

NOSTALGIA DIGEST ^{AND} RADIO GUIDE



BOB HOPE

Tarzan, Lord of the Jungle!

"From the heart of the jungle comes the savage cry of victory.

This is Tarzan, Lord of the Jungle. From the black core of darkest Africa... land of enchantment, mystery and violence comes one of the most colorful figures of all time. Transcribed from the immortal pen of Edgar Rice Burroughs-- Tarzan, the bronzed, white son of the jungle."

From the Burroughs family radio archives, these exciting stories carry Tarzan the length and breadth of Africa. Hear the action and adventures of this classic hero for the first time in decades!



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Hello, Out There in Radioland!

It's time for us to observe another broadcast milestone.

This year we celebrate **twenty-eight years** on the air with the classic, vintage broadcasts from the Golden Age of Radio.

We began our *Those Were The Days* series on May 2, 1970 and each year, on the last Saturday in April, we have tried to mark the occasion with a special anniversary program.

Last year, on our twenty-seventh anniversary show, we mentioned that it has been somewhat of a challenge to plan these annual specials. On our fifth, tenth, fifteenth, twentieth, and twenty-fifth anniversaries, we tried to work up some sort of a mild "extravaganza" to focus on the occasion.

The next major milestone will be our thirtieth anniversary, in the year 2000, and we are certainly looking forward to that!

But what do we do in between?

Richard Bilek, a *Those Were The Days* listener and *Nostalgia Digest* subscriber from Cicero, Illinois wrote saying "Why not play the first show you did on WNIB? Or even a show you did mornings on WXFM."

Well, a morning show from WXFM (1975-1977) was pretty much like the morning show we did on WLTD (1972-1975). You may recall that we played one of those broadcasts last year.

And, if we repeated the first *TWTD* show we did on WNIB (September 6, 1975) you'd realize how little our program has changed over the years!

So this year, to mark twenty-eight years of *Those Were The Days*, we'll celebrate by tuning in to some of Chicago's most popular radio favorites, people we have always admired and appreciated.

We hope you will join us on WNIB April 25th as we listen to Dick "Two Ton" Baker, Wayne King and Franklyn MacCormack, Tommy Bartlett, Jay Andres, and Art Hellyer.

Each of these stellar Chicago radio personalities has or had a long broadcast career and it will be a privilege to feature them on our anniversary broadcast.

It's also a privilege to have been on the air with our own show for so long and we are grateful to each and every one who tunes in and encourages us with their support.

Thanks for listening. And don't touch that dial!

--Chuck Schaden



COVER STORY

THE ROAD TO LAUGHTER

STARRING BOB HOPE



"AS TOLD TO" CLAIR SCHULZ

Note: When I was seeking inspiration for this article, I was visited by the muse of comedy. I always thought that muse was Thalia, a female who carried a shepherd's crook, but my visitor was definitely a male with a distinctive nose and a microphone in his hand. He said, "Let me tell the story. You'll just confuse people with little things like the truth."—Clair Schulz

I've never worked for a digest before. Instead of applauding, just rustle the pages now and then so I know you're still there.

I'd like to start at the very beginning when only God and Al Jolson were around, but let's just go back to 1907 when I was a little four-year-old Leslie Hope getting settled in Cleveland after leaving my native England with my family. When the kids at school would switch my name and call me Hopeless, I'd get my revenge by fighting them and leaving my blood all over their fists.

I had a gift for being a mimic in those days and won a contest in 1915 with my imitation of Charlie Chaplin. I must still have a flair for that sort of thing because when I walk by people say, "There goes that little tramp."

I left school as soon as I turned sixteen and boxed under the name Packy East. I knew my days in the ring were over when I couldn't remember anything between "Come out fighting" and "Give him some air."

I had always been fast on my feet so I

Clair Schulz is a free-lance writer from Stevens Point, Wisconsin, and a regular contributor to our magazine.

did a little hoofing in the twenties with a guy named George Byrne and before long we started to mix in a few jokes. We called ourselves "Dancemedians." (I can't repeat what the audience called us.)

After we were given a bit part in *The Sidewalks of New York* on Broadway in 1927, I did a solo spot one night and decided that since none of the tomatoes thrown my way made a direct hit that I should try it on my own as an emcee and monologist. Byrne was so upset when we split that he couldn't stop giggling all the time he was packing my suitcase for me.

It was when I went out on my own that I changed my name to Bob Hope. I was soon moving up the ladder of vaudeville and playing the better houses, but I still had a rough time of it. At the Coliseum Theatre in New York I had to come on after the sad end of the film *All Quiet on the Western Front* and make people feel happy. That was like trying to cheer up Dewey on the day after the 1948 elections with a singing telegram delivered by Margaret Truman.

But there was no stopping me now except empty seats and the reviewers so while I was playing the Palace, Broadway called in the form of *Ballyhoo of 1932*. That led to a part in *Roberta* with Sydney

Greenstreet (you remember Greenstreet: a duffel bag with jowls) and a role in the *Ziegfeld Follies of 1935* with folks like Fanny Brice, Eve Arden, and Edgar Bergen who just vanished after the show closed and were never heard from again. In 1936 I carried Ethel Merman and Jimmy Durante through *Red, Hot and Blue*. What I didn't have to go through in those days!

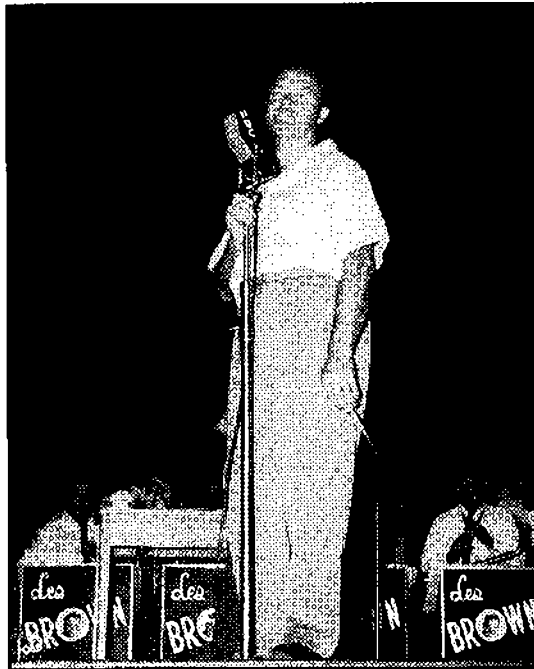
But I wanna tell ya that it was during that time when I started to develop the character that people would soon be seeing on the screen: the glib braggart with a yellow streak a foot wide down my back. In reality I've always been a sweet, well-adjusted person with no hang-ups. If you don't believe me, just ask my analyst.

That conceit just oozed out of Buzz Fielding, the ham I played in my first picture, *The Big Broadcast of 1938*. (Actually, I did make six two-reel shorts from 1934 to 1936 which the Warner Brothers used to show to traitors in closed rooms after the Chinese water torture failed.) I didn't have much to do in that film except introduce acts and sing "Thanks for the Memory" with Shirley Ross. I wonder what happened to that song?

Paramount quickly put me in two more films with Shirley and three with Martha Raye. Martha was a real sweetheart to work with, but when I would do duets with her and she opened that big mouth I'd say, "Just wide enough to let the notes out. I'm not coming in."

I had dabbled a bit with radio on the *Rippling Rhythm Revue* so when Pepsodent came calling in 1938 I signed on the dotted line (with a tube of toothpaste, of course). I brought along a zany character named Jerry Colonna who I met while filming *College Swing*. You've heard of the cat that swallowed the canary? Colonna

looked like he swallowed the cat and the tail got caught on his upper lip. Elvia Allman and Blanche Stewart played dim-wits Brenda and Cobina and later Barbara Jo Allen took the part of the man-hungry Vera Vague. And we'd have lots of guest



stars like Judy Garland, Jack Benny, and, yes, even an old groaner named Crosby who we would feel sorry for when one of his sway-backed nags finished fifth in a four-horse race.

My program was really different. Other comedy shows would have lulls between the jokes. We came out with a thirty-minute lull.

But I wanna tell ya it really was different in that before the guests were brought on I would open with a monologue about the economy or politics or what actress just got married or other current topics. Fred Allen would toss barbs around with his wife or Kenny Delmar, but I was out there glying by myself. Just think: the part that Johnny Carson followed to stardom was

ROAD TO LAUGHTER

paved with the eggs I laid way back then.

During the war we were broadcasting out before the troops more than we were before a studio audience because I felt that was the least we could do for our boys who were giving their most for us. Ex-soldiers and nurses still tell me how those visits to army camps lifted their morale. All I can say is they will never know how much entertaining them meant to me.

But radio was just one medium. Everyone seemed to want me then (including those guys who take the photos that go up on post office walls). In 1940 I made the first of my frequent appearances as Master of Ceremonies for the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences annual giveaway. I always hoped that I would be given an award for one of my pictures, but the closest my acting ever got me to an Oscar was the night they said I could take Homolka home with me.

I knew the odds against winning that prize were against me each time I went on the road with ol' Dad. Bing and I were actually rather subdued in the first one, *The Road to Singapore*, but by the time we traveled to Zanzibar in 1941 and Morocco the next year we were batting out dialog all over the place. When Dottie Lamour would get frustrated trying to squeeze her lines in while we improvised, Bing would tell her, "When you find an opening, toss something in."

What made those films so much fun is that we all went along for the ride when Bing and I talked directly to the audience or set up our patty cake routine or kept looking left and right when talking about "the papers" in *The Road to Rio*. Everyone was in on the joke.

I was really clicking movies out there for a few years: *The Cat and the Canary*, *The Ghostbreakers*, and *Nothing But the*

Truth with Paulette Goddard, *Caught in the Draft* and *They Got Me Covered* with Dottie, *My Favorite Blonde* with Madeleine Carroll, *The Princess and the Pirate* with Virginia Mayo. Notice the pattern? Put a pretty face in to go along with the gags. The women they got for those pictures were cute, too.

Woody Allen once said that I was a "woman's man, a coward's coward, and always brilliant" (and I didn't even have to pay him!). But that was the character I played many times: a would-be Don Juan who wilted at the first sign of danger. Somehow I'd summon up the nerve to approach one of the bad guys with a rude remark like "What do you hear from your embalmer?" One minute I would be a parody of the Errol Flynn-Tyrone Power hero, the next I would be saying outrageous things that could get my neck in a noose. I



BOB and BING on the Air

think it was that split personality of fraidy cat/wise guy that brought people to theatres to see those pictures. That and Crosby's radio show.

There are those who say I reached my peak after the war years. (There are also those who say that everything I did after I left England has been downhill, but who listens to Milton Berle's relatives?) *The Bob Hope Show* sat atop the ratings, my syndicated column called "It Says Here" appeared in newspapers across the country, I was among the top ten box office stars right through 1953, and the WACs voted me the man they'd most like to eat Spam with in a Quonset hut.

Monsieur Beaucaire is one of the better costume pictures I did with a great cast of Joan Caulfield, Marjorie Reynolds, Cecil Kellaway, and Joseph Schildkraut. Joan actually had to pretend she didn't like me throughout most of the movie. What an actress! I did my own dueling with Schildkraut. I also did my own love scenes with Joan. What an actor!

In 1947 Dottie joined me as *My Favorite Brunette* on the run from a group of villains which included Peter Lorre and Lon Chaney, Jr. Lorre and Chaney. That's Lum and Abner with fangs. It's true that because I was involved with the production of this picture I paid Crosby \$25,000 for his cameo at the end as the disappointed executioner who is denied his chance to kill my character, Ronny Jackson. Bing said he'd return the money if he could really pull the switch on me.

Critics keep saying that *The Paleface* is my best film and they may be right. It certainly made the most noise at the box of-



BING, DOROTHY and BOB on the Road

fice and that was music to my ears. Now that I've had time to see the movie a number of times and review the high points like the dentist chair scene, the laughing gas episode in the cabin, "Buttons and Bows," Potter's reaction to a jolt of potent whiskey, the confusion over the directions Painless is given before the gunfight, and the scare takes, I have come to two conclusions: 1) it's not too bad; 2) I'm glad theatres had a policy of no refunds after the picture started.

Four years later in 1952 Jane Russell and I did a sequel with Roy Rogers called *The Son of Paleface*. It wasn't bad either. Even Trigger gave it 3 1/2 spurs.

It's nice that television stations blow the dust off *The Lemon Drop Kid* and give it a whirl every December. That Damon Runyon story is good for a few chuckles, and "Silver Bells" is now a yuletide standard, but before Marilyn Maxwell and I

ROAD TO LAUGHTER

could get in the studio to cut a record of that song that croaker who did "White Christmas" beat us to it. I got even with Bing when I made his toupee stand on end after I told him that instead of going to Bali our next film would be called *The Road to Baldy*.

By 1954 my program had gone the way of most radio shows, and I must say I miss those days. Part of the fun of doing my own show and guest shots came from the lines I would toss in at the spur of the moment. The versions of *Fancy Pants*, *The Lemon Drop Kid*, *My Favorite Blonde*, *Monsieur Beaucaire*, *The Paleface*, and *The Great Lover* I did on *Lux Radio Theatre* or *Screen Director's Playhouse* sometimes took hilarious detours from what was written. I've always been quick with an ad-lib—and I have the writers to prove it.

I think I also proved that I could do some serious acting when the part called for it. My scenes with little Mary Jane Saunders in *Sorrowful Jones* didn't scare Spencer Tracy into turning in his union card, but I earned a few good words in the papers for showing that I didn't need a raft of quips to keep me afloat on the screen. Ditto for the speech I gave to get custody of my children in *The Seven Little Foys*. In *Beau James* I took on a tragic role as New York Mayor Jimmy Walker and went the distance to show his decline and fall. I must have been a good actor in order to play with such conviction men like Eddie Foy and Walker who sometimes behaved like down-right heels. No comments, please.

Of course, while I was making pictures I was also doing TV specials for NBC. (I signed my long-term contract with them because I thought the initials stood for Nothing But Corn.) Doing just a handful of shows a year gave me the freedom to make personal appearances at nightclubs

and benefits, do tours promoting books such as *I Owe Russia \$1,200* and *Five Women I Love*, entertain the boys in Korea and Vietnam, turn out a film a year through 1969, and still have time to golf and hobnob with some fellows in Washington named Ike, Jack, and Gerry. My wife Dolores claims that the only way she could have gotten my attention during those years was to become a director, enlist, or get elected.

I can honestly say that I received the clippings about my last films more warmly than they were reviewed—I burned them! But Lucy shines through in *The Facts of Life* and *Critic's Choice*, and *The Road to Hong Kong* had its moments (three, to be precise). But my old audience, the people who had grown up seeing my films, by that time were watching my movies on TV while waiting for their children to come home from dates. I might have been more successful during those years by breaking into movies then playing in theatres like *Easy Rider* and *M*A*S*H* with the announcement "Children! Do you know where your parents are? Go home and watch *My Favorite Brunette* with them."

And I think they would have enjoyed it because my humor appeals to all ages regardless of whether they like slapstick, satire, banter, double-takes, or one-liners. That's one test this dropout can still pass: my movies and shows make people laugh out loud.

When all is said and done that is what has made my life worth living. All the honorary doctorates and medals and plaques and speeches about humanitarianism and other accolades touch me deeply, but you do me the greatest honor when you remember me with a smile. ■

(NOTE-- Tune in TWTD during May, Bob's 95th birthday month, for a five-week salute to Bob Hope on radio.)



By BOB KOLOSOSKI

Frank Morgan is best known, perhaps, as the actor who portrayed the Wizard in *The Wizard of Oz*.

But to fans of old black and white films, Frank Morgan is one of the most memorable character actors of the 1930s and '40s.

He spent sixteen years at MGM backing up new, young stars and stealing scenes from Joan Crawford, Spencer Tracy, Clark Gable and other super stars on the lot.

His MGM bosses could count on Morgan to play comedy, drama, and villainy, if needed, because he was one of the best character actors in Hollywood.

In those days good characters were valued by every studio because of the frantic pace movies were being produced at the time. Talent was required at every level of filmmaking and talented supporting players often made less talented stars look good.

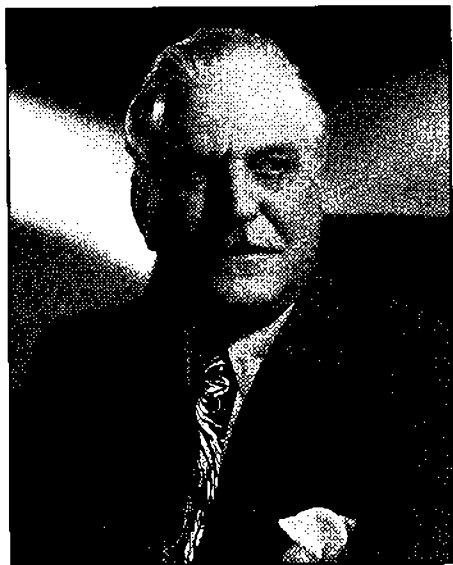
For example, John Wayne was still a mediocre actor when he was signed to star in *Stagecoach* in 1939. What saved the film and ignited his career was not only his screen image, but also the fact that he was surrounded by some of the best character actors in town.

Donald Meek, Andy Devine, Claire Trevor, a restrained John Carradine, and the gifted Thomas Mitchell all drew the attention of the audience away from Wayne and, more importantly, set an example for the "B" cowboy star to follow.

It could be called the "trickle down" theory of screen acting: find a good looking young actor with personality and put that person in films with the best character actors around. Their talent, hopefully, will rub off and be absorbed by the newcomer and soon a star is born.

Thomas Mitchell's Academy Award-winning performance as an alcoholic doctor in *Stagecoach* was just one of the dozens of fine performances he gave in thirty years on the screen.

Mitchell began his professional career as a writer and wrote several plays that were



FRANK MORGAN

BEST OF THE SECOND BEST

produced in New York. He began acting in 1918 and spent many years pursuing a very successful stage career until Hollywood called in 1936.

That year he accepted plum roles in *Lost Horizon* and *The Hurricane*. His range was legendary and he was at home playing a pirate in *The Black Swan*, a journalist in *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*, an aviation mechanic in *Only Angels Have Wings*, and assorted uncles, fathers and best friends in some of the finest films from the finest studios; he was George Bailey's Uncle Billy in Frank Capra's *It's A Wonderful Life* and was Scarlett O'Hara's father in *Gone With The Wind*. He appeared in a total of 58 films and had just finished working in *By Love Possessed* when he died at the age of 70 in 1962.

In *Make Way for Tomorrow*, Mitchell was



BEULAH BONDI

cast as Beulah Bondi's son even though he was 45 and the actress was 46. No one questioned the casting because Miss Bondi was Hollywood's answer to the perfect mother.

Beulah Bondi was born in Chicago, but began her acting career in Indianapolis in 1919. She worked her way up to the Broadway stage and a juicy role in the Elmer Rice play *Street Scene* resulted in an invitation to Hollywood in 1931.

Her first role on the screen was as Helen Hayes' mother, of course, in *Arrowsmith*. She wasn't always cast as a mother and had the good fortune to work along side Cary Grant, Margaret Sullavan, Bette Davis and Walter Huston. But she is best remembered as James Stewart's mother in *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*, and his mother again in *It's A Wonderful Life*. She was wonderful in both films, but she was even better as Fred MacMurray's mother in *Remember The Night*. She worked steadily in films and on the stage until the 1970s when she switched to television. In 1977 she won an Emmy for her work in the series, *The*



THOMAS MITCHELL

Waltons. She was 85 and had been playing little old ladies for 50 years.

Walter Brennan was forever cast as an older man and he was too busy to argue with casting directors.

Brennan was trained to be an engineer but he gave that up to join a stock company and tour the country. In 1925 he wound up in Los Angeles and began working in films as an extra and stunt man. While doing a stunt in a cowboy movie he had an accident and lost most of his teeth. That sunken cheek-look, coupled with a two day growth of beard and some premature facial wrinkles led to mature roles.

Between 1932 and 1935 he appeared in 49 films, all small parts, but giving him the foundation for better things to come.

In 1936 he played an old, toothless barfly in the Edward G. Robinson film *Barbary Coast*. He stole every scene he was in and the critics loved him for it. That same year he won the Oscar for the best supporting actor in *Come and Get It*. He won the Academy Award again in 1938 for his



EDNA MAY OLIVER

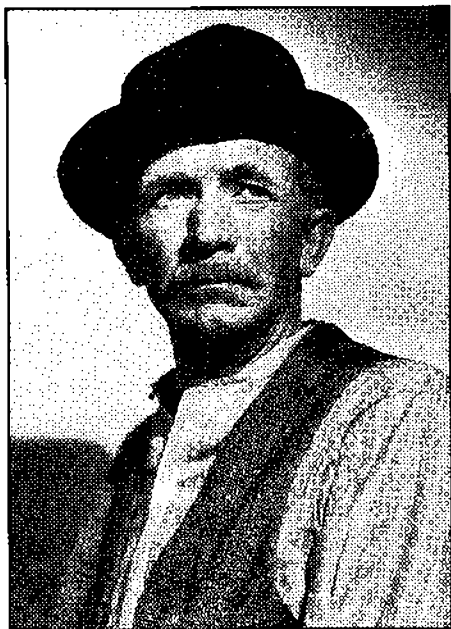
role as a Kentucky Colonel in *Kentucky*, and a third Oscar for his outstanding performance as Judge Roy Bean in *The Westerner* in 1940.

He continued to appear in a variety of films including *Sergeant York* with Gary Cooper, *To Have and Have Not* with Humphrey Bogart, *My Darling Clementine* with Henry Fonda, *Red River* with John Wayne, and *Bad Day at Black Rock* with Spencer Tracy.

In the late 1950s he went into television as the rascally Grandpa McCoy in *The Real McCoys*. He continued to work into the 1970s and when he died in 1974 he held the record for Academy Awards for best supporting actors.

Edna May Oliver appeared in less than fifty films, but the quality of her work speaks volumes.

As a young woman she studied light opera and, finding straight acting more to her liking, made her Broadway debut in 1916. She stayed in New York until 1930 when RKO brought her to the West Coast to appear in a Wheeler and Woolsey film. She hated that film, but stayed to earn good



WALTER BRENNAN

BEST OF THE SECOND BEST

reviews in her second film, Academy Award winner *Cimarron*.

She signed a contract at RKO and was fortunate enough to be loaned out several times while at that studio. She went to MGM to be Aunt Betsy in *David Copperfield*, and Miss Pross in the superb production of *A Tale of Two Cities*. At Fox she played a gruff hotel owner in the Shirley Temple vehicle *Little Miss Broadway*, then went back to MGM for their super production of *Romeo and Juliet*.

In 1939 John Ford selected her to be the feisty pioneer woman in *Drums Along the Mohawk*. She received an Oscar nomination for her work in that film.

Her last great role was as Lady Catherine de Bourgh in MGM's *Pride and Prejudice*. She died in 1942 at the age of 59, before she could brighten up the screen with her talent in more choice films.

By 1942 J. Carrol Naish had appeared in over 150 films and he still had twenty years of acting ahead of him. He was cast, at one time or another, as an Italian, Arab, American Indian, East Indian, a Japanese, Russian, Greek, Mexican, and Chinese, to name only a few.

He was a master of many dialects, yet was never given the chance to try out an Irish brogue, which is amazing since he was of pure Irish decent. He was a swarthy villain on occasion and was as good at comedy as he was at more sympathetic roles.

Naish started his film career as a stunt man in the 1920s and by 1930 he was a full-fledged actor. He changed his voice and appearance so often it was hard to tell what he really looked like.

In the mid-1930s, Paramount decided to create a series of superior "B" movies starring J. Carrol Naish and their other excellent character actor, Akim Tamiroff. Each



J. CARROL NAISH

appeared in about eight movies and actually made one together, *King of Chinatown*, a gangster flick, naturally.

He continued working at other studios and, in 1943, was nominated for an Academy Award for his portrayal of an Italian soldier in the war film *Sahara* starring Humphrey Bogart. He kept a busy schedule until the late fifties when good character parts seemed to disappear. He starred on radio in *Life With Luigi* and managed to do some television work into the 1960s, and then retired.

His career hadn't suffered as badly as most character actors who saw film production slashed as TV changed the face of the movie industry. With fewer films being made, there was less need for character actors, and many were forced to retire before their time. Naish's versatility extended his career longer than most.

There are scores of great character actors we haven't mentioned, and perhaps we have overlooked your favorite. The next time you see one in a good old movie, pause a moment and silently thank them for their good performances. ■

Radio's Small Sponsors and Memorable Merchandise

BY BILL ELWELL

Many sponsors of network programs during radio's golden era were large, well-known corporations. There were, however, numerous smaller companies which also paid for broadcasts during that time.

Among the smaller sponsors were several businesses and products with interesting and unusual

names. Some of these names were so curious that they must have been chosen because of their ability to attract attention, remain in the conscious mind, and prompt shoppers to look for the related merchandise on store shelves.

Most of these memorable products names were heard on radio during the 1930s. Examples include Blue Moon, Crazy Water, Djer-Kiss, Jo-Cur, and Kaffee Hag. These products sponsored an assortment of comedy, drama, and music programs which were heard at various times during the week over CBS and NBC.

The first of these examples, "Blue

Bill Elwell is a regular contributor who fills his retirement years by gardening, hiking, writing and listening to old time radio shows.

Moon," was the name of a brand of hosiery for women. It was made by the Blue Moon Company of New York and Philadelphia. The company boasted that it produced only the one brand of hosiery, every stocking was made of pure Japanese dipped dye silk, and

there was longer wear in every pair.

Blue Moon sponsored a comedy talk program called *Cuckoo Skit* on NBC. The show was one of the first of its kind and featured Raymond Knight, who delivered

DJER-KISS
(Pronounced "Dear Kiss")
TALC
By **KERKOFF · PARIS**

Buy Djer-Kiss Talc in drug and department stores at 25c and 75c. New generous 10c size in ten-cent stores.

a zany brand of humor that was well-laced with satire. Knight's style of comedy resurfaced in the 1950s when he wrote for the *Bob and Ray Show*.

"Crazy Water" was the name of a naturally mineralized water which was bottled by the Crazy Water Company of Mineral Wells, Texas.

The name "crazy" was given to the wa-



Jo-Cur
WAVE SET

Send for our FREE new booklet. It's full of helpful tips on how-to-set smart hair styles. Affiliated Products, Dept. D-3, 22 E. 40th St., N.Y. 16, N.Y.

RADIO'S SMALL SPONSORS

ter after it reportedly cured several cases of lunacy.

By the advent of network radio, however, reports of restored mental health were overshadowed by claims that Crazy Water either cured or relieved a variety of



At Night Coffee without Caffeine

TH**ERE** is now an exquisite coffee with the caffeine taken out. The name is Kaffee Hag.

It is pure coffee—a rare and costly blend. You never tasted flavor more delightful.

Caffeine removal leaves the taste unaltered, for caffeine is an almost tasteless drug. The quick bracing effects remain. Caffeine stimulation does not come until two hours after drinking, so you don't miss that.

Thus you get all of coffee's delights at their utmost, with none of coffee's harm.

Not a substitute

Kaffee Hag is not a coffee substitute. It is coffee at its best. Yet all may drink it to their hearts' content. Children may drink it. Anyone may drink it at night and sleep!

Millions of homes have adopted it. The finest hotels the world over now serve it. Does not some one in your home want coffee without caffeine?

Try a few cups and see.

KAFFEE HAG

Pure Coffee without Caffeine

physical ailments.

And, when Crazy Water sponsored broadcasts on NBC in the thirties, these claims were shared with the nation. Fortunately, by that time the water was also available in crystal form which could be packaged and shipped to customers far from Mineral Wells without the risk of breakage and loss inherent in the bottled version.

Some of the commercials airing for the crystalline version of Crazy Water described it as a special blend of precious minerals which could bring relief to people troubled by sluggish systems. All a sufferer had to do was add a teaspoonful of the snowy white crystals to a large glass of

IT'S HERE!

A HAND CREAM

THAT HELPS KEEP

HANDS SOFTER,

SMOOTHER...AND

IS NOT STICKY—

NOT GREASY!

Luxor contains *Carbamide*, the ingredient long familiar to surgeons, which helps relieve the tiny cracks and scratches that make hands look red, feel rough!

Luxor
HAND CREAM



warm water and drink it 30 minutes before breakfast for three weeks. If that didn't help, the purchase price would be refunded.

Crazy Water paid for programs of music called the *Carefree Carnival* and the *Commodore Quartet* and at various times employed up-and-coming entertainers during the early days of their careers. Among those individuals were such future stars as Mary Martin and Meredith Willson.

"Djer-Kiss" (pronounced "Dear Kiss" according to the manufacturer) was the name of a scented talc made in France by Kerkoff of Paris. Djer-Kiss, which also marketed cold cream, face powder, lipstick, rouge, and soap, sponsored a program of light music featuring songs by Cyrena Van Gordon on NBC.

"Jo-Cur" was the name of a quick-drying wave set for women. It promised a lustrous, natural look for hair and a long-lasting, professional smartness for wave sets. Women interested in trying the product were invited to contact Affiliated Products in New York for a free booklet which explained how to set smart hair styles.

Jo-Cur sponsored a musical variety program, *Waves of Melody*, on NBC and a daytime women's serial drama ("soap opera"), *Rich Man's Darling*, on CBS. The latter subsequently became the popular, long-running *Our Gal Sunday*.

"Kaffe Hag" was the name of a caffeine-free coffee. The Kaffe Hag Corporation described its product as an exquisite, flavorful blend that anyone could drink in the evening and still enjoy a sound night's sleep. At one time, the company encouraged potential customers to send 10 cents to its office in Cleveland, Ohio, for a sample package of the coffee.

Kaffe Hag paid for a late-evening musical variety program called *Slumber Mu-*

sic on NBC. Presumably, listeners could drift peacefully off to "slumberland," if they had been drinking the sponsor's product.

There were many other products with curious names which were also advertised on radio during the 1930s. Some additional examples are Bourjois ("Evening in Paris" perfume), Luxor (hand cream), Pinaud (mascara), Pinex (cough syrup), and Thrivo (dog food). They also financed an assortment of programs on CBS and NBC.

Although each one of the numerous small companies which made products



with unusual names had little impact upon radio, together they made an important contribution to the growth and maturing of the broadcast industry. And, while making this contribution, they provided listeners with a variety of entertainment and awareness of some useful products.

These were achievements worthy of recognition, and it would be appropriate for each fan of old time radio to raise a steaming, flavorful cup of Kaffe Hag and drink a toast to all of those small sponsors and their memorable merchandise. ■

The Vanished *American*

BY EVELYN LAUTER

Harry Reutlinger, otherwise known as "The Desk," lit up a fat cigar and added more smoke to the murky room. "Next Saturday night, kid, you'll be in the Ziegfeld Follies. Don't worry about a thing; you've got the gams for it. After, drop back in and do us a piece."

The time was February, 1937; the place, the city room, Chicago *Evening American*. It was a wild time, a crazy time left over from the *Front Page* of Hecht and MacArthur. It was a time when William Randolph Hearst carried the keys to the chain of papers that stretched across the country. Later that year the chain developed some thin spots and gradually began to go.

Now the last *American* has vanished from Chicago. Vanished with a robust, sprawling sheet are the ninety-six point banner lines (a size most papers use to shout a war or an assassination), the dubious "exclusives," the cheesecake photos, and the famous feuds. Gone is the breed of sob-sister that hatched out in the building at 326 W. Madison street, where some of the newspaper greats hung their hats (or left them on).

Fresh out of journalism school, I soon learned the things for which my father had shelled out scarce depression cash. ("Abortion is not a polite newspaper word. Write illegal operation," they told us.)

Up front at the desk sat a small, round Buddha of a man who cooked up the craziness. Like the time he fastened the permanent label "Wrong Way Corrigan" on a maverick flyer who had claimed he was

headed for California but landed in Ireland instead. Like the time he dispatched Charlie Blake to Callander, Ontario, with incubator equipment in exchange for an exclusive on the Dionne quint.

It was this general spirit of spectacular stuff that I was recruited for the Follies, to join a line of show girls in the opening tableau. I was Marie Antoinette, stuffed in a green bouffant gown, balancing a ten pound wig topped off with ostrich plumes.

Back at the office later I wrote what must have been a load of lies about the typical Follies girl who "knits and studies French and wears snuggies. (Snuggies were a forerunner of thermal underwear.) The press agent had got to them before I did. When I found the chorines in the dressing room at the foot of a curl of stairs, there were halos in their hair.

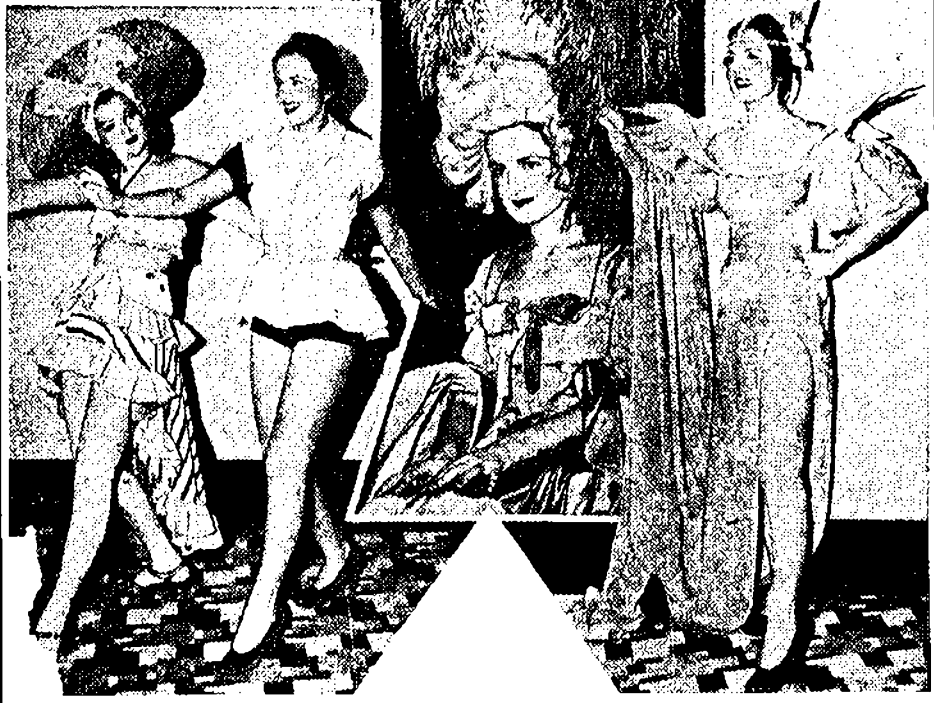
In between brainstorms, Harry stuck me down at the old Dearborn street station where the movie stars came in. It was before the days of jets and quick hops from Hollywood.

I was part of a regular coterie of raw reporters unready yet to do important jobs—among them Josephine Patterson, daughter of Joseph Patterson of the New York *Daily News*; her father's cousin, Robert R. McCormick, publisher of the Chicago *Tribune*; her great grandfather Joseph Medill as in my alma mater, the Medill school of Journalism at Northwestern.

All through that late depression winter morale had plummeted, citywide. Every couple of days I went to see some girl who had tried to make it in the city and had failed. Some jumped out of windows, some took sleeping pills, one tried the river. They were the "after five" girls who worked the clubs on the near north side.

Evelyn Lauter, a former newspaper reporter, is a free-lance writer from Evanston, Illinois.

**A Brave Girl Reporter
Steps Out to Learn
the Bare Facts of
Glorification**



the hostesses and cocktail waitresses, when there was work for them at all. By the time I turned in my last "take" on each one she had become an innocent victim, a fallen away saint.

It was this sledge of suicides and near-misses that pointed the way to Harry's next hurrah — a Hearst-type hoax that faked out every other sheet in town and even gulled the police, not to mention the subscribers who read the story later.

One April day the rewrite men — Elgar Brown, Jack Redding, Clancy McQuigg, Tom Wilhelm, Bently Stegner and one who liked to sign his stuff "G. Cornwall Spencer"— were up tight in their chairs, clattering out a storm. The telephone hung on

their gate-swing arms to the right of the swivel chairs. Now and again a man reached up, clamped the carphones on his head, and screwed a slice of paper into his machine, listening to the details of a story from a legman on the scene.

A copy boy, "Red" Madigan (later to become John Madigan, political editor of WBBM radio) scrambled over to a rewrite desk, scooped up the copy, and plunked a cup of coffee in its place. I could hear Elgar Brown hollering into his phone:

"Yeah, yeah, yeah. Jumped out of the tenth floor window of the Sherman and splattered up the street. Mabel Toppins? T for Tom or P for peanuts? Did she leave any notes or stuff? Well, why'n't find out?"

THE VANISHED AMERICAN

"Do you think I'm psychic? I've got to write this yarn. No, don't call me back. I've got four minutes before the seven-star deadline. Forget it, kid."

It was the third story of its kind that week. Brown could have written it with his ears closed. He threw me a carbon and muttered, "Maybe you think you'll get famous writing crap like this. Will anyone remember your fine prose the morning after the home edition lands on the doorstep? No, sweetheart. They'll use it on the kitchen floor to housebreak the dog."

Reutlinger, at the desk, was reading copy on the Toppins piece and mumbling to Nate Gross, assistant city editor. It was time for my good night. I stopped by the desk and put the routine question: "Anything before I leave?"

As usual, he said, "Run along. Call me in the morning."

Outside, the air on West Madison street was heavy. Flophouse Charlies who lived along the block were clustered on the corner or splayed out near the gutters. Smells floated out from the dirty little stores. Smells of hot, roasting nuts and smells of whiskey, some of it a rerun.

By the time I reached the el platform at the corner of Madison and Wells, the boys were hawking the seven-star with Mabel Toppins' picture on page one. My own free office copy had the arcane imprint stamped across her face. "Not To Be Sold."

When I called him in the morning, Harry was under a full head of steam. "All those babes you talk to, the ones who tried to polish themselves off? Well, starting today you're going to be one of 'em, a small-town girl who comes to the city in search of a job and romance. You're going to take a room somewhere, find some jobs and write about what happens. You can have a month for the leg-work. We'll run the story

as a serial when you're through."

That was how I became Chickie Chalmers of Evansville, Indiana, who came to Chicago in search of you know what. There was a little problem at home; my parents didn't dig this one at all. I had to promise to come home every Friday night for dinner and in between to phone a lot.

For the next four weeks I answered ads and went for interviews and learned more than I wanted to know about the scummy side of the city. I found a room in a Pickwick Inn on North Park avenue. There was a job, finally, an unbelievable job playing "twenty-six" in Kitty Davis' cocktail lounge on Wabash and Jackson.

In answer to the ad, I sat in a waiting room with a plumage of dollies, waiting for the Boss. He came in, done up in a sand-colored polo coat, sucking a cigar. He stood in front of each of us, peering into our eyes, then slowly downward to our ankles. Finally, he assessed my inventory and growled, "You. Come here."

We sat in his private office. "What kind of work you been doing?"

I stuttered something about a waitress job.

"You sing or play anything?"

I could play "Stormy Weather" and "My Bill," a few sorority songs and "Go You Northwestern." I didn't mention the last two.

"Come in at three tomorrow afternoon and bring a formal. You work till one a.m.; Saturdays until two. The pay is fifteen dollars a week, plus commissions. This is a straight house. I don't allow no drinking on the job but if the guy wants to buy you a cocktail, you order champagne or a cloverleaf, a pink lady or an Alexander. Those are the most expensive drinks. You got a bucket underneath your table. That's where you empty out the drinks when the guy ain't looking."

He loaded me with ticket books, ten dice

Chickie Chalmers' Amazing Diary of Chicago Life

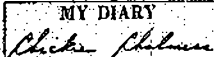
Small-Town Girl, Victim of Flood, Seeks Fame Here

Reveals Dreams and Disappointments as She Tries to Carve Career in Crowded Metropolis

Margaret ("Chickie") Chalmers' diary begins here. It is a poignant human document, the diary of a country small-town girl's adventures in Chicago where she sought fame, fortune and life.

In her diary, Chickie, jotted down the exciting scenes that followed—high hopes, disappointments, love year and then, finally, happiness in marriage.

The Chicago Evening American publishes this diary as a vital social document that should interest wide and widely-reading and all Chicagoans.



Train Disgorges Celebrity Cargo



The Herald and Sun, the Tribune (1) and the Post (2) have been the first to get the news of the arrival of a train from the West...

Girl Reporter Joins Follies It's No Clue!

She is a girl reporter who has just joined the Chicago Follies. It is no clue to her future success...

'Poetry in Her Heart' Mother Tells Why Hostess Tried to Die

'After a Girl Threw and Discouraged by Ill Paying Job by strange accident...



SCHELE IS HEAD OF CHICAGO HOSPITAL. Government survey of poor job, she said.

Dad Upset, Pale After Secret Talk

Estimated that I had done to the nervous and slipped off at Chickie's tip...



THE main reason for the divorce was the fact that the girl was not a good housewife...

and a dice cup. "If you lose a book it'll cost you a buck; the dice are worth two bucks. Punch the clock when you check out for the night."

Harry had underestimated me. When I called to tell him I had the job, he didn't believe it. Later that night he turned up in dinner clothes with Mrs. Reutlinger, on their way to a bash at the Palmer House. He stopped and looked up and smiled his Buddah smile, wished me luck and left.

The problem here: I never could quite add, but since the players' eyes were usually out of focus by the time they were ready to play, I managed to muddle through.

I lasted just about ten days in that world of wolves, dolls, drunks and bad arithmetic. Reutlinger called and said, "Enough. Go find another job." Amen. The Kitty Davis boss had handed

down a word of his own. "Sing." I wriggled out of that one with a tender story about the folks back home needing me, that I had to leave.

Life as a "twenty six" girl was, in the lingo of that day, a bowl of cherries, compared to what followed: a job as a key clerk in the Morrison hotel. There I learned to drop a key into an outstretched paw and thus avoid the finger squeezers.

There were the "name" guests. Red Nichols, a big time band leader; Ken Maynard, a cowboy actor; and Admiral Richard Evelyn Byrd. The clerk on duty next to me sighed, "What a man! He can put his shoes under my bed any night." But in those decorous days I had to write it, "He can hang his hat in my hall any time."

It was in the midst of an onslaught of multi-requesters, telegram-senders, check-ins, check-outs and general bedlam that I

THE VANISHED AMERICAN

blew the whole thing and gave out nine wrong keys. I never could remember whether the room numbers were above or below the slots. So I was canned and never heard the last of it from Harry.

My notebooks were growing nice and fat while I grew nice and thin for my last job, at Connie Seaman's model agency. First, I had to have ten lessons (for twenty five dollars) and every night in my dumpy room I pulled in my stomach and sucked in my cheeks and walked with a Gideon Bible on my head. I learned to sit, not fanny first but backs of calves against the chair. I learned to skip lunch and chomp on carrot sticks instead. By the end of the course I was a slick size ten with an authentic model's slouch. But I never made the cover of a magazine. I wound up modeling fur coats at Mandel Brothers, a department store on State street. A stunning anticlimax.

Harry said, "Go home and write it." I did. I wrote a diary. Then he broke the story and made every paper in town. The *Daily Times* (not yet the *Sun-Times*, the *Daily News*, the *Tribune*, all ran pictures of the dark-eyed chit that Harry had hired to turn up at police headquarters. This is how the *Daily Times* ran the story:

Night Sgt. Sam Pettigret looked up from his desk in police headquarters and squinted his startled eyes. It was three a.m. and there in the doroway was a vision. She was slender and dark with red, red lips and she was wearing a low, black taffeta evening gown and a little velvet cape and tiny gold slippers.

And she was alone.

She tripped up to the desk and said, "Captain, I've lost a little black purse somewhere between two Loop night spots. And in it was a diary. I don't care about the purse and whoever finds it may keep

what's in it, but I must get the diary back, unread. I must have my diary back, unopened."

Of course the *American* "found" the diary and, on the following Monday began the three-week serialized expose. This was the lead-in:

Margaret (Chickie) Chalmers' diary begins today. It is a poignant human document, the daringly intimate record of a comely, small-town girl's adventures in Chicago, where she sought fame, fortune and LIFE. The Chicago American publishes this diary as a vital social document that should interest civic and welfare leaders and all Chicagoans.

Panel ads on all the delivery trucks screamed "Chickie Chalmer's Diary" all around town and lots of people read it and believed the whole big lie. I never could again without wanting to throw up.

I moved up, then, from the cub stuff to where the pros hung out. I covered a month-long murder trial in Cincinnati with some of the greats, among them Bob Casey of the *Chicago Daily News*, who wrote lim-cricks about the witnesses and sent them down the length of the press table, touching off a riot that nearly put us in contempt of court. Virginia Gardner of the *Tribune* knitted a sweater through the whole trial. She never took a note yet she wound up with the smoothest story on the wire. I fought a running battle with Karin Walsh of the *Daily Times* at every deadline, but beat him out at verdict time.

Reutlinger wired, "Go home. Take a week off." When I got there, I found roses, long-stemmed, red velvet ones with a card, "You deserve sapphires."

It was another kind of world, another kind of Chicago. Most of the big names—Brown, Redding, Wilhelm, Gross, Stegner, Harry Reutlinger and the *American*—have written their last "30" and called it a memorable day. ■

HERE AT LAST!

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THOSE WERE THE DAYS

WNIB-WNIZ • FM 97 • SATURDAY 1 - 5 P.M.

APRIL 1998

PLEASE NOTE: The numerals following each program listing for *Those Were The Days* represents the length of time for each particular show: (28:50) means the program will run 28 minutes and 50 seconds. This may be of help to those who tape the programs for their own collection.

SATURDAY, APRIL 4th

ARCHIE ANDREWS (9-18-48) Bob Hastings stars as Archie with Harlan Stone as Jughead. A Sunday drive to Aunt Harriet's house is plagued with automobile problems. Swift and Company, NBC. (27:55)

KICKERBOCKER PLAYHOUSE (1940s) "Love on a Shoestring" stars Barbara Luddy and Bob Bailey in a romantic comedy about a boy who meets a girl on a subway. Drene Shampoo, NBC. (30:00)

FIBBER MC GEE AND MOLLY (10-1-46) Jim and Marian Jordan star in the first show of the new season. McGee is ill, so Doc Gamble (Arthur Q. Brian) prescribes a sure-fire cure. Johnson's Wax, NBC. (29:27)

PASSING PARADE (1936) Storyteller John Nesbitt presents "the entertaining and dramatic side of the news," with stories about Adolph Hitler, Bette Davis, Col. Joseph Riskey. DuArt Co., NBC. (14:20)

ARTHUR GODFREY'S ROUNDTABLE (7-27-52) Arthur Godfrey presides over this weekend edition of his Monday thru Friday program, using selected excerpts from his morning shows. Featured are Jeanette Davis, Frank Parker, Julius LaRosa, Archie Blyer and the orchestra. Holland Furnace Co., CBS. (26:16)

SUSPENSE (4-10-47) "Community Property" starring Kirk Douglas as a man who learns he is due to inherit \$50,000 from an elderly relative. Cast includes Cathy Lewis and Joseph Kearns. Roma Wines, CBS. (29:37)

SATURDAY, APRIL 11th REMEMBERING DANNY THOMAS

PHILCO RADIO HALL OF FAME (3-5-44) *Excerpt* featuring **Danny Thomas** who does a World War II routine about the draft notice he got from Uncle Sam. Danny is introduced by Deems Taylor. Philco Radios, NBC. (7:45)

MAIL CALL #128 (1-31-45) Hostess June Allyson introduces Harriet Hilliard and Ozzie Nelson, **Danny Thomas**, Riders of the Purple Sage. Danny, introduced as a "great new comedian," appears as postman Jerry Dingle. AFRS. (29:15)

JOAN DAVIS TIME (1946) Guest **Danny Thomas** joins Joan and regulars Florence Halop, Lionel Stander and Jean VenderPyle. Joanie is looking for a manager for her tea room so that she can pursue a career for herself. Convinced that clothes make the career, she brings her wardrobe to tailor Danny. Ben Gage announces. Karl's Shoe Stores, CBS. (31:45)

SPEAKING OF RADIO (4-26-71) **Danny Thomas** talks about his show business career, including his days in radio, in a conversation with Chuck Schaden recorded backstage at the Mill Run Theatre in Niles, Illinois. (14:35)

DRENE TIME (2-23-47) Frances Langford, Don Ameche and **Danny Thomas** star. Don and Danny answer listeners' requests for Danny to sing a serious song. Don and Frances appear as The Bickerson's in a sketch which features Danny as Blanche's brother Amos. Carmen Dragon and the orchestra. Drene Shampoo, NBC. (28:37)

PHILCO RADIO TIME (12-31-47) Bing Crosby welcomes guest **Danny Thomas** for this New Year's Eve broadcast. Danny fantasizes that

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DANNY THOMAS

he's a big movie producer: "I'm Metro Goldwyn Thomas!" Bing sings "Let's Start the New Year Right" and "Civilization." Philco Radios, ABC. (29:22)

SATURDAY, APRIL 18th

SUSPENSE (4-17-47) "Green-Eyed Monster" starring Lloyd Nolan with Cathy Lewis. A man steals his own car, then murders his wife and stuffs her body in the trunk of the "stolen" automobile. Roma Wines, CBS. (29:26)

LAND OF THE LOST (1948) "Hail of Lost Lamps" featuring Isabel Manning Hewson with a story about Red Lantern, the wise, talking fish and "that wonderful kingdom at the bottom of the sea where all things lost find their way..." The children meet the blind triton who needs a piece of magic amber to regain his sight. Bosco, ABC. (25:06)

HALLMARK PLAYHOUSE (8-26-48) "State Fair" with Barbara Eiler, Tony Barrett, Barbara Fuller, Earle Ross, Sam Edwards and Peter Leeds in the story of an Iowa farm family encountering various adventures and romantic mix-ups while attending the annual State Fair. Hallmark Cards, CBS. (29:12)

FRONTIER GENTLEMAN (11-2-58) "Nasty People." John Dehner stars as J. B. Kendall, reporter for The London Times, giving "...an Englishman's account of life and death in the West." On a rainy night in Kansas, Kendall is warned against staying with some unusual

people. Multiple sponsors, CBS. (23:02)
PHIL HARRIS-ALICE FAYE SHOW (12-12-48) Frankie Remley (Elliott Lewis) is pressed into service when Phil promises to provide a sitter for Mr. Scott's baby. Gale Gordon is Scott; Walter Tetley is Julius. Alice sings "Down Among the Sheltering Palms." Rexall, NBC (28:31)

ADVENTURES OF ELLERY QUEEN (3-27-43) "Adventure of the Circus Train" stars Hugh Marlowe as Ellery with Marion Shockley as Nikki. A circus fortune teller attempts to identify a murderer on a moving train. Bromo Seltzer, NBC. (28:05)

SATURDAY, APRIL 25th 28th ANNIVERSARY SHOW *"Thanks For Listening"*

As we celebrate our twenty-eighth broadcast anniversary today, we'll express thanks to our listeners by saluting some of Chicago's radio favorites:

TWO TON BAKER (8-1-47) Dick "Two Ton" Baker, the Music Maker sings "Ragtime Cowboy Joe," and "Bloop Bleep." Sustaining, WGN-Mutual. (14:25)

SPEAKING OF RADIO (5-27-72) Dick "Two Ton" Baker talks about his broadcast career in a telephone conversation with Chuck Schaden. WLTD, Evanston. (16:30)

MUSIC FROM THE ARAGON (2-8-64) Wayne King and his orchestra and Franklyn MacCormack in the final broadcast from the closing weekend of Chicago's Aragon Ballroom. King presents a medley of songs of famous bandleaders who played the Aragon over the years. MacCormack and King offer "Melody of Love." Announcer is Cliff Mercer. Sustaining, WGN Chicago. (28:10; 26:00) *Read the article about Wayne King on page 26.*

SPEAKING OF RADIO (6-21-85) Veteran Chicago broadcaster Tommy Bartlett talks about his radio career at WBBM and of his network program "Welcome Travelers" in a conversation with Chuck Schaden. (15:25; 10:50; 14:25; 11:30)

MUSIC 'TIL DAWN (10-25-60) *Excerpt* from Jay Andre's popular all-night show. American Airlines, WBBM Chicago. (8:00)

ART HELLYER SHOW (11-14-55) *Excerpt* from Art's morning program during which he plays records and we hear those zany voices, sounds, Howie Roberts and the news and a stack of commercials! WCFL Chicago. (26:30)

Chuck Schaden's
THOSE WERE THE DAYS
WNIB-WNIZ • FM 97 • SATURDAY 1 - 5 P.M.

MAY 1998

BOB HOPE MONTH

Bob Hope was born on May 29, 1903 and this month we observe the legendary entertainer's 95th birthday with a five-week tribute to his radio broadcast career.

You'll hear him starring in his own show, as a special guest on other programs, and in radio versions of some of his most popular movies. It's our way of saying thanks for the memories, Bob.

And be sure to read Clair Schulz' cover story beginning on page 2.



SATURDAY, MAY 2nd

BOB HOPE SHOW (3-16-48) Guest Fred Astaire and Bob recreate their days as starving vaudevillians in this broadcast from Woodland Hills, California with comics Jerry Colonna and Vera Vague (Barbara Jo Allen, the mayor of Woodland Hills), singer Trudy Irwin, and Les Brown and his Band of Renown. Peppodent, NBC. (30:00)

HALLMARK PLAYHOUSE (10-7-48) "Elmer the Great" starring Bob Hope in the Ring Lardner story about a home-run hitting baseball player. James Hilton is host. Hallmark Cards, CBS. (28:06)

COMMAND PERFORMANCE #179 (6-14-45) Hostess Ann Rutherford presents Bob Hope, Alan Ladd, Gloria DeHaven, Jerry Colonna, King Sisters, Chu Chu Martinez. It's "suppressed desires" night on Command Performance and Hope wants to be Lauren Bacall; Ladd wants to be Betty Grable; Rutherford wants to be Gary Cooper; DeHaven wants to be Bob Hope! AFRS. (30:00)

BOB HOPE INTERVIEW (6-26-46) Chicago

broadcaster June Merrill interviews Bob Hope who is in town to appear at the Chicago Coliseum in a benefit performance for LaRabida Sanatorium. WJJD, Chicago. (8:42)

LUX RADIO THEATRE (4-5-43) "The Road to Morocco" starring Bing Crosby, Bob Hope and Ginny Simms in a radio version of the 1942 Paramount film. Bing sells Bob to a slave trader in mysterious Morocco. Hope and Crosby recreate their original roles in this version of their third "Road" picture and together they sing "Road to Morocco." Cast includes Verna Felton, Janet Waldo, Denis Green. Cecil B. DeMille hosts. Lux Soap, CBS/AFRS. (17:20; 24:45; 13:30)

JACK BENNY PROGRAM (4-17-55) Guest Bob Hope joins Jack and the regulars, Mary Livingstone, Eddie "Rochester" Anderson, Bob Crosby, Dennis Day, Don Wilson, Sportsmen, Mel Blanc, Joe Kearns. Jack and Bob go out on a picnic with the CBS telephone operators Gertrude and Mable (Bea Benadaret and Shirley Mitchell). Lucky Strike, CBS. (26:30)

SATURDAY, MAY 9th

SCREEN GUILD THEATRE (2-23-40) "Altar Bound" starring Bing Crosby, Bob Hope and Betty Grable in a screwball comedy about two pals, down on their luck, who agree to stop a wedding in progress in order to earn \$100. Cast includes Howard Duff, Hans Conried. Gulf Oil Co., CBS. (31:00)

BOB HOPE SHOW (1-29-46) Old Ski Nose stars with Skinnay Ennis and the orchestra, Frances Langford, Jerry Colonna, Mel Blanc, announcer Wendell Niles, and guest Frank Sinatra. Hope's monolog is laced with lots of Palm Springs jokes and "skinny" Sinatra gags. Sketch: "Life of Frank Sinatra—a Chilling Ghost Story." AFRS rebroadcast. (30:00) *Note: Bob is a guest on Frankie's show next week on TWTD.*

ANDREWS SISTERS SHOW (3-25-45)

Patty, Maxine and LaVerne welcome

guest Bob Hope to their Eight-To-The-Bar Ranch. Regulars include George "Gabby" Hayes, announcer Marvin Miller, Foy Willing and the Riders of the Purple Sage, Vic Schoen and the orchestra. Gabby introduces a sketch about the Gilded Cage Saloon run by the Andrews Sisters and Hope. AFRS rebroadcast. (28:30)

LUX RADIO THEATRE (12-10-51) "The Lemon Drop Kid" starring Bob Hope and Marilyn Maxwell in their original screen roles from the 1951 film based on the Damon Runyon story. Bob is a small-time race track tout in debt to the mob for \$10,000. Bob and Marilyn sing "Silver Bells." Cast includes Verna Felton, Jack Krushin, William Conrad, Leif Ericson, Ted DiCorsia, Ed Max. William Keighley is host. Lux Soap, CBS. (17:57; 21:04; 19:27)

MAIL CALL (1944) *Unedited version of sketch from transcription disc made prior to broadcast.* Bob Hope, Betty Grable, Humphrey Bogart, and Don Wilson in a sketch based on Hope's film, "The Princess and the Pirate." Recorded before a studio audience. (8:37)

MAIL CALL (1944) "Skipper" Jane Nye, a 20th Century Fox starlet, introduces the King Sisters, Betty Grable, Dick Haymes, Bob Hope, Humphrey Bogart, Marilyn Maxwell, Ken Murray. Featured sketch is a condensed ver-



JERRY COLONNA

sion of Hope's film "The Princess and the Pirate." *Note: This is the final, edited version used for broadcast.* AFRS. (27:28)

SATURDAY, MAY 16th

COMMAND PERFORMANCE #154 (12-16-44)

Bing Crosby and Bob Hope serve as co-emcees to introduce the Andrews Sisters (singing "Rum and Coca-Cola"), Stan Kenton and Anita O'Day (with "Kisses Flow Like Wine"), and actress Lauren Bacall, whom both Bing and Bob want to date. AFRS. (29:11)

FRANK SINATRA SHOW (2-6-46)

Frank welcomes guest Bob Hope (*on whose program Sinatra appeared last week*) plus regulars the Pied Pipers, Axel Stordahl and the orchestra, announcer Marvin Miller. Lots of songs by Sinatra and lots of Hope's wisecracks at Frankie's expense. Together they sing "These Foolish



VERA VAGUE

Things." Old Gold Cigarettes, CBS. (27:47)

ACADEMY AWARDS (1945) From Grauman's Chinese Theatre in Hollywood, Bob Hope emcees the 17th annual Academy Awards ceremonies. The broadcast includes Hope's monolog, awards for Best Song, Best Director, Best Picture, Best supporting Actor and Actress, Best Actor and Actress. Scenes from the films are being shown in the theatre while the soundtracks are being broadcast. Also: Thalberg Award and Special Award winners. Sustaining, BLUE/ABC. (22:48; 15:41; 28:31)

BOB HOPE SHOW (1952) Guest Jack Benny joins Bob and Margaret Whiting, Les Brown and his Band of Renown, announcer Bill Goodwin, and Veola Vonn. Margaret sings "Why Don't You Believe Me." Jack takes Bing Crosby's part in a dramatization of the "Road to Bali." AFRS rebroadcast. (22:53)

SCREEN DIRECTORS PLAYHOUSE (3-3-50)

"The Paleface" starring Bob Hope and Jane Russell who repeat their original screen roles in the radio version of their 1948 Paramount film. Hope is Painless Peter Potter, a dentist in the rootin', tootin', shootin' Old West with Jane as sharpshooting Calamity Jane. Bob sings "Buttons and Bows," the Oscar-winning song from the picture. Announcer is Jimmy Wallington. RCA Victor, NBC. (30:45)

MAY 1998

SATURDAY, MAY 23rd

BOB HOPE SHOW (4-8-47) From the El Capitan Theatre in Hollywood, Bob welcomes guest Al Jolson who recalls Hope's days as a bell-hop trying to break into show business. Regulars include Jerry Colonna, Vera Vague, announcer Wendell Niles. Pepsodent, NBC. (28:27)

BREAKFAST CLUB (4-28-58) *Excerpt* as host Don McNeill introduces guest Bob Hope who answers questions from the Breakfast Club audience. ABC. (22:40)

LUX RADIO THEATRE (1-8-45) "I Never Left Home," a radio dramatization of Bob Hope's book based on his personal experiences entertaining servicemen overseas during World War II. Host Cecil B. DeMille introduces Bob, Frances Langford, Jerry Colonna and Tony Romano, all from Hope's tours. Cast also includes Howard McNear, Eddie Marr, Ken Christy. An unusual program for this series which usually offers radio versions of movies. Lux Soap, CBS. (18:03; 16:57; 25:35)

WELCOME BACK BASEBALL (1950) Bing Crosby, Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour in a special program to welcome the new baseball season with lots of typical Hope-Crosby-Lamour comedy and songs. Ken Carpenter announces. John Scott Trotter and the orchestra. Ralph Kiner of the Pittsburgh Pirates appears. Wheaties, CBS. (27:55)

SUSPENSE (5-5-49) "Death Has a Shadow" starring Bob Hope with William Conrad and Elliott Lewis. After a lawyer's wife is murdered, he fears the killer is coming after him. AutoLite, CBS. (29:05)

SATURDAY, MAY 30th

LUX RADIO THEATRE (4-14-47) "Monsieur Beaucaire" starring Bob Hope and Joan Caulfield in their original screen roles in the radio version of Paramount's 1946 screen comedy based on the Booth Tarkington novel. Hope is a barber in the reign of Louis XV who exchanges identities with a duke for political purposes. Host is William Keighley. AFRS rebroadcast. (15:16; 15:30; 19:50)

PHILCO RADIO TIME (6-18-47) Bob Hope and golfer Jimmy Demaret join Bing in New York for the last show of Crosby's first season for Philco. Bob tries to convince Bing to go to South America. John Scott Trotter and the orchestra, announcer Glenn Riggs. Philco Radios, ABC. (30:00)

COMMAND PERFORMANCE #195 (10-11-45) Ralph Edwards is emcee for a request show presenting a special version of Truth or Consequences. Joining in the fun are Connie Haines, William Frawley, Edgar Kennedy, and Bob Hope who, dressed as a woman, helps with a consequence. AFRS. (29:14)

SCREEN DIRECTORS PLAYHOUSE (4-3-49) "The Ghost Breakers" starring Bob Hope in a radio version of his 1940 film about a trip to Cuba to investigate an eerie mansion. Cast includes Shirley Mitchell and Sheldon Leonard. Sustaining, NBC. (30:00)

BOB HOPE SHOW (3-13-49) Bob's guest is Fred Allen who joins in a sketch about "Arthur Hopefry's Talent Scouts." Regulars include Doris Day, Hy Averbach, Jack Kirkwood, Irene Ryan, Les Brown and his Band of Renown. Lux Soap, Spry, NBC. (29:51)

...and for more good listening...

ART HELLYER SHOW-- Music of the big bands and the big singers with lots of knowledgeable commentary and fun from one of radio's legendary personalities, now in his 51th year on the air! *WJOL, 1340 AM, Saturday, 9 am-1 pm; Sunday, 2-6 pm.*

DICK LAWRENCE REVUE-- A treasure trove of rare and vintage recordings with spoken memories from the never to be forgotten past. *WNIB, 97.1 FM, Saturday, 8-9 pm.*

REMEMBER WHEN-- Host Don Corey's "nostalgia fest" with the emphasis on old time radio variety shows, plus show tunes and interviews. *WAIT, 850 AM, Saturday, 9 am-12 noon.*

WHEN RADIO WAS-- Carl Amari hosts a weekend edition of the popular series featuring old time radio broadcasts and interviews. *WMAQ, 670 AM, Saturday and Sunday, 10pm-midnight.*

THE SATURDAY SWING SHIFT-- Bruce Oscar is the host for this two-hour program featuring swing music on record as performed by the big bands, popular singers and small groups. *WDCB, 90.9 FM, Saturday, 10 am-Noon.*

"When Radio Was" -- WMAQ-AM 670

Monday thru Friday Midnight to 1 a.m. Host Stan Freberg

Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday
April, 1998 Schedule				
		1 Boston Blackie Life of Riley Pt 1	2 Life of Riley Pt 2 Third Man	3 Suspense Superman
6 Gunsmoke Burns & Allen Pt 1	7 Burns & Allen Pt 2 Dimension X	8 Green Hornet Fibber McGee Pt 1	9 Fibber McGee Pt 2 Dragnet	10 The Shadow Superman
13 Dr. Christian Jack Benny Pt 1	14 Jack Benny Pt 2 Black Museum	15 Lights Out Charlie McCarthy Pt 1	16 Charlie McCarthy Pt 2 Pete Kelly's Blues	17 Suspense Superman
20 Frontier Gentleman Great Gildersleeve Pt 1	21 Great Gildersleeve Pt 2 Escape	22 Gangbusters Martin & Lawis Pt 1	23 Martin & Lewis Pt 2 Texas Rangers	24 The Shadow Superman
27 Sam Spade Favorite Husband Pt 1	28 Favorite Husband Pt 2 Lone Ranger	29 Broadway is My Beat Aldrich Family Pt 1	30 Aldrich Family Pt 2 The Clock	
May, 1998 Schedule				
OUT OF TOWN LISTENERS PLEASE NOTE: <i>"When Radio Was" is a syndicated series heard throughout the country. If you're unable to tune in WMAQ, call (847) 524-0200, Ext. 234 and ask which station in or near your town carries the program.</i>				1 Suspense Superman
4 Have Gun, Will Travel Burns & Allan Pt 1	5 Burns & Allen Pt 2 X Minus One	6 Green Hornet Fibber McGee Pt 1	7 Fibber McGee Pt 2 Dragnet	8 The Shadow Superman
11 The Whistler Jack Benny Pt 1	12 Jack Benny Pt 2 Crime Classics	13 Sealed Book Charlie McCarthy Pt 1	14 Charlie McCarthy Pt 2 Black Museum	15 Suspense Superman
18 Gunsmoke Great Gildersleeve Pt 1	19 Great Gildersleeve Pt 2 Escape	20 Gangbusters Bickersons Pt 1	21 Bickersons Pt 2 Texas Rangers	22 The Shadow Superman
25 This is Your FBI Duffy's Tavern Pt 1	26 Duffy's Tavern Pt 2 Lone Ranger	27 Third Man Fred Allen Pt 1	28 Fred Allen Pt 2 You Bet Your Life	29 Suspense Superman

Wayne King the Waltz King

BY DR. RICHARD V. SANDBURG

"Music delicate as an orchid, inspiring as a prayer."

This bit of eloquence was quoted by Walter Winchell, nationally syndicated news columnist and commentator for the Lucky Strike radio program in the thirties.

Winchell, naturally, was referring to Wayne King and his orchestra with whom he shared the *Lucky Strike Hour*. The Saturday night feature was a household tradition for decades in variations. To flavor the routine, national polls were taken weekly to select the top band leader of the day. The winner appeared the following week to play the top favorite songs.

Wayne King led in seventy-five per cent of the returns and, at one stretch, was selected to play for fifteen straight weeks.

Carl Sandburg, the late Poet Laureate of Illinois, described King's music as "Waltz time which is easy on your ears as well as your feet."

With nostalgia as our theme, popular music buffs can recall that the first significant mode of music in America was jazz. Paul Whiteman, Duke Ellington and Jean Goldkette were three of the leading exponents of this.

In the Midwest in the late twenties, however, a stylist featuring soft, dulcet and dreamy music became an instant phenomenon.

This was Wayne King, aptly called the Waltz King by Quin Ryan, a leading announcer on radio station WGN, Chicago.

Richard Sandburg, a retired podiatrist from Rockford, Illinois, was a friend of the late Wayne King.

Wayne King had been selected to lead an orchestra at the inaugural of the fabulous new Aragon ballroom on Chicago's North Side. The band was an immediate success and benefited greatly from generous radio exposure.

The Aragon ballroom resembled a Spanish castle of turrets, belfries, and galleries. It had an impeccably smooth dance floor plus a starlit sky and white clouds hovering overhead.

For most of the time, King's band was featured twice daily for twenty minutes each session from the Aragon on WGN radio. Also, it had a thirty-minute program five nights a week on three different networks for Lady Esther cosmetics.

King's original contract with Lady Esther called for \$500 a week, but tremendous response to his program increased his tab to \$15,000 a week within a short time.

The Wayne King Orchestra remained at the Aragon for eight years and was named America's most popular dance band for five years by the prestigious Radio Guide weekly magazine.

In 1949, Wayne King quickly moved to television where he was named the favorite musical program by the Chicago Federation of Advertisers.

King had a shabby youth. His mother died when he was five and his father placed Wayne and his brothers in the Masonic Orphan's Home in Dubuque, Iowa.

His father gave him a clarinet and an instruction book and he received his initial music training as a member of the orphanage band.

King's father eventually remarried and

the family moved to El Paso, Texas, where Wayne attended school and worked as an auto mechanic.

Wayne adored his stepmother, but he chose to return to his hometown of Savannah, Illinois, where he lived with an aunt.

He played saxophone in the township band, was captain and quarterback for the high school football team for two years, had the lead in the senior class play, and worked in a garage in his spare time.

Later, he was to play half-back for the Canton, Ohio, Bulldogs, professional football team, but the \$15 he received for each game wasn't enough to entice him back for another season.

He attended Valparaiso University for two years, majoring in business. He supported himself by taking a train to Chicago where he played evenings for the Benson Brothers band at the Morrison Hotel. After his performance, he rode the rails back to Valpo, studying and attempting to remain awake. (As a memorial to King, the University proudly displays a saxophone he played.) During the summer months, King played in bands on riverboats on the Mississippi.

Later he sought employment in Chicago. He selected an office building on Wilson

avenue and, beginning on the top floor, he inquired about work in every office until he got down to the fifth floor and was hired by the Aetna Insurance company.

He lived in the Sears YMCA for \$3 per week, practicing his saxophone in his room at night. Management was tolerant of his playing. He caught on with the Del Lampe

Orchestra at the Trianon ballroom, where he was the featured sax player. When the owner, Andrew Karzas, opened the posh Aragon, it was a toss-up as to whom would lead the band there: Wayne King or Charley Agnew.

King became the choice, taking over a band which had been led by Al Morey. He immediately es-



WAYNE KING THE WALTZ KING

tablished his sweet style and began to feature waltzes.

After his eight-year stint at the Aragon, he received demands to play elsewhere. The Waldorf-Astoria hotel in New York beckoned him to open its Empire Room, but he had to decline due to contractual commitments at the Aragon.

Later, however, he did play the Waldorf and the Roosevelt hotel in New York, as well as the Mark Hopkins in San Francisco, the Ambassador in Los Angeles and others to disclaim that he was a Chicago

WAYNE KING THE WALTZ KING

territorial band.

Once James C. Petrillo, president of the Chicago Federation of Musicians, was kidnapped and held for \$50,000 ransom. The word was out that Wayne King was the "go-between" and paid the ransom. King neither confirmed nor denied this, but it was also said that most of the money was provided by him.

Some time later, the Wayne King Orchestra was engaged as the floor show in the Empire Room of Chicago's Palmer House. Although the musician's union specified that the Ben Arden Orchestra, the house band, was designated exclusively for dancing, the union looked the other way and King was permitted to play for a dance so he could visit with his faithful followers.

During the thirties, Mayor Edward Kelly of Chicago was doing his best to combat the depression by attracting visitors to the city. A gala celebration featured outstanding dance orchestras on bandstands at each corner of the Loop. The Wayne King Orchestra was stationed at State and Madison streets and was embellished by the presence of former Chicagoan and movie glamour girl Jean Harlow. She looked her most glamorous, occasionally sang with the band, and signed autographs.

At one point Jean inadvertently tossed a half-finished cigarette to the street below the elevated bandstand. The mad scramble for the "ciggy" souvenir created a near riot and attracted the majority of the State street onlookers to the King bandstand.

A relationship developed between Jean Harlow and Wayne King, with rumors persisting that they were headed for the altar. She did want to marry him, but he was interested in another motion picture actress, the lesser-known, but beautiful Dorothy Janis, who also happened to be the niece

of King's saxophone player Bill Egner.

Dorothy was the star of the silent movie *The Pagan* which also featured Ramon Navarro, Renee Adoree and Donald Crisp.

She became Wayne's loving and dutiful wife, giving up her movie career to raise their son and daughter.

When Wayne became weak and ill, she traveled with him on buses during his last two years as a band leader. Presently she divides her time between homes in Arizona and Colorado.

Over the years, King's musicians and vocalists were very loyal to him. Nancy Evans began her singing career in 1945 while he was the summer replacement for the Jack Benny program. She had a brief stint on the Jocy Bishop TV show, but returned to wind up King's career.

Ilerb Miska played for King for forty years and featured "Meditation from Thais" on his violin.

Gale Bruening was Wayne's manager and bus driver for twenty-five years.

Franklyn MacCormack was his long-time announcer and together they created the popular "Melody of Love" recording featuring King's music and MacCormack's narration.

Wayne's theme song, "The Waltz You Saved For Me" was purchased from Chicago band leader Emil Flint for \$400. Its original title: "A Truck Driver's Dream." Gus Kahn wrote the lyrics for the "Waltz King." Other tunes popularized by Wayne King were "Josephine," "Blue Hours," and "Goofus." "Goofus" clubs sprang up throughout the country as a result of its novelty charm.

During World War II, King disbanded his orchestra, which included vocalist Buddy Clark at the time. King was commissioned a Captain in the Army Specialist Corps and led various Army bands in the Sixth Service Command in the Chicago area. He eventually rose to the rank of



WAYNE KING AND HIS ORCHESTRA

Major before being discharged.

The Wayne King Orchestra played at the Inaugural Ball for President and Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower and, two decades later, played before 50,000 people in Sun Valley Stadium, at halftime at the Arizona State University-Brigham Young University football game.

In 1964 more than 20,000 fans packed Chicago's Aragon Ballroom for three nights when Wayne King presided at its closing, signaling the unofficial end of the big band era. The final remote broadcast over WGN from the Aragon featured Wayne King and his orchestra, Franklyn MacCormack and announcer Cliff Mercer. That final broadcast featured a salute to all the bands that played at the Aragon over the years, many memories of the famous ballroom, and, of course, MacCormack and King's presentation of "Melody of Love."

Wayne King never voluntarily retired from show business. Until he was well into his 80s, he struck out four times a year for five or six week tours. Most of his time was spent in the Chicago area, but he always drew large crowds elsewhere, especially in Florida.

His final date was before a sold-out house at the Van Wezel Auditorium in Sarasota, Florida, in March, 1983.

He died in Arizona at the age of 84 on July 16, 1985.

But the music of Wayne King, the Waltz King, lives on in our hearts and in our memories. ■

(NOTE: Tune in to TWFD April 25 to hear the last big band remote broadcast from Chicago's Aragon Ballroom on February 8, 1964 featuring Wayne King and his orchestra and Franklyn MacCormack.)

ECHOES OF ADMIRAL BYRD

BY ED KNAPP

"Good evening to our radio friends and families in America, from Admiral Byrd's 'Little America' base at the South pole."

This night the dimly lit room glowed with a strange honey mist radiating from an illuminated kilocycles dial. The radio announcer's voice is sometimes barely audible above the atmospheric interference.

Every word reaches the ears of a middle-age gentleman reclining in an overstuffed armchair. He leans forward towards the set with listening intent. Nearby, cross-legged on the floor, sits his young son, also attentively absorbed.

"Last week our storm-ravaged colony of explorers caught sight of the first bird in quite some time," boomed the announcer's voice as the

Edwin S. Knapp of Three Rivers, Michigan is a retired professional photographer who spends his free time writing and collecting.

station's sound faded in and out. "The six months of darkness has ended here," the spokesman extolled. "Welcome smiles can be seen on the weather-grained faces of the men in obvious relief."



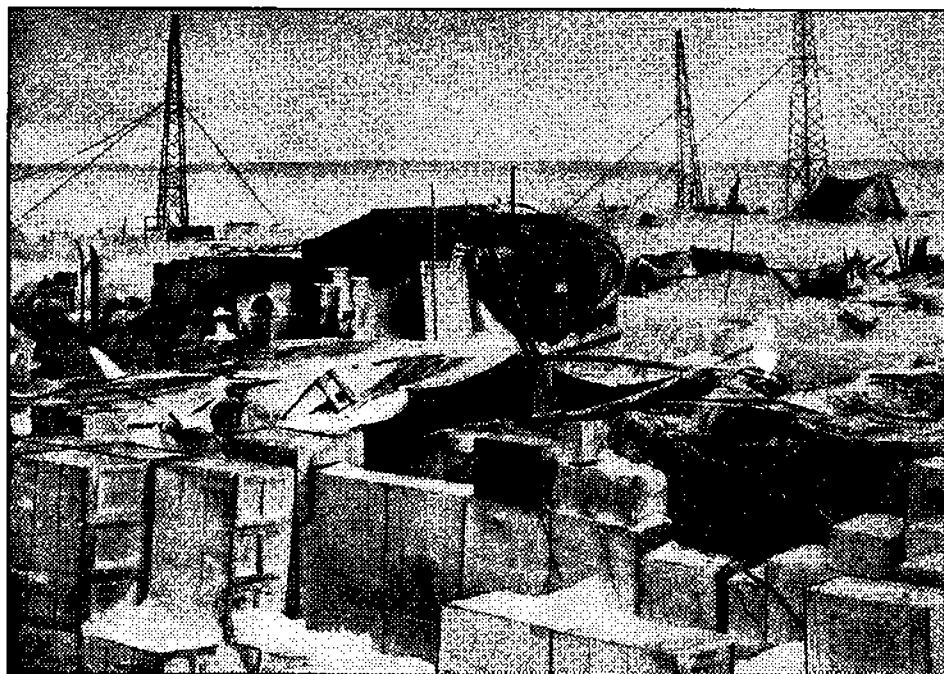
**ADMIRAL RICHARD E. BYRD
AT "LITTLE AMERICA" OUTPOST
WITH COMPANY MASCOT, IGLOO**

A plume of smoke curls about the head of the balding listener, a pipe clenched in one corner of his mouth. The seated pair remain quiet, not wanting to miss a single word of this important commentary.

Again the radio voice: "The presence of a group of seals was noted this morning as they climbed on the icy shores of the nearby Bay of Whales. They had not been evident during the

past months of extended darkness."

It is just past ten o'clock, Eastern Standard Time, Saturday evening. These two figures have joined millions of other radio listeners in homes across America for the weekly event. The momentous broadcasts bore great historical significance, arousing national interest. This, being the mid-



ADMIRAL RICHARD E. BYRD'S SOUTH POLE, "LITTLE AMERICA" OUTPOST. 1934

1930s, held radio audiences in awe over these "live," on-location, long distance transmissions.

Words ushering forth from the set were arriving but split seconds after being uttered by the announcer, over nine thousand miles distant. Short wave bands via South America were bringing sounds from Byrd's South Pole installation into everyone's living room. "Little America," as the site was popularly named, was the coldest, loneliest spot on earth -- averaging 65 degrees below zero.

In this early era of radio, the instrument was a wonder unto itself, but the sound of a human voice coming from the bottom of our earth's sphere was beyond belief. The then limited technology in controlling radio waves made airing more fantasy than reality, as if lifted from the pages of a science fiction novel. And this remarkable phenomenon was brought to the radio audience by General Foods during the 1934-

35 programming schedule.

Faithfully, listeners tuned in to the thirty minute broadcast which was filled with emotion, adventure, and discovery announcements.

Antarctica, from where these remotes were beamed, was a virgin continent of ice tables, rugged mountain ranges, savage snow squalls and vast, unexplored frontiers. Paralyzing cold and extended periods of darkness seized this ice world.

Most Americans were surprised to learn the South Pole encompassed a larger area than the whole of the United States and Mexico. A barren outpost was established here in 1929 on the occasion of Admiral Byrd's first expeditionary trip to Antarctica.

Byrd's successful junket for a two-year stay in '29 was the first time man had set foot at the South Pole for an extended stay in seventeen years. Britain's Captain Robert Scott's last investigative mission of the

ECHOS OF ADMIRAL BYRD

pole was in 1912.

Radio's technical development had not progressed in 1929 to the point where transmission was possible over such extreme distances. This second expedition was a follow-up to further scientific study and the exploration of more inland territories, made possible through newly developed, powerful snow tractors. Admiral Byrd, a compulsive pioneer, thrived in a never-ending quest for knowledge of the unknown.

In the thirties, several isolated regions remained unexplored. Secrets yet to be revealed lay dormant on the sands of the great Sahara, mysteries of the ocean floors, outer space, and the "dark continent" of a densely jungled Africa. Back then the Pacific atolls of New Guinea and wild Borneo possessed sinister tracts, not yet violated by educated man. As the world surrounding them grew modern, they still sustained life-threatening habitats — bush country infiltrated with a hidden menace of tribal headhunters and advocates of cannibalism.

Discovery of new worlds were still much

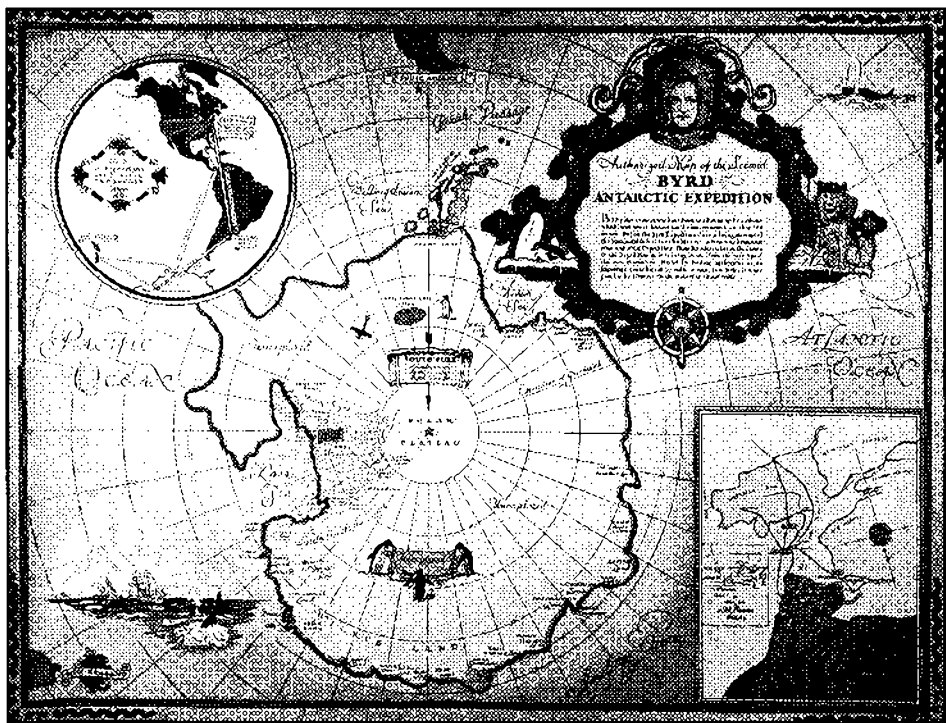
on the mind of our growing populaces. Author James Hilton had yet to write the fictional account of a Tibetan utopia on earth, "Shangri-La." The story was to reflect a much sought idealism for living as outlined in his future best-selling novel, "Lost Horizon."

The announcer's voice emanating from "Little America" over the radio speaker belonged to Charlie Murphy. Murphy's appealing delivery was often blocked out by a combination of static snap and alternating volume. The words heard were full of dramatic emphasis. Exciting transcripts relayed weekly diary tales from Byrd's assembled forces at the base. One could, on occasion, sense a feeling of discourse in Murphy's voice when he extolled certain happenings: "Just two days ago our party reluctantly witnessed the departure of the sun in its final dip over an icy horizon, not to be seen during four months of the midnight sun." Speaking with conviction, his words had a gripping "doomsday" effect on those tuned in.

Devoted radio listeners would sit in absolute silence for those spellbinding minutes, anticipating energy-charged stories and always the discussion of the on-going battle against frigid elements. Indeed, those moments were exciting, history-making, and revealing. Often the announcer made reference to the company's airplane, oft in use, called "The Condor." "Today, our ice-covered craft set out on another perilous flight. Air crews, while aloft, worked to record the secrets of the Straits, measure mountain peaks, and seek further



ANNOUNCER CHARLIE MURPHY BROADCASTING FROM
"LITTLE AMERICA" IN 1934



PREMIUM MAP OF THE SOUTH POLE AREA WHERE THE BYRD EXPEDITION CONDUCTED ALL THEIR SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH. THIS LARGE, FULL-COLOR MAP WAS OFFERED BY GRAPE-NUTS, SPONSOR OF THE SHORT WAVE BROADCASTS FROM "LITTLE AMERICA"

knowledge of the frozen interiors."

Reporting another time: "Last week, from the air, the pilot sighted a huge iceberg, over twenty-three miles in length." Numerous air ventures reached the ears of the public who heard news of the crew recording coastlines, unusual formations and dangerous snow-blanketed plateaus. Unique were the actual broadcasts from the plane while hovering over rugged terrain as described by the on-board commentator. Another program segment, frequently included in the Saturday evening broadcasts, was when the lonely men at the base had the opportunity to converse with their families back in the States, while we cavedropped over the radio.

To the living room audience, the program's sponsor offered a valuable premium in 1934. For two cereal box-tops,

the listener could receive a large four-color folding map of the South Pole and "Little America." The detailed scale chart identified many explored sites, giving credibility to the radio discourses that named Discovery Outlet, Paul Black Bay, the Albert Markham Range, or the Ross Barrier, among others. Home audiences could accurately pinpoint the locales of happenings spoken by the announcer on each weekly program.

Stark drama in all its realism came to the broadcast one of those scheduled nights when Murphy voiced a concern for the commander, Admiral Byrd. Several months previous, Byrd had ventured alone to a remote base some 123 trail miles from the main encampment. The purpose was designed to pursue further scientific research, test human endurance and record a

ECHOS OF ADMIRAL BYRD

series of weather-related measurements.

At one point the "Little America" base radio operator had failed on numerous attempts to make contact with his chief and became concerned for his safety. Byrd's outpost was named Bolling Base (the maiden name of Byrd's mother). Unknown to the isolated commander, a gas heater used to warm his small quarters proved faulty. The heater was poisoning the very air he breathed. Escaping, deadly fumes made him ill, weak and disoriented. Soon base rescue teams set forth with their tractors in the direction of Bolling Base. At first they were driven back by brute storms, perilous crevasses, and equipment trouble. After two failed attempts, on the third mission they thankfully succeeded in reaching Bolling Base in time. They found Byrd weak, but alive. Their rescue venture undoubtedly saved their chief from certain death by asphyxiation.

Most of the stories broadcast were far lighter in nature. The announcer spoke of new wild life sightings, plant life, and penguin parties. Humorous stories rose from the mess hall. The men were being served "ancient food — foodstuffs that had been in storage since their 1933 arrival at the Pole. There were heartwarming tales of new pups born to the encampment's some 153 working sled dogs and the rescue of stranded men and dogs, trapped in deep ice holes. Lingering always in the background were chronicles involving endless hours of boredom, stiffening cold, limited confinements, the dark, homesickness, and just being weary. Common broadcast news concerned reports of howling winds, plummeting temperatures, and blinding snows that buried everything in sight.

This, Admiral Byrd's second expedition to Antarctica, went down in history as an act of heroism and monumental resource.

A milestone, too, was the miraculous on-location radio transmissions to the States. This quest for knowledge in a wasteland of seemingly worthless origin produced volumes of invaluable scientific data, information that has continued to aid mankind to this very day.

Crucial records were charted of unknown mountain ranges, coastline formations, details of animal, plant and aqua life. Accurate measurements were indicated on the tides, rock formations, weather, strange waterways and pressure ridges. The explorers even had valuable sightings of flaming meteors that streaked across Antarctica skies.

President Franklin D. Roosevelt presented Admiral Byrd with an honorary medal for conspicuous service to humanity and remarked, in a few well-chosen words, "You have brought things to pass."

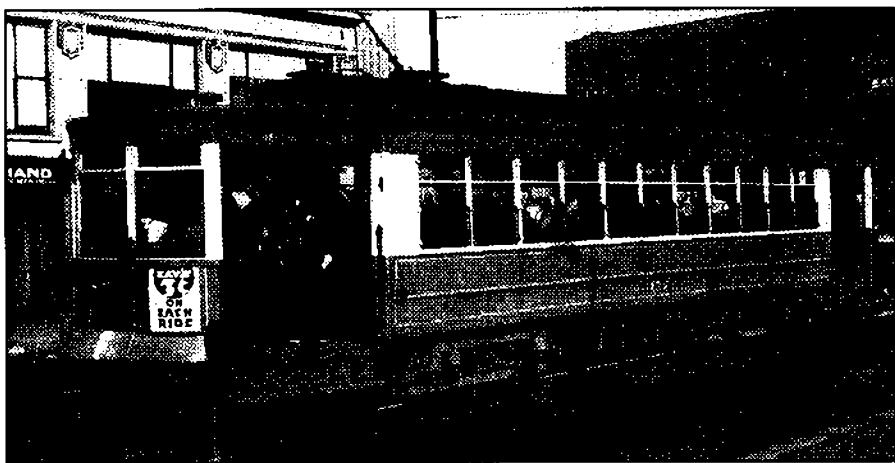
Today, in our world of high technology, Admiral Byrd's efforts may seem insignificant. Since his time humans have uncovered ageless wonders and have found answers to century-old questions that have haunted the world in which we live. Man has walked the surface of the moon, uncovered mysteries of the ocean's depth, learned much about the planets in our solar system, and more.

But for over a year in the 1930s, radio listeners were mesmerized by those weekly remote broadcasts from the very bottom of the world, "Little America."

The technological accomplishment was an unparalleled step forward in the annals of radio pioneering.

The devout radio fan of that period was not about to miss one single Saturday night transmission of this once-in-a-lifetime adventure.

Such was the magnetism of this history-forming expedition under the auspicious leadership of Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd. ■



Chicago's Old Red Streetcars

BY JERRY E. MOE

How well I remember the old red streetcars that provided transportation on most of Chicago's main thoroughfares in the first half of this century.

My father told me about riding Chicago streetcars to work.

He probably took the Armitage Avenue car to Milwaukee Avenue where he transferred for the ride downtown.

He remembers selling box lunches on the cars to make a little extra pocket money.

I don't know whether or not his mother (my grandmother) made those lunches, and Dad isn't here anymore to clue me in.

He had to quit school after the eighth grade, as so many did in those days, so that he could work and help with the family expenses.

He rode to the Loop every day and worked in the financial district.

Dad told me about the time he was riding on the back platform of a streetcar and, out of the corner of his eye, he saw a little old

man running like fury to catch the moving car, then swinging on board the rear platform step.

When Dad discovered it was his own father (my grandfather), then in his 70s, he helped him up and said, "Pa, what are you doing here?"

He realized that his father, who had come over from the forests and mountains of Norway when he was in his 20s and who had worked repairing locks on freight cars in the stock yards for years, still had a lot of life in him!

I believe that my parents met for the first time on a streetcar and so, if I am correct, my very existence is tied up in a way with the old Chicago Surface Lines.

I have many personal memories of the old streetcars.

I remember when it cost only a nickel to ride them. Then it went up to seven cents, then eight cents, and gradually crept up from there.

One time my cousin Artie and I decided we would like to visit the state of Indiana, as neither of us had been there before.

Jerry E. Moe is a Nostalgia Digest subscriber from Valparaiso, Indiana.

CHICAGO'S OLD RED STREETCARS

I recall that we rode for a long, long time on the Western Avenue streetcar (isn't Western the longest street in the world?).

We got on way up on the North Side and rode to the end of the line on the South Side (which was like a foreign country to us), and then we transferred to the Western Avenue bus extension, then transferred again to some East-West bus which took us to the state line.

When we stepped over the line into Indiana we thought it was a really big deal. And all of this for eight cents, each way.

Just before my senior year in high school, my family moved from Edison Park to Irving Park.

I had attended Taft High School, but now was living in the Schurz High School district. But I got permission to finish out my high school at Taft.

This meant that I would have to take the

Irving Park streetcar to the Milwaukee Avenue line to the Northwest Highway bus, and then it was a long walk to school.

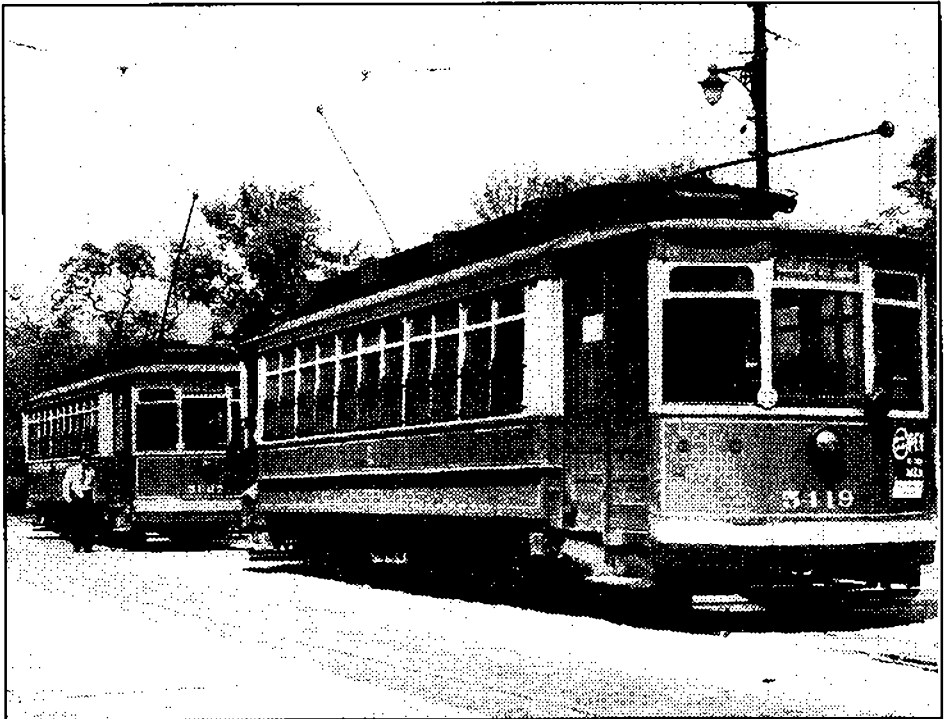
I hated to be late as my first period teacher always locked the door on latecomers, and then I would have to stand there for about ten minutes looking pleadingly through the window waiting for my teacher to open the door.

Well, sometimes I would miss my connections and sometimes, when I hoped the streetcar would go as fast as possible, the trolley would come off the wire and the conductor would have to get out and reposition the trolley.

He would get back in the car and give the overhead cord two pulls to tell the motorman we were ready to go again. And so I was often late.

Remember those transfers with the map of Chicago on them?

As I recall, the line you started on would be printed in red and then you would get a





hole punched at the transfer points, and you were allowed a certain amount of time to complete your journey.

Thinking of transfers reminds me of what happened one day.

Our family and our uncle's family all got on the Diversey Avenue bus together. My Dad and my uncle started arguing about who would pay the fares. Dad said, "No, no, Bill, I'll pay the fares." Then Uncle Bill would reply, "No, no, Walter, I'll pay the fares."

This went on, back and forth, several times until finally, Uncle Bill said, "No, no, Walter, I'll pay the fares — get transfers." This became kind of a family joke from then on. If we got into a discussion about who would pay for meals in a restaurant, or fares, or whatever, invariably someone would say, "No, no, I'll pay — get transfers."

I used to love to ride on the front platform behind the motorman and watch him handle the power lever and clang the bell with his foot.

Those old streetcars could really move. I wonder sometimes why they took them off. They didn't pollute the atmosphere

like the busses do.

And I loved those seats. I don't know what you called the material they were made of — it was some kind of wicker, pressed and laminated, and very sturdy, and golden in color.

Sometimes at rush hours the streetcars would be packed and, if you were standing and couldn't find a seat, you sure needed to hang onto the straps overhead as the car rocked down the street.

I didn't have an automobile in the days when I was dating and so when I took a girl to the beach or the movies, I had to depend on the streetcars. But I lost out sometimes to those guys lucky enough to have their own Model A or whatever!

I went to college in a quiet Iowa farm town and, for a long time, had trouble getting used to not hearing the sound of the Irving Park and Pulaski Road streetcars and the Northwestern trains roaring in the distance.

Although there are no more streetcars in Chicago, when I come into the city and ride the "E" to Wrigley Field, I get the old nostalgic feeling for those dear old "red rocket" streetcars of many years ago. ■



OUR READERS WRITE

WE GET LETTERS

GARY, INDIANA — I just want to say thank you. It's been a long time, but I find myself going out of my way to be by a radio on Saturday afternoon. I enjoyed listening to the radio programs in the forties and fifties and your Saturday program is the "Bee's Knees!" I wish I had found you sooner. Don't stop. — **CYNTHIA RZONCA**

JACKSON, MICHIGAN — Enclosed is my renewal to *Nostalgia Digest*. I can no longer hear you on the radio, but still enjoy the wonderful articles in the magazine. My Mom and Dad always said I would be deaf by the time I reached my fifties from lying on the floor with my ear pressed against the radio speaker. I'm 58, hear well and now listen to old time radio late at night with both ears pressed against a set of ear-phones. I'm glad some things haven't changed much. I have a few questions. Is there a current list available of current Radio Hall of Fame inductees? Has Garrison Keillor of Public Radio's "Prairie Home Companion" ever been inducted? — **BOB METCALF**
(ED. NOTE: Mr. Keillor was inducted into the Radio Hall of Fame in 1994 and the current list of all inductees appears in a free brochure available at the Museum of Broadcast Communications, 78 E. Washington St., Chicago, IL 60602-4801.)

EVANSTON, IL — While sitting around a lazy susan in a Chinese restaurant a few weeks ago, five of us ancient ones who were members of a Chicago Boy Scout Troop (804) circa 1935-40 did a tad of reminiscing. (Just the fact that five of us were present and still in touch with four others around the country, after losing three in World War II, is worth reminiscing alone.) We are all *Those Were The Days* regulars and enjoy the articles in the *Digest*.

However, you have yet to mention the 1930s Rubber Band Guns or the joy of chewing tar dropped in the alley by roofer's mobile tar melters. These tar globs were, of course, carefully picked up from where there was no current evidence of horse apples. We all knew how effective chewing tar was in cleaning teeth. Of course! As to the

Rubber Band Guns, they were made from orange crates, a piece of crate side and two or three rubber bands cut from an inner tube. (A sketch would have been provided herewith, but who's got an orange crate or an inner tube these days?)

Speaking of orange crates, how about the scooters made from them? A 2x4 horizontally, with half a roller skate at each end, a full crate fastened vertically to the front of the 2x4, a cross piece of crate side on top to steer with, and two tomato cans as "headlights."

Hot dog! Boy you could really roll with one of these — pretty fast for an eight to ten year old. Wow! — **JACK KOEFOOT**
(ED. NOTE: Thanks for the memories.)

CHICAGO — Your article on Woolworth's (Oct-Nov, 1997) brought back many memories of how important those stores were in our communities and how they will be missed tremendously. In the Yorkville section of Manhattan where I grew up, the "Five and Ten" was a meeting place where women and kids would meet for a chat. If you went there in the daytime, after school, you'd see the women behind the candy counter preparing for this gathering. They were measuring out five- and ten-cent bags of chocolate stars or kisses, or the round chocolates with the round sprinkles. We all went to the Five and Ten, but you had to buy something. It would be rude not to, so at least a five or ten cent bag of chocolates if there was nothing else you needed that day. What child didn't cry there because mother said, "You don't need that toy" or, sadly, "There is no money for that today." And what teen-age girl did not buy her Tangee Lipstick in the Five and Ten? Later, as a young adult dating my now husband of 44 years, after a Broadway show, we'd go to the Five and Ten on Broadway in the '40s and "pore" over used stamp albums. The girl would give us a cup and the books and we'd put the stamps we wanted into the cup — none higher than three cents each. Thanks for stirring up our memories. It's all part of the fun. — **MRS. RICHARD BLEIER**
(ED. NOTE: Thank you for the memories.)

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HOMEWOOD, IL— Apparently Gildersleeve is alive and well and in the appliance business. This photo was taken in Mystic, Connecticut. —**BRUCE BOERSMA**

MUNSTER, INDIANA— I am 41 years old and, of course, was not around when radio was in its heyday. I would like to share with you how I became a fan of this fascinating form of audio entertainment. In 1968 I was thumbing through my father's current issue of American Legion magazine. In it was a full page advertisement of the Longines Symphonette Society's "Jack Benny's Golden Age of Radio." This collection of records consisted of old radio excerpts of some of the classic shows of comedy, drama, adventure, etc., including famous news bulletins with narration by Mr. Benny himself. The reason I sent for this collection was not just idle curiosity. You see, growing up in the '60s, I was and still am an avid reader. At the public library I checked out a record album of Walt Disney's version of "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea." Listening to this audio version of the story, I found my imagination working as vivid as if I was watching television. I found other records of other stories and listened to them eagerly and enjoyed them very much. Then I found your program and have listened for many years, as well as collecting shows of my own. The imagination is an amazing and extraordinary tool the Good Lord gave us if we use it well. All you have to do is close your eyes and listen. Thanks for your show each Saturday. I'll be listening. —**LEO CHRUBY**

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN— I read with interest your article (Dec 1997-Jan 1998) about the *Those Were The Days Radio Players*. Here in Milwaukee we have been doing the same thing, although not as extensive as you, since 1981. We are an adjunct to the Milwaukee Area Radio

Enthusiasts (MARE), an old time radio club and call ourselves the NightMARE Players. We do this chiefly for the enjoyment and entertainment of club members, but have, however, performed before such dissimilar groups as the Make A Wish Foundation, the Wauwatosa Players, and the Badger Home for the Blind. Like your group we are all amateurs, unlike your group we are non-professional in every sense of the word. We

love old time radio and, by recreating scripts we get the feel of how it might have been. For the most part we have been successful in this endeavor. If any one of us lived in the Chicago area, I am sure some of us would volunteer to be with one of your groups.

—**RON SAYLES**

(ED. NOTE: Glad to hear that you have been active for so long with your NightMARE Players. Perhaps we should try to set up an old time radio reenactment "exchange" and swap performances. Let us know if your group is interested. Contact our coordinator, Janet Hoshaw of Glenview, Illinois at (847) 729-1668. Janet is also the person to call for those in the Chicago area who would like to be part of our *Those Were The Days Radio Players*.)

NOSTALGIA DIGEST AND RADIO GUIDE

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The Nostalgia Digest is published six times a year by THE HALL CLOSET, Box 421, Morton Grove, IL 60053 (847) 965-7763.

Annual subscription rate is \$15 for six issues. A two-year subscription (12 issues) is \$25. Your subscription expires with the issue date noted on the mailing label. A renewal reminder is sent with the last issue of your subscription.

ADDRESS CHANGES should be sent to Nostalgia Digest, Box 421, Morton Grove, IL 60053 **AS SOON AS POSSIBLE**. The Post Office **DOES NOT** automatically forward the Digest which is sent by bulk mail.



Museum of Broadcast Communications

museum pieces

Reported by Margaret Warren

Last winter two giants of Chicago broadcasting hung up their microphones and called it a career.

The Museum played a big part in celebrating the careers of **Wally Phillips** and **Floyd Kalber**.

After more than 40 years on WGN Radio, and most of those years as a morning man, Wally Phillips broadcast his last scheduled program on Sunday, January 25 from the fan-packed Radio Hall of Fame studio in the Chicago Cultural Center. It was standing room only and then some as the studio audience spilled out into the hall and then into the surrounding museum exhibit areas.

During his final four-hour broadcast, Wally took good wishes and shared memories with dozens of celebrities, station colleagues and fans over the phone and in the studio. The tribute lasted far beyond the 1 p.m. program sign-off as scores of fans lined up for their own private moment with Wally — a word, a photo, an autograph.

LATER THAT WEEK the Museum paid tribute to Floyd Kalber in a special evening session hosted by museum founder and president Bruce DuMont. They chatted about



WALLY PHILLIPS (center) pauses for a commercial word from **Floyd Brown** (standing) as he plays host to former Chicago TV personality **Lee Phillip** and her husband, writer/producer **Bill Bell**.

Floyd's long career that took him from Nebraska to Channel 5 in Chicago to the Today Show in New York and back to Chicago and Channel 7.

More than 200 fans, colleagues and Kalber family members filled the Cultural Center Theatre and then stayed for a lavish reception that followed.

Retirement seems a strange term to apply to these men who have entertained and informed us for most of the last half-century.

We wish them well and ask them to stay in touch.

Recordings of these milestone events have been placed in the archives of the Museum.

Museum of Broadcast Communications

Chicago Cultural Center

Michigan Avenue at Washington Street

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PHOTO BY JEFF BROWN

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← **WAYNE KING, THE WALTZ KING**

was a Chicagoland musical favorite for many years. Read the article
by Richard V. Sandburg, page 26.

**BOB HOPE
THE ROAD TO LAUGHTER**

By Clair Schulz
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CHARACTER ACTORS

By Bob Kolososki
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RADIO'S SMALL SPONSORS

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