Pennsylvania Radio

by

Charles Archibald Moore

DuBois radio pioneer Charles A. Moore dies

DuBOIS — Charles Archibald Moore, a morning radio announcer in DuBois for more than 30 years and the author of two books, died Sunday.

MOORE

Moore, 66, of 131 E. Weber Ave., DuBois, died at his home.

He was retired from his position as a radio announcer from WCED and WDBA. His trademark on radio was the rattling off of names and short sentences about friends, neighbors, people ill in hospitals and those he affectionately called "the little people," according to a news article published shortly after his retirement.

He wrote a book called "Pennsylvania Radio," a reprise of the early days of radio in the state.

He was a member of the Christian and Missionary Alliance Church, where he was a deacon. He was a member of the Hospice board, the Fellowship of [illegible] Christian Athletes, where he was a Clearfield County board member, a former active supporter of the Boy Scouts Troop No. 26 and Order of the Arrow, and a volunteer at the DuBois Nursing Home and for Meals on Wheels.

He was a U.S. Navy veteran of World War II.

He was born on Aug. 29, 1926, in Pittsburgh, the son of the late Maxwell Moore and Irene Osborne. He was married to Erma (Reed) Moore. She survives.

In addition to his wife, he is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Norman (Linda) Spencer of Northhampton, Mass., and Mrs. James (Irene) Hartzfeld of DuBois; two sons, the Rev. Paul Moore of Beaver Falls, and the Rev. Ed Moore of Bayside, N.Y.; and six grandchildren.

Death notices

MOORE: Charles Archibald, of 131 E. Weber Ave., DuBois, died Sept. 13, 1992. Friends will be received at the Mohney-Yargar Funeral Chapel Inc., DuBois, Monday from 7-9 p.m., Tuesday from 2-4 and 7-9 p.m. and until 9:30 a.m. Wednesday. Funeral Services will be conducted Wednesday at 11 a.m. from the Christian and Missionary Alliance Church with the Rev. Clarence Croscutt officiating. Burial will follow in Morningside Cemetery. Memorial donations may be made to the Charles Moore Memorial Fund for the Needy or the Alliance Foreign Mission Fund, both in care of the DuBois Christian and Missionary Alliance Church, 1004 S. Main St., Ext., DuBois, Pa 15801.

FOREWARD

Charles Archibald Moore shares experiences and impressions as they have evolved from behind the microphone in his lifetime "on the air."

From New York to Florida and back to Pennsylvania, Charlie has labored to sell the sponsors' products but more often (no pun intended) to sell the glory of God and the need to "put one's faith and trust in Jesus Christ and His precious blood."

This gracious broadcaster has touched the lives of many ordinary people in Western Pennsylvania and has also encountered some of the famous in his interviews. He has never had the ability to ignore people or their needs.

In his retirement, he'll continue to speak for the "little guy" as well as for the prominent people he'll meet.

He displays what one man can do when touched by the Spirit of God.

W E Greene MD
DuBois Pa

MY LIFETIME FRIEND

Raymond Franson was the Associate Manager of the Woolworth Store in DuBois until the store was destroyed by fire in 1960. He was then transferred to Quakertown, Pennsylvania - later he was promoted to the Plymouth Meeting Mall in the Philadelphia area. He had 26 years of service with the Company.

During World War II Raymond Franson served four years as a Surgical Technician #861. In America he served in the Walter Reed Army Hospital in Washington, D.C. and the Hallaron Hospital in New York. He had Service Medals from the Americans - Middle East - Asiatic Pacific - European African.

The Army offered Raymond a scholarship to a Medical College in Denver Colorado - but, he turned it down. (It would have been an answer to his Mother's prayers!)

In my lifetime, when I read many a book, I was prompted to read a chapter or two and then turn to the last chapter to see how it turned out. I hope you won't do this with my expose.

To me, it has always been so much like the human race - for a kid, my kids, all four of them and my dear wife, when we would head for Ocean City, New Jersey. THIS IS THE SHORE!! We went for our summers there, sixteen years, and I got the feeling when you died, you didn't go to Heaven; you went to Ocean City, Wildwood or Atlantic City and the diving horse.

Always, the first day on the Boardwalk, we would walk out with our sandpails, suntan lotion, blankets, and lunch and we would look down over the railing and like a new driver (they say you can always tell a new auto driver by the expression on their face); well, the same thing applies to a snow-white sunbather. We would look over the side at the great mass of humanity down on the sand and make a wry face saying, "I don't want to go down there among those thousands on the beach." We would make the wry face, it's too crowded, yet after we went down, after eighteen minutes sitting there, we didn't know any different. Why, it was just like home and then we would turn and look at other people who had just come to the Boardwalk, scowling as they looked down at the crowd and wondered, "why are those people doing that."

The same thing is true about small-time radio. Small-time radio is like the beach to the average announcer. I'm Charles Archibald Moore. I live in a place called DuBois, Pennsylvania and I've worked, at my own admission, for nineteen radio stations, starting in 1945, at age eighteen, with the CBS station in DuBois, Pennsylvania. DuBois means "the French of the woods." Nobody ever heard of it. You tell them and look them straight in the eye (one brown eye and one blue eye) and say, "Tom Mix, the famous cowboy movie star came from here." It still didn't

register anything. Then, you say, "Johnny Jones, he had the biggest carnival in the world and he said DuBois was the capital of the world." It still doesn't ring a bell.

Several things about small-time radio - there are always several things that I would like to get across. One, there is no school that teaches the new announcer. In other words, when you started in the 40's, the school of announcing itself came from the "College of Hard Knocks." There have always been, and will always be, school teachers who work on weekends and do baseball broadcasts, football in the fall, basketball and wrestling in the winter and track in the spring. They seemingly are attracted to radio. They like to teach, but they also like to do radio. Young men and women who came out of college, and in those days went into AM-FM radio, they had one single thought on their mind. If they were living at home, they wouldn't tell their own mother; they wouldn't tell their girlfriend and if they were married, they wouldn't tell their wife, "Someday, I'm going to the network and soon!" Now, the luster does wear off and it wears off in a hurry; after they work the first short six months. Like the theater, the money has always been very poor for the local announcers and I guess maybe it always will.

Second, it takes only a few Sunday mornings, a few Sunday evenings, plus Christmas Day, New Year's Day, Easter, Memorial Day, Fourth of July, Labor Day and every other holiday, to kill off the luster of making it big as an announcer.

The greatest lie ever told man or beast was when someone back in the years gone by, in early KDKA, looked at the announcer and said, "You're just as good as the fellows on the Network!" This is the greatest lie that has ever been perpetrated. It is true that you have to pay your dues in radio. That is if you want to make it either in small-time or big-time radio, but many, of course, are the breaks. What they never tell you is that you have to move in order to go up the ladder. It was my task to work at nineteen radio stations in forty-five years. The last two stations, I stayed fifteen years each, so, I finally settled down but I said it was too late.

I went through the mill of sending countless old-fashioned 78 audition discs. These were made in the local studio and on these discs, you had to pull the thread off them or they would automatically stick. This was back as far as 1945. Then the wire tape came in. We used those in 1946 and 1947. It was like a thread and it was highly unsuccessful but that was all we had. In 1948, the Germans had invented

what we called reel-to-reel. The average announcer would go from a place called Punxsutawney, Pennsylvania (I used to work there - in fact, I worked at two stations in Punxsy), over to New Mexico, for $5.00 more a week. Then, they would contemplate everything but the cost of living and dragging their family half way or three-quarters of the way across the nation. They would be there six weeks and then they would be answering an ad in what they called Broadcast Magazine and a job would open in Douglas, Georgia. So, it was off to Douglas, Georgia. And then off to Northampton, Massachusetts. You name the town and we have sent tapes to that town!

In 1945, the war was still going on. I was able to get in radio at age eighteen. The starting wage was $21.65 per week for six nights until midnight, two mornings and two afternoons. The task (six nights a week when the network was on) was to type commercials for five straight hours. During the war, and this is noteworthy, we never were permitted to give the weather as it could have been help to the enemy. I never could quite figure this out because we were only a radius of fifty miles, and I just don't know where the enemy was here in Western Pennsylvania.

A small-time radio announcer was, is, and will always be a dreamer: Dreaming of making megabucks; dreaming of a new car; dreaming of a new home; dreaming of all the things that the thirty pieces of silver would buy.

The local factory, the telephone company, the electric company or any of the utilities and the police - they had a way of getting ahead in the different phases of employment. In a few years, they were pulling down fair money and a living wage, but the announcer was always, on a dollar-basis, very slow and very far behind.

There was an engineer here in the early 40's and he went out to dinner with a minister. While he went to dinner, the minister's wife said, "I'm not fixing dinner for my husband tonight because he is having dinner with a radio engineer." I thought about that over and over again because I know he was only making $20.00 a week. The thought entered my mind that in radio, when the other fellow gets ahead in another industry, such as the utilities or the local factory, I would catch up later. After all, someone said I was just as good as the guy on the "Net." Well, when do you give up? When do you know it was all a childish dream? The hopes,

Charlie and wife Erma

the big cheap talk, the aspirations; they are all gone down the drain and a 9-to-5 job looks much better for security - BETTER and BETTER!

In 1945, it was not the fact that you were an announcer or a DJ. Later, this came and when you would go in, they would say, "Are you a personality, are you a disc jockey or are you an announcer?" Now, you were all things to all people. You sold advertising; you did 1,001 remotes - the hog auction down in Douglas, Georgia; the hot tobacco barn in the July months of August in the heat (it gets hot in Georgia); the beauty pageant at Ocean City; standing for hours on top of an old bread truck doing a live race and the cars went past you, about twelve feet past you; and the automobiles at the hot rod races all summer and late into the fall at a place called Port Royal, Pennsylvania with WJUN in Mexico, Pennsylvania.

Port Royal had eight hundred people; race time on Saturday night, they had eight thousand people. I, Charles Moore, had Car #22. I owned a car and on the side, I had a beautiful girl in a bikini with the words printed, "Young Girl Wanted - Apply at the Side Door." The car never would run a race and win in three long years.

There were remotes out on Long Island at the huge shopping centers, for Bohack Meat Markets of Long Island, Brooklyn and the Queens, and the Security National Bank. We did over two thousand remotes; a lot of them were fun; a lot of them were trouble.

We worked many years at the Florida State Fair in Tampa, the Palomento Fair, Allegheny County Fair in Pittsburgh, the Toronto, Canada CNE and the local fair at Clearfield, Pennsylvania where Bob Hope came a few years ago. He had eight motorcycles in front of his Lincoln and eight motorcycles after his Lincoln. Bob Hope came up on the stage and he said, "I have to have the sixteen policemen on motorcycles because this is my own country."

I worked in 1947 with a very bright boy from Altoona at a radio station called WFBG. His name was Dick Gibbany. Dick Gibbany went on to education after that and I always remembered what he said, "If you are ever in front of a live microphone and you have nothing to say, say BOO!!" And that is what I have always taken over the years.

I've worked in small radio stations with many ministers. The ministers, in church are the ones who say, "I'm your pastor," but when you put them on the air,

they are in an entirely different realm. We had a minister by the name of Henry Ditter. His heart was in the pulpit but his pocketbook was dedicated to work in radio and he fancied himself to be a big game hunter (bear and deer) in Pennsylvania. He took his wife, a trusting soul, in 1945, over near Brockway, Pennsylvania. In those days, the State game lands were dense. There were very few farms, no houses at all, and few roads, just mountains and trees. Well, Pastor Henry Ditter took his wife unwillingly out hunting one day early in December. He shot at an eight-point buck and thought he hit it, but he missed it. But anyhow, he said to his wife, "Stay here!" and he ran off into the woods. She did stay; but several hours later, he could not find her. So, the fire company turned out, the airplane spotters of World War II turned out and the farmers. They hunted and hunted and finally found her after many hours.

Radio, as far as small-time radio is concerned, has always been a struggle. It has always been hard, hard living and it is always the hope and expectation that someday you will get a break and someday you will go on. The small-time radio announcer - there was no rule of thumb for anybody to teach you right from wrong. To the local boys coming in, it was bad, bad news to form the air habits that later were very hard to break. One had to be an announcer in those days. We also had to be an actor. We had a station manager here in DuBois, at WCED, whose name was Les Ryder. He had a burning passion in life to be Ernest Hemmingway II. Twelve months a year, every Sunday night, he wrote a soap opera. He directed it, acted in it and played the violin. It was called "Sunday in Happy Valley." This had to be the corniest program that was ever put on the radio. You will remember, in those days, there was a station in Pittsburgh (KDKA), in Greensburg (WHJB), in Altoona (WFBG), and a station in DuBois (WCED). That's all there was in this part of Pennsylvania. We had thousands of listeners in 1945, 1946 and 1947. "Sunday in Happy Valley," I'll tell you, we had more corn than they had in all of Clearfield County. He took his program, recorded it and sent it off several times to CBS in New York. I can't figure out, to this day, why we were not the summer replacement for Fibber Magee and Molly; I Love a Mystery; Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons; the Lux Radio Theater; The FBI; Peace & War; or Irene Rich for Grape Juice (she weighs no more today than she did at age 16). Happy Valley - what an experience! One of

the young ladies who played in Happy Valley was Helen Slatta. She was a graduate of Penn State and a highly talented girl who came from Sykesville, Pennsylvania. A boy by the name of Frank Farrell, highly intelligent; he later went on to California in television and did very well. He was a young man with great talent, Frank Farrell. Station Manager, Les Ryder, had a dream, like Martin Luther King. His dream was to have the Hospital Hour at noon, from 12:00 - 1:00, at the two local hospitals, the Catholic Hospital (DuBois Hospital) and the Maple Avenue Hospital. We would go in (you won't believe this) on the air live and talk to people who had been operated on Friday and Saturday. AND THIS IS TRUE! I will never forget my first program. I went in to an old coal miner. And there I was, at age eighteen, with my WCED microphone in hand and handed him the microphone and I said, "What are you in for?" He said, "They just cut out my piles." Well, that's not exactly the thing that you want with Sunday dinner. Another one, I said to a man, "Where do you work?" He said, "I work in the mines." I said, "Do you have anything to say to the people at home?" He said, "Yes, Jim, bring up my razor." Another woman was groaning in pain and I said, "My dear, when were you operated on?" and she said, "Friday afternoon." I said, "What was your trouble?" "OHH, OHHHH," she said, "I had a hysterectomy!" and I thought, this just isn't right but it was on the air for almost two years. The Hospital Hour and Les Ryder thought that was IT!! We were the only station in the United States - WCED, DuBois, Pennsylvania - the only station that did a live program from each of the hospitals with people who had just been operated on. WOW!

Local people who listened were much kinder in yesterseasons, such as the early and mid-40's than they are today; no hate mail, no hate telephone calls.

In the first twelve years, the largest amount of money I ever received in the mail was a $5.00 bill from Mrs. Don Laborde. Her name was Ann Laborde and she was a hairdresser and I thought I was a millionaire. $5.00 in twelve years!!

There was no talent fee for a program or a remote. I worked for $41.47 a week with a wife, two children and an old Buick. We made $1,700 a year and we were much happier in those days than I was the night with Patty Duke on the United States Steel Hour or CBS television in New York, and then again with Bob Consadine of the New York newspaper when we were on the Tonight Show. We did

Erma Mae Reed
KQV Radio, Pittsburgh, PA

Lowell Thomas from our studios out on Long Island, WGSM, Huntington, Long Island. Lowell Thomas said, "Charles, would you come out and hear my program on Tibet tonight?" I said, "I would be thrilled!" I went home, changed my clothes, put on my Lyndon B. Johnson white stetson hat and a light topcoat. I ran sixteen blocks, came to the school, leaped up on the porch and it was a dark October night. Lowell Thomas was talking to two people and he turned around and said, "This is Charles Moore." I couldn't remember my name. I will never remember how Lowell Thomas did it.

Hillbilly programs in countless states have always been a fill-in for local radio stations. My wife, Erma Reed Moore, started on WHJB, a great country station in Greensburg, Pennsylvania, back in 1939. Later, she went to Pittsburgh and was on KQV, one of the highlights of her early career and then she formed a four-piece girl band, Erma Mae and the Melodiers. She went to Columbus and on to Buffalo and did very well. Erma said one young man that she worked with had been with the Sons of the Pioneers; his name was Chuck Woods and he was highly talented.

Local announcers who have worked with more than one station can lapse into memory on a hot afternoon in August and give the wrong call letters. Now this was not my besetting sin. In 1945, when Roosevelt died in Georgia, In April, I opened my microphone and said, "The President is dead. Mr. Roosevelt was found in the fireplace at Warm Springs, Georgia." the station manager rushed in and said, "I think he was found by the fireplace, not in it." We did many of those programs, drum and bugle corps championships, horse shows and live parades. The worst mistake I ever made in forty-five years was at the Hummingbird Speedway in Reynoldsville for Lou Caltagarone. I said live on the radio on Friday afternoon, the "fart" of the race will be at 8:00, and I just couldn't call it back. OH MY! OH MY!!!

We had more live bands in the 1945, 1946, 1947 and 1948 era than you could shake a stick at. Even here in our little town of DuBois, we had the Polish Americans and there must have been more than twenty beautiful colored costumes, classy Polkas and we learned much about our Polish American friends and still enjoy them.

There was a man that I worked with by the name of Ben Finger and he had been a fine fighter pilot in the Pacific. He ran the Polka Party for many years. His

sidekick was a boy by the name of Clink Micknis. Clink is 6' 7" and his name is Clarence Peter Micknis. He had been in the Navy and boxed Joe Lewis' sparring partner. Gene Tunney got word of this; he went through the Navy files and came up with a physical fitness picture of Clink Micknis, 6' 7", slamming a shell in the breech. He chose his picture of the Navy "physical fitness of the year" aboard his ship. Clink Micknis, highly talented and his picture was on the Newsweek cover. He came back to DuBois and worked forty years with the B & O Railroad and would always come over Sunday to do the Polka Party.

In early radio, in 1945, 1946, 1947 and 1948, we had a variety of music. Bud Moore and his Hillsdale Hillbillies were on for many years. They came from nearby Clearfield with the Ogden boys and Bill Jenkins on the accordion. Also, Jim Murone and his Variety Four. He had a sister, Kay, with him and Doris Heberling (that I went to school with). Many talented people played for Jimmy Murone, the late Jim Murone and his Variety Four with their song, "The Butcher Boy."

Billy O'Neil came to town and he had been the drifter; he'd been all over the world and did country music; he was a fund raiser. He could get more money than Van Camp could get beans.

Mel Johnson, at age fifteen, started with our station in 1941 and was on the air almost fifty years. Mel Johnson went on to Wheeling, West Virginia, WWVA. He was the funniest singer and comedian I have ever seen. Personally, I hit him with dozens and dozens of pies over the years. One time, I slammed a pie in his face and I had on my good shoes, a pair of Nettleton, shop-made shoes, and I got the lemon pie clear down in my shoe strings. I was afraid it was going to ruin my Nettleton shop-made shoes, so I said, "turn your head slowly" because I hit him in the ear with the pie and he had to turn around. We got the coconut cream pie in his ear and he had to go to the hospital that night and have the ear successfully cleaned.

Deacon Wayne and the Happy Hollow Cowboys were here. There was Denver Dan; Russ Hyle, who had been a former Texas ranger; Gene Montana, who had been in big-time country music; and a man by the name of Drifty, who was 5' tall and a comedian. Drifty actually went over to the carnival in DuBois one summer's night. The loop-de-plane went around and he didn't have his seatbelt on and he went out

twenty-five feet into mid air and lit on his head. You would have to know Drifty to know he wouldn't be hurt.

A handsome young man was Jimmy Genevro and his brother Serafino; and Bob Moline, they came from over in Brockport, Pennsylvania. If I had asked them to be at the radio station at 6:00 in the morning, they would be there. One morning, they pulled in; taking that old bass fiddle out of that old car, I remember yet, it was 22 degrees below zero.

To be an announcer, you have to necessarily be able to deal well with all people and have high hopes that what you're doing is acceptable to people you can't see. We had a man work with us and we called him Lord Tupper. Lord Tupper came from New York City and he had done research work with Lowell Thomas and he was a very sharp boy. His name was Lamont Tupper and he had his family crest on his cufflinks; he had his family crest monogrammed on his silk shirts; he had his family crest monogrammed on his handkerchiefs. Many a day, after the noon hour news when we would have what we called the "busy" period (the noon news, the sports and the weather), we would all wrestle out in the hall. Monty Tupper (as we called him, Lord Tupper), didn't know beans about wrestling, but he said, "I am royalty and I will never give up!" You would have a full nelson on him and he wouldn't. Many a day we would see his best silk monogrammed shirt just ripped half off his back, but he'd say, "I'm a king." And the truth, Lord Tupper, Lamont Tupper, was really royalty.

In the old days of radio, it was the FCC law to have an operator on duty, a third class operator, he was called an engineer, but he was not an engineer. Years went by and it became mandatory to have a first class engineer on and as they did, many a young man went off to a school. When he went off to school at Kansas City to become an engineer, it took two years. Such a man was Vince Kane. Vince Kane had been in the service, came from Nutley, New Jersey, had bright blue eyes, curly light hair and always a laugh. He came to our station in DuBois, WCED, in the 1950's. Then he quit to go to New York City. I left the radio station in August, 1950, to seek my fortune in Tampa, Florida, with WALT.

Vince went back to New York on the network. He was cameraman for Perry Como for several years. He worked the Steve Allen Show; he worked with Milton

Berle; and he spent eight years with Mitch Miller and the Mitch Miller singers; and his last nine years with NBC, he was cameraman on Saturday Night Live.

When I worked at WGSM at Huntington, Long Island, I was forever haunting the agencies in New York; Young and Rubecam, BBD&O, J. Walter Thompson and McCann Erickson. If memory serves me right, I believe it was the agency, McCann Erickson; this was the agency in New York that would only hire men who had red hair to run the elevators. Their uniforms were dark green an with their red hair; I remember this vividly.

Now then, during that particular time, Vince Kane would take me to the Billy Rose Theater, the old Ziegfeld Theater and we would, for three days, watch the Perry Como Show rehearse; three days and three nights. After the Perry Como Show, we would rush over to NBC and catch the Hit Parade live from NBC on Saturday night. So, I followed Vince Kane through many television productions at the Hudson Theater, any place that NBC would be sending him, the Hudson Theater, St. James Theater and much live television. We always appreciated our times in New York.

There are two classes of people in local radio. The announcer who can express himself, maybe too well; and the engineer who reads incessantly and as a result, with his tubes and tangled wires, would sometimes have trouble expressing himself. We had in the 1940's a man who was 5' 2" tall, weighed 117 pounds and his name was Popeye. Popeye, winter and summer, wore a long, thin, black overcoat, almost touching the back of his shoes. He wore a black hat and carried a 38 pistol in one pocket, loaded, and a 32 pistol in the other pocket and to say he was a character is the biggest understatement of this entire book. The local ladies club here in DuBois put on a one-half hour program one night. That was in 1942 when the war was starting to boil and Popeye went out into the studio, went in where they had their purses and went through their purses looking for a time bomb. Two weeks later, Popeye called the State Police in DuBois from WCED. He called the sub-station and reported that a German spy was out in the meadow behind the station. The police dispatched a car. The officer came quickly, went behind the radio station and fell into a big hole the utility companies had dug several days before and came out covered with mud. He tried to break the door down; he wanted to kill the engineer called Popeye. They had to let him go after that.

For three years, I worked the morning shift and then would come back on Saturday night from 7:00 p.m. until 1:30 a.m. for a program called "Harvey's House." We had no television in those days; we had almost what you called a "captive" audience. One night, I know, in 1950, we received 1,200 names for requests of numbers. My engineer was a man by the name of Fred Reiner. He was bald headed, had a mustache, and had spent over three years in World War II in India in radio communications. For years, he worked nights because he was a radio repairman in the day and he built airplanes, model airplanes - not little ones that you would conjure (12" - 18"), but he built model airplanes with a six-foot span and a gas motor. He would sit in the control room at night, paint the fuselage, paint on the sides and when the phone would ring, he would cry. Fred Reiner would always say, "Oh, what is this!" Every night of life, there was a local clothier named Ben Klewans. Ben Klewans owned a popular store on Brady Street in DuBois. He would call and he had three burning questions every night. I can still hear Fred Reiner yell, "It's going to rain tomorrow," "The Pirates have won 3-0," and "It's now 11:03." Then, he would slam the receiver down.

Monty Tupper was by far and away the finest gentleman I ever worked with when he came from New York and he settled down in Virginia.

There was a young man by the name of Bob Klar. He came from Falls Creek, Pennsylvania. If he had written his life story, they never would have published See Here, Private Hargrove. He had the funniest story of World War II I think I ever heard. Bob Klar, when he was in combat in Europe during World War II; every morning they would say, "When Klar is here, the troops can march!" He was always invariably the last person to come out.

I lived with him in Altoona. We lived in an old-fashioned, big, brick house. We each had separate rooms there and he would take six baths a day. He was the cleanest human being I ever knew. He went to Penn State and announced for Radio Station WRTA. He, Joe Pelletier (an engineer), Len Firestone and a Charles Archibald Moore (that I knew real well) all went to Altoona in 1947. Klar worked for WRTA. Handsome Len Firestone, who had been a pilot in World War II worked at WRTA and Joe Pelletier circulated back and forth between WFBG and WRTA. WFBG was an old radio station which had gone on the air in the early 1920's.

The glory days, of that day, in Altoona - Fred Waring - was from Pennsylvania. He had Fred Waring and the Pennsylvanians. He was always coming back to Altoona, because he lived in nearby Tyrone. Fred Waring and his famous Pennsylvanians were synonymous with Altoona. He had a niece; her name was Janet Blair. Janet Blair, of Altoona, then, was a leading lady in the movies and a big name and big attraction at the local theaters in Altoona.

Will Kettner (it seems to be I have a hang up that the only people I ever worked with in radio were pilots) from Morrison Cove, was a pilot in Europe in World War II. Two years later, he was announcing on Radio Station WFBG in Altoona. He lived out at the Cove, a few miles from Altoona and he had a friend whose name was Velot. Velot, a German, was a concert master on the violin. He had a Stradivarius violin and was letter perfect for those days, in the 40's. He played with what they called the Gable Trio on WFBG in Altoona. This trio played chamber music every night during the dinner hour at the George Gable Building which was Gable's huge department store. We were upon the third floor - the offices of WFBG and the studios. They were located there for many years. Velot, the concert master, sent to Germany in 1946 for a bow for his violin. The local announcers, always looking for a joke, went downstairs to the music store at Gables. They bought a $3.00 new bow, soaked it in linseed oil for almost a week, scraped it clean and let it dry until it looked like the bow sent from Germany. Velot came in one afternoon, late afternoon, on Monday and when he walked into the studio, one of the announcers picked up the $3.00 bow that had been soaked in the linseed oil, broke it over his knee and Velot had a heart attack right on the floor. He didn't die; but he was off six months before he ever returned to playing again on WFBG.

George Bragoon was the chief engineer. George was one of the most brilliant men, he and Art Rossbeck. Art Rossbeck went on to be the chief engineer at Channel 10 in Altoona, the television station. George Bragoon confined his activities to radio, but he was a genius.

In all my forty-five years of radio, and funny radio at that, I, Charles Archibald Moore, have only met one George Eggert. George Eggert was called the typewriter man of Altoona. At age forty-five, he had put twenty-five years on stage. He was the fastest talking human being I ever met. He would open the microphone

and say, "This is your NBC station in Altoona, Pennsylvania, WFBG, serving you with the best of music, news and sports from the Gable Broadcasting Company with studios in downtown Altoona. The weather - cloudy skies, light rain tonight developing after midnight and sunshine tomorrow." George Eggert would say that in twenty seconds and have ten full seconds left before the network would come in. I'll tell you, George Eggert was the typewriter man of WFBG, Altoona.

Henry Burgen Carney was my night engineer. He had a radio and TV repair shop in Tyrone. He was 5' 4"; he had served in the Army in communications and he had worked for years as the night engineer for WFBG. He came to work on the train from nearby Tyrone, armed with six sandwiches, a big bag of raisins, deep dish apple pie, prunes, four Cokes, a big bag of pretzels, some marshmallows, a jar of fruit, some cookies, two or three slices of cake, peanut butter Whimsies and two packs of cigarettes. He would eat all night long from 5:00 in the afternoon till midnight. At sign off, I would go down and watch him belt down his coffee before the train at 1:00. Every night, he had one cup of boiling coffee. He would pour in three-quarters cup of cold water which would spill on the counter. He would mop it up with four napkins, belt down his coffee, get up and every night of the week say, "See you, Schmoo!" and walk out the door an head for the Pennsy train.

Bob Klar, after leaving WFBG, spent thirty years as an executive with Gulf Oil Company. Joe Pelletier went on to Philadelphia in communications and did real well. Len Firestone, the handsome young announcer for WRTA, went to New York and was the regional manager for the eastern half of the United States with a big ad company. Charlie Moore went to Florida, then on to New York City and then back to DuBois - but as the man said, "That is another story."

People ask the rhetorical question and it is a rhetorical question - what does a small-time announcer get out of radio if he never makes a good living; if over thirty years, he never had Blue Cross paid by the station at all; and in the end walked out the door without a pension? We have to start with the fact that nobody ever dragged one into radio. You weren't forced to work there! I put the better part of my time from 1948 to 1990 getting up in what you might call the middle of the night. The last eight years, it was 2:45 in the morning. I would read my Bible and then head off with a smile on my Irish face down over Cottage Hill to Radio Station WDBA.

The funny things along the way - I rode the elephant one time at a pretty good-sized circus; that was in the day time. That night, a big rain storm came up and the tent blew down. A few years ago, I was to wear a mask and wrestle Bruno Samartino of Pittsburgh when he was champion of the World Wrestling Federation. In 1967, at a Barbershop Chorus in a place called Reynoldsville, I went three rounds with Archie Moore, who had held the world championship three different times. I had two big draft horseshoes, one in each glove and it was all fixed. He was to knock me down three times, which he did with gusto. I was to punch him once and he was to go down and then I yelled, "I've knocked out Archie Moore, the world champ!!" ,where upon they rushed out and poured a sixteen-quart bucket of water on me. Archie Moore said that he had held the title three different times. He went broke in between these times and was a dishwasher on a train for a number of months. I think this is the thing that is problematical today. A measure that has been given success in life. People will never admit that they ever were down or even had been through black days.

In and out of radio, I feel I had many different jobs - selling cars in New York State, Florida and Pennsylvania; worked a spell for Coca Cola; worked a while for Montgomery Wards in a warehouse in Florida and I even painted toilets in Florida and it wasn't too bad. I met a lot of nice people.

I worked in Butler Pennsylvania, WBUT, and each day, I put Rev. N. K. "Nick" Powell and his brother, Andy Powell, on the air with the Radio Revival Network. I had put Rev. N. K. Powell on the air from 1945 for three years and he was the first minister ever to ask me if I had accepted Jesus Christ as my personal Savior. Nick Powell, a man by the name of Quay Owens, along with a man by the name of Jess Mullins, who raised very fine hunting dogs, went out to Long Island with one of Jess' dogs and it cost $600.00 and in those days, that was a lot of money. So, Nick Powell got to this millionaire's home and before retiring for the night, Rev. Powell said, "Could I bring my shotgun in from the car, it's quite valuable to me." His host was most gracious and he said, "Well, you certainly may." So, Nick Powell brought the shotgun in, put it in the man's case at the millionaire's home out in Long Island. The next day, he was the first one up and was looking for his shotgun and was examining a 12-gauge shotgun owned by his host. His host came in and said,

"Well, was your gun safe all night?" The Rev. N. K. Powell of Butler said, "Yes, it was." "By the way, how much is this double barrel shotgun worth?" Well, it was engraved with silver. His host said, "I paid a little over a thousand dollars for it." END OF THE STORY.

Different states have different radio stations and they give a person a broader perspective of what life is all about, not only in radio, but life in general.

In 1950 and 1951, life found us at a place called Douglas, Georgia, Radio Station WDMG, for Brody BFJ Tim. It was the Ed Rivers Station. He had been Governor of the State of Georgia and owned seven stations. I had never heard of dip barrels on request for turpentine. But the farmers down there thought it was a big thing. I knew nothing about barows and gilts and the gigantic hog auction held once a week, the biggest in south Georgia. Coffee County, Georgia, had fine people. They were the salt of the earth. It was here I learned about the real heart of the south in the tobacco lands. The tobacco sheds in the summer were something else! In life, I had never heard of hog jawl, black eyed peas and squirrels head, but I sure did when I left there.

The Rev. O. C. Mengledorf was a Nazarene minister and he was my best friend. He had lost a son in World War II in the Navy and before that had been a missionary for six years in Korea. I will never forget O. C. Mengledorf; he was an outstanding minister.

It seems that everybody I talk about in this book was a pilot at one time or another. My great friend was Leo Brum, spelled BRUM and pronounced BROOM and he was my counterpart at Radio Station WDMG. He, like a thousand others, had been a pilot. Looking back over it in retrospect, I believe every pilot who ever flew in World War II, sooner or later became a radio announcer. At least, that's the way it seems to me.

We did a test broadcast at 2:30 a.m. one night in Douglas, Georgia at WDMG, and I said the first person to come in would get one thousand pairs of nylon hose; there was a slight imperfection, they had no feet. And at 10:00, in walked a seven-foot farmer in bib overalls, very serious expression and he said, "Where are my hose?" And I said, "This was kind of a little joke, sir - an imperfection, no feet"! He said, "WHERE ARE THE HOSE?" And he had hands big enough to put over the cash

register, so I was certainly glad when he went down the sidewalk muttering to himself something about "no hose."

It was in Georgia that I learned of the southern gospel quartets. The Statesmen were on the network at CBS with Arthur Godfrey; the Homeland Harmony; the Lefevers; the Dixie Rebels; the Blackwood Brothers; the Harmonaires - yes, they were all a part of our life in those days o WDMG in Douglas, Georgia. They would be at what they called the shell. The shell was just a barn - it was a one-night affair in Douglas, Georgia. The next night they traveled by bus or car to Jacksonville; the next night to Fort Homer W. Hesterly Armory in Tampa and the next night to Miami. It was quite a night's entertainment. I remember well, the admission was $1.00; a hot dog with shredded cabbage and carrots, very tasteful, was five cents and the famous orange drink of the south was five cents.

We had a huge bay window facing the street at the radio station in Douglas, Georgia and every night at 5:30, we would do the news. A Jeep would go by with bloodhounds and, of course, men with shotguns. They were the guards followed by yellow trucks with the cabs sawed off and then the young prisoners from the chain gang sitting on the back of the truck. It would be truck after truck and then another shotgun crew of guards and the bloodhounds. And every night when they went by, they would stare in the window at us and they would laugh as they went by.

In radio itself, you meet a lot of policemen. The Florida State Highway Patrol: The police, sheriff and all his deputies; New York City Highway Patrol; legion of Pennsylvania State Police and the fourteen years I was the morning man in DuBois, my most unforgettable character came from a place called Kane, Pennsylvania. Every morning at the radio station, I would make twelve calls and try to get the local news. Many, many mornings, it was very slight. But anyhow, Trooper Brooks was up in Kane, Pennsylvania. He painted houses in the daytime and worked the State Police at night. He had more true stories for me than Van Camp had beans. He said a man on a motorcycle ran up over the back of a Dodge and down the front of the Dodge and rolled over on the berm. Instead of getting killed, he got up, shook himself off, said he was a little drunk, but he said he didn't get a scratch on him. He said he sold his motorcycle the next week. At Kane, a big truckload of macaroni came down last year. It spilled, the truck rolled over and the macaroni was all over the

highway. And the man got out and he said, "What am I going to do about my macaroni?" And Trooper Brooks looked at him and said, "We can hope that another truck comes down and spills over with Del Grosso spaghetti sauce." He said a young man came down from Buffalo, New York; came down through Ridgway, went through a yard, took a porch off, struck a brand new car (two days old) and did heavy damage to the next house and a garden. It must have been heavy damage because it was $36,000. Trooper Brooks said the young man's mother really climbed his frame. She said, "What do you mean by arresting my son?" "Well," he said, "I want to tell you about the $36,000." Every morning, he had another story for me. I will never forget the stories of Trooper Brooks from the State Police in Kane on WDBA, in DuBois.

Well, long before I ever got in radio, I think I was destined for things to go the other way. I remember I was a child, eight years old, and they gave away five hundred strawberry ice cream cones in my hometown of DuBois on Long Avenue. I remember I stood in line for almost three and one-half hours. When I got right up to the counter, they had given away just shy of the limit of ice cream and I was the last one and they said, "Sorry, we're out!" And I feel that's the way I've been a lifetime. At age ten, I went up to Ridgway, Pennsylvania and was standing, minding my own business with my aunt and uncle in a 5 and 10; a lady came up and she was BIG. She took a pair of child's underwear, stuck them up to me and said, "STAND STILL!!" And I thought, "Well, madam, you are not buying those for me; I am not your son. Why should I stand still?" I tried to wiggle but it was impossible and she was the last one that held underwear up to me at age ten, but I'll tell you, it made an impression on my dim, little mind!

You always, cried Charlie Moore, in small-town radio, USA, get to know the VFW members a little better than the average person, the American Legion members, the local firemen, and the local utilities, such as the telephone company workers and the electric company workers. You know them by name. You work at the local radio station so they feel that they know you. This was true in nineteen radio stations.

My greatest lesson in life came from St. Petersburg, Florida, from a man by the name of Glenn Dill. The station was WTSP, St. Petersburg. He was a tall, thin

1950 and 1951 in Douglas Georgia
Announcer with hair and teeth

family man. Glenn Dill, I never met him. I just listened to him in the morning. I worked another radio station over in Tampa. He was tremendously popular in the Tamps Bay area. He didn't have the greatest network voice; didn't have an agency delivery; didn't have all the prerequisites you would think of for radio, but he had something that made an impression on my life - in and out of radio. He, every week, on his day off, would pile in his old car and go around the Tampa Bay area visiting the older people and the people who would write him letters at the radio station, WTSP. His popularity grew and grew. And I got to thinking - if a man can do this - give unstintingly of himself to his fellow man; he wasn't making that much money, but he was a huge success as far as this world was concerned.

I started shortly after that time and I went to local funeral homes for twenty years. This is true! I would always average two or three funeral homes a week, the local N. R. Moore and Son Funeral Home; Luther's Funeral Chapel; the Paul J. Short Funeral Home the Woods Funeral Home; whether I knew the people or not, I went, about three times a week for twenty years. I always made it a point to visit the two local hospitals at least once a week. I was in the hospital once and my aunt, who very graciously raised us, was in the hospital when she was 84. The priest came in, his name was Father Reilly, and he headed Central Christian here in DuBois. He hadn't been here long. Father Reilly came in and my aunt said, "Well, now you are Catholic and I am Presbyterian. We are all going the same place." He said, "No, ma'am, this is not true!" He said, "It is independent upon what you do with Jesus Christ, God's son, that will tell where you will spend eternity!" And, my eyeballs went all the way around and I said, "Who is that?" They said, "That's Father Reilly, the Headmaster at DuBois Central Christian." Well, I followed his career with great interest while he was here and when he left. He had an old black Oldsmobile and I thought, "I will buy that" and I did. The first day, Monday, I put $15.00 of repairs in it; the second day, I put $15.00 of repairs in it; the third day, I put $15.00 of repairs in it and Thursday night, I got picked up for speeding going to a local band concert. When I saw him, I said, "I am never going to buy another priest's car as long as I live."

There was a little priest who came to DuBois, winter and summer, fair weather and foul, snow and all and he lived about twenty-five miles from our town. He went each night of the week, seven nights a week, to both of the hospitals and

he went to every room that ever had a patient. Now, he had a greater impact than any preacher or any priest that has ever lived in out town in my time.

Glenn Dill, WTSP, in St. Petersburg, Florida changed my life, not about how to win friends and influence people, but how to be nice and how to try to build them up. The person that is a millionaire and has everything going for them, in my way of looking at it, he has his - he has made it in this world! It's the little fellow that needs a boost. I made up my mind in the nineteen radio stations that there would be, on the local level, help for people's children. If people had heart attacks, strokes, aneurysms, or cancer, or if there had been a fire - our listeners would help. They paid for eight funerals over the years, lock, stock and barrel. Our listeners, in twenty-six years, helped tremendously in fifty-four fires. We had a man in St. Petersburg, Florida, Leon Edminston, who was a school teacher who left here many years ago. He was ninety in 1988. On WDBA, I asked for cards for him for four mornings and he received 1,030 cards.

Well, Charles Archibald Moore and his little radio life, has taken many a different turn in forty-five years. I had a friend out in Kansas City who worked for the post office there. His name was Bob Haupt and he was a Sergeant in the Infantry. He was a dead ringer for the movie actor, Robert Taylor, and handsome enough to be in the movies. He had a chest full of love songs he had written and I thought they were always very good. He worked at the post office. He said the greatest thing that happened in his life - he met a man in Texas in the Army and the man said to him, "If I'd a know'd that you'd a want to went, I'd a came and brung ya!" And Bob Haupt said, "This stuck with me my entire life." He said, "This is not a possessive adverb, but would you say it again!" The fellow said, "Yup, if I'd a know'd that you'd a want to went, I'd a came and brung ya!" So, I thought that was it. Bob Haupt was a featured singer with one of the leading barbershop quartets in Kansas City and he traveled all over the United States to various barbershop quartets and Canada, as well. And he, as I said, has written some very beautiful songs.

We moved to Houston in the days when KNUZ, the Good News Station, came on the air and I had a friend I'd worked with by the name of Walter Morris. He was in radio with me in the mid 40's and then went on to be station manager of a

television station in Beaumont, Texas. Texas radio, like Florida radio, like New England radio, was all different. In August, 1955, I went to Mexico, Pennsylvania, to a station called WJUN. It was a little station, you should excuse the expression, in a cornfield, about seventeen miles south of Lewistown, Pennsylvania on the road to Harrisburg, the State Capital. I lived in a town three miles away called Port Royal. In Port Royal, I rode to work. I had a palomino horse, sixteen hands high and I would ride to work in the mornings at 5:30 in the summertime, saddle the horse and ride to work. Then, I would stop, tie the horse up, take the saddle into the basement and then at 11:30 in the morning when I finished my shift, I'd go riding down that old Texas trail, singing my latest, greatest release.

All of my radio life, I never had a better time than in Juniata in Perry County, the Dutch country and the Amish country, the farm folk; they were tremendous people. Port Royal, if you can imagine this, was a town, and probably still is, of eight hundred people. It boasted the native sons - two of them were generals, one was an admiral and one had been a big league, major league baseball star. Admiral Crawford was the admiral in charge of the Missouri when World War II ended. General Groninger was a personal friend and worked closely with General Ike Eisenhower during World War II and then Freddy Frankhouse had been a pitcher for thirteen years with St. Louis.

I went back many years later on my wedding anniversary to Port Royal, back to see all my old friends. I stayed with a well driller. His name was Jim Hubler. Jim Hubler had given me letters from the Civil War time and I was amazed when they started out the letters during the Civil War—this young man wrote, "Dear mother: I sit me down with pen in hand to write you. I am in far, far away Virginia." And he said, "I want you to send me some tobacco, it's one-half cent a poke and I want you to send me a newspaper, it's one penny and included is the money", and then he went on to talk about the Civil War and being far away from Pennsylvania - WAY far away down in Virginia. Well, I went back this summer night and sat down at my friend's (Jim Hubler's) house. He had a beautiful, big, old-fashioned brick house that was there long before the Civil War. I said, "This is just going to be like memorabilia, coming to the past." This old man came in, eighty-seven, and he was rather stiff legged and he sat down on the chair and Jim said, "You know Charlie,

Freddy and Charlie, you know Freddy." I shook hands with him and didn't know him from Adam. He looked at me and said, "Hello, Charlie" and I thought, "Boy, I'm in for a night! All this old goat is going to talk about is the weather!" So, I counted to 7 .... 4, 5, 6, 7 and he said, "Well, it was pretty hot today." I thought, "Boy, I sure hit that one on the head." My host, Jim Hubler, turned to him and said, "Freddy, when you pitched in the World Series and won the seventh game for St. Louis in 1937 and when you pitched in the All-Star Game, which was your greatest thrill?" And I looked at him and my eyeballs got as big as silver dollars and I thought, "This is the great FREDDY FRANKHOUSE, who pitched for the Brooklyn Dodgers, Leo Durocher; he also pitched for St. Louis for thirteen years and I thought THIS IS JUST ABSOLUTELY IT!!" And I said to him, "Freddy Frankhouse, I always, when I interview people, and I've done a good many interviews on the radio, I always ask, what was the most important thing in your life?" I said, "I did a program this summer with a young lady and I said to her `why aren't you having any babies?'" She said, "My career is too important." Her name was Dolly Parton. So, Freddy Frankhouse looked at me and he said, "I'll tell you, Moore, the most important thing to me was not the Big Leagues, not the World Series, not the All-Star Game, but the most important thing was when I was pitching in the Texas league. We had won the games and we were into the playoff to win the championship in October. I was batting 318; three of my buddies had already gone up to St. Louis to play in the majors and I was scheduled to go the next spring." He said, "I wanted to make a good performance." And whether this story is true or not - whether he was just kidding me along or not - but this was the story that Freddy Frankhouse told me. He said, "In those days, in Texas, the All-Star game started at 4:30 in the afternoon and we were playing for the championship for all of Texas. I was pitching; it was the last of the ninth; the bases were loaded. We had the pitcher ready to pitch the last ball; it was three and two on the batter. The batter was a little man with a big neck, as big as a telephone pole and he could hit the ball to the state road. If there wasn't a state road, the ball went until it found a state road. He was excellent." He said, "The catcher walked out to the mound to me and it was so dark, they had no lights on the field in those days in Texas; it was so dark I couldn't see the catcher. He said, `we're going to have to take the bull by the horns. I'm going to let on I'm handing

you the ball' and he put the ball under his armpit and handed me nothing." He said, "Well, these people will crucify me" and the catcher had a big, old-fashioned iron mask wrapped around his ears and a huge wad of tobacco. He said, "Do what you're told, let on you're throwing the ball." "So, I bent down, went into the pitcher's crouch, ready to throw the ball and I let on I threw the ball and I heard something hit leather and I heard the umpire scream, "YOU'RE OUT!!" The game was over. We had won the championship. The man with the bat and the huge neck turned around, raised the bat up to the umpire and said, `You're crazy, that ball was ten inches from me.'" That was the story from Freddy Frankhouse. He died a few months ago and I always remember his great kindness. Freddy Frankhouse - he said his favorite expression he heard Charlie Moore talk about on the radio was the man in the factory who put the sign up, "DO IT TODAY!" One guy punched the boss in the mouth; another fellow got his lunch and ate it and the third fellow went home. So, Freddy Frankhouse always carried that through and he thought that was just, "IT!"

Well, radio and small radio at that, had many different things to offer as far as young people were concerned. In August, 1955, when I went to Mexico, Pennsylvania, this station was interested primarily in everything that was going on at the State Capital in Harrisburg. But they did not call it Harrisburg, they called it Harr - is - burg and, of course, many people in that area worked in Harrisburg and would travel back and forth for a state job. As far as Port Royal, it was a town of eight hundred people and its native sons that did very well. They pointed with pride to the Admiral, the Generals and to the big league baseball star and it was quite a record for a little town of eight hundred people.

There was Mifflintown, Mifflin, Thompsontown, Millerstown, and Newport on the river and then there was the Village of Walnut and Nook. We didn't have a million people to listen, but what we had were sure quality. The homes were, by and far, built during the Civil War period and they were built together like a townhouse in the city, each one bucked up to the other. There were two Cadillacs in the entire three-county area. One was a 1946 Cadillac and one was a 1952 Cadillac. The folklore had it in Juniata, Mifflin and Perry counties, the law of the land was this: A man worked on the farm for forty years, he saved $40,000. He amassed that fortune. He turned this over to his son at his death. His son worked

forty years and saved $40,000; that was eighty big ones after his death. His son took over, worked another forty years and that went up to $120,000. Saving with the Dutch in that area in Juniata and Perry Counties, especially, the prerequisite was to save money. Sure, they sent their children off to college. Sure, the later generations went hunting in the early fall months in Colorado and Montana and made hunting trips to Africa. But most everyone worked and worked very hard. There was no one out of work who would work.

Radio Station WJUN was a middle-of-the-road, AM station and the entire cost of the station in 1955 was reported to be only $10,000. They had a used transmitter and they had a used tower. They said they only paid $1,600 for the transmitter and around $1,200 for the tower. They had a man by the name of Dude Hubbard. He built the station. It was a little four-room affair, cement block. He built it and took one-half the cost out in advertising. Now, I announced in the morning until 11:30 a.m. and then the rest of the day from 11:30 a.m. until 11:30 p.m., I drove 25,000 miles a year selling advertisements for the station.

One of the things we did there that we never did in eighteen other stations was, when I would be out in the field, forty/fifty miles from the station, I would call the station announcer who was working in the afternoon, his name was Don Lorentz - a fine boy from Pittsburgh and Miles Heckendorn, was the other boy (that's a good Dutch name). I would call in and ad lib the spot to him to be put on the air and in five minutes, he had the announcement on. You will never know the impact on the farmers in that area and the small businessmen when they would hear their ad on the air in less than five minutes.

The Dutch paid their bills; they were top-notch people. God blessed the station because as I said, it was put on the air for $10,000 and yet in thirty years, they sold it for $350,000.

My second week as a morning man on Radio Station WJUN in Mexico, Pennsylvania, the sheriff called in September, 1955, and reported there was a robbery in progress at the hotel in nearby Thompsontown. He wanted me to get on the air and call all the farmers to come running with shotguns and 30-06 deer rifles to head them off at the pass. No, head them off at the swamp in Thompsontown. Well, the farmers left their Delavalle and Pulsator milkers. One man was shot in

the leg and the other two ended up in jail by 7:30 in the morning. It was quite an exciting time; the first time that I ever did a play-by-play announcement of a robbery in progress.

In local radio, in 1955, all the people had to trust each other. Two miles out of Mifflintown, there was a large shed-like affair with an open wooden counter and it was covered with jars, large, medium and small jars, of honey. There was a sign painted in bold letters. It said, "TAKE THE HONEY AND LEAVE THE MONEY." There was no one there in charge. There was a large cigar box filled with change and bills and everyone in that day was honest. They would come by, pull on the road, off the highway onto the berm, pick up the honey and leave the money and never, in those days, did they ever hear of anyone taking five cents. Today, if such a place were in existence, in Pennsylvania - "TAKE THE HONEY AND LEAVE THE MONEY," they would take the honey; they would take the money, and they would take the shed itself. Dope and crime have changed our way of life, but I have thought many times over the years - "TAKE THE HONEY AND LEAVE THE MONEY" - people were so honest in that day and it progressed for years until it was finally done away with.

Car dealers and gasoline stations have always been the radio station's salvation for advertising. Like we used to kid in the 30's about the lollipop, a great big one; it was called a "Black Cow." It was on a stick; it only cost a nickel, but it was the dentist's salvation, a "Black Cow." It would take the fillings right out of children's teeth, just like magic.

WJUN, Mexico, did the races at the Fairgrounds in nearby Port Royal. We would stand for four hours in the hot sun on the top of an old bread truck that was parked right on the curve and we would hear the roar of twenty-four hot rods when they dropped the green flag. "AND THERE THEY GO" and around the oval, they would go on the half-mile track. The roar was deafening; the dust was blinding and the noise of the people screaming, eight thousand people, screaming for their favorite drivers at Port Royal. I had a racer there. It was a 1937 Ford with a 1956 engine and I had an artist come down by the name of Goodman from Lewistown; he painted an eighteen-inch girl in a polka dot bikini and on the sign was "Wanted Young Girl - Apply at the Side Door." In 1955, 1956 and 1957, we never at any time,

won a race with this car which was called Chazzie's Go-Wagon. Of twenty-two to twenty-four cars in the feature on Saturday night at Port Royal, it was a real dog ... last place! OH MY! OH MY!!!

There was a man by the name of Luke Gutshall. Luke Gutshall was a long drink of water who came from Altoona to race. I recall vividly he rolled his car on the number three turn over the bank, out over the side and down into the woods, three Saturday nights in a row. Three Saturday nights, the ambulance took Luke Gutshall to the hospital in Lewistown. The fourth Saturday night, he was back minus his front teeth but ready to go and ready to race one more time. The favorite of the track in those days was a man by the name of Hal Hoose. He was only thirty-three years old. He had been in the Marine Corps and he was a genuinely fine boy. He came from Troy, Pennsylvania and every Saturday night he was one of the top winners - one of the top track men of the year. He drove for a man who owned a garage in Troy. The one thing I noticed about people who drove hot rod racers in those days, some of the cars, they didn't put an awful lot of money in them. The drivers would be willing, if the other driver needed a wheel - if he needed anything, he would take it off his car (if his car wasn't running in that heat) and give him the wheel or even a pair of wheels so he could continue to race. There was a friendship between drivers that was something else. We had a man from down below Harrisburg whose name was Leroy Feldy and he was practically a professional racer in those days. He raced several nights a week at Port Royal on Saturday night. Hal Hoose was killed at age thirty-three at the Port Royal Speedway in the Labor Day race. His car turned over and he was killed.

There were the two Swarmer Brothers and they would drive a hot rod off the grandstand roof if the crowd would cheer enough. The younger Swarmer brother was in a daylight race and I was standing on top of the bread truck trying to give a word picture of this over WJUN. His car rolled over seven times. The lid came from the trunk and it disappeared. The latch was sprung as far as the hood and it disappeared. Two of the wheels came off and the car turned over seven times and we thought there was nothing but junk from that car. Young Swarmer was unconscious for thirty-two days. He was taken to Harrisburg to the hospital, but he was back racing the next year at the Port Royal Speedway. That year, he struck a

huge maple tree head-on and was killed out-right. There was a lot of thrills but there was a lot of tragedy as far as dirt racing was concerned in those days, the big days at Port Royal. A young girl, age six, went to the races one night with her father. A wheel flew off one of the hot rods, cleared the grandstand, went over a hundred feet, down into the grove, struck the child and she died instantly.

Howard "Buzz" Renninger was my favorite character in Juniata and Perry Counties. He was the farmer who took care of the Speedway; would put the chemicals in the water on the track and get it ready for Saturday night. He was also instrumental in country music and had a band at one time down there and he came to the Port Royal Fair. There was no booze, no whiskey, ever permitted on the race grounds, race night, or at the fair at Port Royal. It was strictly dry. And being an enterprising person, Buzz Renninger got an old stump. He hollowed the stump out, placed a beer keg inside of it and was doing a land-slide business until the Lewistown State Police caught him and found out that his lemonade was not lemonade.

The leading story I ever heard in forty-five years of radio, small-time radio, came out of Port Royal. They claim to this day that it was the absolute truth. This is the story. It was called the Port Royal Chicken Plucker; they say it was true. A few miles out of Port Royal on a farm, one of the fine Dutch farmers got his helper and they took twelve feet of boards and they made a long, long thing - twelve feet long. They covered it with tin from a tin roof and it had a hole in one side and a hole in the other, with an electric light inside. The farmer took one of the local leading doctors from Lewistown down; he tied a chicken by the legs, threw it in one side of the machine, the "Chicken Plucker" and in two minutes, it came out the other side all wrapped in cellophane. The doctor said, "It's the greatest thing I've ever seen in my life and I want to buy in!" He said, "My checkbook is in my hand; let's go in the house and talk." He had a man with him who was a little dubious as far as the Port Royal "Chicken Plucker" was concerned. He took a crow bar, ripped the side off, and there was the farmer's hired man sitting inside with neatly packed chicken ready to throw it out and he would keep the chickens they threw in and thus they didn't sell the Port Royal "Chicken Plucker". They say that is a true story. There are many other stories of WJUN and Port Royal, Pennsylvania.

Charlie Moore
United States Steel Hour and Tonight Show
NBC TV with Bob Considine

In the year that Freddy Frankhouse pitched for the St. Louis team and they won the World Series and the year he pitched in the All-Stars in Lewistown. They said it was rather remarkable. Freddy Frankhouse loaded the bases; then he called his entire team in and they sat down on the bench and watched him. He threw the ball nine times; needless to say, it was nine perfect strikes and he struck out the side. There are always funny stories about people who do great things. And one was with Freddy Frankhouse (and this was certainly not true); after he won the World Series, he was coming home to Lewistown from Harrisburg on the train. They stopped the train and he had on an ice cream suit (everybody used to wear an ice cream suit in those days) and it was a hot, hot day in October. The train was there and the patients were being taken back to the Warren State Hospital. He got on and sat down with them and the man came through checking the list. He said to the first man, "What's your name?" He said, "I'm Abraham Lincoln." He said, "All right," and checked it off. He went to the next fellow and he said, "What's your name?" He said, "I am George Washington." He said, "Yes, sir President Washington." He walked on and came to the third man and he said, "What's your name?" He said, "I'm Freddy Frankhouse from Port Royal and I just won the World Series!" "Okay," he said, "Next!"

Plenty have found out in radio that barbershop quartets care very little about an emcee, an announcer from the local radio station, either his jokes or anything else. They are basically, intrinsically developed only for their own music; that is the only thing they care about. This is not true as far as a driver of a hot rod is concerned, in any generation. We had one fellow at Port Royal and his name was Windy. His brother's name was Cal. Windy jumped off the bridge in Mifflin, which was probably forty to forty-five feet and he broke his leg. He did it on a dare, but at least he did what he wanted to do. His brother would sit beside the highway leading down to Harrisburg and watch the trucks go by. One time, a tractor trailer went by and the driver of the rig thumbed his nose at him. Of course, he would not refuse a challenge from anyone. He leaped in his old convertible. He had an old red convertible and he chased the driver up the road to the place where they had "TAKE THE HONEY AND LEAVE THE MONEY" and he chased him up to what they called the "Narrows", near Lewistown. You must appreciate this; it was an old red convertible

and the tractor trailer was really buzzing. When he got to the Narrows, beside the tractor trailer, he turned the car in and hit the tractor right where it was hitched to the trailer and both upset on his convertible. Well, he was taken to the hospital in critical condition, but at least he stopped the man who thumbed his nose at him. And that's how it was in those days; they weren't afraid of man or beast and you could picture taking a convertible racing up the road beside a tractor trailer and when you got to a straight stretch, run the convertible straight into the tractor trailer. It upset the rig but it upset the rig on him. Boy, that was quite a story, but that was a true story and that was just one instance. I could go on and give many more in that particular vein.

To work in the smaller radio stations would sometimes make a person feel as though they were being crowded out by the larger radio stations in the city, by the staff announcers, who for all intents and purposes, were just bursting with ability. We felt that way many times in Tampa, Florida; in Bradenton, Florida; in Ambridge, down near Pittsburgh and at Butler, in the Pittsburgh area.

I had been on a Washington D. C. station trying out for a morning slot, and in those days, I had worked months and months on one thing - the voice of Senator Everett Dirksen of Illinois. I would tape Dirksen's voice from Washington on the network news in the afternoon, then I would listen to the tape over and over again, cutting into the tape and using my voice in an imitation of Dirksen. It worked out very well for me; it was highly successful. Nothing that I had done but just the grace of God that it got by and I went to Washington and I thought I'll try the same thing. I was surprised how well it worked on the audition.

Now, the deal is with stations, big and small, local stations, the announcer who works the shift at NBC on the night program, WNEW in New York, the big stations, WMAL in Washington, D. C., in Houston and Atlanta, they all had one thing in common with the small flea circus stations. Since 1945, that's always what they've called them; this station is a flea circus. They operate, some of them from the fourth floor of an old hotel in what used to be a hotel room, and they all had one thing in common, they have tired eyes. If you see an announcer who has been with it for fifteen or twenty years, they have one thing synonymous with another and that

is they've seen everything and they've heard everything and they have tired eyes. They'll smile but they've heard it before.

In Tampa, I was gainfully employed as a morning man and doubled in brass as a salesperson. We had a black personality; his name was Goldy Thompson. Goldy Thompson had been a caddy in St. Petersburg, Florida, then made his way into radio and big radio. He booked every black entertainer that came into the Tampa Bay area, both Tampa and St. Petersburg. He had a large gold Cadillac, a Coupe DeVille. He dressed like a millionaire, diamond rings and all the jewelry. His title phrase was "Tell them that Goldy sent you." And all over the Tampa Bay area, that was the prerequisite. "Tell them Goldy Thompson sent you!" Now, he was ill for a few days one summer (three or four) and who had to fill his slot but Charles Archibald Moore. Well, in the Tampa Bay area, Goldy Thompson was the local star, so I lived it up for four days, while Goldy was ill and I think I enjoyed that more than anything at the radio station.

There was another minister on and his name was Father Roberts. Father Roberts was about 6' 3", black, and he sold healing water for $25.00 a bottle. He drove a long black Cadillac, longer than I've been away from home. He had a purple cape, clear down almost to his heels, with a white silk lining and of all things, he had a real Frank Buck African hat that he wore every day. Well, between Father Roberts selling his miracle water over the air and Goldy Thompson telling "Goldy sent you," they had a bundle of advertisements on the radio. And it was my job to be the morning announcer and then to go out in the afternoon and collect money. They didn't mail the billing in those days. I had to run all over Tampa, from McDill Air Force Base and the length of Tampa, to collect the money and then bring it back to the radio station. My shift was a Sunday afternoon from noon until 7:00. On any hot Sunday afternoon in Tampa in May, June, July, August or September, we had a preacher from Texas who came on the air and he was a real, honest to goodness Hell's fire and brimstone preacher. He was one of the kind you read about but you really never see. His name was Brother Bolis. He would come in and I would just give him the sign to go on the air. He would say, "Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen, you drink that damnable stuff, you're going straight to hell. Brother Charlie Moore will play us a recorded hymn and then I'll be back with my message."

For one hour, he would hop all over them. Would he ever!! We didn't have a hundred listeners. We didn't have a thousand listeners. We had every Sunday afternoon of life, thousands of people in the Tampa Bay area who would just listen to hear what he was going to say. He would say, "You can call me Brother Bolis; you can call me Brother Bow-Legs; you can call me a fool; I'm God's biggest fool for Tampa." All-in-all, he was a pretty good minister. When his hour was up, he would leave the studio immediately and in would bound Brother Grizzard. Brother Grizzard was a short man, bald-headed and he was a Hell's fire preacher, too. Was he ever! He would say, "You ain't heard nothin' brother. I see you sitting on the local bar stools on the outside bars in Tampa winking at the girls and I'm telling you, what's more, God sees you, and you're going to roast in Hell." Those were his first words and then after that, it got a little more heated than that. Brother Bolis and Brother Grizzard - I'll never forget them on Sunday afternoon at 2:00 and 3:00, every Sunday.

When I started in Tampa radio, it was for Radio Station WALT. Walter Tyson owned the station. It was at the foot of Tyler Street in downtown Tampa. I went back there in the last year or two to search out the foot of Tyler Street in downtown Tampa. It's nothing now but a big cloverleaf. The entire business section is gone, the radio station is gone, and they moved to a new location. Time changes everything.

My gig for WALT was country music. "Howdy, hello and good morning radio friends. This is your country cousin, Charles Archibald Moore - ah ha ha ha. It's time now from radio ranch for our country music" and then we would go wild for about three hours. The network stations - we were the network station for Gordon McClindon, "The Liberty Network". We did baseball in the afternoon to all the stations on his newly organized Liberty Network. I got a big kick out of playing music on rainy afternoons on the network and days that they had night games, night baseball.

General Dwight Eisenhower came to Tampa. He was running for President then. They had him in a light powder-blue convertible Cadillac. He pulled into Phillips Field (this is where they had the Florida State Fair in February) in September. Ike mounted the platform. All the radio stations were plugged in to hear his first words. He ran over to the microphone and he said, "Well, thank you very

much Charlie, and it's great to be in Tampa." I wasn't the Charlie he was talking about, but who was to know this. Who was to be any the wiser. I sure enjoyed it.

On WALT, the Gasperella parade; there were five parades in those days in Tampa with the Florida State Fair. The three big ships would sail up Tampa Bay. They would put down the gang plank and the pirates (they were businessmen - they were funny looking pirates) would take over the city of Tampa. They would come in on their horses and this was the start (always has been every year for many years) of the Florida State Fair. Our broadcast was sponsored by "Have a Tampa Cigar." For that fair week, we had 156 bands from all over the country and sixty floats. It was a three and one-half hour parade and it was a real chore to broadcast this. But it was a lot of fun. It was here that I first got to work with Merle Evans and his performances (he never missed a performance in forty years). Merle Evans of the Ringling Brothers Band was never late for a performance in forty years. I had followed him from Buffalo, New York to Harrisburg to Johnstown to Honolulu to Florida - any place that Ringling Brothers was playing. I was an incurable fan of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus. In fact, in 1954, Ringling Brothers goofed; they played my little hometown of 10,000 people, DuBois, Pennsylvania and Jack Mills had Mills Brothers Big Tent Show then and he scheduled to play DuBois the same afternoon. 10,000 people population and two of the biggest circuses then under the tent - one was Ringling Brothers and the other, Mills Brothers Circus. I remember vividly I had two tickets ($1.60) for my wife and myself and I went up to the cage and asked where Merle Evans was, the band leader, I wanted to see him. She said, "What do you want him for?" in a gruff voice and I said, "I'm a friend of his; I worked with him in Tampa." She took my tickets, looked at them and ripped them up. She said, "These are no good today," and she handed me two $5.00 tickets. I got a big kick out of that.

Kenny Tomb worked at the post office in DuBois for many years. When he retired, he went to Sarasota and was invited out one Sunday afternoon for a late dinner in Sarasota. There were many people there. They said "Kenny, we want you to meet Merle Evans." Merle Evans said, "Where are you from?" and he said, "I'm from DuBois, Pennsylvania." Evans said, "Do you know Charlie Moore?" Kenny said

he nearly fell through the floor. He thought that Merle Evans certainly wouldn't know a Charlie Moore.

When there was no television, the stars in town for entertainment would always head for the local radio stations. It was great publicity for them and it was great publicity for us to meet them. Big and small, the headliners and the has-beens would always come to the local radio station.

Walter Tyson, the owner of WALT, had in his day, owned every major radio station in the Tampa Bay area except WSUN in St. Petersburg, the city-owned station. He founded Channel 13 Television in Tampa. I learned much from Walter Tyson and his lifetime in radio. I learned the facet of the old red and blue network and how it operated; the days when money was so tight that a radio station was only on the air four days a week instead of seven.

There was a story in Texas of an old time radio man in 1945, who would jack up the power every night. He would crank up the power and he had a clear channel station that ran from Texas, without the FCC's permission, all the way to Canada.

I worked with a man by the name of Sandy Geer, a graduate from College in Gainesville and also Gene Garcia, who later went on to Miami. They were two veteran Florida announcers and they helped me with the shortcuts and watched the pitfalls of Florida radio.

The first morning I was to report to work at WALT was at 4:00. I got up at St. Petersburg in the middle of the night, came over at 4:00 and when I got in the station, someone had pulled every patch, every jack from the patch cord and you had to have them to be on the air. Fortunately, the day before, when I was looking the station over, I scribbled them all on a piece of paper and stuck it in my wallet. I was too old a fox to be tricked by that story. I remember it like it was yesterday.

Rhonda Fleming was a beautiful Hollywood star. She was the guest of the Florida State Fair. I was to welcome her first, turn and hand the microphone to Curtis Hixon, Mayor of Tampa, Florida. They named the Curtis Hixon Memorial Stadium after him. I was to give him the mike and he would give her the keys to the city. Well, somebody goofed! She gave me her acceptance speech for the keys on Radio Station WALT and then the mayor - she had to repeat the same thing to him and it was quite a funny thing.

With the family - your name in the paper, your picture in the paper and this was not enough; money was still the name of the game. Those were exciting days in Tampa radio, fast moving days and you learned a lot about little radio. It wasn't the network by any stretch of the imagination, but I'll tell you in the baseball season, it was a great time to be in Tampa, Florida.

Well, after three years in Florida, we moved back to Pennsylvania and I made my way to Radio Station WPXY in Punxsutawney. It was up on the fourth floor of the old Punxsy Hotel in an old room that used to be a rented room in the hotel. Punxsutawney was an old Indian name. It's the home of the groundhog. People would laugh when you said you were working in Punxsutawney. They'd say there isn't such a town. In fact, one time on the network, they had a spelling bee. They said spell "Punxsutawney," and the person tried but failed. I must say one thing; they had the finest high quality people I ever knew. Sid Carlton was on our station every day at noon and he was from the Punxsutawney Spirit, the local newspaper. His brother, Bill Carlton and I were great friends in Florida. He had been the ad manager and publicity manager for Webb City in St. Petersburg, which was known then as the largest drug store in the world. Bill Carlton had been a Major in World War II and was recalled into active duty in Korea. I had known him very well at Webb City, Doc Webb's right hand man I called him. Webb City in downtown St. Petersburg, the world's biggest drug store, was not just a drug store; that's what it started out to be. Bill Carlton handled all the entertainment up on the roof garden at Webb City and they had fine entertainment in the early 50's. I remember a haircut at Webb City was sixty-nine cents and it was less than two minutes and you had to watch your ears. Also, they would put new heels on your shoes for sixty-six cents in less than five minutes. Webb City had a huge clothing department store; they had a tremendous women's store; they had automobile accessories; they had home furnishings and they had a food market. Webb City covered a good many thousand square feet. And in 1950, there were no big malls, so Webb City was the focal point as far as Tampa Bay and St. Petersburg were concerned. They had a captive following of thousands of people every night - nothing to do but go to Webb City.

Punxsutawney radio, for a morning man - I did the rip and read news from either the AP machine or the UP machine. There were very few telephone calls in that day for local news. The first news was at 6:00 in the morning; the second news at 6:30; the third news to be given live at 7:00; the fourth at 7:30; a fifteen-minute feature at 8:00 then at 8:30; then at 9:00, 9:30 and 10:00. After doing so many newscasts each morning, you would die from boredom. And for many months - winter, summer, spring and fall - the first thing we would do is check the news, early in the morning and go over it methodically. Then we would check the machine every half hour to see if there were any additives to the news, but what we would do is ad lib the entire five minute news and we did it with gusto. In fact, it became a challenge. You didn't have to pick up a piece of paper, you would commit it to memory - the news, the town, the event and the world events, all committed to memory and it was a funny thing for Charles Archibald Moore - I made less mistakes that way than I did when I read the news right from the machine. I worked from 6:00 in the morning until 7:00 at night, six days a week. And on the hot summer nights, I had to drive twenty-one miles home and it was a real kick in the head.

One night, I saw an old fashioned cemetery beside the road. I passed it every day and I though, "you know, I'd like to pull in and sleep an hour." So, I pulled in and slept an hour in the back seat of my 1946 Buick and I thought, "This is just great!!" During the summer months, especially May, June, July and August, I found myself sleeping at least an hour or hour and one-half on my way home in the back seat of that old 1946 Buick. I go so that I could hardly pass a cemetery without wanting to take a nap. THIS IS TRUE!!

I have stated before in this expose that local radio and local radio announcers have to wear many hats. They have to do many things besides just work on the air. One day, late in November on a very cool wintry day, the WPXY (Punxsutawney, Pennsylvania) engineer asked me to go with him and get a rented truck. We were to pick up five hundred feet of heavy cable, go up the hill to the top of the tower site, string the five hundred feet of cable to the tower and down to the road near the shack and the busy highway leading near the shack. We finally got the piece of equipment loaded with the cable and huge spool-like effect. The engineer weighs about 125 pounds and how we ever got the cable on the truck, I'll never know. How we ever

got up the hill, I'll never know. And by hook or by crook, we finally got it off the truck, fastened it at the top of the hill at the tower and it was my job to hold back the spool with all the cable on it - five hundred feet - from rolling down the grassy hill onto the highway. One skinny Irish lad named Charles Archibald Moore to hold back that huge spool with heavy cable for the radio tower - never. I could have held back a Sherman tank easier. Well, at the last minute, I looked around and that sucker was rolling down the hill as fast as it could go picking up speed every hundred feet. No, it didn't strike a school bus; it didn't even hit a car, but, buddy, that was the last time I ever wanted to play radio engineer and to string cable.

In life, in forty-five years, I've seen many small-time radio stations fold, such as Clearfield, Pennsylvania; they had two radio stations, one just went under. Kittanning, Pennsylvania had two radio stations; only one worked out. The same thing was true for WPXY in Punxsutawney. After a number of months, we folded and the next Monday, I was at the other station selling my apples on the early morning program.

I knew a postman by the name of Ralph Steinbach and his wife was Betty. Betty was a queen - I always told her she was NUMBER ONE! Well, every Christmas for many, many years, they had a nativity in their yard, with a small light near the Baby Jesus. One night, the light went out. Ralph made his way quickly to the basement, grabbed the first bulb he came to and put the bulb in. In less than ten minutes, cars were stopping, honking their horns and waving. We went out and looked and he had put in, inadvertently, a twinkle light, in the Baby Jesus' eye. I never got over that one.

In almost every radio station that I've ever worked, Christmas and New Years were a big drag. December first, or thereabouts, we would sell Christmas and News Years Day greetings; they were a farce. The people we sold them to knew they were a farce. The station announcers, the station management and the listeners knew they were a farce. We would put on a huge, big tape. We would gather the entire staff up in a circle; everyone would have fifty pages and we would read the lies about each one of the sponsors wanting to wish everyone a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. The sponsors didn't mean it; the folks in radio land knew it was a hoax. It was purely a simple matter of making money for the radio station for

January. But thousands and thousands of sponsors on countless stations all over the country for a good many decades have gone along with a Christmas and News Years greeting that they didn't mean.

The sharp salesman would come to town in nice weather - he wore a bow tie, get this, a bow tie, had a mustache and smoked a pipe. My mother told me, "Don't every buy a used car from a salesman who wears a bow tie, has a mustache and smokes a pipe!" He would canvas the entire area in several weeks. He would sell them a worthless clock that they would put in their window in their business establishment and then for thirteen weeks, their safety program would run - "Safety in Punxsutawney in Your Home." First, the radio audience got bored and they objected most vociferously. Second, the sponsor did not want to pay his bill. Third, the clock had only worked for twenty-one days and would never work again. As my mother said, "Never buy a used car from a salesman with a bow tie, a mustache, and one who smokes a pipe!!"

Well, WPXY and WPME days in Punxsutawney, Pennsylvania had only one thing to point to each year and that one thing was Groundhog Day, around February 1st. There was a place called Corry, Pennsylvania, a place out in Michigan where their radio stations beat the drum for Groundhog Day and a place down in the Dutch country near Lancaster. But they were many lightyears away from Punxsutawney. Punxsy had been having Groundhog Day for years and years before they ever heard of the groundhog. The networks, sometimes three of them, would call our station in Punxsutawney to get the local story - if the groundhog had seen its shadow on the first of February. The Punxsutawney Groundhog Club would turn out on Groundhog morning with tails, top hat and go out to a place called "Gobblers Knob," just outside of Punxsutawney on a hill. Rain, shine and snow, they would look for the groundhog to see its shadow. I remember, so very well, while working in Punxsutawney at WPXY and WPME, they had a live groundhog and that sucker was as mean as a junkyard dog - oh, Leroy Brown, the meanest groundhog in town. He bit so many people that in later years, they had that groundhog stuffed and that was much safer. The Groundhog Dinner in Punxsutawney that night was always a big success. The dinner and dance, the festivities, plus the national publicity made Punxsutawney, a "sit up and take notice" place for one day. The local gentry liked

groundhog day; they always have. They've been very proud of it and we're very proud of Punxsutawney. But, as far as those clocks, the local gentry, when they were sold on those in Punxsutawney, they never seemed to get off the ground.

Punxsutawney had a beautiful large park in the center of town. They've had a number of disastrous big fires destroying the bank and many of the business establishments downtown over the last ten years. Thus, the story of a dying small town due to the big malls coming in.

My favorite story and it's probably one hundred years old was about a young father pushing his screaming baby in a carriage through the Punxsy Park one Sunday afternoon. The baby screamed its lungs out and he said, "Now, Malcolm, God will help you." And he pushed the baby another fifty feet. The baby screamed its head off. He said, "Now Malcolm, Jesus is going to help you." A lady looked at the baby and Malcolm and thought the baby certainly had a set of lungs. So, the father pushed the baby all the way around the park and the baby went to sleep. The lady came up to him and she said, "Well, I see that Malcolm finally went to sleep;!" "No, no, lady, this is Sam, I'm Malcolm." That's an old-time story from Punxsutawney, the home of the groundhog.

It has not always been true, but many times in the 1940's, 1950's, 1960's and 1970's, I've found that the best-run AM-FM radio stations were those owned by a newspaper, who had the main man - he was the one that would be riding herd over the radio personnel. I had the privilege of working for the Wise Brothers who owned the newspaper and the Radio Station, WBUT, in Butler. They were excellent. I also worked for Radio Station WCPA in Clearfield, owned by the Clearfield Progress, the newspaper; WCED (fifteen years I worked for them) owned by the Courier-Express of DuBois and the radio station in Bradford, the Bradford Era - owned WESB.

My point is that scanning the immediate horizon, in this society of ours, the larger stations in big cities, with a huge staff, did not need a newspaper to rely on. WCPA in Clearfield was run by a man named Bill Thomas. Each Saturday, he went to Pittsburgh and on KDKA radio, he had a program, "A Main Street Editor Takes a Look at the News."

Small radio definitely needs a good newsman. And many times, they don't have one. They also need a super program director - a whip; a utility whip - a

program director who knows every announcer and his weakness and just what he is best suited to do.

I have found that Saturday afternoon and Sunday, you usually have the poorest announcers on the radio station work; on those two shifts, Saturday afternoon, Saturday night and all day Sunday.

I can't tell you how many radio stations I worked at who had one thing, a program on Sunday afternoon called the "Battle of the Baritones." All over the south - in Alabama, Florida, Georgia and Mississippi - I can still hear them on Sunday afternoon - one of the programs, "Battle of the Baritones" and the other "Sunday Afternoon Serenade."

I found over forty-five years, and about forty of them as a morning man, that you cannot know the other man's job second hand. These are the people that you are talking to. I learned many years ago that you have to go out to the job to learn and retain a few facts of the person because you can't talk to them - you are talking down when you say, "I know just exactly what you're doing;" you don't know at all. I had to go to the sawmills and learn first hand what the millhand's job really was and what made him tick. I had to learn and know every facet of the local fire department - the story behind every fire department officer, buying equipment, fire schools and the thrills of being a volunteer fireman.

I had to go to the farmer and make sure I knew what his milker was, a Delavalle or a Pulsator and the type of farm machinery he had; the type of tractor and why. I had to know his bookkeeping techniques and what the government was doing for the farmer. You can't speak over the radio to the farmer and say, "I know just how it is down on the farm." No, no - you have to have been there.

I spent an awful lot of time with coal miners from the check weighman to the cutter to the man, who for years, was on his stomach in so many inches of coal - eighteen to twenty-four - of coal digging and digging, a lifetime in a job that none of us could do a day.

I had to check with the VFW, American Legion, the people who were in the soft bottle business (bottling business), dairy business, body and fender work (to learn that was a complete story), a way of life and then the big truckers. You cannot talk to a big trucker unless you know about a ten-speed splitter and a thirteen-speed

Daughter and Husband
Dr. Norman Spencer
North Hampton, Massachusetts
They had made 14 trips to Europe and last year my daughter sold several of her short stories in London, England

splitter; what a cornbinder is; what an Allentown rattler is; what a Freightliner is; you have to know these things. You can't say, "I know all about this." I've never heard of a free-wheeling pocketbook. You've never heard of a triple nickel. The story behind the truck and the big truckers is something else.

To learn the story of the hospital - hospital workers, the nursing home - you cannot talk to people if you do not know their heartaches, their aspirations, their fears, their jobs. There's no way on God's earth that you can fake this. You can't get on the radio and say, "I know just exactly how your job works" unless you've actually been there and learned first hand from the people who have worked it for years and years.

The best-run radio stations - there are several small ones in our immediate area in Pennsylvania. One was Bradford, WESB. It was a quality station from stem to stern but it was no fun working there. You went to work at 4:00 in the afternoon and you worked till 12:00, that's what you got paid for. You rewrite the 6:00 news, the local news; you would make your telephone calls; you rewrote the 8:00 news; made your telephone calls; you rewrote the 9:00 news, you rewrote the 11:00 news; the local news and rewrote the news for 12:05. Then, you had to go in town after your shift and deliver all the stories that you'd written to the newspaper. You were never, in Bradford, Pennsylvania, permitted to play more than one number, only one number, from an album. So, at the end of the night, you'd have a stack maybe a foot and one-half to two feet high of albums that you played only one selection from. You had to wear a neck tie and your regular workshift was 4:00 till midnight, but when you put your records away and got ready for the next shift - one morning, I was there until 4:00 a.m., just doing the small things. They had no tape recorders, no spot recorders, no reel-to-reel; everything you did was live and it was quite a job.

Radio Station WCPA in Clearfield ran a close second to any big city station I ever saw. Their news was one hundred percent; they tried. Clearfield's music was the best; their announcers in that day were just a cut above the rest.

WGSM, out in Huntington, Long Island - they wanted only top notch people to work for them. I saw them fire twenty-eight announcers in six months. They had only one brand of radio - Long Island Radio. It was quality radio, that was the key word. If you weren't the best at your all-time history the day you arrived; in two

weeks, you were history. They would fire you!!! The radio announcer does not think like a human being. This I've said over and over again. His greatest enemy is to grow fat and lazy and say, "I don't care!" "I'm not getting enough money here, so I'm not going to put any more in it."

One time Minnie Pearl said, over in Johnstown, that a man was coming on the train from New York City to cast her for a part in a big-time Broadway play. He was to come that night and she had an afternoon performance to give. Minnie Pearl said, "I just laid on the oars - I gave a sloppy performance that afternoon." Her manager came in and said, "The man was here for this afternoon, he caught your show and he caught the next train back to New York."

There was a radio station out in Youngstown, Ohio, WKBN. I never worked for it, but I would go out there many times to see the man who ran the station. It was an excellent station. They did programming at its very best. I would go out to Ohio on my day off and sit at the feet of a man by the name of Baldwin "Doc" Harper. He had silver hair, a beautiful dark blue suit, white shirt, expensive tie, expensive black shoes, perfectly groomed and he knew radio from the early days of radio. He would have me make tapes for him. And then, he would sit down and show me how wrong I really was. Baldwin Harper of WKBN, in Youngstown, was a pro among pros. He would start me off always by saying two words, you simply say, "Good Evening." Well, I'd say and blurt it out - GOOD EVENING - like I was carrying milk out of the barn in a pail. "No, NO, NO!!" he would say, "It's not that way." He said, "It's Good Evening and let it r o l l." You have to have feeling; you have to have meaning; you have to have depths." "Good Evening," and I would practice that for five minutes. He would tell me what the news meant - what you are trying to convey in a news broadcast - what good music should be - how it was to be played and in what order.

I had been in flea circus radio, as I called it, for five years, but nobody ever took time to explain to me what I was doing and why it was wrong. It has been said many times; you can stay on one station for twenty years and get in such a rut that you'd die on your feet. I feel many people in life have had various jobs, changed jobs; they look back only to say, "You know I wish I'd have skipped that three years in my

life." I find this prevalent even today. But, we do, pretty much what God has for us to do along the work path.

Carl Anderson was a coal miner. He was a cutter in the mines and a brilliant Sunday School teacher; a brilliant man of the philosophy of this life. He said, at age 80, after working forty years in the coal mines, "If you don't have it one way, you have it another," and he meant, of course, trouble.

Well, when you live in "small town, USA" - north, south, east or west - you watch people. Maybe it's a doctor; maybe it's the undertaker; maybe it's someone in a store; maybe a school teacher; you watch them, and they become a hero to you.

Just over from the Radio Station in DuBois, about one-quarter mile, was our beautiful city park and it's really something. As a small boy, I would delight myself on a summer's night to go over and watch the Blue Jackets Drum and Bugle Corps from the American Legion practice three nights a week. They were terrific. They had a local strong man by the name of Joe Peltz; he was my hero. He is still living today, in his late 80's, in a rest home in our area. Well, one night many years ago (fifty-five to be exact), Joe Peltz came over, stretched himself out on the grass and a friend drove his Ford up on his chest. No harm was done to Joe Peltz, the strongman. He was a power of strength. The same night he straightened out a horseshoe; now, it wasn't a pony shoe. Everyone would say, "Did you see it?" I happened to be there. I know they drove the car up on his chest; I know he straightened out the horseshoe. He was Joe Peltz - he was a hero. Now, I know these were childhood days, but they've stayed with me for almost fifty-five years. Like people - a face in a crowd - they, for a brief moment, do their thing. They do the impossible and other people remember it forever.

Buzz Margotti was a town character. He was a slightly built man, perhaps no more than 155 pounds. He wore a long heavy gray coat, winter and summer. He had a long gray beard and a black hat. He was a character to see walking along. He lived way up on West Long Avenue at what they call "Iselin Heights" in our town. The Bell Telephone Company was replacing a telephone pole one day in the summer and had taken the pole out and stretched it out beside the highway waiting for the truck to come and pick it up. Buzz Margotti was walking by and he asked the foreman if he could have this full-length telephone pole. It was a wooden pole. The

foreman laughed and said, "Yes, if you can carry it home, it's yours." Well, they all gathered around and laughed at this old man. He stooped down at the one end of the pole and after much tugging, sweating and pulling, he got the pole maybe eight or ten inches off the ground - at least one end. They all laughed and thought he'll never move it. But the laugh was on the other side of the ship. He struggled with the pole and like Samson pulling the gate (the bar and all), he managed to get the pole up to Iselin Heights which was a mile and one-half away. They used to bring a man up from Pittsburgh to DuBois and he wanted one thing - to see Buzz Margotti bend quarters. They would go up to his home on West Long Avenue and, true enough, a twenty-five cent piece, he would bend it almost in two pieces. He could do that with either hand. He was the DuBois strongman. They said one time a tombstone fell over in the local graveyard, Rumbarger Cemetery. Buzz Margotti was there and he said, "I can straighten that up for you." They said, "You can't - that weighs over nine hundred pounds!" He said, "It's no problem at all." He got under the tombstone, gave one mighty heave, like Samson, and the tombstone was standing upright, and he walked away with his gray beard, his gray coat and his black hat, heading up the hill where he lived. There are only one or two Buzz Margottis in a lifetime. There are only one or two strongmen like Joe Peltz that could straighten a horseshoe. But, at least, you get to see some of the people - little people - the face in the crowd doing the impossible thing and, I guess, in essence, that's what makes life worth the living.

Well, life in any stage, does change. This is true. Local radio - it changes - with the time, so much that in the past ten years - if you had an announcer ten years ago and you were to walk in and start another shift for today - it would be somewhat like Rip Van Winkle after sleeping twenty years. The flea circus radio stations, as I call them, have always been a can of worms. Anybody that you talk to who works the shift, day after day, all the holidays, weekends, Sundays and everything else, will tell you in essence, it was just a can of worms.

I did one Good Friday Radio Program on WCED in DuBois. I as working as the morning man and working four hours in the afternoon. After the three-hour church remote services on Good Friday, I did one hundred and six announcements back to back. Poor radio, yes, but the owners were money greedy. The radio station

didn't want to lose the money for the afternoon, so they put one hundred and six of them on straight. You just had the weather and the time between the announcements and it was poor, poor radio.

I shall remember it wa against the FCC rules that our station was out for the money, anyway, by hook or crook, to get a dollar. MAKE THAT DOLLAR!! That was it. They had sold every commercial, one summer weekend, before a holiday, every single program was sold - every single commercial was sold in the black. There was nothing left to sell. We had a simple-minded salesman, Ben Finger, silly as a goose, and he sold the sign-off and the National Anthem. Now, I have never, in all my life, in my forty-five years of radio, seen or even heard of any station that would go so far as to sell the National Anthem. And the sign-off, but he did, and they collected the money for it. To sell the National Anthem, the last thing at night, at 12:05, was something else in that day and it would be something else in this day.

Today's young people will wear $100.00 white sneakers with the laces untied. It is what they call a status symbol. You wear these and you are a real dude, to be sure; don't tie the white sneaks, leave them open. Now, in our day, the status symbol was to go anywhere that you swim; that you could find enough water, and on the way home, in the automobile, you would tie the bathing suit on the outside of the antenna or tie it to the door handle. Why they wanted people to know they had been swimming I have never, in forty years, been able to figure out, but that's what it was. I know when I was a child; when I was a youngster and in my early teens, to see someone go past with a soaking wet bathing suit hanging from the antenna of the car - that was a status symbol. HEY - I'VE BEEN SWIMMING!! What was a swimming pool in your area? No, it wasn't a brilliantly colorful stone pool with clear, blue crystal water. It was called, the "Rocks," in Falls Creek, Pennsylvania, and it was just as the name implied - it was full of big boulders. We had the Joe Hand Dam. This was right next to the railroad tracks where a true legend said in the old days - a train went off the tracks and a boxcar flipped into the water and disappeared in nearly fifty feet of water, end on end.

The Bear Trap was a famous swimming hole in the old days from the lumber days. in Clearfield County. And best of all, was Lake Sabula. Lake Sabula was six miles out of town and lots of times we walked both ways, day and night. But anyone

Mother and Charlie Moore
1946
"The Greatest Influence in My Life"

who had a car would pick us up hitchhiking and if they had a bathing suit tied to the antenna, that was a status symbol.

When I look back at 1939 and the college here in DuBois (Penn State University, a two-year branch of Penn State), the big thing in 1939 and 1940 on Sunday afternoons, was for young men to thrill the ladies by swallowing small goldfish. I remember one swallowed about thirty-five. Give-away radio programs, and I'm looking back since1945, some of them were really a farce. I worked at a station one time and they would have a "Man on the Street Program." And, of all things, they would give away a stick of gum. The total value then of a stick of gum was only a penny. I was so embarrassed to ask anybody a question and then hand them a stick of gum. OH MY!! Radio give-away programs, either by phone call or by mail, in the early days, were the forerunner of the Wheel of Fortune and Jeopardy programs. The prizes were very small, very minute. The questions were so hard that very few of them could even be answered. We filled our studio one time in the 1950's with beautiful prizes on the table - perfume, ladies wallets, the various gifts for a lady; gentlemen's wallets, flashlights, knives, everything - they were nice gifts and we filled two huge tables with these and then would have the various ladies clubs come in. I remember the ladies club came in from the B & O, Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and nobody won anything. So, the man who had the program went on vacation and they asked me to take the program for one week. Right beside our studio was a train. It was a carnival train and it ran almost a mile and one-half; the longest train of the Johnny Jones' Carnival. It was a sleeping; they used to sleep in the sleeping cars, in the pullmans, and they were parked right across from the radio station. So, I got the brilliant idea: Why not invite some of the carnival workers over and they can answer the questions. I went over and I rounded up twelve to fourteen people and I said, "I want you to be here on Friday afternoon at 2:00. We are going to do a half-hour program asking questions and you will be able to answer them." Well, they came over and they were all dressed to kill from the Johnny Jones Carnival. We had the man who was the flame eater; we had the girls from the girlie show; and we had the people who worked and swung the sledge hammers to put up the carnival and take it down; we had a mad assortment of people - did we ever! I would ask the question, and, of course, it was radio and no one could

no one could see. Then, I would just turn the paper over and let them see the answer. To one man, I said, "Who wrote the Raven?" And he looked on my paper, closed his eyes and said, "Edgar Allen Pope!" I said, "It's Edgar Allen Poe - it's as close as you're going to get." I said, "You've won this beautiful pair of ladies sunglasses." He looked at me and said, "I'd like to trade these cheaters in for some perfume for my lady friend." I said, "This will be perfectly all right." Anyhow, the young man came back who was doing the program, and I had virtually cleaned the table off of all the gifts and when Johnny Jones Carnival left that week, I was the hero of the carnival, having had the local people over.

I, every so often, think of the local give-aways and many of them were a farce; many of them were fixed; you were unable to answer the question - my brother, my sister; you were unable to get the prizes, as well. We had a golf tournament and this was local, in 1988, at the local country club and the Lincoln dealer brought over a big Lincoln Town Car. He said, "I'll give this away if anyone Friday or Saturday gets a hole-in-one." Well, it was a million to one shot that anybody would ever get a hole-in-one in the golf tournament that weekend. He was safe; he didn't even bother to have it insured. He was home safe. Well, on Saturday afternoon, a local duffer came up and he wasn't much of a golfer, but he was a golfer enough to get one good hit and it rolled right straight into the cup and that night, he went home with a brand new Lincoln. They are still talking about that and it is a true story.

Now, any sport after the war, you could sell. They started with children's baseball; midget football wasn't the thing in those days, but they could sell any sport that you had. I remember in the late 40's and early 50's, the soap box derby was the big thing in our area. It was always around the Fourth of July. We would broadcast it and the soap box derby was something else. The station made money on the soap box derby.

To broadcast a parade every year is something else. You would get eighteen to twenty-four sponsors over a three/three and one-half hour period and the sponsors would pay much to be on one time. The anniversary of the DuBois, Pennsylvania fire was 1888 and it was synonymous with the years gone by. Brookville had a Laurel Parade when the laurel was in bloom and it was in June. Brockway had a huge celebration (Brockway - home of Brockway Glass) on the

Fourth of July. Clearfield, the county seat of Clearfield County, had the big fair in August and the first of August, we had a tremendous parade; many units would come from New York, Ohio and Pennsylvania. We did the parade form 1946 to 1990.

Prior to World War II, we had a little town of ten thousand people and five volunteer fire companies with as many as one hundred twenty-five marching men in each company in the summer, they would parade as much as four nights a week. There wasn't much to do in those days and there wasn't too much work. They had white shoes, white gloves and a white belt with either a maroon, red, electric blue, bright green or black uniform. When you would see one hundred and twenty-five marching men and they really could march in those days, with their fine, fine uniforms, they were something to see coming down Main St., USA. The program in those days - we look back and we wonder "how much did a gabardine pair of slacks cost and a matching shirt and a hat?" The entire price in those days, prior to 1942, was just $26.00. This did not include the white shoes - you had to provide them yourself. The respective fire companies had great pride; the trousers, the belt, the shirt, and the hat were only $26.00 and it was money well spent. I saw a drummer one time, drum major, coming down the street of our hometown. He had seven batons. He stopped at the corner where the parade route changed and he threw seven batons up in the air, one right after another, as high as a three-story building and caught every one of them. I don't know his name; they said he was the world's greatest. I only saw him one time but I never forgot it. Parades, up and down the street and they were changed later on when children, the pabulum set, moved in. Little kiddies, three and four, walking along; their parents loved them, but like television changed the circus, the parades were changed when the men left the parade. We used to always look at the parade; we had nothing to say, "There's a fire truck - it's red."

Well, following the news in radio, I always look upon myself like Lee Harvey Oswald, a man of small experiences. I never did anything great; I never knew anybody great; I was just a face in the crowd, kind of somebody passing by. I think everybody should, at least at one time in their life, try to swing the bat as hard as they can to hit the ball over the fence.

In 1957, after twelve years in small-time radio in Florida, Pennsylvania and New York, I decided I was going to give it a try and go to New York. I had been working in a small town of eight hundred at WJUN in Mexico, Pennsylvania and I said, "It is now or never. So, New York, I'm going to give it a try; I have nothing to lose." I packed my extensive wardrobe, twelve pair of socks and a toothbrush, and I headed for New York. I went out to Freeport, Long Island (this was Guy Lombardo's hometown), and I sat four hours on a hot afternoon in a radio station waiting for Mr. Ray Adell, the program director, to give me an audition for a radio station in Huntington, Long Island. Well, armed with the letters of recommendation and a smile on my Irish face, I walked in and said, "Hi, I'm Charles Archibald Moore and I want to be your morning man!" It worked out pretty well. After four hours, he listened to me and I got the nod and he said, "You can start in August at WGSM, the World's Greatest Suburban Market." That's what WGSM stood for in Huntington, Long Island. We had a little trailer. It was about seventy feet long and nothing but bay windows. We would take this out to the shopping centers and the various placed in Long Island and we would do remotes. We had eighteen on the staff plus a huge sales force. When I went to New York on the bus, to 50th Street in New York, and then down to Penn Station, we always said, "Lead us not into the Penn Station." The train to Jamaica was only a few minutes and it was the route of the dashing commuter, the Long Island Network, Long Island Railroad. The joke in those days always was - everybody had to change the trains at Jamaica, regardless of where you were going on Long Island; you had to get a different train at Jamaica. They said a man fell over with a heart attack on the platform. The Priest rushed up to him (and, this is a joke) to give him the last rites of the church. He said, "No, Father, I don't mind dying just so long as I don't have to change trains at Jamaica." Everybody had to change trains at Jamaica.

At Radio Station WGSM, I learned the ways of radio, life in a week or less. You made no mistakes. Those were the days that several million people were listening in Brooklyn, Queens and also in Manhattan, because we were only thirty miles from Manhattan. They were very critical listeners. They would write and tell you if you had a fault. Boy, that would spell it out. Now, I'd come from a rural town of eight hundred people and one thing mattered; it was rural radio in Mexico,

Pennsylvania, but not so in Huntington, Long Island. I'll tell you, after doing sloppy news and sloppy commercials, you played your own records and anything went. For twelve months a year, the listeners would write and tell you exactly the songs you played and then they would say, "I wrote that song." And it was so much different having the artist call you and having the various people who wrote the music call you who lived in and around New York City. Mr. Ed Fitzgerald was the owner of WGSM. His radio days dated back to Chicago before World War II. There was a program, "I've Got a Lady in the Balcony, Doctor and Doctor IQ." He was the originator of the program and he knew many people in various agencies in New York. In fact, he would write me letters of recommendation and I would go in to Young and Rubecam, Benton and Bolls, McCann Erickson, J. Walter Thompson, and BBD&O, trying to get work in New York City. Before I arrived, he had fired twenty-eight announcers in a six-month period. Mr. "Fitz" as we called Mr. Fitzgerald played the piano and was highly talented. but he was a task master as far as radio was concerned. He said, "I only want an announcer at his best and when he leaves me, he's ready to go into New York but he'll leave one way or another after I say he's finished."

We had different names for different announcers. A boy came in from Louisiana and we called him Berry Brush. Another boy came in and we called him Ken Johnson. He lasted two weeks and they fired him. Another boy came in and they named him Ken Johnson; he lasted two weeks and they fired him. The third boy came in and used the air name Ken Johnson - I felt like it was a club.

What we did in the old days, in radio, in the 50's at Huntington, Long Island - we had a huge tape and when someone would apply for a job, an announcer, they would put his voice on the tape verbatim and the next announcer applying and the next and they would have twelve different men applying for the announcer's position and they would just run them through. You never knew a name; you never knew where they were from. You only knew the voice and we would all gather in the studio and pass judgment on them. I thought it was a wild way to hire people, but that's the way they did it in those days.

I worked with a lad named Clem Cooper. We called him Clem Lebine, after the famous baseball player and he was from Queens. He had been in Dallas on a

50,000 watt station and he was letter perfect as an announcer. I could never carry his notebook. Clem Cooper (Clem Lebine); the last time I heard about him, he was still out on Long Island doing a tremendous job. He had a network voice.

Then, I remember Johnny Stegger. Johnny Stegger was 6' 3"; he had light curly hair, handsome enough to be in the movies and silly as a goose. All he wanted to do on his nights off was go to the Republican and Democratic recruit dances on Long Island. He really liked to live it up. Johnny Stegger had been in Alaska in radio. So, when you were working with a boy who had been in Dallas and one who had been in Alaska, you were in fast company because they had the experience.

Carmine Doreo went by Henry Clark and he was always saying to me, "Mo shore'l way" as the Italians would say, way and mo shore. He was a fine young man and had a wonderful family. He had been the head usher at Radio City at one time and was a sharp New York announcer.

Bill Goddard was out of St. John's College. He was 6' 4" and weighed two hundred sixty pounds and had a walrus mustache. He did the news and I was the morning man. Goddard did summer stock at the old Red Barn Playhouse out of Huntington, Long Island, and he was terrific. But every morning of life, so it wouldn't be boring, I would go in at 5:00 and Goddard had the New York newspaper, The Mirror, and that was always the scandal sheet. Such as one morning, I remember vividly, a woman and her boyfriend had taken her husband, murdered him, cut him up and put him in the trunk of the car. Goddard would say, "Moore, hey, Moore, did you read this? This is something that is a personal matter and should never be in the paper."

When Eddie Fisher divorced his wife, Debbie Reynolds, to marry Liz Taylor, Goddard was first at the head of the stairs that morning to say, "Hey, Moore, this thing should not be in the paper. This is a personal thing!" And we did that every day, six mornings a week.

I had a young lady who put away all my records after my program. I never had to pick them up. Well, I hadn't done that in other stations - I'll tell thee! Then, we received $33.00 a meal, for any day or holiday that we had to work during the meal time. We received $75.00 for forty-five minutes at a remote and this was a fortune in those days. We did the famous Bohack Markets of Long Island, Brooklyn

and Queens. We did many a mall opening in those days in Long Island and Security National Bank. We opened more Security National Banks than Jesse and Frank James closed. Anyhow, in those days, the station policy was only four commercials in thirty minutes. This was a shock to my system because I had been doing as many as nineteen commercials in a half-hour. Now to have four commercials and the rest was weather, music and news of the community. I did remotes at Central Islip Veterans Hospital; I even did remotes on a bus going out to Huntington Station. I did remotes every place that I could drag a radio microphone. One day a short man came in to the studio with a gray suit, blue shirt, and striped tie. He came in at noon and said, "I am an announcer." Well, maybe three days a week, somebody came in and said, "I am an announcer, and I want to see the station." And I really wanted to eat that noon so I said, "You'll have to excuse me, sir, it is my lunch hour." I shook hands with him and said, "I'm Charlie Moore, what is your name?" He said, "My name is Jackson Beck; I do the United States Steel Hour on CBS Television." For months and months, I had gone down the halls, every morning of life, at 5:30 and I would say, "This is Jackson Beck, of the United States Steel Hour." He was my favorite announcer. The last time I saw him or heard of him on television, he was doing a Thompson's Water Seal commercial for decks. He is the voice that does the commercial for Water Seal and he is now seventy-eight years old, and like Lowell Thomas of old, is still announcing. Jackson Beck of the United States Steel Hour! I said, "Could you please, please send me a picture the first of the week so I can show my friends?" So, on Monday, I received a beautiful big picture signed, "To Charlie Moore, from his pal, Jackson Beck." I showed it to everybody in the station, to eighteen people, and I said, "This man's my friend - HE IS MY FRIEND!! This is Jackson Beck; the man I've been talking about for months!" But, I didn't take the little slip of paper out that was five inches by five inches, until I got home that night. Wherever I lived and whatever radio, whatever town, whether it was Florida, Georgia, Pennsylvania or New York, I always said I lived on Baker Street, like Sherlock Holmes. So, I went to my room on Baker Street and I had a room with a lady who was in her 80's and her name was Mrs. Dillon. I called her Marshal Dillon. Mrs. Dillon was so kind, desperately kind to me, so I got my picture out to show her. I said, "Here, this is Jackson Beck; we listened to him on Wednesday night on the

United States Steel Hour." I pulled the slip out; there was a little piece of paper, five inches by five inches and it said, "Dear Charlie, I've gone to Willard Levatass, the manager of the Steel Hour Program and you are to be on the Steel Hour to see Carol Jones at the Theater Guild Playhouse in New York. You are to be on in February."

Well, it was very funny, me, Charlie Moore, from the boondocks going into New York City and going up to the Theater Guild. I had to sign twelve papers that I would not be on television that day on any other network. Well, I had waited thirteen years to get on; it was highly unlikely that I would be on any other program that day or any other day. I had to join AFTRA and had to have my picture put in the Theater Guild Magazine for people who were looking for help. It was so funny to see Arthur Godfrey's picture in there and Garry Moore's picture and then there was a snapshot of Charles Moore from Huntington, Long Island and I did giggle and I did laugh.

When Robert Consadine had me on the program, The Tonight Show, from NBC in New York (that's when they did the Tonight Show there), it was a great deal of pleasure. You used that primarily - it as four minutes and sixteen seconds - for credits. In other words, I would merely put down Charles Moore, United States Steel Hour; Charles Moore - The Tonight Show on NBC. Then, we did in our studio, Lowell Thomas and these things you would put down as credits. Everybody would make their credits sound the very best that they knew how. And I was just like anybody else. We were all trying desperately to get ahead as fast as we could.

I met a young man who sold Buicks at the Buick Garage in Huntington, Long Island. His name was Jack Searl. He was a singer and he had a record out, "Part-Time Sweetheart." It was very, very good. So, I would play his record in the morning, and because of that, he went into New York and got on the Dinah Shore Program several times.

I was very interested in the price structure, in those days, in the 50's, of soap operas. Now, today, everybody watches the soap operas to find out what Jack's doing and I think this is very funny. But, the soap operas in those days paid $100.00 a day and no one was ever on five days a week. You were only on four days a week. I thought that was rather odd. They would talk about you, the character part, on one day and they would talk and talk about you until you thought they were actually

on the program. In those days, I had a friend whose name was Larry Hugo and Larry Hugo had a farm in Virginia and he had been in the movies and been in television on "As the World Turns." He was on that for a number of years and we would ride in and he would talk to me about the various aspects of entertainment as far as television was concerned and the theater. The theater was very different; the theater, of course, dated back. Some of them had their roots as far as Europe on the British stage. I worked with a man by the name of Billy Harrigan and Billy Harrigan had worked four years with Henry Fonda on "Mr. Roberts." I said, "What kind of a man was Henry Fonda?" He said, "When I worked with him, he was a nice boy." And Billy Harrigan was in his 70's then and his best friend was John Barrymore - there was John Barrymore, Lionel Barrymore and their sister, Ethel Barrymore. Ethel Barrymore said, "I can make more money one night doing television, a spectacular, than I can working week after week to make a movie." He said, "John Barrymore - as far as being an actor - his entire life, everything he ever did, came easy." And, he said, "Every single performance he ever did; John Barrymore told me, `You don't understand, Billy Harrigan, the main things on the stage today are the little things. I was in production in New York City and I had to take five steps backward, grab the doorknob, open it and go out. It meant absolutely nothing to me. I would reach up for the doorknob and it was always in the same spot. I never knew it was so important until someone in production called the story and said - Barrymore, you are letter perfect even the way you go out through the door.'"

And Jimmy Cagney lived in Connecticut and he had never met Jack Lemmon. The day he met Jack Lemmon, he said, "I've watched you in the movies and you let on you are left handed. I know better." And so, there are people who take certain aspects of television and the theater and they have them down just to the right degree, whereas on radio, it's all talk. That's all it is - talk!

We would have Edye Gorme and her husband, Steve Lawrence, come out. They would come on a Friday afternoon. Montovani had an orchestra and beautiful string music. Montovani lived in Huntington and he would come to the station and also the various stars who were out in summer production who lived in Long Island; they got a big kick out of coming down to the local radio station.

I met a dear little lady about three months ago. She was sitting up at the local mall with her husband. He was in his 80's and I said, "What did you do?" He said, "I was a golf pro out in Long Island." I said, "Oh, was that where you lived?" He said, "Yes." I said, "I used to be on the radio, Long Island Radio Network of Patchog, Riverhead, Freeport and Huntington. We had four stations there and they covered all the way out on Long Island, one hundred and some miles went out." She said, "The boy next door was an announcer and his name was Willie." And, I said, "Oh!" and I didn't take much interest to it. And then I said, "Where did Willie work?" She said, "He worked for a station in New York City and Willie was the cutest boy." I said, "What was Willie's name?" And she said, "William B. Williams." I said, "William B. Williams, the great WILLIAM B. WILLIAMS!" He was the greatest radio personality in those days in New York City with WNEW. Every night he would come on and say, "Good Evening, world, this is William B." He had several million listeners every night. He was the number one radio personality in the evening playing records - William B. Williams. He was the greatest!! I said, "You knew him?" "Yes," she said, "he lived right next door to us. I remember when he went off to college. I remember when he came home and said he was going to be a radio announcer." Well," I said, "He was a radio announcer - he was William B. Williams. He was the all-time greatest in those days in New York City." She said, "He was just Willie to us; that's always what he is. He's passed away since then. He was a fine, fine boy." I was so glad to hear the true story about William B. Williams.

Well, radio and radio announcing, has little, if anything, to do or nothing to do with airlines and airline pilots. Yet, it has been my experience to work with more people who have been pilots and wanted to be radio announcers after they retired than any other facet in the business itself. I had a friend in Long Island. His name was Terry Moose. He was a senior pilot, an excellent pilot for one of the major airlines and his was overseas flying, in this country, whatever they would bid in. He came in one time to Laguardia, landed his plane and was on his way home when he saw a car turned over. It burst into flames, so he rushed over to the car, pulled the man out; saved his life; and the car exploded after he dragged him to safety. Terry Moose and this man became very good friends and he was a great executive in New York City in the advertising business. Terry Moose came originally from down

throughout the Oklahoma section. He was a fine pilot and I said, "In Long Island, do you want to live in a community where there are many pilots?" He said, "NO, after you do your flying, you want to get as far away from people who fly, who talk airplanes, who talk airports, who do anything else. I want to live and be completely alienated from anything that has to do with the airlines." And, I thought this was it.

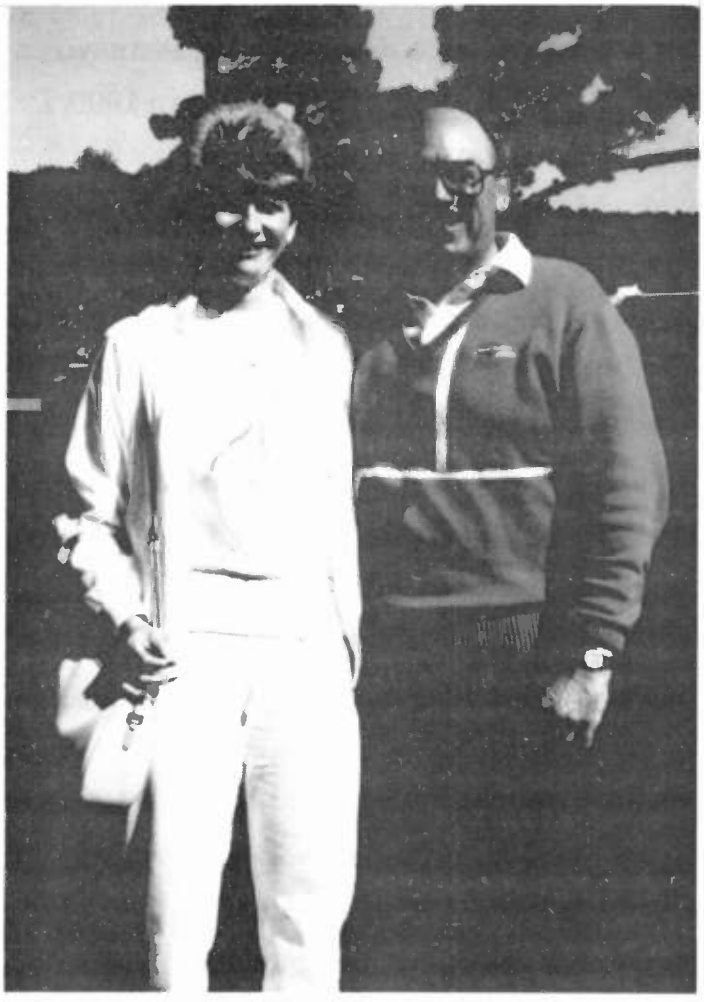
From my home, only one-half block away lived a man by the name of Harrison Finch. Harrison Finch was tall, extremely thin, and in the 30's, he decided he wanted to be, of all things, a pilot. Harrison Finch was a major pilot in World War II and prior to that, he had gone and made all the arrangements to fly with Capital Airlines. He became a very successful pilot flying with them for many years. There was a time when Rockwell International organized a flight to fly over the North Pole and the South Pole in one twenty-four hour period, in one of the huge jets. They took the writers for Life Magazine, Time, Readers Digest and the CBS, NBC, Mutual and ABC Networks along with many officials from Rockwell on this famous around-the-world flight. And the pilot, from DuBois, Pennsylvania, was Harrison Finch. Harrison Finch said he had many things to calculate on his flight. Admiral Byrd, when he had gone to the Pole and made history, had a plane which is now in the Ford Museum. He clocked the exact distance that Admiral Byrd had made when they flew over the Pole and back in the same day and that wasn't a great distance at that time, but it was something else. He said to Lowell Thomas, "I have made my calculations on this and I know the number of gallons he had on board the plane and it would have been impossible for him to fly all the way up over the pole and back as far as history said with this particular plane." Lowell Thomas said, "This is one of the best guarded secrets of aviation. You are absolutely right. The plane could not have made it up and all the way back with the fuel they had on board." So, Harrison Finch worked for years getting the facts together, telling about this plane, its structure, how far it would fly and in what conditions over the Pole. He came to our house and he said, "I wish to write a book. I want to write this book about flying around both the Poles with Rockwell International, their famous flight with Lowell Thomas and all the dignitaries." I said, "I have a young lady; her name is Mona Steinbach Wilson. She had been in Washington, D. C.; is an excellent typist and she

would be willing to help you." So, I got in touch with her and she said she would be only happy to. So, he went back home to Florida, went out on his boat; was starting the boat with one of those chains that you pull. He pulled it and had a heart attack and died. And, Harrison Finch never got to write his book about Rockwell International and the flight over the North Pole and over the South Pole. I am very sorry he didn't write that book because I think it would have been very good.

Well, deviating from radio just a bit, if you follow the circus and circus performers as I have for over forty years, you will find there are some very interesting tales to be found of the circus itself. We had a man in our town who sold shoes. His name was Jim Reilly. In fact, he said, "When I die, I want you to have my funeral service and say a few words." And, I jokingly said, "This will be fine. I've had two funerals in my entire life. I'm not a minister, but I'll be glad to do this, if this is your wish." So, the year before last, he passed away and his family called and said, "Would you honor his last request." I said, "I'd be only too happy to." but I was always fascinated at Reilly. He sold shoes in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania and several times, Ringling Brothers came to town, played their engagement in Pittsburgh and when they left town one night, Jim Reilly was with them. He traveled for four and one-half years with the Tom Mix Circus. The Tom Mix Circus - Tom Mix came to town; this being his hometown and brought his circus here when his mother still lived. He drove a light colored Cord automobile and they said he had five hundred horses in his circus. I don't think that; but I do know two days after the circus had played DuBois and left town, there were still truckloads of horses coming in, with the drivers saying, "Where is the circus - which way did they go?" But, anyhow, he traveled with Tom Mix and the Tom Mix Circus for four years (a little over four years). He said at its height, he spent over $5,000 one week for whiskey and that was when whiskey was very cheap. He said Tom Mix entertained lavishly at the circus and he said in one week's time, that's what the cost of whiskey was for the people they entertained. He said that Tom Mix was from DuBois. He never in four and one-half years mentioned that he was from DuBois, Pennsylvania. He was from DuBois and he knew Tom Mix was from DuBois, but, he never, never mentioned one time that he was from our town. He said, "In the days of the Tom Mix Circus, Tom Mix did all his own riding, all his stunt riding and up until the age of almost sixty,

he was still riding horseback almost every day, and tremendous. Tom Mix never would admit that he was from DuBois. A delegation went out, the Chamber of Commerce, all the way to California, went to his home and the butler came to the door and said Tom Mix was not at home. He was at home, but would have nothing to do with his hometown." It is so funny because they have Tom Mix Days to honor him every year. He also said, "Tom Mix insisted that we call him Major; we never called him anything but Major and we never mentioned his hometown and my hometown." I said, "What was it like in the circus and carnival days?" He said, "Circus people did not associate too much with carnival people. Carnival people had very little to do with circus people. It was a separate entity, they had a life of their own and everybody would think - well, the circus people and carnival people are one." I always thought here in our Hill District in DuBois that the Lithuanian, fine Lithuanian families and fine Polish families were just the same as one. And then I learned there was a great deal of competition between the Lithuanians and the Polish people and that's the way it was with circus and carnival. He said, "No, they weren't as close as you might think."

Joe Kozminski came from our town. I talked to him prior to writing this book and he said, "You know, when I was a child going to school here, my mother and father did not speak English at all. If I would get a whipping in school, when I got home I really would get a beating. I left home at fifteen and joined the carnival and sent home $5.00 a week for five years until I went in the Service in 1940. The deal was, in life, I spent thirty-two months a prisoner of war. I was in an anti-tank battalion and we were captured, early in the war, and I was held for over thirty months. Now, I see young people complaining, most vociferously that they can't go to college; they don't have enough money for this; and how tough life is. When I spent five years with the carnival, sent home $5.00 a week and spent over thirty months in a prison camp in World War II - the life I have led, you have very, very little sympathy for the young people today wanting to desecrate the American flag!" I said, "You traveled with carnivals?" He said, "Yes, Johnny Jones came from over by the Swede Club in DuBois, that's where he lived. He left town, started his own carnival and, after many years, it was the biggest carnival in the United States and I traveled with him. The Sells Floto Carnival, in its day, was one of the biggest and



Daughter Irene and Husband Jim Hartzfeld
She has worked many years with the Family Life Center in DuBois. Jim has played gold in North America. Someone said where in North America? You name the town and he's played there.

I traveled with them. I traveled with the Tom Mix Circus and also with seven carnivals. It was an education in itself to be on the road."

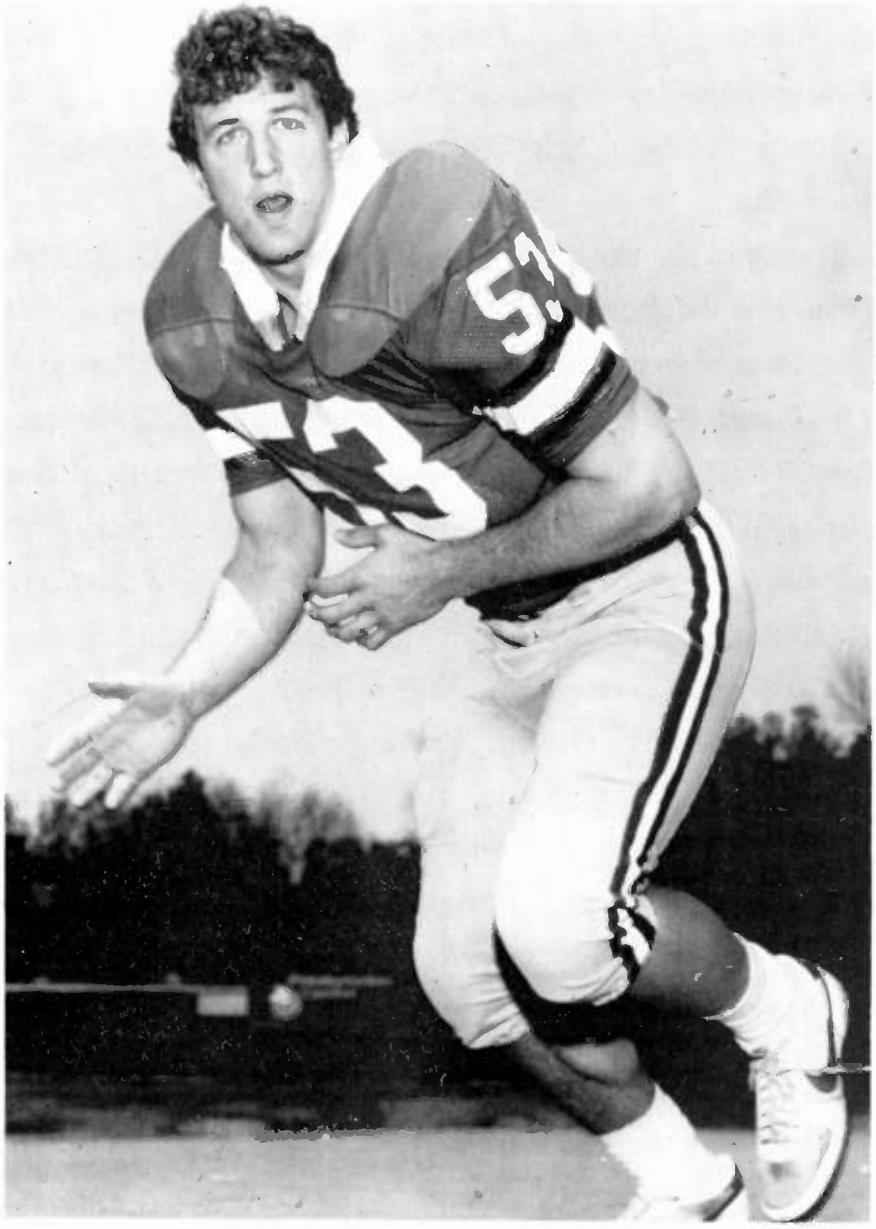
I remember Dr. Bantly from Reynoldsville, Pennsylvania. His father had a carnival only six miles from DuBois. Until he died in 1990, Dr. Bantly always said he could put together any carnival ride.

Having worked for nineteen radio stations was no big deal but it was very hard on my family. I appreciated their support throughout the forty-five years. I always wanted, upon an afternoon, to take time off to go and see my two sons when they played football here at DuBois, Pennsylvania, intramural wrestling or any other particular sport. But with dedication to the job, I would always stay. In later years, I regretted it very much. My one son, Ed Moore - he attended DuBois High School. He didn't want to play football. In fact, he had a friend by the name of Bojalad who came up the first day of football and said, "I will carry you over and make you go out for football." So he went out and he happened to make the CENPAC team and honorable mention on the State team, as an end. He went over to Altoona that August, after graduation, and played in the East-West Pennsylvania All-Star Game. A scout saw him from Pittsburgh and he said, "How would you like to come to Pittsburgh and play with the Pitt Panthers as a walk-on?" He did two years as a walk-on at Pitt, played with Dan Marino and the great Hugh Green, who was an All-American end for four years and a tremendous football player in his day. He transferred, after two years, to Georgia. They red-shirted him and he spent three years in Georgia with Herschel Walker, who was All-American and a Heisman Trophy winner. He said one of the things when he finished playing football for five years in college, he was fortunate enough to be able to go to four bowl games. He said, "When I came down, having received a scholarship to play at Georgia, my last time, I went in and I didn't have to back in with my hand, I had earned everything I ever had being cannon fodder for the University of Georgia." Georgia took the National championship and they thought they would take the National Championship when they played Penn State, but Joe Paterno and his merry lads had another card up their sleeve - did they ever. Ed Moore's football took him to four bowl games - Dallas, Texas; Tempe, Arizona; Jacksonville, Florida; and New Orleans, Louisiana.

In the nineteen radio stations, I always go to do the remotes - the opening of banks; the opening of jewelry stores; the opening of new car garages; the farm equipment stores; hot dog shops; theaters; saddle shops; meat markets; motorcycle shops and the like.

After being in the car business selling Chevrolets, Oldsmobiles, and Cadillacs at a place called Johnson Motors and, at the same time, working at the local radio station, I would go in in the morning from 6:00 and work until 9:00. I worked at the garage, Johnson Motors, from 9:00 till 9:00 an I went back, every night of the week from 9:00 until 12:00 and signed off and spoke in a local church or two on Sundays. From 1962 until 1974, it was a busy, busy time in our lives and this was when, audience-wise, more or less, things fell into place for Charles Archibald Moore. I started in October, 1952, as a morning man, replacing a boy who went to Georgia to another radio station that year in 1962. He was to be on the air at 6:00 a.m. sharp, but he would be sitting, drinking coffee at the local bus station at 7:15 in the morning - one hour, two hours - one way or another, it didn't make too much difference to him. This was my golden opportunity because I had worked at this station in 1945 and 1948-1950, before going to Florida and the field was wide open for a cornball announcer and someone to make hay and that surely was what I did.

At a place called Sabula, about six miles from our radio station, there were two large families with many sons. They all married and stayed in the local area. They were called the Bundys and the Duttrys and they had huge families. The Bundys and the Duttrys - they were hard working, honest people and kind to a fault. They gave me a better break than I ever deserved - the Bundys and the Duttrys. The real deal was on December first, the first day of Pennsylvania deer season (buck season), with a glint in their eyes, the Bundys and the Duttrys would tell you, in no uncertain terms, they were going buck hunting or they would quit their jobs. And, to prove the point, they would quit their jobs if they couldn't get off work. Well, for the next twenty-eight years, I was press agent and press secretary for the Bundys and the Duttrys - shooting deer out of season up at Sabula. I did "Much to do About Nothing" of their hunting exploits, shooting deer twelve months a year. Any of the new Pennsylvania Game Wardens that would come to our area, would go simply nuts worrying about the tribe of people called the Bundys and the Duttrys up at



Son - Ed Moore
He played football for two years at Pitt University. He played with Dan Marino there. He spent two years at the University of Georgia and played with Herschel Walker there. While at Georgia University, they were named Georgia National Champions.

Sabula who shot deer out of season, twelve months a year. THEY DIDN'T DO THIS AT ALL - It was all conjured up in my little mind. I reaffirmed that the 30-06 rifle was the gun that won Sabula. We had a lot of fun in twenty-eight years with the Bundys and the Duttrys.

In radio, it's kind of a human trait for people to cut down the announcer - to size every jot, every tittle of everything that you do wrong in your work; to make them look just a bit bigger and you a bit smaller. You leave that feeling of so-what, I've done my best. I had a thousand mornings with the Farm News in one pile; my sports news in another pile on the desk; another pile with the weather and then on my right hand, thirty-nine small scraps of paper mentioning birthdays of local people; local people in the hospitals, with cancer, aneurysms, strokes; the death news; the local happenings, such as horse shows, choral groups, the Junior High concerts, the High School Band concert on Thursday night, the High School scores - the Lion's Club Chicken Bar-B-Que, the church spaghetti dinner and four phones ringing at once at WDBA-FM radio.

You have twelve stacks of cart announcements beside you to stick into the cart machine and two reel-to-reel programs ready to be racked up. Then you pick up one of the four phones and someone will say, invariably, "Guess who this is!" You have to be kind, of necessity; you have to be polite, of necessity; but, as long as I did this, to pick up the four phones, I didn't care who it was. When they would say, "Guess who this is - we'll play a guessing game." I don't have time to get a drink of water and you want me to play a guessing game. What they wanted in the end - the end result was - they wanted the phone number given three days ago on the trading post about two goats that were for sale. And, of course, I wouldn't have it. Most people didn't realize how busy the local announcer was twelve months a year, especially Christmas and on every Friday, during the busy, busy period for commercials. They would conjure up in their minds that you were sitting there - an old man in a wrinkled shirt, desperately in need of a shave drinking a cup of coffee - I never had a cup of coffee in my life. they would say, "You do nothing; you don't work; you're just at the radio station." And sooner or later, that would begin to get to you.

Two things that stick in my mind about small-time radio: It had no leadership, you just did what you wanted to do and you would come in off the street and overnight you became an announcer, in word if not in deed.

Many years, I went through the early morning of someone taking off his pants and hanging them on the extra mike boom stand, trying to make you laugh and break you up on the air. The same jerk or another jerk of that nature would make a tape, unbeknownst to you with all the boo-boos, all the mistakes you ever made and play it at the Christmas party; your gleaming errors for everyone at the radio station. I guess it was asserterical - funny only to a few. One never knew that when they were clowning around, off the air, they were wasting valuable time when they could have been learning their trade. The audience would pick this up - it was poor radio. Many fights, and I mean serious fights, were over nothing, just words said and people would quit. I have seen many announcers quit because of this.

For twenty-eight years, I plugged the Bundys and the Duttrys - a group of people who dedicated their lives, their fortunes, and their heritage to preserving the corn and oat crop of Western Pennsylvania from being destroyed by the white-tail deer of Western Pennsylvania.

A big, burly truck drive, one time, emerged on the boulevard in DuBois and he climbed down out of a big gas drilling rig truck, for gas and oil. He saw a man walking along the sidewalk in a blue suit, white shirt, black shoes and white socks. His pants were about six inches above the shoe tops and he could see the white socks, whereupon he said, "That must be one of the Bundys and Duttrys that Charlie Moore is always talking about." He aid, "They all wear white socks." In fact, I knew one fellow that went into a shoe store and said, "I'll have to get myself a pair of good shoes and I have to get some dress socks, some white socks." Well, that, I laughed about for years.

Having someone to kid about - but you like them - is synonymous with the early morning program. You see the deer season in Pennsylvania is December 1st through December 15th, or thereabout - a few days earlier or a few days later - but that's all and then it ends. And, in my little Irish mind, I stretched it out to twelve months a year for the Bundys and the Duttrys to hunt deer at Sabula for twenty-eight years.

I invented in my mind, in my early morning program, a boxcar. The boxcar was on rubber wheels and they would pull it all over Sabula and the mountains of western Pennsylvania. It had seventy-two portholes in it with seventy-two 30-06 rifles sticking out and it was the newest thing in hunting. Mr. Bill Hannold, a fine city worker for sixteen years in DuBois, liked this a lot.

Then, I said there would be a seminar up at Sabula. The Pennsylvania Game Commission was to be there; the Sheriff was to be there; and the Pennsylvania State Police were to be there. They were teaching you how to shoot a deer and get it in the trunk of your car in less than two minutes. They were teaching you how to put salt out so that the deer would come out (or a bear) and you could shoot it right on the spot.

In 1962, I had a dull Thanksgiving morning. I was sitting at the radio station, most of the work had been finished, and I invented the Charles Archibald Moore Thanksgiving peanut butter turkey. It all started out quite innocently enough, but when the local newspapers picked it up and the famous Brockway Glass Newspaper (called the Brockway "B") picked it up, this went all over the country to the various plants of Brockway Glass nationwide. My peanut butter turkey for Thanksgiving gave me a free ride, radio-wise, for twenty-eights years at Thanksgiving.

All you did was talk to the unwitting hand-maiden of Communism, the young bride and told her to try the Charles Archibald Moore peanut butter turkey. You washed the turkey with kerosene or dry gas and covered it with peanut butter and creosote from the railroad tracks. You stuffed it with Ex-Lax, watermelon rind, and anything else that you had in the kitchen. You put it in the oven at 500 degrees for twenty-six hours and you were the proud recipient of the Charles Archibald Moore peanut butter turkey for Thanksgiving Day. This went on year after year after year. About twelve years after we first put this on the air at WCED in DuBois in 1962, one of the leading magazines had a recipe for a peanut butter turkey. Well, I knew I was the first one to have it on, by a dozen years, but you couldn't prove it against a big-time publication.

What I was trying to do, in my little way, was to copy great morning people. I mean the great morning people such as Claven and Finch. Claven and Finch worked at WNEW in New York and they were the top morning announcers, morning

men, in New York. I had worked at Huntington, Long Island and when I was on the air, I had a set of headphones and a radio and I would listen to Claven and Finch - they were that good, from WNEW in New York.

I wanted something that no one else would be hurt by, but that I could use, year after year, and be associated with household work; the Charlie Moore peanut butter turkey answered the need.

In November of that year, I invented the Charlie Moore "Chickens" Semi-Pro Football Team. The team played all home games at a place up in the Beechwoods, about four miles from the radio station, at a stadium called Moore-Shaft Stadium. I told the people it was an old coal mine. I told the people it would hold 103,000 people. Our first game of the year, for twenty-seven years, was always against the Old Folks Home at Rimersburg. I would play, long and loud, that Old Folks Home would come out in wheelchairs and on crutches and they always beat the mythical Charlie Moore Chickens by at least 100-0 or 110-6. Well, people ate it up in the boondocks. The 75-year old men playing semi-pro football from a wheelchair and on crutches went over very well, especially in an old coal mine shaft, the product of my mind.

On August 29th, every year, for twenty-seven years, we went to Soldiers and Sailors Field in Chicago on my bus. The bus, the Charlie Moore Chickens Bus was a 1937 Terraplane bus. The back end had been cut off and we had filled it in with cardboard and the bus and all the players were characters. I very seldom ever had anybody on my Charlie Moore Chickens Football Team that was not at least seventy years old or more. Many of them had a heart pacer and many of them had been retired for years. My quarterback was a man named Benny Shakespeare. In real life, he was a millionaire and had been associated with H. Shakespeare and Sons, a local company in DuBois. Benny Shakespeare, he is still living, I think near ninety years old, but he was my quarterback for the Charlie Moore Chickens. Another was Saul Gearhart. Saul Gearhart weighed over four hundred pounds. He had been retired many years from BR&P and Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, working in the office, and he became synonymous with everything big in football. We would borrow a Cadillac convertible for parades. I would borrow the High School football uniforms of black and white DuBois High School and would attire my football players. They

would ride down the streets and people would go absolutely wild - there's the Charlie Moore Chickens football players - they sure do look old. Well, they should be; they were over seventy-five. One night, a lady in Chicago was visiting here relatives. She had heard that the Charlie Moore Chickens were going to play either the Chicago Bears or Green Bay in an exhibition game on my birthday, August 29th, as they always did every year. Well, she went down in person to Soldiers and Sailors Field to see the Chickens play Green Bay and there was nobody there. The lights were out! I was very sorry that it was, of course, a hoax.

What actually constitutes running a morning program in the boondocks,, back in the sticks - it will be successful if you know inherently that your listeners get very tired of the same commercials day after day. Whether you are a network affiliate station where they play the same commercials every morning with the news or if you play the same homemade commercials that are never as good as the agency commercials - people get very tired - they get sick and tired of these commercials. The get tired of the weather; they get tired of the same thing over and over again. You have to give them, of necessity, some type of diet that is different and yet something that is sometimes far fetched enough that it takes them from the everyday realm of their troubles and makes them think that life is a little funny on the side. Now, comedy is hard to do. I am not an Irish stand-up comedian. I always say, "I'm Charlie Moore, the Irish radio announcer and it takes a good man to lick me, but it doesn't take him long." Well, this is the same thing in radio. When we would start our morning program, we had to have something different that the people could attach themselves to. If it was the Charlie Moore Chickens, that was great, for twenty-eight years. If it was the Charlie Moore peanut butter turkey, that was superb for twenty-seven years. But we had to have little innuendoes, little side issues, that we would put on the air and try to make people believe that they were actually a reality. For over a month, every day, I got on the air and I said, "I have a farm out in the Beechwoods - out near Moore-Shaft Stadium, my Charlie Moore Chickens football stadium. I grow tomatoes out there - and this is the truth" (when I said this is the truth - they knew what was coming), and I would say, "One tomato is so big that I sold it to the Heinz people in Pittsburgh and they made over two hundred cases of catsup." Now, they would know that this wasn't true. I would say,

DuBois Morning Man

I had over 15 years with WCED, DuBois, PA

This is where I invented Moore-Shaft Stadium, an abandoned coal mine for my Charlie Moore Chickens football team. Most players were over 70 years of age with a heart pacer. I also invented my Charlie Moore Peanut Butter Turkey, basted with kerosene and filled with watermelon rind and creosote,

"I have one ear of corn and this one stalk of corn is over forty feet long." Well, the local fire department and a man by the name of Jim Powers got together and got two linoleum cardboard rolls, twenty feet long and glued them together and that made forty feet. They put heavy glue on the outside of this and sprinkled dried corn over this for two days until it dried and then took fresh leaves from the cornfield and they made a gigantic, forty foot ear of corn, and it looked, from a distance, authentic. They could have taken a pickup truck or a large truck to haul this across town to Gratton's Market and put it up in front of the market with a big sign, but that wasn't enough. They got the fire truck, a huge hook and ladder, and they went over and got the newspaper and got other publicity that we desperately needed. They didn't need a hoist; they could have picked it up by hand, but they hoisted it up, into position, this forty foot ear of corn. We got a lot of play for a whole month out of Charlie Moore's forty foot ear of corn.

The winter time came in 1963. It was desperately cold and in the winter in a coal mining/lumber town like DuBois, there is not too much cooking. For you to go to a sports event, it's Penn State Football in the fall and it's Pittsburgh for hockey and for basketball in the winter. But, Pittsburgh was a little over a hundred miles away and it took a lot of driving, especially after work, to get there. We had a place called the Tannery Dam. Tannery Dam was over by the golf course, over in the Third Ward Section. The original Johnny DuBois, had his tannery over there many years ago, long before the turn of the century. When he started his tannery over there, he had a lumber mill and a tannery and farmed in the DuBois meadow. So, the Tannery Dam, I renamed it, "Swan Lake." I went to a man by the name of Joe Garmon who was a fabulous sign painter and I had him paint a big sign "Swan Lake" on marineboard and I went over and put it on a tree, and nailed it with great dexterity and I was trying to rename Tannery Dam, "Swan Lake." Well, some of the local boys tore it down and threw it in "Swan Lake." I got a big kick out of that.

What happened in 1963 was this - I was sitting at the radio station one morning when I thought, I don't have enough impetus of the morning program getting across to people. I must alarm them. So, I said as a news item at 7:00, there was a hammerhead shark seen last night, sixteen feet long, swimming in the Tannery Dam. This was in the cold days, the icy cold days, of January. The next

week the dam froze over for the ice skaters and I said, "Swan Lake now has a hammerhead shark; this hammerhead shark is just under the ice and please be careful when you are ice skating." One dear old soul in a grandmother's suit, God love her, took her grandchild home in a taxi across from "Swan Lake". She got out of the car and she and the child made a mad dash for the steps to her apartment so that the shark would not eat her alive. She fell and nearly broke her ankle. I felt very bad about that because it was all in jest.

For six solid weeks, every morning, I gave a report on the hammerhead shark in "Swan Lake." The newspapers had already picked it up; the local gentry were most kind on this. Then, when the waters began to thaw, I said, "The hammerhead shark has been found and it was merely a telephone pole with a cross-cut saw in it." Well, everybody began to think Charlie Moore, Charlie Moore - built like an oar, with his forty foot ear of corn; his tomatoes (one tomato will fill many cases of catsup); Charlie Moore with his peanut butter turkey; Charlie Moore with his football team that nobody has even seen in a coal mine shaft that no one has ever seen up in the Beechwoods. But many, many people coming along Interstate 80 in the fall would pull of at DuBois, drive to Falls Creek and into the Beechwoods to see Moore-Shaft Stadium, the 103,000-seat stadium and people playing football. It was non-existent. It was in my mind, but it worked out very well.

It came the time when they were hijacking planes to Cuba and that was my golden opportunity. Our football team, in my mind's eye only, was to play at Miami and, of course, the plane was hijacked. The players, I said, went to Miami (I couldn't say they got drunk in Miami and stayed three weeks) and had quite a party. The Charlie Moore Chickens stayed three weeks and then we had a big homecoming for them, which never existed; and the high school band was to turn out, which never turned out; but it was just another thing that we were working on trying to make life a little different for many, many people. But you figure if a person can get on local radio for twenty-eight years and can have a peanut butter turkey every Thanksgiving and can have a mythical football team, it was great. We would get write-ups in the paper; they would do all four quarters. They would tell why we lost. We played various teams from Rockwell International with local names, of course. We played various teams from the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. We played the Old

DuBois Radio Days

This was taken around the time I hooded the public into thinking we had the Broken Toe Ski Lodge near Cuba, NY. The skis were made of bed slats and they never had any snow, so we white washed the whole side of the mountain. I always attended the Vice President and his wife when they came up for vacation in January, which wasn't really true.

Folks Home at Rimersburg and we had a full season right up until the first of December, most every year. The Chickens Organization, every place I would go people would scream, "CHARLES ARCHIBALD MOORE, how are the Chickens doing?" And I would turn around an look at them and oh my, I would think, this is an old, old chestnut, isn't it.

My oldest daughter, Linda Moore Spencer, attended Houghton College for four years and then went on to Syracuse for a couple of years to get her Masters Degree and then to Albany State for another couple years to get another Masters Degree. We wanted all four children to get their Master Degrees and they did. Education was a prerequisite as far as our family was concerned. My wife and I felt we had neglected our children if they didn't get a full education.

There was a place called Cuba, New York, just kind of a little town, a turn in the road, going up to Houghton College. I invented the Broken Toe Ski Lodge, in 1964, at Cuba, New York. We had many a laugh! We had a Presidential suite up there and we then said that Vice President Agnew came up every year to ski at the Broken Toe Ski Lodge. We were there under the American Plan or the European Plan, but you had to make your own bed. Your own bed was to be made with hammer, nails, saw and the like. Cuba, New York, became very famous with out little radio program, the Broken Toe Ski Lodge. We would try to have a different dignitary there every week. We would tell what time the bus was leaving and the skis were made out of bed slats. The boulders coming down the side of the hill were whitewashed and painted; you wouldn't see them until you hit them. We had many a laugh and many a fun time with the Broken Toe Ski Lodge. We worked this for years and years. Every winter we would take reservations, mythical reservations, for the Broken Toe Ski Lodge at Cuba, New York. It was a lot of fun and as the old man said, "Nobody was hurt."

But in 1964, in local radio, a nickel, a dime and a quarter came into my life, that is my radio life. I asked countless people, day after day, for years, to send a get well card on a piece of school tablet paper with a nickel, a dime and a quarter to those in dire need. One older woman suffering with terminal cancer, in two days, received two hundred eighty-eight cards, so I knew I was on my way. It became synonymous with the Charlie Moore early morning program to send a nickel, a dime and a

Grandson
Brett Hartzfeld - Age 12

quarter. Our morning audience answered this from the 1964 period till 1974 and they did it with gusto. You must realize, in those days, that a funeral cost about $1,300 to $1,800 and that was a full funeral. Our morning audience paid for eight funerals in our immediate area for children who died with leukemia, cancer, accidental drowning, and auto accidents. You felt that the radio audience would go the distance. One lady wanted to buy a new living room suite and she said, "I guess this can wait a couple more years; I'm going to give the money for the child's funeral who had died with leukemia." It really touched my heart.

I, Charles Archibald Moore, was a robust cat as a youth. I had the chicken pox, measles, mumps, blood poisoning, the side of my head run over by a truck one time when they were cutting grass down at Jimmy Luther's field; and every year, there was something wrong. I had pneumonia in 1941 and was off school for three months. I had pneumonia in 1965 and pneumonia in 1970. In 1970, I was slated to go to West Penn Hospital in Pittsburgh and have half of my lung removed. But, in 1970, an old woman at a nursing home, age eighty-three, sent me a letter stating she was praying for me; that I would be healed and never have pneumonia again. I carry Mrs. Kirker's letter in my wallet to this day. It has been over twenty years, folded, turned yellow with time, yet in twenty years, her prayers were certainly answered for me. I felt so unworthy.

Our son, Rev. Paul Moore, is a minister with the Missionary Alliance in Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania. He has been at it nineteen years. Six weeks before his graduation from Nyack College in New York, he was afflicted with cancer. My words were, "Oh, Jesus Christ, Not Paul." We had planned with him, for years, that he was going to be a missionary in South America. Well, off we went to Roswell Cancer Hospital in Buffalo, for three weeks. Roswell was in a desperate location, the old German Settlement in Buffalo. One of the guards said to me, "Where are you going?" when I went out the door. I said, "I'm going out to my car." He said, "You'll never make it to your car; you have to have a guard." Under particular stress and strain, I said, "I'll make it, don't you worry about that." A doctor came in from South America and with five other doctors, he came to the foot of my son's bed and said, "If you go to Mt. Sinai Hospital in New York for forty-one days of radiation, you have a ninety-five percent chance of being healed." Paul was married to a young lady, six

months prior to that, from Chester, Virginia. Her name was Jennifer Johnson and her grandfather was a full-blooded Indian. We always kidded the daylights out of her about being an Indian and being a minority. She would kid me about shredded wheat, putting hot water on it before I ate it in the morning, and we had a great time together. At Roswell Hospital, she took the buckle out of our lives. Our daughter-in-law, Jenny, was only twenty-one. She said, "We are not trusting God enough. We had to plead the blood of Jesus Christ!" My wife, Erma and I had, for thirty-one years, been professing Christians. But when the chips were down, we couldn't make it. Here was a twenty-one year old girl and she took the buckle out of our knees right at the elevator at Roswell, up on the third floor. The lobby at Roswell Hospital, if you've been there - chairs are red, yellow and blue - and for all intents and purposes, it looks like Disneyworld. But when you get off the elevators on the second, third and fourth floors, the real world sets in with gusto. They had iron beds painted gray, walls painted gray and it was one of the bleakest placed I've ever seen in my life. Almost all of the patients had lost all their hair from radiation and many had, or would have, radical surgery. My wife and I came out of a Christian and Missionary background and we lacked faith for our own son. We could pray for the other fellow for years, but we lacked faith. Paul Moore had played football in junior high school, in senior high school, he wrestled seven years, never smoked, never drank; but he got cancer. Our so-called faith was too weak - we couldn't make it fly. Our minister was a man by the name of Rev. Carl Robert Ellenberger. He was 6' 3", smiled all the time, had red hair and he was the predominant factor in our little lives. He turned the church upside down, for Paul Moore, and his healing for cancer - fasting, prayer and anointing. You may, as you read this, not believe in fasting, you may not believe in prayer and you may not believe in anointing - but I, Charles Archibald Moore, am one who tells you it's been our way of life for a good many years. To this day, I'm sure our son would never have lived had it not been for the grace of God and this minister and his wife, Carl and Eva Ellenberger and their prayers to God for our son.

For twenty years prior to this, I did, without fail, go to three funeral homes a week. That was my bag. I would leave the radio station around 6:30 or 7:00 and would always go to a funeral home to give comfort, whether I knew the people or not. We had two hospitals, the Maple Avenue Hospital and the DuBois Hospital. I would

Son Paul Moore and his wife, Jenny and Baby Holly. They have been devoted to church work since 1971 including 4 years in Quito, Ecuador doing missionary work. They now have a church in Beaver Falls, PA. Paul was also an assistant football coach at Wheaton College, Ill.

always go to the hospital twice a week, winter and summer, for twenty years to visit someone who was ill, whether I knew them that well or not.

Our own family physician was a man by the name of Dr. Eugene Grill. He only lived a block away from our home in DuBois and he made house calls more Christmas Days than I could ever tell; more Fourth of Julys; more Labor Days; more holidays; and for thirty-two years, I have never known a more devoted human being than Dr. Eugene Grill. And once, under stress, I thanked him for coming to the house at 2:30 in the morning and I called him Rev. Grill. I guess that pretty much is just the way it was; at least in our little lives.

After his radiation treatment for cancer at Mt. Sinai Hospital in New York, Paul Moore did graduate in the spring of 1976 from Nyack College. There was much sympathy from the staff and students because they all thought he was dying. Instead, he went on to Wheaton College for several years and got his Masters Degree. Jenny got her Masters Degree at Clarion College; three years home service and then they were in a place called East Brady, Pennsylvania with very fine people and a wonderful little church. Then they were ready for the twelve barrels, the refrigerator, the stove and all their worthwhile belongings to go to Quito, Ecuador as missionaries for four years. My wife, Erma and I flew to Quito for three weeks. Paul had been robbed six times in eighteen months, his station wagon was stoned, all the windows smashed, the tires gone, the headlights smashed; there wasn't a square inch on that car that didn't have a rock dent. Jenny's arm was cut by a pop bottle, all because the price of gasoline went up two cents a gallon and they blamed every American in Quito. Living in Quito, Ecuador, they had a huge radio station there that beamed Christian radio programs for hundreds of miles and it was on the air for many years.

Several station managers have told me over the years not to play hymns and not to mention church in any way, shape or form. In thirty years, you did pretty much as you were told. The last fifteen years were spent at a Christian, Baptist-owned station, WDBA, a 50,000-watt FM station in DuBois. You came in like a ton of bricks in Youngstown, Ohio and the other way went up almost to Buffalo, New York. WDBA does put out the word of God.

Well, 1965 was just another year in radio - in local radio at WCED. Yes, I got up; had to be at work at 5:30 in the morning; then I worked until 9:00. At 9:00, I went to Johnson Motors selling cars, 9:00 - 9:00. And at 9:00 at night until 12:05, I would return to the station, six night a week for sign-off. My wife would sing several hymns at local churches and I would speak a tiny bit. I always claimed that we spoke to five hundred churches and church dinners in forty-five years and I have to divide that up and say church dinners because there was a time when I thought we were never going to buy another order. We were there all the time. I got on the circuit for banquets, to be an emcee. the Lithuanian Club in DuBois was famous for one thing - a man by the name of Gerald Ford went there to make an address; he was a Congressman at that time; he hadn't been President but its claim to fame was that Gerald Ford was there. It was kind of lie "Washington Slept Here!"

I did a program, one time, with Bobby Vinton, the singer, and I said, "I suppose now that you are on television and doing the Bobby Vinton Show, this is the greatest thing in your life." "No," he said, "the greatest thing in my life was in 1960 when I took my big band and came up from down in the Pittsburgh area to the Litts Club in DuBois, for our first major engagement." So, the Litts Club, synonymous with a log of things that were very, very funny.

In 1965, we did the Teachers Banquet up there and I got the brilliant idea - and it wasn't too brilliant - to bring in a huge, sixteen-hands high palomino horse, saddle and all. I had this lady, she had been retired for many years, she is ninety-five years old now and her name is Bess Matthews. I had Bess Matthews in a beautiful summer straw hat. We took a razor blade and cut the top out of the hat. If you would touch it, it would fall apart. She and her husband, Stafford Matthews, were sitting there. Well, when they opened the doors and brought in the palomino horse, we cleared out about six tables in around eight seconds, except for Bess Matthews and her husband, Staff. He had been a salesman for many years and retired. The horse came over, nibbled no her hat, as we hoped it would, and the hat fell apart. Staff got up - I've seen things on soap operas, but never any better than Bess and Staff Matthews - he got up and challenged me and he was near eighty then and I said, "Oh, sit down, Staff, I can lick you!" And the horse at the Litts Club

turned out to be a big, big success. The various dinners we had up there were very fine.

I went to Florida, one winter, as we always would go back to St. Petersburg, for the Florida State Fair in Tampa. We attended an Open Bible Church, Rev. Charles Piper, In St. Petersburg, Florida and I went one night when the King Fish was there. He had been on with Amos and Andy - their full length of time on the radio, at the time Lowell Thomas was on - he said he made $10,000 a week and there was no tax in those days to speak of. He was a brilliant speaker. He said, "I went to Chicago to see my mother. I got in the hotel at 3:00 in the morning dead tired and left a message, NO CALLS!! At 6:00 in the morning, the phone rang, `You left a call!'" So, he went downstairs, the King Fish of Amos and Andy, and he was furious and the man at the desk said, "We didn't call you." King Fish said, "YOU CALLED ME!" He said, "NO, we definitely did not call you, there is a note saying no calls." So, he got on the bus, crossed all of Chicago and got to the other side of Chicago two hours later. He went up and his mother was sitting on the porch rocking away. She said, "Well, it's my educated fool!" She said, "You know a little thing - a little about everything, but you don't know anything about Jesus Christ - you are my educated fool." He visited with his mother. She said it was too bad about the fire in Chicago, downtown near the loop. He said, "What fire?" She said a hotel burned and nineteen people lost their lives. Sure enough, it was the same hotel where he had been staying and he wondered the rest of his life - especially after he was converted - how the phone ever rang and they said you left a call for this morning. The King Fish gave a great sermon that night at Open Bible Church in St. Petersburg, Florida. When he did, there was a girl sitting in front of me and she pulled pictures out that folded from her wallet about her boyfriend. And I could hear her whispering; she said, "He's a dream." I often wanted to see a dream, so I looked over her shoulder and her dream was on a motorcycle. He didn't have any front teeth and he didn't have a shirt, as I remember, and I thought, "THIS IS HER DREAM?" Well, the King Fish, while he was preaching to six hundred people, he looked down at this young lady and he said, "I know exactly what you are doing - I read lips." He said, "I am going to tell everything you said when I get finished with my sermon!" And, for the next fifteen or twenty minutes, she didn't move. I thought she was dead! She actually stopped

breathing; just sat and looked at him, glued to him and, of course, he didn't leave any of her secrets out to the congregation. Well, I was thrilled with this - I thought this is what I want to do. So, I went home to the Teachers Banquet at the Lithuanian Club in DuBois and I picked out a lady, a little girl that weighed about 375 pounds, sitting down at the second table with a black dress and a pair of pearls, choker pearls. I looked at her and I thought, "I'm going to pull the same thing on her; I'm going to say, `I read lips, I know what you say and I'm going to tell the crowd after we have our program.'" I looked at the lady. She looked straight at me, turned to the lady next to her and whispered, "I hate Charles Archibald Moore." I don't know for what reason, but I didn't bother calling on her. The King Fish - Amos and Andy - he made $10,000 a week in poor, poor days in the 30's. I can still hear them, "Andy, this is the King Fish speaking, yeah!"

The farther time went in our little radio station in DuBois, I was doing many dinners. In 1966, I got one hundred dollars a night (as much as one hundred dollars a night) and this was one way to foster my plans for missions for our church, with the one hundred dollars. Anyhow, we had a fair, a Town and Country Fair, in Sykesville, Pennsylvania. Sykesville had been a mining town and the mines had played out and there wasn't much there. The young people, after graduation from high school, would always leave and go to either Buffalo, New York or Tonawanda, or Niagara Falls and somehow would never come back. We lost many, many fine young people because of the lack of work in our area. At the Town and Country Fair (they had it right in the center section of this town), there was a big parade and it was highly successful. It was much more successful than larger fairs because the people would get to know their neighbors and get to know the towns-people and the visitors and they liked this very, very well.

I worked with a man by the name of Ben Finger. He did our Polka Party Program and Ben was a happy heart. Was he ever!! He told me the story and I heard it then authenticated, again and again - that it was true. They took a donkey from the carnival into a bar during Fair Week. It was a hot day and they got the donkey a big pail, a twelve-quart pail of beer, and the donkey was very thirsty and drank every bit of the beer. If the story ended right there, it wouldn't have much merit to it, but the donkey stuck around for fifteen or twenty minutes and nature called.

Nature really called for the donkey who had consumed the beer and they said that was quite a day in the local barroom.

A man by the name of Milo Haag ran the fair and he was with the Pennsylvania Fair Association and they brought in some pretty good acts (even for those days). My good friends, Barney Crooks and Earl Warheit, were tremendous workers and I said, "Why don't we have an amateur hour?" So, I went to Bob Johnson, who owned John Motors, and he gave me a Chevrolet Impala to give away as a free car. And it was beautiful! It was a five-year old car but it was in excellent, excellent condition. We went around to twenty different sponsors and one sponsor gave four white-wall tires; another gave a lamp (a furniture store) that was worth over two hundred dollars; and the prizes weren't dog prizes. Now I had been used, up until that time, to doing man-on-the-street programs where you give a stick of gum to someone for answering the question. This was the truth - a penny stick of gum and I was chagrined to hand this out to say the very least. Anyhow, we had prizes worth thousands of dollars and a five-year old Chevrolet as the first prize. A rock and roll band from Ridgway, Pennsylvania, won it and the fair was a big success. I went to a man by the name of Pete Cameron, who had a huge distributing agency for toys and gifts, and I filled a truck with toys and gifts and we took these to the Sykesville fair and put them in grab bags. We told people we put someone's wallet in there. They sold for twenty-five cents a piece; so many the first day, we bought a six hundred dollar color television and that was second prize. Our prizes were good and it worked out very well. Other fairs, other amusements, other times, we would rely strictly on the people; how far can you go and what can you do. We had a friend by the name of Dean Schrecengost; he ran a game farm just outside of DuBois, near what is now called Treasure Lake. Dean had a lion, rare birds from India and Africa and a chimpanzee. He had all types of animals and people would go and pay $1.00 to get in to go through the game farm, especially on the weekends. But the one thing that Dean of the Game Farm had that intrigued me no end was a skunk. It was a big skunk. It was black and white and not at that time, but a little later, there was a song, "Dead Skunk in the Middle of the Road." Well, I adopted this and our skunk to go with me to various dinners. We took the skunk to sixteen (over a period of a year) dinners and the skunk, although he never had a chance to

sit down an have either a roast beef or turkey dinner, seemed to enjoy the festivities. When we first started, we had 1,100 people at the local high school in 1965 and I was supposed to be the emcee. Dean sat in the front row with a black and white teddy bear and they gave me the gift (it was wrapped in brilliant red paper), with a pair of gloves on top of it. I tore the paper off the wire cage and the audience would see immediately that it was a skunk. I would put my hands in the gloves, take the skunk out by the tail, carry it from the stage down into the audience and then Dean would hand me the teddy bear instantaneously. I would hand him the skunk and then I would throw the teddy bear out into the audience. We had phenomenal success with the teddy bear and the skunk. The teddy bear would go sailing out into the audience. People would see the skunk one second and the teddy bear going the same second and we would clean out maybe ten or twelve rows of people who normally did not move that fast on a Saturday night.

Well, a lady came up to the house one day with a little boy on crutches and he was eleven. She said, "We would like you to come over to Altoona, Pennsylvania for a big banquet, a spring banquet, and bring your skunk." I said, "No ma'am. I go to work at 5:30 in the morning, six mornings a week. I work twelve hours a day at a garage and go back six nights and speak Sunday at a church. I have no time. I couldn't come even if I wanted to." I said, "By the way, what is wrong with your little boy?" She said, "He has cancer and he had his leg taken off just below the hip." I looked at him and said, "I'll be there, you tell me when." She said, "It will be in three weeks." I said, "All right." So, in three weeks, my wife and I, the skunk and Dean traveled over to the school. The little boy enjoyed that program more than anything in the world. They cut off my necktie that night; they hit me with a cream pie that night; and then the skunk. There was a young lady (she was middle-age) about eighteen; she was graduating from high school, one of the graduates. The gymnasium was filled with people and she had on a blue gown and her hair was piled on top of her head and she wasn't having a good time. I thought, "The reason she isn't having a good time was that she didn't have a boyfriend." I picked her out in the crowd, as I usually would do, and I thought, "That's the girl that's going to have a good time before the night is over." I got the package, this time wrapped in blue tissue paper, and the gloves were on top of the wire cage. The skunk came out with

gusto and I chased that girl around the gymnasium three times. She was a good-size girl, weighed over 250 pounds, with high heel shoes. Number one - like Cinderella, she lost one of her shoes; number two, her hair came down and she looked like hairless Joe; every time she would breathe, her hair would flop up in the air. She wasn't too much of a track star; wasn't in too good of shape, but she could run, especially when I was banging the skunk at the back of her head. So, around the gymnasium she went; the people were screaming, and she was doing real fine. She lost her one shoe and she was really heaving and puffing, I'll tell you, when we stopped and returned the skunk for the teddy bear. However, I felt that she had a good time. I forgot to tell you - the little boy who had his leg removed from cancer, only lived six weeks and he died. I wasn't always happy everywhere I went, especially with the skunk; I wasn't always glad that I went, sometimes I was very, very tired and almost irritable; but that was one night that I thanked God I had the skunk and that it went over that well in a bumpkin way at the high school graduation party. That was years ago and I've never forgotten the little fellow, how he laughed and thought it was so funny when they cut off my necktie.

Harold Stassen ran for the Presidency against Roosevelt. Harold Stassen had been the boy wonder - the Governor of Minnesota. Harold Stassen came to DuBois Central Catholic for a graduation speech and dinner; I was supposed to be the emcee. In those days, I never went anyplace that they didn't cut off my necktie. It got to be a kind of a joke and I went along with it because I had a lot of neckties. Harold Stassen turned to me and he said, "Moore, you ought to get yourself some cheap ties." I said, "Harold Stassen, when you ran against Roosevelt, did you know, when they were grooming you for the race for the Presidency, that you were as popular with the Republican Party as you were?" "No," he said, "I was a commander in the Navy. I was out to sea and didn't get to read the newspapers about Harold Stassen running for President against Roosevelt and I never knew until I came back the importance of the press." That was the only time I ever got to see Harold Stassen, but I enjoyed him very much and his words are still ringing in my ears, "Moore, you ought to get yourself some cheap ties."

A small-time radio announcer may be called many times to give aid to the town or to the county in activities that have little or nothing to do with his air-work

on the radio. Many times, the part of a buffoon would not be played by a local businessman; his dignity had to be taken into this. But, they would think nothing of calling the local radio station and getting the local boy to do one hundred and one things that no one else would do. For example, one time at the Fourth of July, we had a parade - was it ever a parade! Oh, my, it was one of those gigantic firemen's parades. They wanted someone to ride on a float (a very small float) pulled by two horses. You know, in July, the temperature was over ninety degrees, and we had huge brown fur coats. The other fellow's name was Chuck Thomas and he, of course, was just like me, willing to do anything to help out. What we had to do was drink orange drink and ride this float, and to the consternation of no one except us, then wave at the kids. I never was so hot in my life and drinking that orange drink. I haven't had an orange drink since then and that was a good many years ago. We had a lad, Denny Hunter, a local Ford salesman, who was our back-up man.

In our hometown, many of the streets were not paved in the early 30's. I shall never forget - a boy lived beside me and his name was G. G. Mauk. "G" was for George and I don't know what the other "G" was for. He had a little brother and G. G.'s little brother was five years old. He stood out on the top of Scribner Avenue, a very steep hill, not paved in the early 30's. A man came through with a huge truck filled with cantaloupes. You know what the story is from here! The man said, "Hey kid, which way to New York?" and the kid said, "Straight down the hill." Well, straight down the hill might have gone some time to New York, but it didn't in those days. When the truck turned over, it was a truck without refrigeration. It had slats in it, the slats were not too-strong consistency of wood, but when the truck rolled over, it broke the side and a truckload (and it was a big truck) of watermelons and cantaloupes came rolling down the sides of the hill. The neighbors all ran, with salt and pepper shakers, with spoons and they had a feast right there as all of the cantaloupes came rolling down the hill and the hill was about a block or a block and one-fourth long. I couldn't, for years, face a cantaloupe. If I would see one coming towards me, I would cross the street, but I will never forget G. G. Mauk and his brother - "Which way is New York City, it's straight down the hill and the cantaloupes and the truck parted company!!"

Many times, when the local announcer has to play the buffoon, they think nothing of it. They are doing it for the town, they are doing it for the county and besides, no one else will do it. Ken Bonsall, for many years, was our high school band director. He was one of the most talented men I ever knew in all my life. He could take an average high school band and in two to three years, many of his bandsmen went to States and would come home with first-class honors. We hoped in the 60's that someday bonsall, if he would live, and he didn't, would be the director of the famous "Blue Band" in State College. He was a great friend of Professor Dunlop, who conducted the "Blue Band" at that time. Well, Bonsall, in those days said he wanted me to dye my hair bright green. I didn't know the extenuating circumstances for this and the little innuendoes that could have made me bald as a billiard. Anyhow, I dyed my hair green and stood up on the local platform at the high school on a Friday night when they gave the spring band concert. There were 115 - 118 playing members in the band (it was a big band) and an excellent band, at that. They had the vibraharp on the stage for me to play and I only had several notes that I had to hit and, thus, I could remember at least that much. I was Charles Archibald Moore, the boy with the green hair. To this day, on a sunny fall afternoon when looking in the mirror, I see a tint of green or at least I feel I do.

Early each year, in the month of June, we had our Gateway Fair in DuBois and the announcer would take part in this. If it was a hillbilly program; if they sent to Cleveland and brought in a known Polka Band; regardless of what it was, from a tractor pull to a horse pull, the local announcers had to have some part in this in broadcast days.

Well, during May, it rained, I remember, one year, twenty-seven days in the month of May. The Gateway Fair was a wee bit soggy when it started in the second week of June. Three out of six days, we would always have rain, every year, for twenty-some years.

Back in 1972 our Beaver Meadow Fair, the Gateway Fair was soaking wet and it rained every day; every morning, every noon and every night. There was a local music store, owned by Hal Fritz. Hal Fritz, years ago in World War II, was about one hundred feet away when they put up the flag at Iwo Jima. He had been in the Marines. Hal Fritz was talented, as far as playing the organ; he would give

unstintingly of his time for anything we asked. He took a truckload of pianos and organs, on display, and would sell them from the local fairs. But, this particular week, it rained so much that he went home one night and one of his best organs and one of his best pianos went floating down the creek to Falls Creek, about two and one-half miles away. This wasn't just a little flood in Pennsylvania, in 1972. The National Guard had been called out and there was devastation from our town of DuBois, all the way across the State to Harrisburg.

Ken Bonsall and his band had worked for many, many weeks to present, what I felt, was one of the finest Gay-90 Revue Programs at our local high school. The only dangling infinitive was that no one showed up. You see, it was the night of the big flood. A young lady, beautiful young lady named Mrs. Wolfe and her young husband came in, in 1890 attire, the long skirt clear to the floor, the bonnet and the whole six yards. They were on a bicycle built for two. They rode the length of the high school auditorium, down the aisles while the high school band played, "Daisy, Daisy, I'm Half Crazy, All for the Love of You." At the end of the two-hour extravaganza, the same young lady came in, this time on a motorcycle with her husband. She had short shorts and a tee shirt and was a great hit with the crowd. Still, we had no crowd. I remember I announced for two hours (during the entire program) and it was the biggest flop we ever put on due to the weather. But, I always said it was a tremendous program and Bonsall was out of his class. Many of his bandsmen went to Europe for the All-American Band. He had the knack to teach young people the art of music. I was the announcer reading the pages for this and the house, because of the flood, was very small in 1972. In those days, many parents would spend $500 - $600 of hard-earned cash for their musical children, plus years of summer school music classes and took great pride if their child would go to the States and take first chair in the spring of the year. Bonsall, however, looked at it another way. He had a young man by the name of Joe LaBenne. Joe played the horn, kind of mediocre; he never went to States, I'm sure. but, Joe could do one thing. He could put his hands together, put his thumbs up to his mouth and blow the whistle. He could play right along with the band. So, a band of one hundred and fifteen played, "In Heaven, There is No Beer," and Joe LaBenne was the star of the show. Not on the horn; not

on the drums; not on percussion; but with his hands whistling to the tune, "In Heaven, There is No Beer."

When we came to 1966, I was working the morning shift and full-time at WCED in DuBois. It was a CBS, 5,000-watt station with a larger FM outfit, separate entity; but the FM did very well. I remember I started in the morning at 5:30, would pause thirty-five minutes for lunch at noon and then came back and played rock and roll music, acid rock, at that, for about four hours in the afternoon. I had, in the interim, a thirty-minute program called Wheel and Deal. What we would do is just plug in the phones and whatever the people were selling, we'd put them on the air. People loved to hear their own voices; people loved to see their own pictures; they've done this since the days of Lincoln.

My background was, that if a car was old, and it was not working, you only put in (early and mid 40's) one spark plug. Tell that to the young person today. You say to the young person out of high school, "Well, what kind of a car do you want?" "Well, I don't want one that's over two years old, what do you think I am, some clown?" You see a young married couple. He is middle age (twenty-one) and she is eighteen. And you say, "Where do you kids want to get an apartment?" "An apartment, we don't want to get an apartment, we want to get a new house; after all, you're only starting out once." In those days, we would put one spark plug in a car. We wouldn't replace all the plugs, just the one that was bad. In those days (and I did this myself), we would take a razor blade and regroove the balding tires. It was grooving the tires; it was illegal, but it did put some treat on old US baldies and they would work, at least, until they would blow out.

On Wheel and Deal, I had calls from various people when I started the program; I did this for ten years. A lady called every afternoon and, God bless her, she moved to a different location every six weeks. I don't know if the rent was due; I don't know what, but I know she moved. One week, she was out by the airport; she was the lady in the phone booth. One week later, she would be calling from out on the Blinker Parkway. The next month, she would call again and she would be in a phone booth in downtown DuBois. I soon learned that she was really up to something. She went out to the City Dump; she picked up old stoves, old bedsprings, anything that was old and junk; she would lug them home and then sell them on the

Punxsutawney Radio Days
1953, 54 and 55
On WPME, Punxsutawney
Also, WPXY, Punxsutawney
with young Jack Ogershok

air. She wasn't going a landslide business, but she was turning a buck. So, she called one Monday afternoon and she said, "This is the woman in the phone booth." It was a summer day and to break the monotony, I said, "Is your sister still going with the man from the Logan Hotel?" - A rhetorical question that didn't need any answering. The Logan Hotel was a flea-bag; it had quite a reputation and I was only doing it as a joke. Well, the joke came back to me. When she heard me say, "Is your sister still going with the man from the Logan Hotel?" she said, "No, after she went out with you last week, she dropped him." My wife was home listening and she laughed for two weeks straight. In other words, if I would try to be smart with her about her sister going with a non-existent man from the Logan Hotel, she came back immediately and said, "No, she dropped him after she went out with you."

You name the program; you name the remote, and I, Charles Archibald Moore, over the years, have tried to do it. I did a play-by-play wedding one time for a father who was dying of cancer. To the day he died, which was very short, he said it worked out quite well; his daughter's wedding that he was unable to attend. I did a play-by-play robbery at a hotel in Thompsontown, Pennsylvania when the sheriff called me and wanted to get all the local farmers together to come running with shotguns and 30-06 rifles. They did; shot one and put the other two in jail. I did a live broadcast, for eighteen months, every Sunday from the local hospital, with people who had just had major surgery twenty-four hours before. You never heard such groans and grunts in all your life. I never, in any radio I ever heard of, in forty-five years, did another local hospital hour; it just wasn't being done.

We did the program, "The Gasperella Pirates," from Tampa, Florida. We did Halloween programs in old barns with monsters and it worked out quite well. We did programs on horseback; one time I fell in an old well, riding an old horse. Fortunately, I didn't go in that far, but, I lost my cowboy hat and my glasses. We did remotes on boats; we did hot rods (I was inside a hot rod) going around the Butler Speedway out of Pittsburgh with a boy by the name of Dick Linder. He later was killed. I appreciated the ride around the dirt track to see actually how fast they went and what it was like. We did programs from manure spreaders at the Farm Show Building down in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, for two or three years.

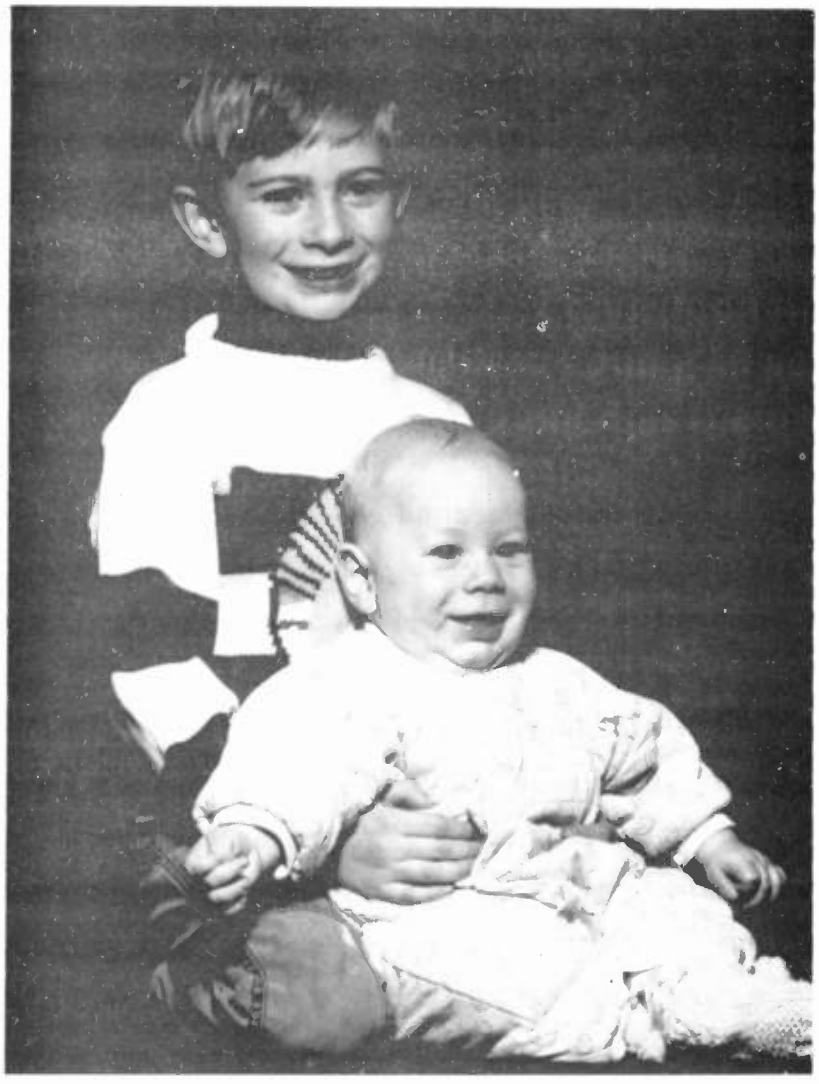
Well, in 1969 radio, there was always a fresh onslaught of new college graduates who were more than willing to become radio announcers; their claim to fame. That was for six months until they found they had to work Sundays, morning, noon and night; until they had to work holidays, especially Christmas, New Years, Fourth of July, and Labor Day. This grew very thin on them. It put a crimp in their lifestyle and then they were gone. They went to another job, back to grad school, or on to the profession they had taken up in college.

We had one of our four children in college, at Houghton, New York. Houghton, New York, has a fine, small college. George Beverly Shea's brother taught up there. I would often see him going by. He had a little green sports car, a big mustache and when he went by, his claim to fame was that he was George Beverly Shea's brother. We had kids in college from 1964 until 1990, with four of them getting Masters Degrees. My wife and I never had a degree, but we insisted that the children try to make it for an easier life with a college education and a Masters Degree. My daughter, Linda, having received two degrees in the program she was interested; she couldn't get her Doctorate.

I made a study, over the years, and it seemingly has never failed. The first child you take to college - you wear a suit and a vest, neatly shined shoes, a beautiful tie and a white shirt. The second time you take a child to college - the vest is gone and the shoes are the ones that you cut the grass in. The third child that you take to college - just a sweater, a pair of old pants and a baseball cap. The fourth year - a green, sloppy pair of shorts, a Florida faded shirt and sandals from the beach. It certainly is different when you take four children, separately, to church and then you say, after raising them the best you could, "You are going off to college and dad's going to take you, and dump all your stuff on the campus."

Pitt, Penn State, Syracuse, Houghton College, Wheaton College, the University of Georgia - I've gone to an awful lot of colleges and have loaded an awful lot of junk on the third, fourth and fifth floors of the dormitory.

My son, Paul, went to school in Nyack, New York. This is where he developed cancer. He had a boy on his floor who could have been 6' 1" or maybe 6" 2" and weighed about one hundred thirty pounds. He had long black (longer than that) hair, heavy black rimmed glasses and he attested that he was Billy Graham. He



Grandsons
Judd and Asa Spencer
North Hampton, Massachusetts
Each summer during their visits, I take Judd to the DuBois City Park, but before I go over I dump 50 pennies in the DuBois Fountain at the Park. Judd digs them out and thinks he's Rockerfeller.

worked the night shift, until 1:00 - from 9:00 until 1:00 - every night. He would come home and wake the entire dormitory floor. "This is Billy Graham from Minneapolis, Minnesota. I'll have Cliff Barrow make a special announcement and then I'll have my message for you. May God bless you real good." So, at graduation, I said I wanted to see Billy Graham. Paul said, "That's him over there 6' 3", one hundred thirty pounds and black hair." I never got to meet him, but at least I got to see him - the fascimiliar Billy Graham, from Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Many things are true as far as radio sales are concerned; to help with the radio station. The first days, the salesman is at his desk at 6:30 in the morning. Spit and polish, he is there shined, ready to go and out of the building by 7:00. Then comes two week later when he is in about 8:05 when the network news is on. After that, you see him at 9:15 for the rest of the time he is with the station (unless it is payday). In nineteen stations, I never saw it fail. They had a staff meeting for the announcers and this was very, very poor. It was always in the big studio and they always would have all the doors shut. The station manager or program director would get inspired to get a tongue lashing and read the riot act to the poor unwitting handmaidens of Communism, the announcers. Never in life have I seen it to fail. The morale aspect, two days after, went down twenty percent. I've often thought, if radio stations would do what new car dealers do, they would be more successful. Many a new car dealer will put five twenty-dollar bills up on the wall with scotch tape in the morning and say, "This is yours if you sell such and such a car today." And, I think that's a good thing that could be adopted to radio.

The freebies that you would hear about in radio and the freebies in small-time television would be almost non-existent, especially in radio from 1945 to 1960. A local woman, in a grandmother's suit, would bring in cookies at Christmas and sometimes, very rarely, they would bring in a cake for your birthday. Every Christmas for many years, our radio station gave us a five-pound box of cheese. The station management had a deal with a local cheese company that they would get cheese for every member of the staff and that was your Christmas bonus. It was a real joke because we all know the larger stations were giving a day's pay for every year in service. One local plant, not too far from the radio station, gave their veteran employees $1,800 - $2,200 every year for Christmas. Boy, that was a lot of money

especially in those days, depending on the year and the seniority. CHEESE, ANYONE?

With George Gable, over in Altoona, it was a different story. He was a fair, good man and a wonderful executive. Not only running a big department store but the radio station, as well. Every twelve weeks, he had the policy of a non-selling bonus, to everyone who worked for him - in his huge store; in the radio station; from wall-to-wall on the four floors of Gables - everybody got a non-selling bonus, every twelve weeks and George Gable made it stick; the announcer on duty and the engineer on duty. These studios had been designed with very small windows, no air conditioning, and this had been since the 1920's. Every night during the summer months, George Gable made is possible that we could go down to the Gable's Arcade and get a hand-packed quart of ice cream, when Perry Como came on about 7:15 on NBC. It was hand-packed and the way the girl packed the ice cream in those days, it was more than a gallon of machine-packed ice cream. I had my family in DuBois. I was rooming out and working at Radio Station, WFBG, in Altoona, so that ice cream, sometimes, many times, was all we had to eat in a twenty-four hour period. I still like ice cream. The pay was $35.00 a week; now that doesn't seem like too much, but after all, there was five thousand young men across the United States in a two-year or two and one-half year period who had written to the station. They wanted a job; they wanted to crash into radio and they would work for just about nothing in order to make the radio scene.

Times have changed in radio, but it's still kind of Heartbreak Hotel as far as catching up with other industries, financially. I went seven years, one time, without a raise (seven full years). Someone said, "Why didn't you complain? Why didn't you quit?" Well, I liked the work, for one thing; I liked the people; and I felt, in some essence, there was a small chance of doing something for someone. You say, "Well you better do something for yourself!" Well, no, it's not exactly that way; that you look at it and think, "What's in it for me. I've got to keep making more money." The police in various locations would get three - five percent more a year. Hospital workers, factory workers would have a living wage increase, but it seemingly never caught up to the radio. Radio spot announcements (commercials) ran seventy-five cents to one dollar back in 1945. If you go back to the same station today, they are

getting as much as $35.00 for a sixty-second announcement. So, it has caught up as far as the cost of running a radio station. I know it is much, much more now, but if you owned the station and owned the equipment, your electric bill was the big thing. The staff and what they paid the staff was negligible as far as I was concerned. Did people complain? They complained vociferously among themselves; they would not complain to the owner. One station manager came in and he had a boy working for him who was very faithful - had been there eighteen years. He had gone to him and asked for more money. He was single; he was not married. He came in one morning and he took a handful of change out of a cigar box and put it in his pocket. The money that was from a call-in program (you had to send in fifty cents a day) and he took the change, put it in his pocket while he was standing on the air (the old days we had to stand to do all our announcing; the only time you sat down was to do the news). That was his big raise. He took a big handful of change and stuck it in his pocket. Someone said, "How did he make out?" I think he was a millionaire, but that's how you get to be a millionaire - having people work for you like that and it was a kind of a round robin joke. You laughed about that many a time until you looked back and then it wasn't quite as funny.

In radio stations, either small or great, teachers and ministers have always played a great part, a major part, in my little radio life. I once worked for a station, a fine quality radio station, in Douglas, Georgia, WDMG. It was in Coffee County and they made money in a fifty-four gallon barrel. It was the days when Hadacol was very popular and you would send in and order your Hadacol. It had a certain amount of alcohol in it and a potion for a laxative. After taking the second, you felt much better. Hadacol, I remember those days; we had over twenty announcements a day. They were all paid for - for the miracle, miracle potion called Hadacol.

We had a preacher; his name was Rev. Moore, the same as mine. We would put him on the air every morning for morning devotion, five days a week. Rev. Moore was supposed to be on the air at 9:00. Every morning, at 9:05, he would come walking up the sidewalk, flipping the pages through his Bible. In fact, he was so late so many days we referred to him as the late Rev. Moore! In 1945, every Saturday afternoon, I put a pastor on the air from Clearfield, Pennsylvania and he was in the awning business. His name was Swales, Pastor Swales. On the front of his truck,

he had the words, "Here Comes Pastor Swales," and on the back, "There Goes Pastor Swales." Well, he had the thought that he should have just a little more airtime than the sixty minute that he paid for. I remember one Saturday afternoon, he was well into sixty-two, sixty-three, or sixty-four minutes and I cut him off the air and gave his closing announcement. He came up to the studio window from the big studio, beat on the glass most vociferously, wanting to know why I would have the gall to cut him off the air after just sixty minutes.

Rev. Ernie Bauman, he is ninety-five years old at the writing of this book, and he looks for all the world, with his silver mustache, like Colonel Sanders and his chicken business. Well, Ernie Bauman is one of the two most remarkable people I ever met in my life. The other was a man by the name of Phil Ake, who had a foundry in Johnsonburg. Rev. Ernie Bauman preached for over forty-five years. At age ninety-five, he is as sharp as a tack, in mind and body, and strong as a workhorse.

My wife went on a bus tour to Wildwood, New Jersey several years ago. Ernie Bauman and his wife were instrumental in this. Forty-five people were on the bus that went to Wildwood. When the bus got there, there was one man who unloaded the baggage for forty-five people. His name was Rev. Ernie Bauman. After that, he took a long walk.

For years, in the rainy season, we always went to a place about twenty-five miles from home called Mahaffey, Pennsylvania. It was synonymous with the Christian and Missionary Alliance and their summer camp. Mahaffey had been in operation for many years, probably back to the 1920's or beyond that. Mahaffey, Pennsylvania was quite a campground. They would have five thousand people there on a good Sunday afternoon, and they always said of Mahaffey, "The only things they had in Mahaffey were people and God." Rev. Ernie Bauman was the man who would ring the bell; ring the bell for the services and ring the bell when it was time to eat. He would work during the various times before camp putting roofs on the big tabernacle and various cottages. He would work ten hours a day. After dinner in the evening at 6:30, he would look for a young minister so we could get two or three hours in before dark. He could never find any takers. Rev. Ernie Bauman, about thirty years ago or maybe a little longer than thirty years ago, was up in a huge maple tree attempting to saw off one of the top limbs in the tree. He slipped and fell

to the ground, breaking his neck and his back. He was taken, in critical condition to the Punxsutawney Hospital. I remember it very well. He was placed in a huge body cast and Rev. Ernie Bauman's neck was placed in a neck brace and he was told it would be many, many weeks before he could go home. Ernie Bauman told his wife, "You call the other ministers of the church, have them anoint me and I'll be just fine!" Well, after the fourth day, he informed his wife that he was going home. He said, "God has healed me." She said he was crazy. The doctors said he was crazy, and by no means could he go home. But they didn't know the Rev. Ernest Bauman, minister of the Gospel. Ernie Bauman put up such a howl that they said, "All right, we have the x-rays, your neck is broken, your back is broken, you should not be moved for many weeks." Ernie Bauman said, "I'm going home - I have been healed!" So, on the fifth day, home he went to his farm which wasn't too far from Punxsutawney. The last thing his doctor said to his wife, pointing his finger was, "Don't let him get hold of a saw or anything sharp to try to remove that cast!!" Well, twenty minutes after arriving home, the Rev. Ernest Bauman was out in the barn, searching until he found a hacksaw blade. He stuck the hacksaw blade in the inside of the cast on the neck. He sawed and worked and sawed and pulled and cut and finally, he took the support off his neck. He started on the inside, just below his adams apple, on the body cast, sawed it all the way down to the bottom, opened it up, took it off and said, "I feel great. As I said, God healed me!!!" The next day (not two days later), he went out to the farm, across the bank, down the creek and lugged heavy stones up the bank and built a small church with the stones. He built it by himself and it took him over six months, but he built the church himself. Last year, he fell and when he fell, his wife said, "Your wrist is definitely broken. We are going to take you to the Punxsutawney Hospital," and he said, "Not at all - I'm not going to the Emergency Room. I'm just fine. Remember the days in Wildwood when I took care of the luggage for forty-five people. It's the same thing now: God will heal me!!" And the last time I saw him, he had a grip like a blacksmith. The Rev. Ernie Bauman - just outside of Punxsutawney, Pennsylvania - age ninety five. I said, "Ernie, are you old?" He said, "No, I'm not old, but I'm getting old."

Phil (Churchill) Ake was the most astounding man I ever met in all my life. He died in September of 1957, but Phil Ake lived strictly in the past. He had a

foundry, up in Johnsonburg, Pennsylvania and was very successful with his foundry. Phil Ake - I would go over a night, around 8:30 or 9:00 and my wife would call at 2:15 a.m. and say, "Send that man home!" Phil would say, "Sit down, Chuck, I'll tell you a story." Phil Ake had more stories; he was not always the hero of the story, but he never repeated a story and I would sit by the hour at his feet and listen to this man talk about the old days. His father was named J. D. Ake and he had been in the coal mining business. He had his own coal mines near Cherry Tree, Pennsylvania and built his own little railroad to run the coal cars out to the siding and then the Pennsylvania Railroad would pick them up and take them on to Harrisburg from there. Well, Phil Ake said that one time in the coal mines, his father had filled every car that he had, full of coal, and had taken it down to the siding waiting for it to be picked up and the railroad put a switch and they didn't pick the cars up. They said, "We're not picking up any more of your coal." He said, "I have an agreement with the railroad." They said, "We are new; we don't know anything about it." and so the coal sat. The coal sat from April until May to June to July to August to September and then the first of October. He sued the Pennsylvania Railroad for $347,000 and that was a lot of money in the early 1900's at the turn of the century. He sued them in Indiana, Pennsylvania, at the District Court; he sued them in Pittsburgh, at the Pittsburgh Court and then he sued them in Washington at the Federal Court. The day came when he received the check for $347,000. Phil Ake always lived in the shadow of this. "I remember what my father did to the railroad", and he always hoped that the same chance would come for him. His father was a great friend of Charlie Swab. Charlie was, of course, in Pittsburgh and he was the biggest man in steel; one of the biggest men in the United States and he worked for Carnegie and Carnegie was in Scotland. Carnegie wrote to him and said he would be in Pittsburgh in July and to be sure and have production in the steel mills up. If you have ever read the life story of Charlie Swab - this was the same man that went down to the open hearth at night and he wrote an eight with a huge piece of chalk on the floor. When the day shift came in, they turned out nine loads of steel that night to surpass the shift before them. The night shift came in and had worked their heads off and turned out ten to get production up. The day shift came in and wrote eleven and the night shift again, twelve. So, production went from eight loads

of steel that night up to an even twelve, to get its production up to its very, very best. Well, the six months went by, the steel mill was spit and polish. Everything was perfect for the day that Carnegie (the little Scotsman) was coming over to examine his Pittsburgh steel mills. At 10:00 in the morning, there was Charlie, 6' 3", a bow tie and there was the little Scotsman, Carnegie, with him as they toured the mill. They went to the top of an open kiln and when they looked down at the bottom there were two workers down there sound asleep. He looked down and screamed, "WHAT ARE YOU DOING DOWN THERE???" The fellow pulled his hat up and said, "We are taking a sleep!" He held on to the side of the rail, looked down and he screamed, "I am Charlie Swab and this is Andrew Carnegie!" The fellow pulled his hat up and looked at them again and said, "I'm Marshall Field and this is John Wanamaker, from Philadelphia." He said the tears streamed down Carnegie's face and he held on to the iron rail and he laughed until he cried. They made their way around the outside, down in the bottom door to the open kiln. They went in and the two workers were there; their lunches beside them in paper bags. They walked in and sure enough, it was Carnegie himself and Charlie Swab, in person. They shook, they were so afraid. Carnegie went over and shook hands with the first man. He said, "Mr. Wanamaker, I am very happy to have met you, sir. I have been in your store, under the Eagle, in Philadelphia and I want you to know that you run one of the best retail stores in the United States." The man was speechless; he was shaking. The other man; he turned to him and shook hands with him and said, "Marshall Field, I have been at your retail store in Chicago and I think there is no one greater than Marshall Field in all of industry and it is a great privilege and a great honor to meet you." The two men shook until they couldn't stand still, with their paper bag lunches. I asked Phil Ake, "Did they fire them on the spot?" He said, "No, he told my father, Charlie Swab said, `You don't fire a man who carries his lunch in a paper bag who's smarter than you are.'" He said Carnegie went back home after examining the steel mills and he said from that day until the day he died, he never sent a telegram, of business nature; he never sent a letter, to Charlie in Pittsburgh unless he signed it "Marshall Field and John Wanamaker." This is a true story. I've heard this over and over again. It goes back many, many years to the early 1900's.

In those days, Charlie Swab owned a castle in England. He owned a recreational facility for young children (an orphanage) in France and he said when he came up to Cherry Tree one night, when they ate at the hotel, "It's funny, I'm buying eight hundred meals tonight; I buy eight hundred meals every night, but it is so nice to come up to Cherry Tree from Pittsburgh to have dinner with you (Phil Ake) and your father, J.D."

Fortunes changed in the steel industry, at least they did for Charlie Swab. He came up to Clearfield County and Indiana County; he attempted to borrow $50,000 the year before he died and he was dead broke. This is a true story told to me by Phil Churchill Ake and he had many, many other stories to tell. He said he went over one time to Bellefonte, Pennsylvania. He had a new car and he pulled right straight through the stop light and when he did, the policeman was standing there. He flipped the pages over in his book and said, "May I see your license please!" He looked the policeman in the eye and said, "You wouldn't arrest a minister of the Gospel would you?" He closed the book and said, "No, but you be careful next time, Reverend; I don't want you going through stop lights again." Phil thought this was very funny. He started to drive out of Bellefonte, Pennsylvania and the man who was with him said, "Phil, you are a speed demon; you are going to have a very serious automobile accident." Phil said, "I just got this car yesterday and I'm trying to break it in. I've never had an accident in my life." The man got out of the car and Phil continued on his way back to Cherry Tree. He said, "I went down a huge hill and there was a railroad crossing at the foot of the hill and they were coupling cars, coal cars, and they had drifted onto the tracks," and he hit the train head-on with his car, smashed his car, demolished it; broke his leg about seven inches above the knee, a compound fracture, coming right straight out of his trousers and very painful. A man stopped and looked at him, called two of his buddies down from the railroad tracks and one got in his glove compartment, took his flashlight, took his gloves and was taking his papers methodically. The other took the ornament, the front hood ornament, off his car and another one took the jack and was starting to take the spare tire off the back. A little man with a red face came down, parked his car and he said, "Boys, this man has a broken leg; this man has smashed his brand new car and has had a lot of bad luck ... please don't steal the things in his car!" Well, the

three tramps from the railroad track were big and they were as mean as junkyard dogs. They turned on the little man and said, "You git or you'll get a lot worse than he has!" He put his one hand up to his ear, like the old-timers used to do, and he said, "What did you say?" He said, "YOU HEARD ME." The man with the tire tool came around from the back of the car. He made his first mistake when he got out of bed that morning. He made his second when he raised that tire tool to hit him. He said, "I never saw a human being move so fast." He said he faked once to the right, once to the left, broke his jaw with one swing and laid him out in the sweet peas. The man with the flashlight in his hand turned to give assistance to his buddy, the tramp, and when he came around, he faired much less. He was knocked out and his head hit the car when he went down. The third man dug ashes to get up to the railroad tracks and was running as fast as he could go that last time they saw him. The little man with the red face picked one of them up (he was powerful); picked the other one up (both by the cuff of the neck), shook them until they could regain some consciousness. He said, "You go up those railroad tracks or I'll beat you within one inch of your life." They didn't run, they staggered away. They had suede shoes - one swayed this way and one swayed that way!!! They took Phil Ake back into Bellefonte, to the hospital, and his leg was put in traction. They used to prop the legs up in those days in traction. He said, "Who brought me in here?" "Oh, didn't that man tell you, that's the Methodist minister from Bellefonte." Phil said, "Boy, can he box!" They said, "Yes, he can do pretty well. Before he was converted and went into the ministry, he was a professional boxer. " Phil said, "I saw him knock out two fellows with about a seven-inch punch. That fellow could really handle his dukes!" Well, the months went by; the months went by; Phil Ake finally was on crutches. It was late in the year and he went to Altoona to the railroad and he said, "You were coupling the cars. I want paid for my new automobile." The man already had a check written out, folded it and stuck it in Phil Ake's pocket. He said, "This is all we're giving you, take it or leave it!" Phil was so mad he could have cried. He said, "I went home; I didn't take the check out; when I got home, it was for the full amount of the car plus $250.00 for the hospital." In that day and age, that's all it cost. Phil Ake - he had more stories than Carter has Van Camp beans. I would sit by the hour and listen to his stories. I will never forget the great Phil Ake from Johnsonburg, Pennsylvania.

I knew a baseball player one time; we did programs together. He name was Frankie Thomas. He played for the Pittsburgh Pirates at the end of his career, but he had played at one time for Casey Stengel in New York. He said, "Casey Stengel could remember, with exact clarity, whatever happened forty years ago in baseball. But, he couldn't remember what happened three weeks ago." I have heard this many times; people at class reunions and the like saying, "I have a clear, clear vision of what happened when we went to high school together as much as sixty years ago, but I can't remember what happened three weeks ago!" I think this is prevalent in human nature itself.

I had a teacher and his name was Willard Grubbs. Willard Grubbs had a huge, black mustache and when he talked, his eyebrows were as big as his mustache. Willard Grubbs was the greatest inspiration of any teacher I ever had in all my life. He called me "Chuck". He said, "Someday, Chuck, you are really going to amount to something." Well, he was dead wrong, but I'll tell you his words have stuck with me for almost fifty years. I have never forgotten my beloved Willard Grubbs. He went on to be a college professor, highly successful, left our town and went to the other side of Pennsylvania and taught on a Penn State Campus over there until his retirement. Willard Grubbs - he left us with more words of wisdom and things to think about. He said, in teaching English, as far as humor is concerned, "You will find in life someday that all jokes, whether they are as humorous as you may think or not, deal with three things - I'm a fool; you're a fool; or he's a fool." And this stuck with me many, many years and the many other things that Willard Grubbs told me.

I went over to Penn State one time and was passing through and stopped at the Corner Unusual. In those days, it was my favorite place to eat. So, I stopped there and when I was sitting at the counter, I looked over and it was Willard Grubbs. I went over and said, "I don't think you remember me - I'm Charlie Moore." He said, "Why, Chuck, I sure do!" I said, "I never in life can thank you for the time you spent with us. You would stay after school to teach those of us that just couldn't quite get it and I was one of them. I never got over your kindness." In those days, I don't know what a teacher was getting (maybe $90.00 a month), but I know it wasn't enough. He beat any teacher that I ever saw today, on the college level. Willard Grubbs -

what a man, WHAT A MAN! Someone said - did you have all lovely teachers? I would say some of the teachers were on the other side of the ledger. We had an art teacher and her name was Ann Williams. In the fifth grade, I inadvertently painted a tree trunk in her art class brown instead of purple. Well, any idiot knows that a tree trunk is purple; it's not brown. I thought that I had done a good job - to me, it looked brown - a tree trunk in the winter season - and I though it was just great. She took one look at this and she was a BIG woman; she could have played for the Chicago Bears and she doubled up her fist (not her hand) and she hit me on the side of the neck. I thought she broke my neck. She knocked me down, paint spilled, the brushes, the water, and I flew down under one seat, out under the other seat, one of the old-fashioned seats and into the other aisle, face down. She said, "I'll teach you to never paint a tree trunk brown when they are purple!" Well, I got up, picked up my brushes, picked up my paints and my little water can and put them back on the desk and I though, "Lord Bless You, Sister, Lord Bless You!!" The days went by, a couple years went by, and Ann Williams got a brand new Ford - it was maroon. It was a nice Ford. It had something on it that intrigued me to no end, it had new tires, all the way around. It was Halloween. I said to a couple of my buddies, as we were out Halloweening, "There is Ann Williams' new car - now it's a shame that she has air in her tires. I think we should leave the air out of all four tires." Well, there was a great cheer went up!! I could hear the air (I can hear it today) hissing as we let the air out of the tires. Only, she ruined our party. She had been visiting with the neighbors, came out of the house, just as the final tire went flat. So, we all took French leave and hurried in all directions as fast as we could. Too bad to say that they caught us, but it was well worth it to let the air out of her tires, one way or the other.

Another teacher was Tina States. Tina had taught for over a hundred years. Tina didn't have a yardstick; she had a piece of lumber with notches, thirty-six notches on it and did that ever hurt. She came down one afternoon, upon my shoulder, past the ear, until she nearly knocked me out of the seat. I turned around and thought, "What in Heaven's name have I done. I wasn't talking." "Oh," she said, "I meant to hit Harold Nelson, the boy sitting next to you. I missed him, but you had it coming anyhow!"

Well, after I got married (years later), Tina was with the WCTU. She told my wife that I had always loved her in school. I thought, "I did in a pig's ear!" She was something else with that board. My, oh my - she said she was going to hit Harold Nelson and she missed him and I had it coming anyhow. Well, thanks a lot, Tina.

The finest woman that ever put on a pair of shoes was Mrs. Hilda Caramela. She taught for over forty years at the little "Olive and Avenue Campus," as we called it - Olive Avenue, in the Fourth Ward section of DuBois. She spent a lifetime on hard bleachers when her students played midget basketball. She spent more than a lifetime in a hot sweaty gym when her little boys wrestled in grade school wrestling, junior high wrestling and high school wrestling. She spent a lifetime in the rain and the sleet in the stands when her boys played midget football, junior high football and senior high football. She spent a lifetime trying to teach the lessons that no other woman was ever able to teach. Hilda Caramela was married to a man by the name of Sammy Caramela. A very fine couple, they never missed a Penn State football game. If Penn State was at Notre Dame, they were there; if Penn State was in Miami, they were there; if Penn State was in North Carolina, Hilda Caramela and her husband were there. They were the greatest devotees to home games and away games of Penn State that I ever knew. Hilda Caramela took a piece of paper - the paper was maybe 8" by 11"; she put the paper in where they hung the coats, in the clothesroom, and she put under the paper a five-dollar bill. The five-dollar bill remained there all day. The paper was there all night - the paper was there - bringing the coats in, taking them home for lunch, coming back and slapping them up again. She called all the students out in the hall and said, "Do you see this dirty piece of paper that everybody's tramped on?" The kids said, "Yes, it's a piece of paper to us." She said, "Why don't you pick it up!" So they picked it up and there was a five-dollar bill. She said, "I'm trying to teach you a lesson about life." And her lessons were far, far extended beyond the classroom. Every year, at the end of April, she would take both classes, hire two buses and drive over to Altoona, seventy-five miles, for the Shriners Circus. She paid for the tickets; she paid for the buses; she paid for the food; she paid for any memorabilia articles they bought and it cost her a fortune, even in poor times, to take two bus loads of kids who would never on God's earth, get to a circus unless it was with beloved Hilda Caramela. She followed the

wrestlers; she followed the baseball players; she followed the track stars; she followed anybody in any sport because they were her boys. She never had any children of her own, but she had more children than anybody else in our town. Hilda Caramela had a serious heart condition; she knew she was dying. She was always calling her children "darlings" (Mrs. Caramela's darlings). She asked if I would call my son the minister, Ed Moore, down in South Carolina to fly home to have her funeral. It was true, he was very busy at that time going to Grad School and helping with a Baptist Church, but he said, "I will be there when she passes away." Well, in October, 1989, Hilda Caramela went on to meet her reward, which I feel was a great one - she was an outstanding Christian lady, Hilda Caramela. They brought the article in from the local newspaper that the Constitution of the United States said no more Bible reading in the schools. And our paper read, "We Will Abide by the Constitution!" Hilda Caramela said, "Get yourself another boy. As long as I am here, I will read the Bible every morning. They need it." She was never known to strike a child. Hers was strictly love, but she was the greatest teacher I ever saw in shoe leather. She had a little cross, it was crocheted. She had carried it in her book every day for over forty years and she gave it to my daughter, Irene Moore Hartzfeld, after she graduated from Penn State and got her Masters Degree, and went into teaching as an English teacher before she went into counseling. It was the greatest trophy that she ever had and she gave it to my daughter and she said, "I hope she can carry it the years she is in education and counseling." Hilda Caramela - she passed from the scene; she's gone, but she is not forgotten and her husband, Sammy, we see him at least once or twice a month and appreciate him so very much. For a teacher in the fourth or fifth grade in a local school in DuBois, Pennsylvania, to hire two buses in the spring of the year to take them to Altoona, loaded with screaming kids and then to follow those kids from the fourth or fifth grade until they were ready for college, in any sport, was quite a tribute. Hilda Caramela - I always said to my kids when they mention the name, "Stand up, there was a true, true American and an outstanding, Godly, Christian woman."

Radio, radio announcers, are closely associated with hospitals and with the administrators of hospitals. This has been prevalent as long as I can remember. Sister Carmelita was at our local Catholic Hospital for many, many years. She lived

her entire life there, as a matter of fact, as the Administrator and did a tremendous job. Taking her place was a Sister who had originally come from Punxsutawney and Sister Regina was her name. She had a great, great impact on the community. She called me out to the hospital one day from the radio station. She said, "I have $500.00 for you, cash." This was in 1970, when $500.00 was a lot of money. She said, "I want you to call Nashville, Tennessee, Buddy Spicher is from DuBois. I want him to bring up a big hillbilly band here and we will give them $3,000 and they will put on a program at the local high school, at the football field to fund having a complete playground built for children outside at the hospital." Well, it was a big nut to crack. I called Buddy Spicher at Nashville. He had left DuBois over twenty years ago and went to Nashville to be a fiddle player. "Had he been pretty fair?" "Yes, he recorded with a man named Elvis Presley and everybody from him right straight through to Barbara Mandrell and her sisters." You name the star and I'll tell you that Buddy Spicher was playing backtime fiddle on their recordings. He spent over five years with the "Coal Miners Daughter" and when she came to the Clearfield Fair, the year before last, I though it was kind of sad. Buddy Spicher was playing fiddle in her band and she didn't feature him as the attraction in his own hometown and hometown community. He played several years with Hank Snow and his country band. The year that the great guitar player, Chet Atkins, was named the instrumentalist of the year, runner-up that year was Buddy Spicher from DuBois, Pennsylvania, on the fiddle. They said at one time, he was the best fiddle player, not only in the United States, but in the world. Well, Sister Carmelita was gone and the new Administrator to the hospital, Sister Regina, had seen fit to give me $500.00 down for the program for the hillbillies to come up. It was a warm night in July and the hillbillies came in from Nashville and Buddy Spicher had picked up a band of the best fiddle players, best guitar players, and best drummer that he could find down there and they were all well known for the groups that they played for. We netted enough money to get the playground off the ground, paid the band and everything went very well. I was on the program and enjoyed that tremendously. It was a great thing that she would take that much time and that much confidence to give us $500.00 down to bring a hillbilly band to DuBois and broadcast it. When the program was over, she invited two other gentlemen and

myself out to the hospital for dinner one evening and she said, "Charles, I have something for your daughter." And I said, "What is that, Sister Regina?" She said, "I have a Seth Thomas gold clock. It is my favorite, my pride. It is the thing that I prize most in my life. I want your daughter to have this." I said, "You surely don't want to give away the best thing you have in life." She said, "You will find that whatever you give away, you retain. Whatever you try to keep will, invariably, fall apart with age and time and theft, wear out and be gone and you've never kept it at all." I tried to teach that to my son, Ed.

Ed Moore was a person who did not care for sports. He pitched one inning in little league ball; he threw the ball out of the stadium and into the swimming pool next door. When he would try to swim, he would swim backwards. He did everything the Eddie Moore way. It was the same thing in wrestling and the same thing in football. I took him outside of DuBois on a day in August, and it wasn't 100 degrees, but I know it was in the high 90's. I drove him out three miles on Highland Street and trying to be the just, honest and kind, loving father, I said, "Would you get out and check the tire." He said, "I will be glad to, Pop." So he got out and I locked the door and drove off. I said, "I want you to run home." He said, "RUN HOME? THREE MILES?" I said, "I'm going to make a track star out of you." He said, "I will try it." The next day I came home and at 10:30 a.m., he was still asleep in bed. I said, "Get up, it's time for you to run." He said, "It is a physical impossibility for me to get out of bed." I said, "ON YOUR FEET! You are going to be a track star!" So, he was a track star. How did he do? Well, he did pretty fair for a tall, skinny boy at 185 pounds. He won twenty-four out of twenty-seven matches and went on to States. No, he didn't take the State championship, but he went on to States and we enjoyed his career. When he would wrestle, they would scream, "ED-A-MOORE, ED-A-MOORE!" What they did know about Ed, he was the Avon lady. He sold Avon products at DuBois High School until his graduation in 1979, until he went on to Pitt to play football and then on to Georgia with Herschel Walker to play football. One teacher came out one day and the street was covered with ice. He had two huge bags; he could hardly get to his car. One fellow said, "What's the matter!" "Oh, Ed Moore is selling Avon products." So, that is the way it went with our family.

I always tried to teach Ed one thing, whatever you have, you give away and yet you retain that. He had many, many trophies that he won wrestling in the various tournaments. He would, after school, go and wrestle, especially in the summertime. I will never forget - we went over to the Red Devil Tournament at Edensburg, Pennsylvania and a young man in his class had just come back from wrestling in Europe. He was a superstar in high school. He was already past his senior year, ready for college. Ed was addicted to listening to Elvis Presley. He would listen to Elvis until 3:00 in the morning and get up in time for school. He never required any sleep, but I did. I would beat on the door at night and scream, "I'm losing my mind, Ed, you've got to turn down that rock and roll music." He'd say, "Chaz, you already lost your mind, I turned it off an hour ago." So, over we went to the tournament and I though it was rather funny - Ed was a mop of curly hair, sound asleep in the car with the rock and roll music blaring away and I went out and said, "You're on in two minutes!!" He came in, shook himself, looked at his opponent, who was a boy about 185 pounds, in perfect physical condition, just returned from Europe and he was the superstar of that school system - great, great wrestler. Well, fortunately, he was kind enough to let Ed beat him. I think the score was 5 - 2 and Ed brought home the big trophy and he took home the little trophy. When we got home, I said, "Your mother will be so proud of you to have that trophy - it will be just great. What are you going to do with it?" He said, "I am going to give it to Albert!" I said, "Who is Albert?" "Albert Marchioni, he was my man in high school. He watched my wallet and he watched my personal belongings any time I ever wrestled. He was one of the managers of the team. You don't think I would keep this trophy for myself, when Albert lives two blocks away," Ed said. So we had to go down that night and give the trophy to Albert and his mother thanked us profusely.

The Top Hat Wrestling Tournament in Williamsport was a great affair between Christmas and New Years. Ed went down in his senior year and the 185 pound class was highly competitive. Ed wrestled one match and I walked in in the middle of the afternoon and Ed was just getting ready to wrestle. The referee was from our DuBois Central Christian, Sam Catalfamo, a very fine boy. He looked up and as I went across the cat-walk, he said, "Hey, Moore, is this your boy?" I was so embarrassed I nearly died. I just nodded my head, uh-huh. Well, he as fortunate

enough to win on Friday afternoon, Friday night and Saturday afternoon sending him into the finals of the Top Hat tournament. The man he was wrestling was named Kevin Classic - I'll never forget the name. He was giving a clinic; he was working Ed over for everything there was; except the last thirty seconds, Ed turned him over and pinned him and came home with the three and one-half foot trophy, from the Top Hat Tournament. I don't know who he gave that away to, but he gave it to somebody. He had a room full of trophies and we ended up with three of them, at least. He was always giving away everything he had. He said, "It is not worth keeping it!" The story of his football career - the Sugar Bowl was one of the most important things. Other things that the University of Georgia did that I felt were very important the several years that he played:

Georgia defeated Clemson, 13 - 7
Georgia defeated Brigham Young, 17 - 14
Georgia defeated South Carolina, 34 - 18
Georgia beat Mississippi State, 29 - 22
(All under Vince Dooley)
Georgia knocked off Old Mis, 33 - 9
Georgia beat Vanderbilt, 27 - 13
Georgia beat Memphis State, 34 - 3
Georgia knocked off Florida, 44 - 0
Georgia beat Auburn, 19 - 14
Georgia Bulldogs beat Georgia Tech, 38 - 18

They also beat Kentucky. A boy by the name of Ron Bojalad had been an All-State football player, got a wonderful scholarship, a free ride to Kentucky. We were fortunate enough to go down to Athens, between the hedges, and see that game (between Kentucky and Georgia). After that game, Mr. Bojalad came over (we called him Boj) and said, "Your team's not so good." "No," Ed said, "it's not so good, but we beat you, didn't we!!" And, of course, they beat everybody else that year, and took the National Championship. It was quite a thing to be on a team that took the championship. We were in Athens, Georgia, the day after they took the National Championship and the man was already there selling huge trophies, maybe fourteen/fifteen inches high - GEORGIA WINS THE NATIONAL CHAMPION-

Ed Moore and Herschel Walker in New Jersey when Herschel was with the Generals of the World Football League. In those days Herschel was doing 1000 pushups a day.

SHIP. In other words, they had them printed, the salesmen on the road had them out and ready to go, and was selling them on the campus at Georgia the next day. The days of Herschel Walker; Ed said he never played with a finer boy; he was a fine Christian boy and he appreciates him to this day.

One of the local bank presidents went over to Honolulu and Herschel Walker was playing in a bowl game over there. After the game, he went up to him and said, "Do you know Ed Moore from DuBois?" He said, "Ed Moore is my man!!" So, that's the nicest thing that Herschel Walker ever said about our family.

When you work for a radio station, news stories with a tragic ending somehow stick with you - maybe not a lifetime, but they stick with you for forty or fifty years. There was a little girl who fell down a well out in California, in 1949, and her name was Cathy Fiscus. We carried the story, like any other CBS story, and all the effects of how her mother and father and grandparents stood by and the valiant, brave men would dig and dig and finally the child died at the bottom of the well. I can remember that story about little Cathy in 1949, falling down the well and losing her

life. I can remember that just like it was yesterday and some of the news stories that crossed the desk over the years, how important they all seemed at the time and then you forget them in maybe two or three weeks. But, that was one of the stories I always remembered.

As far as preparing news and preparing commercials, you had to divide your time in the old days of radio. There was a day when people were more conscientious as far as the news was concerned, about taking a particular script and underlining the main things that you wished to say and to have enunciation that would be, more or less, forceful. The days of rip and read probably came in later days of radio. I don't hear anyone today, in radio, standing two or two and one-half hours in front of a mirror and practicing and practicing their enunciation, their diction and their timing. I, one time, took elocution lessons. It was the funniest thing in the world. Any lesson I ever took to learn to speak better never helped me. I guess I was too far down the drain before I even started.

Now, in the comic days of radio, which were very childish, ludicrous - this was lighting the news. When someone would be reading the news and the other fellow would come in with a cigarette lighter and he would light this and you would have to read pretty fast because it was burning. they would fan this - they didn't care if you got burned; they didn't care what happened to the station table as long as the end results were that they could put this down and I was guilty of this. We had a woman work for our station one time. She was a very fine lady and her name was Yeteve Barclay (I called her Steve). Steve went in the ladies room and the bottom of the ladies room was about one and one-half inches (the door jam was about one and one-half inches), so I took the local newspaper, the Courier Express, lit it and after it was really burning, I stuffed it under the door. Even this year, she said, "Say, I'm the only person in your book that you will talk about stuffing burning newspaper under the door when I was in the ladies room." I said, "Oh, my, I remember that and I'm sorry! I apologize!"

Many people in radio, in the old days, would wear a small microphone on their lapel. This was kind of like the ruptured duck that the people would wear after the service and this would say - I'm in radio.

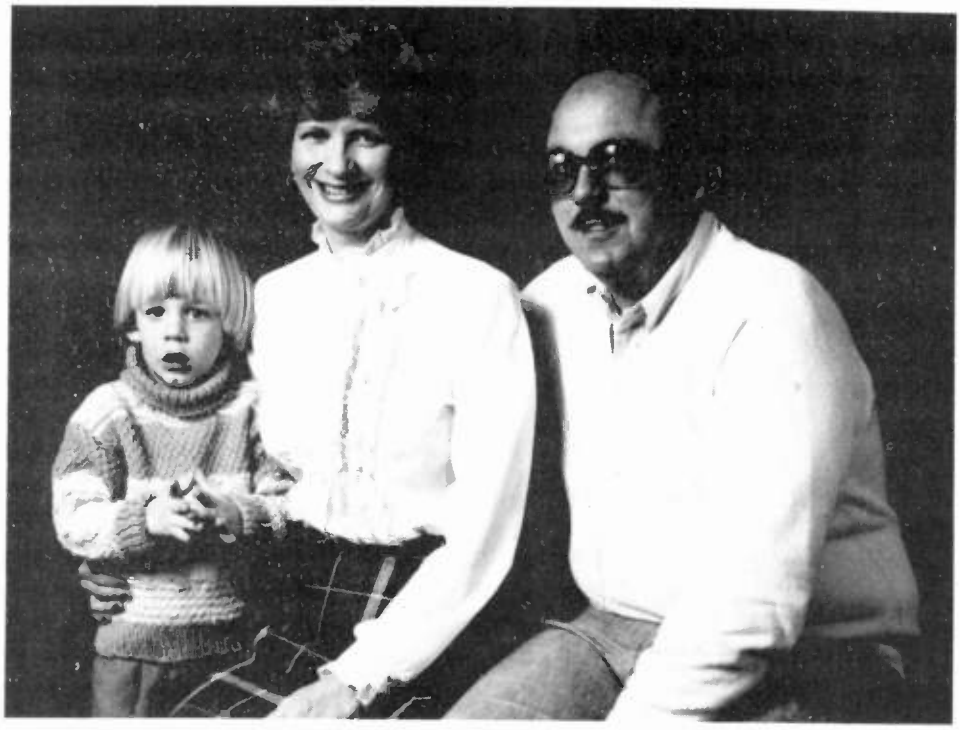
Well, we were in the Harrisburg area in the mid 50's and I saw a white Cadillac come down the street and it had gold painting on the side of it and it was a pair of boxing gloves. I looked in the back of the Cadillac and it had two huge boxing gloves and the boy driving it was all smiles. I looked on the hood and they had several boxing gloves and Golden Gloves champ and I think he wanted everybody to know, (1) That he had a Cadillac, and (2) that he was a boxer. Most of the boxers we met were people who had retired from the profession and we got some type of an insight. Fritzie Zbieg would always come up to Punxsutawney to WPXY at the hotel when we were there. Fritzie Zbieg was then highly polished, beautiful gray suit, fabulous shoes, perfect gentleman and he had fought in the great days. When we would mention Billy Conn and Fritzie Zbieg and the great guys that came out of the Pittsburgh boxing stables, it was a different world. Sugar Ray Robinson was always one of my favorites - I appreciated him again and again. The time I met and boxed Archie Moore; he didn't tell me he was married five times. That was in his book. I learned something from him as far as writing a book. You put the last things and the most important things down at the end. If you're going to shock anybody, that's the place that you put it. In radio, there aren't too many ways that, in barn radio, Clyde, you're going to shock anybody.

Well, radio itself, was fun, but it was a business that you could become very lax and sloppy. In some professions, people continuously work from the first day they start until the day they retire to do the best they can to study, to show thyself improved. This is not the case in radio. I feel that many, many people in small-time radio think they are much better than they actually are. I have never been able to concentrate this effort for myself because I figured I was just somebody passing by. But, the element of always saying you are just as good as the guy on the network; this is positively not true. You are not as good as the guy on the network even if your mother, your grandmother and your Aunt Effie told you you were. I think they were leading you down Primrose Path looking with your one brown and your one blue eye and saying, "Here, grab this and read."

To be handed a commercial or handed something on the air, you have to be able to ad lib with dexterity. If you cannot talk for at least thirty minutes on any subject into an open microphone, then it is for naught. I have had the privilege of

doing many programs, fifteen-minute programs, with so-called stars. You would hand them the microphone and if they didn't have anything writ', (written in front of them), they couldn't make it. That was all there was to it. Sometimes, we would be most chagrined when we would turn to the other person and hand them the microphone and they would say, "GULP, I have nothing to say." You have to have something that the general public would not ask in a question. You don't want to ask when you start out in an interview, questions that have absolutely no meaning, the rhetorical question that has no answer coming and try to make it of interest. You have to have something whereby the other person is not insulted; where the other person has a certain amount of humor. Many people who make records and many people who are on television and on radio, of a big nature, they don't have a sense of humor. For you to try to instill a sense of humor in these people, sometimes it is very, very difficult as far as radio is concerned.

We did a seven-day broadcast, taping everything, during the Worlds Fair in 1965 on Long Island. And, it was seven days of continuous work. The story there was: We had to go from one building, one hall, to the next one, dragging our equipment and always be fresh and always be ready to go. I had to have a band concert and we, of course, looked up the band from Curwensville, Pennsylvania, Mr. Ralph Woodel, and I grabbed him just before we went on the air. We were doing it live and I said, "We are doing this broadcast a half-hour live and I don't have a band." He said, "I have a band, we have the music from Curwensville High School, (in Pennsylvania) and we will be more than happy to help you." Ralph Woodel had a brother whose name was Harry. Harry Woodel was a tremendous talent as far as playing the clarinet. He had moved to Maryland in the later years, but he was with the famous Clearfield Bank, the Clearfield Citizens Band, and the Clearfield Firemen's Band under the direction of a man by the name of Al Rockwell. They had forty-eight men in the band and I won't say they were good, but he had a standing offer in Radio City with Mr. Lavell to conduct the Band of America. I thought that was quite an honor. We took seventy-six young people on buses to New York City, one day late in the fall and we lost one on the subway. We finally recaptured that child, and we went to see the Band of America. They were all high school bandsmen and we saw Paul Lavell's Band of America. He said, "Where are you from, Moore?"



Jim and Irene, and family

I said, "I'm from Clearfield County." He said, "Do you know Al Rockwell?" I said, "I know him very well and have followed his band and I have enjoyed that tremendously." He said, "He has a standing invitation to direct my band any day at rehearsal here at Radio City!!" We always appreciated that again and again. The band from Clearfield went for a re-enactment of the Louisiana Purchase, when Harry Truman was President, around 1953, in New Orleans. I remember the countless fortune that was spent to insure the musical instruments and, of course, to play before Harry Truman, the President of the United States.

I have always admired the work of the late Jackie Gleason; a twin facet - his music was one lifetime and his comedy was another. When we were on Long Island, in Long Island radio, Jackie Gleason had been doing his thing prior to television in New York. He fell one time in the theater and broke his arm and it was a long time in healing. He sang with a quartet; they were all the size of Jackie Gleason. I know one time in New York, he was doing his act in a particular theater and fell off the stage; fell right into the orchestra pit and everybody just screamed. They thought it was the funniest thing they had ever seen, but it was an accident and he almost

broke the same arm again. Jackie Gleason said it and I heard it many times, the words, "I'm in Pittsburgh and it's raining." Perhaps you have heard that expression - it means I'm in a city away from home; I'm completely broke, out of money, and I don't know what I'll do, so I'm in Pittsburgh and it's raining. That was the international distress signal - was it ever!!

In radio itself, the people who have meant the most to me have been blind people. People that listened but have a keener sense of appreciation of what was said, the music and what people were trying to do. Blind people have meant a great deal in my life and I followed this since I was seventeen years old. The persons who are without sight have a keener insight, I think, than anyone I know. There is a woman in Bradford, Pennsylvania, and she is ninety-five years old and she is in a nursing facility. Her name is Marie Bowan. She is about five feet tall, is black and has been blind for almost fifty-five years. She called me for seven years straight at the radio station, two and three times a week, in the morning and I called her my "Ma Ma." Hello, Ma Ma, how is everything? Are you playing kick football this morning?" She would say, "I certainly am!" We would converse about his, that and the other thing and she would say, "I didn't see that." Well, knowing that she was blind, I knew she didn't see that! She said, going over a lifetime, that she was able to, in fifty-five years of blindness, fix a complete turkey dinner in her little trailer that wasn't too long and, also, have the most wonderful ham dinner that you have ever seen. She knew where everything was and she had committed the entire Bible to memory. She came from New Jersey, as a young lady and there was no chapter in the Bible that Marie Bowan could not recite, word for word. I went up to speak one night at a Firemen's Convention at the firehall, not too far from Kane, Pennsylvania. I stopped at a gas station and I had Marie Bowan in the front seat of my little car (we were chugging down the highway and I went in to ask for directions to the firehall) and the young lady was standing there looking out the window. she said, "Yes, you go down the road a mile, turn left, go two blocks, turn right, go another block - is that Marie Bowan with you?" I said, "Yes." She said, "She is the most famous person in this area. No politician, no football player, no sports figure, no one ever attained the status of this blind woman, Marie Bowan." She had the greatest sense of humor of anyone that I have ever seen. I would read the Bible

to her and she would read right along with me. I don't care where it was, she knew the entire Bible. She taught Sunday School for over twenty years during her blindness and was a brilliant Sunday School teacher! The deal was with Marie: She had been married to a minister and when he passed away, she had various trials and tribulations. One of them was that the Klu Klux Klan came down one night to burn her home. And in those days, they did burn homes and she didn't know anything about it. She had a little picket fence around her house. Her home was very modest, but they came down, with full intent and purpose, to burn her house to the ground. They turned and ran back up the road as fast as they could go. One man said, "What's the matter? Why didn't you carry out the plan?" He said, "If you'd have seen what we saw on the lot down there, next to the house, you would have run too." She said, "I never had anything next to the house in the lot." Marie Bowan spent much of her time following Bill and Joanne Rossi and the Keys. The Keys were a local quartet, fabulously successful. They had a campground in a place called Cooks Forest and she would go down in the summer and, more or less, hold court there, even up to, and including, her 90's. She always said her claim to fame was that she was the manager for Bill Rossi and the Keys of Kane, Pennsylvania. She played the tambourine and was quite a character to say the least. She said to me several years ago, "We're going to have a tremendous storm in this area this was the first of March." I thought, "Well, she is up in her 90's and maybe she feels there is going to be a heavy rain or something like that," so I let it go. Well, March went to April; April went to May; and in late May, the storm hit. It took fourteen thousand acres of the state game lands near Parker Dam, Clearfield County. A postcard came down from Meadville and it didn't come by the way of the mail. It blew sixty-seven miles and was found the next day after the storm. A church in Kane, Pennsylvania, was completely lifted off its foundation. It was quite a storm! Marie Bowan had predicted it for ninety days prior to this. She said, "God told me we were going to have quite a storm." I said, "Coming up from New Jersey to this part of Pennsylvania, what was the thing in the old days that impressed you the most?" She said, "Hard work." People in those days worked for a very small salary, but they were dependable. She said, "When a person gave their word, their word was their bond and you could live by that and die by that." She said that one of the things that had

happened to her was that the next door neighbor came over and her husband, the minister, was still living then. She came across the field with a big tray of meatloaf, potato salad, beans and dessert, covered with a napkin and said, "Now, you eat every bit of this." Well, Marie Bowan had known for several years that she really had her eye on her husband. And she should have done just about anything to get Marie Bowan out of the road so she could have her husband. Marie Bowan was just getting ready to eat the lunch and the Word of God came to her, "DON'T TAKE A BITE OF THAT!!" So, she didn't. Her good friend was a doctor in Kane, Pennsylvania. She called him and said, "When you go in to the hospital, would you take this food in and have it analyzed." Analyze he did and there was enough arsenic in that dinner to kill a dozen men and a dozen horses, as well. The woman had tried, on purpose, to poison her so she could get her husband. I said, "Did you have her arrested?" "No," she said, "the only thing I could do was pray for her." Marie Bowan, she was my "Ma Ma." She was outstanding and she called me three times a week at the radio station, every week, for seven years. I appreciated her over and over again. She said as a child, living in New Jersey, that a neighbor lady took her baby carriage (they had big baby carriages in those days), pushed it into the railroad tracks and a train was bearing down on her and she surely would have been sacrificed there had another neighbor not come by and pulled the baby carriage and Marie Bowan off the tracks, just in time. She said, life as she has found it, was hard, but the harder life got, the easier it was. She said one night after her husband died and the Klu Klux Klan was in hot pursuit of her, she said she heard a scratching at the door and in bounded a big, white German police dog. She said the dog sat down beside the fire and stayed with her for a period of six months. She said the dog had pink eyes; it was an albino, white as snow; huge, savage-like teeth, but the dog never barked one time it was in her presence. When she went to the store (she had her sight then), the dog went with her. When she went to church, the dog waited outside church. Every place she went, the dog was her constant, constant companion. This went on for six months. She said the dog never barked, never growled, never made any sign of making a noise as a dog normally would do. She said after a six-month period, the dog scratched on the door one night and she let the dog out and it disappeared; she never saw it after that. She said she often wondered about a dog that size that would not bark;

with pink eyes and snow-white hair; an albino dog, a German police dog. It was as big as a junkyard police dog.

There was a man who lived in a place called Grampian, Pennsylvania. His name was Orv Addleman. He was blind and he listened to me on the Radio Station, WCED, for years. He had, what the other person wishes they had in life - he had the personality that his complainer was broken. He would not complain. He had played football in his youth and had been very fine at it and then having lost his sight in later years, his blindness gave him a sharper concept of the story behind the news; the story behind the commercials, what the announcers were attempting and sometimes failing to do.

A woman by the name of Sara Cleaver in Grampian, Pennsylvania - every morning, for years, would go to work, and on her way to work in Clearfield, would toot the horn three times as a signal for Orv Addleman. Orv Addleman had a son. He was about 6' 6", two hundred-some pounds and all muscle. What a man. He was a school teacher and still teaches at a place called Curwensville, Pennsylvania and is an outstanding Christian gentleman.

They tried to form, in 1989, the Christian Athletic Fellowship; to get seven local schools involved and one of the main men, was Orv Addleman's son.

There were two lawyers from Clearfield, Pennsylvania - Bill Kriner and Dick Bell. I never met two more dedicated lawyers in my entire life and when I would put it on the air, I would say, the "Tow Christian lawyers!" - like there weren't any other Christian lawyers in the State. the President Judge was John Reilly. John Reilly had been District Attorney and then was a judge for several ten-year periods; he was outstanding. Much success from our little Clearfield County went to our fine Judge, District Attorney and quality officers that we had in the Courthouse. Judge John Cherry was from DuBois, spent a lifetime on the bench, and was an outstanding judge. Joe Ammerman later came in as a Judge and did quality, quality work. We had a great friend by the name of Mikesell. Don Mikesell, an attorney in Clearfield and his wife, Ann. Ann would write my wife and I letters. Had she written a book form any of the letters, Erma Bombeck would never have the book written, "The Grass is Greener over the Septic Tank." Definitely, Ann Mikesell had a flair for

writing. She would write the funniest letters I have ever seen and I think her book could have been, "The Grass is Greener over the Septic Tank," as well.

One of my favorite people in radio (in the old days) was Matthew Ellis. Matthew Ellis was blind for many years. He is, today, was and will be, as long as God spares his life, one of the most outstanding prayer warriors I have ever seen in my life. I, personally, have asked him to pray for me for everything: Guidance, health, for this, for that, for my family; he never has failed me. He has a prayer life that is second to none. Matthew Ellis - he is my man. When I see him, I think of Jesus Christ. Now, people beat the platform to Matthew Ellis' door, to his house, for one thing: They know he, like Marie Bowan, who was blind for fifty-five years, knew the efficacy of prayer. Marie Bowan would get up in the morning and she would start her day out at 5:00 a.m., calling a neighbor, whose alarm clock didn't work all that well. She called him for years to get up for work. Then, she would turn to her telephone and many a day, many a month, many a year, she wouldn't have her breakfast until afternoon. Marie Bowan would receive calls in that little trailer: A blind, black woman doing her best for Jesus Christ. She counseled people in New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Maryland and West Virginia, and she did it with great dexterity.

Why, in radio, Charles Archibald Moore worked with former pilots, I'll never know. I worked with thirty-nine of them in forty-five years. Why they wanted to turn announcer, for a short period of time, I will never know. There was a pilot that lived next door to me (he and his wife) and his name was Jack Irvin. He was a fine pilot for Brockway Glass. We have been friends over the years. They had two children, Jack and Jill. Well, naturally if you are named Jill and you have a brother named Jack or if you are a Jack and have a sister named Jill, it's kind of like - Jack and Jill went up the hill to get a pail of water; they always would give you that old poem over the years. Well, the years went by and I lost track of Jack Irvin of Brockway Glass. I saw him recently and I said, "Where is your son?" He said, "He is a senior pilot, living in St. Louis, doing very well with the airlines." I said, "Jack and Jill - where is Jill?" He said, "She is Mrs. McNulty now and lives in Studio City, California. Her husband has worked thirty years for Bob Hope and his sister was Penny Singleton. Penny was famous at one time with the Dagwood Bumstead affair

on the movies." I said, "Penny Singleton - how old is she now?" thinking she might be in her 50's. He said, "She is way, way past eighty." The time goes on.

One thing that could be said about a radio announcer is - they like to EAT - free food, any kind of food. I never in my life saw a radio announcer who, regardless of his status in life, didn't enjoy eating. My story of eating goes back to a place called Bradenton, Florida and Mallvehill's Dining Hall. You never lived in the south unless you had eaten at Mallvehill's Dining Room. It was an old house that they didn't tear down, in the center of Bradenton, before the expansion had come into being. They had torn every other place down but they left this old gray house standing and it was given over as a place of fine food for one dollar. That's right! Every noon, and every night, you could go to Mallvehill's Diner, in the early 1950's and I don't how long before or how long after - but I'm sure, 1950, 1951, 1952, 1953 - you would go to Mallvehill's Diner and they had one gigantic table. They surely must have had it custom made because they had about forty-six different entrees. Everybody sat at the table like they were one family. I wonder if there is still such a place in existence today.

I have gone back, year after year to Savannah, Georgia to Ma Wilks. Ma Wilks was famous, over the years, for many decades, for their wonderful breakfasts and lunches in downtown Savannah. The Pirates Den in Savannah was excellent and I began to lean tremendously towards Hilton Head which was just a short distance and I thought the food on Hilton Head was excellent. The Chart House - there are various Chart Houses in Florida - but the original was down at the waterfront in Savannah. Savannah, Georgia, itself, is not the best town in the south for radio, but it has great, great historic - abundant historic evidence - of what happened from the days of the Civil War and on through. There is a huge white horse; I see it almost every time go to Savannah. The white horse, daily, pulls the wagon (sixteen people sit in the wagon) and you have a tour of historic downtown Savannah. It's like Charleston. Charleston mainly, in the times we have been there for the tour of historic Charleston, has wagons pulled by mules, but it is a huge white horse or white horses for the various wagons in downtown Savannah. Well, history has it and this was in 1989 - this horse became very tired of pulling sixteen people in a wagon, up and down the street, day after day with no recompense of reward.

The ships came over in the founding of Savannah and in order that the ships would have an even keel, they put huge stones in the bottom of the ship and it would sail much smoother. When they got to Savannah, they dumped these stones on the shore in downtown Savannah and then the city fathers came along and to pave the streets, they used these big cobblestones. They are still there, lining the waterfront at historic Savannah. This horse would pull the wagon down a steep incline with a short iron rail beside it; down sixteen, seventeen or eighteen feet — down to the cobblestone that led to the waterfront in Savannah. Every day, the horse pulled the wagon - every day the people said the same thing and looked over Savannah - ISN'T THAT GREAT! - ISN'T THE FOOD TERRIFIC! ISN'T SAVANNAH A WONDERFUL TOWN. Well, in 1989, the horse decided, one day, to take a shortcut. The horse, in the middle of the afternoon with a wagonload of sixteen people, went over the side of the rail and down about ten to twelve feet onto the cobblestones. No, the horse didn't break a leg! No, no one was killed, but I'll tell you they had to hang on tight in that old wagon when it went over the side of the rail and the horse pulling it. Two days later, the horse had another wagon and it was still pulling the passengers, but every time they go down that steep incline to the cobblestones in downtown Savannah, I'll tell you they watch and they watch.

One of my favorite towns (and I never worked there in radio); I have a son living there at this writing, is Columbia, South Carolina. I have always been a history buff as far as the war between the states, the Civil War, and knowing what actually happened. In downtown Savannah, is the courthouse and I knew the Governor's son. He told me many interesting stories about modern day Savannah and modern day Columbia. For instance, the big white building, that is the courthouse, had many important things and many facets to say of the days when the Civil War was going on. They have a statue; I saw it there just a few weeks ago. The statue is of George Washington. George Washington was 6' 3" tall. George Washington had three statues made and they were made exactly in replica to him, 6' 3" with a sword in his hand. The reason the sword is broken, at the courthouse today, in downtown Columbia, is: During the Civil War, when the Northern troops came in, they stoned the courthouse and they broke the statue of Washington's sword. They never fixed it again and they put it out in front of the courthouse and

there it stands - George Washington with about a ten-inch sword broken in half, days reminiscent of the war between the States. The building had soft wood on it - this was put on both sides purposely. When they shelled the capital building in Columbia trying to level the building, the cannonballs hit this soft wood, made a great indentation, a great mark, and these marks are, to this day, on the northern and southern sides of the building. My favorite story as far as the war between the States was concerned happened in Savannah. The northern troops came into town and they said they were going to burn the First Baptist Church down to the ground. They said, "This is perfectly all right, you can do that." The man sat on the steps of the First Baptist Church, chewing a weed (he was the custodian). The troops came in pulling their artillery with the horse-drawn vehicles and the major came up and said to the man, "Where's the First Baptist Church?" The custodian said, "Down the street, two blocks and over two blocks." He said, "Follow me, men, CHARGE!" Well, what they didn't know was that morning at 7:00 a.m. the janitor knew they were coming. He knew they were going to burn the church to the ground. So, what he did was get a screwdriver and took the huge plaque off the front of the church that said "First Baptist Church." Well, the troops from the north went down two blocks and over two blocks; they burned the Methodist Church to the ground. That janitor was always very popular in the laurels of the Baptist Church, but I don't think he could have gotten a lifetime membership with the Methodist Church that they had burned to the ground.

If you ever have enjoyed much time in the south, especially in the September period when the grapes are purple (Margerita picked the grapes with me), you know I mean hurricane season. When we lived in St. Petersburg, Florida, and worked in Tampa, Florida for WALT, they had a program - any day that the sun didn't shine in St. Petersburg, you received a free newspaper, the St. Petersburg Times. I remember this was highly successful in the 1950's period. In those days, the storm would come up and all the car lots (I don't know where they put them) would take an abundance of used cars and new cars and move them indoors, somewhere, because the hurricane was coming. When this happened, business went on, pretty much as usual, for the people who worked inside. I went up to Jacksonville, Florida, to try to get in a radio station in 1950. The storm had started and it rained, night

and day, for about five days, prior to the hurricane. The wind would blow at all times; it seemingly was blowing from all directions and everybody would listen to the weather and try to find out just what was going on. I changed my clothes seven times in Jacksonville, soaked to the hide, and the eighth time - I went out that night to a radio station (I covered eight or nine in one day); I walked into the radio station, went up the stairs, knocked on the door and in I went. There was a beautiful young lady sitting at the reception desk. I went in and said, "I'm going outside in the rain and I'm going to come back in and ask you if you have a job for an announcer and you are going to say `no', and I'll bug off." Well, she looked at me like, I, too, was President of the Flat Earth Society. So, I went out and came back in five minutes later. By this time, she had called the Chief Engineer - he took one look at me and said, "Yes, there is a job for you up in Douglas, Georgia, at the radio station tomorrow." So, it was back to the back seat of the bus, with two suitcases; have microphone and suitcases will travel. We went up and enjoyed ourselves tremendously in the "Big Hog Country". I guess I am the only one, in this day and age in this society, that calls the State of Georgia, Georgie. That is what they called it in those days, so that's what I call it even today. Another thing is Tampa, Florida (when I was there), the people who lived there and were born there called it Tamper. I'm going over to Tamper, Florida. It is unheard of to call it such; it is Tampa and you have to say it with dexterity.

One of our greatest listeners over the years was a man by the name of Bubs Love, and his wife, Posy. Why they called her Posy I'll never know. Bubs Love served with great distinction in World War II; also in the Korean Conflict. Fourteen days after being called up to service for Korea - the Korean War - he was in combat. In Europe, after World War II, Bubs Love, who had been a great football player here in DuBois, played with eleven other professional football players. They broke his nose; they broke his rib; they broke his collarbone; but he said he certainly had a great time playing.

We had a man by the name of Fury Bernardo - he was All-State football twice and State champion wrestler. I never saw anyone like Fury Bernardo; he would take a telephone pole out and the great Luge Marusiak. Luge Marusiak came from upon the hill in DuBois and he went to college in Lock Haven and tried out for their

football team. The first day, he kicked the football and it rolled ninety-seven yards. Luge Marusiak, he could pass; he could run; he could kick; he could do it all and in those days, football was a way of life. Nobody rode in a car; nobody had knee trouble, according to the old-timers.

Andy McCreight graduated from Penn State and after the war years, he had a plan that he could make a lot of money by getting plain plastic, taking the plastic and putting it on the inside of brand new automobiles (1946, 1947, 1948 vintage). He would buy plastic in tremendous big rolls, five-hundred pounds - and then he would cut the plastic to the specification of each car. They had his sister pose on one of the car ads and she did very well. Her name was Ann McCreight. She, several years younger than Andy, changed her name to Ann McCrea, went to New York City and became a Powers model. She only did that for about six months and then went off to Hollywood and, for eight years, was the girl next door on the "Donna Reed Show." In fact, in recent weeks, I have seen a rerun of the Donna Reed Show and there was Ann McCreight - Ann McCrea, as the girl next door. We were all impressed when Howard Hughes, the millionaire, flew her to Chicago (she was coming home for Christmas). With the airline, she just couldn't get reservations, so he had one of his own private planes fly her to Chicago and we thought that was something else. Well, after her mother died, I went down to the funeral home, here in DuBois. Her mother had been a constant listener of our program at the CBS station in our town. I went down to pay my respects at the funeral home and as I stood near the casket, a lady from Punxsutawney came in. She saw me and in a loud voice, "Oh, you are Charlie Moore. I listen to you every morning ..." I looked at her and said, "Thank you." And I noticed, standing opposite me, was a very beautiful young lady. She had a scarf over her head and she was a strikingly beautiful girl. She looked at me like I was President of the Flat Earth Society, too. She walked out the door and I said to Andy McCreight, "Who was that?" He said, "You goof, that was Donna Reed of the Donna Reed Show." And, I wondered why she would look at me and look at the lady from Punxsutawney who said, "Oh, I listen to you every morning." She had the look on her face (Donna Reed) as if, "Why do you listen to him every morning."

One of the best good ole' boys that I ever met was Jim Duffalo. He was the pitcher for the Giants and a local hero when he was in the majors as a pitcher. He was humble; Jim Duffalo, was everybody's friend. He went to Texas in the oil business and did very well and we lost a fine listener and a faithful friend, when he moved to Texas and never returned.

In my days at WGSM in Huntington, Long Island, the rule of thumb was that you would always meet someone who had made their mark in the world. Montovani and his orchestra would stop in. Edye Gorme and husband, Steve Lawrence, would stop in. The Governor of New York at that time, the mayor of New York and the one we got to know the best was Leonard Hall, the Republican National Chairman and a man by the name of Tommy. Tommy had powerful shoulders: He had the biggest wrists of any man I ever saw in my life and he dressed fastidiously, neat, dressed like a king. He had beautiful white teeth; was in perfect physical condition; but the only thing wrong with Tommy - he didn't work. He had wrists like a blacksmith; he looked as if he worked, but Tommy just did not work. He was in the station every morning at WGSM for coffee. We would sit and joke and he would stay maybe until noon or a little bit after.

The night that Roy Campanella, the baseball catcher in the big leagues, closed his liquor store and started for home, he was in an accident and broke his neck. Well, it was in the sports news all over the nation and who do you suppose got our WGSM microphone into the hospital room for an interview. It was Tommy. I said to the man at the station, "I've known Tommy for a long time; he seems like such a nice man. Why doesn't he work?" I said, "How does Tommy know Roy Campanella, the baseball catcher that well, that when no one could get into the hospital on Long Island to see him, Tommy went in with remote equipment." He said, "His name is Tommy Henrich; he used to play for the Yankees for many years; an outstanding ball player in his own right."

In 1990, looking at radio, one way or another, since 1945, some people never change - like David and Nellie Beer. Dave Beer, way over 6' 3" tall, decade after decade, quiet unassuming and a perfect gentleman. His wife, Nellie, an outstanding lady. I had worked with her and knew her personally; and appreciated both of them so much.

In 1990, I stepped down from Radio Station WDBA in DuBois and called it quits. David Beer came to me and said, "Did you ever receive a statue with a nickel, a dime and a quarter implanted in it in highly polished wood? It was a work of art!" I said to everyone in the morning audience, if someone was ill, "Would you send them a nickel, a dime or a quarter." So, I got this statue and David Beer said to me, "I made that at work; I gave it to a boy named David Hunter; he took it out of town and mailed it to you so you would never know I sent it." That was over twenty years ago. His wife turned and looked at him. She said, "You mean to tell me that you sent that. I've lived with you all these years and you never told me!" Well," he said, "it was a secret!" So, David Beer and the statue; I still have it on my dresser with a nickel, dime and quarter implanted in the high polished wood. Thank you again, David Beer.

After the record ends, you have to say something. You can't say, in small-time radio, "Well, there's our music friends, now it's time for the weather." This just does not go. You have to have about forty or fifty stock phrases that you can break up the dullness of a radio program and keep the radio pattern lively, bouncing along, so the listener in the morning will not be bored to death. My key phrase was, "I'm so tired this morning, I feel I marched all night long with the Yugoslavian Army." I used this for over twenty-five years. People got used to it as they got used to the Charlie Moore Chickens; as they got used to my forty-foot ear of corn from my farm in the Beechwoods; as they got used to the peanut butter turkey every Thanksgiving; as they got used to the various things such as the hammerhead shark for six weeks in Swan Lake, the Tannery Dam in our town of DuBois and it turned out to be a telephone pole with a cross-cut saw in it. I was always hooding the general public. I came up with a zoot suit. I said that I went to Chicago and I bought over three thousand zoot suits from 1942. They were green; one hundred percent wool with peg pants, a big cog chain, a huge zoot suit hat and I sold them for $4.00 a piece, but no one could ever find our mailing address. We did a landslide business, for several years, with the Charles Archibald Moore zoot suits and the Charles Archibald Moore, "I feel like I marched all night long with the Yugoslavian Army." And then, I would always say, "I am full of zibby-dos." I don't know what a zibby-do is; I never remember the first person who ever said "zibby-do" but I picked it up and used it for

years. I would always say that I felt like a mule eating beans out of a churn. In my bare feet, I have marched all the way around Robin Hood's barn. I didn't know where Robin Hood's barn was and I didn't know that anybody ever walked all around Robin Hood's barn. The weather is beautiful in downtown DuBois and beautiful Olsmar. Olsmar was a race track in Florida and not too far from Tampa and I adopted Olsmar wherever I went - in beautiful Olsmar, the weather is just perfect. And now from the Grand Ballroom of the Logan Hotel, the music of Frank Frederico and his orchestra with young Anthony Allegreto. The Logan Hotel had burned to the ground more than twenty years ago, but I kept plugging the Logan Hotel.

I also plugged the band of Neil Buckley. Neil Buckley had left here and died in the 60;s, but he had a big local band and it worked out pretty well. Harold Houck, a doctor's son, had a band. He disbanded in 1937 and I kept his memory alive until 1990 with, "Here's the music of Harold Houck and his band." He had moved to Fort Lauderdale years ago and he still remembered us talking about his band.

I plugged, hard and long, many years the Fridays Hotel up near Penfield. Phillip Paul Bliss, the world famous gospel song writer, came from Penfield. After the Civil War, Phillip Paul Bliss wrote many famous hymns that are still used in the church today. He and his wife went out to Ohio, and in those days, they had wooden passenger cars. The train went off the track and into a ravine, burst into flames and Phillip Paul Bliss lost his life. His songs were very, very famous in our area.

There was a man who was a school janitor - I remember it well - a few years ago, up in the Valley - up near Penfield, Weedville and Force and he wrote band numbers. His name was Rosenkrantz and he wrote numbers for all the instruments in the band: The percussion sections, the reeds, the horns, everything and he wrote them to perfection. In fact, there were several colleges that adopted his music after his death. He lived his life in obscurity and poverty. He did much church work, played the organ in the church and directed the choir, but his long suite was to write band music. The Rosenkrantz marches are very famous.

There was a band director by the name of Ralph Woodel. Ralph Woodel went up shortly after Rosenkrantz's death, to the modest little cottage where Rosenkrantz lived, and there was a lady cleaning out his personal belongings. She

had a huge bonfire going; she was burning his manuscripts, done in ink by hand. They said that these were absolutely priceless. Ralph Woodel saved some of the music but she had burned much of the one-of-a-kind band music written for all the instruments of the band by the great Rosenkrantz. He was something else!

When I plugged Fridays Hotel, up in the section near Penfield, the idea was I would say the beautiful ballroom of Fridays Hotel - I want you all to go up there - there's no cover charge for New Years Eve. Well, the man came who was an executive with the gas company; when he came to our town, one of his buddies said to him, "Where are you going on New Years Eve?" He said, "I hope to go up to Fridays Hotel if we can get reservations and tickets." He said, "Where did you ever hear about Fridays Hotel?" "Well," he said, "this Charlie Moore on the radio talks about it two or three mornings a week." He said, "Do you know him?" He said, "No, I listen every morning." He said, "Well, he is a local character and he's about six bricks short. The Fridays Hotel - the coal miners and the farmers used to fight up there in 1940, most vociferously. The place has been closed since the early 40's." He said, "You mean, there isn't a Fridays Hotel that I hear about on the local radio. You mean they don't hold dances in the ballroom and have tremendous food; the American and the European plans." He said, "There isn't such a place; there isn't such a place as Moore-Shaft Stadium, where his famous football team, the Charlie Moore Chickens play ten games a year; it is all just in his mind!!!"

I never cared much about school. I never cared much about learning; and I never learned much. "A little education is a dangerous thing and I'm the most dangerous human being," cried Charles Archibald Moore," that you will ever meet."

In 1945, I was always a devotee to the various books that were written about Jeb Stewart and the Civil War. He was only twenty-three when he died, young Cavalry general, Jeb Stewart. I loved to read his story. World War I and the books that were written in the ensuing years of World War II, the Korean War and the Vietnam War, I read. I always refused to call them conflicts - they weren't conflicts, they were wars and brave, brave men served. I think, today, the greatest thing in the world are the veterans we have in this country. I feel sending money overseas to various places is ludicrous when they could turn that into a bonus for the veterans

and do more for the Veterans Administration. They are still the life's blood of this country.

I had a listener from Clearfield, Pennsylvania. His name was Asbury Lee. In 1945, my wife bought me a book called Brave Men and this told the story of World War II by Ernie Pyle. Ernie Pyle was machine gunned to death on the beaches with the men that he loved so well and served with both in Europe and the Pacific. I remember vividly when he wrote Brave Men. Asbury Lee (I saw him the other day) is handsome enough to be in the United States Senate. He has snow white hair, carries himself erect, blue eyes (piercing blue eyes); when he looks at you and he speaks, you know somebody is saying something. Asbury Lee went into the Reserves in 1938. He was commissioned long before World War II started and he became a colonel working with George Patton; General Patton and one of his great friends was General Omar Bradley. Asbury Lee had one thought in life - of his tank battalion. He would not have his men go any place that he didn't go first. He fought the war in 1941, 1942, and 1943 and had great honors and great decorations. In the spring of the year, in 1944, in the European campaign, Asbury Lee got out of his tank and said to his driver of the jeep, "I will go with you' we'll go on ahead and the men can follow." They struck a land mine and he spent the next two and one-half years in Walter Reed Hospital. When he was able to get out of the hospital in Washington, at Walter Reed, he went down the street, stopped his car and there walking along the street was General Omar Bradley. He rolled the window down and said, "It's me, Colonel Asbury Lee!" And General Omar Bradley was a brilliant general. Asbury came back ... physical problems, say, he had them from the land mine explosion that put him in the Vets Hospital for several years. He became bank president over in Clearfield, but his long suit was the little men, who had been privates and privates first class, who had served with him in the war. They honor him to this day.

We had a man who ran the gas station on Liberty Boulevard in DuBois. His name was Mike Domitrovich. Mike served with great honor in World War II in the tank battalion. He said, "One night we had a fight going when we were in fox holes, all of us. the bullets were going by just like rain and he said an officer leaped into the fox hole (he was a full colonel), and he said, `Hi, I'm Asbury Lee from Clearfield.

Are you Mike Domitrovich?'" He said, "Yes!" Asbury Lee disappeared from the fox hole and within a half hour, he had sent down five or six boxes of candy bars for his new friend, from back home in Clearfield County, Mike Domitrovich.

I have made many inquiries because Asbury Lee was so kind to listen to me over the radio and I have made inquiries as to World War II. I said the various things that were done in haste and in error. He said, "My biggest thing; I wasn't associated with this company, but they dug fox holes all one day and the German planes went over and took pictures of them. The German bombers came over that night at low range and four hundred brave American boys died because they hadn't seen the German planes go over that afternoon taking the pictures." Asbury Lee - you live your life and you meet just a few brave men. He said, "I wasn't a war hero!" Well, if you weren't a war hero, Asbury Lee, what were you? His insight for the veterans; his insight for the little fellow made him a big hero in Clearfield. He now lives in Treasure Lake and in July, 1990, he went back to his original battalion to present the flag at the anniversary dinner and I imagine that they were very glad to see Colonel Asbury Lee. We are always so happy whenever we get a chance to see him.

I only ever worked with one person in radio that ever got shot. Many announcers - people threaten to shoot them when they would mumble the news and, of course, I was there, too. One fellow called me one time. He said, "I'm the Lone Ranger. I'm going to shoot you." Well, I thought, this is nice; I hope it doesn't interfere with my daily work. He said, "You can hide, but you can't duck; I'm going to shoot you." And, I'll tell you, for a good many mornings after that, when I went to work and got out of my 1937 Terraplane, (I didn't drive a Terraplane, but I told everyone I drove a 1937 Terraplane), I would look around to see if there was a long barrel, a 30-06, or a shotgun awaiting me. Anyhow, the man's name I worked with was Ed Anderson. He was a very brilliant young man, having returned from the service and he was an engineer. He wasn't just an engineer, he was a good engineer at any radio station. He left our hometown of DuBois and went to WOR in New York, where he worked for thirty-three years as a cameraman and engineer for WOR. He did the Met baseball games for many years until his retirement when he came back to a place called Kersey, Pennsylvania. I said, "Ed, you have done many things - with the Mets baseball. They've sent you all over the country to do golf tournaments;

to do baseball games; to do basketball playoffs; to do elections; you've covered it all for Radio Station WOR/TV in New York; the AM station and the television station, as well." I said, "What is the most memorable thing that ever happened to you?" He said, "I got shot! In those days, the studios were in New York City and the transmitters and big stacks of towers were over in New Jersey. One time, it had been the dump area in New Jersey." He said, "I was over there taking readings one day and as sure as you are alive, I got shot with a 22 long rifle bullet. Somebody evidently was target shooting in the area, near the transmitter for WOR and I got shot in the shoulder. It wasn't serious, but anytime they shoot you, it's plenty serious gentlemen." He died several years ago and we appreciated him and his work in big-time radio in New York City.

My most unforgettable character in life, as far as radio is concerned, was a man by the name of Harry "Peanuts" Ginter. Peanuts Ginter was way up in years, near 80. He wore pea green pants, a black seaman's coat, a seaman's hat, a crooked pipe and he sold, in the old years, peanuts in a little peanut vending machine downtown at all the stores. I remember my grandfather who worked for the railroad fifty years. We would send out on Saturday night and buy slugs and put in the machine and Peanuts Ginter, the next day, would have nothing but slugs. He had a diamond ring on every finger and lived in a huge house on Long Avenue in our town. After he died, his nephew took over his house and his son, Dickie, was perhaps, at the most, eleven years old. He had cancer and he was dying in 1948. I would go up in the afternoon and he would always say, "Some day you and I are going to build and own the Charlie Moore Radio Station." I knew he was dying and I would take pictures of the old days of Arthur Godfrey, Garry Moore and the stars such as Kate Smith and whoever would send them in to the CBS station; would send them in from New York and I would sign the autographs all to this dear little boy. His wish never came true; he died that fall of cancer and for years, I couldn't talk about it. I would cry when I would think about him; he'd always say, "Someday we're going to have the Charlie Moore Radio Station." It never materialized and I guess without this dear little boy, it wouldn't have meant anything had he not been around to enjoy it. Someone said, "You lied to that kid; you signed Arthur Godfrey's name to the picture and Garry Moore's name." If I lied, I did it and I would do it again if

I made one of his days bright. I cried bitter tears when he died. He was the dearest little fellow I ever knew in all my life and he was my number one listener.

In 1969, I had worked eleven years as the morning man for Radio Station WCED and I did not, per se, say that I knew my way around, but I had been there a couple of years and I had seen a couple of things. A young boy walked in the door; he was just out of high school and his name was Eric Shindledecker. He was from Reynoldsville. His father worked for the newspaper; highly talented writer for the local newspaper; many years in Reynoldsville and many years with the Courier-Express. He died in the harness, still working for the newspaper. They lived on a farm outside Reynoldsville; he was on his way to work when he suffered a heart attack and died. His name was Ivan Shindledecker and he was a tremendous gentleman. Eric's mother was one of the four Johnson sisters and a very nice girl. I had known her in school days. Well, Eric came in and I'll never forget the day he walked in. He had a big mustache and just out of high school. His only real claim to fame was, at that time, he had torn down and had a crew tearing down, the old school in Reynoldsville, also tearing out the boilers. He had a man working for him by the name of Sparky Lyle. Sparky Lyle went on to be a pitcher with the Yankees and went on to win the Cy Young award, but he always remembered the days he worked for Eric Shindledecker for $1.00 an hour in Reynoldsville tearing out the old boilers. Eric adopted the name "Eric Decker." When someone has been in radio maybe twenty-seven years and a kid walks in and he is kind of an up-start, you look at him and think, "Does he really have this much talent?" Well, in six months, I had tried to show Eric what little I knew, in thirty seconds, but in six months, he was the one that was teaching me. I never saw such a talented human being, all the days of my life. I know that Rich Little from Canada is excellent as a mimic, to impersonate people, probably one of the best in the world. But, in some facets, he was not half as good as young Eric Decker from Reynoldsville, Pennsylvania. He could do Walter Cronkite and you would turn your head and you would swear that it was Walter Cronkite in the studio. His inflections were just about perfect; his delivery, his pace, his timing, his enunciation; he was, in essence, Walter Cronkite. He had seventy-two different voices from Peter Lorre and the Phantom of the Opera to Walter Cronkite and he did them all just to perfection. Never in all my life did

I listen to anything that he did on radio that wasn't just super perfection and he didn't think he was that good. We worked together - he in the news department and I was the morning man. He would help do comic commercials. I thought they were very good, at that time, and we had some people who thought they were pretty fair. One time, a man by the name of Barletta (whose father owned a huge store in Punxsutawney and later one of the largest hotels in Punxsutawney) and a man who worked at the 5 and 10 store, Robert, bought the rights to the Clearfield Speedway. They really poured the money in that oval over at Clearfield, making it a first class dirt track. They came to me one night and said, "We will give you $500.00 on Friday if you will produce for us radio commercials of a comedy nature with young Eric Decker." I said, "Well, $500.00 (in the early 70's was a lot of money for one night's work), Okay!" We did sixty commercials one night; we worked almost all night long, but we recorded sixty commercials, and looking back, they were the best things I ever did (I was just the straightman). Charlie Moore was nobody, but Eric Decker, boy, he was just perfection plus. He had one character whose name was Baldome and he would scream, "BALDOME, YOU IDIOT! I'M THE MILLIONAIRE SPORTSMAN!" Then, he would go on to talk about the various aspects of dirt racing over at Clearfield, Pennsylvania. Baldome, the millionaire - he had an entire story connected with him. He was also Percy Clogwit; Percy Clogwit was a meek and mild type who was always going for the city fathers - "I have an idea for the city fathers, if they will adopt this. The huge pot holes in the city of DuBois are horrendous and if they will adopt my policy - we will put a little transistor radio in every pot hole and when automobiles run over them, they will automatically turn on the radio to Radio Station WCED and this will give better music to the people who are driving and hit the pot holes." He went on with Percy Clogwit and it was really humorous the way he did it and he never thought so. I think that was one of the things that made him go over so well. As I said, he had seventy-two different characters. We did sixty of them in one night. The next day, Friday, I was at the 5 and 10 in DuBois with the tape and they handed me the check for $500.00. I stepped out the door and there was Eric Decker sitting in his truck. He said, "Moore, get that check over here." So, I gave him the $250.00, a personal check and went in the bank and deposited my check and then when I got back to the radio station at 1:00, I said, "The bank called

me and wanted to know who that kid was trying to pass a $250.00 check." "Well," he said, "I just happened to go up town!" "No, you happened to be up town and you happened to need the money!" "Well," he said, "I guess that is it, too." We did many a broadcast, many a fair broadcast, many a parade broadcast and I had to play second fiddle to this young boy. I had twenty-some years in radio and he had six months, but he would just suck me up the exhaust when he went past with his talent. I've seen many a person in radio who thought they were funny, who thought they could make commercials with great, great ability and their commercials were strictly Limburger cheese compared to Eric Decker. He went on to the car business and is now a sales consultant for a TV station in Altoona, but he did a tremendous job and I can only say nice things about his work. Until the time he retired from radio, his work was just absolutely perfection.

A young lady came in the door of the radio station and her name was Mona Steinbach. She had gone to school with Eric; she graduated from high school when she was sixteen and she could type one hundred-some words a minute. Smartest girl I ever knew in all my life and she worked there two years. The top pay, for her category, was $36.00 a week. She had an old Chevy. She had a flat tire, one day, in the snow. I went out and tried to change the tire for her and I did and then I said, "You are going to Washington." She said, "I don't want to go to Washington; I'm only eighteen." When we made commercials we made very, very loose commercials - the funnier they were, the faster the dialogue and I always had to hit her on the arm every time we would get ready to make a commercial. She always said, "Moore, I'm going to punch you!" but she never got around to that. A type of commercial that we would make with Mona in those days, was that we would come — such as I would be sitting there letting on I was reading the newspaper. She would rush in as a little child and say, "Daddy, Daddy, the house is on fire!" I would say, "Shut up, Penelope, can't you see I'm reading the DuBois newspaper, the Courier?" "But, Daddy, the house is on fire." "Don't bug me, child, I'm reading the newspaper; you can tell me later." She would say, "I only wanted to tell you the house is on fire." I would say, "For the last time, don't interrupt your father. Boy, but it's getting hot in here!" Of all the people I ever worked with, Eric Decker and Mona Steinbach; for young people, for eighteen-nineteen years of age; they had the gift of radio the minute they

came in. Now, there are many people who come into radio and they do not have the ability to express themselves. I have found this out in forty-five years and six months in radio. There are many of your friends who are very humorous. They'll tell jokes; they are the cut-up at the company picnic or party. They are very funny until you flash the red light and they are on the air and then they freeze. They cannot say anything and the words they say are in a dull, more or less, deep voice which has come and gone. What happened to that vibrant personality that I knew twenty minutes ago. I have seen this time and time again; people are all right until they are on the air and then they freeze. Well, not so with these two young people. They had ability from the day they walked in the door. Mona Steinbach later married a fine boy from Washington, D. C., named Jim Wilson and they have a wonderful daughter, now in school and Mona had more ability in her little finger than anyone I had ever known in my life. The first day she came in, we gathered around the desk, as announcers do, to chide the new person who has started with the station to kid them and just, more or less, make them feel welcome. She took the newspaper, put it on top of her head and typed with one hand. She left the station after two years, at my insistence, and went to Washington, D. C. She worked at the Pentagon. My son got married down in Virginia; we went down, stopped at her place and she had a plaque from the Pentagon, where she received an outstanding performance award. She had done great things. She then went on, for two years, under Gerald Ford at the White House; she worked fourteen months with Jimmy Carter when he was President. Then she came back home to DuBois and now works for an insurance agency in our town.

We had two brothers. Their name was Finger - one was Ed Finger and his brother was Ben. Ed was very serious; he did sports. He had the most terrific bass voice I ever heard in all my born days. We compared him with Bob Prince who did the Pittsburgh Pirates games. Many in our area, attested to the fact, that Ed Paul (that is what he went by), was every bit as good or maybe a tiny bit better than Bob Prince. You would hear people on the network, but they couldn't carry his book. Ed Paul had the deep, deep guttural tones. He knew sports - he knew baseball; he knew wrestling; he knew football. When he made commercials, they were network quality. Anything he did was just perfection in radio. His brother, Ben, I always

said, was silly as a goose. You would put Ben down in the woods and he would sit and laugh at the trees. He had been a handsome young pilot out in the Pacific on an aircraft carrier. He had gone through training with a man by the name of Tyrone Power, the movie star. And when Tyrone Power graduated from pre-flight, he gave a big party and, of course, one of his main guests was Ben Finger. The days went by, Ben Finger got into politics and did very well in Harrisburg, but he still kept a hand in radio by working the Polka Party on Sunday and by selling for the station. He could announce; he could sell; he could sing; he could do politics; he was the Commander of the American Legion and I'm sure could have been State Commander had he not been busy raising a family of his wonderful children. It was odd that Ed Paul Finger and his brother, Ben Finger, who went by Ben Fingerowski on Sunday for the Polka Party, had children who were all highly talented, all highly educated, but none of them ever followed in the footsteps of their fathers to be radio announcers or radio personalities.

We enjoyed our work; we had a man who joined us in 1945 and his name was Kenny Johnston. Kenny served in Europe with the Army and he could write better copy on Thursday than anybody I ever saw in my life in nineteen radio stations. He was a professional copy writer for radio. He could do progressive jazz; he could announce; he could do programming; he was the program director and there was nothing in radio that he couldn't do. He left radio after twenty-some years and went to government work and is still living in DuBois. Every time I see him, I say, "Kenny Johnston, Kenny, Baby, there isn't anybody in the world who could ever write copy like you and put it out over the air." He always bows his head and says, "Thank you." He's very humble.

Well, for years we did the Clearfield County Fair and there were thirteen of them, Ben Finger would stand in the background and push Charlie Moore to the front. If there would be a leading politician either on the national scope or Pennsylvania scope, Ben would say, "Charlie Moore will do this remote." And when it came down to personalities, a young lady was there one night and she had a red, white and blue dress on - it was painted on. I never saw a dress so tight in my life. I said, "Why don't you have any babies? She said, "I'm too busy with my career." Her name was Dolly Parton. Bobby Vinton came and I said to Bobby Vinton, "You are

on the network; your television program is a huge success. What's the biggest thrill in your life?" He said, "The biggest thrill in my life was when I took my big band in 1960 up to DuBois, Pennsylvania at the Litts Club. Getting on the network was all right, but never like going to DuBois to the Litts Club. We did all the stars of the Lawrence Welk Show. I don't think we missed anybody from Lawrence Welk to Myron Floren to anybody that ever played for him." Well, I had known Pete Fountain in New York. He played clarinet. Pete Fountain said to me, "Charlie Moore, I only know one announcer and his name is Jimmy Wilson from New Orleans." I said, "Yes, I used to work with him at old WALT in Tampa." It is a small, small world. Al Hirt came, the Mills Brothers, in their day; Alabama and the Statler Brothers; you name the talent and the list goes on and on. Hillbillies - we had every hillbilly that was ever on the circuit. The Clearfield Fair, when they would go in January to pick out the card for the August 1st fair, always got the greatest entertainers such as Bob Hope, one year; Red Skelton, the next year; Alabama, the next year; and the Judds, the next year. When they went down the track, they usually had the finest entertainment. It was our opportunity to interview these people, but, even radio stars and personalities get hungry; they have to eat. Bill Jardine was a farmer; he said so and we appreciated that. He came from down near Butler, Pennsylvania in Sarver, and at the fair he had a huge tent. In this tent, they had the most delicious fried chicken you ever tasted. You could smell it all over the grounds. Jardine's chicken! We would broadcast for reciprocal trade, the big tent and then Jardine would feed anybody that we brought up. One night, we brought up a drum and bugle corp, a forty-two member group, and God bless them. Bill Jardine and his wife fed every one of them. Jardine, at his home in Sarver, Pennsylvania, has a huge restaurant. I think there are five separate dining rooms and he advertises in the Pittsburgh paper. If you've been to Jardine's at Sarver, Pennsylvania outside Butler, they have excellent food. So, the last time I went up, there was Bill Jardine in a white shirt, the matire'd and five of his dining rooms going full blast on a Saturday night and Bill Jardine was about 6' 3" and weighed about 275-280 pounds. He was a big boy and strong as a horse. I walked in the door and nodded good evening. He said, "Charlie Moore!" I said, "How are you, Bill. I want to shake hands." He said, "I don't want to shake hands, I want a hug." He

picked me right up off the floor, just as strong as a horse. Bill Jardine, he fed hundreds and hundreds of people over a fourteen-year period for us at the Clearfield County Fair and never got a cent for it. He said, "I'm only too glad to do this for you and Ben Finger." The times that we did the fair were happy times - the good times. I started on the air at 5:30 - 6:00 in the morning, worked my shift until 9:00 a.m., then we would go to the fair and we would get home at about 1:30 a.m. or 2:00 a.m. It was a long time standing over on the dirt track. The two funniest things I ever did in radio - I was doing a race and they handed me the microphone. I was doing a harness race. Well, you could not see around the cars, trucks, and buses to the back stretch down to the three-quarter mile turn and across the short shoots and down in front of the grandstands. So, what I did, I had worked with a man by the name of Tom Daley. Tom Daley, in Florida, worked at the race track at beautiful Olsmar. He said, "What you do, Charles Moore, when doing a horse race; you remember the colors and the drivers numbers and you never forget that; that way when the lead changes, you will automatically be able to tell who's in the lead and who is doing what, where and when." Well, I thought this was just great. I started the race - I had a boy by the name of Alan Strike, working with me, came from Ridgway, a very fine announcer. The harness race started and everything was going very well. Alan Strike went over to the other side of the track and told me the lead horse as they came down out of the number one to the number two turn and the harness race was going (it was a big thing there) at the Clearfield Raceway. It had been a big thing since 1939, as a matter of fact. I stood at the other side and listened to him and whatever he told me on my earphones; that's the way I described the race going down. However, when they came to the number three/number four turn, the lead driver fell off his cart and the horse came down without the driver in front of the grandstand. I was giving full credit to the man who was putting the whip to the horse and was winning and the horse went by and there was nobody on it. Well, I was so chagrined. I just about crawled under the grandstand, but we did many a race over there; many a good time. But nothing ever impressed me as much as the huge stone boats that the big draft horses would pull at the fair. I remember vividly in 1952 and vividly in 1958, that the harness that catches on to the double tree, broke and the horses were spooked and they began to run. Did they ever run - they

ran around the track and there was no Roy Rogers or Gene Autry to leap out and jump on the horses and pull them to a stop. The horses ran at a full gallop; they hit a late-model Ford down at the end of the grandstand. I know that horse went up in the air thirteen feet high, came down, broke the harness right off the horse, knocked the horse out colder than a mackerel (I thought the horse was dead). In less than an hour, they got another set of harnesses and the same horses were back pulling. That incident was one - the day the horses, the draft horses pulling, broke loose and ran through the fairgrounds. Thinking it would never happen again - but, in 1958, there I was, my trusty microphone talking about the day that the horses broke loose and they were pulling in front of the grandstand, the tremendous big horses pulling the stone boat and what happened - the harness and the double tree broke again and the horses - AND THERE THEY GO!! Down around the track they went - only this time, they didn't hit a late model Ford, they ran all the way around the track and there was no one (there was a crowd in front of them); but when they came down, run-away horses, everybody got out of their road and they got out of their road in a hurry. We had many fine times at the fair. Ben Finger and I started one day before noon and we worked until 1:00 a.m. the next morning and we did fourteen 15-minute programs - in the art booth; in the exposition booth; the needlework; the canned goods; the vegetables and the quilts; going over to the cattle barn; doing the swine; fifteen minutes with the sheep; fifteen minutes with the pigs and fifteen minutes with the cattle; fifteen minutes with the saddle horses, then down to the Carnival. Many a fun time we had in our fifteen-minute broadcasts. Did you ever try to do a length of fourteen programs - fifteen minutes and having done all the talking (Ben was very gracious - he let me do all fourteen programs). If you try to do fourteen programs in one day, leave there at 1:00 a.m. and be back ready to go again at 5:30 a.m., the next morning, it takes a lot more energy, good buddy, than I have today. I sure say now I would pass it up and let the other fellow have a shot at it. That would be a lot of fun but not the way I look at it today.

I guess people will do anything for money - I don't know but I have seen a lot of people come through this small town here. they wrote to Van Cliburn in 1959 and asked him to come to DuBois and be the concert pianist at our local high school in the civic society. He wanted in those days (this was before he went to Russia and

became such a famous pianist), $600.00 to come to DuBois. I don't think he would have sent a cufflink there for $600.00 after he became world famous. There was a blind pianist named Alex Templeton. He played on the network. I had heard him many times before, but Alex Templeton came to DuBois one time to a garage. It was called Pohe Motors. They had decorated a garage, done it over and were having a grand opening and of all things to have, was a concert pianist and Alex Templeton, the blind pianist, was in DuBois and he played for several hours and I always got such a big kick out of that.

Jack Dempsey was here. This was after he was the world heavy-weight champion, many years and he was refereeing a wrestling match, not a boxing match. The next year, Eleanor Roosevelt was here and stayed all night at a local DuBois hotel, and left in the morning. It was quite a thrill, Jack Dempsey one year and Eleanor Roosevelt the next year.

Over the years, our morning listeners, in the tri-county area, paid for over thirteen funerals. Most of the children had cancer, leukemia or brain tumors and their passing was sad enough, but to know that the people cared and cared enough to give money to pay for thirteen funerals was a heartwarming thing. We had over the years, sixty-some fires and it was nothing for us to start on a Monday morning, after a huge fire (especially when they lost everything they had, like in winter months) and to have by Friday afternoon or at least Saturday morning, a complete house full of furniture. Sure, it wasn't all good furniture; it was used furniture, but I'll tell you if you had nothing at all and your house had burned to the ground, a complete loss, anything you could get was a God-send. I remember there were refrigerators, stoves, washers and dryers, complete bedroom suites, towels, pillow-cases, dishes and canned goods. We would have a truck go around; it wasn't a truck from the Salvation Army; it was just local people trying to do their best for the people who had personal disaster in their own lives.

I learned very early in radio, in small-time AM and FM radio, that you had to mention local names. What people like to hear is their own name; what people like to see is their own picture. This is the highlight - I find in many, many lives.

In Florida, I met a man - his name was Mr. Tomes. Mr. Tomes - his wife had passed away and his family was raised. He married a much younger woman with

two young children and he was then eighty-seven years old and he cared to do one thing - just sit in the chair and sun himself on an afternoon in sunny Florida. His favorite story to me was - one day his son had come to him and he already owned three farms, but there was a huge farm down the road. He said, "My son said to me, `Dad, buy that farm.'" And I found something very interesting in Mr. Tomes. He bought the farm and it was the highlight of what he had done in eighty-seven years. The element of his son coming to him, number one and saying, "Dad, buy that farm" and then him buying the farm. I have done several thousand personal interviews on radio - all types of people. Some would talk; some I had to put the words right in their mouth. But, I have found one thing - usually people (this is only my impression) will tell you the main thing in their individual lives: When they were in the service; when they were in college or grad school; when they were married and had a family; and then they will tell you about their children with glowing reports as to what their children are doing now. I always figured that they perhaps didn't make it in life themselves and they were seeing, in essence, their sons, daughters or grandchildren making it in a greater measure and they were desperately proud of this.

When we looked out our back window, we had a big back yard where the kids played football. My wife said we were raising children, not grass and I'll tell you, you could see that ball diamond out there for many, many years.

Across the alley and over to the next street lived Duff McEnteer. Duff had curly light hair; he had been a pilot in China during World War II. He was shot down over China; he lost an eye and he came back to play college football and then went on with a very fine career working for the State for many years. His wife was Tess and they had a dog named Clancy. Well, Clancy wasn't a dog; Clancy didn't know Clancy was a dog; Clancy thought Clancy was one of the children. So, always at Christmas time, I would say, "Would you please send a Christmas card to Clancy McEnteer, E. Washington Avenue, in our town." Clancy, one Christmas received twenty-six cards from well wishers and Clancy would bark at that. The children, the McEnteer children, were always fastidiously neat and they were raised and educated to perfection. There was Molly, Peggy, Mary, Mike and Patty and they all wore yellow slicker hats and yellow slicker raincoats, so much so that I called them

the ducks. And the people around town called them the ducks. Well, I was walking down the alley the other day and I looked around and Mr. and Mrs. McEnteer were sitting there on a summer evening and they came out. They said, "Would you like to see the ducks?" "Yes," I said, "it's been quite a few years." They called and two of the girls came out and they were gorgeous. Both work on the hill in law in Harrisburg and are beautiful young ladies; the rest of the children weren't home at that time, so I only got to see two of the ducks and they didn't have their yellow raincoats, but I always appreciated Duff McEnteer and his wonderful family.

Bob and Meg Sherman - he was the outstanding bandsman in our town. They listened to us on the radio station and we plugged their spring concerts, fall concerts and anything that the junior high band did. He was a person that was the forerunner to train the people for the high school band. I think basically, if you don't have a good wrestling coach in junior high; a good football coach in junior high; a good band director in junior high; the senior high will certainly suffer for this. Our senior high band never suffered because there was a man by the name of Bob Sherman and he cared enough. I would always kid him every spring about his big concert; they would do a type of mambo, the Mexican mambo and I'm still doing that to this day.

George and Erma Johns are also great listeners. He worked with Rockwell. He went to Chicago and he was coming out of a hotel, and he saw his lifetime friend, Toad Boring. Toad Boring was a Presidential bodyguard for many a President, starting with President Roosevelt and going straight through to John Fitzgerald Kennedy. He said to Toad Boring, "What are you here for?" He said, "I'm here with the President of the United States. I'm a bodyguard." I went to a wedding, a huge wedding, here at home. A man was sitting across from me with a blue sports coat, neatly attired, gray slacks and he looked like the city. He had two daughters and they were about six feet tall, beautiful girls, and he shook hands and said, "My name is Toad Boring." I said, "You are an institution in this town. You were the Presidential bodyguard for Franklin D. Roosevelt." "Yes, I was with him when he died in Georgia and Mrs. Roosevelt took us in and we were the last men ever to see the President before they closed the casket." He went on through the Truman Administration; he went on through the Eisenhower Administration and he left

Wife, Erma in early days of radio. In those days she could do the Triple Yodel and was highly popular with many band programs and Veterans Hospital Appearances in Philadelphia.

service after the Kennedy Administration. We enjoyed his conversation; he told us so much that we could write five pages about the various Presidents, their wives and working in the White House. But, I always got a big kick about spending the afternoon (or a portion of an afternoon) with DuBois' own Toad Boring. He headed the Secret Service Department to protect the Presidents of the United States.

Dr. Eugene Grill and Dorothea Grill, they were as close to our family as anyone. He, of course, as I said before would be at our house at 2:00 or 3:00 a.m., Christmas morning, New Years morning or any holiday and I always figure he was the greatest family doctor that ever put on a pair of shoes. The family doctor that did something - thirty-some years, he was a doctor in DuBois. He retired and I had seen them give, at the Holiday Inn, banquets for hundreds; for people who had only been here six or seven years, they weren't worthy of Dr. Grill at all. But Dr. Grill, when he retired, said, "No banquet for me. No dinner." He was, more or less, like Sister Regina at the hospital. She was the Administrator of the hospital, worked for years here and then, when it was her time to leave, she got the notification on a Wednesday afternoon at 4:00 and she was gone the next day at 7:00. I always thought it was so sad that they didn't give her not only a big dinner, but a new car as well.

John and Mary Weible are great listeners from a place called Falls Creek. He was a former policeman from down there and we valued them so very much.

Jack Sharkey, a noted CPA and Laurice, his wife, one of the best secretaries our town ever had, were also listeners.

I have found that local radio stations, either rise or fall, with the appreciation of local people. If you don't have local people to back you to the eyeballs, you ain't got nothing - absolutely nothing. when I started at the Radio Station WDBA, in DuBois, a 50,000-watt FM station, in 1975, the first morning I was on the air, a man called me from down near Indiana at Shelocta. His name was Carl Kocheck. His wife was Mildred and they were outstandingly fine Christian people. Mildred died in 1987 with a heart attack and Carl, the last day I was on the air, after fifteen years, called to say goodbye. I thought that's the last time I'll ever see or hear from Carl Kocheck.

A lady came to the door, the last few days, knocked on the door and I said, "Yes, ma'am, may I help you?" She said, "My father wants to meet you." I said, "That's fine, bring him in." So a man came in, a huge man, way over 6', big man, took my hand and just about wrung my hand off. He said, "I'm Carl Kocheck." "Carl," I said, "I've talked to you over the phone for fifteen years." I didn't know he was blind. His daughter came in, and his niece. They sat down and talked with my wife and I; we exchanged pleasantries. So I said to the daughter, just to be polite, "Now, what kind of work do you do, dear?" She said, "I have worked six years in a coal mine. My husband works in a coal mine." Well, I thought maybe she was handing out uniforms or something in a coal mine. "No," she said, "I go down three hundred feet." Well, my eyeballs went all the way around - I said, "Three hundred feet!" "Yes," she said, "the coal mine's down outside of Indiana." I said, "Was it hard work?" "Yes," she said, "especially when we got a lot of water in the bottom of the coal mines. Many is the day I have waded mud up to my knees." I thought that didn't seem to be work for a woman, in a coal mine. She said, "I love every minute of it. Six years in the coal mine and my husband has been in the coal mines for years." I said, "How far does he go down?" She said, "He goes down over three hundred feet before they go in to mine coal." So, that was something else. I've known check weighmen, cutters, various people in the coal mines and I'll tell you I take off my hat. When she left I said, "You are not the coal miner's daughter, you are the coal miner." She said, "Yes, I am and very proud of it." She was extremely young looking, a very pretty girl and my wife said, "Don't tell me she worked six years in the coal mines?" I said, "She sure did." She didn't have her miners hat on, but I certainly would take her at her word.

Marion Smith came from over in Brockway. Marion Smith was with me early. Marion Smith was with me late. I appreciated her as a listener so much.

Emma Wood has been one of our faithful listeners since 1948 and her daughter, Sue, is married to a man by the name of Charles Daugherty of Reynoldsville. He has a farm, works eight hours a day at Riverside in the canned good division and then goes home and works eight hours on the farm. I would think that would be it - sixteen hours a day.

We have what we call flagship listeners. People who were with us the first day we went on and they were with us the day we left. Marge Holmes of DuBois was

constantly listening to our station and would call to give prayer requests for people in genuine need and encouragement for us. We always appreciated Marge Holmes.

Mrs. Arthur Eld was high in her 80's or early in her 90's and for many, many years listened from up in a place called Coudersport, Pennsylvania. It was Coudersport that Jack Dempsey, the famous boxer, drove a dark green car from New York City. He was going through Coudersport when he had a mishap and struck a hydrant. He banged, crashed and smacked the fender in. In those days, to get the fender fixed, you had to pound it out with a sledge hammer. They made real fenders, REAL FENDERS, in the late 30's and early 40's. Jack Dempsey went back to New York; he didn't have time to fool with the car and although it was only one year old, he still never picked the car up. I had a friend, Walter Chapman, from DuBois and Walter Chapman's brother-in-law, was Deacon Litz, the famous race driver, who raced at Indianapolis and various placed in the United States. Walter Chapman called the restaurant in New York City and he asked if Jack Dempsey would be willing to sell the car. Jack Dempsey got on the line and said, "You send me whatever you think it is worth. I'll never pick it up. I know that it has been sitting there for over a year." He went up to the place in Coudersport, a little tiny garage, picked up the car, brought it back to Clarion, Pennsylvania and it was one of his trophies. He would point to that car and he also had a Cord; Tom Mix also had a Cord automobile. They were collectors items, even in those days. Walt would point to the Cord and say, "That's nothing; this dark green coupe over here was owned by Jack Dempsey, the former heavyweight champion of the World."

Beth Evans lived down in Kittanning. Beth Evans lived on Brady Road in Kittanning and was a faithful listener. You have to appreciate Kittanning (what Kittanning stood for) with the Pittsburgh area radio stations coming in to think that they would listen to us up in DuBois.

Craig and Gretchen Powers of Sandy Township were listeners. He was a supervisor. On June 6, 1944, he hit the beaches the first day in the invasion of Normandy and he said 10,000 American boys lost their lives and he said they were good, true Americans.

Mel Johnson, I have stated before, was the funniest human being I ever knew in all my life. Mel Johnson didn't look funny; he could sing; he could yodel and he

was good. Mel Johnson just had a knack for humor, not just being hit in the face with a pie and cutting off your tie, or something like that, but Mel Johnson was funny. He went to Wheeling, West Virginia and did great things down there and is still singing now and he has forty-eight years as a country singer. Mel Johnson called me six or seven years ago and said, "Could you come over to the high school on Friday night?" "Oh, I suppose I could come over, what's going on?" "Well, we are picking somebody out to honor Saturday night and you might as well come on over." So, I went over and they had all the country hillbilly bands of the last forty years plus entertainers from everywhere and it was Charlie Moore night. They gave me a gold engraved watch and the night was just perfect. I thanked Mel Johnson profusely for this and said, "I appreciate this from the bottom of my heart." Very seldom does a person work a job and they give a big night for them and a gold watch and that's it.

Well, the years went by and two years ago, the mayor of our town, Bill Reay, called and said, "Would you come out, we are giving a dinner for Frank Humphrey who played great saxophone and had a television store (sold new televisions). We are going to honor him for fifty years of music." I said, "Yes, I will come out!" So I started out the door and my wife said, "You don't have a tie on." I said, "I have been to so many of these dinners; I've told so many jokes; I'm so tired of being an emcee; I don't even have guts enough to put a tie on tonight; it's a hot, summer night." "Come on," she said, "put a tie on; you owe it to the people who will be there." So, begrudgingly I threw a tie around my neck and my white shirt and stumbled out the door. I went over to pick up the local president of the bank. He was going to ride with me and we had such and such a time to get there by 6:00 p.m. and it was about nine or ten miles. "Well, I'm talking to someone in Honolulu, would you excuse me a minute." I said, "Yes, I will be only too happy to." And he talked and he talked and I thought, my, we are going to miss this dinner for Frank Humphrey. So we went out and there was the Judge John Cherry; the State Police Sgt. Ray Anderson and eight of his forty-four men; attorneys were there; doctors were there; lawyers were there; dentists were there; the local magistrate was there; and I thought what a great, great tribute to have these people turn out for a man who has played music for over fifty years. I thought this was wonderful. Well, they had a tremendous

dinner at a great big farmhouse, with a long porch and then everyone was down, more or less, on the grass, table after table, and they had everything - ham, turkey, steak, corn on the cob - everything imaginable; it was perfect. The man who was responsible, Sam, had a restaurant and a cleaning business. Sam Mollica - he had provided all the food, hundreds of dollars worth of food, free. And they didn't take up an offering; they didn't do anything. Well, they finished eating and I thought it was time for me to get out my old corny jokes - I used the same ones every place I go and I had twelve pages of jokes and I got up and looked for the man to introduce and somebody said, "He is in the Pittsburgh Hospital." I thought, "Oh, what will we ever do." Frank Humphrey isn't here. Then, Bill Reay, who is now the mayor of our town, said, "This is a rather dirty trick. We are giving this dinner tonight in honor of Charles Archibald Moore." Well, I could have cried. I turned around and coming down the steps, from the old farm house, was my son, Paul Moore, who had recently returned from Quito, Ecuador, from four years as a missionary and that was just enough to break me up. Then, they started - they told so many lies about me that night it was like the Irish woman who looked in the casket to see if it was really her husband they were talking about. They gave me a gold watch, engraved; they gave me a one hundred dollar bill and a gun. I appreciated this no end and I said I had been in radio since 1945 and a lot of it had been pretty slow times, but I never was more honored to live in a little town than when they gave me the great big dinner, Bill Reay and Sam Mollica. I never deserved it but I was thankful to God that I had lived much of my life in small time radio with the people who once and again said thank you for what you are trying to do.

Marv Bloom of the Courier Express worked a lifetime in newspaper in our area and he personally got more boys scholarships, especially to Temple College in Philadelphia and also other colleges and we appreciated him time and time again. He was instrumental in me getting into radio in 1945 and I always thanked Marv Bloom and his gracious wife, Ruth, for the years that they listened.

Jackie Hodge Hilliard was one of my favorite people. We started school together in the first grade; we went twelve years together and she and her daughter, Toni Senior, have always been great friends of our and great listeners.

Wayne Shobert was W. Wayne A. Shobert and he worked for over forty-two years with the railroad. Mary Lou was a hospital technician and they have two very fine boys and live at Treasure Lake. We appreciate them so much.

Jay and Mary Lou Knobloch - he came here from Pittsburgh, out by the airport, for Bell Telephone and they lived next door to Bess Matthews. Bess was a lady who was ninety-five years old and the oldest graduate of DuBois High School, still going strong. She's the one at the Lithuanian Club that when we brought the horse in, the horse nibbled on her hat, the hat fell apart and her husband, nearly eighty, wanted to beat me up that night and I screamed, "Staff, sit down, I can lick you."

For twenty-some years, the Sisters at the Convent up in St. Marys have been a vital part of my little life. We appreciated the work they did in teaching in various towns around St. Marys, Pennsylvania and for the letters of encouragement. We would hear from theme during the summer months, during the Christmas season and in the spring of the year near Easter. The Sisters at the Convent - Sister Valentina, we appreciated her so much over the years and the fine work they did giving their lives for the service of the church.

Father Tom Snyderwine was probably one of the most brilliant priests I ever knew in my life. He got his doctorate after leaving DuBois when he went to Erie. Father Snyderwine was here for several years and I was the only Protestant who ever spoke to a prayer breakfast in sixty-some years at the Archangel Church in DuBois on Robinson Street. Father Snyderwine became a close friend and I always told him, "Father Tom, there is nothing a Protestant likes better than a free Catholic meal." And then we would laugh and go. We would go over to Johnny Garneau's in Clarion at 5:00 in the afternoon on a winter night and after 11:00 p.m., when they closed the restaurant, we would still be sitting there laughing like two school boys. I missed him tremendously when he left and went to Erie, but the church had greater works for him to do. I was able to go up to Erie and visit him and he was Chaplain for Erie, Pennsylvania for the Lake and went on the boats and gave religious services. Father Snyderwine was a genius; he was well educated and he was a lot of fun. My wife went up to a church meeting, there were four hundred women there from the Christian and Missionary Alliance Church, so she called

Father Tom. He was down in fifteen minutes, came in and it was quite a sight watching those women when the Priest came in and hugged her. Father Tom Snyderwine; he was genuinely a good friend; he was one of the best friends I ever had. I appreciate him today like the day I first met him.

Vance Steele worked for a lifetime at the Post Office. Vance Steele belonged to a prayer group in Sigel, Pennsylvania, just on the edge of beautiful Cooks Forest in Pennsylvania (northern Pennsylvania). Vance Steele had a fabulous service as a church leader with the Sigel Men's Prayer Breakfast and he had a great service with the Post Office. They always said of the Sigel prayer group - once they started praying for you, they would never let you down. When my son had cancer, Paul Moore, they started to pray for him and I learned just the other day, they are still praying for him after all these years.

Out in Rockton, Pennsylvania, was Bill Matko. Bill Matko is affectionately known as the "Ice Fisherman." If it would be 15 degrees below zero or 20 degrees below zero, he would leave in the morning before daylight and would come home when it was dark. He and another fellow by the name of Tom Keen loved to ice fish. When the rest of us wouldn't step out the door, he would be ice fishing. He had worked in about forty-six or forty-seven states in heavy construction work and was highly talented. Bill Matko played the guitar, played the fiddle and was a singer in Russian, Yugoslavian and English. He had committed five hundred country hillbilly numbers to memory. You have five hundred memories in your head, you have to be pretty smart. He played for Burnie Haag and the Gateway Ramblers. Burnie and Irene Haag lived in Troutville and, for many years, were in the tire business in Reynoldsville. We would always kid that Irene picked up the trucks (he held the lantern while his mother chopped the wood); Irene would pick up the trucks with her back and then Burnie Haag would change the tires. It really didn't go that way.

Harold Bundy, the famous hunter from up in Sabula, and also fiddlin' Bill Giles, his electric brother, Bob Giles and Howard Schaffer rounded out the crew of the Gateway Ramblers. They gave unstintingly to the nursing homes and to various charitable organizations and were greatly, greatly appreciated and are still playing today and still doing a fine job in country music. The other side of the coin was Bill

and Barb Delong. He was in the body and fender business and still is up by Sabula, Pennsylvania. They have the famous Boone's Mountain Clan. The Boone's Mountain Clan - Bob Pinchot on electric guitar; Lou and Joan from up in St. Marys; and the late Martha Kilmer (she died a few months ago), she headed the school board here in DuBois and was instrumental in country music for the famous Boone's Mountain Clan.

Our listeners who were there every morning for years and years - a man by the name of Clyde Ott, his wife, Este and their children - Jimmy Ott, Gary Ott (he is going to be a doctor), and their nurse daughter, Mrs. Gay Profitt (Gay is an outstanding nurse in the State of Virginia).

Well, I developed spurs in both heels - spurs so bad that I had to go to Geisinger Hospital in Danville and have cortisone shot in my heels and the side of my heels. I walked with a cane and this was in 1976 and nothing would avail. I went to various doctors, had things made for the insides of my shoes so that I could walk; nothing ever worked out until Clyde and Este Ott's sons, Jimmy and Gary, prayed for me and then what happened - I was one hundred percent and I always thank God for that to this day and that was 1976.

There was a young man by the name of Paul Zortman and Paul Zortman was highly talented. He was one of our youth leaders in our church, in our Alliance Church in DuBois. I always appreciated Paul Zortman an his mother for their prayers and my friend, Matthew Ellis.

My next door neighbor, who listened every morning, was called, "The Big Frenchman," from the DuBois woods. His name was Rene LaBenne. He wasn't really a Frenchman, but I made him one. Every year, he would predict the All-Star players for the All-Star Game and who would win the World Series. The last year, 1990, the Pittsburgh Pirates were just breaking up the league in the spring so Rene LaBenne - we heard him say that by the 19th of July, they would fall apart. If you remember the ball season, the Pirates went almost "all the way" to the world series. Our good friend, Rene LaBenne, the big Frenchman from the DuBois woods. He had an orange snowsuit; he was about 6' 3", 250 pounds and he would do my sidewalks with the snowblower every winter. We called him the abominable snowman.

Now, you have to, and I can't reiterate this enough, with a middle-of-the-road station - you are playing Lawrence Welk and the Lawrence Welk music (real slow) music. There is nothing like Ozzy Osborne and the Snakes or the Grateful Dead or anything like that. You come into a different kind of music where you are playing the slower-type music, the Mills Brothers, old tunes by Bing Crosby and Perry Como, going back as far as the music by Vaughn Monroe and then the big band music. We did a lot of big band music and hillbilly music. You play the same music; we played the same albums from 1975 to 1990; bought a few (very few) new records and people would complain vociferously, "You are still playing the same records you played fifteen years ago!!" Yes, that's right. But, in between the records, that was my bag - I had to come up with something that was different - and different I did! I advertised, one morning, and then played it for about two weeks, false teeth - The Charles Archibald Moore Dental Clinic. I always put my own name and it was always my own idea. We had a dental clinic - you would bite into a piece of wax and send $1.00 with the impression and in two days, we would send you a complete set of false teeth. Well, a lady from over by Altoona sent me $1.00 and wanted the piece of wax that she could bite into to get a set of false teeth. Well, I was just appalled. I thought this was wild!! I thought nobody would believe this. So, I wrote to her and explained it and she wrote me a scathing letter of denunciation; that I was the biggest fake that ever lived, and that woman is still running around today somewhere over in Altoona without teeth - I feel bad about this.

For several weeks, I said that I would blacktop your driveway and if it was as big as a football field, we would still blacktop the driveway for $4.95. We dealt in low prices; we could come out and after we blacktopped it, we would paint it green. Then, we had the big deal - to paint your car. Earl Scheib, when I was in Florida, your car was in by 8:00 and out by 5:00. I adopted this and not to get in any trouble, I called it Earl Slibe. Your car in by 10:30 in the morning and out by 11:45 and you had to furnish your own newspapers in case we had to do any body work on the side and the deal was, we had only one color - it was chartreuse. It worked out pretty well, to say the least. Then, there was the boxcar we had with seventy-two holes in it - for hunting. The Bundys and the Duttrys were famous hunters. Harold Bundy and fiddlin' Bill Giles and all the group at Sabula. We would have seventy-two

portholes; out of every porthole was a 30-06 rifle and we toured the countryside on Sunday afternoon hunting deer. Well, you are not allowed to hunt deer in Pennsylvania on Sunday, but it went over real well. We had a game seminar up by Sabula and said that the game warden would be there and the sheriff. It was on how to shoot a deer and get it in the trunk in less than five minutes. We also had various things going on that we were trying to sell people at all times. I would always say, "Now you send in to me, Dr. Charles Archibald Moore, and I will see that you get yours!" We had a Christmas tree - I will never forget - the Christmas tree was twenty-four feet high and it cost $1.98. Someone said, "Did you sell many?" No, but we had a lot of inquiries about it.

The man whose picture is on the front of the book is named Raymond Franson. He was my very best friend. Raymond Franson had traveled the world over. In the service, he had been in Europe and in the United States. He and I attended every function there was: Boxing matches; wrestling matches; football games; dinner a thousand times and when he passed away, I lost the best friend I ever had. He was always so sympathetic to any cause I ever had in radio and he had been with the Woolworth Company for many, many years in the Philadelphia area.

Our children - Linda, Irene, Paul and Ed took very little interest that I was on the radio and even to listen. They accused me one time of putting the American Flag in 1968 on the back of an old Oldsmobile that I had. But as far as being on the radio, they had no desire to be on the radio; they had no desire to stop in at the station and thus it was just a job - their father worked at the radio station, but that was all.

Linda went on and got her education at Houghton College in New York - her first four years; then she went two years to get a Masters Degree at Syracuse and two years to get another Masters Degree at Albany State.

Our son, Paul, is a minister at this writing, in Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania with the Missionary Alliance; he and his wife Jenny. He attended Wheaton College to get his Masters Degree.

My daughter, Irene, went to Penn State for four years and then stayed on at Penn State and got her Masters Degree.

My son, Ed, played football with Dan Marino and the famous Hugh Green for Pittsburgh for two years and then went for three years - they red shirted him - at

Charles, Erma and Grandaughter Holly Autumn Moore

the University of Georgia with Herschel Walker. He enjoyed that tremendously. He now has a church in Columbia, South Carolina.

So, our children are all gone and we have many happy memories of the children when they were home.

I don't know why my life has been entwined with race cars and race drivers from the days when I was a child and the great Deacon Litz raced at Indianapolis in the early 30's and he lived on Maple Avenue. I went to school with his daughter and Deacon Litz, one time, went out to Long Island and they brought the greatest race car driver over from Italy. He raced him and Deacon Litz won the race there and then he raced at a place called Tipton, over by Tyrone, Pennsylvania and it was a wooden track. Someone said, "They raced cars on a wooden track?" They did, they did! Wild Bill Kiel was one of the most outstanding characters I ever knew in my life. He was a local racer. He and Don Bailey from Brockway and a man by the name of Squirt Johns. I remember one time they had a fifty-lap feature and the three of them, the last thirty-five laps were neck and neck and they finished: One, two, three - in a photo-finish and they never banged a fender. Bill Kiel told me about racing - hot rod racing and the days in this part of Pennsylvania. They had in Georgia, the Saramana Speed Bowl. I remember that. They had many places in Florida; in New York State and far out west and it seemed to be the young men who enjoyed speed

and cars. But in those days - the early days - for a couple thousand bucks, you could put a new motor in an old car and you were ready to go. Then the day came, to outfit a car for a dirt track cost over $20,000 and this was done primarily by people who owned garages and had money to write off as a tax write-off.

People who listened to the station - the Reynoldsville Cheerleaders at the casket company. There actually is a casket company and the first time I went down, I never actually met the young ladies; but they were always writing me saying they wanted to be cheerleaders for the Charlie Moore Chickens. So, I took a big cake from a local store down and when I went in, there were many caskets. And I don't know if you have ever been in a business to advertise products, but two things that would always hit you square between the eyes, were when you went to sell ads to a place that sold tombstones or where they sold caskets. It just gave you a funny feeling that this wasn't a product that you were used to selling. The young lady looked at me and she said, "Could I show you anything?" "No," I said, "not in a casket, thank you!" We became very close with the young ladies and some of the older ladies at the casket company and they thrilled us with their help with the Charlie Moore Chickens Football Team.

The Rev. Don Ellenberger, for many years was with the Free Methodist Church down in Reynoldsville, Pennsylvania. He had been a great friend of Mary McNaughton, the pastor's wife who called me every morning for eight years at 8:00; would pray with me for ten seconds and was gone. Don Ellenberger had worked at a local plant and also had been a minister. The people came to his church and one of the good members of the church said, "What is it you like so much about our pastor's preaching, the Rev. Don Ellenberger, of Reynoldsville." They said, "It is nothing about his preaching, it is the life that he leads in the plant. That boy is something else."

Dorothy Bouch lived in Panic. She had a son in the Air Force in South Dakota and I remember his wife, Johanna, came from the Netherlands. I was always interested in that.

Grace Stankavich has five children and she drove big trucks in her time and she also drove bus. She was one of the most faithful listeners I think I ever had. Grace Stankavich, I appreciated her.

Over at R. D., Clarion, near Clarion College, was Mrs. Hilton Bussard. Now half the people in the county called it Buzz-ard; and half called it Bussard. Nora was her first name and she was with me for many years.

There is a lady by the name of Dorothy Reich. I started in January, 1945, with radio here in DuBois. She was with me the first week I started, as a listener, and she listened for forty-five years and six months. She had many operations, over eighty-five operations and many treatments for cancer, but she is still living and was faithful to my radio days to the end.

Jimmy Swisher did very well in our town in real estate. His wife is Nancy. He was the spokesman for the barbershop quartet. If you have ever worked with a barbershop quartet in radio, you will know that they are very demanding. They do not appreciate the announcer; they do not appreciate his jokes; they are only interested basically in their own singing. Barbershop quartets - and Jim Swisher was one of the good ones.

The Costantini family of W. Weber Avenue - they were with me from 1945. Tony, his mother, his sisters; we appreciated them so much.

Ray and Arlene Fridley - they were friends of Willie Brownell. Willie Brownell had a guitar and in the 1930's, he would sit on the porch and he would sing, "I Got Him in the Bottom of My Rambling Shoes; I Got the Freight Train Blues." He would also sing, "Ivan Skavicki Skavar and Abdul-Da Bull Bull Dameer." Railroad songs were tremendously popular in the early 30's and nobody could sing them like Willie Brownell. I remember the day when he came home from high school; he said, "Today, I am an educated man!!" Uncle Dave Dunlap worked with Willie Brownell in later years at Triangle Springs and they attended the same church out in the Gelnett section and they were both instrumental in the church being such a huge success.

To drive our Charlie Moore Chicken's bus, that I talked about on the radio, was Jeff Wayland. Jeff was from Falls Creek and he came up with many of the innovations - the Charlie Moore Chickens bus being held up, not with a jack, but with a baton, when we wanted to change the wheels. The back of the bus was made with cardboard and it was the wildest bus - a 1937 Terraplane. For several of the

local football games, we had four mules pulling it after the motor fell out and we didn't have a motor that you would think - we used a VW motor.

Joe Rozela was one of our fire chiefs; Homer Monks, another and Dom Suplizio. The fire chiefs in our town - the volunteer firemen rated right beside the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars as local heroes. When we would have a parade and the ex-fire chiefs would be in a convertible or several convertibles going downtown, I would always say to my children, "Take off your hat, that is a fireman, a volunteer fireman." I think this is the finest calling that I have ever seen. They never make a dime; they give unstintingly of their time, vacations and family life to be a volunteer fireman. I have always honored the firemen for forty-five years of broadcasts and I certainly said I would again and again.

Monty Sayers and his wife, Maureen, live in DuBois and raised a fine family. He was with Bell Telephone from the time they got their front door. The first time I saw Monty Sayers, he was about six years old. He had a plaid bathrobe on and was throwing stones at Harold Nelson and myself one morning; we were just kids in school. I didn't believe that a lifetime went by and he retired from the Bell Telephone Company. I said, "Do you still have that bathrobe?" "No," he said, "I don't have the bathrobe and I don't remember it."

One of our fine listeners was Helen C. Boyer, who is at the high rise in DuBois; had been down at Carlisle at the rest home and always so faithful.

Month after month, year after year, we received mail from Augusta, Georgia, and not at golf times, for the Masters, either, but from Tom and Mary Dwyer. Tom and Mary had lived up here and somehow had become attached to our station, WDBA, and over the years, had been very kind.

We had Dave Hibner from Treasure Lake. Dave and I went to school together. His brother, Dee, was a football star and Dave had Osborn's Machine Shop for many years, with a man by the name of Mr. Don Curry. We always appreciated them listening in the morning.

Bernie and Edna Groves came from the Beechwoods, and of all things, Bernie dug graves for a living. I would always kid him about that, but if there ever was a fine gentleman, who unstintingly gave of his time to the people in Beechwoods and the entire area, it was Bernie Groves.

Betty McGreevey and her sister, Ruth (I called her Eloise) came from Reynoldsville, Pennsylvania. We had a Town and Gown Production that played at the old Penn State Campus. They would give about five or six plays a years and Betty McGreevey was one of the superstars, she and Janet Cebulskie. Janet was so far out of her class as a singer. When they would give United Fund productions, Ken Bonsall would direct the band, Esther Hawkins would help with the music and the great Janet Cebulskie (we called her Nee-Nee); that's what her grandchildren later called her. NeeNee, she was a cut above the rest - a beautiful, beautiful voice. When she would sing, she sounded a lot like our good friend, Mrs. Ray Johnson, Doris Johnson. Doris Johnson's brother-in-law came to me one Sunday afternoon (and if you have ever seen Charles Archibald Moore in a pair of polka dot pajamas) and I loved to sleep (addicted to sleep) on Sunday afternoon. So, it was a hot Sunday afternoon and her brother-in-law, Mr. Johnson, from out in California bounded up to the door and said, "I want to cut a record for my sister-in-law." I was so sleepy, all I said was, "That will cost you $10,000." He said, "You will have my check tomorrow morning!" Well, my eyeballs went around like a sailor breaking out six months' pay in an ice cream store; I wasn't going to say a bar; but an ice cream store. I called Eddy Piper, a noted singer over in Lewistown; he said, "I usually cut my records down in Texas, in Dallas, here's the number; call the man." I called him and I said, "I want three thousand records sent to three thousand radio station." He said, "We don't do that." I said, "You will do anything for money." So, the fee - we had the $10,000 and she had a fabulous voice. I never heard anyone that was so divinely blessed at singing hymns as Doris Johnson. She and her husband, Ray, went down. They offered very graciously to take me with them for a three or four day vacation while they did the record. I said, "I can't do this; I can't get off work." So, it was a matter of weeks until she received the first shipment, one thousand records, and then they had already sent three thousand to other radio stations.

I would get up at 2:45 in the morning, have my devotions, go to work at Radio Station WDBA and when my morning was finished, come the afternoon when we would have a remote on various afternoons from a place by the name of Gaeta's Appliance - Gaeta's Appliance is a huge appliance store, just outside of DuBois. I had to do the talking for three solid hours and interview people. You do an hour

remote and you are drained. You do a two-hour remote and you are sub-drained. You do a three-hour remote and they are ready to sweep you under the carpet. I have in my time had hillbilly bands out there; I had the firemen come out with a huge hook and ladder truck with the fire chief; I had the State Police; I had various sisters come from the hospital and also from the Hahne Cancer Unit (a new addition to our local hospital).

We did various remotes from the Christian Book Store up in Ridgway, Pennsylvania, I'll never forget that. We enjoyed it very much. Hal Fritz Piano Company; Spotts Music Company; and then they would have repeat broadcasts for this. Farmer Smith had a barn over on the other side of Brookville (between Brookville and Clarion) and they turned it into the most beautiful gift shop, I said, between Pittsburgh and Buffalo. It has thousands of plants; greenery. Farmer Smith's is a first-class place. Delores Smith, his wife, is exceptionally kind and when we would do a program over there, we would always bring in our country music, as best we could and do the ultimate for entertainment between the people that we would interview. One of the featured artists that I would have with me was a very beautiful lady who played the fiddle. She had been the Pennsylvania State Champion and her name is Kim VanSteenberg Thomas. Her father had a sawmill, I believe, over in the Clarion area and Kim VanSteenberg Thomas lived at Sigel. We would go over to State College in July and they had (it was more than a fair) every display that you had ever seen of arts and crafts and this thing was an old main on the campus of Penn State, ran all the way downtown for about fourteen blocks. They would have barbershop quartets; they would have a small segment of the famous Blue Band of Penn State; they would have hillbilly music and contests and that was what Kim VanSteenberg would be in. One of the greatest things I have ever seen was - the years that we went to State College in July and usually it was very, very hot, and they would have thousands and thousands of people come to University Park at State College for this and it was a great thing.

Every radio station has an "Our Girl Friday," who does the bulk of the work and never gets the credit and is usually a very fine person with a genuinely sweet disposition. Mrs. Jay Heffner, Barbara Heffner; I had the opportunity to work with her for almost fifteen years at WDBA and she was a great asset to any morning

program; to anything we ever had to have at the station. I never forgot her kindness and liked her very much.

We had a boy by the name of John Miller, who had been many years with Western Union and then came over to be an announcer. He had great ability to do the voice of an old man and he would make commercials (he worked the night shift) and would make all types of commercials. I had known John and Ollie Miller for a long period of time and appreciated them. Our chief engineer was Jerry Meloon. He and his wife, Miriam, had come down from Buffalo, New York when the station first started and were tremendously hard workers. The sales staff - Howard Hunter, Jr., my very good friend that I had known almost since birth; Clair Kriner, his father was the auctioneer, Colonel Kriner, and his mother's name was Etha and I just loved that name; Barry Hess and other people, including Mrs. Bertha Smeltzer. Bertha, in her own right, was writing a book and we could always sit down and talk about this and for years. I kidded, having gone to the same church as Bertha, about a faded blue or purple bathrobe; she didn't have a blue or purple bathrobe, but I conjured this up on the air and we appreciated her again and again. Young Dan Kennard came with us when he was twenty-one and he went over to the Clearfield Fair one night and the man was to guess his age. Well, Dan was losing his hair rapidly and the man who guessed him, said, "You are thirty years old and you are a bartender." "No," he said, "I work for a Christian station about thirty miles from here!" Our station manager was Don Shobert; he had been the wrestling coach at the high school for many years and he was a very hard working salesman. He called fifty times on one food market to get the account. He was there for fifty mornings and they would say, "Shobert, we are going to have to buy from you to get rid of you!" He was a tremendous worker.

Of our WDBA radio listening audience, there were Raymond and Eloise Ross. Raymond Ross ran a hardware store for twenty years in a place called Curwensville, Pennsylvania. There was no particular aspect of building - he could start at the foundation and with his own hands, he could build a house. He could do plumbing; he could do siding; he could do roofing; he could do carpentry; he could build kitchens; there was nothing that Raymond Ross couldn't do. He is a very humble man and his wife is the epitome of kindness. Her health was not always perfect, but

she, I remember, would always listen to our radio program in the morning and they were the greatest entertainers, church entertainers. They always had someone in for dinner and always trying their very hardest to be kind. We will always remember, and hold in the highest esteem and love, our great friends, Eloise and Raymond Ross.

Down in Reynoldsville, Pennsylvania; someone would be called when they would have a Saturday night give-away from all the merchants and in those days, my great friend was Carl "Kelly" Berg, in Reynoldsville. We were friends for many years. Carl, his wife, Betty, and their children, Sally and Charles; we were very close. My wife was in the hospital with our first baby in 1946, when Charles Berg, was born. He is a doctor now, highly successful in Ohio. We were friends down through the years until Kelly Berg's death. I will never forget, in 1946, they came up to the house; my wife was gone; she was at church on a Sunday evening. They came up to visit and I went out to make them coffee and I didn't have enough coffee and I only had a little bit of tea. I decided to mix the coffee and the tea. I can never figure out why Carl "Kelly" Berg and his wife, Betty, never drank the coffee mixed with tea that night. I didn't drink coffee; I didn't drink tea and I thought it was pretty good.

There was a bottom-line in Reynoldsville, Pennsylvania; a man who had a fine clothing store. His name was Beryl Haines and he was in business for many years. His wife was Lillian. If there were ever two quality people, it was Beryl and Lillian Haines. Beryl is retired now and lives in Reynoldsville, but his kindness over the years as a listener was unexcelled. We always held them in the highest respect.

Bob DuBois came from our area and he had been in the service twenty years as an officer. When he retired, he came here and his civilian job was with Brockway Glass in personnel. I always appreciated Bob DuBois so much. If I would call him and say, "I have a friend who is desperately out of work," he would say, "They are not out of work now, send them over. I will definitely take care of them!" Bob DuBois and Marilou, their children and fine family; he was one of the original DuBois family and she is just the perfect lady and they listened in the morning. We appreciate them any time we see them. Bob DuBois was an officer and a gentleman. In civilian

life, it followed through. They have a host of friends and we appreciate them very much.

I had a good friend who lived over in Third Ward, who used to listen - lived over on Logan Avenue. His name was Tony Depello. Tony worked for the Post Office and he developed cancer and we had kind of a crusade for him for prayer. Also, people would plead the blood of Jesus Christ for him in his final days with cancer. His wife, Marie, is such a lovely lady and the family, we appreciated time and time again. When I retired in June of 1990, I got such a nice card. She said, "I will always remember the nice things you did for Tony in his long illness, Marie Depello and Family." It was a pleasure to be with people like that.

Thelma Owens was the finest woman that I think I ever knew in my life. she entertained more missionaries; she entertained more ministers; she did more church work in a quiet, unassuming way. She was very gifted; a perfect lady and her husband was Quay, he worked for fifty years with the V. T. Smith Dairy. He was part owner of the V. T. Smith Dairy and instrumental in our church service; not only in Pennsylvania but throughout the Tri-State area. Quay Owens was 6' 3"; he had the biggest hands you've ever seen. He said he worked on a farm as a lad and he said he almost worked too hard. Quay Owens had a personality that was second to none. Quay Owens was our Sunday School Superintendent for many years and my children used to say Quay Owens would say, "Isn't that right, kiddies?" And, all the kiddies would laugh and say, "Yes, Quay Owens, that's right." Quay Owens and Thelma Owens after retiring - their son was a brilliant doctor in Georgia - so they moved to Georgia. He died several years after that. Quay Owens would take good kidding over the air. I said he was, "Cool Quay" Owens and Thelma was the "terrible" one. She wasn't terrible at all; she was just the opposite in reverse, but we always loved and appreciated two of the greatest people we ever knew in our life. I knew him when I was three years old; it went back to when he was driving the horse-drawn milk wagon for V. T. Smith Dairy in the early 30's.

I knew that there was always something different about two men in our town. They both happened to be way, way over 6' tall; one was the great Reuben Leafgren, who had the gristmill and the other was Quay Owens. Later, as I grew up, I found it was their Christian belief; their principles for Jesus Christ that made them

outstanding and outstanding they were. Quay Owens - he was my man and Reuben Leafgren - they were two crown princes as far as I was concerned.

You had to have, in small-time radio, someone that could back you up with humor. You couldn't do it yourself. We had a man by the name of Reg Cordic on KDKA, Pittsburgh. He, in my estimation, was second to Claven and Finch at WNEW in New York. The story of a morning man is this: The big stations in Chicago; in Atlanta; in Dallas; in Los Angeles; in Washington and in Philadelphia - would take a man who was highly successful in a smaller market and then bring him to New York, such as Claven and Finch. They were actually funny. Like Steve Allen, they had an electric brain; they were smarter, funnier and faster than the average person. Now, Cordic in Pittsburgh was excellent. Cordic had a large crew that worked with him and he did funny little skits in the morning. So somebody in DuBois, in the boondocks - they would want to do the same thing - but you couldn't hire people; there weren't people that were that highly talented to work with you; you had to do it yourself; you had to take whatever you could get. I had Dr. Eugene Grill, Dorothea's husband, and he practiced for thirty-some years in DuBois and he was the most outstanding doctor I ever knew in all my life. His kindness, his goodness to the other fellow - it spoke so loud you couldn't hear his words. He would get up in the morning, maybe after two or three housecalls in the middle of the night and go from 7:00 in the morning until 9:00 at night and then would come over to the radio station to be one of our voices in our comical program.

Sam McAllister had graduated from Pitt and he was the Oldsmobile representative. I got to meet him through Johnson Motors and he flew his own plane and there was just nothing that Sam McAllister couldn't do. We took off in his plane, circled the DuBois Airport, were heading towards Pittsburgh and he said, "Charlie, I have violent pains in my chest today." I was petrified!! I said, "SAM, YOU CAN'T!! I DON'T KNOW HOW TO FLY A PLANE!!!" Of course, that was his idea of great humor. What do they call it - esoterical humor. It's only funny to one or two. Sam McAllister, he did a Greek accent and he did it to perfection. Dr. Grill was outstanding; Ben Finger could do anything, he could do the Polka Party, he could sell, he could announce plus he worked for the State in Harrisburg. Ben Finger was multi-talented. Then, the little boy, Clarence Micknis - he was only 6' 7" and

weighed maybe 270 - 275 pounds and there wasn't a mean thing about Clarence "Clink" Micknis' make-up. He was the funniest human being - he and Mel Johnson were outstanding comedians on the air. In those days Sonny Liston was the heavyweight champion - so, we had Clink Micknis play the part of Ernest Ernest, who was 7' 12" tall, boiling that down, I believe it was 8'. He ran the snowplow in our town, at least we told people he did and then was training for the heavyweight championship fight of his life. Clink Micknis - every week he would have something different. Dr. Grill - a doctor who had worked eighteen hours yet would come in at night and, for free, work when we made our commercials. Ben Finger was in a class by himself and I was the only straight man. I didn't add too much to it, but I'll tell you they helped me immeasurably over the years.

When I look back over nineteen radio stations, the time since January, 1945, went like lightning. The people are in clear proximity in my mind. I can't tell you what happened to me two weeks ago, but boy I can tell you what happened in 1945, 1946 and 1947 and those people were tremendous. Eric Decker was in a class by himself - you figure any boy, nineteen years old that could do seventy-two different voices and when he did Walter Cronkite, I was positive that Walter Cronkite was sitting in the studio.

To have people call you with objectionable remarks about your program and say, "I don't like you" - God knows there is nobody on the airwaves, small or great, that doesn't have people taking a sideswipe at them and they don't like you and they don't like what you are doing. A man called me one time and he was the director of a hospital. He said, "How dare you collect money for a child who has died of cancer for their funeral?" I was kind of tired at the time. I said, "Listen, buster, I don't think you are doing anything on God's earth for the other fellow. If the little people in our area are willing to pay for thirteen funerals, I think you should keep your big mouth shut." Then, I kindly hung up on him. You say, "Well, that wasn't the polite thing to do." It might not have been, my brother, my sister - but that is exactly how I felt. It was the little people who sacrificed; who gave what they had unstintingly. We were never asking the rich for a cotton-picking penny, because they wouldn't give it. One lady had saved for over four years to buy a new living room suite; she didn't buy it - she said she was going to send the money in for that child's funeral. These

are the things that stick with you down through the years and we have appreciated them again and again.

In radio, I never got over the aspect of the people who give service such as the volunteer firemen. Somebody who get paid and paid handsomely for the job they do, they never meant too much to me, but it was the person who gave everything they had for the other fellow even down to their life and never said, "I deserve this and I deserve that." The volunteer firemen were one organization; The American Legion was the second in DuBois and Brockway. They had up at Weedville, the Valley News; Weedville is a little community. We always like to go up there on Labor Day when they have their huge celebration. We have gone up year after year and in DuBois, the celebration at St. Michaels, the Archangel Church, the Polish Festival. It started as a backyard thing many years ago and grew until now in this part of the State, thousands come every year to the Polish Festival in DuBois.

In radio itself, you find people who are doing an outstanding job. Mrs. Keith Smith, she is a traveling nurse and Carol Oswalt, also, is a traveling nurse. I didn't know how they did it - 1:00, 2:00, 3:00, 4:00 in the morning, they would bound in the door to give comfort. My wife's brother had been a blacksmith and he was dying with terminal cancer. I will never forget the kindness of these two young women when they came in along with a lady by the name of Justine Clinton who would come in at night - any hour. You would just call them and they would be there to give assistance. I often thought God would have a special reward for the nurses who go and do home nursing services - never complain - genuinely kind and appreciated - they must be God's favorite.

Harry Tost was a listener and Harry would call me when he went to work at 3:30 in the morning at Riverside, a local market. I appreciated Harry Tost and his loyalty; he would only listen to our station. He said, "I will only listen to Charles Archibald Moore." I always said I never, never merited that.

John McNulty had to be 7' tall. John McNulty was as Irish as Paddy's Pig. John came from Brockway, Pennsylvania, was on the board at Clarion College and he was a credit to our area. He took good boys and turned out good men.

Mrs. Margaret Johns of Brookville would call me as many as three times in the morning. She and people like Marge Holmes would be there every morning; if I needed help, they would call.

Tom and Lois Bochert - Lois Bochert at this time and as of this printing, spent several years in a wheelchair. I never met a sweeter person who never complained. Tom was an excellent mechanic. Tom, he laughed all the time, got up at 6:00 in the morning, fixed his wife's breakfast and lunch, went off to work as a mechanic for Sears, worked all day, came home and at night, fixed her dinner and then started his housework. I wondered if any man could have ever put on the shoes and wore them with as much grace as Mr. Tom Bochert of Rockton, Pennsylvania.

Joe Paterno was always our favorite football coach, Penn State. Nobody could do it like Joe Paterno! I had a man who was called the fix-all man, Bob Bailey; he came from Rockton, Pennsylvania. He went over and was fixing an appliance, crawled out from under the appliance and he saw a pair of black shoes. The black shoes had feet in them and the feet belonged to Joe Paterno. He said, "Hello, coach, how are you?" Paterno said, "Who are you?" He said, "I'm Bob Bailey, the fix-all man!"

One of the things that I cannot figure out in life is why my life has been so entrenched with the circus and the carnival. All my life, I have been incurably addicted to the carnival ... hey, hey! Come in ... come in!! Alive, Living and Breathing!! The carnival and the circus. It's been the greatest fascination of my life; maybe the people who travel with same. My uncle, Alex Osborn was the first caddy in DuBois. Mrs. John DuBois would go in the spring early in April to Europe and would not return until some time in late September or October. To cross the ocean in those days, in 1900, was something else and it took a long time on a big boat to ever get to England. But I know when the DuBois' came back, they brought a game with them called "golf". They went over to the Third Ward Section, near the tannery; and John DuBois, had a lumber mill, a tannery and the meadow. As we know, DuBois was a huge farm at that time, but John DuBois, brought back the first golf clubs in this area and my uncle, Alex Osborn, who lived in Third Ward, was one of the caddies. They had to wear long canvas gloves; the gloves went far above the

elbow and you couldn't handle a golf club unless you had the caddy's gloves. That's what they did when they came from England.

Buffalo Bill Cody came to DuBois a few years after that time and he had his circus over where our little league field is now and they said the most memorable thing that he did: He merely rode in with his white goatee and long-flowing white hair; rode the horse all the way around the circus and they had a well (it was man-made, of course) maybe three feet by three feet and he stopped and watered his horse there, got back on his horse and that was the main thing when Buffalo Bill Cody came to DuBois many, many years ago.

When you stop and figure the people in the past that you didn't know, it was as vibrant as the people that you do know as far as radio is concerned. My mother's grandfather was Pap Taylor. I have mentioned that he was the one that had double thumbs and all double teeth. I put this on the radio one time and a lady called and said, "My father's grandfather had all double teeth, above and below and double thumbs," and it turned out to be the same Pap Taylor. Pap Taylor and his four brothers from the Brookville - DuBois area marched off to the Civil War together. In four long years, they never saw one another until the war was over. They fought in the Battles of Bull Run, Shiloh, Appomattox, and Gettysburg. I have told you the story at Gettysburg - how Jeb Stewart was a general at age twenty-three and he sent his soldiers up two days before the Battle of Gettysburg started and they stole six wagonloads of corn just outside or Port Royal in Juniata and took them off to Gettysburg. It didn't help the south to win, but it was an exciting story of Jeb Stewart.

A man by the name of Pomeroy; he could not ride a horse from Gettysburg to Harrisburg, because of the battle, so he rode to Port Royal, got the train and went into Harrisburg to report how the battle had been fought. Pap Taylor and his brothers came home and this was rather ironic - Pap Taylor and his brothers all married sisters. Every brother married a sister out of one family and I imagine that was quite a family reunion on the Fourth of July, when that tribe got together. Pap Taylor always said, "The Army of Northern Virginia at battle in Northern Virginia in the winter, the blankets froze to the ground. They had a rain that night and the

guard on duty had to pull the frozen blankets off the sleeping soldiers in Northern Virginia when the rain had frozen them to the ground."

When I went to Georgia, one time, I told the story of one of Pap Taylor's brothers who was held in a prison camp in the south where they had malaria and were dying like flies. Every morning, they would find a number of soldiers from the north that had died in the night and they said it was impossible to escape from this prison and they had a prayer meeting. They prayed for rain or for water and at 3:00 in the morning, water came gushing up out of the middle of the prison camp and many of them attributed, in later years, the only reason they were alive was that ice-like water came up in the middle of July. Well, I met an old-timer in Georgia down there and he said, "Yes, I know where the camp is and that is a true story; the water did come up in July during the Civil War, right up out of the ground, just as your mother's grandfather said." Pap Taylor lived over at a place called Emerickville; he had a farm over there. I still see it on my way to Brookville now, in Jefferson County and he was still going strong at age eighty-three. Someone said, "What about his double teeth?" Well, he had double teeth, above and below and they said he could take a walnut and grind it just like powder; his teeth and jaws were that powerful. He had all his teeth pulled at eighty-three because they were blackened from chewing tobacco and snuff. The four brothers had married sisters in Western Pennsylvania when they came home from the Civil War. Pap Taylor at Emerickville had a descendant and this descendant's name was Grover Taylor. Grover performed with one of the big circuses. He rode three horses at once at a gallop all around the circus ring and he was the roaming rider. He would stand up on two of the horses; one in the center; my family has seen this and I have often heard my mother talk about seeing Grover Taylor and his days with the circus.

Tony Alvetro has been one of our listeners; he is down by Falls Creek and has a very successful business (a lawn and garden supply). Alvetro's - well-known in our area. I talked to him at great length about radio and other things and he said, "People today have changed. There is no loyalty as loyalty was, even thirty-five or forty years ago." I said, "Explain that." He said, "I will. My grandmother lived in Reynoldsville, Pennsylvania and for over fifty years, she bought her meat and groceries from Jimmy Fusco's Meat Market. She wouldn't think of going anyplace

else, but to Jimmy Fusco." I said, "I knew him real well; he had a tremendous market and wonderful meat." He and his wife - the night they got married and they were married over fifty years - they went to Pittsburgh and heard what was not a big band then. It was long before the big bands, but they heard Wayne King. He was just starting out then and he has always been my favorite, for fifty years. He just recently passed away, Jimmy Fusco. Tony Alvetro said that in business now, people want to know what you pay for something and how much they can get it for less than that and there is no loyalty whatsoever to buy from the other person. He said he found this out in business. He has a business establishment just across the road from my good friend, Keith Schaffner. Keith Schaffner and Schaffner's Furniture has been in business almost one hundred years; one of the oldest quality names and it is one of the quality name furniture stores in the State of Pennsylvania. Keith Schaffner was a big-game hunter. He had a store in downtown Falls Creek and he had some of the most fabulous trophies of his hunting experiences and I don't mean just a mule deer. I mean he had heads of everything that he had shot - big game hunting. The store caught on fire and burned and all the trophies were lost and then Keith Schaffner went up the road about one mile and rented an establishment and then purchased it, a huge store, and now they have a big business here, just outside of Falls Creek across from Alvetro's. Keith Schaffner sold Hoover sweepers. He didn't sell many of them. I got on the air in the late 40's or early 50's and I said we were going to change the name of Hoover sweepers to Hoooover, the accent on Hooo. I think he sold twenty-some sweepers in ninety days and I always blamed it on just changing the name to say we were going to go down to Schaffner's and buy a Hoooover sweeper. And they did and we were always very tickled about that.

Elsewhere going back over the years, there was a man that I knew very well; a mechanic in our town that I knew very well by the name of Chuck Thomas. Howard Hunter, that worked at the radio station, Howard Hunter, Jr., was a salesman at Radio Station WDBA. Howard Hunter had wrestled for Bloomsburg and played football and his favorite story was at West Point. He went with the wrestling team and he wrestled heavyweight. He stepped out on the mat and the guy picked him up and threw him literally out into the crowd and the chairs. His coach looked at him and held up one finger. They've done that to you once. He said,

"I went back in, picked up my opponent and threw him out to the same chairs." I said, "Did you win the wrestling match?" Howard Hunter said, "I sure did!" We went out one summer night. We weren't boozers and there wasn't such a thing as dope then, just out having a good time. All of us were married and had children, but we went out one night and we decided to go up to Dale Fossler's, farmer Fossler. I always got my weather forecast from Dale Fossler, so we got Dale up at 1:00 in the morning. If you've ever gotten a young farmer and his family out of bed - Dale looked at his wife to see if it was all right to smile and she said, "Yes." We went up in the pouring rain, one night, up where they call the Fossler settlement, up above Sabula and then we went on to Weedville. I had a very expensive automobile in those days; it was a 1953 green Buick. They painted all Buicks green in 1951, 1952, and 1953 and this I had paid $6.00 for, that's all. I worked at a car lot; always working in radio, part time and a car lot, part time. But, I had this 1953 Buick and it was good; had new tires on it; new hydes and I got it for singing a song and cutting a watermelon. They had taken Andy Gardner, a missionary of twenty years to Africa with the Missionary Alliance. It has always been our thesis and policy in life to pray for the missionaries. In fact, I have today, prayed for this Andy Gardner for over thirty years and I always thought missionaries were kind of stuffy. Nice, but rather stuffy. Well, they took Andy Gardner up to Weedville to the hunting camp and when they were going through Force, there is a graveyard on the side of the hill; an old-fashioned graveyard. So, Andy Gardner said, "Stop the car." They stopped it and he darted out of the front seat, went across the graveyard like a monkey and he picked up a possum by the tail; it was a big one. He came back, opened the door and put it on the lap of Howard Hunter, Jr., and he just about fainted. When they got to the hunting camp, they went in and no one had been there for months. Andy Gardner had a 38 caliber pistol and he fired that thing six times in the middle of the kitchen. The door was open and he just fired it out the door. Well, when a 38 goes off six times in the kitchen, it makes quite a noise, so we knew that Andy Gardner wasn't just your average missionary to Africa. We have appreciated him so very much. Andy Gardner, up at Weedville, when he chased the possum across the graveyard; when he fired the 38 six times in the kitchen that night. My wonderful

1953 Buick got stuck, slid into a tree; we had to wait until daylight to get a farmer to get us out.

Before we went up to the hunting camp that night, it was pouring rain. We went to the Maple Avenue Hospital, here in DuBois. I knew the head nurse, Louise Hartzfeld, very well and I said, "Can we come in; we all have Blue Cross; could we all come in and sign in and you give us a bed in the ward. We'll sleep here and be out before 7:00!" She said, "You are absolutely out of your mind. This is not hotel; this is not the Holiday Inn." I said, "We have Blue Cross." We never used it and thank God we didn't have to. I said, "How about putting us up for the night, three of us in three beds in the ward?" She turned us down flat.

There was a man who listened almost every morning and his name was Earl Watson. Memorabilia takes me back; if there was ever a character, it was Earl Watson. Over 6', very distinguished looking handsome man. Earl Watson and his wife, in September of 1990, were married fifty-five years. So, it was fifty-five years ago in September (about the seventh of September) at 7:00, Earl Watson and his bride were married here in DuBois. At 7:30, he and his brother excused themselves from the reception and went to the night football game at DuBois High School. It was the first night that they played a game under the lights. Well, someone said, "He wouldn't leave his own wedding!" He sure did. Someone said, "How did his wedding turn out?" It's still going on after fifty-five years. I don't advocate that anyone does this but it worked out swell for Earl Watson. Earl Watson was a fireman with the fire company and marched; each one of our five fire companies had a different color gabardine uniform and they marched as many as four nights a week. Earl Watson, in the daytime, worked in Falls Creek at the pottery. He walked from Sandy Township, which was a tremendous walk out Main Street, up over the graveyard, Rumbarger Cemetery down the back road to Falls Creek - winter, summer, snow, ice and heat. Earl Watson walked every day to work. They didn't have a car in those days, so you just got out and walked. One morning he was going through the graveyard, Rumbarger Cemetery, on Main Street in DuBois. They had just dug a grave the day before and put light, flimsy boards over the grave. He stepped on that and down he went to the bottom of the grave. He had a terrible time getting out. There was no one around to get him out of the grave and he said, "I lost

my lunch, and I didn't go to work that day!" Earl Watson - every time I see him to this day, Earl's a pearl, I say, "Have you fallen in any graves lately?" Earl said, "No, not of late!"

Mr. Seyler lives out at Luthersburg, R. D. Mr. Seyler attends the First Baptist Church of DuBois and he was one of our best listeners of all time. What did he raise? He raised pigs. And always he talked with glowing terms about his pigs. In fact, it got so every time I would see him at the mall, instead of "How is your wife and children?", I would say, "How are the pigs?" He would say, "Just fine" and then he would tell me a long discourse of how the pigs were doing. Not having been a pig lover or associated too much with swine, other than at country fairs, I would just be politely interested in Mr. Seyler of R. D., Luthersburg and his pigs. In the summer of 1990, an Amish family came their way and stopped; they were coming in from Ohio. Mr. Seyler said to the Amish, "Do you have any place to stay?" He said, "I have no place to stay for my wife and children. I am trying to get a job here." So, Mr. Seyler, he is one of the good ones, he said, "You have a place to stay now. I have an apartment above my four-car garage and this is it. You are welcome to stay as long as you wish." Then, he finally got a job at Treasure Lake and got his own place to stay, but what we need are more people like Mr. Seyler as far as giving of themselves unstintingly to the other person.

One of our best listeners must have been 6' 6" and his name is Adrian Bakas. Adrian and Peggy Bakas. Adrian - his father had a store for many years on Main Street. Adrian sold cereal, on the road, for thirty-some years before his retirement. He was one of the original men who came in and when they looked at the cemetery in such poor condition, he came down and did great work to get the Rumbarger Cemetery back on its feet. We have always appreciated Adrian Bakas and his family - so kind and our town has been a better place. He is like Joe Kruckow - our town has been a better place because we have had Adrian Bakas.

I have spoken about Virginia Brownlee at Brockway Glass. She was a secretary and when I would call Brockway Glass and want to talk to the President, I always had to talk to Virginia Brownlee first. I appreciated her again and again, for her kindness over the years at Brockway Glass.

We heard from many, many people. We got two hundred and forty-some cards and letters from places that I have never been and people that I have never met. In our area, all my life, I have heard of Nanty Glo, Pennsylvania. The zip code is 15943 and Robert and Audrey Reighard - they listened for years and years and attend the Nazarene Church over in Nanty Glo. Nanty Glo was, in its day, much greater during the coal period of time. We appreciate them very much.

All my life, I have been an extremely poor writer and I mean a very poor writer and I appreciate anyone that can write very well. I would say two of the best ever in my life, locally; one was Mrs. Dick Davis (Clarabel) and we have been close since childhood and I appreciate her so much, a beautiful writer; the other was Nancy Williams. George Williams ran the radio station, WCED, for many years until his death. His wife, Nancy, worked for Bell Telephone and now takes trips to the Holy Land and Switzerland. I say, "Nancy, Nancy Williams, you take trips to every place and I can't even get to Grampian, sixteen miles away to the rock festival!!"

In thanking various people who listened over the years, Dr. Gregory Roscoe for almost three years, gave great assistance to my ear; one ear completely went and being deaf in one ear was a great problem to me, especially at the Radio Station WDBA. Dr. Gregory Roscoe worked so effectively with my ears and I wish to thank him. Dr. William Hill, an eye doctor here in DuBois, went to Africa, in July, 1990, to kill an elephant. He said, "There is no truth in this at all. I'm going back again (went there several years ago and shot a lion) and this time I'm going to get a panther. The panthers are very hard to find in Africa and very hard to get a shot at. So we wished him luck. Dr. Eugene Grill, we have mentioned him before and Dorothea; the three people who have helped me tremendously in life - Dr. Eugene Grill, Dr. William Hill, his wife, Ann and Dr. Gregory Roscoe. I thank them for their extreme kindness.

Mrs. Byrd Dunlap, in her 80's, was an airplane spotter in World War II and I always insisted that she is driving a red racing car at the Clearfield Oval Speedway. She and Margaret Johns of Brookville are great friends and called in local news at WDBA.

Whether it be WCED or WDBA or what it would be, we would always start out with our farm friends in life. Charles and Mary Rorhbaugh were two of the finest

farm folk I ever knew. I met him over in Mahaffey at the Camp Meeting a number of years ago and we had a friendship that lasted down through the years.

There were people who lived down in Ambrose - a lady down there has red hair and she bakes the best rolls that I've ever seen. Her husband's name was Bill and he would be out milking the cows every morning down at Ambrose, Pennsylvania, near Indiana, Pennsylvania.

The people down through the years, such as 1945, a fellow co-worker, Adam Gruda, in Sykesville and Rose Angelo up in Force. Rose is high in her 80's and listened for years and years.

Don Harris used to chase me home from school and beat me up - it was a poor pair of legs that let the body take such a beating, but he works for a bank now, in Curwensville. He worked for Harbison Walker for years and years over in Clearfield and Don Harris, one of our great friends. He would say, "I never chased you home and beat you up!" I said, "You did the days that you could catch me." He said, "Well, I am not sure about that!"

Ann Barger over in Clearfield was a listener of great note; as were Mr. Bill Dodd, up by Sabula and Donna Salizzoni over in Brockway. Some of these people I never say; some of these people I never met; but I would talk to them on the phone and their story was my story; their heartache was my heartache; their joy, my joy; regardless of what it was, I would talk to them and had the opportunity to pray over the phone.

There was a dear little lady from over in Brockport and her name was Octavia Coder. Octavia Coder and I had been friends since 1962. Her first son died at age 40-41 in 1989 and she said, "Would you help have the funeral?" I said, "I would only be too happy to if this is what you wish." It was only about eight or ten months when the other brother died quite suddenly. She said, "Would you help with the funeral again." I said, "Yes, I will be glad to do this."

Funeral homes, seemingly have been my bag. I admitted that I went to at least three funeral homes a week for twenty years. Whether I knew the people or not, and I wasn't doing it as far as the radio station to polish apples. I was doing it only out of sympathy. I always went to the hospital at least once or twice a week in

that twenty-year period, but the funeral homes, whether I knew the people or not, I would go in.

Every time I ever went to a funeral home, I would see one of the famous Cherry family. Judge John Cherry, his sister, Josephine, his sister, Grace, his brother, Eddie; there would always be a member of the Cherry family. The Cherry family from DuBois was the greatest family our town ever produced. Their father had a small shoe store. They had a huge family and they all lived in this little building; one went on to become President Judge of Clearfield County; one went on to become an outstanding surgeon; one went on to become a great insurance man; one went on to be an outstanding lawyer; they just turned them out professionally, but all of them were responsible for their older brother, Joe. Joe ran a gas station. Joe never went to college. Joe never left town, but he saw that everybody else in the Cherry family got an education and what an education they got. The Cherry family - there wasn't a second family in our town; the Cherry family was the first family. They peddled newspapers when the 317 Flyer came in on its way to Pittsburgh every morning and in those days, it could be twenty degrees below zero and the youngest to the oldest of the Cherry children were peddling papers. At 4:30, the train left for Buffalo; they would be there peddling their papers again and always up in time for school. Judge Cherry - they told the story at his retirement banquet and we were fortunate enough to be at the head table. Judge Cherry was there and his brother, Skip Cherry, the noted surgeon. He said, "I came home from school one night, in grade school, and asked what we were having for dinner. My mother said we were having cabbage. I hate cabbage, I said. I shouldn't have said that because John, my older brother, was behind me; he took me by the shoulders and shook me till I was coming apart at the seams, slammed me down in a chair, put a big spoon in my hand and the biggest plate of cabbage you have ever seen and told me to eat every bite of that." Dr. Skip Cherry said, "I ate it all and to this day, my favorite vegetable is cabbage."

One of my favorite ministers that I ever put on the air was a man by the name of Rev. Ivan Thompson of Brookville, Pennsylvania. He worked until he was sixty-five as a minister and then retired and he bought a motorcycle, of all things. Someone said, "Could he ride a motorcycle?" No, but he had flown his own airplane

and he could play the saw like a violin, he would take a straight saw and put it on his knee and he was an artist and an outstanding minister. He and his wife on the first trip with the motorcycle - she said, "I am afraid to get on the motorcycle!" "Get on," he said, "I'm driving; you should have no fear." They went up to Parker Dam; fortunately they did not fall on the highway, they fell in the sand and the motorcycle rolled over. He said, "Get up, get on, we are ready to go." Ivan Thompson had come out of the old EUB Church and he possessed qualities that were just outstanding as far as a minister is concerned.

We heard the stories many times in Brookville, Pennsylvania. There was a theater in Brookville that was open many years ago. The man opened the theater and he had an airplane brought downtown. They had a picture about airplanes and they had the airplane tied down in front of the theater and the theater opened with a big bang and gusto and he received a telegram. He put scotch tape on the telegram and it was on the back stage of the theater for many, many years in Brookville, Pennsylvania. It said, "I will come to your theater and I will sell tickets; I will sweep the floor; I will sell popcorn, I will do anything I can to help you. I will even clean the seats!" This was signed - Will Rogers. Of course, Will Rogers at that time was absolutely fabulous as far as being in the movies and on the stage in New York.

We had a man in DuBois, Jim Beach, the barber and historian told me about him. His name was Colonel Hetrick. Colonel Hetrick went to New York and he was on the same stage with W. C. Fields and Will Rogers, the same act. Half of his uniform was a tuxedo and he had half a mustache on his face and the other half, his hair was long on the other side and he had a gown, silk gown clear to the floor and when he would stand on the right side, all you would see was the tuxedo, the black mustache and the black shiny hair and he would sing (they said he had one of the most beautiful baritone voices). He would turn instantaneously and all you would see was the gown, the blonde wig and he would be made up with rouge and lipstick and he would sing in a soprano voice that was second to none. Colonel Hetrick - he retired in New York City. I assume that he is long since dead now, but he came from DuBois, Pennsylvania and he was good enough in those days to be on with the great Will Rogers and the great W. C. Fields on the stage at the Ziegfeld Theater in New York.

Clarabel Phillips in the Oklahoma Section, just outside of DuBois, was one of my faithful listeners from 1945 off and on, straight through until 1990. Clarabel Phillips would never let me forget her mother. Her husband's name was Miles Phillips and he was a tremendous man. I always enjoyed his friendship down through the years - Miles Phillips. His mother, one fall, bought ten barrels of fresh cider. And we drank cider until their was just no end. I think we must have consumed a barrel and one-half to two barrels of cider and then, of course, it turned into vinegar and we had little, if any, interest in that. Clarabel Phillips would always say, "Miles reminds me of the time you and brother, Bob, drank all the cider." That was just great!

Many people listened to our station - and we held them in high esteem over the years; two are Tony and Bea Pitrone. Tony was in Pittsburgh, there was a huge golf tournament. I don't know if it was at Longview Golf Course in Pittsburgh, but Tony said he had a room at the hotel and "I will give you and your wife my room and I will find another place to stay." I said, "Tony, that is just great, but we already have a reservation." Tony said, "I am picking a man by the name of Mahaffey to win this golf tournament." I said, "Mahaffey doesn't stand a chance!" Well, he stood a chance - Mahaffey won the golf tournament.

Jim Barnes came from DuBois. Jim Barnes would listen every morning. Jim Barnes was high in his 80's. I would say to Jim Barnes, "How do you feel?" He said, "You hit me and you will find out how I feel!" Jim Barnes had been a great man at the racetrack in his days in Florida. He and the man who ran the railroad in DuBois, the B & O, went to the racetrack in Miami. Jim Barnes turned to his friend and he said, "What kind of a horse did you pick?" He said, "I picked this horse, #4 in the first race." "NUMBER 4?" He said, "That horse - when the bell rings and the gates open - is going to fall over dead right in the dirt here at Miami track." Well, the bell rang, the horses leaped out and that horse, sure enough, pitched over dead and the jockey rolled in the dirt; he didn't get hurt, but the horse was dead and Barnes turned to his friend and said, "See, I told you." Jim Barnes - oh, my, he was a character. We have appreciated him for years and years as he had listened to us on the radio.

By and large, it is the little people who make the difference as far as radio is concerned, especially if you stay at one particular station a long time. They once said that if you stayed over ten years at a radio station, you have told them everything you know and everything is anti-climatic from there and downhill. I don't know; I was a little over fifteen years with the radio station, WCED, in DuBois and fourteen years and six months with WDBA in DuBois. Well, maybe I stayed too long and overdid my welcome.

I met a man one time and his name was Eddie Maciag. He worked for Harv Murray at Murray's Ford here in DuBois - a huge Ford garage. They have a Honda garage next door that they built which was just as big and they do a tremendous business. Harv Murray had been in the Marines and had been every place in the world and in 1990, the summer of 1990, he went to Africa, got a permit and shot a lion. He said he shot eleven bullets and shot eleven animals. I thought that was pretty good ... Harv Murray, when he went to Africa. Eddie Maciag started his career at the B & O Shops, here in DuBois. He went down one night in 1946 and a man had a very minute car lot on Washington Avenue in DuBois - McAninch and Strouse. He said, "I want to go for dinner. You watch the lot." Eddie said, "I'm not a salesman; I can't ... WATCH THE LOT!" He had an old 1936 truck. I think it was so old it had wooden wheels. While the boss went out to dinner, Eddie sold that truck and that put him on his claim to fame for selling automobiles, and I can't tell you how many million dollars unpaid balance of cars that he had sold over the years. Our great friend, Eddie Maciag passed away in January, 1991.

Bert and Elsa Nelson came from up in Austin, Pennsylvania but had relatives in our part of Pennsylvania. Bert Nelson was in the Navy for seventeen years. He was at Pearl Harbor. He was at the Battle of the Midway and he was at many other battles in the Pacific. He still lives near Austin and he said, "The young men in America, not the ones that burn the draft cards; not the ones who burn the flags; the true young men of America will once more rise again. They will be called on again to defend their nation and they will do us proud. I have great and lasting faith in the young Americans." Bert Nelson worked for a leading newspaper in New York City for many years after his seventeen-year stint in the Navy. His wife, Elsa, was a brilliant woman. She had had a fabulous restaurant in Miami and a wonderful

restaurant in New York City. Almost all of Elsa's family in Germany had been killed in the Holocaust. She had many, many stories to tell. One of the last things she did (she had cancer) before she passed away, was to buy me a dark red Bible with huge print - from Bert and Elsa Nelson. We never forgot her kindness; she had real class and he was a gentleman and a war hero.

We have told you about Doc and Grace Snyder and the Reynoldsville Rollerdome, when I played Santa Claus from there - you can picture me as Santa Claus on skates, the bear and the elephant. Even the State Police Captain laughed at me when he sat there. He said, "That is the funniest looking Santa Claus I have ever seen on roller skates, Captain Harry Ellenberger of the State Police. Doc and Grace Snyder have an outstanding roller rink, in Reynoldsville, Pennsylvania for roller hockey. They also run a tight ship as far as no whiskey, no booze, no rough stuff. It is a family-oriented place.

We always appreciated Sonny Getch and his wife, Honey Marie and their family: Joanie Robertson and my good friend, Ruth Kunes who now lives up in the Valley. Ruth Kunes works for Christ the King Manor. I grew a mustache one time and Ruth Kunes said I ought to let it grow all over my face. I am still laughing about that.

Bill Munro was the roughest, gruffest man I ever talked to, but underneath the exterior, he was a pussycat. I always enjoyed Bill Munro. He came out of the coal mines into the car business and he was always talking about a place called Big Run, Pennsylvania. He had a million stories about Big Run and he had two sisters, Mildred and Eileen Munro. If I ever knew two outstanding ladies, it was Mildred and Eileen Munro; the epitome of good grooming and dress; both retired and just perfect ladies. We are always so happy when we see our beloved Mildred and Eileen Munro. Also, Mrs. John Hughes. John Hughes had Hughes-Starr Motors here in DuBois. His two sons, Jack and Jim, now run it in our town. We enjoy the friendship of the many years-retired Mrs. John Hughes.

Well, you go down the list in radio and you see certain people; you don't know what they have done; what their families have done; they go on and then you see them years later. Such as Bill and Kathleen Carlson. Kathleen and I went to school together and I thought she forgot all about me. Upon my retirement from WDBA,

Mrs. Kathleen Carlson, Eric's mother (they also have a daughter out in Chicago) sent me a picture from the yearbook, 1943, and the yearbook had the pictures when I weighed 138 pounds. Now, my leg weighs 138 pounds. She took this picture from the yearbook, our wrestling picture, and I got a big kick out of that. Also, the number that had passed away since 1943 and the number that had taken on a little weight; I was one that had taken on a little weight.

Fred and Donna Shuss live in Curwensville. He is an outstanding singer; made an album. I played his record - fine baritone voice - I played his records and appreciated him very, very much.

In the fall of the year, we would always have the Barbershop Quartets - Jack Skoog was the Swedish man's name (came here from Minneapolis). He would bring in the biggest barbershop quartets - from Houston; from Miami; from Los Angeles, from Kansas City and also from Minnesota. In fact, one year, for the barbershop quartets, they would just pack the high school. One year, he had two bus loads come in from Minneapolis and it was quite a thing. We appreciated this. But usually on that Saturday night in October when we would have the nationally known barbershop quartets come, my wife, Erma and I would be headed over to the Men of Action over at Cherry Tree. We always appreciated, for over eight years, the Men of Action in Cherry Tree, Mr. Alden Brothers and all the persons over there in Cherry Tree.

Bob "Smoke" Anderson - he got the name "Smoke" from the way he could throw a baseball. He could throw a baseball right through an old wooden barn. He had a fireball pitch and he was outstanding in 1941. However, he had a better offer for three years and that was to tour Europe at the government's expense and the United States Army and when he came back, his baseball days, at least a chance for the big leagues, were over. Bob and Verna Anderson - their kindness; he was an excellent mechanic and their kindness to our community is remembered forever and ever.

I just know a lot of nice people by the name of Bob. That's all it is, cried Charlie Moore. Bob and Norma Kitchen. He had Kitchen's Dairy (still has it) for many, many years. He had one thing that he liked to buy and that was guns. I appreciated him - buying shotguns, 12-gauge shotguns, 20-gauge shotguns, I suppose a 10-

gauge shotgun, 16-gauge shotgun and then pistols - starting with a 9 mm, to a 45, to a 22 long barrel, to a 22 short barrel, to a 32, to a 38. He had them all and every time I would kid him over the air, he would go out and buy another gun. Then, his wife would sit down and write me a letter, Norma Kitchen, and she'd say, "This is absolutely the last gun I am going to permit him to buy!" And I thought - until the next one!

I worked for Rockwell in the very early years in the 40's - 1944, when I got out of the Navy and Rockwell - there was a man by the name of Eddie Maholtz who worked there. He had powerful arms; he was strong as a horse. I remember he came over one night in Rockwell to borrow one of our 54-gallon barrels - we needed them for swivels. Eight of us grabbed flag irons and anything else we could pick up to go down and pick a fight with him (it was all in jest and he knew it). Eddie Maholtz became an outstanding postmaster up in the town of Penfield. We enjoyed Eddie Maholtz, his daughter, Lori, and his wife, Mary.

Mary Newell had worked for many years downtown in a furniture store and they said she was one of the best that ever worked in our town.

A man by the name of Wallace Lindsay - he would pass you on the street, you would never know who he was. Wallace Lindsay, was the man who stood it as long as he could, having worked a lifetime in the shops. He looked at our old cemetery, called Rumbarger and it was, in essence, boothill. The tombstones were turned over; the grass had grown over them and it was the worst looking thing in this part of Pennsylvania. Wallace Lindsay and several of his buddies went up single-handedly and worked and worked for two years to make it a beautiful cemetery again. The late Paul Reitz, who owned the Riverside and Penn Traffic Stores from Youngstown to New Jersey, had a favorite and it was Wallace Lindsay. He said, "I will do anything to help that man who is doing everything to help us!"

My lifetime friends, Howard and Amy Hunter, had one of the finest families of anyone that I have ever known. I could have retired years before if I hadn't spent all my money for gas and oil and tickets to get in and follow their four boys when they wrestled all over Pennsylvania. I don't know - the Hunter boys, in football and wrestling. Our children weren't that old to participate in sports in those days, but we followed them. Amy Hunter was one of the best mothers I ever knew. Howard

Hunter sent away one Christmas years ago for a Bible for Amy - A M Y , his wife. When the Bible came back, the gold letters had A N Y H U N T E R. Amy thought it was so funny that she kept the Bible and may have it even to this day.

We have appreciated a man by the name of Dan Leasure, in Punxsutawney, R. D. 2. Dan Leasure was with us for many years and always a tremendous help.

When you broadcast to people who own a store or own a business establishment and you've never been in that store or you've never been in that business establishment, you have an invitation to do so and partake of their goodies; it is always a treat. Lorraine Hilliard has a store down in Coolspring, between Brookville and Punxsutawney and she said, "Chazzy, any time you are down here, everything is on the house!"

For many years, up at Dents Run, and the Civil War Stores coming out of Dents Run, there was Marie and Gordon Whitcomb, who had the store up there and we appreciated that. She said, "You bring the biggest bag you can get, come up to the nickel candy counter and you can clean us out. Everything in the candy line is free." Sadly, the years went by; the things you mean to do, you don't do. I would announce over the radio, "I'm going up to Dents Run to Gordon and Marie's store and I'm going to get myself a big bag of free candy." I never did; they closed the store, but the offer always stood good to the last day they were in business. We appreciated our Gordon and Marie Whitcomb up at Dents Run. Dents Run is the starting place, great hunting section, in our area and Dents Run is the place near the area where the people have hunted for years, since the Civil War, for the shipment of gold bars. They were taking them (and wanted to bypass the cities) so they went up in the boondocks at Dents Run and buried these gold bars and they made a map so they could come back after the war and dig the gold bars up. They had a heavy, heavy wagon pulled by many teams of horses because it was so heavy and no one ever, from that day till this, has been able to locate exactly where the gold bars are still buried. Marie Whitcomb has told me she knows and "Bring a shovel and I'll show you." Not being too much of a man with a shovel, I never got up. Marie Whitcomb has always had her own idea and Gordon, also, as to where the gold bars were buried and it was always a very interesting story from Civil War days until today.

Sonny Getch works for Riverside Markets now in DuBois at the warehouse - we used to roller skate together quite a bit and Sonny showed me a picture of a young man who had no teeth. I said, "He looks like he has had quite a good time, was this on a motorcycle?" "No," he said, "I don't know how this happened but this is the young man, who in Jefferson County, about eight years ago, stood on a big rock and they were making a drive, deer hunting, and the deer came through. A big buck came between the two rocks and in typical Roy Rogers fashion, he dove off the top of the big rock onto the deer's back with a huge knife, stabbed the deer and that's how he got his buck." Now, I had heard this story time and time again, but I never met the boy. So, I met him expecting him to be 6' 6" or 6' 7", 285 pounds. He barely weighed 145 pounds, but he had that look in his eye and I said, "Is it true that you leaped off the rock, stabbed the deer to death as it went past, jumped on its back and that's how you got your deer?" He said, "Yes, it is and my mother was fit to be tied. She said, `If you had missed the deer, you would have plunged that knife in your stomach and killed yourself.' Yes, Mom, but I didn't miss it!"

Radio listeners in our area are basically the same as anyone else. They will remind you of the things that you have said on the radio; things that you forget. Bob Carlson was a boy I went to school with for twelve years - he and Muzz Montgomery (muzzleloader). Well, Muzz spent his working years at the Rockwell plant here in DuBois and Bob Carlson, at the B & O Shops until he retired because of health. Bob Carlson was highly intelligent. They came over to see our company, at Great Lakes one night, Dave Blakley and the late Jim Allen, when he had only been a month at Great Lakes and I'll never forget how glad we were to see them.

I want to talk about Anna Mae Korb. Anna Mae Korb is one of the finest, outstanding Christian teachers that ever graced our area. She taught school for over forty years and a monument to her - the students who went through the classes taught by Anna Mae Korb - loved her and love her to this day.

Russ and Hazel Shaddock - he was an insurance man in New York City for Metropolitan and did very well. They came back to DuBois and retired at Treasure Lake. He said of anything I want to do in this life, I want to play for the Charlie Moore Chickens Football team. I said, "This is perfectly all right." His wife, Hazel, is very interested in folklore, Indian folklore and E. D. Reitz had the bus company

here in DuBois, is my neighbor and I've held him in high esteem. E. D. Reitz brought the Indians down from Salamanca the year before last to the Lutheran Church and Hazel Shaddock was vitally interested in this and we thanked E. D. Reitz for his great interest in bringing the Indian dancers down and all the paraphernalia and it was just great.

Orville Sprague ran a gas station. He didn't run a gas station - he ran a good gas station and he made friends that lasted for over forty years. We always appreciated in the mornings that Orville Sprague would listen.

I have told you about Blake and Dorothy Mohney. He was with the F.B.I. and then was president of the bank - Linda Mohney's father, down in Punxsutawney. We see them from time to time and they are the type of people you are always glad to see. Her sister was Mrs. Harry Griffith and Harry Griffith worked for about forty years for Brown's Boot Shop and Jennie now lives in Washington, D.C. Harry passed away in the fall of 1990. She was the second do-gooder of the whole wide world - Jennie Griffith. Always you would see her going down the street with homemade apple pie, bread, soup, and that's on one tray and the other tray with a small chicken or turkey completely stuffed and ready (not for the oven) but for the table. She was a do-gooder like Doris Johnson, to take to the people who were ill. We have appreciated our beloved Jennie Griffith. She worked at the bank here for the President, Eddie Brubaker, and is held in high esteem.

Ralph and Trudy Hoffman are two cute kids. They live one street from us and they listened in the morning and we have always appreciated, since we have known them; they are friends of my son, Paul; Ralph and Trudy Hoffman, of Washington Avenue, in our town.

Mrs. Florence Shaffer, my wife's sister, "Aunt Flornie" has been the greatest Christ-like example in our children's lives.

When somebody does big things and makes out well as far as their chosen work in life is concerned, you always thank them and tell them how you appreciate what God has done for them. Such a man is Lloyd Riss. Lloyd Riss came back from the service, like the rest of us and in those days, the main thing was to get a job, not to talk too much of college. Well, Lloyd Riss went on to Temple. But the main thing was this - after World War II. You would talk to people and the first thing they would

say is, "Do you have your name in for a washer?" The younger generation just rolls on the floor when they hear this today. "Do you have your name in for a stove?" There wasn't such as thing as a dryer, but a washer, a refrigerator or a stove - you had to put your name in. You had to put your name on a long, long unending list for a new car. Usually, it never materialized. How much was a new car? Well, my father-in-law bought a car (a Ford) for $666.00, prior to World War II. I remember vividly the first cars that came to our town at the end of 1945 and January and February of 1946, were Dodge automobiles. but, they cost a tremendous amount of money; they were $995.00 and a new Ford truck, straight stick pickup truck, was $995.00. Then, they went up just a little bit from that day until today. Lloyd Riss decided after college that he was going to sell sports equipment because he was an outstanding fisherman and he would travel; he always said he went to Gloversville. Gloversville is in upstate New York and I don't know how many announcers on Long Island I worked with but it was a springboard for announcers to work out of Gloversville. So, Lloyd Riss would always get a big charge out of this. He became associated, and went in business with, Ted Williams, the famous baseball player from Boston and he could never talk to Ted Williams on the phone unless he was two hundred miles out of town. It had to be a long-distance call and they would ask where it was and he would say, "Lloyd Riss, from so and so ... a couple hundred miles out." Ted Williams would take the call. He said, in those days, he would leave home with huge packing cases of his sports/fishing equipment and he would go to the sportmen's shows in Baltimore, Washington, Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and Atlanta and he said he would be gone ninety days from home to these shows. I said, "Did it bug you, being on the road ninety days at a clip?" He said, "I pushed snow almost up to the top of the fenders, many a day." They didn't have Interstate roads then and front wheel drive was only something they talked about on a Jeep, not on a Pontiac Station Wagon. Lloyd Riss, in spite of all his success, became everyone's friend and a regular fellow. When he went to Scotland, for small game hunting and to play golf, I said, "This is just great!" This past year, 1990, he went to Africa, the same time Harv Murray, the Ford dealer went and we have appreciated his various travels. But, as far as being a little man for the regular fellow, he was never a big shot. Lloyd Riss graciously would take me to the Penn

State Football Games, over at University Park in the fall in State College and he knew many of the important people in Penn State and we enjoyed this very, very much. He had a friend whose name was Harpster, Wayne Harpster. He just wrote a note, scribbled it off to Jimmy Carter, while he was in office, and said, "I understand that you like to fish. If you would like to come up to Pennsylvania, not too far from State College and fish at my place, we have it stocked and you are more than welcome to come up." The Secretary for then-President Carter called him the next Monday and said, "Did you mean it when you said the President could come up and fish?" "Yes," he said, "I had Dwight Eisenhower up here fishing and I see no difference in Carter and Dwight Eisenhower." So, in two weeks, the helicopter came in with all the guards and the President and the man they chose to teach Jimmy Carter's wife how to fish was Lloyd Riss from DuBois. He had been in business with Ted Williams selling fishing equipment, but to teach the President's wife how to fish, well, that was another thing. The helicopter came down, Lloyd Riss said, "My knees were shaking and it wasn't the breeze from the helicopter. It was the idea that the Carters were going to arrive. We spent a delightful afternoon on the stream, did catch some big fish, thanks to the Harpster brothers and then I put my equipment, tack and gear in the car, ready to come home. Jimmy Carter came out on the porch and said, `Where are you going? You are going to eat with us!!'" One of the crowd became a great friend. Jimmy Carter insisted that Lloyd Riss go to Malaysia with him and he said he couldn't because of his business commitments. Jimmy Carter said, "I want you to come down to Camp David." So, down to Camp David he went, as a guest of the President of the United States. I have been in Lloyd Riss' home and he has memorabilia covering the walls made by a carpenter from Plains, Georgia, by the name of Jimmy Carter. Jimmy Carter came up here ten out of eleven years; his wife and children, when they were smaller, would come up and go skating at State College. I always thought it was funny - Jimmy Carter's wife and the Secret Service men going roller skating in State College. Lloyd Riss has become great friends with many people through Jimmy Carter. When they opened the Jimmy Carter Library in Atlanta, I saw the invitation he had. It said the former President would be there and we want you, Lloyd Riss, to be one of our honored guests.

However, Lloyd Riss has always been as humble as an old pair of shoes. We like our Lloyd Riss very much.

Some people, in and out of radio, were highly successful in anything they ever did in life and you felt that you were an "also ran" and sometimes you couldn't get on the track to be an "also ran." "I'm not too smart," cried Charles Archibald Moore, but I figured out in life this much - regardless of how young you are; regardless of how old you are, there is one thing that follows you throughout your entire life and that is your reputation. I'm talking about a child; a child has a reputation, for good or bad. A grown man or a grown woman has a reputation for good or for evil. The people that we know and have tried to include in our tiny book are people that we felt had great ability.

There was a young man - he weighed about 160 pounds, a graduate of Penn State, five years in the Marines and he played five years for the championship baseball team in the Marines. His name is Phil Myers. He lives in DuBois and is married to a beautiful young girl, Debbie Miles and they are two cute kids. His father works for the Courier Express and heads the sports department. He worked for many years prior to that for the electric company. His name is Bantley Myers. Phil Myers - he is the type of person that you admire. I always said they never hit a baseball to him that he didn't see the stitches and he would be up to bat and would get ten hits in a row in our local league. He played in DuBois, the year before last, for one league on Monday night, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday night. Every night but Sunday night, he was playing ball. He loved to play ball and is outstanding. He is a tax consultant, CPA, and does a great job, a nice boy, Phil Myers. He is the type of person that is coming along - the next generation. If the next generation is half as fine as Phil and Debbie Myers, I think we are in good hands, with Allstate.

I talked about my life-long friend, Lloyd Riss, the friend of Jimmy Carter - well, he had a younger brother by the name of Buzzy Riss. It has been so many years, that I don't remember Buzzy's first name; I think it was Jim. He was a State wrestling champion in high school in 1943 and then he went into the Merchant Marines in 1944. After he got out of the Merchant Marines, the war was still going on, so he went into the Marines and then came home, finished his education at Penn

State and went for a little over thirty years with United States Steel in the Levittown area. Buzzy Riss, seemingly, was a person who was divinely blessed because he could do it all - football, wrestling, life. He just seemingly could do it all.

There is a man who lives (he is a World War II Veteran) in Brockway, Pennsylvania and he is John McNulty's friend, Edward P. Biss. When they send for God and for country, Parson Marnati Post #95 of Brockway answers; they have the two saddest faces I have ever seen on God's earth and it's Joe and his buddy in World War II. Whether they were in Europe; whether they were in Italy or the Pacific, or wherever they were - their clothes were too big; they were caked with mud; they had a heavy beard; had the saddest faces as they came down the road. It became a local thing in our area that this was actually Edward P. Biss and John McNulty, who had fabulous careers as far as the military was concerned.

Roly Noble and Marge Noble - we have known them a lifetime. Roly Noble always has a smile; always trying to do something for someone and something good. Roly Noble was in the newspaper business for many years. When he was seventeen years and a couple of days old, he went overseas to England, participated in the invasion and spent the next three years in Europe. Roly Noble practically grew up in Europe and has always been such an outstanding friend.

When you get down in radio and when you announce, you have to know the people that you are announcing to and you have to know their likes and their dislikes.

A quality lady was Ruth Hasselback. We appreciated her husband very much when he lived but she always had words of wisdom for us.

Then, there was a lady, Mrs. Costello, who lived on Olive Avenue. Jake Graham had a store on Olive Avenue. Jake Graham was always inside, until he was ninety years old, working. He was too busy to ever come out, but he had huge benches outside and they had what was called the "Spit and Whittle" Club. On a summer's night, we would be down there from 5:30 until after 10:30 and we solved every single political problem there ever was. We solved all the financial problems of the world, not only the United States. There was no problem that the "Spit and Whittle" Club could not solve. We remember our good friend, Alex Barclay. If there was ever anyone who appreciated his hometown, stood up for his hometown, it was

Alex Barclay. David Barclay, Alex's son - I will never forget when my son got married, one hundred-some miles below Washington, D.C., on a hot day in 1975, and David and Paul Moore had been great friends. Dave came all the way down, in the Navy, having graduated from Annapolis and he said, "Why couldn't you have married somebody from Sabula?", which was four or five miles from our home. I always remembered that.

Kenneth and Sarah Williams - Kenneth Williams came from our town. He preached for forty-some years and he is maybe 5' 2" at the most with a slight build. When he went in to speak at the pulpit, however, he became a giant! Absolutely, a giant. I never knew anybody with any better delivery on the pulpit than Kenneth Williams. I said to Kenneth not too long ago, "I always, in the days of Mahaffey Camp Meetings, wanted to have a little color added to your life." He said, "Such as ..." I said, "I wanted to buy you a fire engine red Cadillac convertible with leopard seat covers and a leopard beanie." He smiled and said, "Hey, Charlie Moore, it's still not too late for you to buy Rev. Kenneth Williams a Cadillac with leopard seat covers - make that a really bright red!" And I laughed and walked away.

You talk about people who came with the front door; in other words, they have been over forty-five years on the job. Every time you ever saw them, they were executing their appointed job to the best of their God-given ability. Such a man was Don Kilmer. Don Kilmer heads the water department in our town and we have been blessed with a fine, fine police department. Darrell Clark, our policeman (Chief of Police) went down one night to one of the larger buildings down by the railroad tracks that was on fire. He would not yell up the stairs, "The building is on fire!" He went up the stairs, knocked on every door, got everyone out and the place burst into flames. I was standing across the street and I saw one of the firemen and it was one of the most thrilling things I have ever seen in the DuBois annuls of fire fighting. He ran as fast as he could with those big firemen's boots and the black coat and hat. He leaped over the sidewalk onto the railroad tracks and when he did, instantaneously, the building collapsed right where he had been standing; the entire building came down. We always appreciated Police Chief Darrell Clark for his heroic deeds. I said, "You should have gotten the Carnegie medal for heroism." "No," he said, "I never got over being able to live in a town like DuBois. I love DuBois so much; they

made me Chief of Police, but I also love DuBois so much, I won't even take a vacation in the summer. I will spend it at home. I don't even want to leave the city limits." I thought it was a pretty good tribute to a little town like DuBois. Don Kilmer and his wife live on Maple Avenue. He is one of the most outstanding, gracious men; fine Christian gentleman, Don Kilmer, our town was blessed when he was here. He had workers who worked with him. One of them was Norbert Snell. Norbert Snell and his brother - their father wasn't able, at all times, to run (they didn't call it a used parts lot in those days; they called it a junk yard) their junk yard. Norbert Snell was just eight years old and his brother was twelve. People would go down in the old days and this was before automatic transmissions were so popular; when they needed some parts, they would go down to Snell's Junk Yard out of Falls Creek and the two boys (who could hardly get their heads above the steering wheel to drive the wrecker), after you picked out the part, knew where it was and how much it was. Norbert Snell - I have never known a finer worker; a more dedicated boy and I always kid him, every time I see him on the street working with the city crews of DuBois - I let on I am pulling my gun and he always beats me to the draw. Norbert Snell - how we have appreciated him.

Joe Kruckow is a very handsome man with gray hair (I imagine he dyes it, I don't know) and our town has been a better town because he raised his family here. He is superlative as far as a human being. The people that work with the city crew like Don Kilmer and Norbert Snell - those are the people who made the town. It wasn't the affluent people who you would point to and say, "Hey, he has about four-million bucks!" That didn't mean anything at all. It was the idea of the little people; when they would listen to you; when they would say something; those are the ones that we would particularly care for and wished that we could have done more for.

Ben Blakley, Jr., is a fine attorney in our town. But, he doesn't take the greatest pride in that - the main thing in his life is the fire department. I said, "Are you a lawyer or are you a fireman?" "Oh," he said, "I am a fireman first! I am a lawyer just to make a living. That is strictly it. If the fire alarm sounds, I'm ready. This suit and tie might fool you, but it doesn't fool the guys on the truck." Benji Blakley, Attorney-at-Law. He does great jobs.

Emporium, Pennsylvania, is great hunting country. We have been there many times. Emporium is fine! The Rev. Ed Dixon and Roz Dixon; we have appreciated them so much. He worked for three years with my son in East Brady as his advisor. Ed Dixon and Roz Dixon - quality people.

I went to a parade one time and I met a lady and she said "My name is Adeline." So, I started to sing the song, "Sweet Adeline" and I said, "What is your husband's name?" She said, "Shake hands with him, his name is Sam." Sam and Adeline Smith. They have followed my tiny, tiny career for years and been very gracious. We appreciate our great, great friends, Sam and Adeline Smith.

In all my life - the main two people - you would say probably my wife and my mother!! No, No - the main two people in my life were Mrs. Luther Lowe; she was "Darling" Nellie Gray and also Mrs. Martha Plyler. Mrs. Plyler died a few months ago and I lost one of the best friends that I ever had in my life. I don't know if you have ever gone through a period in your life, where the tickets are hard to sell and nobody on God's earth seems to be for you. The more you try, the worse it is and the more you go down in the ditch and keep digging. Darling Nellie Gray Lowe and Mrs. Plyler - they were the two best friends to stick up for me when the chips were down; when many people wouldn't even give me the time of day; they were so genuinely kind to me. That dates back twenty-right years; I've never forgotten it and my love and respect for these women. The late Mrs. Plyler, she was just one of the finest human beings I ever knew and her counterpart was the Darling Nellie Gray Lowe of DuBois. When I needed someone to beat the drum for me, they were always there and I felt so unworthy, but so thankful to God that they ever came across my path in life.

Billie Frost - when I first met her, she was a very beautiful girl in high school (I took her home from a dance one night, as I remember) and I thought when she came back after many years, she wouldn't remember me, but she did. She lives up in Meadville now. Her father was a chiropodist and her mother was a chiropodist, too. I had at the radio station in 1949 an in-grown toenail. I don't mean to tell you that it hurt; I couldn't even stand on my toe. So, I went in to see her mother and her mother gave me a bottle, about four inches in height and it had a solution that was dark brown. She said, "You soak your foot in this and then come back to see me in

a week." Before I went out the door, I said to Mrs. Frost, "Do you want me to drink all this tonight?" She said, "If you do, I want to see you tomorrow morning!!"

Gi Gi Torrell is forever young. Gi Gi Torrell has to be seventy-five, going on thirty-six. Gi Gi has listened in the morning and she was related to Jim Murone who had the Variety Four that I used to play in the 40's. Gi Gi had a daughter and her name was Frances. We called her Chickie - Chickie Cherban. She works at the Beauty School in DuBois, but if we ever appreciated two people for their faithfulness and kindness to listen over the years, it was Gi Gi and her daughter, Chickie.

Ken "Buckshot" Bundy was our State policeman for a number of years. He was also the county commissioner - here for Clearfield County. Now, of all things, he is doing security work out in Colorado. Ken and Grace Bundy - his main thesis of speech was, "I said to Grace." Every other thing was, "I said to Grace." I picked this up and would put it on the air and then the local gentry picked this up and every time they would see him, they would say, "I said to Grace." Grace and Ken Bundy, they certainly are fine people and we appreciate them again and again.

"Hammy" Hamilton was a huge man. Hammy Hamilton was in the Navy thirty years. He looked at me and said, "I wrung more salt water out of my socks than you have sailed over!!" I said, "In thirty years, I believe this." Hammy Hamilton and his wife come here for summers. He still has a summer home in Luthersburg, Pennsylvania and we have appreciated them.

If there is a coach that is of Christian background, and he has a winning team, his testimony means so much. We have a man by the name of Bob Bubb, a very handsome man and a coach and Marsha, his wife, over in Clarion at Clarion College. He has been the wrestling coach over there for years. When you can take a school like Clarion and wrestle Pitt, Penn State, and Lehigh along with the big colleges and do well, that is something else. Bob Bubb in his early years at Clarion, surrounded himself - I think one year he had four national champions in wrestling - with winners. The days of Wade Shalis at Clarion and Elbow Simpson were the great, great days of wrestling. People from this area - from every section went to see the great Bob Bubb. I have worked various dinners with him and we hold him in the highest esteem. His wife said, "Now that you are retired, would you like to help coach with Bob Bubb." I said, "This would be great!"

There is a lady named Eileen Rensel - Mrs. Bill Rensel. She was instrumental in helping us again and again in our early programs and we appreciate her so very much. I think her husband, Bill Rensel, could shave in the morning and by evening have a black beard. He looked like one of the Smith Brothers of cough-drop fame. I went out to Eileen Rensel's one time and there was a man by the name of Shorty Nelson out there. Shorty Nelson was in his 80's and had planted a huge garden. I took a butcher knife and I put the blade down under my arm and it looked like I had been stabbed and I stretched out in the cornfield. Well, Rensels came home and Eileen said, "There is a drunk out in your cornfield and I'm afraid to go near him. He has a knife sticking out of his back!" So, Bill came out with vengeance in his eyes and turned me over; there was Charles Archibald Moore in an overalls jacket and pants and I finally got the laugh on Rensel. That I did enjoy again and again.

People who listen to small radio - they never sign their names when they write. They are called the silent listeners; the silent majority sometimes. They say, "We have listened to you for years; we started when we were teenagers many years ago from 1945. We appreciated this - they signed it the Galuzzi's from Brockport, Pennsylvania". The people who never mention their names are just as important to us as the next door neighbors.

Pinky and Merle Corp live in Falls Creek and I knew Merle since childhood days when he was with Jim Patton and he used to throw tomatoes at night. They had a big tomato gang there. They never did too much damage but the tomatoes sure went whizzing by.

Fred Wilson was my next door neighbor and in later years, moved down the street. He ran Wolf Furniture Company. Fred Wilson told me the most important thing in his life - he was on guard duty with a machine gun at an Army installation and in through a gate in a four-door convertible came Franklin D. Roosevelt, the President of the United States. He said, "That was my biggest thrill!" He worked with a man by the name of Jim Black. He had been a great football player and had come from over in the Altoona area and was highly successful with Wolf Furniture. Jim Black went to Harrisburg and he didn't come back for years. I was at a local football game one night and he was clear up at the top of the stands. He yelled, "Charlie Moore, I want to see you!" So, I stood until he came down. He said, "I met

Kara Hartzfeld, Age 6. Calls me "Charles in Charge". On Christmas after receiving quite a few dollar bills, she was asked if she'd like to give Grandpa a dollar bill. She said it would be a "cold day in July before I give you any money."

a friend of yours in Harrisburg." I said, "Who was that friend?" He said, "Jesus Christ - I accepted him as my personal savior." I looked at Jim Black and I thought, "Boy, the years have gone by and this certainly is wonderful news," from Jim L. Black. He is a fine friend.

It's because of radio my wife and I have been invited to speak at about five hundred churches over the years - church dinners, church services and the like and we have appreciated this very much. She said the greatest thing in her life is the DuBois Nursing Home. For nine years she has been up there singing at the DuBois Nursing Home. The Administrator, Ray Freebourne is the new administrator and Pat Valentine told me he is so pleased with him. We have made commercials for several years with Kathy Margle, the Director of Admissions and Public Relations and her daughter, Tara. They live up in the Treasure Lake area — she came from where they make the shredded wheat (up at Niagara Falls). We've had the opportunity to meet her mother when she was down and Kathy Margle is one of our special friends.

I mentioned the name Pat Valentine - Pat Valentine made the best pies; he's been with the Route 219 Association for over twenty years and he made the best pies at his Encore Inn Restaurant for many years. Pat Valentine lost his dog tags on Guadalcanal in 1943. He didn't get them back until 1989. A man was talking to a native; he saw the dog tags around his neck. He purchased them from him in Australia and sent them back to Pat Valentine. It was quite a story - how he got his dog tags back. Pat said he never knew how he lost them on Guadalcanal but in those

days, he was really busy and didn't have time to worry about a thing like that. Pat Valentine - we appreciated that.

The story of small-town radio has changed greatly over the past few years. There was a time in 1949-1950 when they had a little microphone. It was about 2 1/2 inches and it was called a 2-BA, high impedance and you twisted this thing until it snapped and you were supposed to get a better sound from that. There was much talk as far as the shore mikes were concerned - that they were the best or how to work your way into the microphone. You would hold five fingers up from your chin and that's how far you were and then it was supposed to sound so and so. The improvement over the years in recordings from the time we started till today is amazing. When we started, we had huge black machines and they put a little 78 disc on there and the engineer who was making the recording (and in those days, you gave five minutes of news, and a couple of commercials, tell about yourself) or whatever, you would send that out to the station. I don't think anybody that worked the old days in radio didn't send out at least a thousand, probably more than that, over the years. The announcer was willing to move from the East coast such as Savannah out to California for $5.00 more a week, never thinking of the cost or the inconvenience to his family. There was always an influx of people coming in from college who wanted to be announcers. They would work for next to nothing and thus the industry itself; the people that owned the radio station made the money; they made big money! But the people who worked for them were - I wouldn't say a lower class of people - they were people who would wise up and get out of the industry when they wanted to make more money and have more security along with hospitalization and some type of pension at the end. They would get out of radio and those who stayed; I don't know about those who stayed; they were wild.

I've had various people who listened to me in the morning; one was "Wild" Bill Shannon, he was in the service; came from our hometown of DuBois. He would get up every morning and he was one of the best friends I ever had. He would record my program every morning, in its entirety, so if I made mistakes he could call me on them. We were great friends. I would take him to the circus in Pittsburgh and I would say, "I don't smoke and I don't want you to smoke." So between DuBois and Pittsburgh, it was 100-102 miles and he would smoke three packs of cigarettes. He

died several years ago and when he did, I lost a vital part of my morning program - "Wild" Bill Shannon.

Gene Monnoyer wore a bowtie. He had been in the insurance business and he looked for all the world like Cary Grant. He was handsome enough till the day he died at seventy-five to be in the movies; dynamic personality. He had been a tremendous Boy Scout worker for forty or fifty years; in the Scouting movement and the Beaver Awards. But, Gene Monnoyer was always the type to call if something was wrong in the morning or if he could alert me to a fire, disaster, or something that was going on and then he would be gone in ten seconds. I miss Gene Monnoyer in his passing from the scene.

I had a man by the name of Ralph "Red" Reitz. His mother told him when he was a boy, "I have a job for you with Jackson China." Jackson China, the pottery, was in Falls Creek, about three miles from our hometown. It was where we had our transmitter. His mother sent him down there to work when he was fifteen years old and she said, "You have to work two years!" He worked fifty years and one day. He worked his entire life and he was one of the greatest workers and influences in my life ... Ralph "Red" Reitz. He said when he was a boy, a friend of his said, "Let's walk over to Brookville." So, they started at 3:00 in the morning, went the twenty-five miles to Brookville, found some buddies over there, walked all day long; went up the stack at the silk mill, clear to the top. Then they walked around the precarious top of this huge brick stack, came down, walked all over town and walked home. They didn't get home until 5:00 the next morning. He said his friend limped as long as he lived, from that. Ralph "Red" Reitz - he was something else. He was my Sunday School teacher for eight or nine years, but he taught me greater things than that. We did our old church over one time down on Jared Street, the Missionary and Alliance Church. In those days, I was always willing to see just how strong the other fellow was, so between the work, I got Ralph Reitz down and I said, "You get in the referees position and we will wrestle." I was never so glad to let go of anybody in my life. I thought he had a tail. Strong as a bull. He and his brother, Kenny Reitz were two of the finest people I ever knew. I appreciate Ralph "Red" Reitz to this day.

Joseph Garman was a person who could do all things and do all things well. He came from over in the Altoona section, played semi-pro football with the Altoona

Mountaineers, and in those days, in the late 40's after the war, they had some tremendous football players. DuBois had a great semi-pro football team, DuBois Buicks. Punxsutawney had a team - the Punxsutawney Bombers and Kittanning had a football team as well. We had a boy that played linebacker for our team - his name was Dee Hibner. Dee Hibner was like Sam Huff in those days, as a linebacker. There was no equal to what this boy could do. He'd played football with boys by the name of Jim Stanley and Don Holland. They, in the 40's, both going into the service upon graduation, had quite a football team. Well, I will never forget one night Joe Garman played and he was a tremendous back. He had been a star in high school, as far as track and football were concerned. He married a girl by the name of Doris Naw from over in the Tyrone section, Bellwood Antis, and she was one of the most talented women I ever knew to organize. Whether it was for the young people in the church or to organize anything, she just had a knack for this. She had been in Chicago and Doris Garman was outstanding. They have a thirty-acre farm not too far from DuBois and I go out with my 22 or my 30-06 or 308 and shoot target or if you have a little machine for skeet, to put the clay pigeons up and shoot them. I went out one day, late in the afternoon with a man by the name of Joe Guthridge. Joe had retired; he was in his seventies and I will never forget, I spilled a box of 12-gauge shotgun shells. He said, "Here Charlie, you are too old to pick these up; I'll pick them up." Joe made the greatest turkey calls I've ever seen when we would go out to Joe Garman's and have quite a time.

Bob Peoples was quiet; he was about 6' 3" and worked forty-five years for Rockwell. He and Nettie raised a fine family and Bob Peoples was a rock. Everybody has a Bob Peoples in their life; somebody that is substantial; they work one job, they are there; they are good; they are right true until they retire. We have always appreciated him.

And, you have Charles Archibald Moore, always worked one job. No, I said, I had forty-three jobs since I got out of high school. If I didn't like the job, I just went on to something else. But, the people that you admire the most are the people who are stalwart citizens. They listened to our radio station; they supported us unstintingly in everything we ever tried to do and they never asked anything.

There was a little man, lived out on Brady Street. his name was Claude Dilts. He is now in a rest facility in our town. He and his wife had three daughters - Jan, Marilyn and Norma. I think one of the finest families I ever knew - the Dilts family. The doors of our church never opened, but they came in; they were there when you needed them. Claude Dilts, Jan, Marilyn, Norma and his wife, Elva Dilts, a tremendous family.

When we were growing up, we were kids and we were wild. We didn't want to work. Work was something that you didn't mention in cafe society. There was a young man that lived across the street and his name was Colson Blakeslee. Colson Blakeslee had the highest academic record at Penn State University when they started it in 1939 in DuBois; went on to Philadelphia and became an outstanding doctor in our town. Not only a doctor, but a Christian layman and a person who always had the right answer to the right problem for everyone. I will never forget one summer, Colson Blakeslee decided to build a tennis court. He took a shovel, a wheelbarrow and he worked all of May, all of June, all of July and all of August in building a tennis court. Then, when Dr. Colson Blakeslee finished with this (he was probably sixteen at the time), the rest of us all descended on his tennis court; we were more than willing to play. You would have to know Dr. Colson "Coke" Blakeslee; he said, "That's perfectly all right, you can join me." We hadn't done any of the work at all.

Mrs. Florence Reitz was with me when I first went on the air in 1945 and she called the last morning I was on the air in 1990. Florence Reitz raised a fabulous family - her husband was Kenneth Reitz and he worked for the old Edwards Bus Company. We appreciated our beloved Florence Reitz.

Jim and Jan Duttry - Jim is one of the finest singers I ever heard in my life as a songleader in church and just a tremendous voice. He would sing a song, "The Choice is Mine" by Jim Duttry. I will never forget it.

Other people who listened - Carl and Beverly Reagle - Carl Reagle is a tax consultant and a very smart boy. His wife, Beverly, worked at the nursing home and they live in Big Run with their fine family. They have a son who joined the Army and is stationed in Germany.

I make out, when I talk about radio, that everyone was old; they weren't all old. There was a lady by the name of Flora Sunderland of Altoona and she was only ninety-nine years young and she said that listening to our little radio station, WDBA, in DuBois, was her only out as far as the world was concerned, with the news. When you think about that, it is a responsibility.

Music in our area sometimes was very hard to come by. We were divinely blessed as far as country music and hillbilly was concerned but when it came to big band music, you had to rely on a certain segment of the population and one of the finest men was Donald Routch. Donald Routch came from Brockway and was a band director there for many years. He plays the saxophone; plays the clarinet; he plays anything and everything to perfection. Donald Routch had physical problems, but his physical problems would never interfere with his great personality and kindness to the other person. When we think of Brockway we think of Don Routch; he is a wonderful musician and a great guy.

Dickerson Tattersall - Dickerson Tattersall is a teacher at a place called Brookville High School. He was unequivocally the greatest show drummer I ever saw in my life. He was the Gene Krupa-type show drummer. He would twirl those sticks and when he would play the drums, it was something else. When he played the set of traps, no one could ever touch Dickerson Tattersall. His long suit was connecting the people down at New Bethlehem with the barbershop chorus. He directed the barbershop chorus down there for many years and I always thought it was so funny - he taught school over in Brookville. One of his students, after being with him for four years, said, "I didn't know that he played the drums!"

Big John Swack - we could sit down and write a book about John Swack and the various places his huge saxophone had taken him. He had been all over Pennsylvania, playing with various bands and had been a hospital administrator for a number of years. John Swack - everybody's friend. If there was a band practice at the American Legion, John Swack was here. If it was the big band over in Brockway for the Fourth of July, in Punxsutawney, DuBois, or wherever the big band sound was, you would find John Swack. Dickerson Tattersall, Don Routch and Don Kiel, who had been President of the Union Bank, played for many years, especially the United Fund productions and did a great job on the trumpet. Frank

Wife Erma, Bass
Vera Kay ... Mickey Davis ... Avewell Kyser
Erma Mae and her Western Melodiers, 5 years on WCED as many as 6 days a week.

Humphrey of Reynoldsville also had the television business down there. He was great on the horn. George Monaco was probably the most outstanding trumpeter to come down the pike, at least in my time. He was very humble of his ability; worked in Brockway, for Brockway Glass and spends his winters in Florida. When he is home he still plays the trumpet and he is still just crystal clear on his trumpet.

Jimmy Nelson, Tommy Thompson and Anthony Allegretto formed a trio. Anthony Allegretto was a very bashful young man. He said, "There is only one person in the world any better than I am and that's Art Van Dame of the Art Van Dame Quartet." He was the forerunner to Myron Floren and a forerunner of Horace Hite when he had his big band and the famous accordion player for him. Well, Anthony Allegretto was every bit as good as he ever said he was. He said, "I'm going to be a professional ball player." That all changed; he is a teacher now, a librarian. Tommy Thompson of Punxsutawney, Jimmy Nelson and Anthony Allegretto - I always felt they were better than the Art Van Dame Quartet.

Other people who listened and were instrumental in my little life - it's the people that did the little things for you.

Mrs. Easton Stoddard's name was Cora and I would go down in the morning when pancakes were twenty-one cents for three pancakes as big as manhole covers. That was at the bus terminal. I would go in the morning, very early, and Cora always had me three pancakes that you couldn't get on a plate, they were that big. We always appreciated Easton Stoddard and his wife, Cora.

Mrs. Guy Shaffer lives on Main Street in DuBois. She was with me for a number of years, as well as a man by the name of Glenn Williams over in Clearfield.

Harry Ferguson and his wife, Elsie Ferguson, and their two fine daughters were with me as long as I can remember being on the radio.

Mrs. Harry Brunner of the Fourth Ward - Harry Brunner, the late Harry Brunner, was my special friend. When my mother died in 1966, it was Harry Brunner and his wife who came down two nights at the funeral home and he said, "Charlie Moore's mother is dead, we will go down and sit all evening." And to think now, when you look back, a person coming to the funeral home, they come in, shake hands, sign their name and go out. But, in those days, your true friends would come down and they would sit every night until the funeral.

It was odd - my mother died on New Years Eve; her mother died on the Fourth of July; her father died on Christmas day; her brother died on his mother's birthday and her mother died on the brother's birthday. In our family, it was always the thing; if we could get past the holidays, that would be it.

My grandfather, my mother's father, in 1900, when lumber was king and coal mining in this area was big, John DuBois II, went to him and he was having trouble with the first John DuBois and he said, "Would you buy ten thousand acres of woodland up near a place called Pennsylvania for me and I will re-purchase them from you in six months." My grandfather, he and John DuBois II were great friends. He said, "This is fine, I will be glad to do this!" He bought the ten thousand acres up near Penfield of real woodland and when he did, John DuBois gave him, in 1900, thirty-eight thousand dollars in no small bills (they didn't have small bills); they had the huge long bills then. It was money as we know it, but the bills were maybe two or three inches longer. He went home and carried what was called a black mariah. A black mariah was a small suitcase. He went in, bounded up the stairs and screamed to his wife, "Margaret, come and see my new bedspread!" So, she came

and saw the $38,000 cash. This was a time when men were working for perhaps $1.00 a day or maybe even less and to come home with $38,000 was a variable fortune in those days. How his brother in California knew about it, I don't know. But, he wrote to him within four days and said, "I have the greatest opportunity in my life to buy a redwood forest and I need $38,000, wire it to me if you will!" Being a good brother, my grandfather, Will Osborn, sent the $38,000 to him and he was dead with pneumonia on Christmas Day. My grandfather had three servants in the house, a huge house in Third Ward, and the daughter, my aunt, was going to a girl's finishing school in Mississippi and everything was going so well. In those days, when the bank closed in on you, they closed in for good. The $38,000 had been sent to California for redwood; they never heard from the brother again the rest of his life. The bank came in, moved their furniture out in the street and my grandmother and her six children were, more or less, free lance artists. Her name was Margaret Osborn and she was the finest Christian woman I ever knew in all my life. She lived to be almost ninety years old and she started me, when I was three years old, of all things - singing, no; cooking, no; she started me going to funerals. I remember my grandmother, Margaret Theodisa Osborn, was taking me to funerals when I was three years old. Maybe, that is how I got the desire. It was my bag to go to funerals; I admitted here in my hometown of DuBois, having gone twenty years to at least three funerals every week for twenty years. She had a son and they called him Dud and Dud could stand on the back porch (in those days, you were permitted to shoot a 22 rifle); they had this huge, big yard and they kept chickens and she would say, "We are going to have a chicken for supper. Dud, get me a chicken." He would stand out on the back porch and never missed once in his life of taking the chicken's head off with one shot. He was a dead shot. He went to Buffalo and the family never heard from him again.

My little life was surrounded by a man by the name of Jimmy Clinton. He is a minister and has three churches in this area. His older brother, Glenn Clinton, was a minister and also one of the finest gunsmiths I think I ever saw in my life; not jut bluing rifles; not just making new stocks, but anything for pistols and rifles - Glenn Clinton was outstanding. They had a brother, Harry Clinton, and perhaps I have mentioned this before and if I did, I don't mean to be repetitious, but Harry

was the most handsome man I think I ever saw in all my life and he was just like Charles Atlas. I would stand and hold a parking meter downtown on a Saturday night and Harry Clinton's arm with the other and he was just as strong as the parking meter. He had ruptured himself seriously and he had a chance to pitch for Cleveland and he was an excellent ball player in his life, but he just burned his life out; he lifted; he worked for an oil company and he said, "I have just ruined myself in lifting." But, Harry Clinton, when he went into the service, my aunt, Mattie Smith, told me, "They took him to Miami in the Air Force; they put him in a bathing suit; brought him out and I don't know how many companies were there. They said, `We want you to look at this man; there is an example of what a man should be.'"

Leroy Mason of West Decatur was one of our favorite listeners and over in Brockway, with Brockway Glass, we would, down over the years go over the list of the fine people we have known who worked with Brockway Glass ... Jack Winfield, who was President, always a great friend of ours at Brockway Glass; Leroy Mann, Bob Johnson, who joined Brockway Glass in 1944; Keith Bovaird and the list just goes on and on. Grant Dixon and Bob Reay and the people who worked at Brockway Glass - we appreciated them and especially Buzz Benson. I had gone to school with Buzz Benson and in the days that I was roller skating, a young lady with red hair came up to me and she said, "You are always talking about Buzz Benson on the radio! I don't like him!!" I said, "Why, what has he ever done to you?" "Well," she said, "He is my supervisor and he never speaks to me." I said, "Do you know how many young ladies he has working on machines at Brockway Glass?" She said, "How many?" I said, "Six hundred!!" I saw her the next week skating and she said, "I saw Mr. Benson and he spoke to me." I had mentioned it to Buzz Benson. He and his brother, Bob Benson; Bob was with Brockway Glass at one time and they had a boy by the name of Connors Thomas, who was the greatest artist that I ever knew. Connors Thomas, Buzz Benson and two others had striped summer coats, white pants, white shoes and striped hats for the barbershop quartet. That was the first time I ever heard the song, "Lyda Rose, Oh, Lyda Rose."

Bobby Sheldon Kougher - you have to know Bobby; Bobby wears a cowboy hat, straw in the summer; felt in the winter; and Bobby Kougher, retired now, smiles all the time. Bobby Sheldon Kougher of Reynoldsville.

I went downtown last year too the Tom Mix Festival and the Tom Mix Festival, in DuBois, is kind of watering down every year. We used to have a rodeo here; we used to have a tremendous big parade for the Tom Mix Festival and various things, but it has watered down over the last few years and I saw Bobby Sheldon Kougher and he had a paper bag with him. I said, "What do you have in the paper bag?" He said, "I have been carrying this all night for Charles Archibald Moore from Radio Station WDBA." I said, "What is it?" And he reached in the bag and he pulled out two handmade rubber band guns. If you remember - you will have to be pretty old to remember - when we were kids, we had rubber band guns and you would squeeze the trigger and the rubber band automatically would go off and it was something else, but these were highly polished; I gave one to my grandson, Brett and I gave the other to my granddaughter, Cara and they seemed to enjoy them very, very much.

In DuBois, Ted the barber on West Long Avenue has a friend named Andy who was in the paratroopers for twelve years. He stopped in each morning to listen to WDBA.

Lucille and Orwin Srock, over at Grampian; they supported me with their listening over the years.

Over in Clearfield, the County Seat, we had the Johnson Sisters. And the Johnson Sisters are fine singers and the one Johnson girl married a minister by the name of Claude Hunsberger; he is our current minister at the First Methodist Church and an outstanding preacher.

When Paul Reitz died - Paul Reitz was instrumental in all of the Riverside Markets from Youngstown to New Jersey, all the way across Pennsylvania and into Ohio and also with Penn Traffic - he had been mayor and was one of the most important men in our town. Rev. Hunsberger said, "The night before his funeral, I had a dream. God told me the scripture to use in his funeral and gave me the entire message." They said it was a very fine funeral service and did tribute to what I consider was one of the greatest men we ever had in our town - my great friend, Paul Reitz.

I know Emma June Green and her husband, the late Kenny Green, were with me from 1948 through many years of radio.

A lady by the name of Virginia Hummel and also the Hummel sisters would listen and always were so kind in their listening.

I had a lady by the name of Eunice Slye - Sly and the Family Stone was popular in those days' music. I always called them Slye and the Family Snowball. Charles and Eunice Slye.

There is a lady who lives out on Atlantic Avenue in Sandy Township. You have to know what Sandy Township is compared to DuBois. Sandy Township was just a little tiny area outside of our town where Joe Cherry had a gas station and in the 20's and 30's, they would have the carnival or circus up on the hill beyond that. They had a brave, brave group of men - the Sandy Township Firefighters. They were probably as fine a group of firefighters, volunteers, as our area has ever seen. Sandy Township was always the weak sister, until on the other side of DuBois, they built the new DuBois Mall and added to it again and again; they had added to the mall and then Sandy Township became a power. They built a big Holiday Inn; they built Treasure Lake, that is something else and now Sandy Township is not the weak sister; the weak sister is now DuBois, with everything that Sandy Township has. There has been much discussion if DuBois and Sandy Township should combine and be one. Sandy Township said, "NO, I don't think so!!" Out in the township lived a lady by the name of Agnes Zilleox. She was with me in 1945 and until 1990 and she called me "Chuckie," like I had a little beanie hat with an airplane twirler on the top and was wearing short pants. She would call me early in the morning, listen to the scanner twenty-five hours a day; she got an extra hour in somewhere and if there was a fire, she would copy down the words the firemen said so I would get it verbatim what they had said about the accident, fire or tragedy. I did appreciate very much my Agnes Zilleox and she and a woman by the name of Sara Salada had lived in the township. Well, in those days, they had several dance halls out there and, as young girls, (this does go back a number of years) they would go dancing. She said, "I went in the ladies room one night and came out and I was the sensation of the dance floor." I said, "Agnes Zilleox, Why??" She said, "Somehow I got the wrong end of the toilet tissue and it unrolled, and it caught on my heel and I dragged it all the way out on the dance floor. I didn't live that down for thirty-five years." Every

time I would talk to her, I would say, "Are you and Sarabelle Salada going dancing tonight out in Sandy Township," and she would say, "We certainly are!!"

There was a lady - Sissy Armlovich. Sissy was the grade school crossing woman until her death and Sissy Armlovich was one of the kindest people I ever knew in Sandy Township. when someone was running for office and I was one of them - I ran for County Commission; I was solidly defeated, but I had the opportunity of running anyway and Sissy went all over Sandy Township to get votes for me. Some said, "Did it work?" It sure did - it didn't county wise, but it sure did in that section. My beloved Sissy Armlovich. I felt so bad when she died. She was one of my great, great listeners.

Usually when you end a story or end a book, you have to end it with somebody important. I don't know why that is. The thing that is important to me is the little people.

Our Congressman, several years ago, got an invitation for my wife, Erma, and I to go to Washington, D.C. to the Hilton for a prayer breakfast. I had known Rev. Ted Kelly, a missionary for many years, thirty-eight years in Quito, Ecuador, where my son was. Ted Kelly had gone to the prayer breakfast with Reuben Leafgren and I had known others down over the years who went and it was quite a thing. I know when we got to the Hilton, my wife asked me the price of the room and she said when she found out, she was not going to get out of the car. "Good," I said, "you sleep here. I'm going in right now!" We met Charles Colson and he, of course, was from the Nixon Administration. He wrote books and his prison ministry was one of the most humbling experiences. He was one of the most humble people for us to run across in our experience. He never took advantage of his great popularity after the Nixon days and after his days in jail. Mr. Mitchell was taken to jail, also, to Alabama and the only thing he said while they had him in handcuffs and were taking him off to prison was, "It's nice to be in Alabama." Whereas Charles Colson turned his life around to serve Jesus Christ; it has certainly been a monumental thing in our nation. I looked around at the table and they had around 3,500 people there that morning and they served them all in about eighteen minutes. President Ronald Reagan was there and his Vice President Bush and it was just excellent to be there and see this. I went over and I said, "You are Jerry

Falwell, aren't you?" He said, "Yes." I said, "We watch you on television and listen to your program." He said, "Where do you work fellow." I said, "I work for a little radio station, WDBA, in DuBois, Pennsylvania." He said, "I want to tell you something. Nothing is ever little. Just because you are working at a single station and I happen to be on a network of stations; there is absolutely no difference; nothing is little in the sight of God and the sight of God's people" And, I all my life had thought, "Well, it is little; it is small; so many people would say, what are those call letters; I never heard of it." but, when Jerry looked me in the eye, he said, "I want you to remember something, Moore; nothing is ever little!"

We thank you if you have read portions of this and appreciate your kindness, but above all, we have appreciated our local firemen; our local nurses and doctors; the people who have served our area, especially from the American Legion; the Brockway Parson Marnati Post #95; the DuBois American Legion #17, James Montgomery Post; VFW Post in DuBois - we have appreciated so very much. It is the little people that have made life worthwhile. We thank you much for being with us in our short journey of small-time radio. I fully realize that many people who worked in radio say, "You couldn't be more wrong ... it wasn't that way at all." I know, that is the way it was. Some announcers came through from California, they listened from Pittsburgh, up to Buffalo at the announcers and they say they have the worst announcers in the United States from Pittsburgh and Buffalo and I had this great Friend, Bubs Love - he went to an alumni banquet and this fellow got up and insulted him and said ... "Half-hearted football player ..." Bubs Love got up and said, "Thank you, it's very nice to be recognized." And, I guess I would say the same thing. Your servant, Charles Archibald Moore, from a place called DuBois, Pennsylvania.

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PS: I guess he was right!