

## Old Time Radio—A Review

by Mary Winsky

A friend just told me to turn on my cell phone and leave it on so she could reach me. I never do. My grandmother told me to turn on the radio and sit beside her. I always did. The Heritage Hunt Little Theater invited us to turn off our cell phones for three nostalgic nights of *Old Time Radio*. What a blast from the past!

Thanks to the ever-expanding repertoire of our creative Bets Knepley and the ever-steady energy of our efficient Elena Portoles, we turned our entertainment dials to Station WHHC and five popular programs of yesteryear.

Some of us had tingled to *The Shadow's* eerie laugh and brilliant untangling of mysteries too difficult for mere law-enforcers. Eleven Heritage Hunters brought us back to our dark side's satisfaction with evil and our light side's triumph in overcoming it. Once its door creaked open, we were brought into our pasts. Some of us had belly-laughed at *Fibber McGee and Molly's* clutter and chuckled at its marital banter. This program piled up eight more of our resident thespians on our shelves of enjoyment. And like the affectionate affectionate pack rats in the title, we felt attached to them all.

Some of us had puffed up about how smart we were in contrast to the ditsy characters in *It Pays to Be Ignorant*. Add six more of our people to its success. We groaned at its puns and knee-slapping corn—and felt great.

Others may have clutched at their heartstrings as the *Romance of Helen Trent* filled our youth with soap operatic expectations of dramatic love affairs that swung swiftly between tragedy and romance. Ah! Six more neighbors made us ring our hankies.

And even if we didn't recall any of those first four, who didn't know *The Lone Ranger*? He rode again with his hearty "Hi Ho Silver, Away!"—Tonto hoof beating beside him with fabulous sound effects. It took ten more of our kemo sables to ride this range back to life.

And all these remembered lives were sponsored by products we could still sing the jingles to, like Johnson Wax, Pepsi Cola (hits the spot), Luster Cream Shampoo and Cream of Wheat. With the lovely voices of three peppy singers and the cue cards for laughter and applause of the two red and white polka-dotted, white-gloved prompters, we were carried smoothly along through reminiscence.

It would be impossible to properly credit all the talented participants specifically in the complexity and mix of separate programs and multiple roles. And the list gets even longer when we add the members of the production staff. A thank you list will have to do. So thank you: JoAnn Baker, Jane Becker, Chuck Breder, Denny Cumber, Ted Day, Pat Dews, Helen Esposito, Goldie Grandy, Faye Green, Nan Hepp, Betty Hitchcock, Sandy Iasiello, Bets and Ed Knepley, Helen Kriegel, Joyce Mancini, Alan Mager, Ina Mayer, Sandy Mills, Elena Portoles, Nanette Ross, Gene Schmiel, Murray Schooner, Dot and Bill Schuetze, Phyllis Shrader, Yvonne Stathis, Rick Sullivan, Sully Sullivan, Tom Taggart, Joey Wagner, Treva and Bill Whyte, Paul Young and Jan and Sil Zinicola. Your many talents, authentic costumes, fine performances, and hard work tuned us in to what we loved long ago and treasure today. Stay tuned to HHLT!