Chapter 4 WLS: TheBrigadoon of Broadcasting

By 1955, many radio stations, including WLS, were feeling the economic pinch of changing music interests. The station had been around since 1924, and its 50,000 watt, clear channel frequency made certain that it was a Midwest mainstay. The programs on the station at that time included a series of 15-minute live radio shows and the very popular Saturday Night Barn Dance. At the time, WLS was owned by the Prairie Farmer Publishing Company and the station had over 190 employees.

While WLS didn't deliver much in the way of profit, the company's publishing division, which dated back to the 1840s, made a lot of money! Then, in the mid-1950s, the American Broadcasting Company (ABC) made a successful offer to Prairie Farmer to buy half the company. By 1959, WLS Radio was operating deep in the red, so ABC offered to buy the other half of Prairie Farmer for a reported \$4 million.

Ralph Beaudin was brought in as president and general manager of WLS from another ABC station, and Beaudin, a former US Marine sergeant, operated the station with a firm military style. Sam Holman, who had successfully programmed KQV in Pittsburgh, was the station's program director, and, in May 1960, when WLS went on the air with its new rock and roll format, Holman had a solid lineup of talent. The DJs included: Mort Crowley from WIL in St. Louis; Ed Grennen, who had been with the old WLS, and who was replaced shortly after he arrived by Jim Dunbar, from Detroit, in mid-mornings; Gene Taylor, formerly at WOKY-Milwaukee, in the early afternoon; Holman on the Silver Dollar Survey Show in the afternoon;, followed by the "Wild Italian" Dick Biondi, Art Roberts, and the "East of Midnight Show" with DJ Bob Hale from Peoria. The WLS programming people understood that the core of rock and roll music was all about teenage rebellion, pure and simple. These kids were just coming of age and claiming this music as their own while rebelling from the norm and just loving it. The station followed the credo of "know your market and what appeals to your customers, and you will become rich." The first day that WLS was on the air as a rock station in 1960, it played Alley Oop by the Hollywood Argyles nonstop for 24 straight hours. Who ever heard of such a rebellious stunt? But the teenagers loved it, and that introduction of the station really grabbed their attention.

The WLS signal, with its 50,000 watts on a clear channel, reached all over the globe and entertained millions of listeners. Its transmitter was located in Tinley Park, Illinois where some of the neighbors were not all that thrilled about the antenna being situated in their neighborhood...apparently with good reason. It seems that some of the stray radio frequencies from that powerful transmitter, known as stray RF, could and did cause problems. For example, florescent lights in nearby homes would remain lit even after they were switched off. However, as the story goes, the most bizarre event happened on a warm July night when a perspiring, overweight lady sat down on her toilet seat and got the shock of her life. It seems that the toilet seat was made out of aluminum and was just the right dimension to pick up some of that stray RF. The RF shocked her backside, and that caused her to leap up, lose her balance, fall, and break her leg. Of course, WLS paid the medical expenses and also bought her a wooden toilet seat.

As for my career at WLS, it began on September 18, 1961 when I received a call from my old friend, Sam Holman, offering me a job at the station. I was overwhelmed with joy and not a little pride and determined that I had just hit the radio jackpot. Every DJ in the country wanted a shot of working at that station because it was considered to be the "Golden Goose" and the "Mother Lode" of rock and roll radio. Almost 50 years later, it is still easy to describe the direction, care, and camaraderie that existed between management and air staff. Certain station managers are great not because they themselves are superstars, but because they know how to awaken the star that may sleep in each "player" around them. Program directors Sam Holman and Gene Taylor knew how to do that. They directed the programming at WLS with a fair, but firm hand, and simply told us: "We could have hired anyone from around the country for this radio station, but we chose you because you're the best. Do your thing, and if

THIS WEEK 1. MOUNTAIN HIGH THIS TIME 2. 3. TAKE GOOD CARE OF MY BABY. 4. CHEWING GUM 5. MEXICO 6. HEART AND SOUL LET ME BELONG TO YOU. PRETTY LITTLE ANGEL EYES 8. 9. STARBRIGHT 10. MORE MONEY MEDLEY 11. WITHOUT YOU 12. MICHAEL 13. LOVERS ISLAND 14. LET THE FOUR WINDS BLOW 15. ASTRONAUT #1 16. THE WAY YOU LOOK TONIGHT 17. WHO PUT THE BOMP 18. AMOR 19. FOOTSTOMPING #1 20. A LITTLE BIT OF SOAP 21. JOHNNY WILLOW 22. MAGIC MOON **KISSING ON THE PHONE** 23. 24. MAGIC IS THE NIGHT 25. BAND OF GOLD 25. CANDY MAN/CRYING 27. LITTLE SISTER 28. **BACK BEAT #1** 25. I'M A TELLING YOU AS IF I DIDN'T KNOW 30. 31. **BEAUTIFUL BABY** 32. BLESS YOU 33. HIT THE ROAD JACK 34. LOOK IN MY EYES 35. YOU'RE ON TOP 36. I'M THANKFUL 37. NAG YOU'RE ON TOP 38. MY TRUE STORY I REALLY LOVE YOU SO 38. 40. SAILOR MAN

to 6:30 P.M.



you need any corrections, we'll discuss it. Otherwise, entertain them!" Years later, when I became program director at WLS, I remembered those lessons and tried to program the staff accordingly. Regrettably, that mindset seemed to change when another program director assumed the role at the station in the late '60s.

In 1961, my first assignment at WLS was to host the "East of Midnight Show" and I handled that job for 18 months. As I mentioned earlier, since my wife, Joan, and I hadn't sold our new house in Milwaukee, I was commuting between there and Chicago for three hours each way via the North Shore Line. Luckily, at WLS' Christmas Party in December, 1962, Gene Taylor told me that I was getting off the all-night show and becoming the DJ on the "Silver Dollar Survey Show" each afternoon from 4:00 to 7:00 P.M. Gene had taken over when Sam Holman was tapped by WABC in New York to become their program director. Joan and I were overjoyed by the new assignment because it meant decent working hours and more salary. But, that shift didn't last long. Three months later, the WLS morning man, Mort Crowley, became ill and his doctors told him that he could no longer work those early morning hours. So, a short time after becoming afternoon man on the station, I was reassigned to be WLS' morning DJ and I felt that it just couldn't get any better than that!

Our aim was to entertain the audience, and I think we really accomplished that goal. We offered the teenage listeners a fun time with new station jingles, great rock and roll music, and a variety of contests. The morning show appeared to crackle with excitement, personality, and freshness, and the audience response was overwhelming.

While the official sales line was that rock and roll radio stations around the country had a core audience of 18- to 34-year-olds, I think it was a bunch of baloney. The WLS core listeners were made up of kids age 12 and up, and our ratings were measured by that age demographic. We confirmed that conclusion every time we stepped outside the station doors at Michigan and Wacker. In fact, the record hops, concerts, appearances, and our mail all combined to reflect an understanding that we had primarily a young teenage audience that continued to grow in size like wildfire. In fact, Dick Biondi's nighttime audience reached unprecedented numbers that totaled perhaps 80% of Chicago's total nighttime radio listening audience.

None of us ever know when a small act of kindness can nurture a dream. In 1963, a Chicago teenager was scheduled to appear as a guest teen disc jockey on Dick Biondi's Saturday night WLS radio show. At that time, kids would write in to the station and Dick would choose a letter, invite the teen to come in, and he would interview the kid on the air for a few minutes. One night, Dick was ill and Art Roberts sat in for him. Like all teens, the guest DJ was a young man who was both scared and excited to be on WLS that night. Years later and he still hasn't forgotten the thrill because it certainly planted the seed for his career. In fact, you can see him every night on network television across the country hosting a little nationally syndicated program called Wheel of Fortune. Yes, his name is Pat Sajak.

The WLS powerful signal was heard in all 50 states and mail poured into the station on a daily basis. That kind of success meant that commercials began to fill the radio log very quickly. According to former WLS salesman, Ed Doody, our spots sold for \$200 a minute and we carried 16 spots an hour. On any given day, WLS was bringing in over \$50,000 in advertisement revenues! This occurred at a time when the average salesman's salary was \$12,000 a year. As I recall, one of the station's unhappiest salesmen was a guy named Mike Ditka. Mike finally quit his sales job at the station when he received a call from Bears' owner, George Halas, with an offer to become an assistant coach with the team, which, of course, he accepted. And, after

WLS

Clark Weber's high-ranking "wake-up" show starts the day in fast tempo on the Bright Sound of Chicago radio, WLS. Known in the broadcasting business as a "real professional," Clark is a man who gives conscientious attention to detail and technique. His morning program is a popular mixture of humor, lively music, traffic reports, news and the weather.

Clark's broadcasting career was launched when he landed an announcer's job with WBKV in West Bend, Wis., later becoming news director. He moved to WRIT in Milwaukee in 1958 where he hosted during prime early-morning-show time. In September, 1960, he took over the "East of Midnight" program on WLS.

At home in Evanston, Ill., Clark says he worked out his engineering frustrations on a ham radio set. Flying, home movies of his four daughters, and literally hundreds of personal appearances for civic and charitable events round out a busy schedule. Clark is a man who walks and talks with a smile, and it's a happy voice that fast-paces the morning show. "I love this shift," Clark says, with typical candor. Thousands of listeners agree with him.

CLARK WEBER ... EARLY MORNING



PERSONALI





left to right **Bernie Allen, Don Phillips,** Art Roberts, Clark Weber, Ron Riley, and Dex Card.



some years with the Bears, he left for an assistant coach position with the Dallas Cowboys before Halas hired him back to the Bears as head coach. Of course, Ditka would lead the Bears to a victory in Super Bowl XX in 1986.

After beginning my years at WLS, I began a separate career as an on-air voice talent doing radio and television commercials. It all began on July 4, 1963 when I had the good fortune of being introduced to Shirley Hamilton, a Chicago talent agent extraordinaire. She commented to me that she had heard my voice on WLS and thought that I had a special talent to do commercials. In fact, she suggested that I stop by her office some day to discuss the possibilities. Two days later, we met and I soon became a member of her "stable of voice talents." I began getting voice work, but nothing that one could consider earth shattering. However, one day, I received a request to come to a "cattle call" audition for a fast food commercial. A "cattle call" is when an ad agency contacts a talent agency and requests that they send over perhaps 10 to 20 of their best voices who might fit the agency's need for a particular radio or television commercial. When you arrive at the audition, you are given a copy of a script to study. Then, one by one, you are requested to come into the studio, stand before the advertising agency talent director, and give your best shot at reading the commercial. The guy who was running the audition that day had a nasty reputation of responding to talent with a hair trigger temper.

After I read the 30-second commercial, there was a moment of silence before he proceeded to unload a series of negative comments on me. In an explosive voice, the director said to me, "If I wanted some guy who sounded like a damned disc jockey, I would have asked for one! Now, get out of here and send in the next person." I left that audition embarrassed, angry, and upset. Of course I sounded like a disc jockey since I had been one for over 10 years—and a good one. But, I realized that, just maybe, I didn't sound like a "believable" person.

I immediately got the name of one of the best voice coaches in Chicago and, several months and many hours later, the coach "knocked" the disc jockey style out of my voice and taught me how to properly read a commercial. As a result, down through the years, listeners and viewers have heard me as everything from the voice of "Mr. Clean," to a portrayal of a doctor for Blue Cross, and hundreds of other commercials. Years later, when I created my own advertising agency, I remembered the shoddy treatment I had received at that early audition and never treated anyone seeking a job doing an ad with anything but kindness and respect.

Speaking of commercials, we can now put to rest, once and for all, one of the greatest urban myths related to Dick Biondi and the supposed story of why he got fired from WLS. To this day, I still run into people who tell me the tired tale that they were listening the night Biondi supposedly told an off-color story on the air that caused him to be fired. The undeniable fact is that it just didn't happen. I was there and became an eyewitness to the incident. In fact, here's what did happen. There was a disagreement between Dick and WLS management over the increase in the commercial load during his show. He had monstrous ratings, and it seemed that every sponsor in the country wanted to reach that audience and was willing to pay any price that WLS would charge for commercial time on his show. As it turned out, an American Dairy Association's advertisement happened to be the one additional ad that broke the camel's back.

Biondi went on the air one night in 1963, saw the added commercial, and became irate. Armend Belli, the WLS sales manager, tried to calm him down, but Dick was very unhappy. I had just come off my "Silver Dollar Survey Show" when I heard what appeared to be a loud commotion in the hall. Dick was making it clear to Armend, in no uncertain terms, that he

didn't want to have so many advertisements because they were forcing him to interrupt the flow of music on his program. Program Director Gene Taylor intervened and tried to calm down the situation, and finally suggested to Dick that he go home and just cool off. Biondi did go home, but the next day, May 2, 1963, three years to the day he had begun at WLS, he was fired. Station manager Ralph Beaudin had tried to sort out the situation, but ended up firing Dick. It was highly regrettable for Dick, and for WLS, because he had become so popular, with his own national audience, and was our "Pied Piper." The kids loved Dick, and his listeners have always been very loyal because Biondi prided himself on looking out for his listeners and he feltan obligation to take care of their welfare, (i.e., just too many commercials). However, WLS resisted Biondi's reaction to the added commercials and made clear to him that the station was determined to maintain its position on the number of advertisements. It was a situation that had gotten out of hand, and Dick's career was affected by the event. So, simply put: there was no dirty story...just a misguided understanding of the situation. And, despite his great popularity at WLS, Dick was fired by the station. Years later, Biondi did return to Chicago at WCFL, then, later at WJMK, and finally at WZZN where he holds forth today. Dick Biondi has also been inducted into three halls of fame: Rock and Roll; the Radio Hall of Fame; and Museum of Broadcast Communications.

When it comes to the salaries of WLS DJs, I think that we were always well paid thanks to the fact that the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists (AFTRA) had a union contract with Chicago's major radio stations. The union scale starting salary for a WLS DJ in 1961 was \$32,500 a year. I will always be thankful for the unions because radio stations of every stripe could and did screw the DJs out of money whenever they were able to do it and the stations resented the power of unions. The AFTRA and SAG (Screen Actors Guild) were very hard nosed in dealing with the stations. However, thanks to the unions' unstinting efforts on our behalf, some of us received excellent pensions and health care in our later years. So, this advice to those who want a career in radio: join AFTRA and SAG; hire an attorney you can trust; and be certain to have a good insurance agent and CPA. You'll sleep better at night and have a great nest egg when you hang up your earphones!

Some of the DJs were able to work their way up the salary scale from making \$45,000 to as much as \$60,000 a year, depending on their on-air shift, with the morning man making the most money. By the mid to late '60s, a few salaries even increased to \$75,000 a year. Then, there were the paid appearances, which became a non-stop phenomenon for DJs. Record hop and speaking appearances of \$250 to \$350 per night were also common in those years. Since I had already learned how to fly, I was able to use a small airplane to cover a four state area, week in and week out for such appearances. The demand for appearances was such that some disc jockeys ended up adding to their annual salaries by earning another \$20,000 to \$45,000 a year on the side. The demand for WLS personalities was so great in those days that, in fact, our traffic reporter, a Chicago police officer named Vic Patrolis, was needed to do record hops on a regular basis. It is ironic that today's morning man or woman in Chicago radio would consider our salaries from the '60s to be "chump change." A paycheck for them probably ranges from \$400,000 to a \$1 million a year, but I will bet that they don't have as much pure fun as we did more than 40 years ago. To put those 1960s dollars in proper perspective, gasoline at that time was 28 cents a gallon, and Mr. Norm's Grand Spaulding Dodge in Chicago, a sponsor on WLS, was advertising Dodge Charger 425 Hemi-Powered muscle cars for \$3,695. Some of those same cars today command prices of over \$90,000. Aren't you sorry you sold yours?





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a fun time with new station and a variety of contests."

"We offered the teenage listeners" jingles, great rock and roll music,

The WLS Farm Show crew, including Charles "Homer Bill," Clark Weber, Tom Fouts (aka "Captain Stubby").





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JULIE LONDON - LIBERTY FOR YOUR SWEET LOVE - RICK NELSON - DECCA



I remember when the WLS Payroll Department asked me to speak to one our DJs, Dex Card, about the fact that he wasn't cashing his payroll checks. It seemed that Dex was making so much money from record hops that he was stuffing his payroll checks in his desk drawer and forgetting to cash them. Dex was the DJ for the "Silver Dollar Survey Show" in the afternoons during the mid to late '60s. He was a good looking guy, and his looks weren't lost on the teenaged girls who flocked around him at personal appearances asking for his autograph. Once, at a South Bend, Indiana record hop, a young lady wearing a strapless sun dress asked Dex to autograph her bare shoulder. He was kind enough to oblige, but got carried away and by the time he was done writing "Thanks for listening to WLS" he had written across part of her chest. The next day, while the girl was trying to scrub off the autograph, her mother discovered Dex's name on her anatomy. The girl's mother immediately contacted ABC and WLS, and there was hell to pay.

That same year, as part of the "WLS Super Summer," complete with the WLS "Treasure Truck," the station introduced the "WLS Beach Patrol." The concept was quite simple. Each Saturday afternoon, two WLS DJs, armed with \$100 in silver dollars and copies of WLS Silver Dollar music surveys would roam Chicago beaches looking for people whose radios were tuned to our station. We would introduce ourselves, award silver dollars to the winning listeners, and of course, sign autographs. Dex and I were on patrol one Saturday afternoon during the summer at Oak Street Beach when Dex spied a lovely young lady lying on her stomach sunning herself and listening to WLS. He also noticed that she had undone the straps on her top to get a more even tan. Dex and I knelt down in front of her, introduced ourselves, and awarded her the silver dollar. The girl was so surprised and overwhelmed because we had come face to face with her that, as she raised up to accept the silver dollar, she forgot that her top was unhooked. Of course her breasts tumbled out in front of us. In recalling that story to other DJs, Dex pointed out that it kind of made you proud to know that we were helping a lovely young woman get such an even summer tan.

On the subject of autographs, it has always amazed me that by the time some show business or sports lout reaches a position of notoriety, they either refuse to be bothered with an autograph request or they sign them under protest. The real reason for the autograph is that the fan is recognizing the "star" as someone important enough to warrant the autograph. In other words, it's not about the "star," it's about the fan and a brief claim to fame. So, I have always strongly believed that you sign the requested autograph and be grateful that they're fans. They pay the salary, and, besides, some day they'll stop asking!

Even though big money was being made by the WLS DJs, there were a few who throughout the station's history spent the dollars like they would never end. They were stars, but, in truth, the life expectancy of a typical WLS DJ was, on the average, only 3.2 years. So, for many DJs it was a very brief ride. There were few exceptions to the rule: I was there 8 1/2years, while Art Roberts stayed for 11 years. As it turned out, Larry Lujack had the longest run, first at WLS for four years, and then returning five years later for another 13 years at the station. I recall that one of the WLS DJs was forever buying things on a whim. He would spend like a drunken sailor on a Saturday night! You never knew what kind of car he was driving, but he topped the car purchases one night when he went to the annual Chicago boat show and bought a boat even though he had never been on the water!





Clark Weber with WLS Station Manager, Gene Taylor.

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Clark Weber with a Playboy Bunny at WLS' "B" Studio.