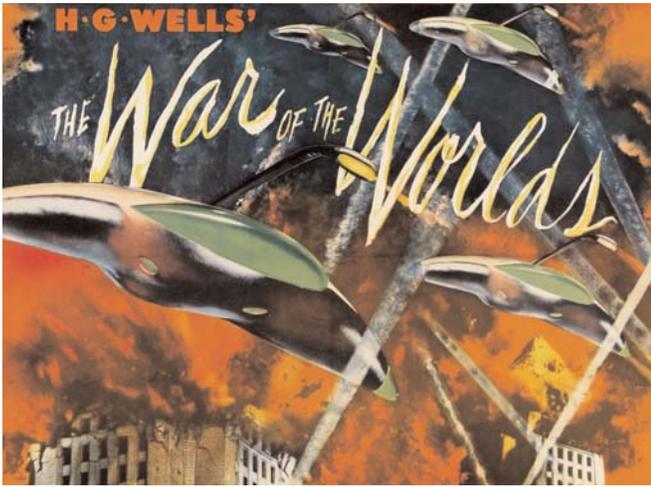
Tired of the everyday grind? Ever dream of a life of romantic adventure? Want to get away from it all? We offer you ... *Escape! Escape!* ... designed to free you from the four walls of today for a half-hour of high adventure.

Radio drama was in a certain sense the continual assertion of a lie, and like all lies (or fictions) it remained fundamentally ungrounded, constantly skating on the thin ice of its insubstantiality. The voices we heard were "real," but they didn't exist "deep in the mountains of Tibet": they were arising out of the nowhere of a broadcasting studio. Even the power of the radio an-

nouncer's voice—its appeal to intimacy—is a kind of lie.

If one thinks back to some of the great moments of radio they are not moments of seeing ("radio forces me to use my imagination") but moments of absence, of blindness, of the *inability to see anything*: *Captain Midnight*, indeed, but also *The Shadow* (with the "power to cloud men's minds so they cannot see him"); the great Suspense drama, "Sorry, Wrong Number" (with an invalid protagonist whose activities center around two men she cannot see but whose voices she hears on the telephone); the squeaking of the door on *Inner Sanctum* and the never-seen, never-described "inner sanctum" itself; the silences of Orson Welles' *War of the Worlds*—a





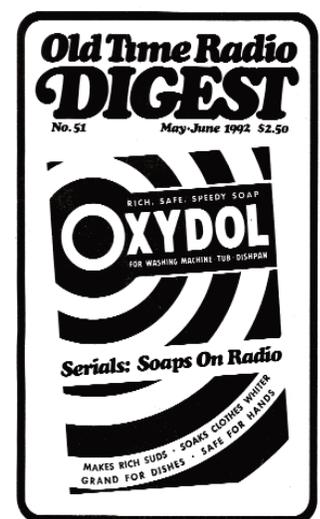
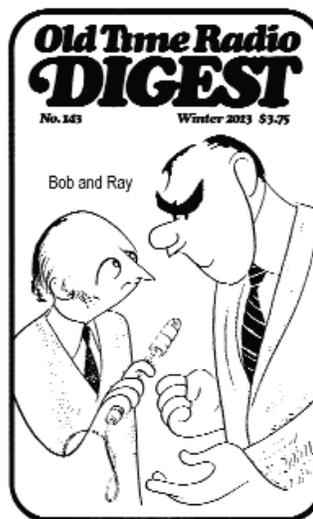
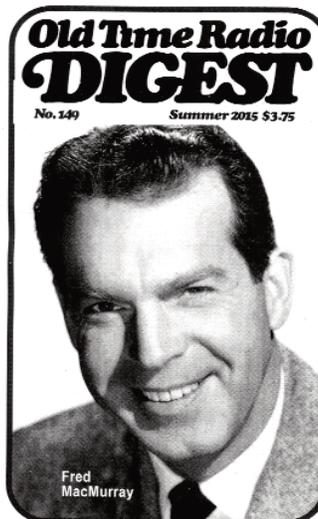
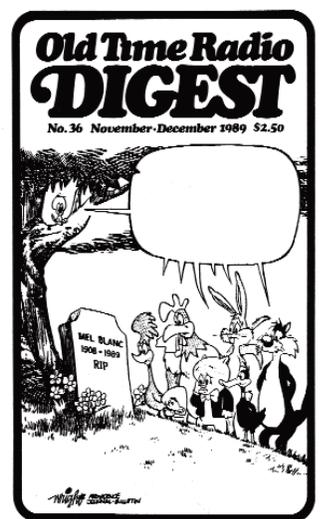
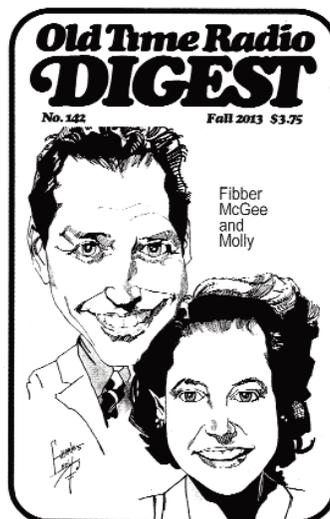
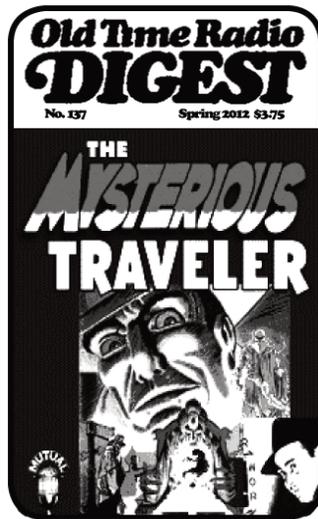
program which terrified an extraordinary number of Americans; the silence of *Jack Benny* considering the offer of "Your money or your life." And so on and so on. Radio was powerful partly because it recognized that I could *not* "use my imagination," that whatever visual cues I might receive were at best flimsy and vague. What it asserted instead was a kind of *blindness*. Have you ever met people who dislike talking on the telephone because they are uncomfortable with "disembodied voices"? Radio was nothing but disembodied voices.

Indeed, "The Shadow" was *explicitly* a disembodied voice. But so in fact was his supposedly visible alter-ego "Lamont Cranston": the actor playing The Shadow had to speak through a special filter which changed his voice so that the audience would know when he was invisible! Every week Lamont Cranston would "transform" himself into the invisible Shadow and The Shadow would frighten everyone—particularly the villains. The program offered us, in addition to the pleasure of drama, the pleasure of feeling superior to people who are frightened by disembodied voices—a pleasure which was made all the more delightful by our semi-conscious realization that, under other circumstances, we might be as frightened as they. The Shadow of

the pulp magazines was a creature of the darkness, but he was *not invisible*: it was only when he became a radio character that that feature was added. He became more frightening when he was not able to be seen at all

I am not arguing that there were no visual cues involved with radio drama—and of course some people are psychologically more inclined to generate visual images than others. I am only arguing that the visual cues generated by old radio were not central and powerful. One remembers *Blue Coal* and *The Green Hornet*, but one remembers them partly because one had no other details to distract from them. Marshall McLuhan (among many others) speaks of radio's forcing you to "fill in" the senses which are not being appealed to. I don't think McLuhan is correct in this formulation. Does one "fill in" the sense of touch or taste when one is watching a film or a play? Does one "feel" the kiss that a movie actor delivers to the lips of his co-star (however much that kiss may make us long to be kissed ourselves)? McLuhan's idea seems to me quite wrong as a formulation about radio but admirable as a defense against the sense of blindness which radio does communicate. We do not "fill in" senses not being appealed to: we





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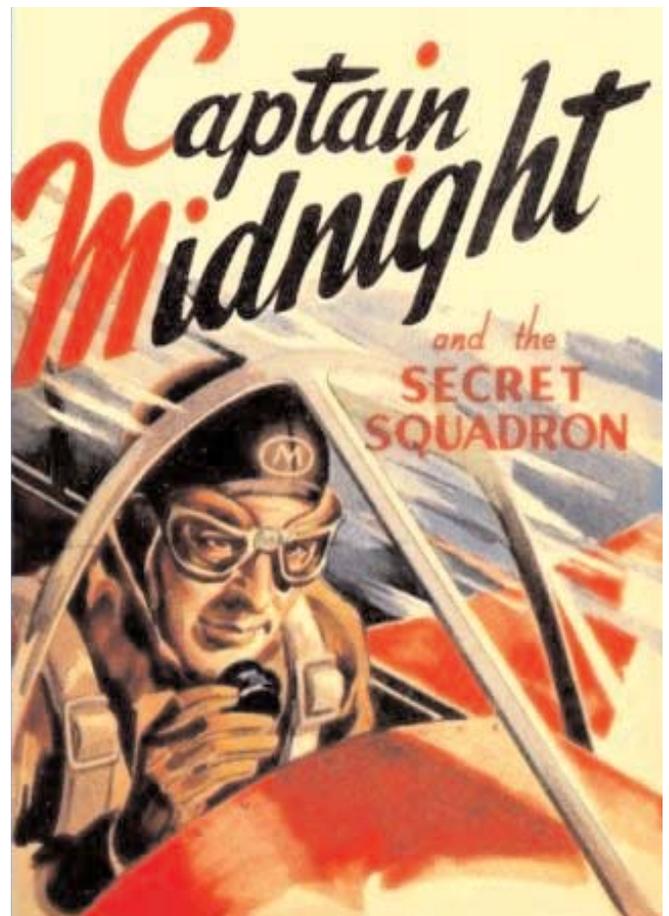
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cling to the audio. It is interesting that the central character of Dylan Thomas's "play for voices," *Under Milk Wood*, is a blind man: Captain Cat. We are, these days, used to seeing innumerable images of our favorite stars. In the context of old radio, that was far less true: there was considerable curiosity about exactly what the radio star *looked like*, and the fan magazines (and, at times, films) did what they could to supply the lack. If we were busily creating mental pictures of the stars as we listened to the shows, why would we have such curiosity? Wouldn't we "already know"?

And yet, if all this is so, why is it that so many people say that radio made them use their imaginations, that they *could* in some sense "see" the characters they heard? Having said exactly that, a friend of mine added, honestly, that he would be hard-pressed to be *specific* about such seeing: he could not really tell me the color of Margot Lane's hair, for example. Yet the sensation that he was seeing *something* was strong.

It seems to me that despite the many attempts to mute the listener's condition, to reassure her/him by music and soft words and by avoiding "dead air" (radio silence)—despite all this, the blindness which radio asserted was essentially *painful*. People are quite right to be disturbed by "disembodied voices." We cling to sound because our other senses are left in an abyss. The pain is assuaged, however, by a peculiar stratagem. Encouraged by the nature of the medium itself, with its tendency towards a kind of "lying," the listener is able to assuage his pain by participating in the creation of a fiction. He is able to *deny his blindness*, to say, "I am *not* blind, I am seeing more clearly than ever: I am *using my imagination*." And in one sense, of course, he is quite right. If the "imagination"



means, not the ability to "see" an image but the ability to create the self-deception of a fiction, then that is precisely what he is doing. His self-deception is precisely his belief that he is "really" seeing something.

But there is more to it than that. I mentioned a moment ago that I would pursue the relationship between recollection and sounds; these remarks are limited to the particular sounds we call "voices." Here, in a passage from "On Narcissism: An Introduction," is Freud on the genesis of conscience. Note that Freud insists that voices "speak" to the paranoic and that "the influence of parental criticism" is "conveyed ... by the medium of the voice":

Recognition of [the institution of conscience] enables us to understand the so-called "delusions of observation" or, more correctly, of

being watched, which are such striking symptoms in the paranoid diseases and may perhaps also occur as an isolated form of illness ... Patients of this sort complain that all their thoughts are known and their actions watched and overlooked; they are informed of the function of this mental institution by voices which characteristically speak to

them in the third person ("Now she is thinking of that again" ... "now he is going out"). This complaint is justified—it describes the truth; a power of this kind, watching, discovering and criticizing all our intentions, does really exist; indeed, it exists with every one of us in normal life. The delusion of being watched presents it in a regressive form, thereby revealing the genesis of this function and the reason why the patient is in revolt against it.

For that which prompted the person to form an ego-ideal, over which his conscience keeps guard, was the influence of parental criticism (conveyed to him by the medium of the voice), reinforced, as time went on, by those who trained and taught the child and by all the other persons of his environment—an indefinite host, too numerous to reckon (fellow-men, public opinion)...

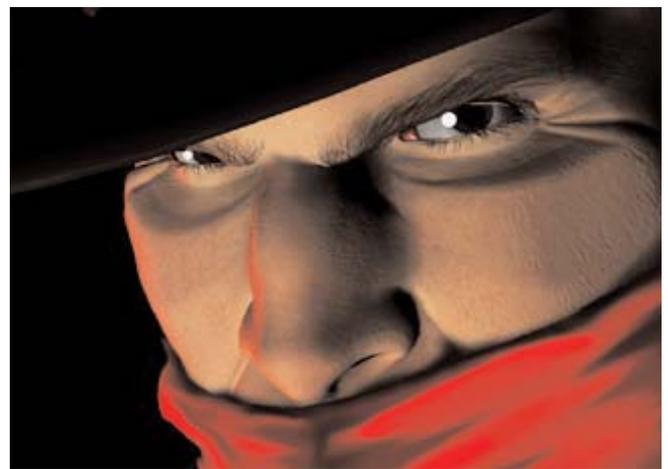
The institution of conscience was at bottom an embodiment, first of parental criticism, and subsequently of that of society ...

The lament of the paranoic shows ... that at bottom the self-criticism of conscience is identical with, and based upon, self-observation. That activity of the mind which took over the function of conscience has also enlisted itself in the service of introspection, which furnishes philosophy with the material for its intellectual operations ... [We are describing a] critically watching faculty, which becomes heightened into conscience and philosophic introspection.

It is into such half-forgotten areas of ancient psychic events that radio drama—the hearing of voices—is able to penetrate. This, it seems to me, is the genuine source of its power. In *Understanding Media: The Extensions of Man*, Marshall McLuhan remarks, accurately I think, that.

Radio is provided with its cloak of invisibility, like any other medium. It comes to us ostensibly with person-to-person directness that is private and intimate, while in more urgent fact, it is really a subliminal echo chamber of magical power to touch remote and forgotten chords ... Radio [is] a reviver of archaism and ancient memories

One wonders to what extent the Catholic institution of Confession—which is definitely related to the conscience—depends upon the hearing of "disembodied voices." We do not see the priest any more than the priest sees us.



For Freud, the conscience is deeply involved with the hearing of voices—indeed, with the hearing of *disembodied* voices—and it shows itself through a sickness which is almost a play: "Now she is thinking of that again" ... "now he is going out." One thinks of the famous opening words of *The Shadow*, whose central character is nothing but the fierce embodiment of a fierce conscience: "Who knows what evil lurks in the



hearts of men? *The Shadow knows.*" We tend to forget that, as figures of conscience, many early superheroes were scarcely distinguishable from the bogeyman. *The Lone Ranger* was regularly referred to as "*the masked man*" and a mask is usually worn by a criminal. The mask, like The Shadow's invisibility, was still another indication of the radio listener's inability to see something, of the absence at the heart of the form. Indeed, the Ranger's association with a Native American was less an example of multiculturalism than it was an indication of his connection to the wild, the savage, the dangerous. Modern survivals seem to have lost this dark (and sometimes violent) aspect. Over the past several years there have been films dealing with Superman, The Lone Ranger, The Shadow, and Popeye. These films have tended to be origins—of films and with the exception of The Shadow—the central figures in them have been nostalgic emblems of individualism rather than dark avengers. Such emblems are of course offered at a time when individualism seems most in doubt.

Further: Many of the most effective radio programs were *frightening*, mirrors of the anxiety of conscience—what we sometimes refer to as

"paranoia"; these shows were often self-reflective, first-person singular, a character remembering something, telling us the story of his life. Sam Spade used to regularly report on a "caper" to his secretary, Effie. Such "voice-over" narration, which was also often a feature of films at the time, was a kind of introspection—in Freud's phrase, a "critically watching faculty."

This idea of a connection between conscience and voices is further strengthened by a passage in Erwin W. Straus's article, "Phenomenology of Hallucinations." "The schizophrenic hears voices, not persons," writes Straus; "Voice and speaker remain separate":

Sound detached from the sounding body is something; yet it is not a thing one can manipulate like the piano which produces the sound; it is not a thing, but neither is it no-thing. Sound is somewhere between thing and no-thing. It does not belong to the category of objects which we can handle. In hearing, we have already heard. We cannot escape from a sound in the manner by which we escape from visible things at their distant place; we lend our ear to the words which come toward us and claim us. A voice calls and orders. No wonder, therefore, that, in many languages—in Greek and Latin, Hebrew, French and German, and Russian—the words "hearing" and "obeying" are derived from the same root. English makes no exception; for the verb "to obey" stems from the Latin *obaudire* (literally, to listen from below), a relation more clearly preserved in the noun "obedience."

Struck by the irresistible power of voices, the schizophrenic feels no need to test the reality of his experience.

Straus's last sentence might well pertain to the radio listener who, like the schizophrenic, gets caught up in "the irresistible power of voices" and so feels "no need to test the reality

of his experience." The radio performer's voice also hovers "between thing and nothing," and this ambiguous status—neither something nor nothing—might well suggest why people should be somewhat uneasy when confronted with disembodied voices. Finally, Straus's pointing to linguistic evidence of a connection between hearing and obeying is very powerful. We do speak, after all, of the "voice" of conscience.

Straus's distinction between voice and speaker was once made by my son when he was a very young child. I play the guitar a little, and when I happened upon a song I thought a friend would enjoy, I recorded it on a cassette. My young son was very interested in what I was doing and asked to hear the song. I played the cassette for him, and he liked it very much. After playing it a few times more, I put it in an envelope and mailed it. The next day my son asked to hear the song again. I got out the guitar and began to play. "No, no," he said, shaking his head at me and pointing to the speakers: "*Wadio daddy! Wadio daddy!*" My son didn't want me: he wanted what had come out of that speaker.

In his brilliant foreword to *Pedro Lain Entralgo's Therapy of the Word in Classical Antiquity*, Father Walter J. Ong writes of "the new orality of our electronic era, where the telephone, loudspeaker, radio, and television give voice a new kind of currency." Father Ong's point is accurate and well-taken. But the power of old radio drama is one indication of an enormously important difference between the "new" and the "old" orality. In the Renaissance one could at least see the preacher who was preaching the sermon; it was possible to touch him, even to answer back. When the human voice becomes in point of *fact* disembodied, when it issues forth out of a box we call (the word has an extraordinary number of implications) a "speaker," it is then able to

take on an intimacy and a power which is quite different from the power it has when the speaker is standing directly in front of us. If a human being is standing in front of us speaking, "voice" and "speaker" are *not* "separate"; but they are in the experience of radio or, for that matter, in the experience of reading.

Radio is a device for disseminating the human voice, for making it available to vast numbers of people who would be unable to hear it were the device not operative. But, like all technologies, radio changes the nature of the thing it projects. If Freud is correct in his description of the birth of conscience, the power of the disembodied voice is related to ancient awarenesses going back to the depths of childhood. Such awarenesses, moving as they are, tend to alienate and exile us from the immediacy of our situations, to remove us from the boundless facts of our physical existence. *Old radio dramas were instruments (mirrors) of alienation, but at the same time instruments of spiritual growth.*

Of course both psychoanalysis and the confessional are testimony to the power of the word not only to deceive but to heal—what Father Ong calls "logotherapy." Such power is the shining of a two-edged sword, though I admit that I hardly thought so when, long years ago, I sat in the darkness, listening. I was not blind; I was seeing more clearly than ever; I was using my imagination.

Jack Foley is a poet and critic living in the San Francisco Bay area. .Foley's radio show, Cover to Cover, is heard every Wednesday at 3:00 p.m. west coast time on Berkeley station KPFA and is available at the KPFA web site; his column, "Foley's Books," appears in the online magazine, The Alsop Review. This piece first appeared at www.otrcat.com

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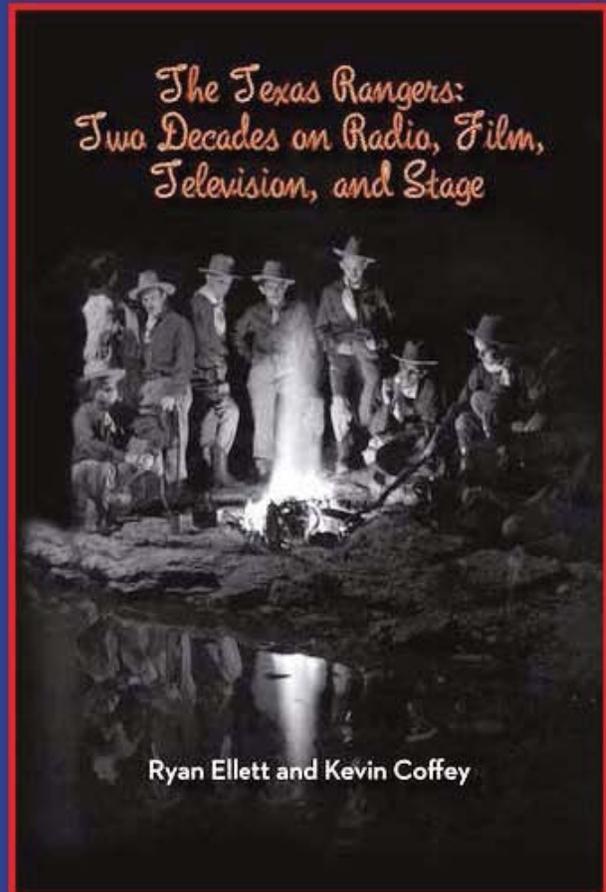
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Sound effects man Bob Mott died Sept. 28

The Emmy winner worked on the kids show 'Captain Kangaroo' and wrote comedy bits for Red Skelton and Dick Van Dyke.



Two great sound men Barney Beck and Bob Mott at one of the Cincinnati conventions

Mott won two Emmy Awards for his efforts on the NBC daytime soap opera *Days of Our Lives*; he was with the show on and off for three decades. He once said he taped the crackling sound of cedar burning during a vacation to his brother's cabin and used that slice of audio whenever a scene on the show featured a fireplace.

CBS hired him as a sound effects specialist in 1951, and he worked on dozens of radio and TV programs, including *Perry Mason*, *The Ed Sullivan Show*, *The Garry Moore Show*, *The Jackie Gleason Show*, *The Andy Williams Show* and *Playhouse 90*.

While doing sound effects for the CBS morning kids show *Captain Kangaroo*, starring Bob Keeshan, Mott was asked to write pantomime sketches for Skelton's primetime comedy show for the network.

After CBS, Mott segued to NBC and worked on Bob Hope specials, *The Tonight Show*, *Flip*, *Rowan & Martin's Laugh-In* and *Chico and the Man*.

Mott wrote several books about sound effects, including the cleverly titled *Radio Live! Television Live!* Those *Golden Days When Horses Were Coconuts*, published in 2000.

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

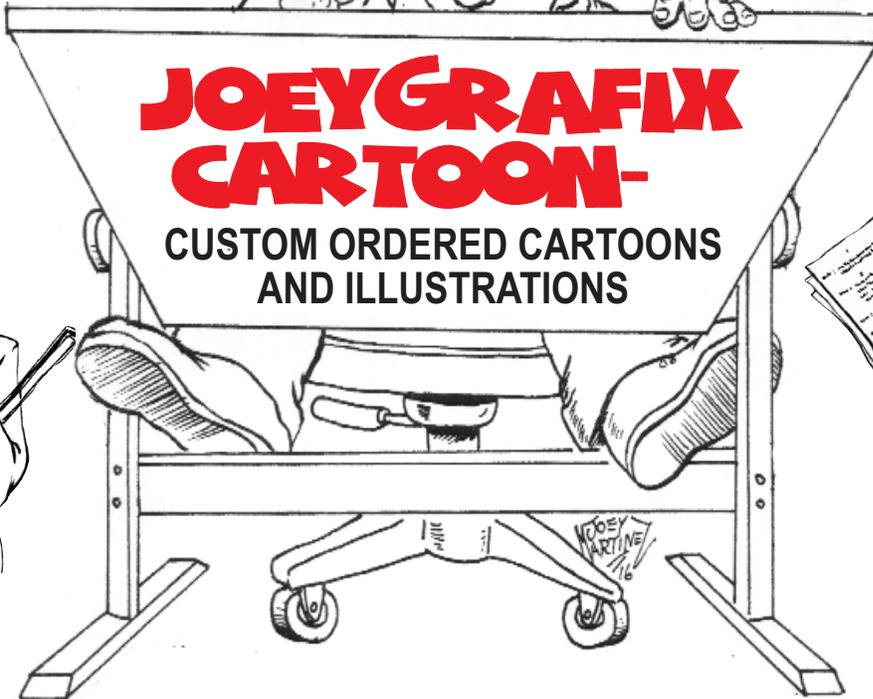
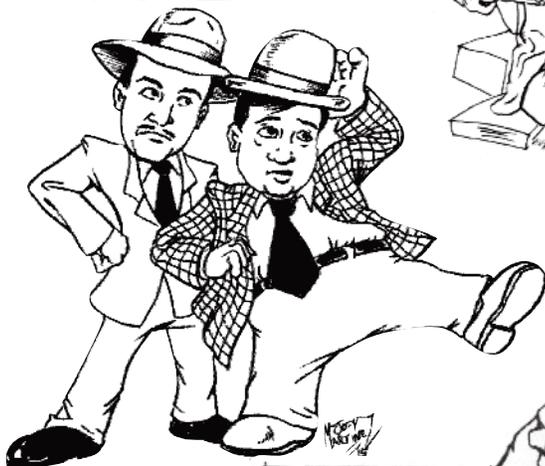
That being said, The Old Radio Times will run free ads from individuals, groups, and dealers whose ideals are in line with the group's goals and who support the hobby.

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

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We will gladly carry free ads for any other old time radio group or any group devoted to nostalgia. Submit your ads to:
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OTRR ACQUIRES NEW EPISODES AND UPGRADED SOUND ENCODES FOR NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER

This is a list of newly acquired series/episodes. They may either be new to mp3 or better encodes. These were acquired by the Group during the months of Sept and Oct They were purchased by donations from members and friends of the Old Time Radio Researchers. If you have cassettes that you would like to donate, please e-mail beshiresjim@yahoo.com For reel-to-reels, contact david0@centurytel.net & for transcription disks tony_senior@yahoo.com

Chuck Schaden Interviews

09-04-88 Mel Blanc (by telephone) on WBBM Radio Classics 51 min.mp3
09-15-05 Midwest Pioneer Broadcaster Chicago IL 69 min.mp3
10-24-98 Mason Adams at FOTR Convention 11

Aldrich Family

1940-02-20 Rabbits and Pigeons.mp3
1940-11-07 Henry's Hot Idea Cools Off.mp3
1941-10-23 Henry forgets to mail a letter.mp3
Aldrich Family 1941-11-06 Muscle building course.mp3
1942-01-22 Girlfriend.mp3
1942-06-18 Selling Christmas cards.mp3
1948-10-21 Baby-sitting or movies.mp3
1948-10-28 Detention or basketball game.mp3
1949-01-06 Cousin Lionel.mp3
1949-01-20 Dinner date with Kathleen.mp3
1949-02-10 Geometry.mp3
1949-04-07 Blind date.mp3
1949-04-28 Date with a tall girl.mp3

Chuck Schaden Interviews

05-28-94 Marty Halperin (Former AFRS Technician) 32 min(1).mp3
05-28-94 Marty Halperin (Former AFRS Technician) 32 min.mp3

Chuck Schaden Interviews

06-15-88 Mary Lee Robb PalmDesert CA 28 min.mp3
08-25-77 Maury Amsterdam Hyatt Regency OHare 30min.mp3
10-29-76 Mercedes McCambridge Drury Lane Theatre 30 min.mp3
10-29-88 Michael Dawson On Radio Classics Chicago IL 14 min.
04-10-79 Michael Rye Studio F Paramount Pictures Sears Radio.mp3
09-23-89 Mike Wallace at MBC in Chicago IL 27 min.mp3

Life with Luigi

1948-09-21 Luigi discovers America.mp3
1948-11-09 Finds stolen diamond ring.mp3
1948-11-16 Luigi attends PTA meeting.mp3
1948-11-30 Luigi joins hospital plan.mp3
1948-12-07 Damage claim on broken mirror.mp3
1948-12-21 Antique colonial silver cup.mp3
1949-01-09 First date with an American girl.mp3
1949-01-16 Surprise party.mp3
1949-01-30 Character references.mp3
1949-03-27 Luigi goes to dance school.mp3
1949-05-01 Plans a block party.mp3
1950-06-06 Party line troubles.mp3
1950-06-13 Luigi stands up to Pasquale.mp3
1952-02-26 Joins local civil defense group.mp3
1952-03-04 Pasquale threatens to evict Luigi.mp3
1952-03-11 Income tax problems.mp3

Lights Out

1937-05-12 Organ.mp3
1937-12-22 Uninhabited.mp3
1938-04-06 Cat Wife.mp3
1938-05-11 It Happened.mp3
1939-04-26 The Devil's Due.mp3
1942-10-06 What the Devil.mp3
1942-10-13 Revolt of the Worms.mp3

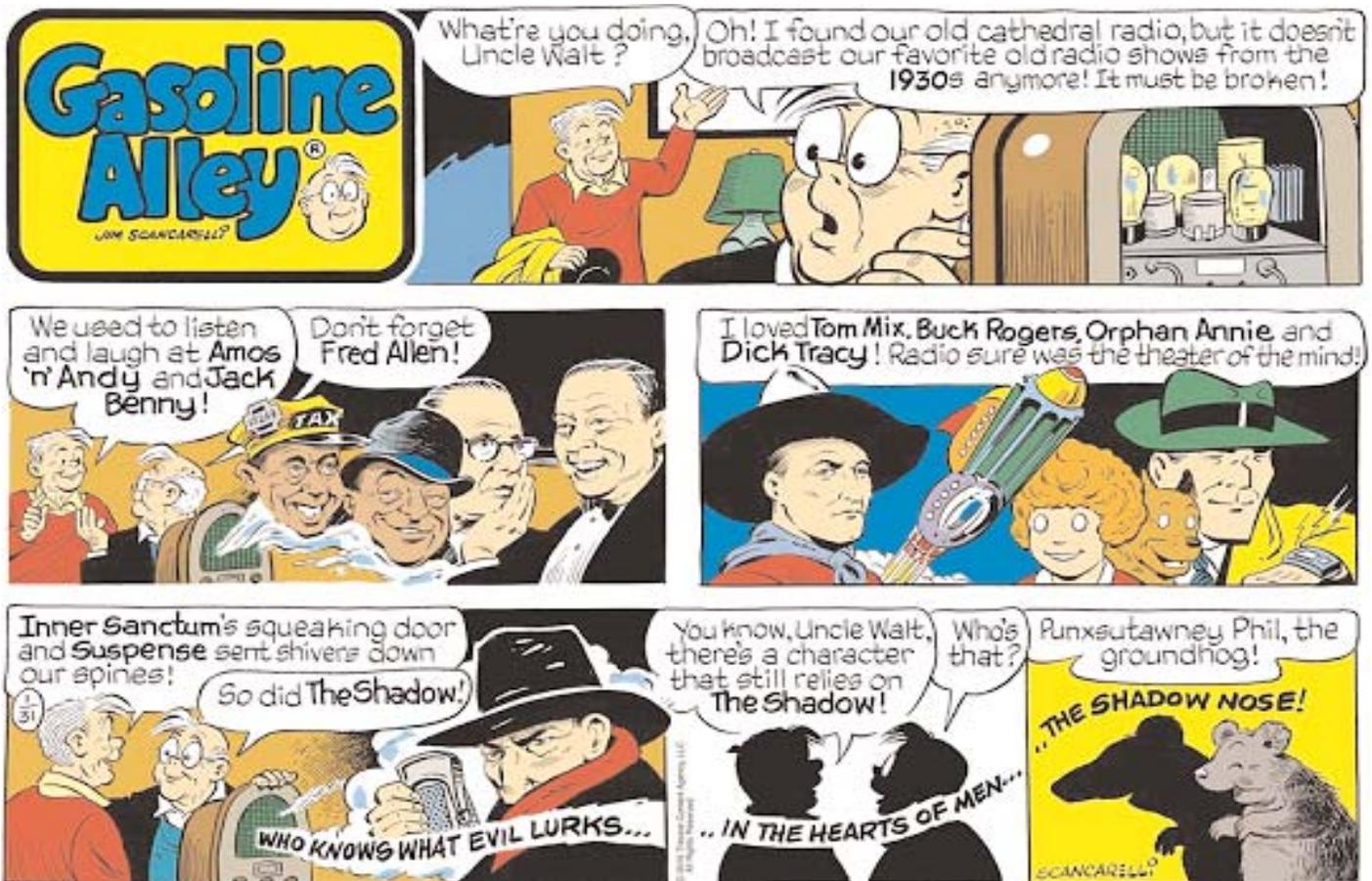
Lights Out

1942-10-20 Poltergeist (aka Gravestone).mp3
1942-10-27 Mungahra (aka The House is Haunted).mp3
1942-11-10 Bon Voyage.mp3
1942-12-01 Mr Maggs (aka The Chest).mp3
1942-12-08 Scoop (aka Cemetery).mp3
1942-12-15 Knock at the Door.mp3
1942-12-29 Valse Triste.mp3
1943-01-05 The Fast One (aka Speed).mp3
1943-01-26 Protective Mr Drogan (aka Big Mr Little).mp3
1943-02-02 Until Dead (aka The Luck of Mark Street).mp3
1943-02-09 He Dug It Up.mp3
1943-02-23 They Met at Dorset.mp3
1943-03-09 The Ball (aka Paris Macabre).mp3

Music for Moderns

02-07-53 Count Basie and his band.mp3

02-14-53 Count Basie and his band.mp3
02-28-53 Teddy Wilson and his trio.mp3
03-07-53 Woody Herman and the third herd.mp3
03-14-53 Woody Herman and the third herd.mp3
03-14-53 Woody Herman and the third herd.mp3
03-22-53 Dave Brubek Quartet and the Chubby Jackson Bill Harris Herd.mp3
04-04-53 Stan Kenton and his orchestra.mp3
04-11-53 Jack Teagarden and his orchestra.mp3
04-17-53 Jack Teagarden and his orchestra.mp3
04-25-53 Buddy Defranco Quartet and Oscar Peterson.mp3
05-02-53 Buddy Defranco Quartet and Oscar Peterson .mp3
05-09-53 Charlie Ventura and his combo (from the Blue Note).mp3
05-23-53 Charlie Ventura and his combo (from the Blue Note).mp3 desktop.ini





Going Hollywood

LUM and ABNER



BASED ON
CHARACTERS
CREATED BY
CHESTER LAUCK
AND
NORRIS GOFF

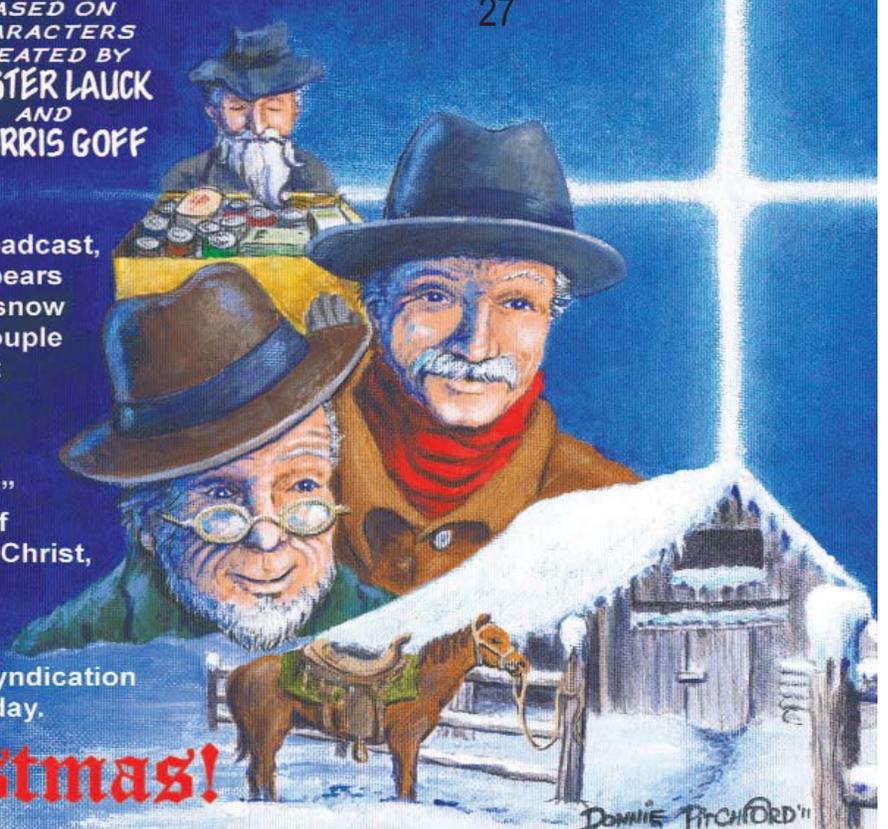
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In a 1933 *Lum and Abner* broadcast, Lum, Abner, and Grandpappy Spears "foller th' East Star" through the snow with supplies for a poor young couple forced to spend a cold night in an abandoned barn.

In a manger, the wife, tended by Doc Miller, gives birth to "a fine baby boy."

This touching story, symbolic of the Biblical account of the birth of Christ, was reenacted annually until *Lum and Abner* left the air.

"Lum and Abner's Traditional Christmas Story" was revived in syndication and can be heard to this very day.



DONNIE PITCHFORD

Merry Christmas!

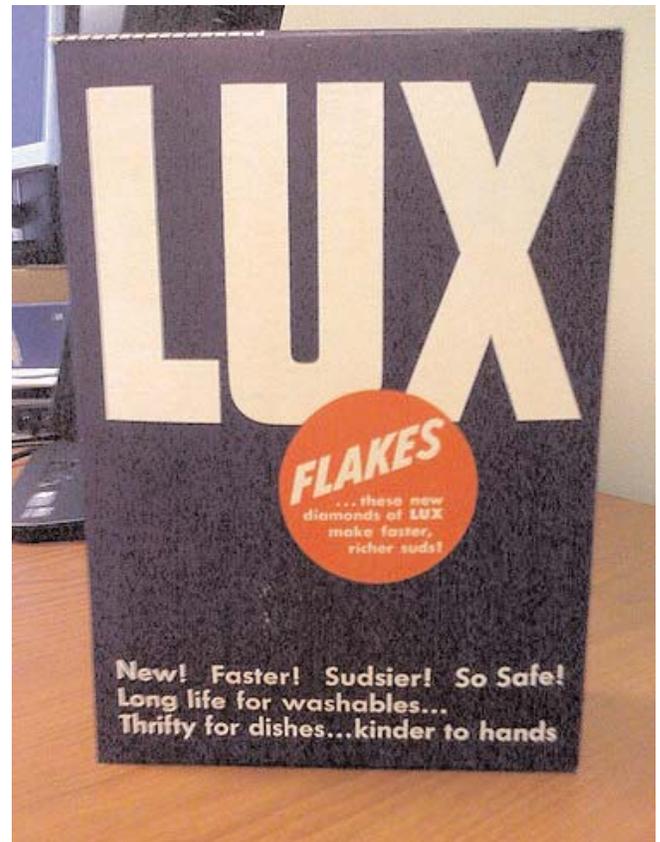
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For more info: www.lumandabnersociety.org + Facebook: "Lum and Abner Comic Strip Group"

New Quick Lux Flakes Wins Hand Test

When New Quick Lux Flakes was introduced, it was the best Lux Flakes made to date. On paper, this new version didn't look much different from the previous Lux Flakes. The blue box was the same on the outside, and the soap flakes inside also looked the same. Although the soap flakes looked the same, there was a difference. Once it came in contact with water, New Quick Lux dissolved quickly and completely into rich white suds. There was no messy soap gunk on the bottom of the dishpan.

As impressive as quick dissolving sounded, there was another reason why New Quick Lux was better than ever. The radio listeners would know why it was better on a 1940 broadcast of the prestigious LUX RADIO THEATER. In between acts of the program, announcer Melville Ruick described how Lux and 5 other major soap brands took part in "The Hand Test."

The testing was done at a famous laboratory with hundreds of women participating. In front of each seated lady, there were 2 dishpans full of water. 1 dishpan had New Quick Lux mixed with water, and the other dishpan had 1 of the 5 major soap brands mixed with water. Each lady placed 1 of her hands into the water that contained the Lux suds, and the other hand was placed into the other dishpan with the suds from the other soap. This was done in 20 minute intervals, 3 times a day for 28 days---in other words, the conditions of a typical day of washing dishes. In order to keep this test completely fair and impartial, the ladies were not allowed to wash dishes on their own, and no creams or lotions could be used at any time during the 28 day period. After each session, scientists monitored the results of each lady's hands and kept



careful records of their analysis.

When the 28 days of testing were completed, there was a very noticeable difference in the ladies' hands. The hands that were in the Lux suds were all soft and smooth, while the hands in the suds of the other soap were all red, chapped, cracked, and painful.

The ladies were then asked on their thoughts of the testing. Most of them noticed a difference in their hands as far back as the third day. While the Lux hands were consistently soft and smooth, the other soap's hands began to show signs of becoming red, chapped, and rough---and it would only get worse as time went on. To no great surprise, the ladies were convinced to use New Quick Lux for their dishes from that point on.

For participating in the testing, some of the ladies who took part were featured in magazine ads for New Quick Lux. As the saying goes,

"pictures don't lie."--- and they didn't in these ads! The individual lady's hands were pictured in color as they exactly appeared from the testing. There was absolutely no editing of the color or the picture of the hands. It was obvious to the naked eye of the reader which soap was milder and which soap WASN'T! Let's not forget, since this is an article on radio commercials, the Hand Test and its results got some considerable publicity in the New Quick Lux radio commercials on the LUX RADIO THEATER.

Since New Quick Lux was a brand of soap, and the 5 major brands were also soap, why was there such a noticeable difference? The 5 brands had something extra that Lux didn't, that's why! Unfortunately, that something extra wasn't anything to brag about. The 5 major brands--- and many other soap brands for that matter, all had alkali. This not-so-amazing stuff was the guilty party for making hands' miserable when it came to washing dishes. Since this chore was usually done 3 times a day, dishwashing with soaps containing alkali would take its toll on the poor hands. On the other hand, New Quick Lux doesn't have any alkali in its

soap formula. When it was used for dishwashing--- no matter how many times a day, the hands were always soft, smooth, and nice to look at after each dishwashing session.

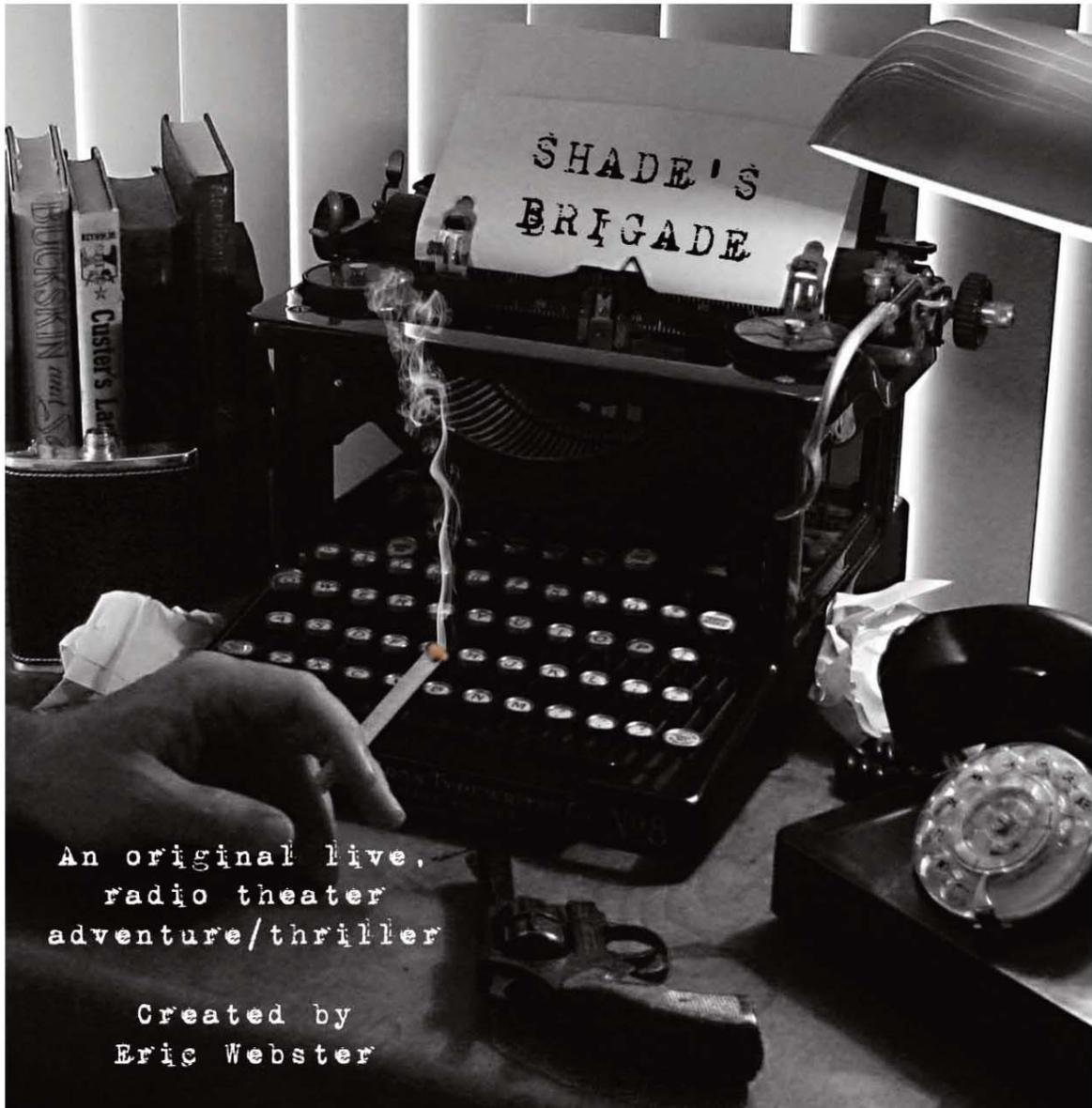
Now that New Quick Lux easily defeated 5 of the most popular soap brands in the 28 day Hand Test, it must be the most expensive soap to buy and use. Not so! Announcer Ruick made it known to the listeners that New Quick Lux didn't cost any more than the competition--- and the BIG box was actually extra thrifty to buy and use.

Ruick also mentioned how New Quick Lux continued the tradition of washing dishes clean without its users suffering from the infamous "Dishpan Hands"--- an adversary Lux Flakes made famous in its advertising during the 1930's (and maybe even before that, but I'm not sure).

It's doubtful that husbands spent entire evenings giving their undivided attention to their wives' hands after using Lux as implied in the enclosed magazine ad, but it is safe to say that washing dishes with this amazing soap made life easier and a lot less painful for the wives who used it. ■



An original radio thriller, produced in the style of the golden age of radio and performed live on stage with four actors performing all the characters and sound effects!



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radio theater
adventure/thriller

Created by
Eric Webster

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