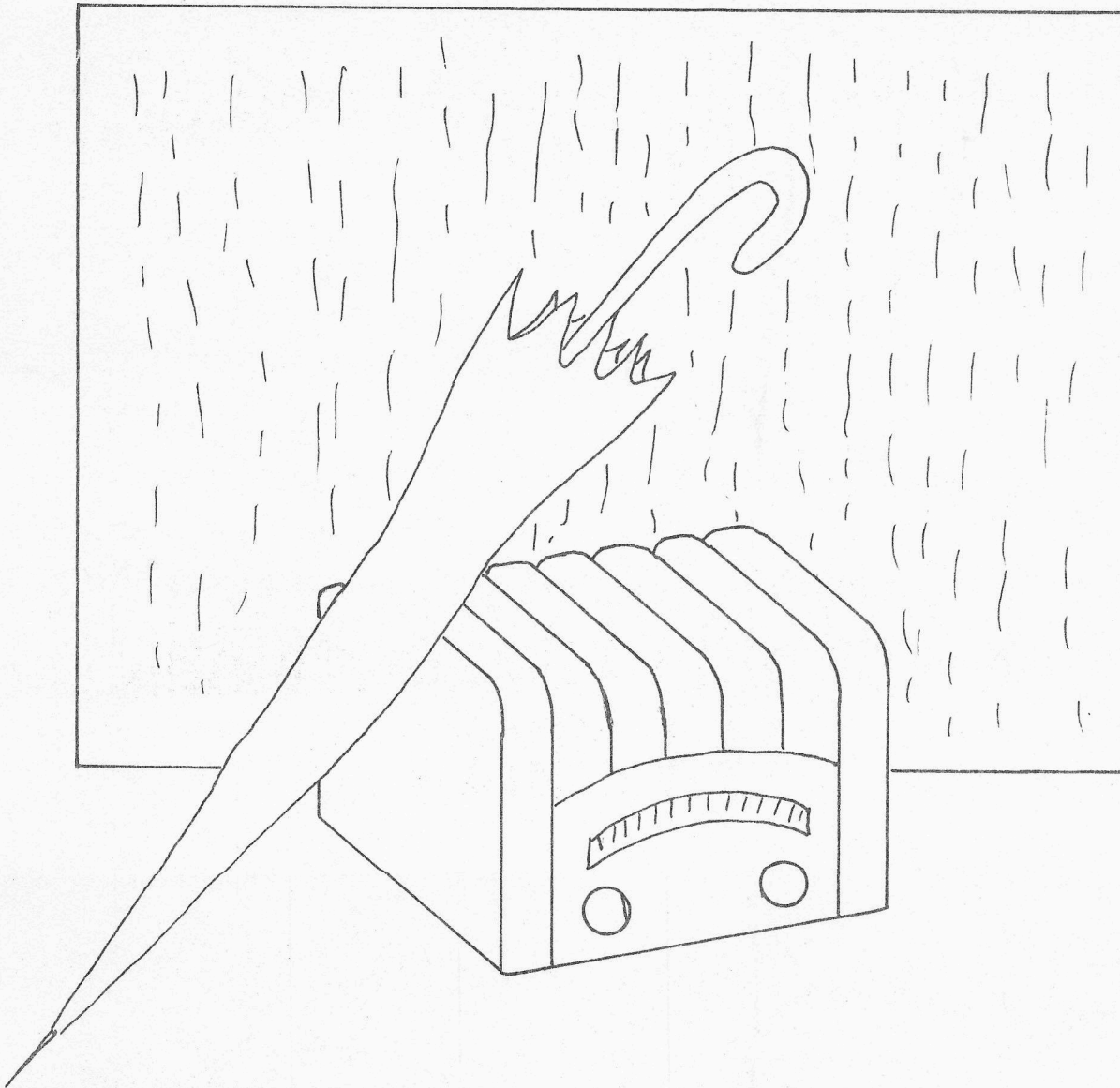


# RADIO IN DEPTH

ISSUE 13

July, 1975



RADIO, SOMETHING FOR A  
RAINY DAY

RADIO IN DEPTH

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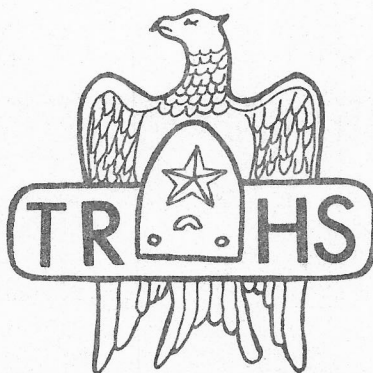
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RADIO IN DEPTH is the offical publication of the Texas Radio Historical Society !



## THE YOUTHFUL WONDERS OF RADIO, THE QUIZ KIDS

by Marion David Wedin

In the "golden days" just before WWII, RADIO was like a box of Cracker Jacks. To open the box, one had simply to turn on any RADIO set in America. The sugar coated corn was the favorite of the listener, from dawn to dusk. And of course there were the nuts, like Allen, Benny, and Hope to brighten any day—no matter how dark. But somewhere in the box the listener knew he would find a prize. Sometimes the prize would be a mistake on a live show, a news flash, a very special guest star, or the best joke the listener had ever heard.

Those of us who liked to be brave and dig deep in search of the prize were rewarded that Wednesday night, June 28, 1940, when we turned the dial and caught the familiar voice of Joe Kelly over a local NBC station. The only thing that tipped us off, that let us feel the edge of the prize envelope with the tips of our fingers, was the fact that it was not time for the NATIONAL BARN DANCE. Sure enough, Jack Kelly had a new show, and what a strange show it was.

Jack was asking children questions and getting correct answers. The topper came when he asked a question the listener could not answer, but an eight year old by the name of Gerard Darrow gave the correct answer with ease. Of course, the show is rigged, thought many a listener to that first show.

But before the show was over it had been pointed out to the listener that the questions were real and the answers that of the children. Since the listener could believe in a quiz show of the '40's the listener that night had a real prize. One he would hold on to and talk about for years. A real "Cracker Jack" of a show, the QUIZ KIDS.

The '30's had been full of show were children performed on the RADIO (even an occasional adult playing the part of a kid). The only thing wrong with such shows was that all the children seemed to ever do was to sing or recite simple material. In Chicago a publicity man by the name of Louis Cowan had a bright idea that grew out of his desire to hear children do something besides "Mary Had a Little Lamb" eight ways. He knew that for over a hundred years children had been out shining their parents in "spelling bees" all over America. If they could show off as super spellers, maybe, just maybe, they could answer questions that would stump the average adult. It was sure worth a try. If the children failed to answer the questions they would at least say funny things in a lovable way, and that was always a winner on RADIO.

Cowan picked Gerard Darrow, Joan Bishop, Cynthia Cline, and Van Dyke Tiers to start the show off. It was those four who made those first few programs and sold the American public on the idea of sitting at home and listening to children under sixteen answer questions. But Cowan and the producers were too smart to chance picking the right children from the word go. They made it a contest. Each week there were five Quiz Kids, but only three came back for the next week's show. For every week a child was on the show they received a \$100 US "Baby Bond" to be used for their future education, as if anyone really doubted that the children they heard answer the questions would go through life without being educated.

The QUIZ KIDS shot up in ratings and their audience grew with each passing week, but the show had built in problems. One problem was the mike (see RADIO "Wasn't Easy", RADIO IN DEPTH, Issue 2, page 8). Another problem was the man who asked the questions. If they had picked a College Professor type to ask the questions his knowledge would have shown through and the children would have been too afraid of answering incorrectly to answer at all. Even if the producer could have hired the simple, gentle Albert Einstein, the little Einsteins would have frozen in fear from his reputation alone. The best choice was a third grade drop-out who used his friendly way and glib tongue to make the children feel at home while facing the fear producing mike—Jack Kelly.

The parents of some of the children were another problem. Any show that used children had to face the stage struck mothers and fathers who looked at being on



RADIO as a stepping stone to the movies.

Still another problem was the goofs (see "GADIO ROOFS—ER—RADIO GOOFS", RADIO IN DEPTH, Issue 6, page 24) that could happen to anyone and could seem even worse when they happened to children. The big fear in the hearts of the people who ran the show was sex and they tried to ensure that the questions never brought the subject up, but there is no way of preventing a misunderstanding from causing the subject of sex from suddenly popping up. Remember that time Mark Miller went into the details of the mating of the grouse? It was still being talked about for months afterwards.

But the problems were overcome and the show moved to Sundays at 4:00 PM EST. As the Quiz Kids became national heroes the power of the show grew in scope. Local NBC stations would have their own QUIZ KID programs and the winners would go to Chicago to compete. Many a child was pulled from play by their ear and carried off to face a mike, for no better reason than a hope that the child would end up on national RADIO. At the same time there were people searching through dusty books to find a question the Quiz Kids couldn't answer. Or at least a question that would be used on the show (every question used on the show was awarded a portable RADIO).

There was also the drama of the show. How many people found a tear in their eye when their young hero lost out? But many returned and returned and returned until they were too old to be on the show—167 by 1949. So the next few weeks would bring another young hero to follow as they did battle. But there were super heroes, also. Young people who everyone seemed to like. And the most popular of all seemed to be Joel Kupperman.

Joel Kupperman started on the show when he was only five. Those early war years needed a Joel Kupperman to brighten otherwise dark days. Joel was proof that no nation could claim a "super race". Besides being a brain, he was just plain lovable. The story is told that after one show Joel asked his mother, "Why do people laugh and clap when I answer a question?" For want of a better answer, she answered, "Because they are happy, just as you are, when you answer a question correctly." The next time Joel answered a question he joined in the laughing and clapping. His mother set out after the show to correct Joel's behavior. She said, "Perhaps, Joel, you'd better not applaud yourself." To that Joel answered, "But I am happy, too, when I answer a question. Why shouldn't I?" Throughout his long career as a Quiz Kid Joel applauded himself and everyone seemed to like hearing him do it, because he was not just a fresh kid—he was Joel.

Joel was a wizz at math. He could solve an algebra problem with such ease that he left the listener stund. Once, about the age of six, Joel's father gave him a math book to pratice stund. After a few minutes with the book Joel set down and wrote the publisher of the book. In a child like hand Joel wrote, "You made a mistake in a answer on page 123. The second problem 7 is 392 not 492.  $3,136/8 = 392$  not 492. I am five years old but I play with numbers. My grandpa has teeth he has to take out and wash but he is smart. With love. Joel Kupperman." When the story came out Joel's grandpa was the only person not to see the humor in Joel's letter to the publisher. By the way, the story goes that the publisher did correct the mistake in the next printing of the book.

It is hard to picture what Joel Kupperman really ment to WWII America. Maybe Joel showed us when he answered the question, "Which city is nearer the equator, Tokyo or Chicago?" He answered quietly, "Tokyo." Then with a burst of hot emotion he added, "And Frank D. Knox, Secretary of the Navy, promised to BOMB it!"

There were other super Quiz Kids, such as, Ruthie Duskin. The questions Ruthie loved best were about Shakespeare, opera, and the Bible. Another was Gerard Darrow. Gerard specialty was the animal kingdom. Gerard is sometimes remembered for the time he make an error in semantics while answering an amimal type question and nearly ended the show in the chaos of an arguement.

It was during the first year and the question was, "Define respectively a dodo,



a dido, and a dado." Gerard answered, "A dodo is a prehistoric bird. I think he had a harsh call." "Not exactly," Van Dyke Tiers corrected, "The dodo is extinct, but not prehistoric." To that Gerard replied, "That isn't what it says in my encyclopedia." Emotions were burning hot even though outwardly the two young men were cool. At any moment that Quiz Kid program could have ended in a fistfight. Quickly Kelly thumb through his notes and when he couldn't find the answer he said diplomatically, "Well, I guess there isn't much difference, eh?" With a quick thrust of his mind, Van Dyke ended the argument by applying the logic, "Mr. Kelly, I would like to submit to you that all prehistoric animals are extinct, but all extinct animals are not necessarily prehistoric." Lucky for everyone all the Quiz Kids seemed to be well behaved.

The questions were on the average hard and required a wide knowledge of many subjects. Some questions were trick questions, others like the follow question were just plain hard: "With wicks, but without tallow or fat, how would you make candles?" Gerard answered, "I would use the candlefish, which is a small fish of the smelt family. It was used by the Pacific Coast Indians, and it makes good light, and it burn very readily, and it has a terrible odor." Another question that was just plain hard was "When did the American flag have the largest number of stripes?" Of course you know the answer, because the Quiz Kids gave the answer on RADIO some thirty years ago.

What ever became of the Quiz Kids that graduated from the show? Did they go on to find a place in the sun? The Texas Radio Historical Society would like to know. Armed with a list of over 200 names the searchers are searching for the answers. We know very little at this point in time. Nine married (but how about the others). Two went to West Point, but how many received degrees of higher learning? And what were the degrees? Some became writers, but which ones and what did they write? Some went into the performing arts, but what are their stories? How many became teachers and what are they teaching?

## WANTED

### INFORMATION LEADING TO THE LOCATING OF THE FOLLOWING LIST OF EX-QUIZ KIDS:

Cynthia Cline, Van Dyke Tiers, Jack Lucal, Richard Williams, Jack Beckman, Claude Brenner, Geraldine Hamburg, Margaret Mary Dougherty, Ruthie Duskin, Harve Fishman, Sparky Fishman, Joel Kupperman, Gerard Darrow, Charles Schwartz, Betty Swanson, Gunther Hollander, Patrick Conlon, Corinne (Rinny) Templeton, Lonnie Lunde, Naomi Cooks, Jack Rooney, Judy Graham, Vanessa Brown, Bobby Burns, Dick Sedlack, Danny Martin, Dianne Mathre, Richard Weixler, Dave Prochaska, Stormy Barry, Bernard Griesel, Mark Mullin, Sheila Conlon, Andre Aerne, Virginia Rodes, John Pollack, Dick Cravens, Sandra Bagus, Darice Richman, Rochell Liebling, Noreen Novick, David Freifelder, Mary Ann Henderson, Joan Bishop, David Jenkins, Jack French, Mary Clare McHugh, and Margaret Merrick.

IF YOU HAVE ANY INFORMATION TO SURRENDER, EITHER TURN IT OVER TO YOUR LOCAL MEMBER OF THE TEXAS RADIO HISTORICAL SOCIETY OR SEND IT TO:

THE TEXAS RADIO HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
P O BOX 5184  
COLLEGE STATION, TEXAS 77844

In the last days of the show Jack Kelly was replaced by Clifton Fadiman. The directors were Jack Callahan, Riley Jackson, and Forrest Owen. The writer was John Lewellyn.

THE BLUE PHANTOM MURDERS—AN  
"I LOVE A MYSTERY" SCRIPT BY  
CARLTON E. MORSE (1950)

AS LONG AS INTEREST IS SHOWN, WE WILL INCLUDE AN EPISODE OF THIS I LOVE A MYSTERY STORY IN EACH ISSUE FOR UP TO FIFTEEN ISSUES. UNLESS AT LEAST 50% OF OUR READER WRITE AND ASK US TO CONTINUE WE WILL DISCONTINUE THIS FEATURE WITH THE NEXT ISSUE.

FOR THOSE READERS WHO ARE WONDERING WHY WE ARE PRINTING A LONG SCRIPT AS PART OF RADIO IN DEPTH, WE WISH TO EXPLAIN. WE ARE NOT USING THIS MATERIAL AS FILLER. TO DO SO WOULD BE TO UNDERESTIMATE ITS VALUE TO THE HISTORY OF RADIO. I LOVE A MYSTERY IS THE BEST EXAMPLE OF A SPECIAL TYPE OF RADIO PROGRAM. IT TELLS A LONG STORY IN SHORT EPISODES (STAIRWAY TO THE SUN IS SEVEN AND ONE HALF HOURS LONG.) UNLIKE MOST OF THE LONG STORIES IN THE HISTORY OF RADIO, THIS STORY IS NOT AN ADAPTATION OF A NOVEL, IT WAS WRITTEN FOR RADIO.

WHY PICK THE BLUE PHANTOM MURDERS ? IT IS NEITHER THE LONGEST I LOVE A MYSTERY STORY, NOR THE SHORTEST. IT IS NOT CONSIDERED TO BE THE BEST, NOR THE WORST. IT IS A GOOD EXAMPLE OF THE AVERAGE I LOVE A MYSTERY STORY.

READ AND RELIVE THE ADVENTURE, DRAMA, AND INTRIGUE OF OLD—WHICH WAS RADIO.

MUTUAL

"I LOVE A MYSTERY"

STORY NO. X - EPISODE NO. 1

"THE BLUE PHANTOM MURDERS"

JUNE 2, 1950

FRIDAY

-----  
SOUND: (TRAIN AND WHISTLE)

ANNCR: The Mutual Broadcasting System presents "I LOVE A  
MYSTERY."

SOUND: (TRAIN AND WHISTLE)

(MUSIC:.....ORGAN .. "VALSE TRISTE")

SOUND: (SIREN..SCREECH OF BRAKES)

ANNCR: A new Carlton Morse Adventure Thriller!.....  
"The Blue Phantom Murders".



I LOVE A MYSTERY  
JUNE 2, 1950

-2- STORY NO. X - EPISODE NO. 1

SOUND: (CLOCK STRIKES EIGHT)

ANNCR: Eight o'clock at night aboard the power yacht, Blue Phantom somewhere in the South Atlantic Ocean. Prominently present aboard the Blue Phantom are, Jack Packard!

JACK: (COMING TO MIKE) I tell you something is going to break wide open aboard the Blue Phantom before morning!

ANNCR: Doc Long!

DOC: (COMING TO MIKE) It jes' as my Cousin Winnie-Mae always DID say; us Texas boys is just plain BUILT fer romance...

ANNCR: (AMUSED) And next, Reggie York!

REGGIE: (COMING TO MIKE) Oh but look here, the promise of a good fight is all that brought us aboard the bally old Blue Phantom.

ANNCR: And there you have them, Jack Parkard, Doc Long and Reggie York, three modern musketeers, carrying the banner of wholehearted, two-fisted adventure. Jack, is the brains and master strategist; Doc is a long-legged red-haired Texan, who can open the lock of a door or a safe with equal facility and plays a reckless, potent game of poker when the trio needs funds. Women are his weakness. Reggie is the youngest of the three and also the powerhouse. A young giant with a love for physical combat. So much for the Three Comrades. The yacht, Blue Phantom, is the property of Arnold Foster, who is also the vessel's skipper. Foster is past middle age, frail, eccentric but a multi-millionaire in his own right.

(MORE)

I LOVE A MYSTERY  
JUNE 2, 1950

-3- STORY NO. X - EPISODE NO. 1

ANNCR:  
(CONT'D)

But in spite of these drawbacks he is an excellent seaman. This voyage into the South Atlantic was his idea. A scientific expedition; a voyage to explore a certain portion of the bottom of the Atlantic never before attempted by man. And this is the roll call aboard the Blue Phantom: Arnold Foster, owner and master: Dr. Ezra Parks, scientist; Dr. Michael Davids, M.D.; Ruth Foster, wife of the skipper and official historian. That's four! Jack, Doc and Reggie, make seven, Swensen, the engineer, and the cabin boy, Roger are nine and the two able seamen, Charlie and Pete make eleven. This is the eleventh day at sea and in the cabin assigned to the Three Comrades, Jack Doc and Reggie, a discussion is in full swing.

DOC: (COMING TO MIKE) Just the same Jack, when we signed on this trip, me and Reggie had it from your own mouth, that they was a-gonna be some excitement.

JACK: You think there ISN'T going to be excitement?

DOC: Well I ain't seen nothin' YET...YOU, Reggie?

REGGIE: That's right, Jack..Eleven days out and not a bally thing.

DOC: Ain't nobody even lost his temper so far..

JACK: Plenty of undercurrents though...

DOC: Undercurrents my GRANDMA..What I want is some stand-up and knock-down FIST fightin'...

REGGIE: Righto....I say, why were we brought along on this cruise, anyway, Jack?

DOC: Yeah..Why WAS we?

JACK: That's the biggest mystery of the trip, so far...

I LOVE A MYSTERY  
JUNE 2, 1950

-4- STORY NO. X -- EPISODE NO. 1

REGGIE: (SURPRISED) YOU don't know?

JACK: No..

DOC: Well gosh-a-mighty, SOMEBODY must know..

JACK: You'd think so, wouldn't you..

REGGIE: But look here..Arnold Foster..The master..He hired us, didn't he?

JACK: That's right.

DOC: Well what does HE say?

JACK: Shrugs his shoulders and washes his hands and grins weakly..

REGGIE: GRINS?

JACK: Yes, you know how he hunches his shoulders and rubs his hands together with that half-witted look on his face..

DOC: But don't he say NOTHIN'?

JACK: Yes, he said, "What do you care..You're here, aren't you."

DOC: Well, I'm a sea-goin' hippo-nauserous..He said THAT.

JACK: And that's all...

DOC: Well I knowed right from the beginnin' I didn't like that hombre..I knowed it the minute I set eyes on that wife of his'n...

REGGIE: (AMUSED) I say, what's his wife got to do with it?

DOC: Because that little old wife of his'n is young and purty and hadn't ought to be tied up to an old coot like him..THAT'S what she's got to do with it..

JACK: (AMUSED) We get it..

DOC: You git WHAT?

JACK: Ruth Foster is young and good looking and you've fallen for her, so you hate her husband.....



DOC: I ain't NEITHER fell for her..Well, that is --

REGGIE: (CHUCKLES)

DOC: What I mean is..I just plain feel sorry for her...

JACK: That's bad..

DOC: Whatcha mean, that's bad?

JACK: Feeling sorry for other men's wives has got more Romeos into trouble --

DOC: Well that's what I'm a-lookin' for..TROUBLE..I'm so sick a-sittin' around lookin' at water...Honest to goodness Jack, if I was to tell my folks back in Texas they was this much water a-runnin' around loose in the world, they'd lock me up fer squirrel food...

REGGIE: (CHUCKLES) But this is the Atlantic Ocean, Doc..

DOC: Atlantic or NO Atlantic, I'm sick of water..And if feelin' sorry fer that purty little old Ruthie, gal--

JACK: Doc..

DOC: Yeah?

JACK: You keep away from Mrs. Foster..There's enough trouble brewing in that neighborhood already..

REGGIE: I say, what's that?

DOC: What chew TALKIN' about, son?

JACK: Why don't you use your eyes..It's as plain as the nose on your face..Apparently both Dr. Parks and Dr. Davids ALSO think she's too young and pretty to be married to Arnold Foster.

DOC: Hey, them two SAWBONES??..Why they ain't no competition atall...I could wham their heads together and....

I LOVE A MYSTERY  
JUNE 2, 1950

-6- STORY NO. X - EPISODE NO. 1

JACK: But you're not going to..

DOC: How come I ain't?

JACK: Because I say so..

DOC: Because you say so, I ain't gonna give Ruth Foster the pertection of my chivalry..

JACK: That's right.

DOC: Why?

JACK: Why?

DOC: Yeah, that's all I'm askin' you, just plain WHY?

JACK: Because there's trouble brewing between Parks, Davids and Foster and I want to find out what's at the bottom of it without you mixing in and complicating matters.

REGGIE: You mean trouble over Foster's wife?

JACK: Well that's bringing it to a head, but it's much deeper than that..As a matter of fact, if you want to know the honest truth, I think this scientific expedition stunt is just a blind to cover up the real reason for this trip.

DOC: You mean we AIN'T gonna hunt fer fish on the bottom of the ocean?

JACK: I don't know, but I doubt it..

REGGIE: But look here, Jack..Why?..I mean to say why have you formed this opinion?

JACK: First, as I said, there's trouble brewing..I can't put my finger on it, but I sense it..I know it..

DOC: Smell it, huh...

I LOVE A MYSTERY  
JUNE 2, 1950

-6A- STORY NO. X - EPISODE NO. 1

JACK: Perhaps...The other reason for believing this isn't just a scientific voyage is US...If the expedition's on the up and up there is absolutely no reason in the world for us being here...



I LOVE A MYSTERY  
JUNE 2, 1950

-7- STORY NO. X - EPISODE NO. 1

DOC: Yeah..That sure enough looks funny, all right..  
'Specially after what Foster said to you..You don't think he's kinda off in the noodle, do you?

JACK: No, Foster's sane enough..Dr. Parks, the scientist is sane too...Too sane for his own good...

DOC: Now ain't that silly..How can a hombre be TOO sane?

JACK: I don't know..That's just the feeling he gives me..He knows too much..His brain's too full of information..

REGGIE: Quite..His head DOES have the appearance of BULGING, doesn't it?

DOC: What about this here, Dr. Davids?

JACK: Well he's a much younger man..Looks like a nice clean cut man, but he's mixed up in this somewhere too..

DOC: And you sure 'nuff think they's a-gonna be TROUBLE..

JACK: Yes, and it's not far off..

DOC: Well, in that case, I reckon I kin wait --

SOUND: (RAP ON DOOR)

REGGIE: (SOFTLY) I say, company..

DOC: Yeah, I'll get it...  
(PAUSE)

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS) (SOUND OF ROLL AND WASH OF OCEAN WAVES)

DOC: Hey, that's funny..They ain't nobody out here..

JACK: (BACK LITTLE) You sure..

DOC: Yeah, ain't nobody..

PARKS: (SUAVE, AMUSED) Good evening!

DOC: Hey....

PARKS: (SUAVE) May I come in?

DOC: Hey, what was you a-doin' hiding back there in that shadow?

PARKS: Hiding?

DOC: Yeah, that's what I said, HIDING..

PARKS: But that's ridiculous..Naturally I stood close to the cabin to avoid the spray..

JACK: (BACK) Who is it, Doc?..

DOC: It's Dr. Parks..He wants to come in..

JACK: (BACK) Well, let him in and shut the door..

DOC: Yeah..come on in..But I STILL think you was hidin' on me.

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSSES) (SOUND OF WAVES OUT)

JACK: Hello, Parks...have a seat...

PARKS: Thank you..(AMUSED) Mr. Long, here, seems to have a very suspicious turn of mind..

DOC: Well dad-bust it, when I open a door I expect to see somebody THERE...Jumpin' out of a shadow at me..

REGGIE: Oh look here...JUMPING?

PARKS: Simply Mr. Long's colorful way of putting it...I was standing in the shadow alongside the door all the time..

DOC: Well, don't NEVER do that again, 'cause SOMEBODY'S liable to git hurt...

JACK: All right, Doc..Take it easy..Nice of you to drop in, Parks..

PARKS: Yes, I've been wanting to talk to you three gentlemen alone for several days now..

JACK: Well, we've always been available...

PARKS: Not as available as you might think...

JACK: What's that?

PARKS: I thought perhaps you know... A very close watch has been kept on your cabin every night since we left port..

REGGIE: I say...

DOC: Hey, what chew MEAN, we're bein' watched.

PARKS: Just that...

JACK: By whom?

PARKS: I'm not sure about that...

JACK: But you're sure we ARE being watched?

PARKS: Positively....

JACK: What about tonight?

PARKS: I think I successfully entered without being seen...

DOC: But what the heck would anyone want to keep a watch on US for?

PARKS: That's one of the questions I wished to ask you....

DOC: Well, you got ME, feller....

PARKS: How about YOU, Mr. Packard?

JACK: I don't think we ARE being watched...

PARKS: Sooo?

JACK: That's right...I think you're talking through your hat.

PARKS: REALLY!... And WHY do you think that?

JACK: Because there's absolutely no reason why we SHOULD be watched.

PARKS: No?

JACK: No!

PARKS: Interesting...(SLIGHT PAUSE)...Would you gentlemen mind telling me why you're on this trip?



REGGIE:            Oh look here...We were hired by Arnold Foster....

PARKS:            Yes, but WHY?....Are you scientists?

DOC:              Course not!

PARKS:            Are you seamen?...No, because you'd be forward with the sailors if you were...Are you three friends of Arnold Foster's on the trip for pleasure?

JACK:             No, as Reggie said... We were hired to come.

PARKS:            Then what ARE you?...

DOC:              I'll tell you what we are...We're two-fisted hombres lookin' for trouble.

PARKS:            Aaah Adventurers...Soldiers of Fortune...

JACK:             If you like....

PARKS:            But what in heaven's name do you expect to get out of a trip of this nature?

JACK:             I thought maybe YOU could answer that.

PARKS:            No...I can't....Huummm, soldiers of fortune...I've never met any of you gentlemen before...

DOC:              And we never met any of YOUR kind before....so what?

PARKS:            Please...I'm interested...Where have you been?...What have you done?...How long have you been together?

JACK:             Are you being serious?

PARKS:            I assure you I am....

JACK:             Well, we've been together three years...

PARKS:            Fighting?

DOC:              (AMUSED) He asks has we done any FIGHTING.....

REGGIE:           (AMUSED) QUITE....

PARKS:            What kind of fighting?

DOC:            Fist fightin'...Gun fightin'...What kind of fightin' you  
                 WANT?...You NAME it and we've done it.

PARKS:          Colorful....Colorful....Any wars?

DOC:            Couple down in South America...revolution over in China...  
                 pirate fightin' down off the coast of Macoa...

PARKS:          Up and down the world...Adventure...

REGGIE:        I say, though, this is the first time we've been in the  
                 Atlantic...

PARKS:          You're not saying much, Mr. Parkard...

JACK:           No...I don't see any reason for it...

PARKS:          Interesting...Arnold Foster ships three Soldiers of  
                 Fortune on a scientific expedition...

JACK:           And we don't care about the name Soldiers of Fortune...

PARK:           But isn't that exactly what you ARE?

JACK:           In fact perhaps, but not in spirit...

PARKS:          (AMUSED) Don't tell me morality enters into your  
                 endeavors?.....

JACK:           As a matter of fact it does... When we come up against  
                 something we don't like we clean it up.

PARKS:          Wonderful... The Three Musketeers and Robin Hood all  
                 rolled into one....

DOC:            You know, mister, I don't like your tone of voice.

PARKS:          Then my sincerest apologies...

DOC:            Yeah?

PARKS:          Please accept them...I'm amazed...I thought the spirit of  
                 adventure had---

SOUND:                            (RAPPING ON DOOR)

I LOVE A MYSTERY  
JUNE 2, 1950

- 12 -

STORY NO. X - EPISODE NO. 1

REGGIE: Someone at the door...

DOC: Hey, the traffic's gettin' pretty heavy in here, ain't it?

JACK: I'll answer it... No, sit still, Dr. Parks..(LEAVING MIKE)  
It may be the room steward...

(PAUSE)

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

(SOUND OF WAVES)

JACK: (AT MIKE) Oh, good evening, Foster...Come in...

FOSTER: (WHINEY, SELF-CONSCIOUS) Do you mind...for just a  
moment...

JACK: Glad to see you...

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSES)

REGGIE: (COMING TO MIKE) Good evening, Mr. Foster...

FOSTER: (COMING TO MIKE) Well, well...(SILLY CHUCKLES)...I didn't  
expect to find YOU here, Dr. Parks.

PARKS: (STIFFLY) I was just leaving, Arnold.

JACK: Oh no, you just came...Don't go.....

FOSTER: No...no...don't go...As Master of the Blue Phantom, I've  
got a very interesting bit of information to report...

JACK: Here, sit down...

FOSTER: Very kind of you...thank you...thank you...

JACK: You say you have something to tell us...

FOSTER: (CHUCKLES, WASHES HANDS) Interesting...VERY interesting...  
I think Dr. Parks will be especially interested.

PARKS: (STIFFLY) I doubt it...

FOSTER: (CHUCKLES) Oh, but you WILL...Oh! One thing first....  
The radio isn't working....



PARKS:            (STARTS) Radio?

FOSTER:          That's right...Can't send or receive a thing...

JACK:            Just a minute... Who takes care of the radio?

FOSTER:          I do....

JACK:            Well, maybe Reggie here can give you a hand...He's pretty good---

FOSTER:          No...No use...completely out of repair...

DOC:             Well, you sure 'nuff don't seem to be much WORRIED about it....

FOSTER:          Not at all...Not at all...Sextant and the stars are good enough for me... (CHUCKLES) And NOW for the interesting news.

DOC:             Yeah, shoot, feller...You got me a-sittin' on the edge of my chair.

FOSTER:          Sssssh...Listen...The room steward's been murdered!

JACK:            What's that?

DOC:             Heey, you're kiddin'...

FOSTER:          Didn't I tell you?... Interesting!....Murdered with poison!

I LOVE A MYSTERY  
JUNE 2, 1950

- 14 -

STORY NO. X - EPISODE NO. 1

(MUSIC:.....ORGAN..."Valse Triste")

SOUND: (SIREN)

ANNCR: The further adventures of Jack, Doc and Reggie will  
come to you Monday at this same hour. I LOVE A  
MYSTERY, written and directed by Carlton E. Morse,  
comes to you Monday through Friday, featuring Russell  
Thorson as Jack, Jim Boles as Doc Long, and Tony  
Randall as Reggie York, with \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_.

THIS IS THE MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

CONTINUITY BY CARLTON E. MORSE.

A WORD WITH BOAKE  
CARTER

IF WE COULD GO BACK IN TIME TO THE PERIOD BETWEEN 1930 AND 1940 WE WOULD FIND NEARLY EVERY RADIO TUNED TO BOAKE CATER AT 4:45 PM PST EVERY WEEKDAY. IT WAS NOT UNTIL 1940 THAT BOAKE DROPPED IN THE POLES TO EIGHTH OR NINTH PLACE.

HIS STRONG, STERN FACE MADE HIM AS IMPRESSIVE IN PERSON AS HIS FORCEFUL NEWS COMMENTARY DID OVER THE RADIO. IN THOSE DAYS THERE WAS NO GRAY IN HIS HAIR AND MUSTACHE AND HIS VOICE WAS FULL AND YOUNG.

THE FOLLOWING INTERVIEW WAS MADE WITH BOAKE SOMETIME IN JUNE OF 1938. ALTHOUGH THE NAME OF THE INTERVIEWER HAS BEEN LONG SINCE FORGOTTEN, THE INTERVIEW STANDS ON IT'S OWN MERIT AND IS WELL WORTH SAVING.

"MR. CARTER, YOU WERE BORN IN RUSSIA, WEREN'T YOU ?"

"I WAS. MY FATHER AT THAT TIME WAS IN THE BRITISH CONSULAR SERVICE, STATIONED IN BAKU, SOUTH RUSSIA. MY GIVEN NAME, INCIDENTALLY, IS AN ANGLICIZED VERSION OF 'BAKU'."

"YOU TRAVELED A GREAT DEAL AS A BOY ?"

"NATURALLY. THE NATURE OF MY FATHER'S WORK BROUGHT FREQUENT MOVES."

"YOU WENT TO SCHOOL IN ENGLAND ?"

"YES, AT TUNBRIDGE AND CHRIST COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE. AFTER THAT I WENT TO WORK FOR THE LONDON DAILY MAIL AND COVERED STORIES ALL OVER EUROPE."

"DID YOU SERVE IN THE WORLD WAR (ONE)?"

"I DID, IN THE AIR. AFTER THE WAR I DID A BIT OF KICKING ABOUT, FINALLY WENT TO MEXICO TO PROSPECT FOR OIL. I SAW SOMETHING OF THE CENTRAL AMERICAN COUNTRIES AT THAT TIME, TOO. I CAME TO AMERICA IN 1924, FINALLY DECIDED TO GO BACK TO NEWSPAPERING, AND WENT TO WORK FOR THE PHILADELPHIA BULLETIN."

"YOU FIRST WENT ON THE AIR IN PHILADELPHIA ?"

"THAT'S RIGHT, IT WAS BACK IN 1930. THE STATION WAS WCAU."

"NOW THEN, MR. CARTER, AS A VETERAN RADIO COMMENTATOR, WILL YOU ANSWER THIS QUESTION: DO YOU THINK THE NEWS COMMENTATORS MADE AN EARNEST EFFORT TO PRESENT UNBIASED, UNSLANTED, STRAIGHTFORWARD NEWS ? DO YOU THINK THEY ARE MORE, OR LESS, RESTRICTED BY BUSINESS-OFFICE REQUIREMENTS THAN ARE NEWSPAPERMEN ?"

"IN ANSWER TO THE FIRST PART OF YOUR QUESTION, I DO. MOST OF THE FIRST HALF DOZEN NEWS COMMENTATORS ARE NEWSPAPERMEN WITH YEARS OF NEWSPAPER EXPERIENCE. I THINK THEY ARE ALL AS CONSCIENTIOUS ABOUT THE NEWS THEY PUT ON THE AIR AS THEY ARE ABOUT THE NEWS THEY WRITE, OR WOULD WRITE, FOR THEIR PAPERS. ON THE MATTER OF RESTRICTION, I THINK THEY ARE MORE RESTRICTED ON THE RADIO BY BUSINESS-OFFICE REQUIREMENTS. AND YET I CAN REMEMBER THE MANY OCCASIONS WHILE I WAS WORKING ON NEWSPAPERS WHEN THE ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT OF THE BUSINESS OFFICE PRESSURED THE CITY DESK TO KILL STORIES THAT MIGHT HURT AN ADVERTISER."

"TO THE FRANK QUESTION, ARE YOU OR YOU NOT ANTI-LABOR ? MR. CARTER, WHAT WOULD YOUR ANSWER BE ?"

"I HAVE NEVER BEEN ANTI-LABOR. WHAT I AM AND WILL FOREVER BE IS ANTI-NITWITS FOR LABOR LEADERS. CAPITAL IS ORGANIZED WITH ITS CHAMBERS OF COMMERCE AND MANUFACTURER'S ASSOCIATIONS. UNION LABOR SHOULD BE LIKewise HANDLED FOR A PROPER SOCIAL BALANCE. BUT WHEN NITWITS BRING ILL REPUTE ON THE RANK AND FILE OF LABOR, THEN ANTICS OF THE NITWITS SHOULD BE CALLED, IN MY OPINION."



"IN SOME QUARTERS, UNJUSTLY PERHAPS, YOU ARE REPUTED TO BE ANTI-LABOR, ANTI-NEW DEAL, ANTI-ROOSEVELT. HOW DO YOU ACCOUNT FOR THIS ?"

"PROPAGANDA, EMOTIONALISM AND SMEAR. NOWADAYS IF YOU ARGUE THEORIES, FACTS, AND THESES YOU ARE BURIED UNDER A SHOWER OF EMOTIONAL DENUNCIATION. IF YOU TAKE A PIECE OF NEW DEAL LEGISLATION, ARGUE IT ON ITS MERITS AND CONCLUDE AGAINST IT YOU ARE AUTOMATICALLY ANTI-NEW DEAL. IF YOU CONDEMN A SPECIFIC ACT OF PERHAPS ONE LABOR LEADER YOU ARE DENOUNCED AS ANTI-ALL LABOR. SO FEW PEOPLE NOWADAYS WILL DEBATE THE MERITS OF ANY ISSUE, AND UNDER MODERN MASS-EMOTIONALISM METHODS, THE RIGHT TO HOLD A DIFFERENT OPINION AND STILL MAINTAIN AN OPEN MIND ON A SUBJECT AT LARGE IS DENIED."

"DO YOU THINK, AS JEFFERSON SAID, THE PEOPLE SHOULD KNOW THE TRUTH AND ARE CAPABLE OF ATTAINING RIGHT ACTION THROUGH IT, OR DO YOU FEEL MORE IN SYMPATHY WITH THE CURRENT THEORY THAT THE TRUTH SHOULD BE ADJUSTED AND POINTED FOR POPULAR CONSUMPTION ?"

"I BELIEVE AS JEFFERSON DID. I AM COMPLETELY OUT OF SYMPATHY WITH THE THEORY THAT TRUTH SHOULD BE ADJUSTED. THE ONLY ADJUSTMENT SHOULD BE TOWARD MORE TRUTHFUL TRUTHFULNESS. ADJUSTMENT OF TRUTH IN THE CURRENT POPULAR THEORY IS SIMPLY PARIOR LANGUAGE FOR ARRANT DISTORTION."

"AT A ROUGH GUESS, MR. CARTER, WHICH WOULD YOU CALL THE MOST EFFECTIVE PROPAGANDISTS, RADIO COMMENTATORS OR NEWSPAPER COLUMNISTS ?"

"THEY FALL INTO TWO DIFFERENT CLASSES, EACH BEING EFFECTIVE IN THEIR OWN FIELDS. VOICE PLAYS UPON EMOTIONS, COLD TYPE PROVIDES A CHANCE TO REASON. BY AND LARGE, RADIO STIRS THE EMOTIONS MORE EFFECTIVELY, AND THE WORLD, UNFORTUNATELY IN TOO MANY INSTANCES, IS GUIDED MORE BY EMOTION THAN BY COLD LOGIC."

"CAN YOU RECALL AN INSTANCE IN WHICH SPONSOR RESTRICTIONS FORCED YOU TO KILL A PIECE OF NEWS, OR SLANT IT FROM WHAT YOU FEEL TO BE THE TRUE INTERPRETATION ?"

"I RECALL NO INSTANCE OF A SPONSOR FORCING ME TO KILL A PIECE OF NEWS, OR SLANT IT FROM WHAT IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN. PERHAPS I HAVE BEEN LUCKY."

"YOU ARE SAID TO BE AN ISOLATIONIST. IF THIS IS TRUE, YOUR INTERPRETATION OF FOREIGN NEWS IS NATURALLY COLORED BY THIS PHILOSOPHY. DON'T YOU FEEL THAT YOU HAVE JUST AS MUCH RIGHT AS, FOR INSTANCE, A NEWSPAPER PUBLISHER, TO PRESENT YOUR OWN VIEWS ?"

"I DENY I AM AN ISOLATIONIST. SENATOR HIRAM JOHNSON AND MYSELF ONCE CHUCKLED HEARTILY TOGETHER WHEN MR. HULL ACCUSED US OF BEING 'SECLUSIONISTS'. ACTUALLY, I BELIEVE IN THE ADOPTION BY THE GOVERNMENT OF AN INDEPENDENT FOREIGN POLICY WHICH CONSIDERS AMERICA FIRST, LAST AND ALWAYS, AND NOT A PERPETUATION OF A POLICY WHICH IS A SHIRT-TAIL POLICY LAID DOWN BY THE LONDON FOREIGN OFFICE. ENGLAND IS FOR ENGLAND. CHAMBERLAIN AND HIS GROUP HAVE READOPED THE PHILOSOPHY OF CASTLEREAGH AND GLADSTONE, WHICH IS SIMPLY 'ENGLAND IS ONE THOUSAND PERCENT ENGLAND AND ONE THOUSAND PERCENT LESS FOR EVERYBODY ELSE.' SELFISH ? YES, BUT A MOST EFFECTIVE POLICY AND IN NO SENSE OF THE WORD CAN THAT BE CALLED ISOLATIONISM. AND YET, IT IS AN ADOPTION OF THAT IDEA BY AMERICA FOR AMERICANS THAT I HAVE CONTINUALLY SUGGESTED. AND I AM THEREFORE CONDEMNED BY THE COLLECTIONISTS AS AN ISOLATIONIST. I DO INDEED FEEL I HAVE THE SAME RIGHT TO EXPRESS THOSE VIEWS THAT A NEWSPAPER PUBLISHER EXPRESSES IN HIS PRINT. BUT TRY AND DO IT AND SEE HOW LONG IT IS BEFORE THE MUZZLE IS SLAPPED ON FROM POLITICAL HEAD-QUARTERS."

"FROM WHAT YOU HAVE SAID, MR. CARTER, ONE MAY SAFELY ASSUME THAT YOU CONSIDER THE AMERICAN RADIO COMMENTATOR TO BE HONEST, UNBIASED, AND RELATIVELY FREE FROM SPONSOR INFLUENCE AS FAR AS

THE NEWS IS CONCERNED. BUT YOU JUST SPOKE OF POLITICAL 'MUZZLING'. IS THAT A SERIOUS FACTOR ?

"IT IS. THE MOST SERIOUS FIGHT IN WHICH I'VE BEEN INVOLVED SINCE I FIRST WENT ON THE AIR HAS BEEN THE SLOW STRUGGLE TO DEFEND EXPRESSION. IT HAS BEEN A LONG HARD FIGHT AGAINST CONTINUAL PRESSURE—A FIGHT WHICH HAS TURNED INTO A REAR-GUARD ACTION SINCE 1933. THE PRESSURE HAS BEEN MOSTLY POLITICAL AND IT IS NO SECRET TO ANY COMMENTATOR OR ANYONE IN RADIO BROADCASTING THAT THE PRESSURE GOES ALL THE WAY DOWN THE LINE FROM THE WHITE HOUSE AT ONE END TO THE SMALLEST BUREAUCRAT AT THE OTHER."

JUST A FEW CLOSING COMMENTS ABOUT BOAKE. HAROLD BOAKE CARTER WAS BORN SOMETIME IN THE LATE 1890'S. JUST BEFORE EACH SHOW HE WOULD SIT HIS WELL BUILT FRAME DOWN IN FRONT OF A SMALL TABLE AND LAY HIS SCRIPT OUT BEFORE HIM. THEN, AS THE SHOW WAS STARTING, THE MIKE WOULD BE LOWERED AND PLACED ON HIS LEFT—NEVER ANYWHERE ELSE !

THROUGHOUT THE SHOW HIS FACE WOULD NEVER MOVE RELATIVE TO THE MIKE, EVEN WHEN HE PULLED ANOTHER PAGE OF SCRIPT BEFORE HIM. ONCE SOMEONE HAD THE NERVE TO ASK BOAKE WHY HE HAD TO HAVE THE MIKE ON HIS LEFT. MORE THAN ONE PERSON QUICKLY JOTTED DOWN HIS ANSWER.

"YOU KNOW," HE SAID WHILE STANDING UP TO LEAVE, "I AM HALF IRISH AND THEREFORE SUPERSTITIOUS. THE MIKE IS ONE OF MY SUPERSTITIONS, AND I WON'T WORK UNLESS IT IS TO THE LEFT OF MY FACE." AFTER ONE QUICK LOOK AROUND THE STUDIO HE TUCKED THE SCRIPT UNDER HIS ARM AND LEFT.

BOAKE WAS NOT A SOCIAL TYPE. HE SPENT AS MUCH TIME AS HE COULD AT HOME WHERE HE DID THREE THINGS BETTER THAN MOST PEOPLE—WRITE, PAINT, AND COOK. HE WAS THE AUTHOR OF SUCH BOOKS AS THIS IS LIFE, BLACK SHIRT; BLACK SKIN, AND JOHNNY Q. PUBLIC SPEAKS, ALONG WITH THE NEWS COLUMN HE WROTE.

TO HAVE BOAKE CARTER PAINT YOUR PORTRAIT WAS A GREAT HONOR. HE WAS GOOD ! BOAKE HAD STUDIED AT THE SPRING GARDEN INSTITUTE IN PHILADELPHIA. TO BOAKE, PAINTING WAS A FORM OF ESCAPE FROM A WORLD HE HAD MIXED EMOTIONS ABOUT.

COOKING WAS AS MUCH AN ART TO BOAKE AS WAS HIS PAINTING. IT WAS A REAL TREAT TO BE INVITED TO HIS HOUSE FOR DINNER. AFTER A MEAL FIT FOR THE GODS, BOAKE WOULD SURROUND HIMSELF WITH HIS FAMILY AND THREE WIRE-HAIRED TERRIERS AND TALK ABOUT ANY SUBJECT THAT HAD COME UP DURING DINNER. THE ONLY SUBJECT HE SEEMED NOT TO WANT TO TALK ABOUT WAS HIS FIRST ASSIGNMENT FOR CBS. HE HAD COVERED THE LINDBERGH KIDNAPPING FOR PHILCO RADIO. BUT IF ASKED ABOUT IT OR ANYTHING ELSE, HE WOULD ANSWER AND ALWAYS TRUTHFULLY. MAYBE THAT WAS WHY BOTH HIS FRIENDS AND HIS ENEMIES ADMIRERED AND RESPECTED HIM.



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