

WBTattler

VOL. ONE, NUMBER ONE

CHARLOTTE, N.C.

February 5, 1943

BIG WIND WRECKS WBT TRANSMITTER TOWER

A big wind blowing at (censored) miles an hour, last (censored) knocked the top from WBT's transmitter tower. The structure which sends out all of WBT's splendid programs (Adv.) was stripped of about (censored) feet off the top. WBT was off the air from 7:03 PM until 10:08 PM. (How did THAT ever get by the censor?)

Working like Trojans (that's the way it's usually expressed, isn't it?) A.D. (Jess) Willard Jr., new WBT boss, pitched into his car, arrived at the transmitter, then pitched in and gave the boys a hand. (He used to be a baseball catcher in college.) In case you're wondering what the final "S" in the word Trojans refers to, it means the other boys who helped do the job. They were (censored) and (censored) and Scotty.

(Sorry these had to be censored, they are key men, and we don't want anyone to know who our key men are.)

It has been rumored that a contributing factor to the demolishing of the tip of the tower was Sandy Becker giving a commercial for Tums. Made it sound so real that the burp just naturally went out over the air. And it takes very little imagination to realize what a 50,000 watt burp will do.

You will all be relieved to hear that Slim Hathaway and a crew from New York came down, and after some delay getting the WPB to give us permission to use our own material, they got the tower back into working order again, and now WBT can be heard farther than ever. In fact, just the other night it was heard clearly in (censored). Well, it was!



Here's WBT's new boss, on the right. The gent on the left is Dr. Frank Stanton, CBS VP, who is taking over Meff Runyon's job for the duration.

...

FIRST OFFICIAL COMMUNIQUE
by
A.D. Willard Jr.

I think, by and large, the Staff is to be congratulated on the current condition of the Daily Bull Sheets. Our average has been better than it was. I am pleased with it, and I want you to know that I appreciate the conscientious effort that has made this improvement possible.
(Continues on pg.2)



WBTattler

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Published monthly in the interest of the Staff.
 WBT Charlotte, N.C. *R.D. Willard, Jr., General Manager*

EDITORIAL

This, my friends, is the first edition of the WBTattler. The idea behind the whole thing is to keep you fellows in uniform up to date on what's going on around the old Alma Mater. It's an idea that's been rattling around in the heads of a good many of us for quite some time now. And it finally took the unstinting cooperation and whole-hearted approval of our new Boss, Jess Willard, to actually get it into print.

We've had to get this first Edition up in more or less of a rush, and consequently haven't been able to do the job on it we would like to have done, but it will give you an idea of what's to come, and a sample of what's in store in future Editions. So let's just say that this first Edition is a sample. And let's see what we can do in issue two.

We want all of you folks to feel that this is YOUR paper. We'd like you all to contribute to it. We'd like to get interesting stories from members of the present staff, and we'd appreciate letters of interesting or amusing anecdotes from you boys in the service. How about it?

Send in anything you think will be of interest to the greatest number of people. Address all communications to the Editor, care of WBT.

Next issue out March 5th. Story and material deadline February 26.



YE EDITOR'S APPROACHING DEADLINE

I must go out to Press again,
 Weary and blank am I
 And all I asked was a little squib,
 An epic, a verse, a lie,
 With a little sense of things that print
 Or words that might get by.

I must go out to Press again
 For the call of the Great 'BT
 Is a cat-call, and a loud call,
 And will not let me be.
 And all I asked was a thought or two
 From a leering, fellow-loafer,
 To fill a gap - just one would do -
 'Til this d----- thing's over.

But here I go out to Press again -
 Weary and blank am I,
 With nary a squib, or epic, or verse --
 And Brother -- that's no lie!

Audrey Summers
 (Apologies to Masefield)

more OFFICIAL COMMUNIQUE (Cont. from pg.1)

While we are on the subject, a word of admonition. These are trying times; business is becoming increasingly difficult to get; bulls annoy and aggravate the advertiser, the agency, and the management of your Station; it is possible for small errors in these days to irritate already difficult situations so that they cost us business which can never be replaced. Make it your business never to let down for an instant while you are on duty. Our advertisers and the Station are entitled to your best effort; anything less isn't enough.

One more thing - don't gripe when I gripe. I think it was Cyrus McCormick who said to one of his employees, whom he had called up on the carpet, "Don't be sore; I don't waste time picking spots out of rotten apples." If I didn't think you had ability and weren't the best man or woman for the job that WBT could get, I'd never waste time, mine or yours, trying to improve your work. Thus endeth the first lesson!

"AS I SEE IT"
by
The Office Snoop

There's a rumor going around that that there army is not all that it's cracked up to be. But that there rumor is a lie. I had ample proof of that the other day when PFC Clarence Eters walked into the studio. He looked fine in his uniform with its jaunty garrison cap. And just to prove to you that the army does agree with its men, when Eters took off his hat -- there was actually some fuzz growing on that shiny pate of his. I've heard of guys losing their hair from worry, but that was the first time I ever heard of a guy GROWING hair. Must be the Army food, or maybe it's the Colonel's daughter. The one Clarence has a date with next Friday nite.

A couple of bars walked into Crutchfield's office last week. No - he wasn't just seeing things after his recent New York trip. The two bars were on the stalwart shoulders of Captain Al Garr who dropped in for a visit. You all remember Al, he's the guy with the sweet tenor voice that used to sing up here.

WBters continue to shine on the local stage. Little Theater announces its next play to be "Room Service." The leads will be handled by Kay Owsley - pardon me - Mrs. Kathleen Glass, and Jack Knell.

And how about that little item that may have escaped your notice? You know, the one about Sis Torrence marrying a guy from Albany, New York. A Yankee yet! Oh, well, that's what living at home will do for a gal. And after all, it wasn't Jack's fault that he was sent way out to Victorville, California.

Elmer Warren's suing Jack Knell for a tidy sum. Elmer snapped some fotos of Jack. Elmer now needs a new camera.



Radio Sales man R.E.Penny
says
"I'm Prepared for anything"

Promotion boss Bill - er pardon, William MacGregor Parker, Jr., in discussing his son Mac - pardon again, William MacGregor Parker Third, remarked that he thought he might be in the market for a William MacGregor Parker Fourth before long. What'll you bet it'll be Williamina Parker?

Fran MoLeod going around lately with a face 'way down to here. When asked why the sad expression, she just shrugged those lovely shoulders. Bet it's because New River is soooo farrrr away.

see more SNOOP pg 4

THE LOVE BUG BITES WBT

by

Adele McCarty

There's one myth that WBT seems to have knocked for a complete loop....the one that it's in the spring a young man's fancy turns...etc. My relations with this great voice of the Southland have run through every season of the year except the spring, and if there's more love in bloom in the spring than in the summer, autumn and winter, believe me 'twill be a conflagration.

Just look at what's happened.

In the middle of one of those heat waves last summer....the things that usually have the effect of complete enervation....Sandy Becker (the lone eligible bachelor of the Station) went off on a little week-end trip and came back a married man. Heat, cold, rain or shine have no effect whatsoever on that slightly dewey look Frances McLeod has been wearing, and the letters from Parris Island have been arriving with an appalling regularity. We can't say so much for the regularity of those letters from "Somewhere in the South Pacific" signed "Ralph," but when they do come, they come in bunches, and Ann Dichtenmueller's smile fairly bubbles and she talks with slightly baited breath of "soon."

Then, it was back in a rather bleak October that "handsome" (apologies to Crutch) Claude Casey took a little trip one Sunday and we had another married man. The girl, Ruth Helen Derrick, by now quite used to being Mrs. Claude Casey.

And Lib Hahn, the pride and joy of the Sales Department, has that far away look and secret smile at the very mention of a place called England. For awhile it had us puzzled, but now the secret is out. Name?...Gordon Golding, ex ad man of the Charlotte Observer. And rumor hath it, and as they say, from authoritative sources, that Frances O'Daniel and a young man whose only WBT identification is Fort Jackson are making plans.

Actually, it's getting to be a fever. Betty Porter of the switchboard Porters took a day and a half off last week. Everybody knew Charlie was in town (results of a broken arm) and we all figured it was wedding bells. She denies it profusely, but we're not convinced, because, you see, Kay was just as profuse in her denials. But 'twas a lie, She took two days off last December, re-
WBT just ..."Oh, be silly!" Sunday the ferth with Harvey
Harvey an-marriage daughter
So now it's Mrs. Officer Candidate Thomas S. Glass, and, to quote, "she love it."



THE BRIDE

turned to old full of denial! my dear, don't But a week ago Observer burst "Mr. & Mrs. Betterton Ows-nounce the of their Kathleen...."

So that's the way it goes, and goes, Me? No, I've got to plead "not guilty" drat it.

more SNOOP

Ann Dichtenmueller got a billet doux from her Ralph recently. Very formal. Army regulations, you know. However, he did remark that the "Ann #1" was no longer in existence. It is now the "Ann #2." If this bewilders you, we hasten to add that Anns #1 & 2 were and are bombers in which Ralph does a bit of flying down MacArthur's way.

Gotta sign off now - getting near time to go home. You know, walk up to the corner, wait for about 45 minutes while three busses pass you by loaded to the gills. Then home to a house that's kept at 65 degrees because of a lack of fuel oil. Then sit down to a meatless supper. Go to bed early because it's too cool to sit up. Hey there soldier - any more room in that man's army for a poor civilian?

See you next time.

"WHO'S WHERE?"

by
Bill Parker

Just supposin' that some of you guys 'n' gals haven't heard about all the promotions and achievements the 'BT fellows now working for Uncle Sam (and you) have been getting, here's a quick re-cap. If anybody's missed, please bring us up to date:

Xmtr man Somers S. Smith, (first to go from WBT) penned in from somewhere the other day to tell us he'd received some of our communiques, and to add an "incidentally ole Cap'n Smitty is a Major now! Said the Major...(who was formerly CO of the Hq. Bat. 113th F.A., 30th Div.) ..."my promotion takes me out of combat duty (shootin') and places me in charge of the electrical repair division. And boy we repair everything that's got a piece of wire in it or on it! Sure do hate to have to give up combat and all the swell guys I've been working with. Getting homesick for the old gang..... Why don't you drop ol' Smitty a line now and then?"...The payoff comes with this: Smitty is censor for his own letters!...and wouldn't even hint as to what part of the world he's in. Good censor. If you want to write, here's the code:--
MAJOR SOMERS S. SMITH, 70th Signal Co.,
APO 869, Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

Jack Williams, ex-page, ex-transcriptions, is a Lieutenant now, SIR! Jack went out to Southern California for his pre-flight and while there found time to put in a couple of nights at the Hollywood Canteen ...swears he danced with Marleen Dietrich and Ann Sheridan...what's more, I believe him, the lucky devil! But that didn't throw Jack into a tailspin so he won his wings and his gold bars! Nice goin' fella ...Address epistles to Jack thus:
LT. JACK WILLIAMS, 43-6, L.V.A.G.S.,
Las Vegas, Nevada

Bill Aoker (Reggie's son) still doing plenty to the Japs out in the So. Pacific. We get letters from Bill occasionally -- all plenty encouraging to us...as well as to his Mom n' Pop. Bill has been eliminating his quota of enemy from the isle of Tulagi -- the Solomons hot-spot -- so he'll have plenty to tell when this busi-

ness is over...Keep 'em dropping, Bill!
When writing, it's --
PFC BILL ACKER, U. S. Marine Corps,
Unit 425, Postmaster, San Francisco,
California.

Ollie Summerlin, lending his talents to the Navy for the duration, says he likes the work just fine...but they're working him to shreds. He's a member of the engineering staff of Naval Air Station, Quonset Point, R.I. Control room and all of us know he's doing his usual excellent work. Address him ---

? OLIVER SUMMERLIN
177 Natick Avenue, Greenwood, R.I.

Clarence Eppers? A soft snap, they tell me...with plenty of chance for gold-bricking! Not that Clarence would, of course...The old keyboard man is probably a corporal by now...and doing public relations work at Ft. Jackson, we think. He dropped in for a chat a short time ago, with just as much mischief in his eye as ever. Address hellos....

PFC CLARENCE ETTERS, Hq. Co. Reception
Center, Ft. Jackson, S. C.

Fred Hayward married a gorgeous gal!!! (Ruth Covington of Charlotte. Tied the knot last August 10 at York.) You remember the girl -- a dazzler -- behind Jewelry at Belks? Whew! And you parlor Dan'l Boones listen to this: Fred has just qualified as 1st Class Gunner, or Sharpshooter, on the Garand, the officer's carbine, Thompson submachine and Remington light mch.! Put that in your clip and fire it! And he's prospective 2nd Louie too! Fred will get your letter at:
O.C.S. FRED HAYWARD, 10th Co.,
2nd S. T. Reg., Fort Benning, Georgia

Sure would like to hear from Leonard Query. His last note said he was being sent to that graaceett state of Arkansas ...What happened Leonard? How're you doin' fella? Let us know. Believe this is it--

? LEONARD QUERY, Co. A., 51st Bn.
11th Training Reg., Camp Robinson,
Ark.

(cont. next page)

Folks this here is a self-portrait of Dick Pitts, who used to do a Hollywood show here at WBT and also was a star reporter for The Charlotte Observer.

Dick is now located at Jefferson Barracks Missouri. If you care to write you must be sure to address Rufus R. Pitts. The "Rufus" being Dick's real name.

Dick will be remembered for his sterling performances at Charlotte's Little Theater. And from letters received at WBT, he's still playing the villain in the army.

They've had Dick doing every thing from K.P. to custodian of the latrine. But, the Army is good to its men, and Pitts is beginning to put on some weight.

This is Pitt's idea of how he looks.



Glamour Gal Kassie Massie leaves WBT to go to Washington. Nope, not a boy friend, not a government job, not a vacation. Just to be with her Mammy and Pappy. Look out Washington Hyar she comes!

If Bob Forrest's dogged determination outlasts the bad weather and his pocket-book keeps up with both, he will solo pretty soon. Bob has over 8 hours in the air at Plaza Airport.

Now we know why Royal Penny never misses one of those Radio Sales Meetings. You should hear the recordings he brought back recently. Dwight Fisk's Ditties are nursery rimes by comparison!

Olin Tice, who last week traded his WBT berth for a mess of wattage at WJSV is already being heard on the afternoon soap operas, reading commercials via The Dixie Net.



"Who's Where?" (cont)

Bobby Fisher's doing ditto on good work. First he went to Florida for his prelim training and then qualified for radio operator...and got sent to the frozen north...for further training. He likes it fine...all except the outside temperature which he says is unmentionably low. He'll pop out of that region a full-fledged radio engineer any day now. Gets his mail:

? BOBBY FISHER (or Robert)
647 T. S. S. (sp) Barracks 2629
Truax Field, Madison, Wisc.

JACK PHIPPS is another one of the lads at Officers Candidate School. Have you learned to like the army yet, Jack? I guess it's a case of "when in Rome, etc., etc." Write to us, Jack, and let us know what gives. His Address: Squadron 5, Group A, OCS, Miami Beach, Florida

SPORTS

by

LEE KIRBY

The sports picture in Charlotte, while still clear for the immediate future, gives indications of dark forebodings for the not too distant future, especially as far as Baseball is concerned. Charlotte is a city without an organized Baseball team. The Piedmont League now consists of five Virginia cities and Durham - a six-club circuit. There was some talk of a class D loop for this vicinity, comprised of teams from Charlotte, Gastonia, Concord, Rock Hill, Kannapolis and possibly Albemarle, but there has been nothing definite done along these lines. So it appears, for the first time since 1926, Charlotte will have no Baseball team.

The Golden Gloves Tournament gets under way here February 18, 19 and 20. Only one of last year's champions is returning - he is Cliff Smith who is acting as coach of the YMCA group. Outside of Smitty, most of the rest of the entrants are expected to be newcomers to this event. Interest is high here, as it always has been, in this exciting, colorful spectacle and a capacity house is assured for all three days of the meet.

That will be about all in the way of sports we will have to look forward to until the Southern Conference Basketball Tournament which will be held, as usual, in Raleigh the first week of March. So, all in all, it begins to look as if Gin Rummy will be the number one sport for awhile, at least here at WBT.

Gordon Eaton, now at CBS - NY, is doing OWI shortwave Broadcasts occasionally and made the sound track for a recent Paramount Newsreel. He reports that Bill (Red) Kerr, former night switchboard operator here, is still at NBC - Radio City

Today's Bouquet of Decibels goes to Thelma Haigler, for being the most consistently cheerful and capable hired hand we have noticed around the place.



WBT's Ramblers are herewith shown in all their glory. The reason for printing these four mugs in our first Edition is that the boys probably won't be around here by the time our next Edition comes out.

They're on their way to Hollywood to make another picture.

For the benefit of youse guys who don't know who the NEW Ramblers, they are, left to right - top Claude Casey and Don White. Bottom - Jack Gillette and Cecil "Curly" Campbell.

In spite of appearances, Curly is still alive. The photograph was not taken posthumously.

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WIE (WRIGLEY)(LOCAL CLOSING CUT IN)

(25 WDS)(EULOVA WATCH CO)

HUNT (GEN. ELECTRIC)

The gal's still living in the past.

Years ago I played piano
and sang on W B T
When the Dixie Network tried
to make a go,
And a boy by the name of Crutchfield
came to Charlotte just to see
If they had a place for him in radio.

He was fired with ambition,
was all set to make his way,
No job too tough for him
to do, and so
There's a moral to the story,
for you'll find him here today,
Head hill-billy on the Briar-
hopper show.

Grady Cole was among those present,
and he always read the news,
Made fifty bucks a week when
things were nice.
Now he gets special citations
and Variety reviews,
And the farmers till the soil
by his advice.

The rest of the gang has puched
Along, and done all right, by heck,
And I miss them all, but just the
same, it's grand,
They've been replaced by the nicest
Bunch of folks you could expect
To find in any station in the land.

Me? I kicked around in radio, hit
the big time once or twice,
There've been times when old Dame
Fortune smiled on me.
But I'd like to say right here and
now I find it pretty nice
To be back at work again on
old ' B T.

Willard's the brand new manager,
an old boss man of mine,
The swellest guy, there's no one
in his class,
And an old familiar note rings out,
and keeps me feeling fine, --
The same old engineers look
through the glass.

I've joined the announcers staff
for forty hours a week,
With Kirby, Becker, Walters,
Hunt and newsman Knell,
Just as satisfied and heppy as
a fish is in a creek,
And the rest of radio can go
to well,

It's mighty good to be here,
and this time I mean to stay,
Just as long as they will let
me hang around.
From soap operas down to station
breaks I'll speak my piece each day,
'Cause from now on, here's
where Walker can be found.

--Larry Walker

WBT's Hall of Fame



Pinhead Casey



Adolf Gillette

"words of wisdom"

Curley Campbell (after playing a tune
on a rubber hose): "It's a helluva way
to make a livin'!".....Amen, Brother.

See You Next Month! - Ye Ed.