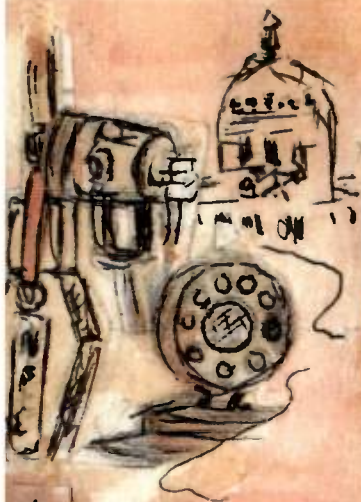
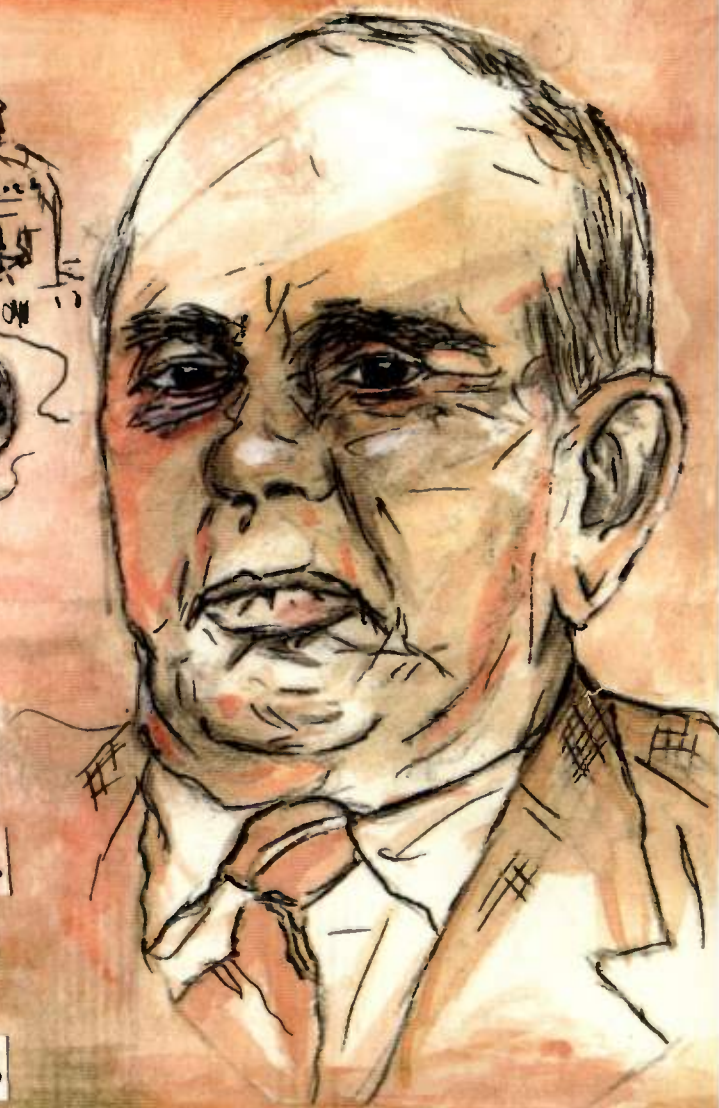


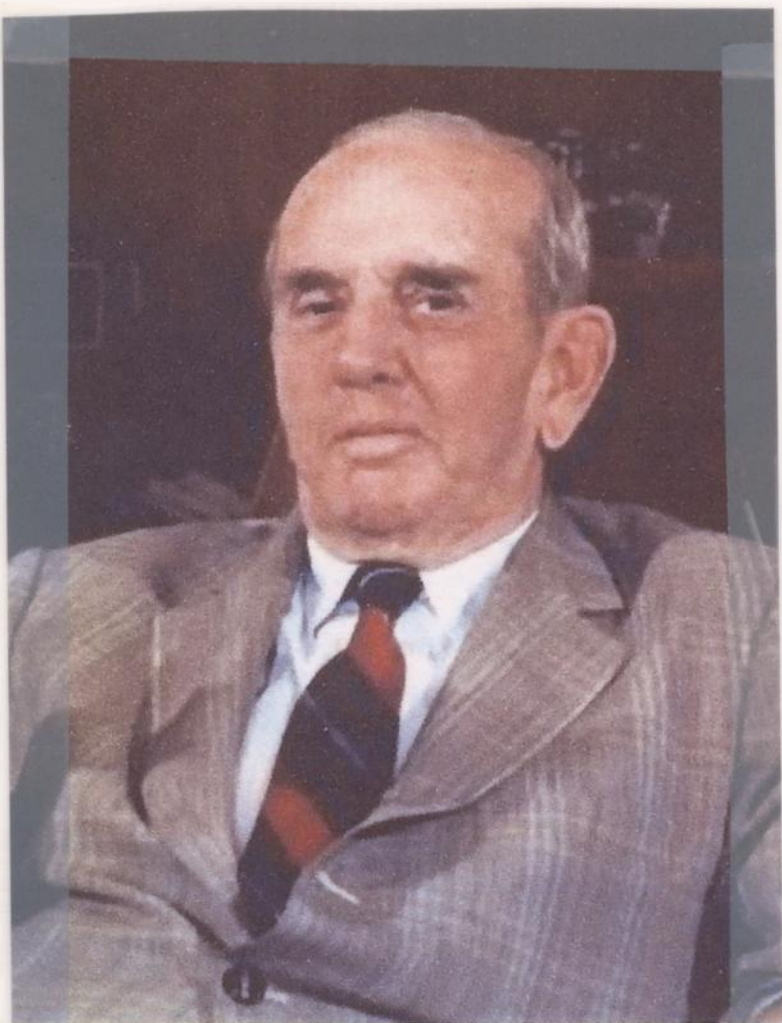
The 50,000 WATT BROADCAST BARNUM



A
**BOOK
NOIR**
of
Stanley E.
Hubbard,
his life
and times



By Jim McGovern



Stanley E. Hubbard

The 50,000 Watt Broadcast Barnum:

**A Book Noir of Stanley E Hubbard,
His Life & The Times**

by

Jim McGovern

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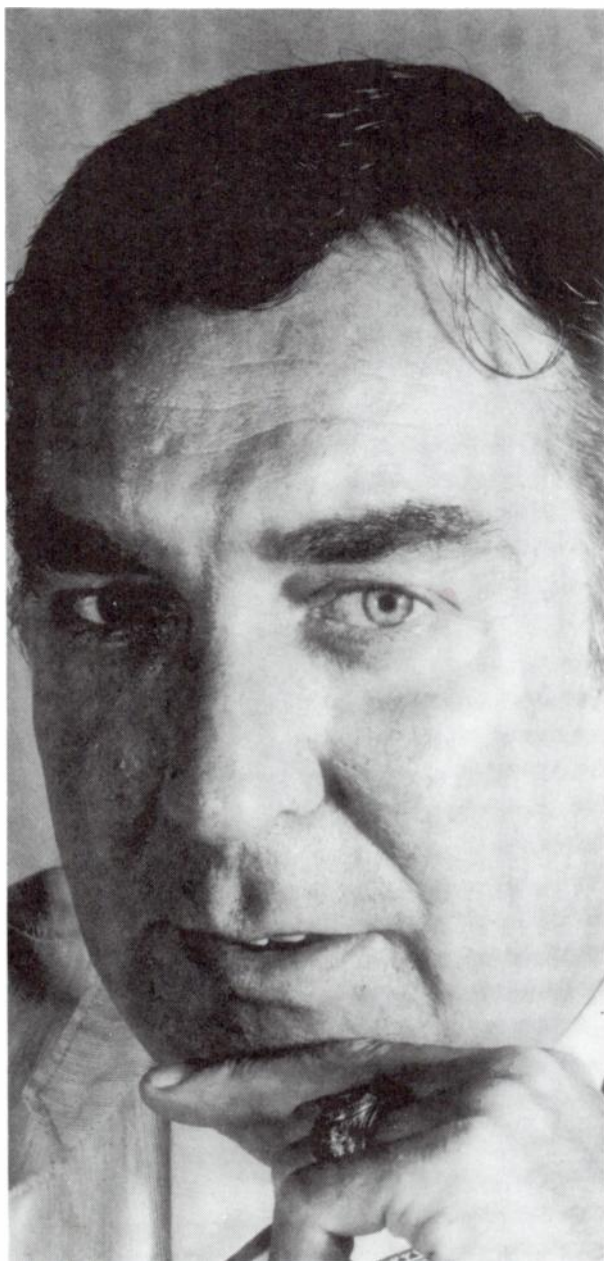
To the about-to-be
enlightened reader:
always remember that
old Gaelic term, "Duchas,"
which means "what is
bred in the bone, will out."
That goes for me, & that
goes for you, too.
Best, Jim

The 50,000 WATT BROADCAST BARNUM

A Book Noir of
Stanley E. Hubbard,
His Life & Times

by

Jim McGovern



Jim McGovern

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Stanley Eugene Hubbard

PREFACE

Jim McGovern paid his dues as a radio and television reporter and newscaster. So had his father, Sylvester McGovern, a former newspaperman and broadcast executive who was a confidante of former Minnesota Governor Floyd B. Olson. Both father and son, represented their profession in the seemingly lost tradition of independence in fact, in fortitude, and in fairness, with an incessant and untouchable nose for news.

They challenged the rich and the powerful to justify questionable action and wrongdoing. They twitted the politicians for truth. They identified and scrutinized criminal elements with a fine tooth comb. And, they castigated, cajoled, yet defended the people as-a-whole as they would their own family by sheer revelation and enlightenment climaxed by fearless pinpointing of name and detail.

Jim McGovern, recipient of the National Headliners Award, was hired and fired twice, by the Hubbards and KSTP-TV, Minneapolis/St. Paul as an investigative reporter/executive. Hubbard continues to say he was the “best.” He was the “best,” too, as news director at WDGY-AM and KMSP-TV, both in the Twin Cities, and at WISN-AM, the CBS station in Milwaukee. McGovern’s own show with Bill McGivern, BEHIND THE PARADE, drew massive audience, but couldn’t hang on to commercial sponsors because of its honest and naked content and character. They told it as it was, stripped the cloth, status and power from the individual, mirrored the form that remained, and “let the chips fall where they may.”

McGovern was the glue that held together one of the first “talk” shows in America, my own LET’S TALK TURKEY on WDGY, live from Max Winter’s “620 Club” on Hennepin Avenue in Minneapolis, where the celebrities from all over the world feasted, imbibed. and talked, and talked and talked, every night of the week. Winter is the same Max Winter who formed and owned the NFL Minnesota Vikings after he and Ben Berger sold the Minneapolis Lakers NBA team to Los Angeles.

Jim McGovern knew the Hubbards, as only a newsman can. And, there were other newsmen there, and he knew them, too. Someone had to write the story ... many talked about it over the years ... but the huffing and puffing power of Hubbard prevailed ... that is, until Jim McGovern made up his mind to do it, and to do it right.

What you find, therefore, is a reporter’s story, without poetry or

gushy prose, and lacking preservatives, stabilizers, emulsifiers, gums, filler, added coloring, or artificial flavoring. The events are recorded in history though it took a little investigating to find them. The experiences are documented. The people are real. And their stories are true. It is the world of Stanley Eugene Hubbard. The "little engine that could." The untold saga of unbridled push and power by a pygmy among giants, who himself, through sheerchutzpah, became a "sorta" giant.

It is a story of broadcasting at its best, at its worst, and at its worst peril.

Some designate Hubbard Broadcasting, Inc., the HBI, as the Hubbard Bureau of Investigation. This story introduces "The Black Pope" and the "Defrocked Judge" and characters who have touched, singed, and raped the lives and aspirations of many a KSTP staffer, though, in most cases, ironically, careers were given a stimulant and incentive to succeed elsewhere, which, almost invariably, they did.

While this story's locale is in Minneapolis/Saint Paul, Minnesota, many national and notorious figures were involved in it, including FBI director, J. Edgar Hoover, high-powered criminals such as John Dillinger and Alvin Karpis and many others when Saint Paul was regarded as a "safe haven" for people of their ilk, decreed so by a thoroughly corrupt police department, from the Chief on down.

This chronicle asks the question of ALL American listeners and viewers of broadcasting and telecasting: Who are these men and women and faceless consortiums who own and control the public's communications? Over the air, under the ground, via satellite. In mind-boggling and treacherous control, as collective fingers on the trigger of what we hear. What we see. What we think. And, eventually, what we do.

Because Jim McGovern insists, we will think about it. We will think about Stanley E. Hubbard, and his son, Stanley S. We will think about J. Edgar Hoover, The Wiggly Mr. Walter Quigley, Charles (Charlie) Allen Ward, Governor Floyd Olson, FDR, and the thugs who terrorized America in the 1930's and made their home base in Saint Paul, Minnesota. Where all joined hands at times, under the table, in their capers.

We will also think about DESERT STORM, the war we almost won. The Television show! And who likely pulled the strings of communication and why.

The story of Stanley Eugene Hubbard is the story of power. Raw, naked, power. Feeding upon itself. Hubbard gave no quarter. He got no quarter. It consumed his every living day and night. He ate it. He slept with it. And, he dreamed ... oh, how he dreamed! There was no room for love, as we know it. No room for compassion. No time to plant a seed. No time to sniff the flowers. No time to gaze and absorb. No room to

breathe of life, without power.

The price was high, and he paid every nickel of it.

Jim McGovern delivers the real Stanley E. Hubbard to us as a grim, dispassionate reminder of what it is against which democracy must always stand vigil, lest its freedom be eroded from within, even as it builds and maintains its outward arsenal of defense on land, sea, air and space.

Unless the communications of this nation revert to and remain in control of its people, and are directed and preciously guarded by responsible professionals in journalism and thoroughly in search of truth, regardless of highly-sophisticated political pressures, ridicule, denial, threat, and economic and personal greed, we will become a nation controlled by the few, for the few, in an ironic twist of 21st Century World Events and the much touted “New World Order.”

The Hubbards of America are everywhere. Different names. Different places. Different times. Working their individual territories. As an original Stanley E. blazed a trail. Son Stanley S., by comparison, appears blinded by the dust.

We will all have sucked their wind.

Gerry Corwin

A friend.

INTRODUCTION

I've always pretty much subscribed to the old Indian proverb that one should not be too hasty to judge another person unless one has walked a way in his footsteps. In case of Hubbard, unless one has walked a little way in the years of his time and place.

So, let's take a walk in the footsteps of The Old Man as he stomped and blasted and bartered his way through radio and television land, and see what happened.

I don't agree with what former NBC Television President Fred Silverman said when informed about the book; "I think a book on Hubbard is worth about an 8-minute cartoon."

So here is real radio and television, real Hubbard, the real Hubbard story and the real KSTP radio and television. But it is also about the real politicians, real crooks, and the real times in which Hubbard began to build his broadcasting empire. I'm sure you'll recognize quite a few of them.

And I think you will find it as interesting a trip as I have.

Cheers,
Jim McGovern

THE CAST OF CHARACTERS

Most people think they know what's going on in their community, after all they listen to the news on the tube and read the local newspapers don't they? Wrong. Right now wherever you live your life and future is being decided in one way or another, usually adversely, by a variety of powerful groups, their actions secret unless some intrepid reporter stumbles over a lead now and then and his paper let's him print it- if it doesn't involve too many pillars of the community or the publisher or any of the publisher's relatives or friends, or the TV owner and his relatives or friends.

This occasional revelation of the underside of your community reinforces a perception that this intrepid newspaper or television news station is constantly on the watch for your interests and the true protector of justice and decency and everything else good and noble and don't worry, they're watching out for your best interests so they can apply for the Pulitzer Prize.

But for the most part, every now and then they report the tip of the dirty community iceberg. You'd need a thousand good reporters to find out what is really going on in your community every week..

One thing none of them do is connect everything up so you really see the Big Picture.

This is a story of what really went on in Minnesota in the 20's and 30's and beyond. The Big Picture. With Big real-name Actors.

Now the reason I know a lot of this is because I grew up in the Great Depression and my Dad was in politics. He was really a newspaperman but about the only place you could get a job in those days was either working for the underworld or the government, which in many cases amounted to the same thing at that time, and I suppose right now too.

He chose politics. He was a speechwriter and political confidante of the Governor, Floyd B. Olson. When I was about 10 years old he used to take me down to the capitol a lot and to lunches where the inner circle discussed all kinds of things like why the minister in Minneapolis was just knocked off and who was liable to get it next and things like how Olson was drunk as hell one night and his chauffeur, Maurie Rose, was not driving that night, Olson was, and he ran over and killed this blind guy at Western and University and in St. Paul and they had to work like

hell quick to get the whole thing expunged from St. Paul police records and out of the papers. Things like that.

I was always a curious kid and all ears and it did not improve my perception of either politics or life. That's where I also met the Wiggly Mr. Quigley who both fascinated and appalled me at the same time at what was really going on in this saintly city, and across the river in the City of Lakes, too.

After much urging, before he died he wrote a book called "The Last Ditch Stand" a very thinly disguised book about the Governor Olson regime in the 30's. But he put it in fiction. I said, "Christ, Dad, let it all hang out and name real names."

He looked at me and said, "No, there are still too many of them around."

Maybe he had a point.

But they aren't around now, and if I can get away with it I'm going to name real people with real names. They deserve the historical recognition because as the Bible says the truth shall make ye whole. But not necessarily happy.

To make matters worse, at the same time I was getting an early start on the reality of politics and life, I was raised Roman Catholic and went to parochial schools where their main occupation, aside from educating you, was to inject gallons of guilt into your impressionable, empty young mind and scare the shit out of you if you acted half-way human.

When you reached seven, supposedly the age when you can reason, they dropped the big one on you. Original Sin. Even before you could utter your first squawk upon emerging from the womb you were guilty because of what a couple of louts did five or ten or twenty thousand years ago, in your name, in that metaphorical Garden of Eden. So you started out life loaded down with guilt, which is not exactly a nice way to start life. And, inserted into your mind at an impressionable young age, this untoward guilt got such a tight grip on your mind that it continued to pop out and plague you the rest of your life. It takes a helluva lot of thinking and work to get rid of it.

Masturbation would put you in the third pit of hell and if you diddled any young girls you would get the ninth pit for sure. Mea culpa, Mea culpa, Mea MAXIMA culpa every week in the confessional box.

Father Carey must have got tired of hearing his randy young boy parishioners come in week after week and it would go something like this:

Kid: Father I have sinned, grievously sinned.

Father: Yes, go on. What did you do this week.

Kid: I..ah.. diddled.

Father: You mean you masturbated.

Kid: Ah ... Yes.

Father: How many times.

Kid: I think about fourteen – maybe fifteen times.

Father: Fifteen times!

Kid: Ah.. Yes, about that.

Father: Do you know that may be injurious to your health to say nothing about having offended God.

Kid: uumm ... yes.

Father: Well, say ten Hail Mary's, ten Our Fathers, one Station of the Cross and now make a good Act of Contrition and try to not come back with the same confession next week. Absolutum, Mumble, Jumble, Jingo etc, etc. Go in peace. then Bang! went the little black door.

Everybody seemed to have sex on their brains then, too. Even our druggist, Harms, who was not a Catholic but a Lutheran, advised me in matters of morals. One day when I went over there to get five cents worth of licorice, he looked at me and said, "better watch what you do in the bathroom, Jimmy, or you'll go cross-eyed." And then he made this weird face and crossed his eyes. He must have had a lot of experience at it because he was a homely bastard and he could cross his eyes, which I tried to do, but couldn't.

Earlier, when I was about eight years old, I was sent home from St. Cecilia's one helluva hot early June day by the nuns because my mother had sent me to school in shorts. Why the hell any young girl would get turned on by my skinny legs is beyond me and we were all pre-puberty anyway and didn't know what the thing was for outside of going pee.

I think it was because it might turn on the nuns and in fact it did even when I had long pants on. There was one young nun who used to hover over me while I was trying to concentrate on my mathematics tables, put her hand underneath my pants and fondle me. We are all human, all too imperfectly human. Or is that redundant?

I didn't know what the hell to make of that but it didn't help my view of life much either. In fact, life got very confusing – for a while. The reason I am telling you this is so you'll know the problems a lot of people had to put up with in those days, the contradictions they had to put up with, how they thought – and where I'm coming from, so you may understand some of the irreverence that may follow.

This was kind of a schizophrenic age because while all this outward religiosity was going on in the 20's and 30's, a very different type of life was going on in the real outdoors. The Bible didn't say anything about it not being permissive to steal if you were starving to death so everybody then seemed to be either stealing, killing, cheating, blackmailing, whoring or in some way thumbing their noses at the ten commandments they professed, or at least were told, to believe in. And this went on apparently on all levels of this great saintly city of ours – and across the river in the city of lakes too. Probably in every nook and cranny of the

NOT JUST AMERICA THIS "CONTAMINATES"
MUSLIMS ALSO
country. These were not the best of times in which to grow up.

It was a time when the fundamental right to live came into hard collision with the admonishment of religion, "Thou Shalt Not Steal."

I think it was about this time that the country developed a split personality and it has become part of our condition ever since. Technically they call it schizophrenia. To me, it means when people say one thing and do another. It gave rise to that valuable piece of native wisdom which said if you want to know what somebody is all about don't pay any attention at all, especially in the case of politicians, to what they say; watch what they do. Words can be all hot air but deeds are cold facts.

While working for KSTP, I got to know Dick Hubbard, the second son of Old Man Hubbard and was involved in a couple of quite unsuccessful business ventures with him. Over quarts of vodka, Dick told me a lot about the Hubbard family.

Dick was a good kid and probably the smartest of the Hubbards. But he knew who was going to inherit the Old Man's throne and it was going to be the clone, not him, so he went into the bottle early on and could never seem to get out of it. There were other family problems too. But more about that, later.

We will start this story with a fellow by the name of Stanley E. Hubbard, the man who put the wart upon the pickle, and is the central character in the story mainly because he was in the middle of what you're going to hear about. Stanley was born with the heaviest balls of brass ever appended to one human and with those brass balls he literally, blasted and blew and bombed and buffaloeed and bang-knocked his way from a poor rural uneducated megalomaniac, crazy, kid to the owner of a 100 to 200 million dollar broadcasting empire.

For some reason he was also loaded up to his eyeballs with anger. He had a tremendous amount of anger in him. He had a lot help on his way up the ladder though, because he learned the art of quid pro quo survival from experts and he picked up an invaluable employee by the name of The Wiggly Mr. Quigley who really gave him an education in street smarts, which were the only kind of smarts that paid off in those days. And in these days too.

But ... friend or foe, Commie or Crook, what's the diff if they've got something you need or want and they want something from you? Hubbard was Mr. Pragmatic in person ... which in his case meant that ethics had nothing to do with business at all when you are trying to get what you are trying to get. This is the first lesson you had to learn if you were going to make it. Life out there, as Hubbard and Charlie Ward and Floyd Olson agreed, should not be confused with what they taught you at Sunday School. It was War. Now the reason that Hubbard is in the middle of this is that he ran the highest rated broadcast news station,

with all the power that implies, and he used this power mercilessly as he dealt with commies, crooks, bankers, the Unions, everybody that is anybody in the community that might be able to help him ... and destroy everyone that stood in his way. POWER, man, POWER! Hubbard was the greatest all-around poker player in the world – on – and under – the table with all that POWER to run and brainwash the community and make quid pro quos on his nightly newscasts. His not so secret weapon to get what he wanted. That's why he put so much money in his news department.

Cross Hubbard and you'll get 50,000 watts of unpleasant news about you shot up your ass on the 10 o'clock KSTP news and see how you like that. On the other hand if you're willing to do a few favors he wants, you'll receive 50,000 watts of favorable comment on the 10 PM news, and get elected. Politicians found this a very appealing deal. Exposure, man. Name Recognition.

And then of course we will meet a friend of Hubbard's by the name of Charlie Ward. Ward was one of those people in whom the DNA that controls the conscience somehow or other had been bypassed when his brain was being formed. A couple of the wires or neurotransmitters became disconnected or plugged up or maybe they were missing in the first place, a genetic disorder that seems to be a common affliction among successful entrepreneurs.

Ward had been incarcerated in Leavenworth on narcotics, white slave and stock fraud charges when he was in his latter 20's. While there he met a fellow by the name of Hebert H. Bigelow, who was there for income tax evasion. Bigelow was the owner of a million dollar calendar and advertising specialties firm in St. Paul. They made the kind of calendars featuring almost nude women you used to see hanging in repair garages supposedly selling spark plugs and other mundane items that had nothing to do with the gorgeous nude woman. (The FBI called it the biggest advertising specialty house in the world.)

The mental make-up of these two apparently was synchronous enough that they became quite good buddies and when they got out, Bigelow hired Ward to come and work for him.

It was widely believed in the Inner Sanctums that Ward showed his appreciation by having Bigelow drowned on September 16th, 1933 while up north on a fishing trip. Bigelow's Indian guide is supposed to have done it, but he was never found. Lo and behold! Bigelow's will left everything to Charlie! Millions. And a thriving company.

He immediately began to hire almost every hood that got out of Leavenworth to come and work for him. There were the strongest of rumors that while the Bigelow company seemed to be a very upstanding firm, the employees may be engaging in other things besides making calendars., Ward had a 600 acre estate in Wisconsin across the river

from St. Paul where he raised thoroughbred horses among other things. He had his own private landing strip. He used it for important meetings sometimes because the FBI couldn't get onto his property and take down license plate numbers as they were wont to do when they got wind of certain types of what they suspected were meetings of the criminal clan.

J. Edgar Hoover knew Al Capone had visited Ward there many times. So had a young guy by the name of Meyer Lansky. They also knew that Ward offered John Dillinger a job at Brown and Bigelow but Dillinger turned it down because "it wasn't exciting enough."

The FBI were convinced that the St. Paul police chief John O'Connor was on Ward's payroll and in his pocket and was ordered by Ward to make St. Paul a safe haven for the likes of Alvin Karpis, Ma, Fred and Doc Barker, John Dillinger, Pretty Boy Floyd, Baby Face Nelson, Homer Van Meter, Gus Winkler and legions of other crooks.

Hoover didn't know the half of it. St. Paul was owned lock stock and barrel by the crooks. The Mayor, the Chief of Police, city hall, the judges, lawyers and everybody else that had any clout including the state legislature which was termed "the best that money can buy," in a book my Dad wrote called *Minnesota Merry-Go-Round*.

Director Hoover also was convinced the Hamm and Bremer kidnappings were arranged by Ward for a number of suspicious reasons other than just the money – but they couldn't get the evidence. They were wrong on this one. The kidnappings actually made Charlie mad as hell. Hoover was wrong when he thought the Tuohy gang out of Chicago pulled off the Hamm kidnapping.

The FBI also noted that Hubbard consorted with Ward and Olson and his crowd but thought it was mainly because he was in the broadcast news business and therefore would have to know a lot of different people. But I don't think Hoover was naive about Hubbard either.

The FBI noted that Ward probably had Bigelow murdered and then went on to say;

"Opinions vary as to the reformation of Charles Ward. It is known that he has very little love for money but is greedy for power, and has long been recognized as a power behind Governor Floyd B. Olson and the present governor, Benson. It is he, Ward, who is able to furnish the money. However, practically all of the employees of Brown and Bigelow, or at least all of those that Ward can obtain, are former convicts.

"A short time ago, Ward was instrumental in securing the release of Wicki Hanson, who was serving a life sentence for murder in the state penitentiary in St. Paul (Stillwater).

Upon Hanson's release he was immediately taken in by Ward and employed by Brown and Bigelow. "

Another FBI dossier on Ward in 1938 to Hoover said, "Ward lives on

a palatial estate near Hudson, Wisconsin, some 25 miles from St. Paul. He maintains an apartment in the St. Paul Athletic Club, and has at least two hunting lodges in the wilds of northern Minnesota.

"His civil rights were restored by President Roosevelt last year, and he served as Regional Chairman of the President's birthday ball. Ward is an honorary Colonel on the staff of Governor Phillip LaFollette of Wisconsin, and an honorary Colonel on the Minnesota State Highway Police. In 1938 he is the most powerful, non-office holding politician in this section and was a close personal friend of former Governor Floyd Olson.

"In addition to ingratiating himself with the criminal element through his program of rehabilitating ex-convicts by employing them at Brown and Bigelow, Ward exercises considerable influence in political circles. In 1935, the late Floyd B. Olson, who was [then] Governor of Minnesota stated he was a close personal friend of Ward's and by character affidavit certified to the excellence of Ward's character in an application for pardon to restore Ward's civil rights. Ward is 32nd degree Mason and a Knights Templar.

"He was received in 1937 at the White House by President Roosevelt."

Another FBI confidential report to Hoover stated that Ward "was relieved after Jack Peifer, one of the subjects in the Hamm Kidnapping committed suicide after have been sentenced to thirty years in that case." The memo also noted that "Ward had loaned money to the notorious criminal Bugsie Siegel ... and that Roger Samuel Rutchik, personal secretary to Governor Elmer Benson and Ward (they were put on the parole board by Benson) were responsible for getting Murder Incorporated members Young and Schaeffer paroled from murder sentences being served in Stillwater prison."

And then of course we will have to get to Governor Floyd Olson, who was also a very close friend of Charlie Ward, with whom he lunched quite frequently in a back room of the St. Paul Athletic Club and with whom he sometimes had confidential confabs with at Ward's palatial horse farm. Hubbard was there sometimes, too.

Olson was one of those very poor but very smart and gutsy Norwegian-Swedes from North Minneapolis, the good-looking, blonde Nordic type. He was one of those Northside boys who had to go down to the railroad tracks with gunny sacks and steal enough coal for their stoves so they had some heat in their shacks in the frigid Minnesota winters to cook the potatoes and other edibles that they also stole from the railroad cars when he was young. His parents were very upstanding Lutherans even though poor. You know the kind: poor as hell but still hold their heads high. Living by the railroad tracks in those days had its advantages. There was also a heavy demand for railroad cops, probably

the only demand for employment in the country, but very few had a stomach for it because it meant arresting your own.

So Olson got pissed off at all this demeaning poverty, became a little cynical about life and when he grew up he went to law school and then became Hennepin County Attorney and formed his own Rainbow Coalition of the Unions, the Crooks, the Commies, the Trotskyites, the Politicians, some Ministers to give him some religious image (which he badly needed), and the little guys who comprised the majority of voters.

There is kind of a marvelous irony here because while the bankers didn't know it, he was elected with their money – the money Karpis, Barker and the rest stole from the banks. They had to chip in part of their take to Olson's election campaign and the campaigns of county attorneys, mayors, etc, so that Charlie Ward and Jack Pfeiffer and Harry Sawyer and Tommy Banks and Kid Cann could get the right kind of politicians elected to keep the city safe for them. A fellow by the name of Jack Peifer saw to that. He made all the bank heisters and others chip in to an election fund! Kind of like an underworld PAC fund. And Charlie Ward poured in a lot of loot into this fund too.

So we have this marvelous irony. The man the bankers later were convinced was a Commie, was elected with their money. Kind of a Robin Hood twist there – a double twist. It is one thing to rob the rich to give to the poor, but when the bankers' stolen money is used to elect the people who stole it from them, they become accessories to operating opposite of their best interests.

Hoover noted, very early in Olson's career in 1924 when Olson was Hennepin County Attorney, that at a meeting urging Olson to run for Governor "there were eleven known Communists present."

Hoover knew he was up against a formidable opponent when Herbert Lefkowitz, a political analyst for the New York Times wrote about Olson:

"Master of all political arts, commander of the best vote getting organization in the states, dispenser of state and even federal patronage, brilliant on the platform and over the air, personally ingratiating, resourceful and dynamic. He is quick on his feet and carries a rapier as well as a bludgeon.

"The man can harangue a mob at 4 O'clock and delight the young men of the Junior Association of Commerce at 7. The mob departs feeling that it has listened to a radical and the young businessmen begin to think that there is a good deal that is plausible in Liberalism."

Another FBI report to Hoover stated that Roger Samuel Rutchik was INTERNAL SECURITY-R, of which St. Paul is the office of origin.

These files reflect that RUTCHIK is a Russian-born citizen and is a lawyer by profession. He was somewhat unknown until about 1933 when the late Floyd B. Olson, Governor of Minnesota, appointed RUTCHIK

as Assistant Attorney General of the State of Minnesota. (Rutchik's father had contributed a sizable sum to Olson's campaign in return for the son's job.)

"It is further reported that sometime in 1935 or 1936 RUTCHIK moved into the Communist camp and has remained there ever since. The file further reflects that he prefers to remain in the background, that men of national importance are his friends and RUTCHIK uses them to further either his personal ambitions or the cause of Communism."

Testifying to Rutchik's national connections the FBI report noted that "RUTCHIK left St. Paul on May 28, 1946 and was sent by the United States Government to Japan to assist in the trial as a prosecutor of war criminals."

Another report by Twin Cities Special Agent in Charge W. H. D. Lester on June 8, 1933, to Hoover said "that a certain well-placed informant advised that the present clique which controls state and local conditions in Minnesota is headed up by Governor Floyd Olson.

"This informant advised that Governor Olson is of Scandinavian nationality, was born and raised on what is known as the North Side of Minneapolis and that there he came into contact with a certain Jewish element which has been responsible for his attainment of his present position. This informant advised that this Jewish element is mixed up inextricably in the crime situation in this state."

As a matter of fact some of the really bad gunmen, hit men, were Irish-Americans, though they came mostly from Chicago and between capers hid out in their safe haven in St. Paul. But no nationality had an exclusive franchise on crime, all nationalities were involved in it in those days. One of the common denominators of poverty was that it was no respecter of nationalities. They were all equal in this respect.

This FBI memo then went on to describe Olson's connections with criminals when he was Hennepin County Attorney in Minneapolis, including the famous former amateur boxer Kid Cann (Isadore Blumenfeld) who had personal connections with national criminal figures which included Bugsie Siegel, Al Capone and Louis Buchalter of Murder, Incorporated and anybody and everybody connected with major crime.

It is true that there were some Communists in his inner circle. Roger Rutchik was a documented and admitted CP member as was Abe Harris, editor of the Minnesota Leader (the DFL news organ) and speechwriter for Olson, who, after Olson's death in 1936, went to work for President Roosevelt. Harris was a 243 pound former heavyweight boxing champion at the University of Minnesota and Olson had been his manager. And there were others.

But this did not mean Olson was a Communist nor did he do their bidding. He used them as he used the crooks and the Unions. Olson was

a political pro and that's what political pro's do – they don't necessarily agree with the people they use, they just use them. Olson once put it this way, "I am not a Communist. I am a Radical."

In fact, the Commies were apparently the only ones that knew Olson was not a Communist.

An FBI confidential dossier said that in early 1935, *United Action*, official organ of the Communist Party, Minnesota District, carried a series of articles describing Olson in a most unfavorable light, and among other things accused him of consorting with the Citizens Alliance, a group of Minneapolis employers reputed to be anti-labor and anti-Communist and who hired armed goon squads to break up union strikes. This business group also was organized to make and control prices and wages. Some of the underworld businessmen belonged to this group so at times it would get very confusing. Some thought that the Citizens Alliance was really a "front" for Olson and their outward opposition to him a camouflage. Olson did consort with the Citizens Alliance. Olson was a very flexible fellow. He did consort with some of the Minneapolis business guys and he also consorted with some of their wives at his Breezy Point cabin. Olson was not an ideologue as much as he was a politician, albeit a very randy one.

The FBI noted Olson's prolific sex urge when on one occasion, "Olson was at a summer resort at Breezy Point, Minnesota, on a drunken spree, and was caught in the room with the wife of (a prominent Wayzata businessman) who beat Olson so badly physically that Olson could not appear in public."

The FBI report went on, "The newspaper [*United Action*] also accused Olson and His regime and in one issue took occasion to accuse him of capitulating to the Trotskyites in stopping the general (truck drivers) strike in Minneapolis.

"In February, 1935, John Strachey, British Communist, in a speech before the Foreign Policy Association in Minneapolis, labeled Olson an opportunist and denounced the Farmer-Labor Party as the worst kind of program because it does not agree with the Communist demands for direct action."

The FBI report noted that "these attacks did not go ignored by Olson." So in February, 1935, less than a year after his assertion that the Reds are the defenders of democracy, his propaganda machine went into action against them.

The headlines of the February issue of the *Minnesota Leader* proclaimed : FARMER LABOR PARTY OPENS FIGHT ON COMMUNISM, FASCISM. Most of the front page was devoted to items quoting Olson, his Lieutenant Governor, Hjalmer Petersen and his secretary Vince Day as denouncing and ridiculing Communism. Vince Day was a Trotskyite. During the truck drivers strike he shot one of

those Polo Pony riders right out of his saddle. Olson later named him a Judge. The Communists continued their denunciation of Olson and the Farmer Labor Party until the late summer of 1935 at which time the Comintern ordered the "United Front."

The Communists had made a drastic mistake in criticizing Olson and sought to correct it not only in Minnesota but nationwide.

As Albert Kittock and Rasmus Borgen, admitted members of the Communist Party from 1933 to 1937, told the Dies Committee in October of 1938,

"Prior to the 7th Congress of the Communist Internationale, the Communist Party operated as a small minority revolutionary political party attempting to exert its influence by and through its own organization and fronts.

They further testified that at the 7th Congress, it was decided that the Communists in the United States should join other political, civic and economic organizations so that by keeping their purpose and identity secret, they could influence the members of those organizations and endeavor to dominate and control them on behalf of the Communist Party.

"Minnesota was singled out by the Communist Internationale Congress as the state of the United States which should receive special attention and in which the 'Trojan Horse' policy should receive its concentrated experimentation and political test because there seems to be a direct avenue of approach through the Farmer Labor Association.

The August 15 issue of *United Action* stated:

"In the State of Minnesota a bourgeois progressive labor party is already in control of the state administration. As a result of the inability of the Farmer Labor officials to carry through their elected program and the sharpening of the crisis in Capitalism, a sharp class differentiation between the workers and small farmers, on one hand, and the official leaders, trade union reformists and the bourgeois politicians, and the well-to-do farmers on the other hand, is developing.

"In view of the fact that the Communist Party has only recently begun to establish organized unit actions with these workers and the farmers in the Farmer Labor Party, these left wing forces remain without leadership and the class differentiation is not driven along revolutionary class lines."

The newspaper then went on to explain how the Communists could provide that leadership and take over the Farmer-Labor Party, which in any case they were unable to accomplish. And, incidentally, it was not Hubert H. Humphrey who drove the Commies out of the DFL party. Most of them were long gone when he was still making sodas in his Dad's drugstore in South Dakota.

To get back to the main line of our story, after a couple of scandal

sheet publishers who had been critical of Olson, who were in reality hired by the Polo Pony crowd of St. Paul and Wayzata, got machine-gunned down in the streets of Minneapolis by unknown assailants, he became Governor by a huge plurality. That is, the machine-gunners were "unknown" to the authorities if you can believe that when the whole town was corrupt.

Practically everyone who knew the inner workings of the Twin Cities said that Jack Peifer just went across the river to St. Paul, where there were probably two dozen professional hit men out of work and hired the hit out. And that's what he did. He hired two pros from the Chicago syndicate who happened to be in St. Paul, Gus Winkler and Freddy Moore, and they knocked off Walter Liggett one night he was driving his Ford Coupe to his home and they took care of Paul Guilford, the other trouble-making reformer publisher the same way – with machine-guns, the pro's weapon. Moore looked a little like Kid Cann and maybe that's why Liggett's wife identified the Kid as the one who did it.

Now something should be explained about Liggett and Guilford, these scandal-sheet publishers. Actually, they were nothing but blackmailers, shake-down artists. They had their little spy ring who tipped them off to indiscretions of the big guys in business or in the clergy and they would get evidence on these guys, usually photos, if you can believe it, of ministers or top flight businessmen in whorehouses or engaging in homosexual activities, then tell these poor souls who happened to cave in to their human nature now and then to come across with a couple of grand or they would find themselves on the front pages for all to read.

These guys were worse than a lot of the criminals around town because they didn't just steal money, they stole people's reputations and ruined them. Not very nice people.

But they made a crucial mistake. The Citizens Alliance pony polo crowd came to them and said we will give you a lot of money if you start in on Olson and some of the other guys they didn't like and expose them.

Liggett and Guilford went for it and, oh, what a mistake. You don't try to expose the likes of Tommy Banks or Kid Cann or Jack Peifer or Harry Sawyer – and certainly not that big, tough Swede from North Minneapolis where they learned almost a minute after coming out of the womb that this was a very hardball life and they became experts at hardball very early. Don't fuck with them, or you will find yourself in a lot of trouble.

After that and with the depression depressing everyone Floyd B. Olson was elected the Governor of Minnesota and everything got kind of exciting.

The business community went into kind of a shock. Their money was not doing what it was supposed to do for them. Their power was being

stolen right from out under them. The big mercantilists of St. Paul, the Hamms and Weyerhausers and those types were positive Olson was a full-fledged Commie. He was not only a Commie but he had teamed up with the underworld so that Minnesota now was in reality run by a Commie- Criminal coalition. Others didn't go that far but allowed that he was about as close to a Commie as you can get. However, most of Minnesota citizen's thought he was a gift from God sent to deliver them from their long-suffering miseries and maybe Olson could get a Mortgage Moratorium Law passed so the banks couldn't take their homes and farms, which he promised he would. And did.

Now all of this was not escaping J. Edgar Hoover, the Director of the FBI. He knew the St. Paul police chief was as corrupt as they come. That the Chief had sent out word to all the hoods in the country that St. Paul would be a safe haven for them as long as they didn't pull any capers there. Come and spend your money here and have a good time, but don't pull any shit here. He didn't know, or maybe he did, that a lot of that money spent in St. Paul had been bank-robbed from the First National in Minneapolis.

The Chief, in fact, had a few capers of his own going on the side. This was a very enterprising age.

And boy did they come. John Dillinger, Ma and Al Barker, Alvin Karpis, Pretty Boy Floyd, you name 'em. A lot of them used to hang out at a Randolph street bar owned by a French Canuck by the name of Al LaBarre who once told me that they were "fine people, really fine people."

Minneapolis Chief of Police Frank Brunskill also was in the underworld's bag.

Of course felons do not play by the rules. They make their own as they go along and so it wasn't long before there were two kidnappings – of a millionaire St. Paul brewer by the name of Hamm, then a banker by the name of Bremer, and other sorts of bank robberies, sundry murders and other criminal escapades.

Hoover also had book on Olson. He knew positively that Roger Rutchik who was in Olson's inner circle was a Commie. So was a guy by the name of Abe Harris, one of Olson's think-tankers and a very smart one. FBI reports verified that Ward and the Brown and Bigelow company was bankrolling Floyd Olson's campaigns, among other activities..

J. Edgar Hoover, the "Director" as he liked to be called hit the roof. He fired a telegram off to Hendon, his Special Agent in charge in the Twin Cities and wanted to know what the hell was going on? It seemed to him that it was a question of whether the Commies were going to take over Minnesota or the Underworld. Hoover raised holy hell, called a national meeting of agents, told them of the problem and sent half of the

agents in the country to St. Paul. At that time he didn't know that Alvin Karpis, Fred Barker and some of the other big-time hoods also were contributing to these political campaigns or he would have shit green.

For a very short time the FBI managed to plant one of their agents by the name of Sparhawk into Olson's inner circle but he wasn't smart enough for Olson's crowd, was discovered quickly and kicked out. Hoover became furious. His reputation that he was so painstakingly trying to build as a criminal giant killer was in jeopardy. These crooks and crooked politicians were literally thumbing their noses at him, making him look like an incompetent ass which on many occasions was a rather accurate description.

It was a question of who Hoover hated the worst: the Commies or the Crooks. But when you have both of them together holding hands, that, my friends is when Hoover erupted, hit the panic button and admitted to a temperance group in Lansing, Michigan that 80 per cent of the unemployed American work force are engaged in one sort of criminal activity or another and it must stop. This is probably the first crime figure that Hoover ever understated. It was probably more like 90 or 95 per cent.

And that is not surprising when you think of it because when you have no money and can't get a job you have to get some money somehow so the only alternative is to steal it. The first law of the human race is the right to survive. You couldn't get a job so if you wanted to survive, you stole, one way or another.

You'd be surprised what people will do under the circumstances of having nothing, no where to go to get anything, with their very survival at stake. Even Roman Catholics.

In St. Paul the Episcopalians had all the money and the way they got it was just a more genteel way of stealing. They stole our trees and forests and iron and fur-bearing animals and the great James J. Hill had Chinese and Irish immigrant coolies build his Great Northern Railroad for starvation wages – in which hundreds died.

All thieves do not go about their thievery by the same *modus operandi*. But all of the terrible depression of that time is what usually happens when the rich aren't smart enough to divvy up a little of their loot with the average guy so he could live a little too. It seems to take leaders in all ages a long time to understand the simple fact that the populace must get a somewhat decent cut of the pie. If not decent, at least a small sliver to get by on till they could figure out for themselves how to get a bigger sliver.

Even notorious kidnapper and killer Alvin Karpis complained in a book he wrote later, "One big drawback was the overcrowding in my business. Everybody wanted to be a crook. The Depression threw farmers, salesmen and factory employees out of work, and many of them

tried crime to support themselves. I read some statistics in 1936, published by the Justice Department, claiming that crooks outnumbered carpenters four to one, grocers six to one, and doctors twenty to one.

"I believed these figures. It seemed that every two-bit unemployed bum in the United States with the cash to dig himself up a pistol was taking a crack at the robbery business. The Midwest was the busiest area of all. All the states that bordered on the Mississippi River teemed with bandits trying to knock off the local banks and rural post offices. Crime was the last profession in America in the 1930's that still attracted crowds of applicants.

"The difficulty for all of us real professionals was that ninety percent of the ex-farmers and unemployed salesmen and former factory workers who tried their hands at crime were amateurs. They needed money, but their hearts weren't really in the business of robbing and looting. So they failed at crime, and they made it tougher on the rest of use who were seriously involved in criminal careers. The bunglers only succeeded in making the cops, the bankers, the G-men and honest citizens more alert to us professionals. With each year of The Depression, the banks got harder to crack. The cops got smarter, the crime war got hotter, and I blamed the situation in large part on the amateurs crashing the field."

But Hoover's reason for citing these alarming crime figures was not for this reason. It wouldn't fit Hoover's thinking processes because he really wasn't concerned about the plight of the average citizen. He wanted to be known as Jack the Giant Killer and all this crime gave him the opportunity to do that. Think of that. Hoover is actually indebted to all the crooks and killers because he could never have become Jack the Giant Killer if the hoods hadn't provided him the ammunition.

First of all he needed more money. More agents. More sub-machine-guns. And of course he got it. In fact he got anything he wanted by the frightening American business community and Congress.. He also hired a good press agent subrosa for the purpose of putting out information and disinformation to the public, all designed to build his giant killer image.

And my God, thought Hoover, didn't that Gus Hall, the head of the Commie party in the country come from Minnesota! The place was a hotbed of Commies and Crooks! Was there something in the water out there or was it all that those Northern European immigrant genes had run amuck? It was none of these. It was simple . People were starving to death, they didn't like it and they were doing the only thing they seemed to be able to do is – steal. So there you have it. As the saying goes most people "didn't have a pot to piss in or a window to throw it out," and they didn't like it. But Hoover was in for a lot tougher fight than he anticipated because these Minnesota Nordics were very good at it.

And then of course the Unions were involved. And the Unions in

Minnesota were probably tougher than any union in the country. They played for keeps. And a couple of people who got in their way found that out and long ago were either ensconced in Lakewood Cemetery or on the bottom of the Mississippi. A few union guys met the same fate from the Citizens Alliance hoods.

To put it simply, there was a war going on between opposing forces in Minnesota, a real live war with people shooting real live bullets and a lot of people getting killed. But you'd never know it by reading the local newspapers or hearing the local radio station news broadcasts. Here they were sitting in the middle of a real live war and either they didn't realize it or were too shit-scared to tell their readers about it. They would report the crime, of course, but they never connected it all up to what was really going on in this normally law-abiding, even puritan community so the citizens could see the whole picture. The big picture.

There were a few newspapermen engaged in a few capers themselves. There was one enterprising photographer/news reporter for the Minneapolis Star who made more money taking photos at accident and fire scenes and selling them to insurance companies than he got paid from the Star.

Then of course there were the polo-pony players of the rich bitch set on Summit Avenue in St. Paul like the Hamms and Bremers and Ordways and Weyerhausers and Hills and Irvines and those types, who, to meet this challenge set up a cover organization called the Citizens Alliance. They were helped out by the Polo Pony crowd from Minneapolis like the Pillsburys and MacMillans and Heffelfingers and Archers and Peaveys – the “nuevo rich,” the old rich in St. Paul called them – and they formed a cover organization called the Citizens Alliance.

The Citizens Alliance was nothing other than a union busting organization of goons who received various broken legs and other limbs in their goon attempts to beat up union members. They also hired a scandal sheet reformer cum blackmailer (mentioned above) by the name of Walter Liggett to get the public aroused about the den of iniquity the Twin Cities had become. One night Liggett was riding home in his Ford coupe when a big Lincoln pulled up beside him as he was putting his car into his garage.. A couple of machine-guns appeared from the windows of the Lincoln and literally blew Liggett and the Ford half-way into a neighbor's yard. Liggett's wife watched it happen. They counted 32 .45 slugs in the car and 53 in the poor scandal sheet publisher. This was to emphasize who was running the town.

Then there was the amazing Wiggly Mr. Quigley who showed that sometimes you can get people to do things they don't want to do but you want them to do, if you have the right information on them. And he was a real person. His name was Walter Quigley and he lived in a teeny

bungalow on the south side of Minneapolis. 38th St. I think it was. I went out there just after he died. The newspapers put in a little ordinary obit squib, not mentioning this remarkable man and the important part this little Irishman played in the Twin City community history, in the highest of circles. In fact, it was Quigley's information that shaped much of Minnesota history.

But I knew of Quigley's importance so I went out to his little house and tried to get his personal papers from his widow. Wiggly was a pro to the last. One week before he died he told his wife to put every piece of paper in his personal records into the furnace and burn them into obscurity. You have to say something about Wiggly. He never sought publicity. He was never regarded as a big-shot, he didn't give a shit about a big public name, about publicity or applause and certainly not notoriety. He really didn't give that much of a shit about money either. The only thing he asked for was respect for his work from important people. And he got that. Walter Quigley was the best in his line of work. The best.

The Wiggly Mr. Quigley was an absolute marvel, the absolute master in getting information about things people didn't want anyone else to know about. He was the chief one-man intelligence unit for Hubbard, Olson and Ward. That's how he made his living. He once told me it was quite interesting work, rewarding, and he seemed made for it.

Wiggly was a very good friend of a Madame by the name of Nina Clifford whose whorehouse clients included the pillars of the St. Paul establishment and government, cops and robbers and ministers and out-of-town priests, among many others, who sometimes reveal interesting things in the process of relieving their heat, which Nina duly passed on to Wiggly. He had other informational retrieval devices too which he refused to divulge because they were professional secrets. It was well known in underworld circles that he was the first and probably the most expert telephone line tapper in the U.S. He had a private detective's license, numerous honorary sheriff badges, a news reporter card from KSTP and a news photographer card from the Minneapolis Star. He was an expert candid camera photographer. He also had a Northwestern Bell Telephone uniform and other little things that were necessary in his trade.

Now, as I said, Wiggly was involved in all of this too because he worked for Hubbard, Olson and Ward who, outside of the criminal bosses, wielded all the power. They appreciated his talents. The Wiggly Mr. Quigley simply provided important information and data. If that was used for blackmail or other illegal purposes that was none of his business.

He was instrumental in a large way in the success of Stanley E. Hubbard in building his broadcasting empire, about which we shall hear

shortly.

Quigley was kind of a charter member of the Hollyhocks Club, where all the crooks on the lam lammed to, and was greeted with open arms whenever he appeared there. Wiggly was so good at his information gathering that he knew how many FBI agents were in town, in fact was on speaking terms with a couple of them (who were unaware of his occupation). Quigley knew who the feds had their eyes on and were going to hit and their modus operandi. Very valuable was Wiggly. He was on a first-term basis with Jack Peifer and Harry Sawyer, the hoods who ran the ordinary bank jobs and killings in the area, and Tommy Banks and Kid Cann in Minneapolis who were in the more genteel rackets of gambling, prostitution and booze. He knew everybody who knew anything. His information saved many, and probably ruined more.

But the question seemed to be at this particular junction of history whether Minnesota was going to be taken over by the Commies or the Underworld. The Italian Mafia hadn't gotten into high gear nationally, at that time.

J. Edgar opted the Commie route at first. The Polo Pony boys opted for the Commie-Crook coalition. Then Hoover agreed, it was a Commie-Crook coalition but that the crooks would be an easier target for him to go after to establish his giant-killing image, if for no other reason that there were more of them.

The public didn't know what the hell was going on. All they wanted was a job and somebody to keep the banks from taking their homes and farms. The hell with it. Turn on Amos 'n Andy or Myrt and Marge. At least they give you a few laughs – and lord did you need them.

Now all of these guys played all sides against the middle and considering my considerable experience I shouldn't be surprised, but it comes back to amaze me how absolutely opposing forces who hate each other with a vengeance sometimes will hold hands and exchange quid pro quos with each other. Under the proverbial table, of course. I think it has something to do with the idea that the enemy of my enemy is my friend. Something like that.

At any rate, this is the story of what really went on in the Twin Cities in the 20's and 30's when the crucial question was; Is Minnesota going to go Commie Crooked? That is kind of funny because it already had. It hadn't gone Commie yet but, yes, it had gone crooked. Just about every element in the two cities were crooked. And we'll find out how Stanley E. Hubbard helped orchestrate the whole affair to his advantage so he would end up on top, which he did after a few a rocky rides. And if the ride got rocky Wiggly came through and everything got going smooth again.

Some of the elements we will examine are:

1. Hubbard became owner primarily because of the death of Lytton

Shields who founded KSTP and was it's president. Shields died at the age of 49 in full and vigorous health suddenly and unexpectedly and under what many feel were very strange circumstances.

2. St. Paul was a haven for national crooks only because of Charlie Ward. Ward, in effect, ran the St. Paul police department and had a very strong influence in Minneapolis as well. Brown and Bigelow was not only a highly successful calendar and advertising company, but in effect ran a crime factory. If you get out of the pen and had no money, go see Charlie.

He'll hire you and you can appear to have gone legit.

3. How did Hubbard, whom the St. Paul establishment hated as an "uneducated impoverished boor" beat the big power and money of the St. Paul establishment in getting the license for KSTP? Doesn't that sound a little strange when everyone knows that money runs the world and gets what it wants? When the St. Paul establishment had enormously powerful connections in Washington?

Ask the Wiggly Mr. Quigley, Hubbard's Chief Agent Provocateur and undercover intelligence agent.. Did he just happen to pick up some interesting information about some of the pillars of the St. Paul society, the suppression of which was far more valuable to them than getting a radio station? They gave as their excuse in withdrawing their application that they had come to the conclusion that radio was a little "too speculative" a venture for their conservative business minds. But there were others who knew better. Their lawyer ended up on the Supreme Court.

4.. At one point in one instance in this story, to the astonishment of everyone, but a few who had good reason not to be astonished, Director Hoover called off his agents on a certain bank robber. He became sort of an Untouchable for the Bureau. Strange? Did it have anything to do with the close relationship of Hoover and Clyde Tolson, his chief assistant and buddy? Did someone find out and have evidence they were more – like lovers?

That's how the story goes. There was a guy by the name of Big Homer Wilson. Now Wilson had been robbing banks for years and the FBI didn't have his fingerprints, photo, anything. He had no police record anywhere. As any bank robber would agree – that sounds a little strange. But as the story goes, Big Homer, came into possession of a photo showing Hoover and Tolson in a very compromising position in bed. He supposedly sent Hoover a copy of this photo with the inscription, "Have Fun, Best Regards. Big Homer Wilson." Anyway, that's the way the boys at the Green Lantern had it. Wilson's body later was fished out of the Potomac in Washington. Crooks have a good network and were mystified because they knew none of them had anything to do with it. It was an "outside" job.

Here was the Twin Cities underworld set-up:

St. Paul Crime control: Jack Pfeiffer, Harry Sawyer. Ward. Black Jack O'Brien, their attorney, County Attorney Michael Kinhead and others.

Minneapolis Crime Control: Tommy Banks, Isadore (Kid Cann) Blumenfeld, Jack Davenport, Benny Harris. Harry Bloom

Crime Lawyers: Fred Ossanna and Archie Carey, Art Goff, Ed Morgan (Morgan and Art Goff ran the slot machine rackets. Morgan was the chief contact for Olson with the Minneapolis underworld.)

Chiefs of Police Frank Brunskill, Joe Lehmeyer Frank Forestal and others.

County Attorney Ed Goff.

Mayors Bainbridge, Thomas Lattimer and others.

Biz interests: Citizens Alliance and Burns and Pinkerton Detective Agencies.

There is a interesting story about how the Citizens Alliance went after the Minneapolis Star – and why. When the crooks and the pillars of the business community joined hands briefly.



J. Edgar Hoover

THE TIMES

We must understand something about the times if we are going to understand why the people in this story did what they did and thought the way they thought. The Zeitgeist of the times.

If you notice, most generations live by those rustic wisdoms like, “A Penny Saved is A Penny Earned.” Each generation has a saying, an aphorism, slogans, bromides which shows how they think at that particular time.

In the 20’s it was “Damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead,” “If something doesn’t work, try something else,” “Eat, Drink and Be Merry for Tomorrow We die.” That sort of attitude. A guy even wrote a song which summed it up pretty much; “Anything Goes.”

Our motto today is “Greed is Good.” A actor in a recent movie about Wall Street came right out and said it for the first time. Of course, in business not only has Greed always been Good but Greed has been our God. We even print it on our money, “In God We Trust.” We don’t define which God but if it’s printed on all our money, you figure out which God it is.

The motto we ought to have on our money is “Those Who Forget the Mistakes of History Are Doomed to Repeat them,” because either we never knew history in the first place or we have very bad memories. We have yet to recognize and be very concerned about history repeating itself and that’s what’s happening now. We are repeating history and we are in for a good *recorso et ricorso* historical clout one of these days.

World War I had ended and the soldiers came back from the Marne with a different attitude than the one they went over with.

President Wilson may have been kind of a timid soul but he was pretty perceptive about the human condition when he voiced his concerns about getting the U.S. in the war in the first place.

Wilson predicted, “Once lead this people into war and they’ll forget there ever was such a thing as tolerance; to fight you must be brutal and ruthless and the spirit of ruthless brutality will enter into the very fiber of our national life, infecting Congress, the courts, the policeman and the man on the street.”

And it did – and it affected Hubbard that way too.

The 1900’s were called “The End of Innocence.” One critic lamented,

“American is in a period of clamor, of bewilderment, of an almost tremulous unrest. We are hastily reviewing all our social conceptions. We are profoundly disenchanted.”

Sound familiar?

On the leading edge of that tumult were the revolutionary developments in communications and transportation which were to shrink the world and expand man's horizons and avarice at the same time. The airplane and the automobile arrived and radio and the movies. We went into World War I and became internationalized and more cynical in our thinking. The world became smaller, the opportunities for exploitation larger.

As one writer put it, “strident voices clamored for woman suffrage, birth control, advancement for colored people, progressive education and prohibition.” Recorso et recorso, the 80's.

In the first six months of 1916 there were 2,093 strikes and lock-outs. The workers of America who did all the work and made all the money for their bosses thought they ought to get a decent share of the pie, instead of the sliver they were getting, and they organized to get it. Workers on the outside looking in at the good life, and daring to ask for a share of it lit a match of anti-unionism that turned into a bonfire.

Nobody, but nobody, was going to tell an American businessman what he should or shouldn't do and how much he should pay his workers. They were damn lucky to have a job.

The usual attitude of company managers was stated by one when he said, “If a workman sticks up his head, hit it!”

Thousands of union workers were killed and others badly hurt by company goon squads.

Fanatic patriotism abounded. Alleged “Reds” by the thousands were arrested and deported without trial. “Drumhead justice” was the order of the day for dissenters and radicals of whatever stripe.

This mood became implanted in Hubbard's psyche and an anti-union and anti-Communist fervor erupted in him periodically throughout his career. Boy, did Stanley Hubbard hate Unions. No union was going to have a single grain of say about his business.

In the early Eighteen Nineties, Hubbard's formative years, so-called inspirational cultural tent shows called “Chautauquas” rolled across the country like roving circuses. Harry “Gatling Gun” Fogelman made a fortune peddling positive thinking at 300 words a minute, warning listeners that “a negative thought is a poison as deadly as arsenic. Every morning when I wake up I think positive thoughts and say, ‘Fogelman, get out and get to it!’ ”

The Chautauqua speakers exhorted listeners to “Make Money!” You'll find “an acre of diamonds in your own back yard!”

When World War I came, American super-patriots, Hubbard among

them, bombarded relentlessly by government anti-German propaganda saw German spies everywhere, “nearly all hallucinatory”... in every country town, on every factory assembly line, lurking around every public reservoir there were thought to be German spies. There may have been as many German spies reported in the U.S. as there were in the whole German military machine. The country had become clinically paranoid. That’s what happens when the propaganda experts get to slushy gullible minds.

Rumors flew. Enemy agents on the Atlantic coast were seen flashing instructions to German U boats. Horses waiting to be shipped to France were thought to have been infected with bacteria. Mexican bandits were being prompted to invade the U.S. Even the normally stable New York Times went to pieces and one of their headlines shrieked, “Red Cross Bandages Poisoned By Spies!”

Faced with a new, unenclosed look at the world which aviation and radio gave them, more and more Americans, their self-confidence shaken, were willing to test new ideas, to discard outmoded values. Life never again would be simple. Hard work, self-reliance and faith in God were no longer enough. America was growing up and a getting a little cynical in its maturity. Sounds a little like a precursor of the 80’s.

Get yours. Anything Goes. Just don’t get caught.

Minneapolis financial adventurer Wilbur Foshay was busy piling as many corporations on top of one another as there are stories in that awful looking obelisk tower named after him. The Foshay Tower, once the tallest building in downtown Minneapolis.

It took the IRS years to get to the bottom floor and send him to jail.

Another entrepreneur up in St. Cloud, Minnesota was selling stock for his dramatic and luxurious new Pan automobile which, unfortunately for his would-be customers and his stockholders, couldn’t back up, among a number of other shortcomings. The stockholders took a bath and slicker Pandolfo took a ride – in a Ford – to Leavenworth.

There were thousands and thousands of Foshay’s and Pandolfo’s everywhere.

But then it came. The nation had been on a Bacchanalian Binge through the 20’s singing “Anything Goes” and it did. Everything did go – with bombs bursting in air, the country went into a nose-dive and hit the ground with a thunderous financial boom. The paper castle on Wall Street burned down and the country went to hell in a handbasket – into the Great Depression.

A great gloom settled over Invincible America in the 30’s. The American Ego and the Puritan Ethic both took a good hit.

Forty million Americans were in real poverty. And as we said, millions “didn’t have a pot to piss in or a window to throw it out.” Some roamed the country in anything they could find to roam it in, bicycle,

beat-up truck or car, horse, farm tractor, anything that would move them somehow to somewhere where they could find a job.

And to make matters worse that dumb-ass Congressman from Minnesota, Andrew Volstead, had got his prohibition act passed so Americans couldn't even legally drown their sorrows with booze. They showed him though. They went into their bathrooms and made the stuff in their bathtubs. Not too tasty, but it did the trick. All Prohibition did was make a lot of millionaires out of people who didn't deserve it, and 20 or so million alcoholics who passed it on to the next generation.

The beautiful bubble had burst but it took some time for some people to realize it as it did for one poor fellow who said, "I remember lying in bed one night and thinking. All at once I realized something. We were poor. Lord! It was weeks before I could get over that."

Even those who managed to hang onto a job found their wages reduced, up to 60 per cent for hourly workers and 40 per cent for white collar workers.

The statistics don't show the long lines of spiritually beaten men and women who waited for dry bread or thin soup doled out by private and municipal charities, of bloated bellies of starving children. Everywhere there was hunger.

To add insult to injury, millions of Americans lacked even the Constitutional right to vote. In 1932, city officials at Lewiston, Maine, voted to bar all welfare recipients from the polls. At least ten states had poll tax and property requirements which Depression victims could not meet.

The reaction to this misery of the well-to-do, and many deaf and dumb politicians, would qualify them for the electric chair in any just society. When running for Governor of New Jersey, candidate Dwight Morrow proclaimed that "there is something about too much prosperity that ruins the fiber of the people."

The *Literary Digest* magazine editorialized in favor of The Depression: "People are more courteous in business, and often more reasonable at home," and added that "Unappreciative wives who were indifferent to their husbands and neglected their homes have become tame and cautious."

The empathy level of people like this was near zero. But they were going to find something out about the American people when too many of them get shit on for too long. They start raising hell in their own inventive ways and as we said before, the great J. Edgar Hoover told a League of Women Voters meeting in Lansing, Michigan that 80 per cent of the American work force was engaged in some kind of criminal activity. And as I said, I think that was the only underestimation Hoover ever made. I think it was more like 90 per cent.

One of the big fights was with the Unions. Big Business hired Goon

Squads to break strikes. The auto industry paid the Pinkerton National Detective Agency almost two million dollars between 1933 and 1936 to spy on union workers and break strikes, by violence if necessary – and it often was.

When six-foot-three union leader John L. Lewis called for 70,000 miners to strike, the Mayor of Duquesne shouted, “We’re going to meet ‘em at the bridge and break their goddam heads.”

In view of circumstances like this it is understandable that one assembly line worker hurled, “So what I’m a Red. I supposed it makes me a Red because I don’t like making time so hard on these goddamned machines. When I get home I’m so tired I can’t sleep with my wife.” That’s probably the most logical reason I’ve heard yet for being a “Red.”

But it seems that good sometimes does come out of bad, or if it does not come out of it, happens just when you need it even though it seems that you have to pay for it with a lot of adversity.

That good thing was Radio. The Radio. The great escape from the dungeon of The Depression. Everybody had one and if they didn’t one of the neighbors did and they’d go over there. But most people had some kind of a radio because they weren’t that expensive. Everybody got one some way or another.

As E. B. White said, when rural people refer to “The Radio,” they mean “a pervading and somewhat godlike presence which has come into their lives and homes.”

Imagine that marvelous little box which brings Amos ‘n Andy, Burns and Allen, Jack Benny, Myrt and Marge and, and, and, ... right into your living room or kitchen. Like they were right there with you, helping chase your blues away and giving you a few chuckles in your gray life.

Historians of the day tell us that every weekday evening from 7:00 to 7:15 PM, telephone use all over the country dropped 50 per cent, car thieves had an easy time on empty streets, and many movie theaters shut off their projectors to pipe in pure radio while some 30 million Americans tuned in to Amos ‘n Andy...a pair of white vaudevillians by the name of Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll. The big or little box in the living room was everybody’s ticket to adventure, laughter, sweet music and romance. Radio was Power! And Stanley Hubbard knew it.

People listened for the openers of their favorite shows the way little children listened for the sound of father’s car in the driveway. Starting not long after breakfast each morning, serial dramas kept housewives intrigued all day. “Can this girl from a mining town in the West find happiness as the wife of a wealthy and titled Englishman?” the announcer began at the beginning of “Our Gal Sunday.”

During supper the family listened to the news and then sat back to a marvelous, manufactured world in which you supplied the pictures while radio brought in the sound. Millions of meek men joined the cops to

patrol the dangerous streets of "Gangbusters." Folksy types eased down in their armchairs when Kate Smith belted out her theme song, "When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain." Comedy fans giggled at Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy.

Real drama came into homes, too. Radio reporters put their shiny, wagon wheel microphones before the lips of newsmakers and let listeners hear Lou Gehrig when the great ballplayer, dying of amyotrophic lateral sclerosis, said in a low, clear voice before 60,000 at Yankee Stadium, "I consider myself the luckiest man on the face of the earth."

In the 30's, kids were mesmerized by the exploits of Little Orphan Annie, Flash Gordon, Buck Rogers, Tom Mix, The Shadow (Knows), crime-fighter Dick Tracy and of course Jack Armstrong, the All-American Boy.

"Wave the flag for Hudson High, Boys,

Show them how we stand!

Ever shall our team be champions,

Known throughout the land!

Rah! Rah! Boola Boola, Boola Boola."

These kid programs were loaded with propaganda. Jack Armstrong's job was to lead Hudson High to athletic glory, overcome all bad guys and to peddle Wheaties. In one program, a Tibetan monk gives Jack Armstrong a message to give to the children of America. "Tell the boys and girls of the United States this world is theirs. If they have hearts of gold, a glorious new golden age awaits us. If they are honest, riches shall be theirs. If they are kind, they shall save the whole world from malice and meanness. Will you take that message to the boys and girls of the United States, Jack Armstrong?" He should have said "take this message to Alvin Karpis, John Dillinger, Tommy Banks, Kid Cann, Charlie Ward, Floyd Olson and Stanley E. Hubbard, etc., etc. and see how far you get."

Ageless red-headed Little Orphan Annie and her mongrel dog, Sandy, were always coming to the aid of little people who were victims of treacherous foreigners, mortgage-holders and crimelords. Her wealthy foster father, Daddy Warbucks often came to her aid at the propitious moment. Annie not only peddled the ultraconservatism of her creator but sold them Ovaltine with which to wash it down.

Hubbard and KSTP were sitting right in the drivers seat, affiliated locally with the NBC Red Network which had the best programs of the times and therefore the biggest audience and therefore the more you could get for your commercials. Name 'em: Amos 'n Andy, Burns and Allen, Myrt and Marge, Jack Armstrong, the All-American Boy, Al Jolson, Jack Benny, Fibber McGee and Molly, Fred Allen and Portland Hoffa, One Man's Family, Bing Crosby and Bob Burns, Jimmi Fidler's

Hollywood gossip, Rudy Vallee, The Chase and Sanborn Hour with Don Ameche and Dorothy Lamour, Believe it or Not with Robert Ripley, and on and on – the top shows of radio in the 30's. And it also helped Hubbard and KSTP get the top newscast audience with all the power that goes with that. In addition, of course, to the help Hubbard got from the other two members of the Big Three and The Wiggly Mr. Quigley.

STANLEY E. HUBBARD

There was a popular song in the 1920's about a dashing, go-getting, make-a-million, braggadocio sort of a guy, entitled, quixotically, "I'm the Guy Who put the Wart upon the Pickle."

That may sound like a strange way to brag today, but THEN was not NOW.. People thought differently then and so acted differently. The Zeitgeist, the prevailing attitude about what everything is all about in the 20's and 30's was far different. And so anyone who lived in that era must be viewed with this in mind, including Stanley E. Hubbard. It was kind of a free-wheeling corner-cutting era and so corner-cutting was a necessary tool of the trade. There were also a lot fewer laws and cops and judges.. And in those days a cop would take a drunk home instead of to jail.

Today they don't cut corners, they gobble--with the help of high-priced lawyers who know how to buy legislative bodies to make laws so their clients can gobble legally.

But to stick to the mood of that era and the musical metaphor about the guy putting the wart upon the pickle, Stanley Eugene Hubbard was the guy who put the wart upon the pickle in the broadcasting business.

While Barnum, of Barnum and Bailey, chose the circus to achieve his fame, Hubbard chose radio which in those days was a close cousin to the circus. But at least the radio circus then was clean and had some class.

Today broadcasting has fallen into the black hole of the tawdry Peep and Eavesdrop Show, featuring voyeuristic, sexual juvenile drivel about whether it's better to do it in the day or night, half-baked talk show hosts who pander to the lowest common denominator, audiences titillated by a congerie of semi-literate charlatan experts and so-called authorities, at every level spewing globs of disinformation, misinformation, rumor, paranoia, ignorance and plain stupidity out to the empty-headed, already muddled, but seemingly ever-gullible masses.

Stanley was not a regular churchgoer though his father-in-law was a big shot and pastor of the Central Lutheran Church in Minneapolis so he was, nominally, a Lutheran.

Radio was Stanley's religion. GLORY TO GOD, RADIO. Glory to the QUID PRO QUO, TRADEOUT,POLITICAL CLOUT AND POWER OF RADIO.

In his youth, after selling electric doorbells, trinkets, boilers and what-not, Stanley found radio and fell in love with it. Radio became his torrid mistress and nothing else mattered. Radio offered that wonderful opportunity to express one's individuality. If you listened in the old days to KSTP you could hear the Hubbard persona piggybacking on those radio waves coming at you. They were the same entities. KSTP was Hubbard. Hubbard was KSTP.

There are a lot of rags-to-riches stories but the interesting thing about Stanley's is not necessarily what he did, which was formidable, but how he did it.

Stanley didn't exactly come from rags, but very close to it. He saw his father killed in the front yard of their Red Wing, Minnesota home when he was but a youngster. Father Frank Valentine Hubbard was Superintendent of Schools in Red Wing, highly respected and mentioned as a possible candidate for Superintendent of Schools for the State of Minnesota. He was 46 when he died. His wife took the four sons to St. Paul and apparently the family was in dire financial straits, moving several times a year from one rental property to the next.

Stanley's persona was typical of the successful entrepreneur in most ages; self-centered, smart, selfish, single-goal oriented, persistent, sometimes tyrannical, impatient of anything or anyone who got in the way of that goal. And lots of anger, for some reason or other. (Deprived of a father at age four maybe?)

It is not uncommon for self-centered successes to comport themselves other than Christ-like but haven't we all heard that "Nice guys finish last,," and as Vince Lombardi said, "Winning isn't everything, it's the only thing."

And visionaries, as Stanley certainly was, are often thought to be "crazy." Nowadays it has become increasingly difficult to establish where sanity leaves off and insanity begins. That fact leaps out of the tube at you everyday from CNN and Washington, D.C. A psychiatrist friend of mine once told me he thought, seriously, that 40 per cent of Americans were crazy in one form or another.

But visionaries like Hubbard are called crazy because they can see the future and it's possibilities the rest of the dull normal can't. And in great measure we can thank the good crazies in our history who gave us such things as the light bulb. As Stanley Junior once told the Wall Street Journal, "they call my dad "Crazy Hubbard" and I wish I could be crazy like my Dad too."

It may be that crazy people know the real reality of life--that the human race is involved in Earth's longest dramaturgy--a dramatic real-

life play that we members are writing and re-writing along the way. We think the Great Playwright in the Sky is writing it--but he, or it, is letting us write it ourselves and as the great Shakespeare put it, "All the World's a Stage, and All the People, Players." Some are the Big Players, like Stanley who wanted to write an impressive chapter for himself in the Great Play of the Human Race.

As said, The Old Man as he was called (affectionately by some, respectfully by others, or hatefully by the jealous) had the heaviest balls of brass that could be contained in one carcass. He was a tremendous bullshitter ... a promoter first, last and always. His exciting, heroic past in aviation (the heroic denominator in his day) was pure invention. He just made it up as he went along and repeated it for so long that he probably finally believed it himself. And he had a largely unknown good side too, helping out employees and former employees in need, anonymously.

But without much hyperbole, Hubbard could accurately be termed the Broadcasting Barnum. He even had his Bailey counterpart in Ken Hance, his soft-spoken, loyal to the end, persnickety, long-suffering, underpaid, employee buffer and bookkeeper.

Stanley was street-smart. To Stanley education was too slow a process to get to where he wanted to get. He probably went as far as the eleventh grade, maybe the tenth, which was not unusual in those days for guys in a hurry.

When excited or angry, the electrons, protons and zootons in his head roared around the with speed of light and he couldn't get the words out of his mouth fast enough, so he sometimes sputtered. Cigar was ever-present, chewed, though seldom lit.

Stanley was also very cagey. He was smart enough to know that if you want power you have to associate, or get next to, people with power because some of it will rub off on you and maybe you can get people in positions of power like Charlie Ward and Governor Floyd Olson help you get power too.

In his 20's, Stanley was a powerful boozier and as one contemporary said, "He'd get so plastered we practically had to carry him out of the St. Paul Athletic Club on a stretcher."

But something happened. Stanley apparently found that booze was not compatible with getting to where he wanted to get and that was more important than booze, so he gave it up.

The problem with sobriety for him was that he still had that 50,000 watts of nervous energy roaring through him he had to get rid of so he was on the move all the time. He couldn't sit still very long and when others were quaffing down booze at the clubs and bars, Stanley was snooping around the Twin Cities in his Cadillac (sometimes with a big black dog in the back seat) in the middle of the night seeing what was

going on. He later changed to Lincoln Continentals when Ford sponsored the 10 O'Clock news on KS.

He had every radio available at the time in his Cadillac-two-way to the KS newsroom, fire and police and aviation crackling away as he scoured the Twin Cities like a real live Dick Tracy. There was a lot of cop in Hubbard along with the bullshit, brass balls and Barnum of Barnum and Bailey.

At one time he had red police lights on the top of his Cadillac and a police siren on the left front fender. He seemed to get enormous satisfaction at greeting police and fireman as they arrived at the scene of an incident, as though wondering what took them so long to get there.

Many cops didn't exactly appreciate Hubbard's ad hoc police help, though they came to respect him, not necessarily out of admiration but out of the fear that if you crossed him he might use his considerable political clout and get your ass fired.

One story (out of many) had it that at the scene of one crime, a St. Paul police lieutenant, who either did not know who Hubbard was or didn't care, saw Hubbard's car with red lights flashing and siren screaming, pulled out a hand ax from the trunk of his squad car and with one deft blow chopped the siren off the fender of Hubbard's Cadillac.

He was also ordered by both Minneapolis and St. Paul police departments to take off the red lights. He did. That is, he took them off the roof and put them behind the front grill so they wouldn't be noticeable unless turned on.

For some reason or other Hubbard hated the idea of mental health practitioners. Once, when kindly Brooks Henderson put a story on the 10 O'Clock news about a local mental health meeting (Henderson was a member of the group) Hubbard was furious and docked Henderson's pay which was miniscule to start with.

KSTP's revolving door, in and out, hiring and firing is legendary. But getting fired from KS was often a blessing in disguise because if you stayed around long enough you would be fired (or aced-out) when your enthusiasm for your underpaid work began lagging and evident to Hubbard or Hance and by that time you might be too old to get a decent paying job elsewhere.

Hubbard could be amiable at times. It was rare to be invited to his walnut-paneled, windowless office on the third floor but I was there a couple of times and the Old Man could be quite congenial. Once is when he asked for an advanced manuscript of my Dad's book LAST DITCH STAND, a fictional account of Governor Floyd Olson's days and another when he congratulated me on some of my work, told me he was taking amino acids and told me I should too. He died at 95.

On another occasion he told me, "Say, young fellow, your so smart and college educated, how much does a yard of dirt weigh?" I thought to

myself, holy Christ is this a radio station or a construction site I'm on, but had the presence of mind to reply, "Wet or dry?" He chomped on his unlit cigar and advised me, "If I were you, young fella, I wouldn't go into the construction business."

It's a good thing he didn't say "both" because I didn't know the weight of either and didn't give a damn either.

But that was Stanley Eugene Hubbard, the Upmanship Broadcasting Barnum who went from selling electric doorbells, door-to-door to building a huge broadcasting empire worth of hundreds of millions, overcoming obstacles that would easily have defeated a lesser man.

And that nobody can deny.

Now let's see how he did it.



Tommy Banks

THE HUBBARD FAMILY

For some reason one could only guess at, Hubbard never mentioned his first marriage to Alice Rochfort, daughter of a blind but very competent Minneapolis physician, in 1923. The union produced daughter Alice Rochfort Hubbard. Tragically, the mother died shortly after the birth from an infection, and the young girl lived with and was raised in her early years by Hubbard's mother Minnie at 500 West Franklin, Minneapolis. Hubbard did not marry again until 1932.

Mother Alice had a sister, Elbrun Rochfort, who was very familiar with the family situation and later became a writer and author of a book, "Mothers On Their Own." Elbrun did not name names but one segment transparently described young Alice's family predicament.

Read Stanley E. Hubbard as father, his mother, Minnie, as the grandmother, Didi as Hubbard's new "flaxen-haired" wife, Alice Rochfort Hubbard Liptak as the daughter and Mike Liptak as Alice's young husband.

"... then there is the child you often hear about, who never had a mother and enjoyed scarcely any motherly love. The child with a father complex.

"Twenty-five years ago a sad young man carried his newborn baby home from the hospital to his mother. He had lost his wife. The grandmother was a wonderful old soul and for eight years, despite deafness, managed to take care of the little girl. There was no danger of an emotional block here; the grandmother was as loving as could be.

"The father finally remarried and took his daughter to a lovely new home and told her to call the beautiful flaxen-haired woman there "Mother."

"The child thought of her grandmother as mother and although she liked the pretty mother she missed her grandmother greatly. The father had worked hard and had established a large radio station. He had little time to spend with his family but plenty of money to spend on them. He bought off all the problems at home, which didn't solve them. When his wife presented him with a son, he presented his daughter with a riding horse. When his wife presented him with another son, he sent his daughter off to a boarding school. Then he forgot all about his daughter.

"The young girl was heartbroken when she learned of her

grandmother's death. There was no one to turn to.

(To make matters worse, Alice thought her grandmother had dropped her too. This report does not mention that grandmother Minnie often had sent letters to Alice but her stepmother, Didi, intercepted them and threw them away. When Alice went to visit her grandmother just before she died, she asked Alice why she had never answered her letters. Alice told her, "I never received any.")

"After graduation, she returned home to live; but her stepmother resented her, and her father, whom she idolized, was thickly covered by success and she could not get through to him. One day, she quietly packed and moved to a boarding house. She took a position and went to work. Her father told her it was a disgrace for her to move. Then he dropped her.

"Then along came the prince and married the princess. They went to live in his castle; second floor rear, four sunny rooms overlooking a garden. The one cloud over their little kingdom was the father. He treated his son-in-law as an aspiring upstart, to the dismay of his daughter who wanted to be proud of her father. a complex continued to grow and she spoken often of her father's success, so as to compensate for her shame.

"When her baby was born, the young husband spared no expense. He secured not only the finest doctor but the best room in the hospital and a private nurse. He was not going to have his wife worry more than necessary, in view of the fact that she had lost her own mother when she was born. He had arranged his vacation so as to be with her at this time. He telephoned his father-in-law to announce the birth of a grandson and the reply he heard to this news was, "I don't care about that. Who do you think you are, affording the best room in that hospital.

"A year later the young mother had a setback. She had overworked in her effort to be the best mother possible. She wanted to prove to her father that she too was a success. Her doctor at last realized the underlying cause of her condition. He told her severely that she must not ruin her health and happiness by worshipping a father who had long since buried himself in his lust for achievement and power. He urged her to love and enjoy her own family completely ... "

As I said, Hubbard had a lot of anger in him. And as is so often the unfortunate case, he took it out on those who happened to be closest to him, his family. Subject to continual browbeating, Dick and Didi took to the bottle, and Stanley Jr. merely took it. In 1932, Hubbard married his second wife, the "flaxen-haired" Diddrike Stub. Junior's middle name when he was enrolled at St. Paul Academy was "Sidney" but Didi later had it changed to Stub. It was not Hubbard but the ever social-climbing Didi who objected to Alice's marriage to Mike Liptak, desiring her to marry into the St. Paul establishment. She had been unsuccessful in breaking into that circle, perhaps she could do it through marriage as others had done.

Didi's father was J.A.O. Stub, pastor of the Central Lutheran Church in

Minneapolis. The Stub family had a history of heavy drinking. Didi's brother Jack, though an alcoholic, was a highly decorated Marine pilot was shot down and lived in a little dinghy in the ocean for six weeks.

Her sister, Ann, was married to the comptroller at the University of Minnesota and both were heavy drinkers.

And Didi was one too. She was a member of the Town and Country bridge club and once while plastered called the various members to tell them of the upcoming bridge meet. Because she had been drinking she called the same number back and said, "Hi, Barbara, I just talked to that asshole so and so and she's going to meet us for bridge. The woman at the other end of the line said, "Didi this happens to be the asshole you just talked to."

The two sons, Stan and Dick, looked nothing alike and could have come from two different families. Stan, the apple of his father and mother's eye was an almost perfect clone of the Old Man, and a teetotaler. Dick was short and stocky with a pug nose, and an alcoholic.

Both had inherited the hyperactivity of the father, however and were known as Hubbard hellions in their early years. While practicing the fast draw with real guns and live ammunition, Stan once shot sister Alice in the leg and she was hospitalized in the Stillwater hospital. Dick shot himself in the toe with a .44 Magnum and put a gaping hole in the floorboards of his Thunderbird. In another fast-draw at the family home on St. Mary's Point, Dick shot a bulging hole through fifteen of the Old Man's expensive suits right where the Old Man's heart would have been, had he been wearing one.

It was obvious that Junior was the chosen one to assume the Old Man's mantle. Dick was an alcoholic and whether knowledge of Junior's status had anything to do with his drinking is open to question. However, Junior had a genuine affection for Dick and tried to help him whenever he could.

Dick had worked for the Hubbard stations on and off, but mostly off. All of the Hubbards had been fast and sometimes reckless drivers. In 1972, Dick had married and was living in Laredo, Texas where he worked for a television magazine. On February 27 of that year while passing a truck on a hill, he took to the ditch to avoid a head-on collision with an oncoming car and according to Texas troopers, his car rolled over "at least ten times." He laid in a semi-coma at the Methodist hospital in San Antonio, paralyzed from his neck down and unable to speak for a month, then expired. Dick is buried in a mausoleum in Florida, as is his mother, Didi. Junior is known to visit the cemetery, put his hand on Dick's burial marker and say, "Hi, Dick."



Kid Cann

HOW IT ALL STARTED

One afternoon in the front yard of the family home in Red Wing, Minnesota, on August 27, 1901, four-year-old Stanley Eugene Hubbard was monkeying around and watching his father and a helper do some work in the yard when the heavy lever of the road scraper implement they were not familiar with suddenly popped up hitting young Hubbard's father in the neck, killing him almost instantly.

In reporting the freak accident, a local newspaper reported that "as soon as he was struck he fell to the ground, opened his eyes, attempted to move his lips as if to say "mother," and then 'expired.'" Frank Valentine Hubbard was dead at 46.

An almost identical replication of this strange and bizarre incident was to be voiced by Stanley E. Hubbard when he gave his reasons for giving up flying. According to Hubbard's often told story (and he was an expert story teller) an intoxicated mechanic pulling the propeller (as they used to have to do to start the engine) did not get out of the way fast enough when the engine started, and the prop severed his head from his body. Hubbard related that the last words the severed head said as it lay in a pool of blood on the tarmac was, "mother."

A sober pathologist would tell you that it is impossible for a severed head to speak, but Hubbard's repeated telling of the story throughout his life and the witnessing of the circumstances of his father's death when he was four years old, is pause for wonder.

Whatever it was, something with powerful impact on Hubbard did occur because he did not only stop drinking, but flying in any kind of aircraft.

The always and ever impatient Hubbard chose to drive, or be driven, by car 1769 miles from his winter home in Bal Harbour, Florida to the Twin Cities for the summer and back the same distance and time when he could have flown it in a commercial airliner – or his own – in about three and one half hours. This from Hubbard the self-described barnstorming aviator.

But if not for the severed head incident or the similar circumstances of his father's death . something very powerful must have happened that caused him to say in his early 30's that he gave up both drinking and "flying," – in a dashing and daring age which his dashing and daring

personality would seem to require.

Father Frank was Red Wing superintendent of schools and was so highly regarded he had been expected to become the next Minnesota Superintendent of Schools. "A man of high ideals," said the local newspaper, "a conscientious worker indefatigable in his efforts to bring Red Wing schools up to the highest possible standards." This educational part of his father's genes Stanley apparently did not inherit, or it was submerged by something more powerful in his psyche.

Father Frank had married Minnie Ayers from the Norwegian Lutheran stronghold of Lodi, Wisconsin. They produced four boys; Will, Harlow H., Stanley and Francis. Harlow was born blind and struck down and killed by a car at a St. Paul street intersection in the latter 1950's.

Francis was a quiet, well-mannered 180 degree opposite of his older brother Stanley. Will, the oldest, was a par excellence promoter and very probably Stanley's early tutor in the art of promotion and real life.

Mother Minnie and the four Hubbard sons were to be in very poor financial circumstances. They moved to the Twin Cities in 1902, shortly after Frank's death and from the records must never have unpacked their things as they moved from location to location, sometimes twice in one year.

Their first Twin Cities residence, interestingly enough, was at 1521 University S.E. in Minneapolis, not far from where The Old Man chose later to build the present KSTP studios.

In 1904 they were off again to 628 14th Avenue S.E. where they stayed, until 1910. But from 1910 on it was one continual move. In 1910 Minnie and the boys were living at 2122 Knapp St. in the St. Anthony Park district of St. Paul – but the same year moved again to 828 S. E. in Minneapolis.

In 1911, Minnie moved out to Centralia, Washington to live with Will but that same year she was back at the Knapp Street address. In 1912, the Hubbards were at 701 Laurel in St. Paul. In 1913 at 961 Selby. In 1914 at 1936 Roblyn. And in 1914, 17 year old Stanley was not in school. He had dropped out and was a salesman for the Merritt J. Osborn Company at 674 Dayton, a distributor of water boilers and doorbells.

It was at this time that Hubbard met Maurice Gordon Goldberg, a brilliant radio engineer who was thinking about starting a radio station at 711 Dayton. He became Hubbard's first engineer but in 1924 went on the air with his own station, KFOY, where he was its chief operator, announcer and manager. In 1915 the Hubbards disappeared somewhere. But in 1916 we find them at 2545 2nd Ave. S, Minneapolis with Stanley again listed as a salesman. In 1918 Minnie moved to 254 Wheeler, St. Paul.

It was at this point that Will Hubbard took the family to Louisville. Will later sold Beechnut gum out west until, always on the look-out, he

snatched a multi-million dollar blond California divorcee.

When they returned to the Twin Cities in late 1922, Minnie was on the move again. In 1922 the Hubbard family was living at 3319 Blaisdell while Stanley was reported as a salesman for the Haynes Company, another doorbell company, and listed as residing at "Seton L.M."

But in 1924 Minnie finally found a place which circumstances permitted her to stay until she died October 4, 1936 – 500 West Franklin Avenue, Minneapolis. The Franklin Avenue address was also reported to be the first "studios" of WAMD. In 1924 Stanley was living there and a salesman for the Geneva Heater Company. In 1925 and 1926, the same.

LOUISVILLE

In 1919, Minnie and the boys moved to 49A of the Piedmont apartments in St. Paul and then the oldest son, Will, for some indiscernible reason took the whole Hubbard crew to Louisville, Kentucky, where Will took the bull by the horns and established a number of ventures in the field of aviation which Stanley was later to take credit for.

Stanley was mustered out as a sergeant in the Utilities Detachment (which strung telephone lines) of the Quartermaster corps on March 3, 1919, not out of the U.S. Signal Corps as a pilot. It was in this thoroughbred horse country and aviation crazed Louisville that Stanley developed his attachment to horses – and aviation.

In spite of later claims of the roaring success of the Mattingly-Hubbard Motor Company in Louisville, of which brother Will was president, he told the Army when applying for his \$300 discharge bonus that he was “reliant on money from Minnesota.”

Compare these facts with the story he gave to a business magazine in August, 1976: “I learned to fly in 1916, and I was a pilot in World War I. After the war I ended up in Louisville where a distiller and I started a motor company. We were very successful.” (And where was brother, Will?)

In the early days of aviation there was no federal licensing of pilots until 1926 and not in Minnesota until 1929. What aviation credentials Hubbard claimed was one of those honorary deputy type badges from the Federation Aeronautique Internationale, which was represented in the U.S. by the Aero Club of America. It was required of those who wished to participate in Aero Club events, but it was not a bonafide pilots license.

Clifton F. Von Kann, president of the National Aeronautic Association said, “The Federation card is not a pilot’s license to fly ... the qualifications were quite loose ... mainly payment of a going fee.” It was on the order of an honorary sheriff’s badge, of which Hubbard had a drawerful later on.

The first person’s exploits Stanley was to attach to his own resume were those of his brother, Will.

Hubbard Field in Louisville, a mowed-down cornfield which was in

existence for about six months, was actually named for Hubbard's older brother, Will, who was also president of the ill-fated Kentucky Aero Supply Company and the Ohio Valley Aero Transport Company, though Stanley failed to even acknowledge Will Hubbard's existence in later life. The cornfield land was actually owned by a fellow by the name of Bowman and is now known as Bowman Field.

Will's Kentucky Aero Supply was formed, out of blue-sky stock, to produce an odd-looking air crate called by the tongue-twisting name of the Kasco Trois. The company never managed to produce even a prototype-type and the Hubbards had to leave Louisville for St. Paul shortly after, leaving a number of Louisville stockholders in an angry mood. This is not to say the Hubbards were run out of town, but they did leave rather quickly.

Brother Will Hubbard had been the chief promoter of all of these Louisville enterprises including an abortive attempt to start a company called Seaboard Airlines. Seaplanes had become dirt cheap when the Navy no longer had to patrol the coasts looking for German submarines and this is what was going to carry passengers in Hubbard's "airline," but that venture also crashed almost as soon as it took off.

Stanley Hubbard did not, as he claimed over the years, start the first airline in the U.S. The first commercial passenger airline in the U.S. was started by one Tony Jannus in 1914 (when Hubbard was 17 years old and a fledgling salesman in St. Paul) and operated a flying boat between St. Petersburg and Tampa, Florida.

Even if one considers Will Hubbard's proposed Louisville to Cincinnati passenger airline which turned into a \$5 a hop joy ride company that would land them "on any vacant lot," it was in short operation in 1921.

The pilots in this venture did not include either of the Hubbards because neither could pilot an airplane. The Hubbards were "The Promoters." The pilots actually were World War I Lafayette Escadrille pilots Bill Brock and Marvin E. Headley, both hot-shot fliers.

The photo of Stanley standing by a Curtis Jenny airplane was actually that of Marvin Headley, a wild flying stunt pilot who was killed in Louisville shortly after the photo was taken. If you examine the original photo, you will find Headley's name printed on the fuselage. Hubbard later had the photo cropped so Headley's complete name was not visible. This was not to be the last of Hubbard's staged photos of non-events which later were to be presented as fact.

Hubbard never flew the Airmail nor did he pilot the first airmail flight, as he was later to claim, from Miami to Havana, Cuba. The Air Mail Pioneers organization has a complete roster of the 2713 members who were in any way associated with the Air Mail service – from clerks and watchmen to radio operators and pilots. Nowhere on this roster does

the name of Stanley E. Hubbard appear.

At any rate, the first Air Mail Service between Miami and Havana was inaugurated by Pan American on September 15, 1928 when Hubbard was in St. Paul. The pilots were Cy Caldwell and Ed Musick. Prior to that airmail was carried by U.S. Army pilots.

And it is more a flight of fanciful image-making that he flew against rum-runners in Florida during Prohibition. More preposterous still, that he started the aviation service for the IRS. These exploits began in Hubbard's fertile imagination and after being repeated for decades they became fact, and even Hubbard began to believe them.

His purported flying antics in St. Paul seemed to be a direct steal from famed aviator Speed Holman, who used to like to loop the loop under and over the old St. Paul High Bridge and was hired by Lytton Shields to fly and advertise for the National Battery Company and its station – KSTP.

"Hubbard was never a pilot. I remember Charlie Ward of Brown and Bigelow. Ward had a place over in Hudson, Wisconsin and some guy flew in here trying to sell Ward an airplane," said Jules Perlman.

Jules (Julius) Perlman, was the Minnesota sports announcer for the University of Minnesota and used to announce at the Gopher football games in Memorial stadium. He was in the middle of everything and in charge of all aviation and Aero Club events in the Twin Cities.

"I was in aviation work here with Colonel Brittin (founder of Northwest Airways) and in charge of all the air shows here. So this guy came into the St. Paul airport and for some reason Hubbard was there and we took a ride with this fellow. Hubbard had no knowledge of that plane, he didn't know one control from the other. Being in charge of all the air shows around here I would have known if Hubbard was flying, and he wasn't. What he had was one of those Federation Aeronautique honorary pilot's cards which had no official standing anywhere. I'm sure he was never a pilot. I was with him at different aviation events and he never flew an airplane. He was no pilot. If he had of been he was brash enough to be flying."

In spite of his determination never to fly again after the strange severed-head incident, he obtained a pilot's license in 1956 for unknown reasons and under mysterious circumstances which the FAA could not explain, after repeated requests to do so.

Nor did Hubbard found WAMD in 1923. It did not go on the air until 1925 and was owned by the Twin City Barber College. While Hubbard maintained the station's slogan was "Where All Minnesota Dances," it's actual slogan "The Call of the North." Hubbard later changed the slogan to back up his contention that the station broadcast "the big bands," which in any event did not come into existence until the latter 1920's and early '30's, when WAMD was no longer in existence.

If Hubbard was ever an amateur radio operator as he says he was (at 15) this too was either a manufacture or he was operating illegally because old Commerce Department Bureau of Navigation records do not list him as licensed or authorized to operate.

Stanley Hubbard did not found KSTP. The president of the National Battery Company and millionaire pillar of the St. Paul Establishment, a graduate of Yale, Lytton Shields, started KSTP and was the president of it from the time it went on the air in 1928 as the National Battery Company Station until his early demise in 1936, which gave Hubbard an opportunity to move slowly into a takeover of the station from Shields' unknowledgable widow and daughter. We will have more to say about Shields and the circumstances of KSTP's origin later.

Stan Hubbard was never accepted as a part of the St. Paul establishment, even when he began to make money. He could join the Town and Country Club or Minnesota Club or Athletic Club but that only meant that he was a member of the Club, not a member of the establishment. He might have been better off staying away from them altogether. They referred to him as "Hubbub." His bombast and rude manners that didn't suit their cultured, eastern-educated members. The proper deportment for a member of the St. Paul establishment was to be unobtrusive, unshowy, dignified, though superior, and well-spoken.

"Hubub" was the opposite, a hi-fi dynamo who catapulted himself on the scene with a blast that assaulted the eardrums of everyone around and announced that he had arrived. To add to his unacceptability, he had not graduated from Yale or Harvard or Princeton, one of those expensive eastern educational sawmills. You didn't get "in" really in St. Paul unless you had those credentials or you married in and even then it was tough, unless you came from Yale or Harvard or Princeton and in the case of the female members of the establishment from Smith or Vassar or Brown or Radcliffe, which Hubbard's wife, Didi, couldn't lay educational claim to either.

Another contemporary diagnosed Hubbard's fireworks personality this way: "He was boisterous and loud to cover up the fact that he had almost no schooling and no social graces and didn't realize that everybody knew it."

"He just didn't know how to act," said one establishment contemporary. Not only that, "he hadn't even graduated from high school! How could he possibly have any culture to him?" That is not only a good question but it is a statement about the requirements of culture in those days.

Hubbard would spend the rest of his life trying to crack the St. Paul establishment, sending sons Stanley Junior and Dickie to the St. Paul Academy and joining the right clubs, attending the right functions but understanding all along that they weren't being accepted. In a natural

reaction Hubbard thumbed his nose at the establishment constantly, which might have made Hubbard feel better but which proved to the establishment that its exclusion of the Hubbards had been the right decision in the first place.

The exclusion induced a paranoia among the Hubbards which exists with the present Hubbard generation, apparently without their realizing they had put themselves into this state of isolation in the community by their actions and defensive, defiant and arrogant attitudes associated with broadcaster Hubbard and his progeny.

Hubbard would get an AAA for promotion, an absolute zero F for diplomacy or public relations. His constitutional make-up would not permit it.

RADIO

Contrary to Hubbard's insistence that he was the first commercial broadcasting station in the U.S., KSTP was actually the ninth in Minnesota and preceded by hundreds of other stations across the country.

The first known radio program in the U.S. was broadcast by Reginald Aubrey Fessenden from his experimental station at Brant Rock, Massachusetts on Christmas Eve, 1906. Two musical selections, the reading of a poem and a short talk apparently made up the program which was said to have been heard by ship wireless operators within a radius of several hundred miles. Great Lakes freighters and ocean going vessels were the first to use radio and that was the reason for its control coming under the Bureau of Navigation of the Commerce Department.

After the relaxation of military restrictions on radio at the end of World War I, many experimental radio stations – often equipped with homemade apparatus – were operated by amateurs. The range of such broadcasts extended from a few city blocks to a couple of miles.

The first commercial radio station was KDKA, Pittsburgh, which went on the air on the evening of November 2, 1920, eight years before KSTP went on the air. The broadcast menu consisted of an airing of the returns of the Harding-Cox presidential election. The success of the KDKA broadcast and of musical programs thereafter motivated others to install similar stations. Eight years before KSTP went on the air, in 1921, there were eight stations operating in the U.S. By November 1, 1922, 564 broadcasting stations had been licensed.

The radio networks began with the installation of long distance telephone lines in 1922 when a radio station in New York City and one in Chicago broadcast a description of a football game, introducing a new idea into radio broadcasting.

In 1926, the National Broadcasting Company bought WEAf in New York. Using it as the originating station, established a permanent network of radio stations to which it undertook to distribute daily programs. Some of these were sponsored by advertisers and furnished revenue to both the network and its associated stations, while others were supported by the network, with part of the time being set aside for public service features.

Early radio broadcasting growth was spectacularly swift but it was also chaotic, unplanned and unregulated. Also, business arrangements between the leading manufacturers of radio equipment and the leading broadcasters seemed to suggest monopoly.

In 1927, Congress got off its duff and passed the Radio Act of 1927, which, though directed primarily against monopoly, also set up the agency now called the Federal Communications Commission to allocate wavelengths and power to broadcasters. This governmental attack on monopoly resulted eventually in four radio networks; the National Broadcasting Company (Red and Blue divisions), the Columbia Broadcasting Company, the Mutual Broadcasting Company and the American Broadcasting Company.

But as we shall see later, these FCC regulations had enough loopholes for broadcasters to drive a Mack truck through, and they did, including Hubbard.

TWIN CITIES RADIO

The beginning of radio in the Twin Cities took a very peculiar twist early in the game and if it had not, Hubbard's career would have been far different.

Ted Curtis Smythe in his informative article of the birth of Twin Cities commercial radio says the radio mania hit here in the spring of 1922. The University of Minnesota's WLB was the first license granted to operate with 100 watts of power. It was soon joined by the Findley Electric Company's WCE and the Minneapolis Journal's WBAD, the Minneapolis Morning Tribune's WAAL and the St. Paul Pioneer Press' WAAH. These were followed swiftly by the Dayton Company's WBAH and WCAL of St. Olaf College in Northfield on May 13, 1922. Later that spring the St. Cloud Times station, WFAM, went on the air.

Smythe says what made the situation somewhat unusual in Minnesota was the large percentage of newspaper owned stations. At the end of April, 1922, there were reportedly only eleven such stations in the country, a figure which did not include the stations owned by the Twin Cities newspapers. It was this newspaper competition that sparked such a great interest in Minnesota and provided later for a face-saving way out of the mess in which the papers found themselves.

Supposedly, Thomas J. Dillon, managing editor of the Tribune got the idea of a broadcasting station after closely watching the successful work of the Detroit News. Dillon was known for his dour outlook on life and if someone would say to him while getting on the elevator, "Good Morning, Mr. Dillon" he would reply, "What's good about it?"

He approached James A. Coles, then on the Tribune advertising staff. Coles had acquired some knowledge of radio during his service with the navy in World War I. Coles contacted William R. Beamish who had recently opened a radio parts store and from the Anderson Fixture Company in Minneapolis. Beamish agreed to supply the radio equipment which was to be placed on top of the Tribune Building. The studio was to be located on the fifth floor. The Tribune on the other hand would erect the radio tower and contribute \$50. The two owners would split promotional time.

Meanwhile, Herschel V. Jones, owner-publisher of the Minneapolis Journal, returned from California and saw the transmitter tower on the

Tribune Building. He was not sure what it meant, except that F. E. Murphy, owner of the Tribune was trying to steal a competitive march on him. He immediately sought to beat the Tribune on the air. He read of the Tribune's plan to operate the station within a fortnight. The same editorial claimed: "It's a great age, and the Tribune believes in keeping up with it, not to say going a bit ahead of it when there is a chance to blaze the way. Prepare ye to cut in on WAAL, the designation of the station that will be atop the Tribune Annex!"

Jones called in George Adams, then managing editor and told him to get a station in operation before the Tribune. If anyone was going to "blaze the way" Jones wanted to be the one. Adams, who knew little or nothing about radio, got in touch with Walter E. Stephenson of the Sterling Electric Company in Minneapolis. Because they did not have a powerful transmitter, the partners borrowed one from Northern States Power Company and used it to broadcast before the Tribune did.

It had been a close race, but the honor of being the first newspaper to begin regular broadcasting in Minnesota belonged to the Journal. While the Tribune claimed to be "First in the field of negotiation, first to sign a contract, first to procure a government license, first to erect a station of its own on a building of its own in accordance with government specifications," it soon dropped its boast of being the first to broadcast. Being first was a dubious competitive advantage anyway, but the newspapers brawled in their pages over the distinction for several days.

While the battle between the Tribune and Journal was taking place, the St. Paul Pioneer Press and Dispatch Company was also preparing to enter radio in partnership with the Commonwealth Electric Company. On April 22, 1922, the Pioneer Press' station WBAH, began regular programming from the Commonwealth facilities in St. Paul. The Pioneer Press never claimed to be the first newspaper in Minnesota to operate a radio station, but it did loudly proclaim its foresight in being "first among the Northwest newspapers to recognize the value and growing importance of radio news" by starting a radio column in its Sunday issues.

The paper had initially capitalized on the growing interest in receiving and sending sets by publishing a page of radio news on March 12, 1922. After its station went on the air, it devoted two pages each Sunday to radio. The Journal and Tribune printed special series on how to construct radio sets after their stations began broadcasting.

The new stations placed an immediate load on the already inundated wave length over which all commercial stations had to broadcast at that time. Arrangements had to be made between all of the stations so that they could broadcast at different hours, otherwise listeners would have picked up a garble of voices, each trying to override the other. In addition, amateur broadcasters had to have a time slot in which to have

their say. Finally, a silent period had to be open weekly, whereby local listeners could pick up distant broadcasts, including those from the Detroit News.

While the newspaper stations did not know exactly what to do with their radio stations, it was obvious that they would provide good publicity.

The Dayton Company reflected this attitude when it put WBAH on the air May 10. In its premier broadcast the company claimed that "no attempt will be made to carry on direct advertising or propaganda for the store ..." The reasons was a "ruling against such use and also because it is believed such use would not be in the best interests of radio development."

However, the Dayton Company showed ingenuity by taking advantage of the interest in its new station. It placed a five-column ad in the Journal with the headline "Listening In" on the broadcast news about the Dayton famous May Shirt Sale, "thousands of men will come to know about two of the most extraordinary lots of Shirts yet offered." The piece was cleverly illustrated with men sporting the shirts and earphones.

But there was doubt about the new medium too. The Journal claimed in an editorial that "The radio telephone is still a toy, a novelty, whose practical worth in everyday life is yet to be more fully worked out. By encouraging its use, the Journal believes that it is aiding in radio development and is hastening the day when the contrivance will be as common and as useful as the automobile and other machines that have been developed from purely pleasure devices. For every radio fan in this region has already learned that these waves are offering him in his own home programs of real worth. Furthermore, their stamp of 'Minneapolis' has already proved that they are quality goods."

It was obvious that there were numerous potential listeners in the range of Twin Cities' transmitters. Since there had been a boom in amateur broadcasting following the war, there were many people with sets to listen in on the late evening chatter and music. According to H. deRoe Jones, chairman of the Executive Radio Council of the Twin Cities, there were approximately four thousand receivers in or near the Twin Cities during 1922 and the number was growing "at a tremendous rate." There were nearly four hundred sending stations alone in April, 1922. This hard-core group of enthusiasts provided a ready-made audience for enthusiastic broadcasters. Electric companies selling radio receivers designed their ads to augment this audience.

The Twin City Radio Club, which amateur set builders and broadcasters had founded as the Minneapolis Wireless Association in May, 1910, generated more interest in radio. In January 1921, the club began to publish KICK BACKS, a popular monthly magazine formerly

owned by the Executive Radio Council of the Twin Cities.

Entertainment was the staple of early radio, though there were news and weather reports too. There were also attempts to see how effective the new medium would be under special conditions and for publicity: radio broadcasts were sent from deep caves and airplanes. A Twin Cities newspaper reported a radio chess game between the Universities of Wisconsin and Minnesota. The fact that passengers on a train leaving town were able to maintain contact with local radio stations was thought important enough for news coverage. The Journal considered the first radio equipped bus in the United States deserving of special attention, especially since the vehicle was made in Minnesota and ran between Minneapolis and St. Cloud.

But while radio could be exciting it also had its pitfalls.

For instance, a fifty-voice boys choir was scheduled to perform over WBAD one evening. Just before the boys were to go on the air, Robert H. Andrews, a Journal reporter whose afterhour duties consisted of publicity, programming and stand-by announcing "found them sitting on the cornice along the Radisson Hotel front, leaning out over ten stories of space, dropping paper-sack waterbombs on the traffic below. They swore they'd jump off before they'd sing for nothing. Several of them nearly fell."

By the time Andrews persuaded them to return to safety, the station engineer was through for the day and Andrews was through with radio. He resigned from WBAD.

But the newspapers were having second thoughts about radio.

Fan mail had been great and the newspapers had received a great deal of favorable publicity over the air. But fan mail did not pay the bills and the hard realities of providing adequate broadcasting facilities along with competent personnel began to shake the resolve of Twin City publishers to remain in broadcasting and "lead the way."

The newspaper publishers decided to get out, mainly because of the cost but also because of their lack of competence and understanding of this new medium. They were out of their element. They said, in effect, let's go back to the medium we know; newspapers.

The problem was how to do it without infuriating the public.

They went at it in a most circuitous and peculiar way.

Following a meeting with the publishers, Governor J. A. O. Preus devised a "plan for centering radio broadcasting in the Twin Cities in the University of Minnesota and under its control." All three newspapers published a letter from Preus in which he cited the duplication of expensive equipment and the danger that "the federal government will step in and limit the number of stations. The state university may well be the distributing center for all useful information, but particularly because it can and does send out information which is of special value to the

farmers of the Northwest.”

The Pioneer Press approved the scheme saying, “As all private broadcasting stations are now ordered by the government to use the same wave length the present stations are, by mutual agreement, operating at different times, the result being that no more service is being given than if there was but one station in continuous operation each evening.”

The newspapers readily agreed to the governor’s proposal but did nothing to implement it. Then, in late June, they publicly announced their decision to get out of radio. “It is planned, with the discontinuance of the newspapers’ stations, to have a most complete program broadcast from the University daily. The Journal and Tribune published the story, but the Pioneer Press ignored it.

On September 1, WBAD left the air following a broadcast by the Williams Dancing Academy Orchestra. The next day WAAL closed with a concert by the Minneapolis Municipal Opera Company. Three days later, the Pioneer Press broadcast its last program which featured Bill Markwith and the Brown Saxophone Six.

So much for newspaper operation of early radio. Later on, furious news competition between radio and the newspapers would develop, fortuitously.

Of the eleven stations that were broadcasting in Minnesota during the first nine months of 1922, only three are still on the air today: WLAG which became WCCO; WLB which is now KUOM of the University of Minnesota; and WCAL of St. Olaf College which share the same frequency. KSTP was to be long in the coming.



Dr. George Young

KFOY/WAMD & DR. GEORGE YOUNG

Maurice Gordon Goldberg of St. Paul was considered a genius in early radio and had invented numerous radio technological breakthroughs, including designing the radios for famed aviator Speed Holman's aircraft.

In March 1924, a year before WAMD started broadcasting Goldberg put KFOY on the air at 711 Dayton Avenue in St. Paul. He was its chief operator, announcer and manager. Along with operating KFOY, in 1926 Goldberg became the chief technical operator for WAMD which was put on the air in 1925 (not 1923 as Hubbard has contended) by the Twin City Barber College, with Stanley Hubbard as manager. The first WAMD studio was a small room adjoining the Marigold Ballroom at 12 Grant Street in Minneapolis.

WAMD in latter 1925 moved to the Radisson Hotel at 49 South Seventh Street in Minneapolis. The studio, 24' by 30', covered with monks cloth, was installed in the hotel building with two steel masts, 50 feet above the roof of the Radisson and 75 feet apart, supporting WAMD's inverted "L" type cone antenna. Its transmitter was placed on the top floor adjacent to the hotel's elevator hoisting motors. WAMD operated at 500 watts power but was off the air as much as it was on.

In those early years, radio broadcasting was chaotic, and early in his career Stanley began to ignore the rules. While assigned to 1230 kilocycles by the old Radio Division of the Bureau of Navigation, Department of Commerce, in July, 1926, he "pirated" a different "wave" for a week at 1020 kilocycles without authority to do so.

In 1926, WAMD "jumped" to 1010 kilocycles and increased its power illegally to 1,000 watts.

At this time, radio regulation had disintegrated and in 1926 many stations, in addition to Hubbard, changed wavelengths and power at will to improve their position. A court ruled in 1926 that the government was powerless, under the existing Radio Act of 1912 to assign frequencies and power levels.

In June 1927, WAMD was assigned to operate on 1330 kilocycles by the Federal Radio Commission at 500 watts power. Shortly after, WAMD was burned out by a fire at the Radisson.

In 1927, WAMD began dividing time on the new dial location with Goldberg's KFOY in St. Paul. In early 1928, in a very fuzzy and even

suspicious transaction, the licenses of WAMD and KFOY were purchased by Lytton Shields, president of the National Battery Broadcasting Corporation and Hubbard was named station manager. Maurice Gordon Goldberg, to his dying day, claimed Hubbard stole the station from him.

We must give some information about Dr. George Young so you can get a proper perspective and a feeling for what radio broadcasting was like in those days.

For showmanship, vision and radio pioneering, Stan Hubbard couldn't carry a candle to his contemporary competition, the zany Dr. George Young, founder of WDGY in Minneapolis. But Hubbard no doubt learned a few tricks from him and Young's radio antics are worth noting for that reason and give an idea of the temper and mood of early Twin Cities radio and the times.

Young was 37 years old at the time of his first broadcast over station KFMT. He had roared through his early life as a ditch digger, pin setter, house-to-house peddler and railway brakeman. While still braking railroad cars for the old Soo Line, in 1906 he enrolled in the Green School of Watchmaking which after a time conferred a doctor's degree on him. Though scornful of formal education and without even a high school education, Young flaunted his doctorate title wherever and whenever he could, including in his advertising.

In 1912 he started his own jewelry and optometry business in a store at 909 West Broadway in Minneapolis. A handsome, dapper man with a flair for the colorful and unusual, he wore screaming loud shirts and huge diamond rings on his delicate fingers and was an excellent showman who would have excelled as a barker at any carnival show.

He had his name embedded in brass letters in the sidewalk in front of his store, rented billboards with a huge picture of the great Dr. Young on them and installed a loudspeaker system on his flashy maroon 1919 Rolls Royce to make conversations and advertise himself to sidewalk passersby, a caper police were often called to command him to stop.

Young, like Hubbard, loved gadgets. He installed a periscope on the second floor of his building so he could watch people entering the store below. He collected antique cars and raced a newer model he called "The Minnesota Hot Shot." Like Hubbard he was an aviation nut, but unlike Hubbard he actually flew his seaplane, though terribly, and crashed almost as many times as he took off. On one occasion he nosedived and crashed onto the Town and Country golf course nearly killing a foursome which, ironically enough, included Stan Hubbard.

In many respects and in terms of basic persona, Hubbard was a carbon copy of Young. There was more than one person in each of them and you could never be sure which one was at the controls at any given time. Young is said to have had a gift for discerning which enterprises

had a future and putting his money behind the right ones. An employee said, "He was a screwball, but everything he touched turned to money."

Though gruff, impatient and curmudgeonous by nature, "he was a wonderful person once you got used to his personality. He could browbeat employees, but be the first to offer them financial assistance if they fell upon hard times," said another.

Likewise, when KSTP salesman Sam Levitan became ill with TB, Hubbard sent Sam and his wife, Libby, to a Phoenix spa that specialized in tuberculosis cases and paid his salary and all expenses at the spa. When the knock-out, Wagnerian blonde Jeannette Johnson Metz had a kidney problem, Hubbard sent her down to the Mayo Clinic in Rochester to get her kidneys fixed, and all at company expense. There were other examples of Hubbard's philanthropy in this respect.

As with Hubbard and other adventurers of the time, Young became fascinated with the two major developments of that time – radio and aviation. This was where the action was, and very possibly, the money.

And no doubt the potential power of radio was appealing to his oversized ego. Another consideration was, that like Dayton's WBAH, Young's station could serve as an advertising medium for Young's other businesses.

One Sunday, while cruising around Minneapolis in his 1919 Rolls Royce, he espied the antenna of Gordon Volkenant, a high school student who had been issued a amateur radio license. He bought it for 90 dollars.

He also needed a transmitter so he bought a five watt World War I surplus transmitter, designed for use on submarine chasers, which had a range of about 25 nautical miles.

Engineer Volkenant says its five watts was like spitting in the ocean. There were few competent persons at that time that could engineer and operate radio transmitting equipment, so Young hired Volkenant as his chief engineer. Volkenant was one of the few Twin Cities amateur radio operators who also held a commercial license, the primary requirement for which was the ability to send and receive high speed radio telegraph code. A man who had such a license was in great demand.

It was suspected that Young had been experimenting with the transmitter without a license for some time, but then decided to go legit. He received the Commerce Department's license for KFMT on December 17, 1923. Unlike radio call letters later on, they did not represent abbreviation or slogans but were assigned willy-nilly but so they thought, "systematically," by the Commerce Department.

The first formal broadcast of the Twin Cities fifth broadcasting station, Young's KFMT began at 2 PM Sunday, January 13, 1924. The originating broadcast was from the sun porch of Dr. Young's West Broadway home. The microphone used mostly those days was the

carbon type. KFMT's microphone was one ripped out of a telephone; it was primitively scratchy and of low quality.

When July, 1924 saw the demise of WLAG and WBAH, Young found himself as the owner of the only Minneapolis station to maintain a regular schedule of programs.

In rapid succession, Young changed the call letters of his station from WHAT to WGKY, then WDGY for Dr. George Young. Young's WDGY station occupied the entire second floor at 909 W. Broadway. Its two studios, separated from the control booth, were called "The Gold Studio" and "The Silver Studio," and were painted in those colors. The control room had a huge world map painted on the wall and 24 electric clocks showed the time in each time zone.

Young's office walls were covered with mirrors painted with Mexican scenes. On the ceiling was a multi-colored chandelier around which tiny World War I Fokker and Spad airplanes could engage in a dogfight at the press of a button on Young's huge, red, heart-shaped desk. On the desk was the gold telephone used by the builder of the Foshay Tower, who later went to Leavenworth.

Radio advertising in those days was primarily that of barter, in the form of trade-outs. Rather than receiving cash for air time, the station would be paid in merchandise or services of comparable value. If a station owner needed a load of coal, he would sell time to the coal distributor. In return for advertising a hotel, he received coupons worth free lodging and meals. These coupons then were passed on to other radio clients. Young's niece was told not to take the Greyhound bus on her visits to Milwaukee because Young had a trade-out agreement with Jefferson Lines.

Contrary to the thought that everyone suffered during the great depression of the 1930's, radio prospered. The nation desperately wanted to forget the depression and turned to radio to entertain them, cheer them up. And since they could get these broadcasts with only an inexpensive radio, without paying for the entertainment as they had to at the movies, it was scooped up by all segments on the U.S. population. In the process it shrunk the world just as aviation was beginning to do, physically.

Like Hubbard, Young hated Unions. Nobody was going to tell him what to do with his private property, forgetting that he was licensed to use the public airwaves in the public interest, a forgetfulness that pervaded the broadcasting business from the start and extends to broadcasters to this day, including Stan Jr. When the IBEW attempted to organize the WDGY engineering staff, Young fired Chief Engineer George Jacobsen and the other engineers walked out. To run the station Young hired a strike-breaker by the name of Baumgartner. The station was so heavily picketed, Baumgartner did not dare leave the transmitter

building. This forced him to live in one of the building's apartments. Young's secretary brought food in through the picket line to Baumgartner, using a different car each time so she would not be recognized. Brash, bold and determined as always, Young hired a large Negro woman with a protruding belly dressed in a bridal gown to march in the picket line alongside Jacobsen, carrying the sign, "Just Married."

In his renewal application of December, 1928, sixteen of the station's 32 weekly hours of programming were reported to have been sold for advertising. Five hours per week were used to promote Young's other business interests, jewelry and optometry.

At one point, Young offered over the air was to fix any watch for a price lower than any other store. He received so many watches he had to store them in bushel baskets. When WDGY broadcast the Lone Ranger Show, he hired an actor to impersonate the masked man and ride a big white horse by the schoolyards at recess time.

Dr. George Young was the also first television operator in the Twin Cities, not Hubbard. The exact date of his first television broadcast is unknown, but his station is listed as receiving its first license in 1933. But even Young's TV experiment was not the first television activity in the midwest. As early as 1923, the State University of Iowa experimented with various forms of television and received a license to broadcast in early 1932.

Because television was considered experimental, the station's call letters were not WDGY-TV but W9XAT, the "X" denoting that the station was experimental.

Like the Iowa station, Young's equipment was primitive. The process of image dissection was accomplished by a scanning disk with pin-hole perforations. As the disk rotated, the scene in front of the lens was converted, line by line, into electrical impulses by a photocell. On the receiving end a similar disk with a fluctuating light source behind it changed the signal back into a picture. Photographs taken of the Iowa station's transmissions show the picture quality to be comparable to a poor quality newspaper photograph.

Radio Annual's description of the W9XAT equipment said, "This station is using 125 line definition with a triple spiral, multiple disk. The station operated in the 42-56 and 60-86 mc with a power of 500 watts. The sound of the programming was carried on WDGY. The transmitter location was listed as "portable" as Young planned to experiment from the Foshay Tower building.

The studios and transmitter of W9AXT were at the WDGY building in the third floor attic at 909 West Broadway. One of the first performers was a bulldog owned by one of his salespersons, Vivian Bullmer. The dog was black and white and Young thought the canine would show up well on television.

Slim Jim Iverson, a very popular country-western singer who had a regular program on WDGY also was one of the early television stars, though he had trouble squeezing his six-foot two frame into the dinky attic. Slim performed with his brother, "The Vagabond Kid." He was so popular, listeners would send home-baked cakes to him at the WDGY studios and mail along dollar bills and their song requests.

The nature of the camera demanded total darkness in the studio. Performers were required to memorize their musical selections because reading a music script in the dark was impossible. Performers who could play by ear had a decided advantage. Announcer John MacKnight recalled seeing performers standing in the dark, playing and singing while dots of light emanating from the camera danced across their faces.

Young's staff also developed a means of televising motion picture film. He claimed to have the earliest patent on such a device. A photograph of this camera shows it to be a scanning disc mounted on a motion picture projector. The sound head was also on the projector and its output would be transmitted simultaneously over WDGY.

Unlike Young's other activities, W9AXT was not hullabalooed like his other endeavors. He wrote that he had not promoted the new venture because he felt commercial application of it was along way off. However, he was intrigued with the idea of a model demonstrating ladies' hosiery over the air while WDGY carried an accompanying singing commercial.

During the first years of W9AXT's existence, Young considered it to be an interesting toy but he could foresee a more important future and so did not join the other dilettantes who gave up their licenses when they tired. But the station remained a now-and-then activity while Young attended to his sound jewelry and optometry businesses. Young eventually gave up W9AXT's license in 1938 and on September 20, the FCC dropped its call letters from their register.

In 1945, Young learned he had developed cancer and on April 27, he passed on, receiving glowing obituaries in Broadcasting magazine and the Minneapolis Star Journal.

He is buried in Crystal Lake Cemetery under an ostentatious obelisk that had been purchased years before from a monument dealer – part of a WDGY trade-out.

LYTTON JAMES SHIELDS, FOUNDER OF KSTP

The real founder of KSTP was a St. Paul establishment dynamo by the name of Lytton James Shields. Shields, a graduate of the St. Paul Academy and Yale University had all the establishment credentials. He came from an illustrious blueblood family who were pioneers in a number of areas including building the Canadian railroads. His great uncle was U.S. Army General James Shields. His biography states that in addition to his business activities, he interested himself in sports, civic undertakings and military affairs, and held the rank of honorary colonel of the 3rd United States Infantry, having been assigned to Company F of that regiment.

He belonged to the Minnesota Club, the University Club, the St. Paul Yacht Club, the Somerset Club, the St. Paul Association and the Roman Catholic Church. He developed an intense interest in aviation, owning his own plane and traveling extensively about the United States. He never piloted the craft however, and finally disposed of it a few months before his death.

The local newspaper said, "The outstanding quality in Mr. Shields career was this creative side of his enterprise. His two outstanding successes were achieved by breaking new trails, by entering new fields and contributing to the upbuilding of new wealth-creating agencies which add to the welfare of all.

"He was first an innovator in the manufacture of automobile and aircraft batteries, was instrumental in the development of this vital accessory to the motor age and built up one of the greatest national industries in that field.

"Just as he built a great battery industry from nothing, he entered the new field of radio in its youth and created in KSTP one of the outstanding radio stations of the country.

"Mr. Shields was that combination of a strong personality, creative force and high personal qualities which is the key to the dynamic, expanding character of American industrialism."

But, Shields too was in the right place at the right time with the right thing.

Electricity, lead batteries and motors had arrived. Practically every moving mechanism needed a battery to function including radios and

radio transmitters. In 1910, Shields founded the Electric Manufacturing Company to produce lead batteries.

The company name was later changed to the National Lead Battery Company (and later still Gould National Battery) and it became the largest replacement battery business in the United States with plants in every major city.

Shields was no slouch at promotion either. In 1927 with the aviation industry beginning to reach its height, Shields purchased the best plane it was possible to get at the time and the best pilot, Charles "Speed" Holman, and with the National Battery logo emblazoned on the fuselage entered the New York to Spokane Air Derby, carrying off the first prize in the Class A race.

Shields was one of those content with nothing less than first place and would invest any amount of money in endeavors to promote his battery sales. A year after the 1927 race, National Battery could claim to be the largest manufacturer of airplane batteries in the world.

In addition to his work as line pilot for the old Northwest Airways, Holman was still barnstorming and looping the loop whenever he could and he longed to get into another race. The National Battery tie-up with Holman might never have happened because Colonel Brittin, head of Northwest at the time was cool to the idea. However Lytton Shields, a stockholder in Northwest, convinced Brittin when he told him he was looking for a company aircraft capable of long endurance and high speed and needed Holman to fly it.

Brittin reluctantly agreed and Shields bought a Laird J-4, the hottest airplane of the time. In addition to its 24 karat gold-powdered wings there was an illustration of a graceful swooping eagle painted in white on each side of the fuselage with the words "National Eagle." Holman later was killed while flying upside down in front of the grandstand at an Omaha, Nebraska state fair.

It is likely that because of the Holman-KSTP connection that Hubbard became acquainted with Holman and later attached some of Holman's more spectacular flying stunts to his own resume.

Shields was also keenly aware of that other phenomenon of the age, radio, and the possibility that it too could sell a lot of his batteries.

The competition between St. Paul and Minneapolis was as furious as ever and as president of the old St. Paul Association of Commerce Shields appointed a Radio Committee to get a powerful St. Paul radio station to compete with Minneapolis' WCCO.

Stanley E. Hubbard's antennae, constantly up and out, heard about the Shields endeavor, and made his move, and that move was the start of the feud between the St. Paul establishment and Hubbard.

The creme de creme of the St. Paul establishment was behind Shields' attempts; the Hamms, Bremers, Ordways, Davidsons, Lils,

O'Shaughnessys, Bairds, etc. and Hubbard became "a thorn in their side."

Julius Perl, the well-known Gopher football announcer at Memorial stadium, confidante of Colonel Brittin of Northwest Airways, and secretary of the St. Paul Association of Commerce radio committee, tells it this way:

"One of my jobs in the early days was as secretary to the old St. Paul Association of Commerce Radio Committee when they were trying to organize KSTP. We were trying to get a radio station in St. Paul that would compete with WCCO in Minneapolis. I took all the minutes of the meetings. Hubbard at that time had a one-bulb radio station in the Pioneer building.

"Hubbard, snoopy as always, was aware of our efforts, and he used to run down to Washington to try to find out from the Federal Communications Commission what was going on – much to the dislike of the committee on the local level.

"He even took out one of the daughters of one of the Commissioners trying to make points. He did everything he could to disrupt our efforts.

"Old Issac Summerfield and Asa Briggs were on the committee trying to get that 50 thousand watt station. But KSTP was established almost in spite of Hubbard. He was a thorn in the side of the committee. We had guy in Washington, Senator Frank Kellogg's chief aide, Ade Giere. Ade Giere had more to do with organizing KSTP than anybody. And Hubbard was taking credit for it, but it was done pretty much by the radio committee and Ade Giere because he, having been with Kellogg, knew his way around Washington pretty well.

But Hubbard had an eerie amount of luck. Or perhaps synchronicity is a better description. He was very fortunate that he had Lytton Shields and Frank M. Brown (a vice president of Shield's National Battery and vice president and investor in KSTP) dying suddenly. Shields widow and daughter didn't know anything about radio and so he was in the driver's seat and he was just smart enough to get the money to buy the station. But Lytton Shields had an agreement with the Chamber that KSTP would never be sold to outside (out-of-state) interests.

This provision was later to provide the chief ingredient in the battle between the St. Paul establishment and Hubbard over control of KSTP 20 years later with Warren Burger, later to be Chief Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court, as the Chamber's lawyer.



Lytton Shields & Speed Holman, and Airplane

KENNETH MALCOMB HANCE

Tall, angular, wire-rim bespectacled and professorial looking, Ken Hance spoke quietly but had an unnerving habit of tapping his front buck teeth with the fingernail of his forefinger when he listened to you, which led to the nickname of “Terry Tap Your Teeth.” It seemed like he might be sending an audio-visual signal that if you didn’t say the right thing he might take a bite out of your butt with his great buck teeth. Invariably, he dressed in dark suits and often with the residue of breakfast egg on his tie.

Despite that, it should be known that it was Hance, KSTP’s first Chief Announcer, who built the best radio announcing staff in the country, those great pearl-toned voices with the Minnesota non-accent which the radio networks slowly adopted, the “neutral clear voice” which was much easier to understand without various regional twangs, but also which would not offend the various accented parts of our country. If you were in radio in the 30’s the best place you could come from was the non-accented midwest.

If there ever was a true pioneer in radio broadcasting it was Kenneth Malcomb Hance. And if newshound Hubbard was responsible initially for putting together the best radio news operation in the U.S., it was Hance who created a radio announcing staff that was the best in the country, bar none.

And it was also Hance who discovered that you write differently for radio than the newspapers. It was Hance who told Jimmy Valentine that for radio announcing practice, “read magazines – don’t read the newspapers, they don’t read right.” You write narrative, and you deliver narrative story style in radio. You do not give the who what why where and when in the first paragraph. That’s for the eye, not the ear. You write a radio news story like a short, short story. You give the listener a come-on in the lead and then gradually unfold the story – and if you do it with the right come-on lead the listener is with you all the way to the end.

Hance began his career in radio as an amateur radio operator in Fargo, North Dakota, in 1910. He left college to become a wireless operator for the Marconi Company, a forerunner of RCA. He served as a wireless operator aboard Great Lakes steamers and ocean liners. During

World War I, we find Hance in the U.S. Signal Corps, a master signal electrician and member of a team of radio operators in McAllen, Texas who uncovered a high-powered German transmitter sending messages to the German High Command from Mexico. Out of the army, Hance established station WDAY in Fargo with one full-time and a few part-time employees. Hance acted as a one-man crew; announcer, copy writer, technician and manager.

The multi-faceted Hance came to KSTP in 1928 as the station's first chief announcer but Hubbard also named him assistant manager and bookkeeper because Hance had once worked in that position for the Reineke Company in Fargo. Loyal, underpaid, and forced to undergo the browbeatings of Hubbard Sr., Junior, marveling at Hance's loyalty said once, "You know, Hance would even go to prison for my father if necessary." Which leads one to wonder whether there were grounds for that possibility.

EARLY KSTP

Thanks to the insistence of Ken Hance, KSTP developed the best announcing staff in the U.S. In 1929 KSTP's chief announcer was 25 year old, red-headed John Wald, a professional actor and member of the Schubert Players, the Arthur Casey Players, the Minneapolis Junior Repertoire Company and the St. Paul Players, and who was said to have traveled 12,000 miles with a road company playing one-night stands before he joined the KSTP Players in October of that year.

The rest of the announcing staff consisted of Roger Krupp, Jack Costello, Brooks Henderson and Abbott Tessman, all of whom later went with one or the other of the national radio networks and in the case of Krupp all three nets, except Brooks Henderson who was offered announcing jobs by all of the networks at one time or another but chose Minnesota over the concrete jungles.

Herman Abbot Tessman, a native of Wadena and graduate of Carleton College where he was active in forensic, oratory, debate and dramatics had been chosen Carleton's "college orator" in 1931.

Tessman started his career as a teacher of speech and dramatics but the call of radio was too compelling and after a few short stints at other fledgling radio stations joined KSTP.

John Patrick Costello from Sauk Center came from a less illustrious background spending his early years on building and construction crews and later as a clerk and auditor for hotels, but his artistic side showed in his hobby of collecting odd bits of poetry.

Brooks Henderson, from Forest Lake, Mn., originally intended to be a lawyer and attended the University of Minnesota Law School. However Henderson was also what was then called a "crooner." His first break in radio came when he sang with a quartet on a specialty program. But finding too many "crooners" in the field, he decided on announcing and after a brief stint at station WEBC in Duluth came to KSTP in January 1934. Brooks Henderson was one of those rare, extremely intelligent and talented persons, without guile, who in most ages, would be called a beautiful person.

Hard-drinking, Rock Hudson look-alike (but with a decidedly heterosexual preference) Roger Krupp was hired and fired two or three times by Hance, who knew Krupp had one of the best voices and

delivery in the country but could not put up with Krupp's drinking and absence from work. Krupp was a traveler. He had a bad case of the wanderlust. Like he was looking for where he should be, but could never find it.

If there ever was a highly-talented enigma it was Roger Krupp. Krupp was born in Delano, Minnesota, graduated from Central High School in Minneapolis and attended the University of Minnesota and the Minneapolis School of Art. He was a talented artist, lover of symphony, but it was his voice and flawless delivery that gave him his success.

He had ants-in-the-pants wanderlust and by age 29 had traveled in 40 of the 48 states and Hawaii besides. After leaving school he became a traveling salesman in Colorado, New Mexico and Texas. In 1919 he obtained a position in the art department of a New York advertising agency, then as a page boy for NBC in New York where he caught the radio bug.

Krupp's first stay at KSTP didn't last long because the ants started biting again and he traveled to California where he joined the staff of KDI in Los Angeles and appeared in two motion pictures, "The Wet Parade" and "Are You Listening." He then became a staff announcer for NBC in San Francisco.

Never able to stick in one place for long, the next year found him announcing at a station in Hawaii, managing the Post Broadcasting System operated by the U.S. Signal Corps, master of ceremonies at a night club in Los Angeles, then in New York where he joined the announcing staff of station WNEW and later, WMAC. Krupp later became the announcer for the high-powered network shows of Al Jolson, Paul Whiteman and Lowell Thomas. After being fired by Hance, Krupp sent Hance a telegram which said, "Am announcing the Al Jolson Show on your Red Network hope you don't mind." In spite of his Hollywood good looks, Krupp was forever having creaky love affairs. After being thrown in a Georgia dirt jail by the sheriff when he attempted to visit the sheriff's gorgeous blond daughter who had spurned Krupp, he attempted suicide at the ABC network studios in New York. Joe Meyers, former KS news director and later head of NBC news in New York, said, "it was only a flesh wound. He was just trying to get a little sympathy."

In the early years, Fred DeBeaubien was chief engineer, Karl Plain, John Byrne, Mike Faddell and others were salesmen. The early announcing crew were followed by George Putnam, (later at NBC), Pat and Bob Murphy (NBC), Pierre Andre (CBS), Corrine Jordan, Bea Baxter, Florence Murphy, Pauline Shedlov, Tom Rishworth, Val Bjornson, Halsey Hall, George Grim, Rock Ulmer, Frank McGlogan, Brooks Henderson, Don Hawkins, John Rustad, Doug Melges, Jimmy Valentine and others. The best.

But as one old-timer said, the announcing staff quality was due to perfectionist Hance and chief announcer Brooks Henderson because “Hubbard couldn’t tell the difference between the voice of Mickey Mouse and Lowell Thomas. WCCO didn’t have the voices. KS guys all sounded like network announcers.”

In 1937, Hubbard, constantly on the look-out to improve his flimsy radio equipment, heard of an engineering genius in St. Paul who had invented the proximity artillery fuse for the U.S. Army and was working with radar before anyone had heard of it. Not happy with the available local talent, Hubbard went after Hector Skifter and badgered him until he joined KSTP as chief technical advisor. Skifter had worked as a consultant and builder of radio transmitters, installing them in Moorhead, Duluth and WCAL in Northfield. Hubbard had rented the entire 12th floor of the St. Paul Hotel, most of which was enclosed. On top was a roof garden and a barroom at the extreme west end of the building and an old portico with carved gargoyles which spread across the top giving it a gazebo effect. He gave Skifter the roof garden to set up shop and a couple of mechanics to cut the sheet metal for the transmitter, amplifiers and other radio equipment.

Skifter also had a research assistant by the name of Don Miller who amounted to Skifter’s personal computer. Miller’s only function was to supply Skifter with technical data pertaining to radio broadcasting and so spent most of his days poring through such data at the Hill Library.

Veteran KSTP announcer Jimmy Valentine tells of his beginnings with KS: “I was a fledgling draftsman and looking around for work and one day met Don Miller sitting in the KSTP truck. I mentioned I was looking for work and he said well, we’re looking for a draftsman and could I fill the job. I said, sure. I had three years of mechanical drawing.

“So I auditioned for Skifter and he gave me a sketch to make a circuit diagram. I didn’t know a circuit diagram from a doughnut but I followed the instructions and Skifter hired me for 50 cents an hour. I worked on that for about a year and along the way talked to Don Hawkins, another veteran KS announcer, and told him I was disappointed with my job. Hawkins said, ‘Can you read?’ And I said ‘sure, can’t everybody?’ He said, ‘No, I mean like an announcer.’ So he gave me some copy to read and called up Hance. Hance listened to me in his office. ‘So you want to be an announcer’ Hance said – tapping his teeth. And he suggested I read ads out of Liberty and Saturday Evening Post magazines and come back in a month. He gave me a sheet of paper which said, in caps, ‘DON’T READ OUT OF THE NEWSPAPERS, THEY’RE NOT WRITTEN RIGHT. THEY DON’T READ RIGHT.’..meaning the newspapers are written for the eye, the whowhatwherewhenandwhy in the lead – and not to the ear of radio, in narrative with a tease lead and then the rhythmic unfolding, short story, magazine style, to the end.

“Well, I auditioned all over the midwest – live, you had to be there – and finally got a job at Dr. George Young’s station, WDGY. Young had moved his studios from the front porch of his home on West Broadway to the Nicollet Hotel. I got the job, that is, for six weeks. Young hated the Unions as much as Hubbard and so when they were trying to keep a guy out of the union they would hire him for six weeks, and then, when he was going to join the union, they’d fire him. That’s why we were called six-week wonders.”



Kenneth Hance

THE NEWSPAPER/RADIO WARS IN EARLY BROADCASTING

The Twin Cities newspapers now must rue the day they got out of radio in 1922. The gradual increase in proficiency in newsgathering of radio newsmen, new technical equipment and the immediacy with which radio could put news out over the air, scared the daylight out of newspaper publishers and in typical fashion they closed ranks to kill radio news.

The guiding news philosophy of the time was the same as the overall programming philosophy. As KSTP veteran Don Hawkins was to say, “no one told you not to do anything, you just went ahead and did it.” A very loose ship in which individual creativity and abilities could be challenged and maximized and which resulted in high quality programming and individual and station management satisfaction.

Radio newsmen got their local news anywhere they could find it. In the early 30's two KSTP newsmen covered a union meeting by climbing to the roof of the building where the meeting was going on and lowered a microphone down to the meeting room window.

National news at that time was received by local stations from an outfit called Transradio News Service, a direct result of the “Press-Radio War” of 1934. The War was started when newspaper publishers of the three wire services complained of the growing competition from radio news.

Pressured by the publishers, the wire services refused to sell their services to radio stations and, in Casper Milquetoast fashion, the networks agreed to disband their news gathering organizations. Not so, local radio, though stations were restricted to two news broadcasts a day in which news items were limited to 30 words.

Transradio was created to fill this void locally. KSTP and WDGY joined other stations in subscribing to their service, which featured news copy written for radio use, for the ear, not the eye. Transradio news was not received by the station on a teletype, but sent in Morse code over shortwave radio. Local radio stations usually had shortwave operators stationed on the top floor where they would copy down the news as it

came in, and give it to the announcer. If a flash bulletin was received, the shortwave operator would throw a switch that lighted a large red light in the studio below. The announcer on duty was alerted that a "flash" news item was ready to read.

It was not perfect. Newscaster Ben Hardman of WDGY says that often the Transradio signals would fade and he would have to run down to the first floor news stand to buy a newspaper to use as his copy.

In the early years of radio, the 1920's, newspaper publishers regarded radio as a toy, and though several newspapers owned radio stations they did not regard them as competition even though the Associated Press warned its members that broadcasting of its news was contrary to AP by-laws. However, since United Press and International News Service were supplying news to broadcasters, most stations ignored AP's warning. So little did newspaper owners fear radio that they cheerfully gave broadcasters a courtesy long denied to periodicals, motion picture exhibitors, theatrical producers and book publishers – free announcement of scheduled attractions without the usual quid pro quo of paid advertisements.

But by 1934 this was to change.

With the rapid expansion of NBC and CBS in the early '30's, newspaper ad lineage fell precipitately while radio billings soared. Radio news coverage, which had dealt a death blow to the afternoon newspaper "Extra" was using the wire service reports, the raw material of newspapers nationally, to beat the publishers at their own game, and with a decided advantage in timing. The dormant radio committee of the American Association of Newspaper Publishers began roaring like a wounded lion and sent their committee into the war. By 1933-34 the newspaper publishers had persuaded AP, UP and INS to suspend their news service to radio broadcasters.

The response of at least one network was immediate, and initially effective. In October, CBS, news chief Paul W. White, a former UP editor, quietly began to organize his own news-gathering staff. Newspapers in areas where CBS had outlets promptly withdrew the network's program listings and the publishers committee urged newspapers to accord like treatment to all listings, as a means of bringing concerted broadcaster pressure on CBS.

As one writer of the day observed, "The broadcasters lost their nerve. They had managed their relations with the press badly, especially in the matter of failing to accompany requests for free space with paid advertisements. Most of them stood in awe of the older medium, insisting that radio needed the support of the press, which since 1933, it had never received. The network front cracked when NBC decided to play both ends against the middle instead of supporting its news chief, A. A. Schecter, in his move to follow White's lead by building up

NBC's own news-gathering staff." A few days of going without printed program logs convinced all but a handful of broadcasters that they could not win in a showdown. It apparently did not occur to them that the newspapers needed the radio logs for their avid radio listener subscribers as much as radio needed them, if not more. The spirit of panic swept CBS up in its tide and in December, 1933, representatives of both networks met with spokesmen for ANPA, AP, UP and INS in the Biltmore Hotel in New York City and signed a ten-point agreement which later became known as the "Biltmore Program."

It was a sweeping victory for the publishers and called for setting up a special news bureau to be supported wholly by the networks and which was to "edit" the files of the three press associations and release a small distillate to the broadcasters for two daily newscasts of not more than 5 minutes each, one after 9:30 a.m. and one after 9 PM, and for "occasional" broadcasts of special bulletins involving news of "transcendental" importance which were to be followed by the admonition to "see your local newspaper for further details."

Commentators were not to dabble in spots news and newscasts, under no circumstances, were to be sponsored.

Finally, CBS was to suppress its burgeoning news service, and both networks were solemnly to promise never again to attempt anything of the sort, a promise which, fortunately, was not kept.

Two contributing factors to this curious practice should be noted in passing. One, of particular interest in view of the 1946 newspaper campaign against "government interference" with the broadcasters (touched off by issuance of the FCC's famous Blue Book) was the subtle press agitation just prior to the Biltmore conference for congressional legislation more strictly regulating the radio industry, accompanied by some kind words for the British system of government ownership and operation. The other was the broadcasters' mounting coolness toward frequent interruptions of commercial programs by news bulletins, a practice which distressed the sponsors and their advertising agencies. The two time periods selected for newscasts happened fortuitously to fall in "operational" segments which normally produced little or no advertising revenue."

The new news clearing house, known as the Press Radio Bureau, began operating on March 1, 1934. It never met with any great success, although the networks obligingly supported it for three years. Its failure stemmed in part from the refusal of certain stations (KSTP one of them) to abide by its provisions and the ineffectiveness of measures taken by the press and the two networks to punish them for their temerity.

Even more serious, however, was the rise of Transradio Press, an independent news-gathering agency founded by Herbert Moore, former UP and CBS news editor, which sold news directly to radio advertisers

for sponsorship. So well did Transradio succeed that UP and INS, never enthusiastic about the Biltmore solution, gave way to envy and in May 1935, on the pretext that they were making nothing more than a temporary excursion to squelch the "upstart" news service, persuaded the die-hard ANP news committee to modify the agreement to the extent of permitting UP and INS to sell news on the side. AP eventually liberalized its news policy for members and in 1940 removed the no-sponsorship restriction. In the same year Press Radio quietly folded up its tent and the news war appeared to be over.

This victory for the broadcasters, as well as a missed opportunity for their listeners may not even be fully realized today. A 1939 Fortune magazine survey indicated that 70 per cent of Americans relied on radio for news and that 58 per cent thought it more accurate than that of the newspapers.

A survey by the Research Center of the University of Michigan in 1947 substantiates these findings dramatically. On many occasions during World War II, at subsequent international conferences and in the midst of numerous strikes which kept newspapers off the stands for days and weeks, listening America might well have wished that radio's handful of reporters had been an army.

But the wartime cessation of hostilities between the press and radio may have marked not so much a victory as a long armistice.

The aggressive reappearance of radio newsmen during the war, together with a succession of time-beats over newspapers, all them more galling because they usually involved news gathered by the press, caused the AP management to "re-examine" the situation with a view to exploring the possibility of trying to reinforce restrictions on the broadcasters' use of press association material. If you can't beat 'em, join 'em, and by the end of 1946 nearly three hundred publishers operated broadcasting stations and more than four hundred, including most of this three hundred, were clamoring to get into FM or television, or both.

THE BIG THREE MEET

It was sometime early in the 1930's that Hubbard, Ward and Olson got together. In many ways it was a natural. They all had a lot in common. They all came from poor upbringings, they all hated the establishment, they were all pretty smart guys, but probably the most unifying element of their togetherness was that they were all out to get POWER and their alliance could help each of them get it! They all also believed that life is war. And as former President Wilson said, in war you must be brutal and ruthless.

The newspapers, as always, knew where their bread was buttered and it was not buttered by Olson but by the business members of the Citizens Alliance. Olson needed a favorable news media outlet for his election campaigns. Ward needed it for other reasons, to help his pals in the underworld and get his own power with Olson too.

All these guys loved to rub shoulders with those who had power.

From time to time, the underworld needed some of their recalcitrant members removed because they were fucking up the general criminal picture. So they'd tip off some reporters with incriminating news about them and the underworld's county attorney, Ed Goff, would prosecute the case and bury the unfortunate in Stillwater prison. On other occasions they were just bumped off. But sometimes the newspapers didn't cooperate: the underworld needed a news outlet more reliable. Often news releases from the County Attorney, Mayor, or Chief of Police to the news media would be "coded" to tip off certain underworld elements that a police raid on them was in the offing. Radio was a much more immediate way to get that information out.

Olson needed favorable exposure on Hubbard's radio station that he couldn't expect from the Twin Cities newspapers.

Hubbard, in return, would be tipped off to great news scoops that would make his station number one. His main news contact was the Wiggly Mr. Quigley. Important too is that radio was in competition with the newspapers over the advertising dollar.

How could Hubbard resist? He didn't. They made a deal. It was one of the smartest moves Hubbard ever made. It is open to question whether Stanley knew he was being used, but what's the difference? He was using them too. That's what you do in quid pro quos, you use each other to each others mutual benefit.



At 6:20 p. m. daily, except Saturday and Sunday

Rome Roberts

BERTIE MCCORMICK COMES TO TOWN

Many of you have never heard of Bertie McCormick. Bertie McCormick, or rather Colonel Bertie McCormick, was the publisher and owner of the Chicago Tribune and immensely rich and immensely powerful. It was a question of who was the richest man in the media, Bertie McCormick or William Randolph Hearst.

For some reason I have not been able to ascertain McCormick took complete leave of his senses in 1930 and decided to buy the controlling interest in the Minneapolis Daily Star and relieve the citizenry of all the corruption they were wallowing in via a never-ending series of Criminal Exposés.

McCormick fancied himself a military expert and his most revealing military mentality was "that wars always start at dawn." The U.S. can be thankful that McCormick was never in any important position in Desert Storm when almost all fighting was done at night, the war started at night and ended at dawn, not started.

At one time, McCormick was going to revise the spelling of the English language to make the Chicago Tribune more readable by spelling everything in his news columns phonetically instead of the way they are supposed to be spelled. As the saying went then, McCormick must have had "bees in his bonnet." Should would come out shud. And would would come out wood. Said would come out sed ... like that.

The attempted McCormick invasion of the Twin Cities is a perfect example of opposing forces closing ranks, joining hands against a common enemy.

Nobody who was anybody wanted Bertie McCormick in the Twin Cities. F.E. Murphy's Minneapolis Tribune didn't want him in town for obvious reasons. He would try to grab some of the power and their advertising dollars. The Ridders that ran the newspapers in St. Paul didn't want McCormick here either for about the same reasons as Murphy.

Governor Floyd Olson didn't want McCormick in town because McCormick was such a starched-ass reactionary Republican, who, if he was ever farther to the right than he was, would drop off the edge.

The underworld didn't want him in town for obvious reasons. He was going to interfere with their business with all of this criminal expose

bullshit. They had worked a long time to buy these towns and they weren't going to see all that work go to waste. The Commies and the Unions didn't want him here for some of the same reasons as Olson.

Amazingly the Citizens Alliance of Businessmen didn't want him in town either because F. E. Murphy told them he shouldn't be in town because McCormick was crazy and he would disrupt things.

Murphy didn't mention that McCormick's Star would cut into his advertising revenues. In addition, many of the hoods played on both sides of the fence, had legitimate businesses and were members of the Citizens Alliance too. It became very difficult to untangle all of this at times. And some pillars of the Minneapolis business community had a few illegal capers of their own going too, like price-fixing and control of commodities, wage controls, etc. The usual illegal business routines.

Hubbard didn't want McCormick in town either, but his reason was that if McCormick's exposes' weakened Charlie Ward and Governor Floyd Olson's power it would jeopardize his power too because that is where he was getting it from at the time. He didn't like McCormick for general reasons too, one of which was simply that McCormick was a newspaperman.

Hubbard and the newspapers had a mutual hatred society going for years. The newspapers looked down their long editorial noses and puffed-up heads at radio news and regarded it as an upstart. What they really didn't like was the immediacy of radio news. They had to put their news through all that machinery and printing presses and get the papers on the street. All you had to do on radio news was press a button and you were on the air with the latest news. What became even more galling as radio news kept getting better is that what the newspapers were printing today was really yesterday's news because it had been on the 10 o'clock radio news the night before. The newspapers wouldn't admit it but that's about the time they started listening to radio newscasts to find out what they had missed.

Hubbard didn't like the newspapers because they didn't like him and he was vying for the advertising dollar out there too. Besides, they didn't show him the proper respect.

But on this occasion all animosities were temporarily suspended, and all joined ranks to get Bertie McCormick out of town and back in Chicago where he belonged. If he was so interested in cleaning something up why didn't he start with his own town, start with Al Capone and those guys. Well, to put it frankly, Bertie was scared shitless that if he did, he would get his head blown off one fine day. And he would have too.

But this McCormick urge to expose was so strong he decided the Twin Cities was the place to do it. He had been thinking about moving into the lucrative Twin Cities for a long time, anyway. And don't think

the Murphy's and Ridders didn't know it.

But Bertie should have done some reconnaissance before he came to town. In fact, he should have done a lot of reconnaissance before he came to town.

If he had he would have known that the toughest hoods in the country hung out in St. Paul and Minneapolis. They owned the towns.

So all of these disparate forces joined hands, had a big meeting at the Minneapolis Club, and sent a committee down to Bertie's minions at the Minneapolis Star and told them that they weren't welcome and that they had better leave.

To make matters clearer, the underworld got word to Bertie that he would not be safe even in the Tribune Tower if he did not get out of town. They would send Homer Van Meter or even Gus Winkler from Chicago or maybe John Dillinger to get him.

Representatives from Dayton's and Donaldson's and all the big time newspaper advertisers told McCormick that he could not expect any advertising from them. The Unions got him word that he would either unionize his shop or his printing presses would get all smashed up. Well, in view of this enormous enmity against him, even McCormick was sensible enough to leave. And he did. And things went on their merry way again with the same people firmly ensconced in their same spots and the towns settled down to their original corruption.



Governor Floyd Olson

SCOOPS

The Wiggly Mr. Quigley and Stanley met often, though Hubbard insisted that they not be seen together. Their meeting place often was a seldom used road in Como Park. Hubbard was hot on animals and a strong supporter of the zoo. Animals, unlike employees, didn't talk back and they were in cages.

Quigley's word was good and he passed along some sensational stories that drove newspaper editors in the Twin Cities wild. Where were Hubbard's news guys getting all this shit? Not only did radio have that rotten immediacy but KSTP with its six or seven news guys was regularly scooping the shit out of the newspapers with their 150 reporters.

KSTP News was making the newspaper editors look like a bunch of dumbshits – which many of them were.

They didn't realize that Hubbard had a direct pipeline into the underworld via Quigley, via Ward, via Olson, via all the crooks that were running both St. Paul and Minneapolis.

Whenever the underworld wanted to get rid of somebody they would just pass damaging material about them to Hubbard via Quigley and KSTP's 50,000 watts would blow it out all over the countryside on their 10 O'clock news. Of course the information came directly out of the underworld's county attorney, Ed Goff.

For instance, in 1931, there was a guy by the name of Hayfield Johnson, a member of the mob who had become an embarrassment and dangerous to the slot machine racketeers.

What to do? Simple. Get Quigley to get this information to Hubbard and he would blat it out all over the air as an investigative scoop and the underworld county attorney, Ed Goff, would prosecute Hayfield and bury him in Stillwater prison.

Quigley did just that and KSTP sent the news out about Hayfield Johnson and all sorts of lurid details about his involvement in white slavery. Johnson was indicted and convicted by County Attorney Ed Goff. KSTP news ratings took a rise.

It was about this time that a confidential FBI memo to special agents in the Twin Cities stated "Caution should be taken by Agents or representatives of the Bureau in talking to anyone at the Police

Department or County Attorney's office because of the tie-up between the Police Department or County Attorney's office with the newspapers and advised that interviews published in the newspaper or information originating from the County Attorney's Office or the Police Department is so worded as to afford a code for the underworld so that they are tipped off as to the movements of law enforcement agencies."

The memo also stated that Hayfield Johnson was being vigorously prosecuted to sacrifice him and to take the heat off the present criminal set-up and appease the public mind."

Hubbard even got the opportunity to get in a few licks at the Minneapolis Star, before McCormick's arrival. Minneapolis underworld bank robber and killer Jack Davenport had been implicated in a Milwaukee bank robbery. For some incredible reason Davenport's lawyer convinced the Star's Managing Editor, Tom Van Lear, to get on the stand because he was an almost exact replica, in looks, of Davenport. The idea was to make a case for mistaken identity. It did and Davenport got off, but it ruined Van Lear and his career.

KSTP news reported it in all of its interesting details, highlighting Van Lear's involvement. The newspapers got madder than ever at Hubbard. And KSTP news ratings rose.

Then Hubbard got in some good whacks for Olson's political careers, via Quigley, when KSTP News announced, "KSTP news has learned that Congressman Theodore Christianson is deeply involved in the fur farm scandal." Republican Christianson was Olson's main competition for Governor. It seems that a troupe of stock salesmen had invaded Minnesota selling stock in fictional fur farms that were being started in Minnesota. When the stockholders learned they were being duped, all hell broke loose. And KSTP news ratings rose, along with Hubbard's power and clout.

What KSTP news did not report and Quigley did not tell Hubbard was that Olson called Christianson into his office and made a deal. Christianson would not run for Governor and 100 prosecutions of the fur farm racket were dropped into the waste basket by County Attorney Ed Goff.

What Hubbard did not report, also, was about the Judiciary. Olson had appointed most of the judges of course so that was safe for the alliance. But they also took care of the grand jury problem in which the Judge was supposed to pick jurors randomly from out of the telephone book. In Minneapolis, the same jury members seemed to keep coming back again and again. They were informed ahead of time what to expect, and not to bring in any indictments except such as were suggested.

KSTP news, via Quigley, also reported that "Minneapolis was being invaded by con-men and out-of-state burglars. And KSTP news ratings rose.

What KSTP did not report because Quigley didn't tell Hubbard is that as soon as the "heat" came on in regard to vice or slot machines, the underworld brought in burglars to pull off all kinds of jobs to take the minds of the newspapers and the residents off conditions as they really were regarding vice and the slots run by the in-residence hoods.

Nor did Quigley tell Hubbard about the arson ring operating in the Twin Cities. This ring had men in both the Fire and Police departments and two adjusters, one in St. Paul and one in Minneapolis. The scheme was to start a fire, which might amount to \$100,000 in insurance, settle it for \$80,000, with the adjuster taking a cut of 40 per cent for the adjustment which is paid to them by the arson ring.

The mob also had two men in the Alcohol Tax unit in the bag during Prohibition who would tip off the bootleggers of any impending government raid on them. Quigley didn't apprise Hubbard of this either. But there were plenty of other revelations that KSTP news got, via Quigley, and KSTP's news ratings went to the top and Hubbard's power increased with every "KSTP news has learned" story.

On the night of June 14th, 1933, Hubbard got a call from Quigley on Hubbard's private unlisted telephone:

"Something big is going to happen tomorrow. Better get your troops ready" said Quigley in a surreptitious tone.

"What's going to happen?" Hubbard asked.

"Can't tell you. It's too big."

"Where's it going to happen?"

"St. Paul."

"Walter, I am paying you well. I want to know what is going to happen."

"It's too dangerous for me, Stanley, that's all I can tell you right now. I'll fill you in with some exclusive details after it happens."

The next morning, June 15th, William Hamm Jr., the wealthy heir to the Hamm Brewing Company was heisted right off a St. Paul street during lunch time near the his brewery and taken to a small town in Illinois. A ransom note was sent to the family. \$100,000 they wanted, and got.

The FBI thought the Tuohy gang from Chicago did it.

But Quigley later called Hubbard and told him it was Alvin Karpis, Fred Barker, Doc Barker, Monty Bolton and Shotgun George Zeigler, a fair-haired boy with the notorious Al Capone.

Charlie Ward hit the roof when this gang violated the agreements of their sanctuary that they could hide out in St. Paul as long as they did not pull any capers there. As soon as they got rid of these guys the better. You couldn't trust any of them. And it was sure to bring the FBI into town in droves.

So that night on KSTP news at 10 O'clock came the familiar "KSTP

news has learned.”.. and gave the name of the Karpis-Barker gang. Even Hoover was astonished that KSTP news knew so much.

The same thing happened when Edward Bremer, president of the Commercial State Bank in St. Paul was kidnapped in January, 1931.

Hubbard got a call from Quigley saying the same thing, “Something big is going to happen in St. Paul tomorrow so get your troops ready. I’ll get back to you with exclusive details after the caper.”

This time the heat would really be hot because Bremer’s old man had contributed \$350,000 to Franklin Roosevelt’s 1932 presidential campaign and Roosevelt jumped all over Hoover to find out who the hell did it – and get them!

Quigley called the next day, shortly after the kidnapping and gave Hubbard the details. The guys that did it were Freddie Barker, Alvin Karpis, Shotgun George Zeigler, Doc Barker, Bill Weaver, Volney Davis and Harry Campbell. They had taken Bremer somewhere out of state. This time they asked for \$200,00 – and got it.

Karpis later was to write that Bremer asked how much ransom they wanted and when told it was \$200,000, Bremer said, “You’re crazy. My father wouldn’t pay that much for me.” Karpis said Bremer told them they had got the wrong man. “That he knew a man in St. Paul who had put aside a quarter of a million dollars in a safety deposit box to be used by the guy’s wife in case he should ever be kidnapped.”

KSTP News again went on the air on 10 O’clock with the lead story, “KSTP has learned..,” giving details and names.

KSTP news programs began to skyrocket in the ratings. The newspapers got furious, and J. Edgar went near to apoplexy. He sent over a couple of agents to query Hubbard, who told the Feds to ask the news director. The KSTP news director told the FBI men, “Hell, I don’t know. We’ve got guys running all over all the time. We don’t ask the names of their sources only that they be damn sure the information is accurate. Besides, our policy is not to reveal our sources in any case because they’d dry up for us.. The info we put out is accurate so all you G-Men need to do now is go out and pick these guys up.”

Again, Charlie Ward and the Twin Cities underworld blew their tops. They had to get rid of the guys who were causing all the trouble and attracting the FBI and possibly snooping into their operations locally. That’s why they wanted the information out, and Hubbard and KSTP were in effect their communications arm, though Hubbard might not have known it at the time. The sooner that Karpis and those ungrateful bastards that St. Paul had given sanctuary to were locked up, the better. Get ‘em the hell out of town anyway you can do it.

At any rate, the Wiggly Mr. Quigley continued to feed news scoops about underworld activities to KS and, in effect, was responsible for KS’s fantastic news ratings.

Hubbard was finally getting the real power he had dreamed about.

KSTP did not report the accusation by Harold Birkeland, publisher of the Minneapolis Beacon that Floyd B. Olson had ordered the murder of his father, a crusading minister. Quigley warned Hubbard it was too libelous.

But it is worth noting because it shows how deep Olson's original Rainbow Coalition extended. Rainbow means that the coalition extended from one spectrum of the Twin Cities community to the other.

Harold Birkeland's father, K. B. Birkeland bought some stock in an outfit called the Northern Oil and Gas Company which turned out to be completely fraudulent.

This purported company had been organized by one Olaf Bruce, a Minneapolis attorney who specialized in personal injury cases and used in this profession two runners, ambulance chasers, one of whom had been an investigator for Floyd B. Olson when he was Hennepin County Attorney.

Birkeland sued and won \$88,000. As his son wrote in a book after his death called, "FLOYD B. OLSON IN THE FIRST KIDNAPPING MURDER IN GANGSTER RIDDEN MINNESOTA, these were the circumstances and the plot:

"There were three matters of real magnitude to Olaf Bruce in each of which the chief issue was my father's veracity. It is important to remember these, for they furnish the motive for the kidnapping-murder of father:

"1. Bruce's law practice was at stake, hinging largely on father's veracity.

"2. Father had been a material witness for the receiver in the suit won against Bruce and others. Thousands of dollars were at stake there and father's veracity was the main issue in Bruce's appeal from that judgment.

"3. Father's veracity was also the issue in the appeal of the other case, the case in which \$100,000 fee was to be a part of the spoils for Bruce and H. E. Fryberger, to say nothing of the returns on Bruce's Northern Oil and Gas Company stock if they upset the lower court's decision and secured father's lease on the company together with the profits made from it.

Something drastic had to be done and this is how they did it:

This is how their plot went:

The elder Birkeland had started a law suit in Hennepin County District Court against Olaf Bruce as an endorser on the two notes issued to him for the money loaned to Bruce's company by Birkeland. The suit was pending at the same time Bruce's appeals were pending. The amounts involved on the notes, including principal and interest, amounted to about \$12,000 – a lot of money in those days.

So the elder Birkeland was to be kidnapped and held in confinement until a dismissal on the suit on the notes could be secured, thus outlawing further suit on them. The dismissal was to be secured on a showing that Birkeland was voluntarily absent from court during the trial.

The place for this confinement was to be in “apparently immoral surroundings and operated by females of notorious immorality.” In other words, a whorehouse.

When the legal obligation on the notes had been wiped out, Birkeland was to be found, through police co-operation, in the whorehouse.

The odium of it would go to members of the Supreme Court and would be an effective, though indirect, attack on Birkeland’s veracity upon which so much hinged. The same odium would be transmitted to the Bar Association where it was anticipated that Birkeland’s veracity would jeopardize the profession of a lawyer.

On November 24th, 1925, Birkeland tried to start his car after the adjournment of court on that day. The engine wouldn’t start. A man who had tampered with it was standing by. He offered his assistance and started the car saying it was only fixed temporarily. He then offered to fix it permanently if Birkeland would drive him a short distance to a garage where he had the proper tools. Birkeland consented. Another man jumped into the car after it had gone a short distance and Birkeland was attacked, gagged and doped. Eric Feigen and John Locke were overheard discussing these details, speaking of themselves as having engineered the kidnapping.

Birkeland’s car was found shortly after parked in a yellow no-parking zone between 11th and 12th streets on Hawthorne in Minneapolis.

William McGinnis, employed at St. Mary’s College, saw Birkeland being partially carried between the car and an apartment house about 100 feet from the car. McGinnis gave a detailed description of Birkeland and the two men. He picked Birkeland’s coat and hat out of a group at the morgue after having first described them. Later, McGinnis identified Feigen, out of a crowd at a dance hall, as one of the men he had described as half dragging Birkeland between the car and the apartment where Birkeland’s dead body later was found.

One of the apartments in the place had been hurriedly furnished to resemble a massage parlor. The furniture was moved into the place on the very day of the kidnapping. Birkeland was taken to this apartment in his drugged condition.

When Birkeland did not come home that night, the desperate situation which Birkeland had put himself in with Bruce made associates and his family certain of foul play.

The court recessed the following morning until afternoon because of Birkeland’s absence. In the afternoon Bruce presented to the court two

perjured affidavits to support his claim that Birkeland was absent from the court voluntarily and asked for dismissal of the case on the ground of this absence.

One of these affidavits was made by the ambulance chaser who had been Floyd B. Olson's investigator. He swore that a grocery store keeper had seen Birkeland at Lake Minnetonka that morning. When this piece of perjury was submitted later, the fellow who signed it was forced to admit that Bruce had dictated the affidavit and that it was signed without being read.

Another affidavit was presented to the effect that Mrs. Birkeland had said that her husband had not been home for the three previous days and nights. It appeared that Birkeland had never been away from home at night when in the city and that Mrs. Birkeland had made no such statement. The case was laid over until the following December 14th at which time the case was won for Birkeland, after his death, by his personal representatives.

Open police co-operation with the conspirators started quickly after Birkeland's disappearance. The police bulletin failed to mention Birkeland's car and its license numbers known to be missing with him. The car stood in a yellow non-parking zone obstructing the end of a street car "Y" during that Tuesday night, Wednesday and Wednesday night and Thursday. The car was reported to police headquarters on two occasions but Chief of Police Brunskill did nothing about it. The car was within 100 feet of where Birkeland was then in captivity. The car must be "found" parked close to that apartment when they were ready to "find" Birkeland. That would indicate that Birkeland had gone to the apartment of his own accord.

When a gun squad picked up the car on the third day of Birkeland's absence, the Pinkerton Detective Agency and members of Birkeland's family were advised by Chief Brunskill that every house and apartment in that block had been searched. The son said, "This false statement of Brunskill's, a deliberate falsehood, kept us from finding father while he was still alive and thus being able to forestall his terrible death that ensued."

The car was taken to a garage and then turned over to the family. They found a handkerchief in it, stained apparently with some chemical, slid partly under a front seat. This handkerchief had the letter "L" stitched into it and in the border the bleached letters "Falk." The family later got some of John Locke's laundry and it was similarly marked.

On a Saturday night, Dr. Louis L. TenBroeck was given an emergency call to attend Birkeland at that apartment. Birkeland was dying and this evidently was not according to the plans. A man of TenBroeck's description was seen entering what proved later to be the death apartment on that night. To make this emergency call, Dr.

TenBroeck was forced to delay an appointment with a party who was one of his confidants. TenBroeck later confessed to this party that he had made that call on orders of Olaf Bruce.

Bruce, while sending a doctor to keep Birkeland from dying in the hands of his kidnapers, was at the same time trying to make the court believe that Birkeland was absenting himself from court voluntarily.

The following evening, TenBroeck talked with Olaf Bruce at Bruce's home for about a half hour. He was noticeably highly excited when he appeared near the Bruce home and was excited when he left. He made many deviations on his way home to avoid being followed. He walked east and west on the same street and north and south on the same avenues, stayed on the porch of a darkened house for some time, and then ran through an alley, boarding another street car a block from the transfer point instead of at the transfer point. On reaching the business section of town he entered a building, went up to the second floor and let himself out into an alley through a dummy elevator.

The explanation of Pinkerton Detectives was that Dr. TenBroeck brought the alarming news of Birkeland's death to Olaf Bruce.

Birkeland's dead body was found the Tuesday following the Tuesday of his disappearance. It was laid out fully clothed on two kitchen tables placed end to end. His clothing had been laundered and dry cleaned, so immaculate that it was clearly evident that this had been done to cover up evidence that he had been sick and struggling during his confinement. The suit had been taken off his body, then cleaned and replaced on the dead body.

There were sheets, pillow slips and a bedspread on this make-shift bed from which the prominent laundry marks had been cut off with a knife. However, some marks were overlooked so that Pinkerton's people were able to secure positive identification of the sheets and the bedspread as having come from the rooming house where John Lock lived at that time.

The younger Birkeland was to say, "It had not been intended that father should die. But when he was found dead, Floyd B. Olson and Frank Brunskill, the County Attorney and the Chief of Police, became active in throwing up a smoke screen to hide the fact that a murder had been committed."

Brunskill placed Joseph Lehmeyer in charge of the investigation. Years later Lehmeyer was one of Brunskill's successor as Chief of Police of Minneapolis. Birkeland's family was criticized by Brunskill for employing the Burns and Pinkerton Detective Agencies and were told by him that the police would not co-operate with them. Lehmeyer was asked by the chief of the Burn's Detective agency to keep the public out of the rooms where Birkeland's body lay in order to preserve fingerprints of those who may have been guilty of his death. Lehmeyer

also was asked to bring over the Bertillon expert of the police department to make scientific searches for fingerprints and other evidence. Lehmeier blandly refused to comply with these requests and allowed swarms of people into the rooms and swarms of hands were permitted to obliterate fingerprints of the criminals. After this rebuff, the same Burns agent wrapped some cups and saucers found in the kitchen that contained coffee grounds, indicating they had been handled, and gave them to Lehmeier. They were never shown to the Bertillon expert.

Olson, as County Attorney, entered the case the next day. He told the Birkeland family that Birkeland had gone to the death apartment voluntarily and did not wish to reflect on Birkeland's character nor to hurt the Birkeland family's feelings unnecessarily. However he was obliged to tell the family that Birkeland had died "from shock due to sexual excitement."

A desperate attempt was made to head off an investigation of Birkeland's death. A minister was told during the funeral ceremony that the Twin City Reporter, a scandal and shake-down sheet owned by racketeer Ed Morgan had prepared a scandalous article about Birkeland's death and that something should be done about it. The Birkeland's were advised the following morning that the Twin City Reporter would suppress the article for a certain sum of money. The Birkeland's refused to pay the hush money but the minister took it upon himself to visit the newspaper's office where he was greeted with drawn guns.

The article was printed. The Reverend Birkeland had died of sexual excitement shock in a Minneapolis whorehouse.

Minnesota at that time had a statute making it a criminal offense to defame a dead person. But there was no prosecution of Ed Morgan. Minnesota also had a law, later called the "Gag Law" which permitted suppression of newspapers that printed libelous material. It was later overthrown by the U.S. Supreme Court.

Olson also produced as evidence a Birkeland business card which had a number of handwritten telephone numbers of various whorehouses which, at that time, were referred to as massage parlors.

The handwriting was examined by experts who said it was not Birkeland's handwriting, it was forged.

The postmortem examination was made by Dr. E. T. Bell, a member of the staff of the University of Minnesota and a man recognized nationally as an authority, assisted by the Hennepin County Coroner.

It showed that Birkeland had been without food or water for about four days before his death. It also showed that Birkeland had not died from sex indulgence and Olson was advised to this effect by Dr. Bell. The Coroner's findings were the same.

Dr. Bell later was removed from the State Medical Board during the

Olson regime.

During the days that Birkeland was in captivity and while the search was being made for him, the Daily Star published a picture of him. In the picture, Birkeland had a heavy growth of dark beard which was trimmed in Van Dyke fashion. The photo had been taken about fifteen years before Birkeland's death and for the ten years preceding his death he had been clean shaven.

In spite of this Olson put a number of "women of the streets" on the witness stand who testified that they were massage parlor operators who had recognized Birkeland from the photo in the Star and that he had frequented their places of business within the last six or eight months – and that he came for "immoral" purposes.

Finally attorneys George Grimes and Einar Hoidale called a halt to these identifications by advising Olson that Birkeland had been clean shaven, grey, and of other entirely different facial characteristics than these women were using in their description.

Chief of Police Frank Brunskill sent out for more "women of the streets" to fit the clean shaven description of Birkeland. One of these women was placed on the witness stand and testified that she was a massage parlor operator and said Birkeland had patronized her place within a few months before his death.

Attorney Grimes went after her wrathfully and she broke down and confessed that Frank Brunskill told her what description to give.

The Pinkerton detectives finally discovered the woman described by apartment owner William Allen as the woman to whom he had rented the death apartment. But when that transcript was filed, Allen's detailed description of the clothes she wore was largely missing out of the document.

Six weeks after Birkeland's death, one Albin Anderson was ordered to remove the personal effects of one Mayme Hodge from an apartment on LaSalle Street which had been occupied by her. She left the place hurriedly and excitedly shortly after Birkeland had gone missing and his body found. Anderson placed her things in storage and prepared the apartment for new tenancy.

Anderson found clothing which she had, apparently in great haste, scattered over the floor and about the apartment. There were also some photos of her which they turned over to authorities who did not appear to be particularly interested.

Anderson then brought the photos to William Allen's home and Allen, his wife and their daughter identified the photos as that of the woman who had rented the death apartment.

The Allens were then taken to the LaSalle street apartment where Mr. Allen first, and not in the presence of his wife, picked out of a trunk full of clothes those pieces of clothing he had described at the inquest as the

clothing of the woman who had rented the death apartment from him. Mrs. Allen picked out the same pieces after they had been mixed up again with other clothing.

Unknown to Olson, former Minnesota governor John Lind and others petitioned Governor Christianson to take charge and the case was placed in the hands of Attorney General Clifford Hilton, later a justice on the Minnesota Supreme Court. The Attorney General got affidavits from the Allens identifying Mayme Hodge as the woman who had rented and prepared the death apartment. The woman was located in La Crosse, Wisconsin. A Judge Smith, without Olson's knowledge, issued a warrant for her which a Deputy Sheriff secretly took to La Crosse. Mayme Hodge was arrested there that night and held for extradition.

When Olson found out he sent Melvin Passolt, Brunskill and Joseph Lehmeyer to the Governor of Wisconsin to urge him not to grant Governor Christianson's request for extradition until Olson had conducted a Grand Jury hearing.

Melvin Passolt was a former buddy and pal of the notorious underworld character and criminal, Mose Barnett. Passolt also was a close relative to Lil Dubstein, a Minneapolis narcotics trafficker. Passolt was Olson's chief investigator in the County Attorney's office and later appointed Chief of the Minnesota Bureau of Criminal Apprehension by Olson.

The Attorney General then advised Olson that he had taken charge of the case. But Olson stayed on the case anyway and his hand-picked Grand Jury found what is called a "No Bill" against Mayme Hodge tying the hands of the Minnesota Attorney General and the Governor of Wisconsin refused to grant extradition upon that outcome.

The younger Birkeland then published a newspaper called The Minneapolis Beacon in which charges of crime, strongly supported by evidence, were made against Chief of Police Frank Brunskill in eight issues. Copies of these issues were mailed to members of the Grand Jury. That body took no action until it was demanded in the ninth issue of Birkeland's newspaper.

A summary of all the charges made against Brunskill was published. The Grand Jury advised that either Frank Brunskill was guilty of those crimes or the younger Birkeland was guilty of criminal libel. There was no escape. They had to decide one way or another. It was further stated that the tenth issue would start disclosing Floyd B. Olson's part in this crime.

Olson then brought Brunskill into the Grand Jury room. Brunskill denied being guilty of the charges and the younger Birkeland's indictment for criminal libel followed.

Poor Dr. Louis L TenBroeck apparently talked too freely both on the witness stand and off of it, violating the underworld's code and as a

result he died a quite horrible death. His body was found in a hotel room which was surrounded by other occupied rooms. It was laid out on an unruffled bed and his mouth and stomach were burned with carbolic acid. There had been no noises heard from his room, no evidence of convulsions that follow drinking of carbolic acid under normal circumstances. Death under such conditions could be caused only when the senses were first numbed by a powerful narcotic.

The younger Birkeland appealed to J. Edgar Hoover for help from the FBI but Hoover wrote back, "I regret to advise you that inasmuch as the alleged kidnapping in this instance occurred prior to the passage of the Federal Kidnapping Statute on June 22, 1932, this Division is without jurisdiction to conduct and investigation in the matter."

KSTP news was first to get the news about Governor Olson's crime campaign, another KSTP news exclusive.

After the Hamm and Bremer kidnappings the outcry to do something about the crime-infested Twin Cities reached a point of clamor from many quarters and Olson knew he had to do something about it quickly.

So, as the FBI memo said, "A conference was called by Floyd B. Olson, Governor of the State of Minnesota to discuss ways and means of effectively combating crime in general and kidnapping in particular.

"The Governor expressed himself as follows:

'That the local and state authorities should jealously guard their sovereignty in so far as police matters are concerned. The matter of the Hamm case was brought up and Governor Olson stated that had Michael Kinkead, County Attorney, Ramsey County, St. Paul Minnesota, prosecuted that case instead of Joseph B. Keenan, whom he termed a "prima donna" a conviction would have resulted. The Governor at some length criticized the Department of Justice and its investigative agencies for encroaching upon the jurisdiction of the St. Paul Police in particular and other police agencies in general.'

"This gathering was composed of the Chiefs of Police of the principal cities of the State, investigators of the County Attorney's offices of St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth, a few County Attorneys and a miscellaneous number of law enforcement officers.

"Later, the Governor called the press and informed them that Minnesota was organizing a Vigilante Committee."

That Vigilante Committee was formed and hand-picked to include most of the cops who were in the bag of the underworld anyway.

It was Ramsey County Attorney Michael Kinkead who had promised Murder Incorporated killers Schaffer and Young that they would only have to serve five years of their lifetime murder sentence and then would be let out by the Minnesota Parole Board composed of Charlie Ward and Roger Rutchik.

The poor fellows who got it in the neck were any of those who tried

to muscle in on the Twin Cities rackets – and others, like burglars who were invited into town by the underworld, then arrested, indicted and prosecuted and sent to Stillwater Prison so that authorities could show in the newspapers and the news media that the authorities were really getting tough on the criminals. KSTP News ran that story for about a week, claiming of course, a scoop, which had been passed to Hubbard by the Wiggly Mr. Quigley.

THE KS OPERATION

Old man Hubbard was the 19th century tycoon-tyrant type and ran KSTP like a feudal barony. He was the chief honcho Baron and the rest were peasants, including Ken Hance, whom he paid a penurious wage and treated, as one ex-KS'er said, "like a dog." He paid most of his employees perhaps slightly over the minimum wage. Too much money might make them feel their oats and get too independent, and it was quite a job at any rate controlling the dozens of immense egos that seemed to go with the territory of radio broadcasting. Hubbard had no artistic bent to him but had to suffer the artistic temperaments and sometimes quite zany and unorthodox behavior of his air staff because he knew he needed them. The way he attempted to handle this artistry, which he did not understand, was to ignore them, no compliments no matter how salutary their achievement lest they might ask for a raise.

Bill Knoll, one of the News Photo Chiefs tells of the time when Hubbard summoned the photo staff into his office after they had won the first national award for Photo Journalism. Expecting a compliment and hoping for a raise, Hubbard told them, "I just want you to know how lucky you are working for an award winning news station."

The KSTP announcing staff would take no awards for humility, and controlling a wild bunch of egomaniacs required a certain type of leadership. The style Hubbard chose was to be as inaccessible as possible to them. In addition, Hubbard insulated himself from this wild bunch by his buffer, Ken Hance. Hance was as unflappable as Hubbard was explosive and if anyone had a complaint or a suggestion or anything, he went to Hance, never Hubbard.

Jimmy Valentine tells of going up the elevator in the early days with Hubbard. "Oh, he was God, number one. I'd come in the elevator and say, 'good morning, Mr. Hubbard, and he'd say "hoof" and if you got that out of him it was something. I got the feeling that he didn't know I existed. Announcer Frank Siefert tells of the time, when, after being with KS for two years, he was using the phone in the front lobby when Hubbard came up and told him that the phone could only be used by company employees.

Great radio newscaster Doug Melges said of Hubbard, "He was so wrapped up in himself that he didn't know who was working for him.

When he brought prominent radio men in from the east, he didn't even have to courtesy to introduce them to you. If I were on duty and, for instance, John Cameron Swayze was in town, he wouldn't even have the courtesy to say, 'Mr. Swayze, this is Doug Melges.' He never even thought about doing this. He was the most discourteous, cold, crass guy I ever met, never thinking about the other person, just Stan Hubbard and goddamned you, the hell with you, everything is for me and who gives a damn whether you know this person or not, he's a personal friend of mine and you don't count. He was this way at the Town and Country a lot. Sometimes he'd look at you as though he was wondering whether you were the janitor or an announcer."

This professed ignorance of who worked for him was all an act to demean and keep the troops in line, of course, because he knew precisely who worked for him at all times and sometimes knew a helluva lot more about you than you wished he knew.

As I said before, when angry, Hubbard sputtered, the thoughts in his brain going faster than he was able to get them off the end of his tongue. An unlit cigar was in his mouth constantly, though I don't know if anyone ever saw him smoke it. In those days, a big long cigar carried some kind of top gun sort of image. Tough Big Shot Authority. He loved to act the Big Man.

There is no argument that Hubbard was eccentric. Since the tone and personality of an organization is usually set by the man at the top and filters down to every department and employee, KSTP assumed a certain wackiness in its operation. Hubbard seemed to act as a lightning rod attracting the more eccentric, or at least more colorful radio people, to work at KSTP.

Many of the announcers regarded themselves as "stars." After all, think of the thousands and thousands of listeners out there who hung on every one of their dulcet, pear-shaped words, and, as they took their lead from the top, they became as eccentric in many ways as Hubbard, if they had not been that way when they started.

An exception was Brooks Henderson, one of the finest announcers in the country who wanted neither money nor power, and got neither, but gained the ultimate respect of everyone who knew him as a quiet, first-class human being. He would have been gladly accepted by any one of the national networks and Hance urged all the announcers to emulate Henderson's voice and delivery.

To control this KSTP wild bunch required constant surveillance and Hubbard had Hance install a secret microphone in the announce booth and newsroom to be alert to any employee disloyalty or subversion.

One would never know when the hyperactive Hubbard would be at the station. He would pop in and out like a jack-in-the-box though KS personnel were on constant watch to alert everyone to Hubbard's arrival.

Early one morning, before the receptionist at the back entrance had arrived, the phone rang as he walked in the door. Hubbard picked it up and the voice at the other end said, "the old bastard is here." Hubbard replied into the phone, "This is the old bastard, get to work."

Many of KSTP's best announcers were prodigious drinkers. Gerry Corwin, KSTP newsman who wrote newscaster Mark Gregory's script says, "Gregory was the greatest newscaster in the area but boy could he drink. And the funny thing, the more he drank the better he sounded."

Jimmy Valentine tells about Roger Krupp who insisted on the night shift "because Hubbard wants me at night because of my voice:"

"So Krupp relieved me in the announce booth. He never came five minutes early, but often late. Someone said he used to go over to Schneider's drug store across the street and read magazines until 30 seconds before his shift was to start and then walk across the street again to relieve me.

"He came in one night, with a paper sack with a half-gallon of wine in it, which was his evening supply, firmly in his grasp. He plunked the jug on the table, took off his coat and as he did he brushed the bottle on to the floor which lit with a loud ploosh. It stank as wine does and it ran all over the booth and ran out of the bottom of the door into the hallway. He's swearing like crazy and I'm shouting for him to get a mop and clean it up quickly. Hubbard may pop in. Eventually he reported in sick about twice a week and they finally let him go.

"And then there was Johnny Rustad. It was during the ASCAP strike and we couldn't play any ASCAP ... only BMI. Hance was a stickler that all our music would be absolutely legal and I was assigned to check our music programs and be sure they were. One morning I was just finishing that chore when Tommy Tynon, who was the Minneapolis engineer on duty at our Radisson Hotel studios called, and said the announcer on duty in St. Paul, Rustad, is drunk, he's screwed up three station breaks already. Hance called and asked me how quickly I could get over to the St. Paul studio 'don't take a streetcar, take a taxi, we'll reimburse you for it and you'll take over for John Rustad.' When I arrived at the studio, here's Rustad walking toward the elevator dragging his trench coat on the floor behind him. That's the last I saw of Johnny Rustad."

There also was a great deal of enterprise and freedom once you were out of the station. Roc Ulmer and Bob Murphy had been assigned to announce the St. Paul Winter Carnival parade but for some reason the parade route had been changed at the last minute and prevented KSTP from adapting their broadcast to the abrupt change. Driving around in Ulmer's convertible trying to find the new parade route, and under a full head of alcoholic steam, Ulmer turned to Murphy and said, "Hell, let's just make this up." And they did from the KSTP remote truck parked outside the old Covered Wagon saloon while the station played

background band music from the studios. Ulmer and Murphy took sips between describing in vivid detail imaginary floats and marching units and Valentine said Ulmer did “a beautiful job,” Apparently neither Hance, nor Hubbard, nor the listeners, were ever any the wiser.

Don Hawkins said Roc Ulmer was “the best voice in town and the best ad-lib I ever met. He was crazy and got along with anyone else who was crazy. He did a perfect imitation of “Terry Tap Your Teeth.” Once when assigned to cover the Anoka Halloween parade, he grabbed a baton and led the parade for a number of blocks.

Ulmer was fired two or three times but because of his tremendous voice and ad-lib capabilities, he was usually hired back. But when the AFTRA (American Federation of Television and Radio Artists) was formed, Ulmer wanted to join. Hubbard wouldn’t let him, and Ulmer announced a few obscenities and left for a job in St. Joe, Missouri.

There were also the many announcer boo-boos. Hubbard had an obsession for organ music and had a Wurlitzer pipe organ installed in the Minneapolis Radisson studios from where organist Leonard Leigh played his regular remotes. Valentine tells of the time a rather slow-witted announcer by the name of Joe Thomas introduced Leigh’s program: “And now, live and direct from the Radisson hotel, here is Leonard Leigh, playing with his organ.” There was a loud cacophonous crash of organ notes from the other end, and a short silence in which Leigh managed to compose himself and he proceeded with his performance.”

There was also KS scandal. One night Mark Gregory was arrested by St. Paul police on the report of a seventeen year old minister’s son that Gregory had made sexual advances to him in a St. Paul bar. We have mentioned that the St. Paul newspaper and Hubbard had a mutual hatred society going at the time and the paper splashed it all over the front pages.

Valentine said,” the Old Man looked into the charge and found there was some foundation, but it was tenuous. Apparently Gregory was AC-DC and when he had a lot to drink the DC in him popped out.

“So the Old Man called all the announcers together and wanted to know the consensus among the announcers as to whether they would object to a purported homosexual on the staff.

“All the announcers said, no. Whatever Gregory’s sexual preference he was one helluva newscaster and a good guy, so he stayed on. Nothing came of the boy’s complaint and the St. Paul paper buried the end of it on page 36 near the want ads.”

Later on, Tom Rishworth who had the “Uncle Tom” show on KS, was arrested by postal authorities out west for writing a mash note to a sailor and served a short time in jail, which devastated him.

And then there was Sev Widman. Widman, apparently had an

uncontrollable mean streak in him. Valentine says, "Widman used to bring his lunch with him and talk on the air with his mouth full. He was the first one to break the tradition of merely announcing the name of the tune, and soared off on all kinds of personal opinions on everything."

Widman also interviewed celebrities who happened into town. In an interview with bandleader Vaughn Monroe, who had a nasal sounding voice when he sang, Widman pinched his nose together and did an imitation of Monroe and asked him whether had ever thought of getting his nasal passages cleared out. He had been warned by Hance to cut it out but talking to Widman was like talking to a telephone pole. In an interview with actress Virginia Mayo he did his best to convince the audience that she was just a dumb blonde until she broke into tears and ran from the studio. Her agent ran to Hance and raised the roof. This got back to Widman and the first thing the next morning, Widman marched into Hance's office and said, "You can't fire me, I quit!" Hance said good bye. Many years later, Widman came back to KS as a salesman.

The announcing staff's ego's seldom clashed because there was only one on duty at a time and you usually only met the guy relieving you, said hello and goodbye and that was about it, with the exception of a get together at a station party a couple of times a year.

Joe Meyers (later manager of NBC news in New York) was the KS news director at one point and wild Paul Presbrey, one of the newsmen.

Don Hawkins says, "Presbrey was completely crazy, but dumb like a fox and a good newswriter. They'd send him out on all the gory stories he loved. Hubbard didn't know what to make of him but liked him because he got more dirt and gossip on what was going on around town than anyone. If Hubbard wanted to know anything along this line, he'd ask Presbrey. If Presbrey didn't know he'd find out, pronto." Hubbard told no one about the Wiggly Mr. Quigley.

There was one announcer however whom the rest knew was a company tattletale who ran to Hubbard with any gossip he could pick up, and that was Cal Karnstedt, the tall arrogant one whose eyes crossed at times and who wore a cheap toupee that was usually plastered crookedly on his bean giving him the appearance of one who had just flown over the cuckoo's nest.

The other company spy was David Stone, the leader of the Sun Valley Barn Dance on KSTP. He used to annoy the hell out of the newsmen who were always in a hurry to get a script done by bouncing in and with a loud voice attempt to put down the newsroom and the newsmen, unsuccessfully, because Stone was not the brightest person in the building. If Hubbard or Hance found out anything about the newsroom, everyone knew where it came from.

Karnstedt was also a prodigious drinker, on and off the air, and had a strong streak of Norwegian stubbornness in him. One late afternoon he

came to the announce booth to read the 5:30 news, plastered to the gills. Leigh Kamman, who was promotion manager at the time, pleaded with Karnstedt not to go on the air but no one could tell Cal anything, and most certainly not when he was drunk. He proceeded to mertilize the newscast, the pages so mixed up that at times he sounded as though he were trying to read it backwards. Unfortunate for him, Hubbard happened to hear him on his car radio while on the way home and shouted into the two-way radio back to the KS dispatcher, "Get that drunk off the air!" That was the end of Cal Karsntedt and he went to selling roofing and siding, door-to-door.

Later we'll get to the famous story behind gatling-gun newscaster Bill Ingram's departure from KS, which we will explore when we get to the section on the KS News Operation.

Jimmy Valentine tells of "Didi (Hubbard's second wife) bringing Dickie and Stanley down to the station and leave them with Elsie Ryberg (Hubbard's secretary) while she went shopping at Schuneman's and the other department stores. The kids went wild around the station. They found Dickie perched on the H bar of the St. Paul Hotel Sign ... on the roof ... when he was only about seven years old." Chief Engineer George Merrill tells of coming to work one morning at 5 O'clock after the station had moved to its present address to throw the switches on the transmitter and put the station on the air. As he was going to open the back door he heard a voice from somewhere up in the sky, "George, George!" Merrill looked up and there was Dickie on the top of the transmitting tower. Merrill said had he not heard young Hubbard's voice and thrown the switches, "Dickie would have been fried to a crisp."

We will explore The Old Man's fight with the Unions but might here note the danger in which it placed KSTP employees. Hawkins said, "Hubbard kept at a safe distance from the station when it was being picketed but he got us all in trouble. Hubbard would call me and tell me to escort the strikebreakers he had hired out to the streetcar. The union guys would chase me at 70 mph down University avenue when I got off at night. They had tire irons and were going to beat me up. They punctured my tires and they used deer rifles to shoot the transformers. The liquid all ran out and shorted the transmitters.

That even happened to (newsmen) Fred Worthington too. Even the striker's wives would come out and poke people with their hatpins."

Hubbard was one of those entrepreneurial types who was married to his job, wife and family getting attention only when he could squeeze it in. As could be expected, it took a toll on the Hubbard family.

THE BIG THREE MEET AGAIN, PLUS ONE

In December of 1934, Governor Olson, Stanley Hubbard and a former newspaper man and radio newscaster who worked for Olson as a speechwriter and political strategist, Sylvester McGovern, met at Charlie Ward's ranch near Hudson, Wisconsin.

Olson was getting more radical as he went along. During the 1934 truck drivers strike in Minneapolis, he sided with the strikers and declared martial law after the strikers had requested it. Before the state troopers were called in, one striker had been killed and many wounded in clashes with the cops and the Burns Detective Agency that had been hired by the Citizens Alliance, who the strikers said, favored the employers. This is nothing new of course because the main job of any police department is to protect the local establishment.

When the farmers' holiday movement gained strength in the Summer of 1932, Olson was willing to join with other Governors in an arbitrary plan of declaring martial law to aid the cause.

Olson's threat, in 1933, to confiscate private wealth followed a controversy with the conservative Minnesota Senate which he charged with obstructing relief measures. Unless the Federal and State Governments did something to solve the unemployment problem, he said "our present system will go right down to hell. Somebody listened in Washington because Federal action on relief subsequently brought about a solution of the problem in Minnesota.

In 1934 he moved rapidly to the left, finally announcing that he was to be considered a radical, not a liberal. He insisted that the Farmer Labor convention adopt a radical platform calling for immediate abolition of capitalism and socialization of all natural resources and means of production. He was re-elected Governor by a plurality of 70,000 votes. It seems there weren't too many Capitalists around in Minnesota at the time.

But one goal he had not reached yet and that was to get a Mortgage Moratorium law to halt mortgage foreclosures. The problem was the state legislature was controlled by conservative legislators whose thinking was firmly ensconced in the 18th century.

So Olson told the little group at Ward's ranch over a drink or two that the way they were going to accomplish this was by him taking to the

political stump. He was going to go to every conservative district in Minnesota and get the voters there so outraged at the legislator representing them, so angry they would be ready to lynch him. He would assail with his silver tongue the steel trust, the timber looters and the chain banks that threatened to foreclose on their homes and farms.

But to add to the campaign, they needed public media exposure. And Olson proposed that McGovern, under the pseudonym of Rome Roberts, would go on the air with a 10 minute, Monday through Friday radio report right after the legislature adjourned each day and tear the conservative legislature to shreds.

He further stated that he wanted Hubbard to run the program on KSTP.

Hubbard was agreeable providing the program had a commercial sponsor to give it legitimacy and that it not be broadcast from KSTP studios.

The substance of the program, Olson told Hubbard would be, “a very popular program disclosing the buncomery of the body most people love to hate, the Minnesota Legislature – the best that money can buy.”

Hubbard agreed, having tangled with a few legislators who did not show him the proper respect. “They’re a bunch of thieves stealing from the public,” said Stanley.

Hubbard knew very well, knowing the Olson regime’s bare-knuckle approach to politics, what kind of program it would be and it would not be polite on the establishment. It would get their dander up.

However, it would also be an opportunity for him to shove it up their butts, show them the respect he ought to get from them, and it felt kind of good being respected by and in the company of two of the biggest power brokers in the state. It also might pull in some good ratings because most people hated the Minnesota Legislature – and for some good reasons.

Charlie Ward knew a pal by the name of Sinykin whom he was sure would sponsor the program. Sinykin had a purportedly legitimate Cinderella Perfume Company in an art deco building on University Avenue near the St. Paul city border with Minneapolis and he could use some legitimacy too.

Because the railroad tank cars that were let off a siding in the back of his building were full of 100 proof alcohol, out of which perhaps a gallon or two went into Cinderella Perfume and the rest into bootleg hootch, which was very much in demand, both before and after prohibition.

It seemed an unlikely tie-up. Really incongruous. Cinderella Perfume sponsoring a wild-ass political program attacking the legislature? Most of the listeners probably had a helluva time finding enough money to buy food, let alone perfume. On top of it, it was a terrible smelling

perfume. Something like Eau de Toilette. But no one seemed the wiser.

McGovern's writing style was guided by the belief that the most effective way to get someone outraged and therefore make mistakes was to visit on them the ridicule of satire. And so, starting on January 7, 1935, Rome Roberts took to the airwaves over KSTP every Monday through Friday at 6:20 PM and sliced away at the Conservative Legislature – those living-high-on-the-hog-at-the-public-trough bandits while decent, hard-working Minnesotans don't have enough to eat, their little ones starving, and getting their farms and homes taken away from them by the greedy banks.

The program seemed to be an immediate success and a lot of those who loved to hate the legislature, and apparently there were a lot of them, tuned in and were gratified.

So successful was the satirical arrows hurled at them, that upon discovery of the source of the broadcast, the Conservative legislature hierarchy got the manager of the St. Paul Hotel to padlock the room and keep the key.

Arriving early for the broadcast the next day, Roberts saw the padlock, raised hell with the manager who refused to take it off, then called Olson.

In 45 minutes, six state health inspectors and six building inspectors descended on the St. Paul Hotel management, found innumerable violations of state codes and threatened to close down the hotel immediately.

The padlock came off the door – in time for Robert's broadcast, during which he told of the padlocked door and who was responsible for it, much to the glee of his listeners, including Governor Olson, Charlie Ward and their pals. When you have power, you have power to do lots of things you would not get to do without it.

This incident, of course, made Hubbard nervous but his proximity to power was more important to him than offending some Conservative legislative blimps.

The Minnesota Merry Go-Round broadcasts continued to infuriate the Conservative legislature, Monday through Friday, until the legislature adjourned sine die on April 9, 1935. But not without trouble for Rome Roberts.

Their outrage at a peak, the conservative legislators found out Roberts true identity, Sylvester McGovern, that he was a speechwriter and political adviser to Olson who had been planted in an honorary sort of a job – with pay – in the state conservation department. They called a special committee meeting, hired a number of gumshoes to shadow McGovern and others in the Olson administration.

Finally hauled before the special committee, they demanded to know where he was getting his daily information on the legislative

proceedings. McGovern refused and an ashen-faced Jack Mackay, state capitol bureau chief for the Associated Press, from the back of the chambers heaved a sigh of relief you could hear all the way up to the witness box.

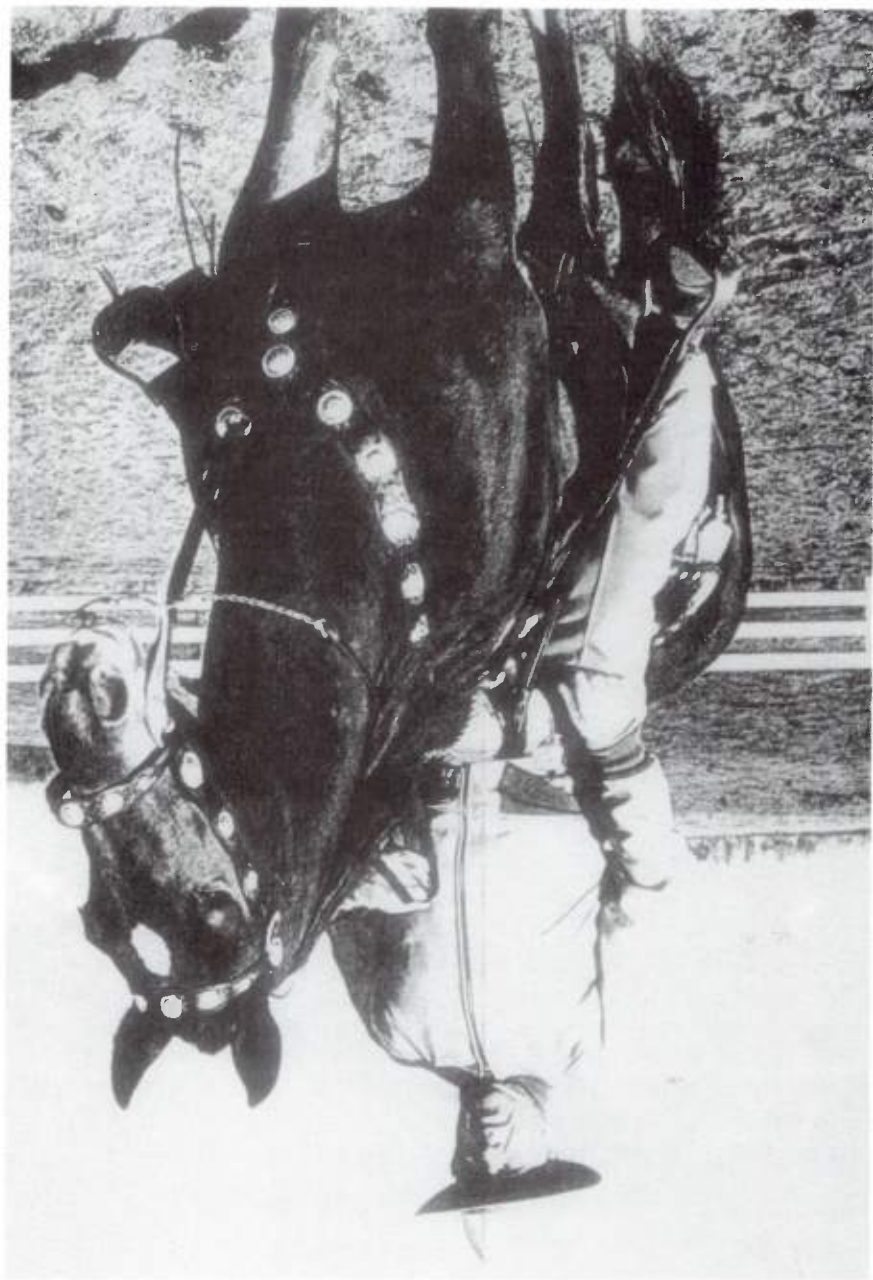
That was about the end of that episode, but the strange triangle of the Governor, the Ex-con Calendar Man and the Rambunctious Radio man was to continue.

At the same time that Hubbard was consorting with Ex-cons and “Commie” Governors, he was starting to try to curry favor with J. Edgar Hoover and the FBI in its fight against crooks and communism.

All sides against the middle, that was Stanley Hubbard’s motto.



Charlie Ward



1936 – A VERY SCARY YEAR FOR STANLEY

On August 22, 1936, Governor Floyd Olson died of cancer at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota.

On November 1, 1936, healthy and vigorous Lytton J. Shields, president and founder of KSTP and the National Battery Company died unexpectedly.

These were very scary times for Stanley Hubbard. He lost one leg of his power base in Olson's death and faced a hostile St. Paul establishment with Lytton Shields death and possible loss of his radio job at KSTP.

Olson's death was less important than Shields' because Hubbard had already come into his own as a power and he still had Charlie Ward, who was a pall bearer at Olson's funeral as was Wisconsin Governor Philip La Follette, who gave the funeral oration. Hubbard's father-in-law, the Lutheran Reverend J.A. O. Stub read both the opening sentences and the sermon. All the religious bases were covered. Rabbi David Aronson preached the Psalms XXIII, the Catholic Reverend John Dunphy gave the invocation and Olson was interred in Lakewood cemetery. One of the most exciting, tumultuous and shady periods in Minnesota history had come to an end. The line of those waiting to visit the Olson bier in the state capitol stretched for about ten blocks, two or three abreast.

Shields' funeral was equally impressive with just about every body who was anybody in the establishment a pallbearer or an honorary pallbearer. It was about the largest funeral gathering that anyone could remember at the St. Paul Cathedral. Stanley Hubbard and Ken Hance were among the almost 75 honorary pall bearers.

But Hubbard was very worried that the St. Paul establishment would now find a way to get rid of him, pry him from KSTP.

Shields had always stuck up for Hubbard when he frequently was brought up at the Minnesota Club by other members of the establishment as a "crazy man."

Shields would always tell them, "I wish I had more crazy guys like him. You wanted a St. Paul station to compete with WCCO didn't you? Well, look what Hubbard has done! He's made one of the best radio stations in the country out of nothing, the best news operation, and, gentlemen, he has made me a lot of money."

That last part was hard on the boys since they all existed for the purpose of making money, i.e., getting their employees to make a lot of money for them.

But now that his protector, Shields, was gone, the St. Paul establishment would be after Hubbard's skin again. Hubbard went on the offensive. While friend Charlie Ward came to his defense at the Chamber of Commerce, Hubbard explained to Shields' and Brown's widows that radio was a particularly difficult business in which to succeed but he had done it and he had made a lot of money for Shields and he would continue to make a lot of money for them too. If they put somebody new in to manage KSTP, they might lose everything to some incompetent manager who didn't know radio broadcasting as well as he did.

It worked, and to Hubbard's gigantic relief he was named not only general manager, but President of KSTP. And with his record, anyone with a fair mind would have to admit he richly deserved it, goofy or not.

Stanley Hubbard had come out the winner once again. But the biggest fight of his career lay ahead. This fight again was with the St. Paul establishment with all their wealth- and it was to be a fight with no holds barred.

THE BIG CHANGE

It was in 1936 when he became President of KSTP that Stanley began to feel his oats. In fact the whole country began to feel their oats. Not a lot, but a little, which was better than the last five years when they had no oats to feel. The U.S. of A was entering a new era. People began to think differently. The American Zeitgeist had changed. But the people still had a lot of spunk in them.

The citizens of the U. S. of A. can thank their lucky stars that we had a president who understood the human condition. If you do not understand the human condition well, you cannot lead anybody.

In fact the first question that should be asked of a presidential candidate, or any high or responsible office, is "Please give us your understanding of the human condition. What are the average person's wants and needs, what are their goals, what makes them tick?"

If the candidate can't answer that satisfactorily, he should quit trying to be a leader and go into some other line of work where the basic knowledge of the human condition is not necessary.

Many politicians today don't seem to recognize they were sent to Washington because, hopefully, they could get a better handle on things being on the scene and know what's going on. Today, they send out questionnaires and take polls of their constituents thinking at any particular time. The average citizen doesn't know his ass from first base but these politicians do what the polls say so they can get elected again. That is not leading. That is following, or rather the blind leading the blind.

At any rate, Franklin Roosevelt understood the human condition very well. He knew his first priority was to get the workers of America back to work. So they could make some money, get themselves some dignity and build a life for themselves. Most American workers who engaged in crime did it because there appeared to be no alternative than stealing to survive. And they reasoned correctly that the first right of any human being is to survive, or at least to try to survive. They really didn't have a talent for it and as Alvin Karpis noted, "the amateurs were spoiling the real pro's business."

So Roosevelt, over the objections of many Republicans who thought that if he wasn't a full-fledged Commie he sure as hell was at least a

Socialist, started the Works Progress Administration and the CCC and other programs – all designed to put the American worker back to work where he wanted to be. FDR saw a duty to provide for the general welfare. And Roosevelt was right. The amateurs dropped their guns and went to work. And if Roosevelt hadn't of done that, the country may have gone Commie. After Roosevelt got things underway things weren't that great but people started singing "Happy Days Are Here, Again," even though they did it sardonically and musicians used to play it in a funereal minor key.

Roosevelt had chosen it as his campaign song in his run for the presidency in 1932 – but the song's prediction did not come true until about 1936 or 1937.

The song writers tried to cheer Americans up with songs like "The Moon Belongs to Everyone, The Best Things in Life Are Free," and "Smile, though your heart is aching," "We Don't Have A Barrel of Money, Maybe Things Are Not SunnyBut We'll Travel Along, Singing Our Song, Side by Side."... .and "We'll Build A Little Nest, Somewhere Out In The West..and Let The Rest of The World Go By"

The Swing bands started arriving on the scene playing love songs like "Tea for Two," "As Time Goes By," "Small Hotel" and the country went kind of romantic. People gradually started to feel better about themselves and their country too.

Everything wasn't hunky dory but it was a helluva lot better than from 1930 to 1934.

That changed the crime picture drastically and eventually J. Edgar got enough submachine guns and got Dillinger and the Barkers and eventually, Karpis, and what the G-Men didn't get mostly were bumped off by their own. Some of the others hoods just got old and tired and their profession wasn't as exciting anymore so they just holed up somewhere for the rest of their days. The cops were getting smarter too. A few hoods went semi-legit. And as I said, the amateurs went back to legal work.

Olson was dead. St. Paul finally got fed up with the hoods in their midst all the time and elected a Mayor by the name of Mahoney who appointed Gus Barfuss, a former altar boy, as Police Commissioner who appointed another altar boy, feisty little Charlie Tierney, as Chief of Police.

Tierney's first act was to get the message out to the underworld that St. Paul was no longer a sanctuary for them and to stay away because if you come into town we will slap your ass in the can the minute you cross by the city limits sign. The hoods did stay, away too and the saintly city struggled to regain its poise, which had been tilted rather badly in the previous five years.

The underworld scene in Minneapolis stayed pretty much the same with Tommy Banks and Kid Cann going about their business and avoiding publicity. It never had been a hang-out for outside hoods anyway. In fact, it's one of few towns the Mafia never could get into.

After Olson died a guy by the name of Elmer Benson became governor. . Benson was appointed U. S. Senator to hold the seat (keep it warm for) Floyd Olson after the blind Minnesota Republican Senator Thomas D. Schall was killed in Washington, D.C. in December, 1935. Schall's death – he was run over while crossing a street – was timely for Olson: with Schall when he was rundown was Harold Birkeland, the son of murdered Minneapolis minister Knute Birkeland. Sen. Schall was preparing to investigate the murders of Rev. Birkeland and Walter Liggett, the scandal sheet publisher.

He was a former small town banker who was appointed to the state banking commission by Olson. But while Olson knew how to control the Commies who were still around trying to get control of things in government, Benson didn't. If he was not a Commie himself then he was awful dumb because his Secretary, his number one assistant, Roger Rutchik and most of his Palace Guard were avowed, admitted Commies. Now that seemed to produce a real anomaly. A Commie Banker.

J. Edgar had made plenty of book on Benson too. So much book that Benson complained to the Justice Department that he was being followed by an agent of the FBI and wanted to know why.

Apparently there was some kind of Loyalty Board hearing and Benson wrote the Justice Department that:

“At the hearing one of the representatives of the Federal Bureau of Investigation testified, before I took the stand and not in my presence, that he had followed me on a certain date. This information was brought out by the attorneys while questioning me and the attorney for the loyalty board also stated in my presence that the Department of Justice also had received certain information about former Governor Floyd B. Olson and myself from a Louis Budenz.

“The purpose of this letter is to inquire as to why the representative of the Federal Bureau of Investigation would be following me and why this information would be presented to the loyalty board and why it would be used as it was before first checking with me to see if it were true.”

Peyton Ford, and assistant U.S. Attorney General sent back the following reply, lying right through his teeth:

“I have consulted the Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation and from the information he has supplied to me I find nothing which would indicate that you had been “ followed” by any representative of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.”

That was a spreader full of bullshit. Of course they had been

following Benson for the reason that most of his staff had admitted they were members of the Communist Party. But, of course they couldn't tell the Governor of a State that.

At any rate, Hubbard had some power now and he didn't need a Governor for help. He had become closer to the local FBI and they had told him of Benson's leanings so he would have nothing to do with him. Hubbard had his power sights set a little higher – to the U.S. Government, namely the power of Director J. Edgar Hoover of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

If Benson had been around when he still needed assistance to get to his power, it might have been another story. For after all, Floyd Olson was not an upstanding, lily white, red white and blue patriot of the normal vintage. Olson used. He did not permit anyone to use him. He used the Commies for what they could provide him as he used the Unions and the Farmers and the Truck Drivers and every other group for what they had to offer his career. Olson was a consummate politician. And he understood the human condition very well.

Benson was used by the Commies because he lacked sufficient gray matter upstairs. He was a follower, not a leader.

Olson was ambitious. He wanted to get in that Oval Room at the White House. And there is some very good indication that Roosevelt was thinking of Olson as his Vice Presidential running mate in the next election. Roosevelt helped Olson in his bid for re-election in 1934 . Roosevelt knew Olson was thinking right when Olson warned that "if the American workers were not put back to work soon the whole country would go straight to hell."

The Wiggly Mr. Quigley's business took a bad hit too with all the crime evaporating but Hubbard kept him on his payroll. His sole job was to find out everything he could about the personal lives of the St. Paul establishment. Hubbard always had vision, always looking ahead.

HUBBARD & THE FBI

Hubbard extended the early radio practice of barter – tradeout of air time for a load of coal if you needed it – to those in power whom he might need a quid pro quo from – or increase his reputation of one being close to the seats of power. As I have mentioned, Hubbard constantly sought to get close to the seats of power because when you were close to the seats of power it rubbed off on you and had power if only by indirection And you learned a lot about how to get it-and use it.

Hubbard was quid pro quo all the way. I'll give you favorable air time and you give me what I want when I want it or just recognize my importance. If you don't I might give you a big blast on our 50,000 watt KSTP newscast – in prime time.

Hubbard's quid pro quo fund among cops and politicians and legislators and governors and congressmen and others in power was probably worth more than KSTP took in revenue each year if the due bills were called in and pro-rated. He made quid pro quos' with vice presidents Hubert H. Humphrey and Walter Mondale.

As we said previously, in the mid-30's all across the Midwest, bands of marauders traveling in fast moving cars and toting sawed-off shotguns and Tommy guns began knocking over rural banks and post offices. By 1935, a Justice Department estimate said so many Americans had become crooks they outnumbered carpenters by four to one, grocers by six to one and doctors by 20 to one.

The figures varied depending on what Hoover speech you listened to, and he seemed to be constantly on the speechmaking circuit commenting on just about anything and everything. He told one audience during that period that mothers who played bridge instead of minding the kids were responsible for a rising tide of juvenile delinquency.

Criminals became something like modern day Robin Hoods, stealing from the rotten banks and feeding the poor, an image the Director sought to change.

An admirer of John Dillinger was one of those who felt that there was a certain amount of justice in his bank robberies. "Dillinger did not rob poor people," said this Indianapolis man, "He robbed those who became rich by robbing the poor."

About this time, Hubbard was tipped off that J. Edgar was wondering

about Hubbard's past relationship with Floyd Olson and Charlie Ward and he moved with lightning speed to show The Director that he was one hundred per cent on the side of the law. Times had changed. Besides Olson was dead, Hubbard had his power now and didn't need Ward anymore.

So it is not surprising then that the hero in Hubbard emerged and attempted to attach itself to the crime-buster hero of the age, J. Edgar Hoover, director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation's "G-Men." Hoover and Hubbard could have been twins because they had the same ingredients of narcissism, high anger and paranoia, the cocktail of Power.

Hubbard made many attempts to have a personal meeting with J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation in Washington, but FBI records show that Hoover, a master of image-making himself and careful of any embarrassing alliances, rebuffed Hubbard each time.

Hubbard's contention that he was a personal friend of J. Edgar's and went to the races with him is another invention to increase his image and esteem. The only one J. Edgar Hoover went to the races with was his immediate Lieutenant and bosom buddy, Clyde Tolson. There is some considerable opinion that Hoover and Tolson, both bachelors, were about as close as you could get without becoming one.

Hoover was about the only one Hubbard never got a quid pro quo out of, unless you count esteem-by-remote-affiliation.

After an investigation of Hubbard, Hoover concluded Hubbard was flaky.

But self-made image maker Hoover did appreciate the power of Hubbard's 50,000 watts and agreed to permit FBI agents to be interviewed on KSTP and to supply the station with photos for the program, "Wanted by the FBI."

But Hubbard had to deal with the Bureau through the local Special Agent in Charge. There would be no direct communication between Hubbard and Hoover. All radio scripts would have to be cleared through Hoover.

To cover his consorting tracks with Charlie Ward and Governor Floyd Olson, in 1936, in the middle of the Great Depression, when John Dillinger, Ma and Doc Barker, Alvin Karpis, Baby Face Nelson and others were tearing up the country with bank robberies and kidnappings of St. Paul beer moguls like Hamm and Bremer, Hubbard proposed to W.H.Drane Lester, Inspector of the Twin Cities FBI office that a program be done on Dillinger, Doc and Fred and Ma Barker, Alvin Karpis, Pretty Boy Floyd and Homer Van Meter.

The KSTP interviewer would be Hennepin County Sheriff Ed Ryan, a graduate of the FBI police school who had bestowed an honorary

deputy sheriff's badge on Hubbard.. Hubbard thus would achieve proximity to local cop power and national cop power at the same time. Other FBI interviews were conducted by KSTP announcer, Val Bjornson, who was later to become Minnesota State Auditor. Lester submitted the proposed script to Hoover which was returned by the Hoover to Lester with the following corrections:

"I am in receipt of your letter of January 13, transmitting the proposed radio script for the above broadcast.

"On page 1, paragraph 3, it is suggested that it be changed to read as follows: 'I am indeed happy to participate in this discussion tonight, Ed. I thought perhaps I might tell you something about a few characters such as Doc and Fred Barker and Alvin Karpis. You will recall they were responsible for kidnappings, bank robberies and murders through the Middle West in the mid-thirties. their criminal activities can be traced back to their early life when they were in their formative years."

"On page 2, paragraph 4, line 2 beginning with schooling should be changed as follows, 'These two boys not only lacked formal education but their youth of was void of any religious training, and as a result we find that as early as 1910, while still in their teens, they first ran afoul of the law."

"On page 4, paragraph 4, line 3, starting 'nearby was the lifeless body' should be changed to read 'The body of his mother lay nearby. Her machine gun holding a 100-shot drum rested across her body. The barrel was still smoking..'

Your manuscript is being returned herewith.

HOOVER

Lester dutifully replied to Hoover:

"... I will follow the radio script furnished this office by the bureau with your corrections."

When KSTP Television arrived, FBI records show that on November 10, 1948 Twin Cities Special Agent in Charge to Hoover:

"Mr. Stanley E. Hubbard, president of Radio Station KSTP, St. Paul, Minnesota, recently suggested to an agent of this office that KSTP televise information concerning wanted men. KSTP is the only station in the Twin Cities area televising programs.

"Mr. Hubbard stated that he, as president of KSTP, is willing to televise the pictures and descriptive detail of any wanted person named by the FBI ... He suggested that a total of seven or eight, possibly more, photographs of wanted men, together with descriptive dataMr. Hubbard stated that the broadcasts by KSTP, at no cost, should be entitled, "Wanted by the FBI"... KSTP estimates that its visual audience is comprised of approximately 58,000 television sets and that a recent station survey showed that its viewership included advantageous locations such as bars, taverns, night clubs and other public places."

Hoover agreed and the ensuing dramatic scripts over KSTP's "Wanted by the FBI" programs must have terrified and raised the paranoia level of KSTP viewers considerably. Paul Presbrey must have been writing the scripts.

"If you are in a tavern," said one broadcast, "and this man who is shy of index fingers on both hands ... should happen to serve you a short beer..be nonchalant..but act quickly. Call the FBI!"

Another warned bank tellers and cashiers, "be on the alert for this man. Right this minute..if you are in a public place ... look around you..he may be cashing a phony check."

Another broadcast warned of danger right at your doorstep, "Remember..wanted men are usually armed and ready to take chances. So be careful. If you should see on of these men..in a store ... or theatre ... on the street ... in any public place ... maybe even at your front door ... keep calm ... but act promptly. Call the F.B.I. at once. That number, again, is Nestor 9619."

Lester could later report back to Hoover, that in response to the program, Hubbard reported "several persons have called the KSTP switchboard and stated that the program "gripped" them and they listened to every word."

As we said, Hubbard had made attempts to see Hoover personally many times, but was rebuffed by the wary Director.

Rebuffed at the last attempt, because the "Director was out of the office," Hubbard got hold of Special Agent R. C. Hendon who had been on KSTP FBI radio reports and who had been transferred to Washington.

In a remarkable memo to Clyde Tolson, Hoovers #1 sidekick man, Hendon briefed him on Hubbard and then went on to relay a dazzling and even astounding offer by Hubbard to Hoover.

Federal Bureau of Investigation
United States Department of Justice
Washington, D. C.

April 9, 1941

MEMORANDUM FOR MR. TOLSON

"... .. Mr. Hubbard, of course, is a good friend of the Bureau and offered his assistance in any way possible during the present emergency. He stated that he had plenty of time and would like to conduct investigations but I explained to him our policy in this regard.

"During the course of our conversation HE ALSO STATED HE KNEW ANY TYPE OF COOPERATION COULD BE OBTAINED FROM THE RADIO STATION OWNERS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY AND FOR THE BUREAU AND SHOULD THE OCCASION ARISE AND UPON MERE REQUEST FROM THE DIRECTOR THEY WOULD ALL HOLD A SPECIAL MEETING FOR THAT PURPOSE."(caps mine.)

Respectfully,
R. C. Hendon

You know, of course, who would be the “Director” of this subrosa broadcasting espionage unit.

THE MAN WHO BEAT THE UNIONS

Stanley E. Hubbard was archetypical of the man who puts a chip on his shoulder and dares anyone and everyone to knock it off.

He had real power now so he took off the gloves and really started to clout with it.

To Hubbard, trade Unions were anathema.

He was however very fond of music broadcast over KSTP and to his credit, purchased an expensive pipe organ and hired Leonard Leigh to play it, and hired local musicians to play in various KSTP programs. Live music gave the station sort of a class that Hubbard wanted. He wanted nothing other than first-class because that's how he regarded himself – First Class. Besides his chief competition, WCCO, had live musicians playing for them. They were union, however, and that's where the rub came in.

During World War II, in July, 1942, James Caesar Petrillo, the feisty president of the American Federation of Musicians ordered two popular dance bands, Eddy Duchin and Richard Himber, off the NBC Red Network which supplied programs to KSTP because of the station's labor dispute with the St. Paul Musicians union.

Hubbard, feeling he had done more than any other station to promote local music and probably lost money at it, erupted and sent off a blistering and artful piece of heart-tugging propaganda to the news wire services attacking the diminutive, cornet-playing Petrillo.

He accused Petrillo "of a form of tyranny which in its selfish, domineering, public-be-damned way is as cruel and brutal as Hitlerism itself.

"James Caesar (his correct middle moniker) Petrillo has become the Fuhrer of 130,000 musicians in this country. He had grown powerful and rich by the exercise of the iron hand by which he now attempts to wreck an entire industry.

"Ten days ago he forbade the broadcast of the National High School orchestra from the National Music camp at Interlachen, Michigan, in which 160 teenage boys and girls from 40 states hoped to play for their folks at home.

"Effective August 1, no musician can play for phonograph records to be played in your neighborhood place of entertainment. Popular music is

to be limited to those who can afford to pay for cover charges and expensive surroundings. Fine for the soldiers on \$50 a month isn't it?"

Referring to labor relations between the station and the local musicians union, Hubbard said, "The relations of KSTP and our musicians are most happy. We have met every demand of the union except that we freeze our musical situation by agreeing that after a musician has played four weeks he cannot be released. We are willing to guarantee its members \$24,000 per year (total) regardless of our own needs, but insist on the right to keep top quality in our musical programs."

The musicians strike droned on with Edward Ringius, business agent and secretary treasurer for Musicians Local Number 30 saying from time to time that "some progress" had been made at a meeting of union representatives with KSTP management. He said the only remaining issue was "stabilizing employment" by assuring musicians who had passed a four weeks' probationary period be assured of 52 weeks of continuous employment.

However the real musicians concern was supporting the order prohibiting union musicians from making phonograph records for use in public places and an attempt to bring to a head a long-standing complaint that musicians are "driving nails into their own coffins" by making "canned" music.

By placing a ban on record making, national officials of the American Federation of Musicians were attempting to force a similar arrangement with regard to records made by union musicians.

Hubbard fired off another salvo at Petrillo disputing his claims concerning unemployment of musicians at the time which he branded as a "myth."

Hubbard contended, quite in error, that "no competent musicians today were unable to find work and that the prevalence of juke boxes in night clubs was chiefly due to the inability to get top-grade men." Hubbard also disputed Petrillo's statement that 95 per cent of the music broadcast over the air was "canned," which was true.

The Hubbard-Petrillo fight began to look like a life-long Hatfield and McCoy scenario, for Hubbard later sent off a wild demand to the War Labor Board that U.S. troops take over Petrillo's American Federation of Musicians like it did Montgomery Ward. This happened when the local musicians were called out of KSTP in sympathy with the long engineers' strike in 1949. Hubbard lost Eddy Duchin and Richard Himber again.

A New York Times headline blared on January 7, 1949:

U.S. SEIZURE OF PETRILLO'S UNION URGED BY RADIO STATION OWNER IN MUSICIANS TIE-UP

The Associated Press reported that "Stanley E. Hubbard, Minneapolis radio executive suggested today to William H. Davis, chairman of the

War Labor Board, that the Government take over James C. Petrillo's American Federation of Musicians, AFL, as it has some business firms.

"Coming out of a conference with Mr. Davis, Hubbard told reporters that Mr. Davis and the War Labor Board 'appeared to be afraid of Petrillo.'

"Mr. Hubbard, who is president and general manager of station KSTP, said that he had suggested to Mr. Davis that the WLB take over Petrillo's headquarters and that the Army operate the union as it has in the Montgomery Ward Company's plants for non-compliance with WLB orders.

In somewhat discombobulated thinking, Hubbard pointed out 'that the union is the same as a business, operating under a charter and having headquarters.'" He also said that "the musicians union has refused to obey directives of the National and Chicago Regional War Labor Boards that musicians, who walked out eight months ago, return to work."

"For the last eight months, he asserted Mr. Petrillo had declined to permit union members to work at his Minneapolis studio unless a minimum staff of eight musicians and three "record turners" are employed at a minimum of \$52.50 a week for a twenty-two hour week."

Davis replied that Hubbard's request was "ridiculous," that there is no provision in the law for government seizure of a labor union, that seizure in connection with a labor dispute is dependent on interference with the war effort and that Hubbard should "direct his efforts and attention to that point."

It was accompanied by a headline which said,
U.S. DECLINES TO SEIZE KSTP UNION.

The Musicians Union dispute with KSTP ended on July 30, 1942 with Hubbard agreeing to a 10 per cent pay increase for musicians hired by KSTP. Simultaneously it was announced by union officials that a ban would be lifted on broadcasts by the orchestras of Richard Himber and Eddie Duchin which were ordered off the NBC network as a result of the dispute.

Ed Ringius, secretary and business agent of St. Paul Local 30 said Hubbard's nemesis, James C. Petrillo had approved the agreement. The contract provided for a basic weekly wage of \$33 and a sliding scale. It also guaranteed that KSTP "shall employ not less than ten musicians on a yearly basis."

Hubbard wasn't through doing battle with Petrillo, however, and on January 1, 1946, a Minneapolis Tribune headline said:

HUBBARD HITS ALIEN MUSICIAN RESTRICTIONS

Hubbard had been thinking of hiring foreign musicians to replace the local union musicians and get rid of that pain in the neck, but again hit a brick wall.

The accompanying story reported that "to support his previous

contention that United States Immigration Laws bar entry of musicians into this country, Stanley Hubbard, president of radio station KSTP, today quoted Thomas B. Shoemaker of Philadelphia, deputy chief of the Federal Immigration Service as saying that 'Musicians, as a class are not permitted to enter the United States.' "

"Hubbard said Shoemaker also asserted, 'If a man was coming into the United States to earn his living as a musician, he would not be admitted,' but that musicians of outstanding talent may be admitted."

"In a renewal of his long-standing feud with James C. Petrillo, head of the American Federation of Musicians, Hubbard on a Christmas night broadcast over KSTP the charge that the musicians union has had immigration laws adopted to bar foreign musicians. William Darlington of the Minneapolis office of the Immigration Service said today that "within regulations, people of varied occupations, including musicians, may enter the United States as individuals and may follow their regular occupations in this country.

"Darlington said he believed that Shoemaker meant to refer to the fact that musicians and people in other occupations are prohibited from entering the U.S. for contract labor, that is for prearranged jobs. They must, he said, take their chances of employment after they are in the country."

KSTP ENGINEERS STRIKE

But Hubbard's most costly fight with the Unions occurred when 21 KSTP engineers walked off the job on April 5, 1950, when all Twin Cities radio stations except KSTP agreed to a wage increase of \$3 a week – which would cost Hubbard an additional total of \$63 a week. He certainly could have afforded it and foregone the tremendous cost of the strike that followed. But to Hubbard, it was the principle of the thing. Give 'em an inch, and they'll take a mile.

The dispute was bitter and long and demonstrated that Hubbard's anti-union principle was stronger than his usual pragmatism. KSTP announcer Don Hawkins told of being chased down University Avenue at 70 miles an hour by union strikers after he got off his shift. Employees tires were punctured with ice picks. KSTP transformers were shot at and knocked out with deer rifles. The large front windows of the KSTP building were shattered by rocks and other missiles. Union picket wives assaulted KSTP women employees coming and going from work with their hat-pins.

If Governor Floyd Olson were still living Hubbard would have tried to call in a due bill and haul out the National Guard out to protect him, but Olson was long gone and the current Governor, Orville Freeman, was too much of a namby-pamby to do any business with.

The engineers called it a "lockout" while Hubbard called it a "termination of services" and hired scab engineers from a Chicago radio technicians school. Many sponsors, including the major breweries with strong Unions, refused to advertise on KSTP and it cost Hubbard a small fortune in advertising revenue despite his erroneous claim that the station was "sold out" in terms of radio sponsors.

The dispute had its repercussions on all levels of government, city, county, state and federal.

It directly affected the public through cancellation of KSTP's weekly telecasting of live wrestling in St. Paul. Indirectly, the dispute was involved in the fight between KSTP and Minneapolis city officials which resulted in the cancellation of Minneapolis Millers baseball games.

The U.S. Congress was asked to get into the act and take a closer look at the deadlock between the Twin Cities NBC outlet and the 21 members of local 1216 of the AFL Electrical Workers Union.

Minnesota's third district Congressman Roy W. Weir introduced a

resolution in the House of Representatives directing the Federal Communications Commission to revoke KSTP's radio and television licenses accusing it of failing to operate in the public interest. Weir, a former secretary of the Minneapolis Central Labor Union specifically charged KSTP with failing to bargain collectively with the technicians as required by the Taft-Hartley law.

The union followed the same tack in Minneapolis by filing unfair labor practices with the National Labor Relations Board.

At one point, union officials thought they saw a faint ray of hope for a settlement when 1216 president Gene Brautigan said Hubbard "had expressed a willingness to talk to Freeman Hurd, the union's international representative stationed in Chicago."

Hubbard said, however, that as far as he was concerned the dispute is a "forgotten deal," and that the majority of the engineers have found other jobs.

Meanwhile, the picketing a violence continued. Both the federal and state labor conciliator's offices had withdrawn from the case long ago. Attempts by third parties to mediate failed.

Hubbard had steadfastly refused to pay the additional \$3 a week to the KSTP engineers because he said, "it already is paying as much as \$25 a week more" than other Twin Cities stations, with the exception of WCCO. Hubbard maintained that its wages ranged from about \$75 to \$110 weekly. But the union said, correctly, that the top figure was paid to only three supervisory employees.

The union initially ordered the strikers to return to work pending further negotiations but Hubbard informed the union that five of the 21 had been replaced. The other 16 then held out for full reinstatement. And ultimatum by KSTP that the 16 return to work by 9 a.m. April 12 or face discharge was ignored by the union.

Three days later the AFL musicians union ordered its members to observe the engineers picket lines which gave Hubbard another reason to hate Petrillo.

As the strike progressed, the engineers extended their picketing to cover KSTP's telecasts of wrestling at the St. Paul Armory and of Minneapolis Millers baseball games. Attempts by Hubbard to have the picketing enjoined were refused by Ramsey and Hennepin County District Courts who told him the strikers could picket wherever KSTP was operating.

The wrestling telecasts were canceled and later replaced by motion picture films of matches held in other cities. The station continued to television Millers baseball games, however, from behind picket lines, until Delmar Nispel, known also by his radio name of Del Franklin, was arrested.

Local news accounts reported that "Delmar Nispel, KSTP television

director who was arrested Tuesday night when he attempted to break a seal and turn on current for a telecast from Nicollet Baseball park was at the park again Wednesday night. Half a dozen patrolmen also were near the wire-enclosed power switch under the grandstand along the third base line.

"Nispel who uses Del Franklin as his radio name, told police he intended to televise the game but left when Hubbard did not show up."

Late in July, KSTP was notified by S. Martin Streed, city electrical inspector, that its wiring at Nicollet Park had been condemned as "unsafe."

Hubbard countered that "it is odd we had no trouble with electrical inspectors until after we had labor trouble."

Streed said his condemnation had nothing to do with KSTP's labor trouble and said the station had "overfused some of its load wires 1,000 per cent."

A few days later, Municipal Judge Thomas L. Bergin fined Nispel \$50, Hubbard appealed the fine to the Minnesota Supreme Court, and discontinued attempts to televise the baseball games.

Meanwhile the Unions claimed that a number of advertisers were canceling their contracts with KSTP, which was true, while Hubbard said that "all of the station's television time is sold." Something that would be absolutely astounding even at television's advertising bonanza zenith.

Hubbard then appealed to the Minneapolis City Council to assign three Minneapolis policemen to protect his property, offering to pay their salaries. This brought the wrath of William Sinnot, financial secretary of the AFL, Central Labor Union president Robert L. Wishart, and Harold Kauth, Third Ward Alderman.

Kauth told the council "I don't think the committee should waste time listening to a businessman who doesn't want to settle a labor matter in the customary way, and doesn't want to cooperate."

Sinnot charged Hubbard with violating several ordinances. "He did not even see fit to get a permit for the electrical installation. He did not report the installation so it could be inspected. The building inspector accidentally discovered it."

Sinnot added that "Hubbard has all the protection he needs. We believe it is not necessary for KSTP to have special police protection since there has been no violence ." Tell that to KSTP'ers Don Hawkins and Fred Worthington who frequently were chased down University Avenue at 70 miles per by the strikers.

Finally, on June 27, 1953, one of the longest labor disputes in Minneapolis history ended when mutual friend Charlie Ward got Walter Cramond, president of the Central Labor Union, Stanley Hubbard and Robert Gomsrud, business representative of the International

Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, Local 292, AFL, together and announced an agreement with Hubbard had been reached – but refused to discuss the details. It must have been some deal if Stanley E. Hubbard sat down to talk to union boss Walter Cramond. Whatever it was the KSTP union fight was over, for a while, just kind of sliding into the past.

In effect, Hubbard had won his fight with the Unions and KSTP remains a non-union shop to this day, despite many attempts to unionize various departments over the years. Junior hates the Unions as much as the Old Man and for the same reasons. Nobody's going to tell them how to run their business. The Public Interest? Hell, we know what's in the public interest and we give it to them all the time. It's only the Commies and the Lefties who'd come up with that public interest crap.

But Stanley E. Hubbard had the double-sweet victory too, of having shown the stuffed-shirted silver spoons of the St. Paul Association that he could do something they couldn't. He beat the Unions.

Stan Hubbard is the guy that beat the Unions. How do you like that?

TELEVISION ARRIVES

Television got off to a slow start, held in abeyance by the happening of the Great Gloom of World War II.

It was not until April 30, 1939, at the opening of the New York World's Fair, that a bonafide public television demonstration was made by NBC, which announced that year that it was ready to begin broadcasting for two hours a week.

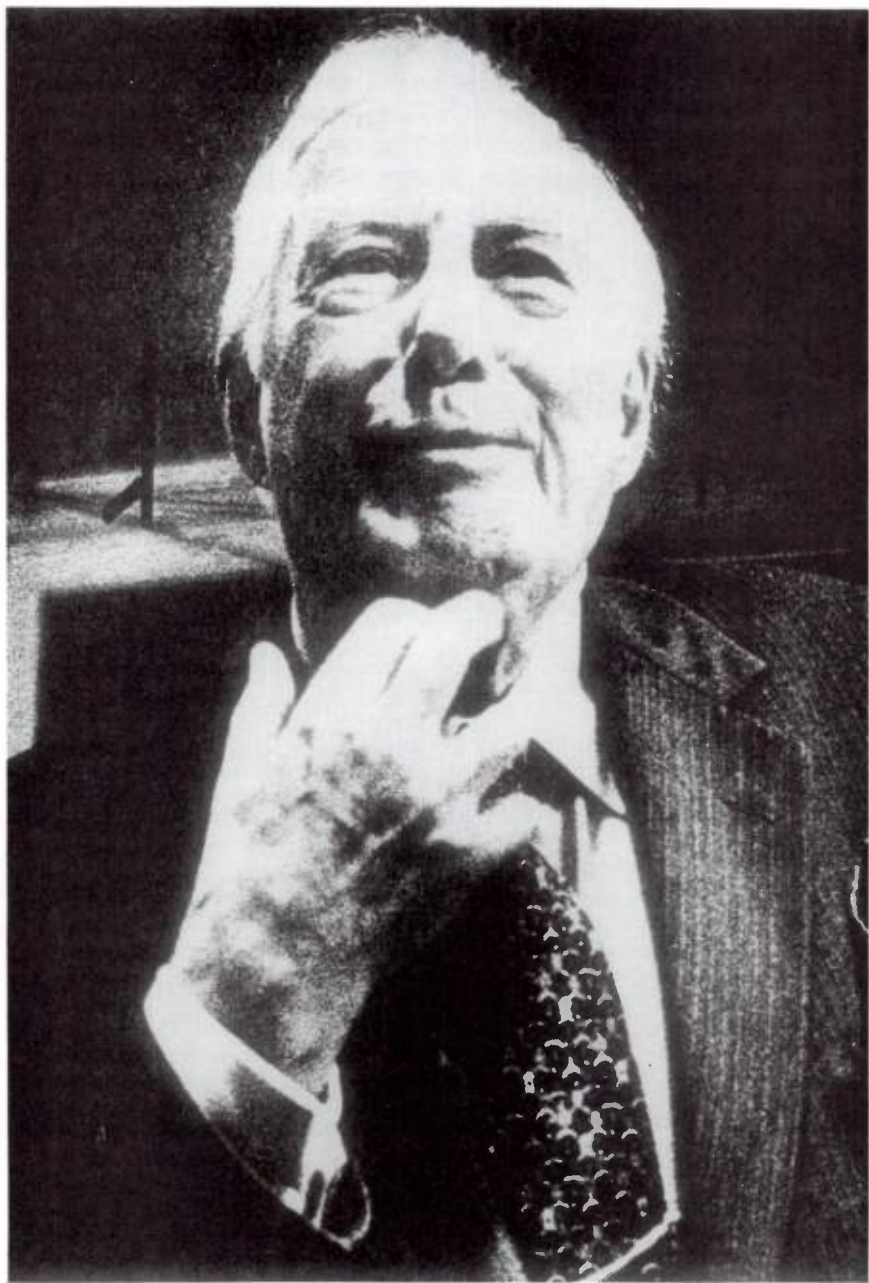
We have already mentioned that Dr. George Young's experimental tv station had broadcast in Minneapolis in 1938, and another outfit in Iowa had experimented as far back as 1923.

But operational television on a national basis began with the 1939 World's Fair telecast. The Columbia Broadcasting System and the Dumont network began telecasting in 1939 and 1940. By mid-1940 there were 23 television stations (and KSTP was not one of them) in the United States.

World War II brought nearly all activity to an end. Electronics factories were converted to wartime production.

The Federal Communications Commission had authorized only limited commercial operation – the first was in 1941 – and gradually stations closed down. Only six were left with limited programs to serve the owners of some 10,000 sets. When wartime restrictions governing the manufacture of receivers was removed in 1946, the stage was set in the U.S. for a rapid growth of the television broadcasting industry. By 1949 there were 1,000,000 receivers in use. The 10,000,000 mark was passed in 1951. The 50,000,000 mark was set eight years later.

This is when Stanley E. Hubbard began to think of moving into television broadcasting, but he would have a few fights to contend with before that happened.



Warren Burger

THE FCC – THE WEAKEST SISTER

“The FCC spanks, but never hurts. This is my station and I’ll do what I want with it,”– George Richards Owner, WJR. Detroit

“After nearly five decades of operation the broadcast industry does not seem to have grasped the simple fact that a broadcast license is a public trust subject to termination for breach of duty.”– 1971, Court of Appeals Judge Warren Burger.

Throughout the history of KSTP news operations, the Hubbards have been accused of rigging, slanting and in some instances suppressing the news to their own idiosyncratic advantage.

But in spite of many complaints, the FCC did not choose to do anything about these complaints because KSTP still has its broadcast license, and a few more besides that.

A basic problem is that in a republic such as ours, the right of free speech over broadcasting stations under the First Amendment has to be balanced with government regulation. And when you throw in the fact that the people who own all the money and really run our country own most the media – that is not an easy thing to balance.

The basic Federal Communications Commission policy is this:

Broadcasting stations are licensed to serve the public and not for the purpose of furthering the private or selfish interests of individuals or groups of individuals. The only exception to this rule has to do with advertising – because advertising furnishes the economic support for the service and thus makes free broadcasting possible.

According to the FCC, the tastes, needs and desires of all substantial groups among the listening public should be met in some fair proportion by a well-rounded program of interest to all members of the family.

As far as news programs go, the FCC says that “the commission will not ordinarily review news programs, believing that such an activity on its part would be inappropriate. It has on numerous occasions received complaints that a network, station or newscasters have rigged, slanted, sensationalized or suppressed the news. The commission has stated that

such allegations, if true, would be contrary to the public interest. However, for the commission to take action against a licensee in this sensitive area, it must receive “significant extrinsic evidence” that the news was deliberately distorted or fabricated.

The commission also has stated that “rigging or slanting the news is a most heinous act against the public interest – indeed there is no act more harmful to the public’s ability to handle its affairs.”

In one of the more flagrant cases, when George Richards, owner of WJR, Detroit, and KMPC, Los Angeles, said, “This is my station and I’ll do what I want with it,” he meant it.

In his book, *THE GOOD GUYS, THE BAD GUYS*,” Fred Friendly, former CBS news executive, tells of Richards referring to Helen Gahagan Douglas and her husband, actor Melvin Douglas, saying “We’ve got to get these kike actors out of Hollywood.”

Richards’ news staff signed affidavits testifying that they had been ordered to slant, distort and falsify news against Richard’s enemies. Richards’ pet hate had been President Roosevelt, to whom he referred as that “Jew Lover” who was out to communize the nation. No stories favorable to the President were permitted and he had instructed his news staff to juxtapose stories about Roosevelt with those about Communists and criminals so they might seem related.

“After the President’s death,” wrote Friendly, “when Mrs. Roosevelt, whom Richards called ‘the old bitch’ was in an auto accident, he asked the news writers if the news story could be phrased in such a way as to make it appear she was drunk.”

To those with broadcasting licenses, Friendly cautioned, “it may be your frequency, but it’s everybody’s Bill of Rights.”

In the celebrated *Mayflower Case* (8 FCC 333.340) in 1940 the opinion stated, “Radio can survive as an instrument of democracy only when devoted to the communication of information and the exchange of ideas fairly and objectively presented.

“A truly free radio cannot be used to advocate the causes of the licensee. It cannot be used to support the candidacies of his friends. It cannot be devoted to the support of principles he happens to regard most favorably. In brief, the broadcaster cannot be an advocate.”

In 1946, in an attempt to clarify the “public interest,” the FCC published what became known as “The Blue Book” in which it said of controversial issues: “Probably no other type of problem in the entire broadcasting industry is as important or requires of the broadcaster a greater sense of objectivity, responsibility and fair play. Accordingly, the carrying of such programs in reasonable sufficiency and during good listening hours is a factor to be considered in any definition of public interest.”

The broadcasting industry hit the ceiling. Justin Miller, president of

the National Association of Broadcasters at the time, hauled out the American flag, waved it furiously, and denounced the Blue Book as violating the First Amendment and accused the FCC of being “stooges for the Communists.” If you want to really devastate somebody in this country, always charge them with being a “Communist.” This will give you a pretty good indication that the person leveling that charge is a full-blown Fascist.

Wisconsin Senator William Proxmire, at the time, noted that “television and radio stations are owned by and large by people with money, and they have a particular economic interest which often represents a political interest.”

Former President Richard Nixon, who disliked most of the news media, but especially the Washington Post which also owned broadcasting properties, said the newspaper was going to have a “damnable, damnable time” getting its broadcasting licenses renewed and that “the game has to be played awfully rough.”

The Post dug up Watergate instead which goes to show who’s really got the power when push comes to shove.

Stan Hubbard Junior later was to become one of those perplexed broadcasters that Judge Warren Burger was talking about who after 50 years couldn’t seem to get it through their heads that they are supposed to operate in the public interest when he said, “Many people resent the fact that there are people who can run their own business and do what they want.”

But, in the end, the FCC usually spanks but doesn’t hurt and is regarded as “The Weakest Sister” among the regulatory agencies, with the agency deliberately deeply underfunded and understaffed by Congress and the members of Congress who own or have stock in the broadcasting media, so it can’t cause much trouble.

THE BIGGEST FIGHT OF HUBBARD'S LIFE

Hubbard's battle with the St. Paul establishment for control of KSTP is not only murky and complicated but strange, and even incredible.

Here was one guy with very little dough standing up to the creme de creme and the creme de money of the St. Paul establishment – and winning!.

He had massacred the absolute truth that “money gets what money wants.” Doesn't that sound strange? It couldn't be explained by luck, because that would mean he won by chance – and he didn't win by chance.

Synchronicity might explain some of it, the concept of a meaningful coincidence of two or more events where something other than the probability of chance is involved. Kind of a mysterious simultaneity of events which produce an unexpected result. Where two or three or four or more absolutely unrelated events happen to bump into each other or meet and merge into one another and produce an unexpected result. It is not chance. It is something else not understood very well, but happens. Carl Jung called it Synchronicity.

And of course, the Wiggly Mr. Quigley may have had something to do with this synchronicity and simultaneity of events. He may have been one of the “events.”

Hubbard's battle with the money and power of the St. Paul establishment is a real life 20th century re-play of the David and Goliath story. That is a gratifying story to all underdogs but it does not happen very often. I wouldn't count on it. I would say about ninety-nine and nine-tenths of the time the terribly true aphorism, “what money wants, money gets,” happens.

Hubbard had the Ridder monopoly St. Paul newspaper against him in this fight, the O'Shaughnessy Oil guy, the First National Banks, the furrier Albrecht, Adolph Bremer, Jr. the Schmidt beer tycoon, the Lampland Lumber people and Truman Gardner, Thomas Irvine, S. MacMillan Shepard, George Benz, Walter Rosenberry, Charles Cook,

the Hamm Brewing Company. Ryland Rothchild, William F. Johns Sr., Roland Faricy, David Winton, Charles Winton Jr., Alfred D. Lindley, George Crosby and Ray C. Jenkins. and other rich muckety-mucks who all were honorary pallbearers at Lytton Shields funeral.

These people OWNED St. Paul, and probably still do. It's their fiefdom.

That's why St. Paul downtown will never be a "night" town. The guys that own the town want it that way. They want it nice and quiet and peaceful. Get to bed early, get up early and get to the job to make money. You don't want noise disturbing your peace like downtown Minneapolis where on Hennepin Avenue every night there is a representative of every misfit, goofball, transvestite, doper, kook making all kinds of noise and levitating amid the glitzy, gooky crowd of disconnected or unconnected insanity. Like a big outdoor Zoo. Let the great Nouveau Rich across the River, the late rich who think so much of themselves, destroy their town. Serves them right. If St. Paulites feel the need to go crazy every now and then, let them go over to Hennepin Avenue and go crazy for a while, then when they've got that out of their system, they can come on back to St. Paul, regain their sanity and be peaceful again and go to work.

Incidentally, the establishment's attorney was none other than Warren E. Burger who got on the right side of the fence and rode the right vehicle at the right time when the right Republican was in office, all the way up to Chief Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court. Very deft fellow, was he.

In addition, this coterie of the St. Paul creme de creme looked down their long, stuffy, patrician, Harvard and Yale and Princeton beaks at Hubbard as something to be ignored.

Hubbard didn't like those guys much either, and for damned good reason. They were always trying to throw monkey wrenches into his machine all along. They tried to ignore him as a loud boor. They gave him no respect. They didn't appreciate his talent. He was ill-educated and "didn't know how to act." Screw them, Buster.

Maybe that was behind the tremendous incentive Hubbard had. The first time anyone ever saw tears in Stanley Eugene Hubbard's eyes was on March 19, 1947, when he left for his airplane to go to Washington, D. C. where he would make a frantic, last-ditch attempt to save his love and mistress, KSTP. His whole system was electrified by this threat, and every antenna out and sensing, listening for danger – or opportunity.

He had put his whole body and mind and soul into building His God, KSTP Radio the best, the classiest 50,000 watt radio station in the country. He had built a First Class radio station with the most exciting news, the best announcers who always were being stolen by the networks, everything at KSTP was vibrant, exciting but mainly First

Class. You could listen to KSTP anytime and if you listened carefully you would hear his personality, Stanley Eugene Hubbard's individuality, piggy-backing on those air waves. KSTP and Hubbard were the same, the same interchangeable entities.

But now, my God, Stanley's love and mistress and everything for 20 years was in danger of being taken away from him! Stolen!

Hubbard had never owned KSTP, only 25 per cent, but it always seemed to him that he did own it. Who the hell put all the work into it?

The establishment had already announced who would be President and General Manager if they won the license. Bill Johns Jr., associated with the Ridder newspapers. And he would be out on the street. Someone else would steal the end product of his blood, sweat and tears for the 20 past years. My God! Bill Johns of all people would steal his love! A Goddamned Newspaperman! God, no, the irony is too horrible.

If that doesn't give one incentive under the circumstances, I don't know what would, at least not with a guy like Hubbard.

But there were some funny circumstances and complications that played a part in all of this, which is why I mentioned that synchronicity may have had a hand in this.

In the first place, if Shields had not made a secret agreement with the St. Paul Association, which was the forerunner of the Chamber of Commerce, everything may have ended up differently – for Hubbard and everyone else.

That secret agreement between Shields and the St. Paul Association promised that “if the Association would give financial aid to the station, then known as WAMD, which was going to be combined with KFOY to make KSTP, the owners would agree not to sell the property or station to anyone outside of St. Paul – until the Association was given the chance to buy it at the same amount as the highest bid.

The stipulation, “if the Association would give financial aid to the station” is interesting. At that time, in 1927, the Association had raised \$34,665, not a princely sum even then. It may be that the financial aid to KSTP was construed to be in the form of free legal assistance from the high-powered contacts the Association had in Washington like Senator Frank Kellogg and which succeeded in getting the initial FCC license for KSTP in 1928. But if KSTP ever did get some financial backing from the St. Paul Association, the evidence is long gone in the lost minutes of their Radio Committee.

Hubbard was between a rock and a hard place. The St. Paul banks wouldn't lend him a dime, then he discovered to his dismay the secret agreement about local ownership after he had gone east to get financial backing from the eastern based Aviation Corporation and a subsidiary, Crosley Broadcasting Corp., which would purchase 75 percent of the stock after six months for \$1,200,000 which would give Hubbard a tidy

\$375,000 profits from the set sale price of \$850,000.

Tactically, it was a mistake, in view of the early Shields agreement with the St. Paul Association, but Hubbard couldn't borrow any money locally anyway, and he really didn't want money from the local pillars because they would be constantly screwing up HIS operation and telling him what to do.

The young Warren Burger jumped up and shouted to the press that this was incontrovertible evidence that KSTP would end up in "outside" hands if Hubbard succeeded, and accused him of "trafficking licenses" in his application for KSTP."

The thought that some "outsider" would carpetbag his way in and gain control of the airwaves over the illustrious heads of the St. Paul establishment was too horrible to contemplate. They owned all the air above, too, and no "outsider" was going to invade the sanctity of their electrons above.

That renegade, Hubbard, had to be stopped in his tracks.

Then another complication popped up. The Lytton Shields trust which was administered by the First National Bank Trust of St. Paul, which accepted the traditional provincial financial thinking about anything new, declared that Shield's KSTP "could not become involved in any speculative ventures. "Television, at that time, was considered "speculative" as was FM radio which was just coming on the scene.

Hubbard responded by pulling an end run on the St. Paul huffers and puffers: he corralled Shield's widow, who knew nothing about broadcasting, and told her that the future of broadcasting was television, that it would require millions in investment, that her beloved late Husband's First National Bank Trust said television was speculative, so instead of going to all that expense and maybe legal complications and be involved in a speculative venture and whatever, why didn't she just sell KSTP to him at the going price of \$850,000 and have all that money safe and sound in the bank?

It is not surprising that Shields widow bought Hubbard's sales pitch. Hubbard was a pretty good salesman when he got going. She thought it was a pretty safe idea too and signed an agreement with Hubbard with a time limit, during which he was to come up with the money..

The establishment still didn't think Hubbard's offer was a good idea and proceeded with their application to the FCC for KSTP's license. Apparently their biggest fear was that of some outside carpetbagger coming to command their air waves. Perhaps they thought they were still fighting Col. Bertie McCormick.

Burger certainly must have known that the local banks wouldn't lend Hubbard any money, speculative or not, but still made the face-saving and even incredible statement for his group that "if Hubbard were financed by St. Paul interests instead of AVCO, we wouldn't be in this."

Oh yeah?

The FCC rejected both applications.

It rejected Hubbard's first proposal because it was to have financed by AVCO and it object to the stipulation in the purchase agreement whereby AVCO, and a subsidiary, Crosley, could purchase 75 per cent of the stock after six months for \$1,200,000, giving Hubbard that nice \$350,000 profit.

The FCC also rejected the establishment's application because it included the St. Paul Ridder newspaper interests which partially owned radio station WTCN and WLOL in Minneapolis and would be in violation of FCC policy against one interest controlling two broadcast facilities in the same market.

That would have been easy to fix. Just take the Ridders out of the deal to satisfy the FCC.

But they didn't. For some strange reason the establishment began to do an about face. Strange, very strange.

On March 19, 1947, as we have mentioned, the local paper reported, "Stanley E. Hubbard, president and general manager of radio station KSTP was en route to New York and Washington today in a desperate effort to acquire new financial backing for purchase of control of the station following the Federal Communication Commissions disapproval late yesterday of Hubbard's original plan to buy. The FCC gave Hubbard until midnight tomorrow to submit a new and satisfactory arrangement which precludes giving an option on the controlling stock."

Maybe the FCC just happened to do something right for a change. Maybe Stanley had tears in his eyes when he pleaded desperately with the FCC that he had put 20 years of his mind, body and soul in building this love of his and please don't let anyone take it away from him now, got to them. Maybe they could see the injustice of it all if they were to award the license to the St. Paul establishment who were mostly ignorant about the radio business, powerful though they might be.

Where was Hubbard's pal, Charlie Ward? He had connections all over Washington. Big, powerful connections.

Where was the Wiggly Mr. Quigley and what was he up to?

The drama was intense and went right down to the wire.

The FCC did what almost nobody expected they would do. Maybe, except Quigley and Ward.

On March 21, 1947, The Minneapolis Tribune reported, "Stanley Hubbard, president and general manager of KSTP, will gain complete control of that station under a deal approved by the Federal Communications Commission in an unusual night session to consider the matter because Hubbard's contract for acquisition of 75 per cent of the stock expired at midnight.

"The FCC approved the deal, whereby Hubbard, now owner of 25 per

cent of KSTP stock, will purchase the remainder of the stock from its present holders (the Shields and Brown estates) and give the Aviation Corporation an option to buy 49 per cent of the total in six months. Hubbard and his wife will retain 51 per cent of the station's stock and he will remain as president and general manager.

"The attorney (Warren Burger) for a group of 25 Twin Cities businessmen who also sought to buy the stock, said the new arrangement appeared to guarantee that majority control of the station would remain within the Twin Cities. His group had opposed an earlier proposal for sale of 75 per cent of the stock to AVCO on grounds it would take control outside of the Twin Cities."

A later report said, "a major reason for the stock transfer was believed to be the desire of Hubbard to keep up with new developments, such as television and frequency modulation broadcasting.

"Both fields are considered speculative under Minnesota law, and the station was banned from entering them while major blocks of shares were held in trust."

Three quirky circumstances later, Hubbard had defeated the combined power and money of the big guns who ran St. Paul. David had K.O'd Goliath.

The Love of Hubbard's life, KSTP Radio, had been saved for him. Glory Alleluia! You'd almost think that would have given Hubbard religion.

I cannot prove it, but it is my best suspicion that The Wiggly Mr. Quigley had performed his last and most crucial task for Stanley Eugene Hubbard with flying colors. That in spite of what they thought, certain members of the St. Paul establishment were human, all too human, and all their money permitted some of them to be more indiscreet than those without money.

Mr. Quigley, the investigatory expert, had discovered enough of these indiscretions to convince enough of them that it would be far better to lose control of a lousy, speculative venture like radio and television, than to ruin their careers by public exposure of their indiscretions.

That's what I think happened.

KSTP NEWS

Again, it was not for nothing that KSTP has been explained by employees variously but cogently as “The Funny Farm,” “The Zoo,” or “The Cuckoo’s Nest.”

The personality of the KSTP news operation was kind of a psychological clone of the man upstairs. You didn’t articulate it as much as you just felt it.

All the Hubbards were rapid and the kids got the gene from the Old Man. If you were chasing a fire and wanted to beat the fire department to the scene, you couldn’t screw around. Get out of the way, here I come.

The cops just loved Hubbard, and I’m obviously being sarcastic when I say that. Turn on the red lights and the siren, illegally on your car, and jet to the goddamned scene so you could greet the authorities as they arrive and clue them in on some expert advice about the situation. Most cops hated Hubbard but they were restrained from expressing it by their recognition of his power.

All the Hubbards thought quickly, if not logically. If something needs to be done let’s get the goddamned thing done this second. Not the next second. Now! Time and space were crowded down for the Hubbards.

Stanley E. Hubbard was very sure about himself too, and that whatever he did was the right thing to do for himself and if anybody couldn’t figure that out, they were stupid.

A lot of people thought he was being loony for letting those union strikes go on which cost him so much money, just because he was stubborn about the matter. He thought differently. He’s the man that beat the Unions, and that was worth a lot. A helluva lot. Stanley E. Hubbard, that smart, independent, tough, daring-and-dashing, real-life Horatio Alger guy who pulled himself up by his bootstraps, did it. As the song of his day went, “He’s The Man Who Put The Wart Upon The Pickle.”

There was a good dose of romantic heroism in The Old Man.

Hubbard in reality had a very good news sense, and he knew what real news is, that is, that which his listeners wanted to hear, not what the University School of Journalism regarded as responsible. He also knew that the best way of establishing a local image and high listenership was by news.

The public wanted reports on murders and mayhem and fires and

explosions and infidelity and fraud and thievery and that sort of thing. They couldn't give a whistling damn about some Boy Scout helping a crippled old lady across the treacherous street. The listening public could deny liking murder and mayhem and scandal and gore, but the rating numbers indicated the opposite.

Besides, radio news was under the same roof as the entertainment side of radio which actually was the predominant product, and it rubbed off to some extent on the weltenschauung of the news operation. It was catching, something like, "well, listen man, this is really show-biz too. " And that is kind of how it turned out too.

WCCO was that stable, staid, kind of dull, but responsible Minneapolis establishment station across the river, the news director of which was always croaking about "Objectivity" as though anyone can be objective, programmed subjectively as they are the second they emerge from the womb. Fair, perhaps, but not objective. That may be a little harsh on them because they did have a good news department, although always correct. This Journalistic Correctness prevented them from being exciting.

If you worked for WCCO news, it's likely you would die there, or at least be there until you retired. You found your niche and just kind of settled in for the long haul and in the process got kind of dull.

You didn't get that constant transfusion of new, naive blood and its initial enthusiasm and energy like at KSTP where the turnstiles in and out were whirring all the time..

No one stayed around KS news very long. A lot of people thought they would stay there forever but found out differently. With a few exceptions, when you were used up, out you went. It was a revolving door. But, there was this constant infusion of new blood, energy and enthusiasm. That's the way Hubbard wanted it, periodic blood transfusions. The only people that stayed around long enough to retire were the engineers. He paid very little attention to them as long as they kept the station on the air. He might go through their department every now and then and raise hell about some piddling matter but that was only to show them he was still around and he was still running the show. Salesmen might stay a while as long as they brought in the money. Everybody else was up for grabs to get booted out the back door..

Take one of the more famous exits at KSTP. Bill Ingram.

Now here is the way most people explain his departure after having the highest rated newscast in the Twin Cities for at least 10 years. Ingram read the news in gatling gun fashion and was probably the fastest news reader in the United States. The amazing thing is that he could read that fast and not run the words into each other. Fast as he was, each word was distinct and understandable. He had the perfect face, not too handsome, not too ugly – right in the middle there like the average Joe.

Non-offensive. He had a nice neutral look about him.

Ingram wasn't a great socializer and I was surprised one night after the 10 O'clock news that he accepted an invitation to come over the my place and have a drink and shoot the bull. Over a quart of J and B, I got to know him a little bit.

One thing I hadn't known is that he had a metal plate in his head. He had been in the U.S. Army tank corps in the Philippines in World War Two. I think he said he was a Captain. At any rate they got into a helluva battle with some Japs and Ingram took a bad hit which blew off the top of his head. They put a metal plate in there and sewed him up. I kind of think that might have something to do with his problems.

A helluva nice guy though, and quite soft-spoken for an announcer. He was a baritone too, not a bass.

Well, the story goes that one Christmas, Dick Hance who was the photo chief at the time, and son of Ken Hance, told Ingram that he wouldn't be able to get a camera guy out to Ingram's house to take some film of Ingram and his family as was the usual case over years and years. Ingram blew up, and under a high infusion of J and B, said "Get out here with a camera guy and take some film or I quit." Just like that. Hance didn't go out – and Ingram quit. Hance got Don Hawkins to go out to try to persuade Ingram not to quit, unsuccessfully.

That's how that story goes. But I don't buy it. I think Hubbard and Hance set a trap, and Ingram fell into it. Don't tell me that with all the KS camera guys we had, they couldn't shake one loose to go out and spend a half hour shooting some silent with a hand-held Bell and Howell. I don't buy that and I'll tell you what I think happened.

Ingram was kind of a loner and didn't have any hobbies that I knew of. And he had this problem of having too much free time and too much money to get into trouble. And he started getting into the bottle to relieve the boredom.

And then to add to that problem was that he fell ass over teakettle in love with a very good looking female piano player at the Criterion Restaurant on University Avenue in St. Paul. The last civilized restaurant in St. Paul. Her name was Joan Mansfield and after she got married her name became Kroc and she now owns the McDonalds Hamburger Company.

The problem is, it wasn't mutual. He was madly in love with her but she wasn't madly in love with him. And that is one helluva spot to be in. It is not conducive to staying sober. In one incident, the cops had to come and haul Ingram off the roof of some motel. And of course this got back to Hubbard.

And then, Bill Ingram got to look perceptibly older. He had false teeth and the sibilant S's began to whistle louder, maybe energized by a little J and B. He never had a lot of hair and he was losing what he had.

Ingram was going down hill – and Hubbard and Hance knew it. They had warned him many times about his drinking but he couldn't seem to get off the alcoholic toboggan.

They didn't want to fire him but they didn't want him to be at KS when he hit bottom. They didn't send a cameraman out to Ingram's house on Christmas on purpose. They knew he had sufficient ego to quit – and he did.

There is another lesson to be learned about broadcasting here . Ingram thought it was he that drew the audience and that he could go to another station and his fans would follow him there. But what he found out is that the listeners or viewers habit of tuning in one channel was stronger than their allegiance to him.

For one thing, Don Swartz who ran KMSP-TV was a tightwad and wouldn't spend money on news the way Hubbard because he was getting his off the top. I know because I worked for Swartz once and won the only national news award the station ever got – the National Headliners Award which was broadcasting's equivalent to the Pulitzer. Swartz gave me a coach airplane ticket and \$50 spending money to go down to Atlantic City and pick up the award. But he said, don't stay down there too long, we're short-staffed. KMSP-TV was always short-staffed.

At that time, the local broadcasters had an unwritten agreement not to raid each others talent. But Swartz didn't pay any attention to that and hired Ingram anyway. Hubbard called Swartz up, reminded him of the non-raiding gentlemen's agreement and told him if he didn't fire Ingram Hubbard would "run his Jewish ass out of town." But Ingram stayed and Swartz' ass remained in town too. And then maybe the audience's favorite tv show was the lead-in to the 10 O'clock KS news. Maybe they watched other network shows on KS. A habit is a very hard thing to break. Some viewers went over to hear Ingram on KMSP-TV at 10, but gradually most of them went back to the KS News at 10 – even if they saw a new face staring at them which I think, was John MacDougall. Ingram was another of the long list of casualties which litter the high-ego broadcasting business. And at KMSP Ingram didn't have that tremendous KS news team behind him, which was very, very important.

Ingram went down hill and could never climb up to the top again.

John MacDougall and Bob Ryan were going to get their turn of the ax falling after the Hubbards thought they were all used up. And dozens of newscasters after them were to take their place on the KSTP chopping block.

But the KSTP News Operation was that swift-moving, Hubbard commandeered, young bunch of wild Turks investigating everything and digging up dirt and scandal, having a good time and in the process engaging in what the news competition thought was yellow journalism. If not yellow journalism, something pretty close to it.

I think The Old Man must have thought of himself as something of a broadcasting version of J. Edgar Hoover, of whom he was in awe. If Hubbard ever was in awe of anyone, it would have been The Director.

He had this inveterate cop in him. I previously mentioned that when he first started his roarings around the Twin Cities looking for news he had installed red lights (illegally) on the roof of his Cadillac and a siren mounted on the left front fender, just like the Chief of Police's car. He made an especial attempt to cement relations with all the cops and sheriff's he could and had a drawerful of honorary sheriff and cop badges. He even tried to get an honorary FBI badge once which astonished Hoover and convinced him that his first assessment of Hubbard as a loony, was correct. Not only loony, brashly loony. The Old Man had guts though. He had Chutzpa. Who else would think of trying to get an honorary FBI badge?

If it was sensational, KS was there – in force. Take the ghoulish story of transvestite, Ed Gein, in Wisconsin. I never knew anybody could be as crazy as Ed Gein. He lived alone on a farm in Wisconsin near Plainfield, where a number of women had disappeared. A number of graves of women also had been vandalized and the bodies removed. A tip led the Wisconsin Crime Bureau to Gein's farm where they found a horrifying scene in Gein's barn. Hanging by hooks were the skinned-out bodies of a half dozen women which Gein would put on himself like you would put on your overcoat and hat and other female body parts that had been preserved in formaldehyde.

KS news rushed seven or eight news guys and photographers to the scene and covered the story like a blanket, missing nary a gory detail. KS probably had more news people covering that story than the combined strength of the rest of the Twin Cities news media combined and gave KS 24 hour coverage. That was Hubbard's kind of news. It attracted national attention because of its ghoulishness and a Chicago Tribune photographer who was up in a tree taking photos of the exhumed graves below, fell out of the tree and into one of the graves.

I covered his trial and as the horrors of his deeds were being read in court, Gein sat impassively, staring straight ahead, chewing gum. Gein had an IQ of about 60 and his brain apparently had not developed beyond the reptilian stage.

We headquartered at a motel in Wisconsin Rapids and found to our surprise that Joe Wilamovsky, Chief of the Wisconsin Crime Bureau was there too, in a room at the far end of the hall. I found out he had two tape recorders and he was dubbing significant sections of an interview he did with Gein from one recorder to the next.

As I have said before the personality of Hubbard filtered down to the whole KSTP operation, including the Chutzpa. It was really in me that day when I went to Wilamovsky's room and introduced myself as

“McGovern, from Minneapolis.” That’s all. He presumed since I had walked into the room so nonchalantly that I was a cop of some sort, maybe the FBI, from Minneapolis and it was all right that I was there. That’s not the first time I had been mistaken for an FBI agent simply because I had kept the introduction of myself to the law to “Hi, I’m McGovern from Minneapolis.” It was their misassumption, not mine. It happened in the Piper kidnapping too, but that is another story. It had nothing to do with the fact that I’m really from St. Paul but the local FBI offices are in Minneapolis.

At any rate, the Chutzpa in me that day had gotten slightly out of control and my youth and journalistic zeal for a scoop had really carried me away. After visiting Wilamovsky’s room a number of times so he would get used to me and plying him with brandy to loosen him up, I switched tapes on him. An empty tape for one that had an interview with Gein on it. The idea was not to steal the tape but just borrow it for as long as it would take to make a dub of it, then re-switch it back to him. We had scored a scoop. Or so I thought. But not for long. We didn’t even have time to dub it off so I could return it to Wilamovsky. About five minutes later I heard a clomp, clomp, clomp down the hall to the motel desk where he apparently found that McGovern from Minneapolis was working for KSTP and registered at room 103. Then a clomp, clomp and he pounded on the door.

I opened it, and an ashen-faced Wilamovsky held up the empty tape I had left him and said, “Did you happen to lose this, McGovern from Minneapolis, and take one of mine? By mistake?”

Fortunately, Wilamovsky was an all-right guy or I would have been placed in a Wisconsin pokey for my excessive Chutzpa. On the other hand, he wouldn’t look too good letting that happen to him either. He promised me that he would send me a tape of the Ed Gein interview later. He did with a little note that said, “here is the Ed Gein tape I promised I would send you.” On the dinky tape were five seconds of unintelligible words from his Ed Gein interview.

And then there was Behind the Parade, a 15 minute experimental news program in which KSTP news director Bill McGivern and I put on the air, examining what really was going on in the Twin Cities – behind the parade. As McGivern said when we opened the program we were going to examine everything and “let the chips fall where they may.” The chips did not fall, they flew, and of course eventually they flew into the face of some angry KSTP advertising sponsors and that was the Beginning of the End of what went on Behind our Parade.

Behind the Parade was unique in a couple of ways. It was the first time that Hance’s edict that newsmen were not to broadcast news was punctured. Before that, interviews were all right, but no newscasting. Newsmen didn’t have good enough voices.

And then it was said that we had ushered in the era of "Personal Journalism," whatever that meant.

At any rate McGivern and I rooted up the Twin Cities cabbage patch and no one was safe. We took on the crooks and the commies, and the cops and the lawyers, judges, doctors, dentists and everyone else who came to our attention.

The program obviously was designed to attract listeners rather than make friends. It didn't last long, of course, but it was fun as long as it did last. That's the only thing that kept you in the news business was the excitement. It sure wasn't the horseshit pay.

But we managed to get in one coup d'état before we were banished from the airwaves.

At this time, in 1957, the big story was that of Tony Devito, the young east side St. Paul hood who had been knocked off by the mob he belonged to for some indiscretion on his part.

The only problem was, the cops had no corpus delicti. They couldn't find out where he was buried.

At that time, I happened to read about this Dutch Clairvoyant, Gerard Croiset, who had become famous for world-wide finding lost dead bodies. I think it was KS newsman Jack Wadlund that tipped me off to this guy.

So I called him up long distance, and through an interpreter, asked him whether he would like to participate in an experiment to find the missing body of Tony Devito. To my surprise, he agreed, providing we pay his expenses which were quite nominal so it didn't send Hance, who was now KS treasurer, into shock.

So he peered across the Atlantic Ocean from Utrecht all the way to Washington County in Minnesota and began sending us cryptic, quite cryptic, instructions on where he was seeing Devito's body..

They would go something like this: "I see a road and I think it has a number 12 somewhere on it. There is also a church on a hill with a cross on its steeple and beyond that a meadow. I hear a dog barking. A large black dog. I see two black cars and they seem to be heading east toward a marker with an X on it. A railroad crossing?"

Well the public ate it up and Washington County Sheriff Rube Grandquist said we had people out in the middle of the night "digging up the countryside with teaspoons."

Hubbard even paid our way to Utrecht, Holland, to get some stuff from Croiset on the scene.

The news competition went into a swoon and thought we were pulverizing the integrity of journalism. "What the hell were those yellow journalists at KSTP doing now, bringing a goddamned clairvoyant into the news!"

Well, I think that one of the reasons that it outraged the competition

is that it had never been done before, that we had thought of doing it first, and did it. And even if they had thought of it first they wouldn't have done it because it was too wild and contrary to the ethics, rules, regulations, historically settled practice and everything else of professional journalism.

I didn't look at it that way. So what if it hadn't been done before? I regarded it as a public scientific experiment to see if this Dutchman could look across the Atlantic into the midsection of America and find Devito's body and let our listeners in on the action to solve this local mystery. Participatory news. What is wrong with that? Does news have to be dull? Who was hurt by this experiment, except the competition's news ratings? Well, yes, but you just don't, don't, mix up journalistic fact with mystical clairvoyance.

The competition may have gone into deep dudgeon at this violation of what they regarded as the parameters of respectable journalism but the public loved it.

We never could find Devito's body by Croiset's instructions but I think it was bound with copper wire and concrete blocks and dropped into the St. Croix River, off St. Mary's Point, where Hubbard lived in the summers.

Well, that's what the KSTP news personality was like as sent down from on high. Anytime a sensational story, or one that had the ingredients of a sensational story we jumped on it with two feet.

There are many other stories, I'm sure, that KS news guys can tell from time to time but I can only relate my personal experiences while I was there. Ex-KS news guys like Bud Meier, Jack Wadlund and Lowell Ludford could tell you some Hubbard stories. And former news director Bill McGivern and photo chief Skip Nelson could tell you a lot more because they were there longer. Announcer Rodger (Vogel) Kent could tell you more than you want to hear.

Almost everyone who ever worked for KSTP has their own stories, hundreds and hundreds of them, but if I were to include them in this tome it would turn into an encyclopedia.



Bill McGivern and Jim McGovern

WAR ERUPTS IN THE ST. CROIX VALLEY

In 1956, Hubbard declared war on the St. Croix Valley police and the Old Man called in some due bills from politicians he had given favorable air time. Nobody was going to fuck with a Hubbard and get away with it. Hubbard's two sons, Stan and Dick, were real hellions in their formative years roaring around the St. Croix Valley in their Thunderbirds and practicing the fast draw with their 44 Magnums and real live ammunition.

The Old Man always had been of the conviction that speeding laws were unconstitutional and naturally the kids thought that too. They were no more mischievous than other kids who had all that piss and vinegar in them that had to get out somehow but they drew more attention to their hell-raising because they were sons of that eccentric and vindictive guy that owned KSTP-TV – and radio, Hubbard, who was not the most hospitable guy in the world. On October 9, 1956, the Minneapolis Star reported that “Stanley Hubbard Jr., 23, 2263 Princeton Avenue, St. Paul, is now scheduled for hearing in St. Croix Beach justice court at 10 AM Saturday on charges of reckless driving, assault, resisting an officer and resisting arrest.

“Hubbard has filed a counter charge of assault and battery as a result of a ruckus with Constable Raymond F. Smith, who said he chased Hubbard for speeding to St. Mary's Point, the Hubbard family's summer home near St. Croix Beach, Sunday.

“Smith alleges Hubbard tore off his shirt and badge in a scuffle at the point of arrest. Hubbard charges Smith trespassed and assaulted him.”

Charges and counter charges flew like cannonballs across the normally tranquil St. Croix Valley and blew a normally non-story into big news. The Hubbards were making news again.

Constable Smith charged that Minnesota Attorney General Miles Lord, a friend of Hubbard, tried to pressure him into delaying the trial of Junior who was charged with assaulting the Constable. Lord said he discussed the case with Smith when the Constable telephoned Lord for advice and suggested a “cooling-off” period, and that Smith should not “use the courts to settle a personal score.”

Smith denied calling Lord and said he received two telephone calls from Lord while he was at work at a St. Paul industrial firm. Smith's affidavit said that Lord told him he was a friend of Stanley Hubbard and asked that the Stanley Hubbard Jr., trial be postponed at a later date, that

the trial could not be held if Smith were not present and that Lord suggested Smith "find an excuse not to be present."

Smith also alleged that "rich people along the beach were making a mockery of law enforcement."

The Old Man went on the counterattack and in nightly KSTP newscasts charged that justices of the peace in the St. Croix Valley were overcharging on court costs. Hubbard at the time said, "The ex-FBI men we have working year around on such things had uncovered approximately 50 cases of justice of the peace violations in the state and are ready to turn them over to the Public Examiner."

It is quite ridiculous that ex-FBI agents would concern themselves with such a piddling matter but that was Hubbard's way of demonstrating the power around him even though it was largely mythical.

Four officials were charged with conspiracy to commit extortion as the result of State Public Examiner Vecillio's report "that they split traffic fines among themselves, collected fines at the scene of the violation rather than in court, and failed to report names of violators to the state highway department."

But the Hubbards hadn't reckoned with the smart and gutsy attorney for the constables and justices of the peace, St. Paul attorney James P. Miley. Miley went on the offensive, called the charges of illegal handling of traffic fines by four St. Croix Beach village officials part of "a plot by Stanley Hubbard, owner of KSTP radio and television and that he will prove the existence of the "plot" in court."

Miley further charged that the charges were "political" and "trumped-up" and that Hubbard Sr. had been hounding St. Croix Beach officials, particularly Constable Smith, since his arrest of Hubbard's son, Stanley Jr. on speeding charges.

Actually, Smith had been tailed and shadowed for days by unmarked KSTP news cruisers who were something less than covert with the porcupine radio antennas sticking out of their roofs, which of course was part of the intimidation. Obvious but not too obvious. Sinister is more like it. Paranoia inducing furtiveness..

St. Croix Beach residents then entered the fray and more than 100 of them signed a petition calling for the removal of Miles Lord as Attorney General because of his conduct in the traffic squabble with Hubbard Jr.

The Republican candidate for Governor, Ancher Nelsen, sent a telegram to Democrat Governor Orville Freeman, demanding that he "repudiate your DFL Attorney General Miles Lord and demand his immediate resignation ... after trying to "pressure" the court into delaying trial of Stanley Hubbard Jr."

Charges that justices of the peace were overcharging on court costs also drew protests from the Hennepin County Suburban Judges

Association.

But what turned the trick was attorney Miley's subpoena of Stanley Hubbard Sr., Attorney General Miles Lord and State Public Examiner Raymond Vescillio to testify in the trial against the justices of the peace, threatening to blow up the incident into an embarrassment for Hubbard and the public officials involved.. The politicians were to find that quid pro quos with Hubbard had a boomeranging element of potential disaster for them.

Constable Smith was found not guilty of the charge of assaulting young Hubbard, and the courtroom audience broke into loud applause.

A jury found Hubbard guilty of assault and awarded Smith \$7500 and the courtroom audience applauded.

The trial of the four Lake St. Croix Beach village officials on state charges of illegal handling of traffic offenses was dismissed suddenly in Stillwater municipal court after Miley's subpoena threat. County Attorney William T. Johnson, who brought the charges to court, said he "did not believe \$4 was an exorbitant fee charge ... and there was no criminal intent."

Again, the crowd in the courtroom at Stillwater applauded vigorously when Municipal Judge William Nolan ordered dismissal of the charges.

LET'S FIGHT

The Old Man was in and out of court most of his life. There was something in his constitution that was not happy unless he was in a fight of some sort. In fact, the passion to sue has always been the Hubbards' Achilles heel. Much of the information I have been able to get about the inside of the Hubbard operation I would never have been able to get, if they had not put it on public court record because of their law-suit craze.

Early on, if he couldn't find a fight of some sort, he'd order to newsroom to find one. Even if it was often making a mountain out of a molehill.

Later on, the problem of finding things to fight disappeared due to the combative way Hubbard dealt with the public and the Old Man's KSTP tower high on a hill where Minneapolis and St. Paul and Hubbard collide, seemed to be flashing like a magnetic red beacon screaming litigation.

He seldom won a court fight, perhaps because almost every juror had a relative, friend or acquaintance who had been fired from KSTP or knew someone who had.

But he made his law firm, Leonard, Street and Deinhard – and particularly Syd Barrows – financially comfortable.

As early as 1948, he made the newspapers when a couple of workmen had to sue him for getting rid of a couple of chicken brooder houses on his farm and repair the road. Hubbard agreed to pay the two \$10 for moving the brooder houses but said they didn't do the road work right so he wasn't going to pay that part of their bill.

The workmen didn't think so and took him to court where a Ramsey County District Court jury didn't think so either and awarded them the full amount asked – plus interest – \$199.64.

Hubbard also served on as a Forman on a Ramsey County Grand Jury once. Just once. In 1949 concerning a welfare case. When Hubbard presented his report, a shocked County Attorney, James Lynch, told him that the report “was as libelous a document as I have ever seen and admonished Hubbard and the jurors that “when a jury begins acting beyond the scope of grand jurors, they are personally responsible for accusations not based on actual fact.”

Audience rating services also were anathema to Hubbard and he went

after them. In 1963, when Congress, the FCC and the FTC were immersed in investigating the TV rating services, Hubbard told Minneapolis Tribune columnist, Will Jones, that they were “a lot of bunk.”

“Hubbard conducted his own services.” Jones wrote, “When he wanted to find out what program was being listened to at any given hour, he’d simply drive to a big apartment building, go inside, and walk through the corridors, listening at each door. A lot more accurate than any service I can buy.”

The Old Man and Junior also were far ahead of the government in their own rating service investigation. They once hired private detectives to locate all the supposedly secret metering devices installed in Twin Cities homes by the Nielsen Rating Service, just to prove it could be done.

Hubbard also claimed to have caught a rival station red-handed at the business of lavishly entertaining all the women who made survey phone calls for one of the rating services, presumably in the hope of influencing the women to favor that station in their reports.

Hubbard later did a 180 degree turn, when the ratings began to favor KSTP, and was about the only time anyone ever heard him refer to “public” service when he made the astounding statement to a local business magazine in 1963 that “ratings are very important. Some people think they’re only for moving a product, but they’re the only way we can tell whether we’re **SERVICING THE PUBLIC** and what public we’re serving. **I WISH THE POLITICIANS WERE AS SENSITIVE TO THE PUBLIC AS WE ARE.**”(Emphasis mine.)

Rugged individualist though he professed to be, Hubbard didn’t like competition.

The Old Man fought tooth and nail against establishing a state educational TV network in Minnesota fearing viewership competition. At a hearing in 1952, Hubbard argued that only one educational station for the Twin Cities should be considered, not a state-wide hookup. He was opposed by W. J. McNally, board chairman of his chief competitor, WCCO-TV, who said “there is no way we can approach the legislature without a plan for all the people of this state.”

Said Hubbard in reply, “I can guarantee you, you won’t get any 5 million dollars from the legislature.”

“You’ll see to that?” said Dean Schweickhard, state commissioner of education.

Again when Cable-TV sought to enter the Twin Cities market, the Minnesota Broadcasters Association, with Hubbard in the forefront, were quick to try to kill the cable venture.

A good example of Hubbard’s brass and Chutzpa occurred when, in violation of Senate legislative rules, he lobbied on the floor of the Senate

against the bill.

Said the local paper in April, 1972, "Active in defeating the bill was Stanley Hubbard, owner of KSTP-TV who reportedly became rankled when asked to stop lobbying on the Senate floor.

"Robert Imm, Senate page from Mankato, said Hubbard sent him scurrying about the Senate floor trying to identify the person who sent Hubbard a note asking him to stop lobbying.

Senator Fay George Child of Maynard, was the lone objector yesterday when Senator A.L. Almen, Balaton, tried to get a hearing for the bill as a last personal privilege before retirement.

Child, reading from material provided him by Hubbard, implied that "Communitistic and Internationalistic influences were behind moves for an educational television network.

Almen said "Child has got his Communist fixation working and sees Communism under every bed." He should have said Hubbard.

When efforts were made to get the bill up on special orders, Hubbard sat on the Senate floor with proposed amendments.

Young Imm said that when "he returned with a typewritten amendment, Hubbard had the note asking him to leave the floor. He then asked Imm to identify the sender.

Pity the poor "sender" brash enough to tell Stanley Eugene Hubbard to get off the Senate floor.

Hubbard couldn't put up with life without a fight.

“IT’S MINE, KSTP’S ALL MINE.”

Not well known to the public is that though they did not act that way, the Hubbards did not have complete ownership of KSTP until somewhere around the latter 1970’s.

In the mid-1940’s when KSTP got a television license, Hubbard found himself in need of money again so went east again where he discovered a wealthy Canadian by the name of Tom Bragg who gave him a million or so in return for 22 per cent of total KSTP stock.

Unbeknownst to the Hubbards, Bragg had made a secret trust with his wife and heirs just before he died which transferred ownership of his 22 per cent to his heirs and trustees to do as they saw fit.

In 1974, the Bragg trustees saw fit to sell Hubbards their stock and to prove the going value of the 22 per cent stock asked the Hubbards to open up their books. The Old Man naturally refused and the trustees with their high-powered and very deft attorneys took the Hubbards all the way to the Minnesota Supreme Court.

The Bragg heirs stated that “certain facts lead us to believe that the majority stockholders (the Hubbards) might have abused their position of trust and responsibility to the corporation” and further, threatened to give 500 shares of their stock to various philanthropic institutions which would then place the KSTP corporation into the public category and force their books legally open to all stockholders under Federal Security regulations. That’s all Junior would need is to have some Women’s Emancipation Internationale charging in demanding to see the books.

The Braggs finally won and took about 3 million out of the KSTP till – but not before a rather bruising fight in which one of the trustees purportedly threatened to “tear Hubbard broadcasting apart,” and Junior threatened “to knock his block off.”

As I said, without the interesting data in this trial, the Hubbard financial structure would probably still be secret. In fact, one of the best ways to find information about KSTP’s insides is to read the voluminous court documents of the multitude of lawsuits they have engaged in. Not only that, it is then public, publishable, non-libelous material as “The Judge” would tell you. It’s funny that the Hubbards who always furtively guarded their insides, didn’t realize this.

The Minnesota Supreme Court data in the trial discloses the

interesting side of the Hubbards financial structure which they had always jealously guarded from public view, and could do so, as a private corporation. And it also showed that at that point The Old Man was still calling the shots, and letting Junior know it, too.

Here are the allegations of Bragg trustee Roy R. Zellick before the Hennepin County District Court on March 12, 1974 (and later filed as Minnesota Supreme Court Case File # 44938, 61.B.5.7B, filed Jul 12, 1974) and Junior's answers to the charges, point by point:

1. I (Roy Zellick) own as co-trustee with Paulette B. Harrison Fownes and Crocker National Bank of San Francisco, under a trust created by Thomas E. Bragg, 129,000 voting shares and 193,500 non-voting shares of Hubbard Broadcasting, Inc.

In addition the Crocker National Bank of San Francisco, in its capacity as trustee under the will of Vera S. Bragg owns 129,000 voting shares of Hubbard Broadcasting, Inc. and 193,500 shares of non-voting stock. Paulette B. Harrison Fownes owns 89,000 shares of voting stock and 135,000 shares of non-voting stock in trust with the United States Trust Company of New York ...

(A total of 347,000 shares of voting stock and 520,500 shares of non-voting stock ... total 867,500 shares.)

2. The Company (Hubbard Broadcasting, Inc.) owns and operates WTOG-TV, a television station in St. Petersburg, Florida; WGTO AM, a radio station in Cypress Gardens, Florida; KSTP AM and KSTP FM radio stations and KSTP-TV television station in Minneapolis and St. Paul, Minnesota; and KOB-AM and KOB-FM and KOB-TV in Albuquerque, New Mexico. In addition the company owns a Holiday Inn motel in St. Petersburg, Florida and the Hubbard Building in St. Paul, Minnesota ...

3. In my capacity as trustee ... certain facts lead me to believe that the majority stockholders (the Hubbards) might have abused their position of trust and responsibility to the corporation.

HUBBARD, JR: True as to the ascertains that Mr. Zellick has represented the Petitioners in various negotiations with the Company and its majority shareholders.

Untrue that there are any facts which could lead him to believe that the majority shareholders might have abused their position of trust to the company. Note that this is the first time that he or any of the Petitioners have made any such suggestion or observation.

4. I am informed that Stanley E. Hubbard, Sr., Chairman of the Board of Directors and Stanley S. Hubbard, a director and President and General Manager have expended their personal corporate assets to purchase and maintain for their individual use and pleasure, yachts, airplanes and motor vehicles. A. The Company has had a yacht for some time, ranging in size from a 36 foot to the present 60 foot vessel

purchased in 1967 for \$125,000. This boat is maintained by the Company in Bal Harbour, Florida, in the winter and St. Paul, Minnesota in the summer. Certain operating expenses, depreciation and captain and crew salaries associated with the boat were disallowed by the Internal Revenue Service as a deductible business expense in 1968 and 1969.

B. The Company has purchased airplanes at a substantial expense to the Company, including operating expenses for pilot, crew and mechanic.

C. Excessive Company cars are supplied to Company officers and to Mrs. Hubbard, Sr., a director. In 1971, the following motor vehicles were supplied to the officers of the Company and Mrs. Hubbard, Sr., a director:

MAKE DRIVEN BY LICENSE

Lincoln Continental Mrs. Hubbard, Sr. Minnesota

Jeep (1966) Mr. Hubbard, Jr. Minnesota

Jeep (1960) Mr. Hubbard, Jr. Minnesota

Pontiac (1971) Mr. Deeney Minnesota

Lincoln Continental Mr. Hubbard, Sr. Florida

Cadillac (1971) Mr. Hubbard, Jr. Minnesota

HUBBARD, JR.:

I do not know what he means by "personal corporate assets" but if he means that any of the officers, directors and majority shareholders of the Company, including Mr. Stanley E. Hubbard and myself have ever imposed on the Company by use of its assets for other than Company business without reimbursing the Company therefore, then it is untrue.

5. From 1966 through 1971, Stanley Hubbard, Sr., who spends most of his year in Florida and Stanley Hubbard Jr., his son, received annual salaries as follows:

Fiscal Year Ending June 30

Hubbard, Sr. Hubbard, Jr.

1966 \$153,000 \$65,000

1967 \$157,000 \$75,000

1968 \$163,000 \$85,000

1969 \$173,000 \$85,000

1970 \$174,000 \$85,000

1971 \$184,000 \$85,000

(note that the Old Man paid himself twice as much as Junior.)

HUBBARD, JR.:

True as to the amount of compensation for the fiscal years indicated for both Mr. Stanley E. Hubbard and myself. Note that the compensation for both Mr. Stanley E. Hubbard and myself has been and is approved by the Board of Directors. The fact is that the compensation of Mr. Stanley E. Hubbard is determined per long-term contract unanimously voted and approved in 1967 by the Board of Directors. The Board then consisted in

part of the independent directors including Petitioners' Thomas Bragg who served on the Company's Board until his death in 1969. Mr. Bragg was moreover a substantial shareholder and represented all of the Petitioners on the Board and he never made any objects to the contact or the formula of compensation.

If the suggestion that Mr. Stanley E. Hubbard "spends most of the year in Florida" means that he does not, while there, do any work for the Company, then it is untrue. The fact is that the Company has very substantial businesses in Florida and that Mr. Hubbard attends to the Company's business while he is there, as well as attending to the business of the Company that is not in Florida.

He is in daily communication with the Company's problems and no major policy decision is taken without his careful study and approval.

6. I have been informed that the Company's application for renewal of its Albuquerque, New Mexico television license and franchise is being contested and it is questionable whether the Company will be able to maintain this license and franchise

HUBBARD, JR.:

True that a minority group (Alianza) in Albuquerque, New Mexico, representing largely Spanish-Americans has been filing protests against the renewal of the licenses of three of the four broadcasting stations in the area, including the one owned by the Company. Note that recently the protest against the Company's renewal was withdrawn by the man who originally filed as President of such minority group but now it is claimed that he is no longer President and was not authorized to withdraw the same.

Untrue, if he intends to imply that there is any substantial basis to the protest and if he intends to assert that there is any serious threat to the renewal of the license.

Selected operating statistics of the Company derived from the annual audit reports are as follows: Fiscal Years ending June 30 (\$000 Omitted)

Revenues:

1966	1967	1968	1969	1970	1971	1972
\$9,300	\$9,746	\$10,418	\$12,209	\$12,230	13,3544	\$14,267

Net Earnings:

1,000	971	887	780	480	656	581
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% of Revenue:

10.7	10.0	8.5	6.4	3.9	4.9	4.1
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Earnings per share:

.25	.25	.22	.20	.12	.17	.15
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Dividends per share:

.10	.07	.07	.05	.05	.05	.05
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The above figures show that while revenues increased by 51 per cent,

net earnings declined by 41 per cent. Moreover, the dividend has been reduced by 50 per cent over this period. On information and belief, salary increases, maintenance expenses for company airplanes and boats, and donations to a Hubbard family foundation account in part for the decline in profitability of the Company in face of expanding sales.

HUBBARD JR.:

True as to the figures stated therein. Untrue as to the effect it creates because he omits to set out the results of the most fiscal year ended June 30, 1973, which shows record earnings for the Company exceeding any year in its entire history, namely 34 cents per share. Untrue that the dividend was 10 cents per share. The fact is that the dividend was 10.71 cents per share and represents the largest amount that the Company has ever paid out to its shareholders.

Untrue that the salary increase, maintenance expenses and donations account in part for the decline in profitability of the Company. The fact is that these amounts are reasonable and necessary business expenses of the Company.

Note that the principal reason for the decline in profits during the years in question were the anticipated losses suffered by the Company in the start up of its new UHF station in Florida, WTOG-TV, an independent, unaffiliated station

These start-up losses were as follows:

6-30-69 \$519,098.83

6-30-70 \$650,774.36

6-30-71 \$203,664.27

Note that the Florida station is now profitable. The profits before taxes the last two fiscal years are:

6-30-72 \$ 23,148.51

6-30-73 \$362,087.70

8. Revenue and net earnings not available for 1973.

HUBBARD, Jr:

Untrue. The fact is the results for the fiscal year ending are known to the petitioners.

9. Newspaper reports in recent years indicate a substantial loss in market share by KSTP-AM Radio.

HUBBARD, Jr.

The fact is that Radio Station KSTP-AM is now doing well in the ratings.

10. The above problems have caused me to believe that the

petitioners must examine the books and records of the Company in order to determine the value of their shares, evaluate the adequacy or inadequacy of the management and investigate whether or not there has been any abuse by the majority shareholders of their positions and fiduciary duties

HUBBARD, Jr.:

The fact is that his purpose and underlying reason for the bringing of this action is to attempt to use the judicial process in the Petitioners' campaign to compel the Company to pay an exorbitant price to redeem their shares of stock in the Company with the result that the Company would lose all of its working capital and would be driven into debt, to its great harm.

The fact is that the Petitioners have embarked on a campaign to harass and vex the Company, including threatening to compel the Company to go public against its will and against the will of the majority of the shareholders, and otherwise to compel the Company to do things that are imprudent and unwise for it to do.

As part of that campaign, the Petitioners, for example have threatened that unless the Company met their demands they would give 10 shares of the Company's stock to each of 500 charities and thereby, under the applicable federal securities laws, drive the Company into a position where it would be obliged to go the large and burdensome expense of filing reports relating to public companies and thereby to expose the Company to the vexing and harassing demands of hundreds of shareholders for inspection of books and records and the like. In effect, the Petitioners mischievously threatened that unless the Company redeemed their shares they would "sic the dogs" on the Company.

... .

14. During 1971 and 1972 my conversations commenced because of a phone call from Mr. Hubbard Sr. in July 1972 in which he indicated there was a possibility of the sale of one of the Company's radio stations and hopefully at a price of \$5 million. His question was, in effect, "Wouldn't the owners of the 22 per cent be willing to accept this amount for their shares, and if so, and arrangement could possible be made for a spin-off of the station to us whereafter we would complete the sale."

About a week to ten days later, I received an evening phone call from Mr. Hubbard Sr. saying the deal "was off" because they had ascertained that we, as individuals and trusts, could not take ownership of the station and complete the deal without retaining it for a substantial period of time and for other reasons, eg, Federal Communications Commission regulations.

At this point, apparently Junior had made an offer of \$5,250,000 for the stock but

17. ... Mr. Hubbard Sr. denied at this time that his son had the authority to pay \$5,250,000 to retire the Bragg stock and further asserted that the Company was not going to buy the Petitioners' stock and was not going to sell KSTP-AM to RKO General, Inc.

A Mr. LaRue, who was either an agent of RKO General or an independent broker who had been seeking to perfect the sale, was disturbed that the RKO purchase had been called off by Hubbard. He claimed that he had been commissioned by Mr. Hubbard Sr. to sell KSTP-AM at the price of \$4,500,000 and that since he had found a buyer (RKO) at that price he had earned a commission on the sale. LaRue apparently sent a telegram about this matter to the Company voluntarily, but in any event certainly not as an agent for the Bragg interests.

(What the telegram said and Hubbard regarded as a threat was:

BECAUSE OF THE CIRCUMSTANCES BRUCE JOHNSON HAS AUTHORIZED ME TO EXTEND RKO OFFER UNTIL CLOSE OF BUSINESS FRIDAY, MARCH 9, 1973.

PLEASE CONSIDER POSSIBILITY OF MINORITY STOCKHOLDER ACTION, PERHAPS BY FRIDAY. BARROWS (HUBBARD'S ATTORNEY) COULD TALK WITH ZELICK AND WORK OUT SATISFACTORY ARRANGEMENT.)

Apparently the Bragg interests also said Tom Bragg was not well or inactive in the business, to which Junior replied,

Untrue that he was not well or inactive in the business. Miss Cureatz, his so-called nurse was, ever since the early 1960's the chauffeur for his Rolls Royce, his tennis partner and his amanuensis; (amanuensis: - a slave with secretarial duties) and that her chief function was to moderate his drinking, of which he was very fond.

True that Bragg established an inter vivos trust in January 1953 to which he transferred his stock in the Company and said assignment was kept secret from the Company until after Bragg's death in 1969.

As to the secret stock transfer, the Bragg trustees replied:

As a matter of law, the minority shareholders may dispose of their shares of stock as they wish even if this ultimately renders the Company "public." In view of the large holdings of the minority shareholders it may be possible that, rather than sell their shares of stock to several buyers, the best sale could be made by having a public distribution of their shares of stock to many buyers.

If for example, 400,000 shares, or approximately 50 per cent of the minority shareholder's holdings were distributed to 500 buyers, the Federal Securities laws would require the company to file annual and quarterly reports with the Securities and Exchange Commission. If proxies were subsequently solicited by the Company, it would be required to furnish information to its shareholders on the compensation

of the management. The shareholdings of Directors, the dealings with management and directors by the Company and financial statements.

In other words, Federal Securities law would require the company to furnish all shareholders, the very kinds of information routinely disseminated by publicly held corporations which the minority shareholders, by this proceeding, are seeking to obtain by examining the Company's books and records ... "

The Hubbards in return alleged that Roy Zellick told Stanley S. Hubbard that he "would tear Hubbard Broadcasting apart" and threatened to start a minority stockholder action against the Company and "to take a more active interest in the business and affairs of the Company

The Old Man's conspiratorial thinking got going too and he said, "in addition, there is the further problem of revealing our business data and records to your Minneapolis counsel who are, as you know, the counsel for the Cowles interest in Minneapolis, who own directly a major fraction of our prime competitor, WCCO-TV and Radio and who are also inter-locked with the McNally's, who also own a significant fraction in WCCO Radio and TV.

"There is no doubt that Faegre and Benson, your Minneapolis counsel are a fine law firm with an excellent reputation and I do not have any qualms about their integrity. But, there is always the chance that either wittingly or unwittingly the information they have as to our organization may fall into the unfriendly hands of our competitor, which you can understand, in the context of the highly competitive nature of the Twin Cities market, would materially and adversely affect our business.

"Does it not seem like a foolish thing to you to entrust our business records and the details of our operation to counsel for a major owner in our prime competitor?

"Tom Bragg bought his stock in my station per my oral discussion with him. We concluded the deal without ever having signed an agreement. I am, therefore, very much distressed at what is taking place; and to be quite frank, I am fed up. I would rather not talk any more with respect to any kind of a deal in view of what has gone on, inasmuch as I do not consider that I am dealing with people who keep their word"

At that time the total number of shares outstanding of Hubbard Broadcasting were 1,578,000 voting shares and 2,267,000 non-voting shares. Hubbard, Inc. being a private company the value of their stock is not made public. But, depending upon how the market is at any given time, one can multiply that stock by about \$10.50 a share and you'll get an idea of how much it is worth. (Junior in his guardianship proceedings claimed a share was worth \$29.75 market value but the value of broadcasting stations has gone down considerably in the past few years

with the entrance of cable TV, Home video movies, etc.)

The Hubbards lost on the issue and finally made a deal with Bragg heirs.

And Stanley Eugene Hubbard, after 50 years, could say, "Finally, KSTP is mine, all mine."

But what a battle it had been.

THE CHANGING OF THE GUARD

Slowly, but surely there was a changing of the guard at KSTP.

It started with the death of Ken Hance (3/13/69) who had been the moderating influence to counter Hubbards theatrics and bombast and who also was responsible for the quality of both the announcing staff and the news. Ken Hance was a good newsman. He knew what the public liked and when he left, that experience left KSTP with him.

Gradually, The Old Man, began to turn over the day-to-day operation of the station to Junior. He really ran the show by remote control telephone on high level matters, but the rest, including the programming, was left to Junior.

KSTP would never be the same.

Junior has done his best to emulate the father, but Junior is not a perfect clone of him. There are ingredients missing. And some of it, at least, is not Junior's fault.

One who comes from no money, overcomes the odds that he did, and builds the empire that Stanley Eugene Hubbard built through long travail and much sacrifice could not have the same attitude or persona, as the one who inherits it, as did Junior.

The Old Man was from a different time and place. The bromides that guided Hubbard and his peers at the time were such as, If Something Doesn't Work, Try, Try Again, Tomorrow is Another Day, Don't Sell America Short, The Sky is the Limit, Damn the torpedoes, Full Speed Ahead, Don't Give Up the Ship.

The life-guiding bromides of our age are Don't Rock the Boat, Go With the Flow, Money's the Name of the Game, Greed is Good, and one of the more dismal reflections of the American mood today, Shit Happens.

You see the contrast in attitudes here. Attitude about life determines how a person will act. And the attitudes of Hubbard's day were far more hopeful and spunky than the attitudes of America today.

If one can tell a people by the bromides it embraces to guide it, this country is in deep, deep trouble.

Again, The Old Man was his own man. Junior is not.

Bill Ingram would certainly take no Hollywood beauty prizes with his thinning hair and sibilant S's popping out through his false teeth but he gave you news and lots of it without a lot of phony Hollywood glitz and folderol. And practically everybody in the Twin Cities listened to his 10 O'Clock news on KSTP-TV and got the station the highest ratings any station had in the Twin Cities, and he did it for years and years.

But that was when The Old Man was calling the shots, before the Grand Wizards of TV News Oz interloped into broadcast news and relieved station managers from the difficulty of thinking for themselves and as managers, making the responsible decisions.

ENTER, THE GRAND WIZARD OF TV NEWS

“Who’s really running the television news operations nowadays?”

The story of broadcast news in the United States would not be complete without including a trend that began in the early 1970’s when the TV news consultants entered the television news picture and usurped it.

These interlopers are the new medicine men with their briefcases chock full of voodoo magic and rubber statistics who have entered the broadcast news business and changed it. Changed it from news to Hollywood glitz. Much of the public is unaware that this has happened. But they might like to know – should know – who really calls the shots on most local television news programs today.

Junior’s Grand Wizard of KSTP’s News Oz, is a fellow by the name of Frank Magid and I think we should know something about him. He is very reclusive and not given to interviews. I tried to contact him a number of times, without success. So I had to go the usual reporter’s route and this is what I found out.

First of all Magid emerged out of the cornstalks of Iowa some time ago and has been enormously successful in his consulting business. His background is sociology but he apparently is a good medicine man, too. Junior took sociology at the University of Minnesota. It hasn’t seemed to improve his knowledge of the human condition. But it may have something to do with the tight Hubbard-Magid bonding.

This is the report of a story about Magid by Monica Collins USA Today:

“In the middle of corn country, there’s a TV temple, where men in suits holds the secrets of a vast and complicated industry. Frank N. Magid Associates – 300 associates plus chairman Magid incongruously housed in faux-colonial offices in suburban Cedar Rapids – is a TV consulting firm that advises clients from all TV sectors, local to national.

“Right now, as local television stations receive the results of the all-important May “sweeps” ratings period, they may call the Magid doctors for a dose of help if those numbers are sickly.

“Magid’s clients include ABC’s Good Morning America, Paramount’s Entertainment Tonight, and stations in top 10 markets – for fees that can range upwards of \$500,000.

“Magid is not the only firm that offers such high-priced hand-holding – –McHugh and Hoffman in Fairfax, Va., and Audience Research and Development in Dallas are others.

“But Magid, powerful and secretive, is the most formidable.

“Armed with specific market research gathered by a platoon in the phone bank and then analyzed by statisticians, the consultants’ advice ranges from overall station image, to the anchor’s “looks” to the issues of a local newscast covers, to the colors of the weather map.

“Magid conducts writing seminars for anchors and reporters as well as on-air coaching sessions. Clients, searching for new faces, can peruse through the video mug shot library where Magid keeps tapes of every personality, newscasts, talk shows – 7,000 plus hours that are updated twice a year.

“In that library, you’ll find 79 hours alone of AWM’s (anchors, white males). Minority anchors and reporters are denoted with red dots on tape sleeves.

“If there’s a new TV face, Magid has recorded it. If there’s a new trend (health reporting, for instance), the company has analyzed it.”

Naturally, the intrusion can cause anxiety in an insecure business.

Stanley Hubbard Jr. comes to Magid’s assistance, saying, “A lot of people – news anchors, reporters, state executives – are very threatened by anybody who makes an objective assessment of what they do, says Hubbard, who owns seven stations and has used Magid since 1968.

“(A consultant friend of mine remarks that many times the most objective and crucial recommendation a consultant can make to a boss is that he fire himself because he is the primary cause of the problem. Something which is never advised, of course, and indicates the boundaries of sage advice with which the consultant is shackled.)

“And the consultants also are handy scapegoats when station news directors want to pin blame for a firing.

“I think some general managers hire a consultant and if things start to go bad, they use them as an excuse to make a decision that is apparent in the ratings, says client Bill Bolster, vice president and general manager of KSDK, St. Louis.

“Indeed, Magid would be easy to blame since the company keeps a ghostly profile. It’s location guarantees that. And president Bruce Northcott refuses to name the company’s clients for competitive reasons. (and perhaps for reason of failure also.)

“So competitive that recently in St. Petersburg, Fla., a TV news director and his assistant (who compete with a Magid client) received suspended five-year sentences for tapping into the Magid computers and reading a confidential newsletter distributed each morning to clients.

“Another analysis of Magid’s “ghostly” presence says that “Frank Magid and Associates, consultants renowned for doctoring up news

shows, are called in to improve a station's ratings and image. Their head-to-toe makeover includes suggesting which syndicated shows should go before and after newscasts, redesigning station packaging; logos, sets, promos, theme music. Tailoring public affairs campaigns to the community. Assessing popularity of on-air personalities ... reworking segment flow (weather, sports, features) within the newscast, improving use of existing newsgathering technology ... projecting the impact of viewership's changing demographics."

This is the "ghostly," hidden but powerful hand that has crept into television news and in effect, controls it.

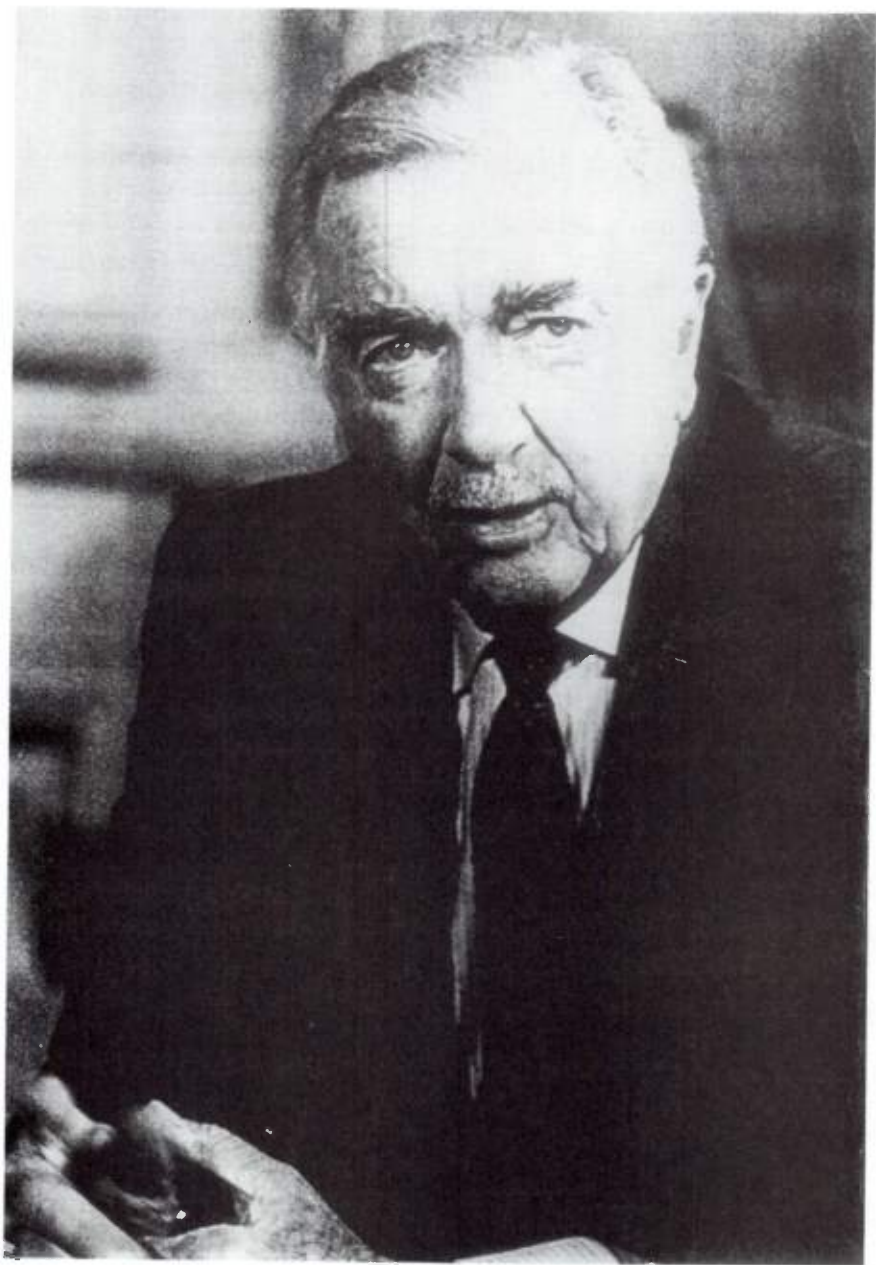
This is a control that Stanley Eugene Hubbard would never have permitted over KSTP's operation, but Magid apparently cast a magic spell over Junior and he has become permanently transfixed.

Shortly after Junior hired Magid, the first casualties were veteran newscasters Bob Ryan and John MacDougall. Junior said at the time, "our research indicated that John MacDougall and Bob Ryan were considered old folks by the viewers."

Couldn't the same thing be said of Dan Rather of CBS, Peter Jennings of ABC and Tom Brokaw of NBC – who are the same age as MacDougall and Ryan were. And, for that matter, the Dean of American newscasters, Walter Cronkite?

MacDougall and Ryan were replaced by a youngish looking Ted O'Brien who departed shortly ... and fresh, new, blow-combed anchor news faces kept coming and whirring through the KSTP revolving door, under the Great Wizard's direction.

In the TV news consulting business they say that "Stan Hubbard (Jr.) and Frank Magid are" joined at the hip." Whether a double entendre is intended there I do not know, but the friendship must be an extraordinary one for under Magid's tutelage and advice, KSTP-TV news has plummeted to the bottom in the Twin Cities television news ratings – and has stayed there.



Walter Cronkite

THE DEAN OF AMERICAN NEWSCASTERS SPEAKS

But it was Walter Cronkite, the Dean of U.S. newscasters at CBS-TV speaking at a Network Affiliates Conference in New York who decimated the Magid Medicine Men and their influence on broadcast journalism. Said Walter,

“What I do have some problem understanding is why an anchorperson who does not have journalistic qualifications still draws down such large compensation. In fact, I wonder if those stations that hire the young and beautiful, but inexperienced and callous, to front their news broadcasts, are not getting ripped off.

“Let me say right here, that I am not one who decries ratings. Those among us in the news end of the broadcasting business who do are simply naive. Of course ratings are important and no one – newsman, program manager, salesman or general manager – need hang his head in shame because that is fact. We’ve been cowed into that position by a bunch of newspaper critics who conveniently forget their own history when they harp on our ratings battles.

“But it is how we get those ratings, what we do to make us competitive that bothers me, for just as it is no good to put out a superior product if you can’t sell it, it is far worse to peddle an inferior product solely through the razzle-dazzle of a promotion campaign.

“Aren’t we guilty of that when we put the emphasis in our news broadcasts on performance and performers, rather than content? Isn’t that really what we are looking for when we examine ourselves to see whether we are indulging in show business rather than journalism?

“There is no newsman worth his salt who does not know that advisors who dictate that no item should run more than 45 seconds, that there must be a film story within the first 30 seconds of the newscast and that it must have action in it (a jackknifed tractor-trailer will do), that call a 90 second film piece a “mini-documentary, that advise against covering City Hall because it is ‘dull’, that say the anchorman or woman must do all voice-overs for ‘identity’ – – any real newsman knows that is balderdash. It’s cosmetics, pretty packaging – not substance.

“And I suspect most station operators know that too. But I think

they've been sold a bill of goods; that they've been made suckers for a fad – editing by consultancy.

"It may – may – produce a temporary rating advantage, or an interesting set of demographics. But the evidence that it does not work is in the startling turnover of anchorpeople and news directors in our affiliated stations. Inexact, but indicatively approximate figures show that 50 per cent or so of these people change jobs every two years, and for many stations the roll-over is quicker than that.

"Now, that's no way to build a reliable, dependable news staff. For one thing, these fly-by-nights don't know the territory. They don't have the credibility of long-time residents, nor, what is worse, do they have any long-term interests in the community. And the unsettling fact must be these frequent comings and goings. These transient performers are simply using the broadcast manager as a stone in the quicksand to hold them up long enough to jump to the next rock.

"Let me play consultant for a moment. Permit me, if you will, to talk directly to those of you whose stations may have been caught up in this formula news presentation.

"The reason you are being taken is that the answer to your news problem is probably right under your nose.

"In the first place, why buy somebody else's idea of an ideal anchorperson or news editor for your market? Don't you know what sort of a person your neighbors like? Don't you know better than any outsider the tastes of your friends and acquaintances? If not, I suggest that maybe you ought to be the one to move along.

"Second, isn't a home-towner, or a long-time resident, or at least a young man or woman who has chosen your community and wants to make a career there – isn't he or she likely to give a great deal more enthusiasm and dedication across the airwaves – than a wanderer looking for the next big break in the next biggest town? ... a fellow or gal who knows the city like a book, likes the city, warts and all, and plans to raise a family there?

"He very possibly has a little gray in his hair ... maybe bald, may wear horn-rimmed bifocals. Likely his collar is somewhat crumpled and his tie is done in an old-fashioned four-in-hand instead of a properly bulbous Windsor.

"But I'll guarantee you this: he knows more about your town and what makes it tick than will ever be learned by that young fellow from 500 or 1,000 or 2,000 miles away that some consultant tells you got good ratings there. And do you know what? That slightly tousled codger is going to exude more authority and reliability and integrity from the nail on the little finger of his left hand than the pompadoured, pampered announcer is ever going to muster.

"And isn't that really what our news departments are all about, isn't

that really what you want to sell; authority, believability, credibility, integrity?

Thus did the Dean speak and theoretically demolish the Grand Wizards of TV News Oz.

The Old Man would turn over in his grave at how Junior permitted the great KSTP News to hit the bottom of the barrel orchestrated by an interloping medicine man who captured Junior's malleable mind.

Nobody had to tell Hubbard or Hance who to pick for a newscaster. They did it and when they did it, KSTP news was on the top. Now, KSTP is on the bottom, thanks to the brilliant advice of the Grand Wizard of TV News Oz.

This demonstrates one of the major differences between The Old Man and Junior. The Old Man was his own man willing to make and take responsibilities for his decisions. Junior is not. Junior must have a Palace Guard of yes-men around him like The Black Pope and The Defrocked Judge. Junior relinquishes control of his operation and hires medicine men, Grand Wizards to do his thinking and acting for him.

That is another reasons why KSTP will never be the same.

And maybe why the Hubbard Broadcasting Dynasty will end, too. Maybe Junior's visionary reach has exceeded his realistic grasp and he relies too much on outside influences.

THE FINAL SIGN-OFF

In 1982, in addition to the Parkinson's Disease The Old Man was suffering from, he had a stroke which incapacitated him physically but still left him somewhat mentally alert, at least, at times.

Junior moved quickly to become guardian of The Old Man's estate. The proceedings started in Florida, but in 1988 were moved to Ramsey County Probate Court, St. Paul, Minnesota where the Hubbards have always had a better handle on the judiciary.

Independent and jealous of the control of his empire to the last, Hubbard told a probate court investigator who interviewed him at his 2263 Princeton Avenue address in St. Paul on July 12, 1988, that "he does not need help in caring for himself or his estate. He said he knows the proposed guardian and does not want him appointed."

The Court appointed Junior guardian anyway.

And this is what it provided:

4. That petitioner, Stanley S. Hubbard (Junior) is the sole acting Trustee under a Revocable Trust Agreement created by Stanley E. Hubbard on November 30, 1972 and restated in its entirety on May 27, 1977

5. That the Revocable Trust owns 502,000 shares of voting common stock of HBI (Hubbard Broadcasting Inc.) and 1,329,900 shares of non-voting common stock of HBI.

6. That Stanley E. Hubbard and the Revocable Trust, combined, own 78.96 per cent of the voting common stock of HBI, or 82.69 per cent of all issued and outstanding shares of HBI.

7. That under Stanley E. Hubbard's Will any assets owned by Stanley E. Hubbard at the time of his death will pass into the Revocable Trust.

8. That under the terms of the Revocable Trust, following Stanley E., Hubbard's death, two-thirds of the trust estate will be placed in a "Grandchildren's Trust," with the remaining one-third being placed in a "Residuary Trust;" that under the terms of the Grandchildren's Trust six separate trust shares will be established, one for each of five of Stanley E Hubbard's grandchildren - Kathryn Hubbard Rominski Stanley Eugene Hubbard II ... Virginia Anne Hubbard Morris Robert Winston Hubbard the children of Stanley S. Hubbard and one for Stanley E. Hubbard's daughter, Alice H. Liptak; that the trust share for Alice H.

Liptak will be held in trust and administered for her lifetime, with all of the net income being distributed to her, but none of the principal; that upon the death of Alice H. Liptak her trust share will be reallocated among the existing five trust shares for the above-named grandchildren of Stanley E. Hubbard; that the trust shares for the grandchildren provide for discretionary income distributions, which distributions may be made to the grandchild or the grandchild's issue; that when a grandchild attains the age of 45, one-half of the balance of the trust share for such grandchild will be distributed to such grandchild, with the remainder being distributed to such grandchild at age 50.

9. That the Residuary Trust provides first that any obligations owing Mary Ellen Wickham Gibson Hubbard (the 3rd wife who shacked up at the Cloisters with the ex-Philadelphia stockbroker) shall be paid from the Residuary Trust; that the maximum payments now required under said Stipulation are \$12,000 per year for said Mary Ellen Wickham Gibson Hubbard's lifetime; that the Residuary Trust next provides that any payments required by that certain Antenuptial Agreement dated July 20, 1979, by and between Mary Jane Callahan and Stanley E Hubbard shall also be paid from the Residuary Trust; that the maximum payments to Mary Jane Callahan Hubbard required under said Agreement are a \$100,000 lump sum cash payment within 30 days following Stanley E. Hubbard's death, \$50,000 per year thereafter for her lifetime, plus amounts necessary to cover structural repairs to their residence in Florida and increases in taxes and assessments on such residence following Stanley E. Hubbard's death.

10. That following Stanley E. Hubbard's death and during Stanley S. Hubbard's lifetime, other than herinabove stated, Stanley S. Hubbard is the only beneficiary of the Residuary Trust; that Stanley S. Hubbard will have the right to receive the income from the Residuary Trust and may withdraw up to 10 per cent of the trust corpus at any time following Stanley E. Hubbard's death; that following the first such withdrawal, but not sooner than 5 years thereafter, Stanley S. Hubbard may make another withdrawal of an additional 10 per cent of the trust corpus; that following the second such withdrawal but not sooner than 5 years thereafter, Stanley S. Hubbard may make a third and final withdrawal of an additional 10 per cent of the trust corpus; that following Stanley S. Hubbard's lifetime his wife, Karen H. Hubbard, will receive the income from the Residuary Trust; and that on the death of the last to survive of Stanley S. Hubbard, Karen H. Hubbard, Mary Ellen Wickham Gibson Hubbard and Mary Jane Callahan Hubbard, the Residuary Trust will be divided into equal shares for Stanley E. Hubbard's grandchildren who are beneficiaries of the Grandchildren's Trust.

11. That the value of the stock of HBI, as recently determined by an independent appraiser, is \$29.75 per share of voting common stock and

\$28.26 per share of non-voting common stock, that the 470,000 shares held in the guardianship are therefore valued at \$13,982,500 and that the total value of all stock, voting and non-voting is \$52,517,474.

12. That Stanley S. Hubbard is the chief executive officer of HBI; that Stanley S. Hubbard held that position even prior to Stanley E. Hubbard's incompetency; it having been Stanley E. Hubbard's intention at all times that Stanley S. Hubbard, and ultimately Stanley S. Hubbard's children, control and manager HBI, as evidenced by Stanley E. Hubbard's estate plan.

13. That lifetime transfers, by gift, of a portion of Stanley E. Hubbard's voting stock outright to Stanley S. Hubbard and Stanley S. Hubbard's children would be consistent with Stanley E. Hubbard's demonstrated objective of passing ownership and control of HBI to Stanley E. Hubbard and Stanley S. Hubbard's children; that a gift of 255,000 shares of voting common stock of HBI valued at \$29.75 per share, for a total gift of \$7,586,250 followed by a redemption by HBI of 215,000 shares of voting common stock at \$29.75 per share, for a redemption price of \$6,396,250 would be consistent with his objective of ultimately passing ownership and control of HBI to Stanley S. Hubbard and Stanley S. Hubbard's grandchildren.

14. That a gift of \$7,586,250 (255,000 voting common shares of HBI) would give rise to an income tax liability for Stanley E. Hubbard of approximately \$2,175,000; that the redemption proceeds of \$6,396,250 would provide sufficient cash with which to pay the gift tax and the income tax liabilities.

15. That the potential estate tax savings are significant and include the following:

A. Limiting the value of Stanley E. Hubbard's interest in HBI.

B. Removing from Stanley E. Hubbard's gross estate any income tax paid as a result of the redemption of shares from Stanley E. Hubbard's estate; and

C. Removing from Stanley E. Hubbard's gross estate any gift tax paid as a result of the gift, if Stanley E. Hubbard survives for a period of three years following the date of the gift.

16. That the gift of stock described above should be made one-third outright to Stanley S. Hubbard, and the remaining two-thirds outright in equal shares to Stanley S. Hubbard's five children; that such an outright gift of such shares will be in substantial compliance with the terms of Stanley E. Hubbard's Revocable Trust; that Alice H. Liptak, who would otherwise have an income interest in one-sixth of the shares gifted to the grandchildren, had they been transferred to the Revocable Trust, consents to this transfer; that the assets remaining in the estate and in the Revocable Trust, one-third of which (exceeding in value \$17,000,000) will ultimately be placed in the Residuary Trust, will be more than

sufficient to satisfy the obligations owed to Mary Ellen Wickham Gibson Hubbard and Mary Jane Callahan Hubbard as hereinabove described; that because ht grandchildren who will receive the gifts are all adults, currently active in the management of HBI (who would ultimately receive outright distribution of shares of stock in HBI held in trust for them under the Revocable Trust), the outright gifts will serve only to accelerate the time at which they receive their shares outright and would not materially alter Stanley E. Hubbard's estate planning objectives; that Stanley S. Hubbard will control the voting rights of the stock to be given to him, whether received outright or held in the Residuary Trust under the Revocable Trust, and the natural objects of the bounty of Stanley S. Hubbard are the same persons as the contingent beneficiaries of the Residuary Trust to be created for Stanley S. Hubbard's benefit under the Revocable Trust; and that outright gifts are in all material respects consistent with the goals of Stanley E. Hubbard's estate plan.

17. That the Probate Court has the power and authority to approve and authorize gifts from an incompetent ward's estate for estate tax planning purposes, assuming certain criteria are satisfied; that such criteria are satisfied in this instance, all as set forth in that Memorandum of Law in Support of Petition for Order Authorized Gifts of Ward's Assets, on file therein.

18. That because HBI will pay fair market value for the shares redeemed, as determined by an independent appraiser, and because the gift and redemption discussed herein will benefit the guardianship estate and ultimate beneficiaries of Stanley E. Hubbard's estate, without in any manner prejudicing Stanley E. Hubbard's interests, or the interests of any other interested parties, the redemption should be approved.

WHEREFORE, your Petitioner hereby request on Order:

1. Authorizing and approving a gift from the guardianship estate of 255,000 shares of the voting common stock of HBI, for estate planning purposes, 85,000 of said shares to be gifted to Stanley S. Hubbard, and 34,000 of said shares to be gifted to each child of Stanley S. Hubbard, to wit: Kathryn Hubbard Rominski, Stanley Eugene Hubbard II, Virginia Anne Hubbard Morris, Robert Winston Hubbard and Julia Didrikke Hubbard.

2. Authorizing and approving the redemption by HBI of 215,000 shares of the voting common stock of HBI at a price of \$29.75 per share or \$6,396,250.

THE WRAP

Sixty years after he had conceived with his first love and bore a 100 million dollar broadcasting empire, the court took it away from him and gave it to his kid. He probably never knew it. He had intravenous tubes sticking out of his 90 pound body now. He hadn't any liquid down his throat for two and a half years. Everyday his wife, Mary Jane, bathed him and made sure he had a clean shirt, silk tie and his blue blazer on. But things were getting hazy.

But he had shown those snooty-assed college educated St. Paul establishment guys. As one guy he had taken on the St. Paul establishment and whipped 'em. They tried to take his station away from him and he whipped their ass. They said he was crazy to go into television; pretty smart crazy. And he didn't give a diddly if they called him crazy. Maybe they should go a little crazy. It might help them.

Stanley Eugene Hubbard had shoved it up their kazoo, and the guy they used to treat like a leprous nobody and called "Hubbub" had as much money as any of them now, and a helluva lot more than most, and one helluva lot more power.

He had no silver spoon in his mouth from the time he was born, like those people, by God. He had something better. He had been goddamned poor and he didn't like it. That gave him incentive, a helluva lot of incentive.

He had gone from selling battery-powered doorbells door to door to the Mount Olympus of Broadcasting. He controlled Seven Big voices that went out to millions of listeners and viewers. He could make politicians tremble and they either showed him a lot of respect, or a lot of fear, which may be the same thing. He had respect. Even those yahoos' who hated his guts had to admit his success. That's the same thing as respect, though begrudging. Like the song went, "He's the guy that put the wart upon the pickle"

He almost lost it a couple of times. But somebody or synchronicity or something was on his side. He made it to the top. How do you like that? From a poor, fatherless kid from Red Wing, Minnesota, Stanley Eugene Hubbard made it to the Top! That nobody can deny, Stanley.

Bon Voyage Stan.

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EPILOGUE

The central theme in this work has been the incessant quest for power. Not money. Power, a different quest. Money may be a by-product of power which in turn produces its own power, but those who thirst for power to control are not concerned with money as their primary goal.

I tried, in this chronicle to tell you about early radio and television, what it was like, mainly the news operations side, and trace the dipsy doodle success of one of the pioneers and central characters of broadcasting, Stanley Eugene Hubbard. who battered and bartered his way to power.

It won't ever happen like this again, because the times are different, the thinking is different. The place is different And guys like Stanley Eugene Hubbard's don't come around that often.

It will happen again, of course, but it will be different circumstances and different actors.

There were guys like Hubbard with just as much talent but they couldn't get the timing right. Maybe it was just luck. They had the right stuff but they either were in the wrong place at the right time with the right stuff, or in the right place at the wrong time with the right stuff. It is very difficult to get time and place and 'stuff' in synchronization for you in life. And some people find themselves before their time and others after their time.

Hubbard was one of those who happened to find himself in the right place at the right time with the right stuff. It was almost like he couldn't lose.

All successful people questing power have found themselves in the right place at the right time with the right stuff – and if they didn't think so in the first place they eventually all got to the same conclusion: that life is war.

The idea that wrong or deceptive or duplicitous means did not justify the good end they were going for, would not occur to them. That is something those fuzzy minded philosophy professors get all worked up about but which has nothing to do with real life. It should also help answer the often repeated plea, "why can't we get more 'good' people as our leaders?" The answer is that most 'good' people don't have a power urge and if they did they wouldn't have the stomach to do what is

necessary, the way our society is composed, to achieve leadership by any means to justify the ends. The thirst for power, and goodness, do not mix.

If you have a thirst for power you must have a lot of narcissism in you and if you have that in you, it is not likely you are going to play by Roberts Rules or any others set of rules other than the ones to keep you out of jail. You are not thinking about others. You, like Hubbard, are thinking about yourself, and your power to control others.

That being the case, it seems that we are destined to have bad leaders over the whole course of our history, with the exception of a piece of good luck every now and then when a few good ones sneak in there somehow or other, like Lincoln and Christ. But you know what happened to them.

APPENDICIES

LOVE ON THE ROCKS AT THE CLOISTERS

News item: The marriage of Stanley Eugene Hubbard and Mary Ellen Wickham Gibson Hubbard was dissolved, June 29, 1979.

Hubbard was never a man to waste time with words, he was too busy thinking. So, many people, even those who had known him for a long time, really didn't know him. A man of few words.

In the following pages you will get to know Hubbard, the human being. And you will get to know him from three sides. His side, his alcoholic ex-wife's side, and the alcoholic out-of-work Philadelphia stockbroker's side. It is a story in itself, but one we must hear if we are going to finally find get some idea of what made Stanley Eugene Hubbard tick. One of the things we'll find out is that he was all too human, after all.

If one thing can be said with certainty it is that Stanley Eugene Hubbard was not a womanizer, though it can also be said that contrary to his unusual luck in his broadcasting career, he didn't have the best of luck with some of his spouses.

His first wife, Alice Rochfort, whom Hubbard married in 1923, died shortly after she gave birth to Alice. His second wife, Didi, died quite young at 62. His third wife was an unprincipled and opportunistic bitch who hurt him very badly, though she maintained the relationship was not a marriage, but a "contract." Whether she married for his money or not I don't know. But if she did she sure didn't display any smarts in trying to get it.

Instead, she went and shackled up at The Cloisters, a luxury resort at Sea Island, Georgia, with an unemployed alcoholic stockbroker from Philadelphia – and had the gall to send the bill to Hubbard. That is something that even a man with Hubbard's Chutzpa would not think of doing.

Even tough guys on the outside can get hurt on the inside. This hussy, as he would call her, deeply wounded Hubbard's pride – made a fool of him.

Friends and relatives pleaded with him not to bring suit because it would just bring embarrassing publicity to himself. But Hubbard, true to form, sued because she had made a fool of him and nobody was going to make a fool of Stanley Eugene Hubbard and get away with it. Hubbard was constitutionally unable to respond any other way. She had hurt him like no one had ever hurt him before, decimated his fierce pride. And she just couldn't get away with it.

Because this painful period in his life goes behind the proverbial myth of the tough, tyrannical, rough and ready Hubbard, and intimately shows his person, his human side, it is important that it be

included in this story.

The news item on May 17, 1974 said that "Stanley E. Hubbard, 75, Twin Cities television-radio executive, has brought his new bride to town. She is the former Mary Ellen Wickham, a divorcee whose father is a commonwealth judge in Louisville, Ky. (Here we go back to Louisville again.)

This marriage started idyllic enough. They were married April 28 at a small ceremony at the Church by the Sea in Bal Harbour, Fl, where Hubbard had a winter home.

"Hubbard's first (really second) wife, Didrikke Stub, died Feb. 1, 1974 in Bal Harbour. She was the daughter of Dr. J. A.O. Stub, who was founder of Central Lutheran Church of Minneapolis. They were married in 1932.

"The new Mrs. Hubbard has four children, ages 18, 13, 11 and 7. She was introduced to Hubbard by his first (actually second) wife. The founder and board chairman of Hubbard Broadcasting Co. and KSTP who pilots (sic) his own plane, said they plan to spend half of the year at their home in St. Paul and half in Florida. Her children will join them here."

It was not to last long.

On July 18, 1979, a news headline blared:

HUBBARD SUIT NAMES FORMER WIFE, MAN

Stanley E. Hubbard ... has filed suit accusing a Pennsylvania man of stealing his wife, credit and name to conduct "a sordid and illicit affair" at a Georgia resort.

Hubbard alleges that Charles C. Harrison, a Pennsylvania man in his later 40's "appropriated and pirated" Hubbard's name last fall while staying at the Cloisters Hotel in Sea Island, Ga. with Hubbard's wife, Mary Ellen.

Hubbard, in his early 90's and Mary Hubbard, 42, were divorced two weeks ago in Florida, Hubbard said.

In the suit filed in U.S. District Court in Miami, Hubbard accuses Harrison and his former wife of checking into the resort on October 23, 1978, and running up a bill of \$1,352.52 for room, food, drinks and amusements before leaving five days later. The suit alleges that they posed as Mr. and Mrs. Stanley E. Hubbard, knowing the bill would be sent to Hubbard.

The suit also charges that the couple would have been turned away by the luxury hotel had it known its facilities would have been used "not to enjoy the blessings of conjugal love, but to carry on a sordid and illicit affair."

Harrison committed "wrongful acts that were intentionally immoral and outrageous and done with reckless and wanton disregard of the plaintiff's rights," the suit said.

Hubbard is seeking \$100,000 in punitive damages.

Reached at his KSTP offices, Hubbard said his attorney has asked him not to comment on the case.

"I'm divorced and I'm through with it," he said. "It happened 10 months ago and I'm all through with it. It's over."

But Harrison's attorney, Paul A. Louis, said his client has filed a countersuit in Miami charging Hubbard with invasion of privacy. He said Harrison is a "socially correct, fine fellow ... from a main-line Philadelphia family."

Louis said Harrison admits to the rendezvous at the Cloisters but

denies he arranged it so Hubbard would unknowingly foot the bill. "He was the guest of Mrs. Hubbard," he said.

Louis said Harrison moved last year to Bal Harbour, Fla., the resort community where Hubbard maintains a winter home. The recently divorced Harrison is recovering from a heart attack "and trying to get his bearings straight," Louis said. Harrison is unemployed but has worked for a large financial firm in Pennsylvania, he said.

"Mr. Hubbard is a distinguished man and a credit to the country," Louis said. "He is a proud man who feels he has been wronged. It's just one of those things."

Louis said that they can prove Mary Ellen Hubbard paid the bill herself and which Hubbard says he gave her the money to pay. "Her check was an overdraft and I paid it," Hubbard said.

A Miami jury later awarded Hubbard \$441.

"The amount here is inconsequential since Hubbard is a multimillionaire," said jury foreman Kirk McQuain, a Miami banker.

The \$441 represents about one-third of the hotel bill. ... Harrison's share for room, food, drinks and amusement. The \$1 was for punitive damages. Hubbard had sought \$100,000.

Louis added that "we maintain that Hubbard's suit is in the guise of an alienation of affection suit. In Florida, a person cannot sue for alienation of affection. Harrison and his lawyers said that is what Hubbard, in effect, is doing because he's spending more money to sue Harrison than he would have lost paying the bill.

"According to Mrs. Harrison (Harrison's ex-wife), she was told by Mr. Harrison that Hubbard paid his process server \$2400 to serve a summons and deposition for divorce," said Louis.

THE MIAMI DEPOSITIONS

But the depositions in this dalliance reveal much more, both about Hubbard and his attitudes about things, and the others involved in what he called this "sordid and illicit" affair.

Deposition of Stanley E. Hubbard, U.S. District Court for the Southern District of Florida, Miami Division. No. 79-1913 Civ. JAG. Taken at 1601 Alfred I duPont Building, Miami, Monday 10:15 a.m. May 12, 1980.

Paul Louis of Miami is attorney for the defendant, Charles Harrison. Syd Barrows of Minneapolis is attorney for the plaintiff, Hubbard.

LOUIS:

Q. You and Mary Ellen were married when, Sir?

A. September 15, I believe. I'm not sure of the exact date.

Q. Approximately.

A. See, my wife died in '74.

Barrows interrupts: April, '74.

Q. Is it not a fair statement to make that you and Mary Ellen did not have a happy marriage?

A. That's not true. We had a very happy marriage. Except the days she got drunk.

Q. She had a severe drinking problem towards the end did she

not?

A. That's right.

Q. As of now, you have been married three times?

A. Four times.

Q. In the record, I think we have probably got three. When was the fourth?

A. My first wife died when during – after one year of the birth of my daughter. She died after one year from childbirth when my daughter Alice was born. I got married again in 1932. I have been married for more than 40 years, a very successful marriage.

Q. That lady died, your second wife, to whom you had been married more than 40 years.

A. Forty-two years.

Q. She died when, sir, in round figures.

A. I wish you wouldn't ask that.

Q. All right, sir.

A. Then I got Mary Ellen on the rebound after she died.

Q. Right. Mary Ellen was considerably younger than you. Is that not true?

A. Oh, very much younger, yes.

Q. How many years younger, if you do not mind my asking?

A. I don't know.

Q. Then you and Mary Ellen were divorced on what date, Sir?

A. '73 wasn't it?

Barrows: No, no, no. In January or February '78 ... and then it was dismissed.

A. See, I felt that she started to behave herself and I withdrew it at her request. Does that answer your question?

Q. When you say, 'behave yourself' ... are you talking about not drinking?

A. That's right. Not being abusive, not trying to choke me (!!) and not trying to be abusive.

Q. Mr. Hubbard, you have been around a long time. Did anybody ever suggest what the cause of Mary Ellen's drinking might be?

A. I can't even ... I don't know. Did she drink at all when I married her – I found it out afterwards, after we had been married for awhile. I found out that she's an alcoholic and that's why she her first husband divorced her.

Also, they used to fight and one night she took a shot at him with a gun. Then I realized I was in a very bad deal.

Q. You mean for you?

A. Yes, I feared for my life..

Q. How old was Mary Ellen when you married her?

A. In the forties.

Q. How old were you? In your seventies?

A. I think so, yes. I think a thirty odd year difference as I recall.

Q. I'm asking if anybody ever suggested to you that part of the problem of your marriage and Mary Ellen's drinking was a result of the vast difference in your ages?

A. No, no ...

Q. Do you drink at all, any alcoholic beverages?

A. Never ... never touch a drop of beer, wine, whiskey or anything, not even a drop in my life ... I don't like your remark that there may be some difference in age between couples ... I mean, a man – a

man 80 years old can marry a girl 25 years old, and have a very successful marriage. As a matter of fact, one of the most successful marriages I know is a former senator from Montana who is 87 years old ... He married a girl 22 years old ... and they had a baby when she was 23. They had a baby ... the girl was from Cuba ... so you must remember age is not important in marriage. It depends upon the health of the people ... Take a good, healthy man, and you can find a very successful marriage. If a man is active, active and healthy, no. I find the problem today is some of the younger people who have long hours daily and do a lot of drinking. They don't last long.

Take the old timer who has had a lot of experience..he knows better ... we had an agreement, signed an agreement before I got married. I wanted to be sure I wasn't too old. I said, 'now, you're sure I'm not too old for you. She said, 'no'.. In fact she told me she loved me. We had a normal marriage up to a point.

Q. What point are you talking about?

A. Well, our bed life was not what it could have been because she always had the smell of liquor on her breath. Very obnoxious. It kind of spoiled bed life.

Q. Therefore, you are saying she turned you off or she did not stimulate you?

A. That's right.

Q. She always had liquor on her breath?

A. That's right, but other than that, we had a very ... we had parties together and we enjoyed things together, watched our TV together

Q. Would I be presuming wrong then if I, based upon your answer, said it was because of her drinking that you had no bed life whatever?

A. That's right. There's more in life than bed life.

Q. Do you know a fellow by the name of Lord in Minnesota?

A. Yes, I know him very well.

A. I take it he is now a Federal judge.

A. Has been for many years

A. How much time have you spent in Minneapolis during the last four years as distinguished from Florida?

A. About five months.

Q. Is it not true that the government, IRS, is on you a lot of times because they claim that you do not spend enough time up there?

A. No.

Barrows objects ...

LOUIS: I am going to try to establish that he has some very strong ties in Minneapolis, that he has vast holdings and that it gets to be a question with the IRS whether he, in good faith, really spends the time in Minneapolis, to justify the salaries he receives from the various companies from whom he receives salaries and compensation ... which has something to do with credibility

Louis continuing his questioning,

Q. Then I take it for the last 20 or 30 years, every politician in the state has appeared on your station?

A. I wouldn't say that, no.

Q. What if they are in the news?

A. We're very particular. I think you'd like to know my policy. We

are very, very particular when it comes to politicians ... very careful ... and we allocate. If a Republican wants the time, we tell the Democrat the same time is available. We're very careful

Q. Let me ask you this: You know Judge Lord. Right?

A. Very well.

Q. Was he ever your personal attorney?

A. No.

Q. Do you have a personal relationship with him, your friend, a social relationship?

A. I would say so.

Q. Have you had occasion to telephone him from Florida.

A. Yes, many times.

Q. While he has been a Federal Judge?

A. Yes.

Q. Has he ever visited your home?

A. Yes, down here and in Minnesota.

Q. Is it not true that he suggested to you you should not bother with a lawsuit against Mr. Harrison?

A. Quite the contrary ... he advised me that I was doing the right thing ... he referred to Harrison as a "pup without a principle." He said 'go after him, he's a pup without principle.'

Q. When was the last time you talked to him?

A. Well, last time I talked to him was this morning ... to refresh my memory ... just to refresh my memory ...

Q. Did you ever deny to Mary Ellen that you had spoken to Judge Lord and that Judge Lord advised you to 'crack Harrison with a lawsuit?'

Barrows Objects.

Louis: Now we are trying to ascertain the time and place because it is our contention that before he filed the lawsuit he spoke to Judge Lord and Judge Lord advised him not to file the lawsuit.

A. That is not true.

Q. Okay, we will get to that. Contrary to all the representations that were made to me regarding the Federal Judge and the threats and intimations that accompanied it, based upon what he is telling me now, it may not be necessary to take Judge Lord's deposition.

Hubbard: Take his deposition?

Q. Yes, Judge Lord's.

A. A Federal Judge?

Q. Yes.

A. All right.

Q. Certainly a Federal Judge is just like you and me, except that he has been given a certain office, but he is not immune to the law, just like the President of the United States, Mr. Nixon, was not immune to the law or anybody else in this world. We all have to answer to somebody so I am asking you: You called the man today. We are talking about Judge Lord.

A. Yes.

Q. What time did you call him?

A. Eight thirty our time.

Q. That means what time Minnesota time?

A. Seven-thirty ... I woke him up.

Q. You have his personal number?

A. Yes, I do. I have the phone number of all the judges in the state,

federal judges, state judges and the governor and the senators. It's my business. I'm in that business ... there's nothing unusual about that. I want you to know that. I'm in the news business ...

Q. Are you worth 60 million ... or will you at least admit to 15 million ...

A. No, I won't admit to that ... too many factors. When you operate a business with licenses, they can be canceled and not renewed if you're not taking care of colored people ... if you don't take care of them, the minorities, you're in trouble ...

Barrows objects to the questioning.

Louis: I understand, but you will just have to accept what I am saying ... of fifteen million and maybe he is worth sixty million ... and he spent more money serving, just paying to have somebody serve the defendant than he is suing for compensation, other than punitive damages ... and that the return is nothing to him ... but he has filed it strictly for the purposes of punishment and to give this young pup, who is 48 or 49 years of age, a lesson, and all other young pups that might get caught in the same position ... that is what he has cluttered up the federal court ...

Your honor, I have asked him and we will prove that Mr. Hubbard told Mary Ellen that if ever he found her running around with anybody else he would file a lawsuit against that man, whoever he was, for alienation of affections ...

The questioning of Hubbard by Louis continued:

Q. What is the kid's name that beat up his mother, Mary Ellen.

A. Bill, William ... Bill Gibson ...

Q. Did Mary Ellen tell you he beat her up?

A. Yes ... but he said she bumped into a car ... and I believe him ...

Barrows objects.

Louis: I will prove he had continued to pay for the education of Bill after he knew Wick (another of Mary Ellen's sons) and Bill got into a fight because Wick corroborates the mother's testimony that Bill struck his mother because she was not going to give him enough money to finish his education ... that is why he struck her and she testified to it. This all goes to the credibility of these people and that is the line ...

Q. You had detectives up there? Right? (at the Cloisters shack-up) What is the name of the detective in the red coat who was there ...

A. I don't know. I've never spoken to him. I've had the reports mailed to me.

(Hubbard actually hired three detective agencies.)

Q. Does one of your companies own an airplane?

A. Yes, a Gulfstream-1.

Q. How much does it cost in round figures?

A. I think it costs up to a million and a half dollars ... we took it out of advertising when we bought it. We took most of the money out of advertising when we bought it. We traded for advertising.

Q. I follow you ... barter.

A. What?

Q. Barter ... cigarettes for bread.

A. You call it barter. Good word. You must have some experience with it.

Q. Cigarettes for bread. That has been my experience with it.

The questioning then got back to the trust.

A. See, she would leave my house at nighttime and go down and would spend the night with Harrison at the hotel

Q. Did she tell you she was in love with Harrison?

A. She told me she was in love with him, more than any other man she had ever met.

Q. How did you get to Mr. Porter, if you do not mind me asking?

A. Because he was Mary Ellen's lawyer. He's the one that handled the divorce, Mary Ellen's divorce, and I was interested there because I found out from her friends that she had taken a shot at her husband. I was very concerned about it.

Q. Did Joan (Harrison's former wife) say what kind of a husband he was while they were married?

A. Well, I found out from her one time that he had a gun. He carries a gun.

Q. She said he carries a gun?

A. Yeah, and one time he was arrested for trying to shoot someone in an alley ... some motorcyclist in an alley

Q. Did he ever threaten to shoot her?

A. No, not to my knowledge, but it made me wonder if he was going to shoot me. If I was going to be shot next.

Q. Did you hire a bodyguard.

A. No, I couldn't afford it.

Q. When you say you couldn't afford a bodyguard, you are joking with us, are you not?

A. I wouldn't want a bodyguard

The questioning then gravitated to the publicity about Hubbard's illicit affair lawsuit:

A. I don't like publicity.

Q. You deal in publicity, do you not?

A. Yes, but I don't like that kind of publicity. Talking about my former wife. For one thing they spell her name wrong ... they spelled it wrong

I do give interviews but not with local ... in Minneapolis. I don't trust them. No interviews for the Minneapolis Star or Tribune. I don't trust them.

Q. Why is that?

A. Because they're very inaccurate. I don't trust them.

Barrows objects and Louis addresses the bench:

One of the thrusts of this lawsuit is that Stanley Hubbard had told his wife, long before she ever met C. C. Harrison that, 'When I catch you with another man, I'm going to sue him for alienation of affections' ... meaning that he was going to give that man more trouble or as much trouble as a person having a minimum of fifteen million dollars can garner, and that he not only told his wife that, but afterward when he found out about C. C. Harrison and was told about C. C. Harrison's heart condition he told her that he was going to put him under so much stress that he would die ... as Mrs. Hubbard has testified to under her deposition ... It is all going to show the actual malice that Stanley Hubbard had towards C. C. Harrison.

One of the suggestions of this lawsuit is that Mr. Hubbard, over the advice of a Federal Judge who was then sitting, over your advice and over the advice of his son and those closest to him ... who urged him not to file this lawsuit ... but that because he wanted to

teach this "young pup" a lesson that would mean, do not mess with me, he filed this lawsuit. That is what we are contending.

Hubbard: The more I hear, the more I see, why, that man's (Harrison) got to be stopped from taking other people's wives ... and credit cards ... and using their credit cards and their names ...

The questioning then gravitated to Hubbards association with Twin Cities newspapers:

Q. Let me show you this one. (a newspaper article about Hubbard's lawsuit). Is the Minneapolis Tribune a reliable publication?

A. No. They are called publications, as a matter of fact. The first one you showed me is the Minneapolis Star. The second one is the St. Paul Dispatch ...

Q. Is that K-o-u - ?

A. K-O-W-L-E (sic) The first one is Kowle. That's the Minneapolis Star and Tribune.

Q. Is that Garner Kowles (sic)?

A. Garner (sic) Kowles. (sic) ... We consider them so unreliable that recently we would not carry their advertising. We won't even carry their advertising because it's so inaccurate.

Q. Do you consider the St. Paul Dispatch reliable?

A. I haven't said any newspaper is reliable or accurate, any newspaper, but this dispatch is more accurate than the Tribune. They stick more to the facts. But I wouldn't consider either one accurate, no sir ...

Hubbard then told of the death of his second wife, Didi, and his remarriage:

Hubbard: When my wife died after 42 years, I lost seventeen pounds of weight in a month ... I decided either get married again or I'm finished. Now I happened to have met Mary Ellen at a New Year's party and my wife, I think, had a premonition of her death coming because she made a remark to me, she said, "If anything ever happens to me, that would be a fine girl for you, a very fine girl. My wife, that night, taking her home from the party, she made those remarks ...

As far as Mary Ellen is concerned, I want to get one thing straight, I thought she was in love with me because she told me so.

I was named the Man of the Year by the Broadcast media with a convention of about 1,000 people there and Mary Ellen, who had come down here to put her kids in school in September, came up here, came up to go with me to Duluth while I got the big ... while I was given the big award. She sat at the head table with me while these people were all talking about how ... they were showing my youth and made quite an ordeal for about two hours, quite an ordeal, but she said she loved me. That's why she came up there as my wife ...

As a matter of fact, I hear from indirect sources that she even had this man (Harrison) go away with her up to where I was going to get my decoration and so on ... (in September, '78) ...

(He didn't know Harrison beforehand but) one morning, about 2:30 in the morning, the telephone rang and I was curious about who in the world would be on the telephone, my office phone. So I answered, got on the phone. Here's my wife, who was drunk, was talking to Harrison on the phone down in Philadelphia ...

Anyway I asked her what she was doing ... and she said she was

talking to a man ordering a Christmas present for me, a surprise. It certainly was a surprise, all right. She was accurate that way about it being a surprise"

The questioning then went to the shack-up at The Cloisters and whether Harrison was married at the time.

Hubbard: You mean when he was with my wife at Sea Island, he was married, still married to Joan?

Q. I don't know.

A. I don't think that's true. That's worse yet. That's worse yet ... I thought they were divorced. If you say that's not true, I think that's a terrible thing, a married man going to take another married man's wife. I think that's terrible ...

I think any man who interferes with another man's wife, to say nothing about sleeping with her or screwing her, is scum ... scum ... just absolute scum. That's my thought.

You asked me about Ed Towne ... Harrison's personal buddy ... he was the man who came down to see Harrison in Florida here ... he's the man who is very boring because most of the conversation, other than drinking, was what they can do to me, how much money they're going to take from me, how they're going to sock me, the two of them

Q. Who told you that?

A. Joan (Harrison's ex-wife.)I've had lawsuits right along to defend ... in connection with the television station ... My most recent one, I remember was a man my newspaper (sic) referred to as having been in Stillwater, served time in Stillwater ... the state prison. I assumed that because he was in a state prison, he was in the county jail though ... and my newspaper (sic) didn't say he's in jail in Stillwater ... but he served time in jail instead of prison ... didn't that cost me \$15,000, Sidney?

Barrows: I do not know, Stanley

The questioning then went to Hubbard's personal beliefs:

Louis: I am asking you the question whether or not you recognize that there are certain established religions in the Christian world which do not approve of the way you have conducted your remarriages to some of your wives.

A. Mary Ellen was Catholic. I'm not and I don't think the Catholic church approves of divorces. I don't think so.

Q. You actually have two wives by death.

A. That's right.

Q. And one of them you divorced and then you remarried while your divorced wife is alive, too? (Hubbard, by then, had remarried again.) Mary Ellen is still alive.

A. Yes.

Q. There are certain established religions in the Christian world that would frown upon that, are there not?

A. Oh, I don't know. I think you are getting at the deep end.

Q. Pardon?

A. I think you are at the deep end. My second wife, by the way, her father was a minister ... head of the Lutheran Church

Q. What do you mean by "deep end?"

A. I think you're getting into religion, deep in religion, as to what the Christian Scientist believes, and that you're getting deep now. Mary Ellen, when she married me, she violated her oath as a

Catholic, could have been custed by the Church, but I don't think they pay much attention today

Q. My point is apparently you find it to be reprehensive. Divorce.

A. What?

Q. For a married person to have sex while they are married.

A. Yes, I do.

Q. Whether they are living together as husband and wife or not?

A. I think that a man who will have an affair with another man's wife is the lowest scum you can find, scum

Q. What was Charles Harrison's reputation in the Philadelphia area? Let me tell you what a reputation is. Reputation is not what you are. It is what people say about you

A. I've never checked Charles Harrison as such. I asked Joan Harrison what she thought

The questioning then went to Harrison's personal conduct which Hubbard gleaned from his private detectives:

Hubbard: ... Well, he'd be going down (at the Cloisters bar) talking to the man who sold champagne. He bought champagne I like (though he earlier said had never "touched a drop" of alcohol). ... I learned about this thing over a period of months and then I realized what a sucker I was, what a sucker. Having this man use my credit to charge the hotel and I got hld of Sidney and I said, "Sidney, this is a bad deal."... ..

I found out from the maid (at his Bal Harbour home) for instance, he (Harrison) would go out the back door, then come to the front door at 8:00 and say, "Anybcdy home?" That's sneaky business. "Is anybody up?" after spending the night with my wife

(Federal Judge Miles Lord's name comes up again involving possible Mann Act charges against Harrison. The Mann act concerns taking a woman across a state line for purposes of prostitution which certainly wouldn't apply here. Hubbard never was much up on the law.)

Hubbard then tells of his being in the "top society," and a "mainliner.":

Q. Explain to me what a mainliner is.

A. Can I enlighten you on this thing by telling you a little story.

Q. Sure.

A. Up in North Atlanta, you cannot vote unless you're a certain caliber. Unless you're educated, a certain caliber. You can't vote. So this nigger-man came into the election people and they challenged the vote and then the guy gets Mr. Elias, who's the editor of the paper up there, so this man stood there and said, We'll give the examination. Recite the Declaration of Independence,, and he starts off, recites it to the members of the election committee ... and they want to know whether he was right or wrong. That is my point ... which I think is a pretty good story

Q. I think you said you were off of a farm from honest, good people, but poor people.

A. I never mentioned poor people, born on a farm. As a matter of fact, my father was superintendent of schools in Minnesota (not quite), where I was born, one of the principal men in town.

A. One of the what, sir?

A. He was probably one of the top members in the town.

Q. What town was that?

A. Wanamingo, Minnesota, fifty miles south of St. Paul. (Population: 717) I'm telling you a lot about my past. Hope you don't tell anybody about it. (At one time, his father was superintendent of schools in the small town of Wanamingo, but Hubbard was born in Red Wing, Minnesota where the father was later superintendent of schools.)

Q. Did you know whether or not Charles Harrison had the reputation of being an alcoholic.

A. I heard he had a drinking problem. Now, if that's the same as an alcoholic, you take it.

Q. What is the difference between a drinking problem and an alcoholic, do you know?

A. I think ... do you want me to try? I'm not an expert. Do you want my own feeling on it? I think an alcoholic is a person who gets a drink to start up in the morning, after he gets out of bed, and starts drinking.

The other man is a man that gets started drinking, maybe drinks once in a while, maybe once or twice a week and can't control it.

Q. You are talking about going on a binge?

A. Yes, and he can't control it. The alcoholic, it's a daily affair. It's my impression, what I've learned about it, its usually weak-minded people that are alcoholics. People with principle, who have will power, are not alcoholics ... but if people are weak ... that's my opinion ... what I've learned so far.

Q. That is a lifetime of experience?

A. Well, my son, my son Richard, probably the most brilliant producer I've ever experienced, was an alcoholic. He died over in Texas, automobile accident.

Q. He was not weak-minded. You are talking about weak-willed.

A. Weak-willed. Lack of will power. ... Some of the smartest men, heads of business, creative men, are alcoholics.

Q. Did you ever tell Mary Ellen at any time that Charles Harrison was an alcoholic and that because of his heart condition you were going to lay so much stress upon that he would die? Yes or no.

A. No.

DEPOSITION OF CHARLES C. HARRISON

TUESDAY, 10:10 A.M.

NEW WORLD TOWER, FLORIDA, APRIL 22, 1980

Harrison's first testimony was on his drinking which he says was caused by stress, including the stress of the Hubbard legal action against him. He wants to marry Mary Ellen but can't until he gets a job.

Barrows objects:

Louis: Mr. Barrows ... he has explained to you why they have not gotten married and I am not going to go through some soap opera to carry out the edict of Mr. Hubbard who this lady testify to yesterday, his former wife, that while she was married to him he (Hubbard) said he would kill him (Harrison) with stress and so forth

BARROWS questioning Harrison:

Q. So that she told you that Mr. Hubbard was going to do what?

A. He was going to do everything in his power to see that I never get a job. He was going to give me enough stress, because he knew stress was my downfall, to kill me.

Q. Do you know of anything he did to put stress on you to kill you?

A. Yes, this lawsuit. Detectives sitting on the beach with cameras watching my door, all of that, calling my wife, God knows what was coming out of all of that because she (his ex-wife) doesn't care very much for me so it's like a very nice little conspiracy between the two. Yes, all that is stress.

(At that point, the Miami Herald headline was introduced: "Man Stole Wife, Name and Credit.")

Q. Did she (Mary Ellen) tell you that she was married?

A. Well, she was Mrs. Hubbard. But she told me at that time she didn't have a marriage. She had a contract. That her husband didn't love her and she didn't love him. They respect each other and it was a marriage of convenience for both of them that took place. He wanted a young woman that he could dress up and parade around and she had four children at the time and was having trouble supporting them, and that it was a marriage of convenience to help both of them.

We used to discuss the man (Hubbard). I mean, I can tell you that he still likes his donuts and coffee on Sunday night for dinner because it reminds him of the time he did not have money.

Q. You say the counterdefendant (Hubbard) had detectives scrutinizing the activities of the counterplaintiff (Harrison) at the Cloisters. What do you base that on?

A. Detectives scrutinizing the activities of the counterplaintiff? Because we saw him. We saw him following us. We saw him in the car with his camera ...

Q. Mrs. Hubbard said you joked about it.

A. We didn't joke about it per se, Mr. Barrows. I do not think it is very much fun. I have never had any detective follow me. I have never done anything in my life to require a detective to follow me. I cannot say that I would consider it fun to be followed by a detective. In fact, I don't like it at all. I think the word fun or funny is the only way that could ever possibly be sued was that this man stuck out like a sore thumb, if you can call that funny.

I mean, if he was meant to be doing something secret, he did not do it. Now, that may be considered funny ... but I find the experience of having a detective follow me upsetting.

Q. You knew that you were there with another man's wife, did you not?

A. I knew I was there with Mary Ellen Hubbard, yes, who was married to Stanley Hubbard, but I didn't have the same feeling of just breaking up a marriage in the normal sense because I was told they really didn't have a marriage in the normal sense. She was to do certain things and he was to do certain things, and so I wasn't breaking up any love affair.

Q. Tell me about the detective surveilling.

A. If we would leave the room it wouldn't be very long before ... we'd even stand at the end and watch him open his door to make sure we left. That is when we were aware of the fact he was following

us, and then became twice as obvious.

We would go to dinner and 50 feet behind us he would be going to dinner, too. When we were leaving he was sitting in his car with his camera taking pictures.

He wore a red sport jacket the whole time he was there so he was rather easy to spot and he was by himself the whole time. Very seldom do you ever see a person at Sea Island by themselves. This is the type of place that you go with people or with someone, and he was always by himself, a complete loner.

A. Did you go up to him and tell him to stop following you?

A. No, there wasn't any point. Stanley Hubbard had already called Mary Ellen and Mary Ellen told him that "Your detective is here."... ..Mary Ellen said he had two or three detective firms ... I knew that if he was willing to spend the kind of money he did to serve me a subpoena, because he called Mary Ellen on the phone and made that statement, "You know much it cost me to serve that goddamn Harrison the subpoena? It cost me \$2400." If he is going to spend that kind of money to serve me a subpoena that somebody from the Court could serve for \$25 or whatever they get, I am sure he did not hold back on having detectives follow me ...

Mary Ellen said, "I know damn well Stanley Hubbard has got the detectives because this is the way he does things. He had detectives follow me before and I am sure he has got detectives now. In November, 1978, Hubbard told his wife, 'I am going to fix that son-of-a-bitch so he can never get a job again.'

HARRISON DEPOSITION (Continued) MAY 30, 1979

A. (Harrison talking about the shack-up) The plan was to go to Durham, spend a few days there and if Bill (one of Mary Ellen's sons) was able to get away from his college for a couple of days, to take him and his wife to Pinehurst for a couple of days of golf.

Q. What went wrong with the plan?

A. Her son Bill hit her so hard in the face that she spent seven hours in the Duke University Hospital.

Q. Hit whom in the face?

A. Her son, Billy, hit Mary Ellen in the face, knocked her down in the parking lot. A paramedic came. We took her to Duke University Hospital and she spent approximately three hours in the Emergency Room. They wanted her back the next morning. She went back the next morning to a specialist for three hours for X-rays. They thought her whole jaw was broke.

Q. Were you there when the incident occurred?

A. I did not witness the actual shot in the face, no.

Q. Where was Wick (another of Mary Ellen's sons)?

A. Wick was with me.

Q. So he did not witness it either.

A. No, he was with me. We heard a scream. Wick went running out there, saw what happened, hit his brother and knocked him flat on the ground and picked him up and knocked him on the ground again. At that time there were people that came out on the balcony and made the statement that if Wick had not done something to that boy

they would have all, all four of the, come down and got him.

The doctor specialist at Duke University was interested in whether Mary Ellen wished to charge, press assault charges against her son..that's how badly she was hurt

Mrs. Hubbard's jaw was not bandaged. All the cuts were on the inside of her mouth. Her face looked like she had a golf ball in there. It looked like a chipmunk. It was black and blue and yellow down into the lower part of her neck ... She had trouble speaking and couldn't eatShe has since seen a plastic surgeon down there. But to this day you can still see the mark on the side of her faceThe whole inside of her mouth was sliced open

Mrs. Hubbard said she wanted to get out of the state of North Carolina so fast. She didn't care to see her son again. She looked so awful that there was no way she could go back to Florida and have anybody see her like that and said, 'Let's just go some nice place, a nice place where I can recover for a few days.'

It was at this point that Harrison suggested The Cloisters and that's where they went.

DEPOSITION OF MARY ELLEN HUBBARD

AT 110 NEW WORLD TOWER MIAMI, FLORIDA, MONDAY 1:30 P.M, APRIL 21, 1980

Mary Ellen, under questioning by Hubbard attorney Syd Barrows, says she first met Harrison in August of 1978, in Wayne, Pa., just outside Philadelphia

October, 26, 1978at Holiday Inn at Durham, N. C., she gets beat up by son, Bill

"It was a traumatic thing that happened to me ... and I was in a lot of pain ... the severe pain lasted until the wound healed ... it was here ... until it healed from the inside. The first 48 hours were the worst ... after that it was visible ... the bruising ... for several weeks. I was able to cover up with makeup all the time ... maybe about three months ... but there was still a mark. Mr. Hubbard saw it, too, and I did go to see a plastic surgeon here in Miami, and he said it sometimes took six to nine months for the healing to take place, and he did not advise any surgery at the time

I believe he (Hubbard) talked to me Monday morning because Sunday night I went to the hospital and I was at the hospital ... they have the records ... I think about one o'clock or something, until they stopped the bleeding, and then I had to go back to the hospital the next morning and see a specialist, and I was there again about ... I guess about three hours ... where they x-rayed my jaw to make sure that I did not have a broken jaw.

But at sometime Mr. Hubbard called me and said that Billy had called him and that he knew that I was there with a man, and he was furious He said, 'I'm mad as hell' and 'who is the son of a bitch' and 'I'll find out' and he had threatened anyway ... he said, 'When I catch you with another man, I am going to file a lawsuit for alienation of affection,' and that was months before I even knew Mr. Harrison.

Barrows: Why is it that you signed in as Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard?

A. I was trying to be discreet in my indiscretion.

Q. Mrs. Hubbard, were you aware that there was any surveillance

of you while you were at the Cloisters?

A. Yes.

Q. How did you become aware of that?

A. I just know Mr. Hubbard well enough to know that that was something he might do. When I kept noticing the same man at the same place in a red jacket ... which was not terribly discreet of him ...

(Mary Ellen is not a bad detective herself, she traps him.)

Mr. Harrison and Wick did not believe it when I told them that there was a detective there ... so I said, 'well, I will prove it to you' ... so I called the detective, and I told him that my son had borrowed a book from the man in room ... whatever room he was in ... but it was directly across from Wick's room ... and I said that I wanted to return it ...

So the desk said, 'he checked out.'

So I said that's a shame. Where can I send it to him? And they said here is his name, 'Danny Aspenwald, Brunswick, Georgia.'

You don't have to be too bright to know that a man does not come three miles to spend a certain amount of money a day to stay in the Cloisters ...

So when I got back to Miami, I said to Mr. Hubbard, 'Why did you have that detective following me around?' It was so ridiculous.

He said, "I did not have any detective following you around," and I said, "His name was Danny Aspenwald and he was from Brunswick, Georgia," and Mr. Hubbard laughed.

Mary Ellen then related that she was 37 when she married Hubbard who at that time was 76 and that she had an antenuptial agreement before they were married ...

Attorney Louis is now asking the questions:

Q. Did you ever consult the doctor concerning your relationship after you married Mr. Hubbard?

A. Yes, my gynecologist ... James McReady ... I had an impotent husband and I was very nervous from it. I was having emotional stress from it.

Q. Mr. Barrows has asked you about your alcoholism. Did you have an alcoholism that was known to you or to the public prior to the time that you met Mr. Hubbard?

A. No.

Q. What did this doctor recommend in regard to alleviating your nervousness?

A. He recommended that I either take a lover or get a divorce.

Q. Did your husband evidence any signs of jealousy ...

A. Yes, Stanley was jealous, he said, when I catch you with another man, I am going to sue the son of a bitch for alienation of affection."

In speaking of the detectives following her, she said, 'it was just a piece of showmanship that only Mr. Hubbard would think of doing. It seemed unnecessary.' About Harrison's health. "After we came back from Sea Island, Mr. Hubbard said to me, 'That man is not well. He is just going to have a heart attack and die on you, and I am going to aggravate him enough to see that he has a heart attack.' That was not like Mr. Hubbard. I had never heard him be that vindictive before. I asked him how he knew so much about Mr. Harrison. He said that he made calls and found out all about him."... ..

(About getting beat up by her son in parking lot of Holiday Inn at

Durham, N. C.):

"My twenty-four year old son hit me. Deliberately. It happened in the parking lot of the Holiday Inn after we came back from dinner. We, meaning Mr. Harrison, my son, Wick, my son, Bill, and my daughter-in-law, Carol, and me.

"I told my oldest son that I wanted to tell Mr. Hubbard myself (that I wanted a divorce) which I did. I felt that I wanted to tell him myself and my oldest son said to me, "you're just going to foul up my last semester's tuition at school."

He said I don't want a damn thing from you except I want you to give me a check right now for \$2500, so that I can pay my tuition. Mr. Hubbard had paid for the tuition up to this time.

Q. Where did he punch you?

A. Right here (indicating) I screamed because I fell down. He knocked me backwards. He was mad at me because I was going to probably ask for a divorce or talk to Mr. Hubbard about getting a divorce, and I think he was so money hungry that he did not care about my happiness, Mr. Hubbard's happiness, or anybody except for his tuition for his last semester at school.

"He asked for \$2500 and enough money to buy three new suits. I shall never forget it. I told him that I was not going to give him a nickel. That's when he hit me.

"I was in the parking lot. My son, Wick, heard me yell. He was on the way back to the rooms with Mr. Harrison and he heard me yell, and he turned and ran back to where I was in the parking lot.

"He saw me on the ground and he did not see my (other son, Bill) but apparently my son's wife was screaming at him. 'Don't hit her any more,' and my second son, Wick, then hit his brother and knocked him down and I heard him say something like, 'You get up and I am going to hit you again. You hurt mother.'

"I knew I had a lot of blood. I was hit right there (in the cheek.)"

Q. Do you know whether anyone paid for the rest of that boy's education?

A. I have not spoken to him since. I know that he finished his education and I would have to believe that Mr. Hubbard paid for it. I know that I did not pay for it and I know that he finished school.

When she asked Hubbard for a divorce she said that Hubbard said, "that is perfectly ridiculous ... That man does not have any money.' He told me he checked him out ... that he didn't have any money, except though that he had an income from some bank, which was not enough to live on

"I first knew about the Harrison lawsuit ... when I picked up the newspaper one morning and there was the little column that said ... "Man Steals Wife and Credit."... that was in April of '79 and I moved out of the house (Hubbard's house at Bal Harbour) in December of '78. He got some kind of eviction order ... removal order but when we went to court that morning ... we did not have to go into the judge ... we made an agreement.

Barrows questioning:

Q. It was sometime in 1977 that Dr. McCready told you to get a lover or get a divorce?

A. Yes, he felt that it was an unnatural marriage.

Q. Did you report that at the time to Mr. Hubbard?

A. No, I would not have told Mr. Hubbard that because Mr. Hubbard

was very apt to pick up the phone or cause a problem, and I didn't want to tell him But I didn't take (the doctor's advice at that time.)

Q. For two years, you sat and suffered silently?

A. I sat and suffered.

Mary Ellen was then asked if Hubbard had anything to do with getting Bill to hit her and she said no.

HUBBARD'S DIARY 1978

Introduced into the evidence at the trial was a period of Stanley E. Hubbard's personal diary which gave this account in his handwriting:

Friday, October 20, ...

Mary Ellen decided to have another party and had _____ and _____ going to the Pan American for dinner. She ordered three rounds of champagne and got drunk ... she insulted me and returned to the Bar and by this time was really pie-eyed drunk. I tried to get her to leave but she wanted someone to dance with ... then bothered the piano player and sat with him on the bench – really made a fool of herself.

When we got home she said the bedroom was hers and would not let me in. I slept in my chair until 3 a.m. when she relented and let me go to bed.

Saturday, October 21, 1978

Mary Ellen and Wick (one of her sons) left at noon for Atlanta where she met her lover, a C.C. Harrison whom she took to Holiday Inn at Durham, N. C.

Sunday, October 22, 1978

Sunday Evening ... Harrison, Wick and Mary Ellen were taken to dinner and they all got drunk, including Bill.

After dinner Bill and Wick had a fist fight in the parking lot which ended in a genuine brawl ... including Mary Ellen.

Mary rented Hertz car – her credit card.

Monday, October 23, 1978 ...

Called the Holiday Inn and Harrison answered the phone in Mary Ellen's room. He told me I had the wrong number so I could not talk to my wife ...

Wick called and said they were going to The Cloisters ... and ... ???

Mary picked car up from Hertz ... FLA EVF 147

Tuesday, October 24 ...

7:15 p.m. Mary Ellen called and was very cocky and hostile ... I hung the phone up and in about 5 minutes Wick called ... also very cocky and threatening. I asked for the number he was calling from and he said he was in a pay booth at the Holiday Inn and no number ...

Chas. Harrison III, Villa Nova -215-LSG-5678. Has five kids ... no job and his family don't know where he is but are hoping he will call soon. He has broken this family.

Wednesday, October 25 ...

Rosie Harrison 904-767-1764 ., 3236 Pensacola Drive, Daytona Beach?

Hired detective who found Mary Ellen alone with C.C. Harrison at the Cloister House ... room 257 living and man and wife ...

Mary Ellen checked in as Mr. and Mrs. Stanley E. Hubbard.

Thursday, October 26 ...

Living alone

Friday, October 27

Living alone

Sunday, October 29

Mary Ellen checked out of the Cloisters and paid 1300 for the room, C.C. and herself. Wick's bill 240.

Mary Ellen stayed at Daytona Beach Carriage House.

Monday, October 30

Mary Ellen arrived home ... C.C. drove her to Miami and is staying in the Beach Canadian Hotel, 92 and Collins.

I stayed at the Pan American so that someone couldn't put a knife in my back while I slept.

Tuesday, October 31

C.C. still in town

Still at Pan Am

HUBBARD WED AGAIN

On July 23, 1979, a Minneapolis newspaper headline blared:

HUBBARD WED AGAIN AFTER STORM DIVORCE

Stanley E. Hubbard, the 82 year old founder of KSTP ... got married again this weekend Hubbard was married Saturday to Mary Jane Callahan. The ceremony was performed in a friend's home in Stillwater.

Hubbard said his bride was a close friend of his late second wife and has been widowed twice. He said he has known her for 10 or 12 years and that she is in her 50's.

The couple took a one day honeymoon. 'We drove over to Wisconsin,' Hubbard said.

HUBBARD FINANCES

When Hubbard entered into a pre-nuptial and ante-nuptial

agreement with Mary Ellen, the statement of his finances were revealed in a subsequent divorce settlement.

As a Minneapolis newspaper put it, Broadcasting has been very, very good to Stanley E. Hubbard.

The Hubbard family fortune is estimated to be more than \$100 million. (too low a figure.)

In the divorce settlement, Hubbard listed cash deposits totaling \$809,554 in four national banks. His marketable stockings included 248 shares of CBS, 42 shares in RCA and 35 shares in Viacom which had a total 1974 market value of \$102,950.

Properties listed and their 1974 values were: a 120 acre ranch in Ocala, Fla., \$900,000, 180 acres on the St. Croix river in Minnesota \$350,000; a home in Bal Harbour, Fla., valued at between \$150-200,000. A home in St. Paul valued between \$55-60,000, household furnishings \$30,000, six mares, one stallion, four yearlings and 12 thoroughbred horses that Hubbard originally purchased for \$111,800.

But the largest portion of the elder Hubbard's fortune is tied up in closely held Hubbard Broadcasting stock. The premarital agreement states that in 1974, Hubbard owned 972,000 shares of voting stock out of a total of 1,329,900 shares outstanding in the company. Hubbard also holds 1,578,000 out of 2,367,000 shares of non-voting stock. The agreement states there are no market quotations on the stock.

An informed industry source estimates, however, that Hubbard Broadcasting's holdings have a market value today of \$100 million.

The 1979 edition of Broadcasting Yearbook lists the Stanley E. Hubbard Trust as holder of 82 per cent of the stock in Hubbard Broadcasting. A trust in the name of his son, Stanley S. Hubbard, holds another 12 per cent. The remaining 6 per cent is thought to be held by the Hubbard Foundation.

The Hubbard Inc., stock value has always been kept a secret since it is a private corporation. Depending upon the market value of radio and television properties, which have been declining lately, one would perhaps be safe in establishing a \$10.50 to \$18.75 value per share at this time. Multiply that by the shares Hubbard owns and you will get some idea of his gross worth.

KSTP ALUMNI

(with apologies to the many inadvertently missed)

Warren Aaberg	Margaret Bateman	Ray Brovold	Elsie Clifton
Tom Aaker	Susanne Bathke	Russell Brown	Kathy Colbeck
Jean Abell	Kryzia Bauer	Ray Brown	Ron Commings
Alice Adams	Mary Bauer	Art Brown	Ken Conant
Paul Adelman	Bobbie Bauer	Quarantine Brown	Kathy Connelly
George Adkinson	Bill Bauman	Frank Brown	Joe Cook
Charlene Agerter	Jean Baumgartner	Paul Brown	S. James
Deanna Ahl	Bea Baxter	Cindy Brucato	Coppersmith
Shirley Aistrip	Terry Beedle	Bob Bruce	Roland Coravieu
Dan Allan	Delmo Befera	Don Buehler	Gerry Corwin
Steve Almer	Wayne Belden	Dave Burrington	Jack Costello
Sue Alnes	Don Benedict	Charlie Bush	Joslin Cox
John Altenbern	Don Benedict	Todd Butler	Denny Craft
Donald Alwin	Gary Bennyhoff	Nick Byrne	Linnea Crowe
Tom Ambrose	Howard Benson	Ed Cain	Paul Cunningham
Rich Ambrose	Gordy Benson	Ed Callahan	Kathy Dalglish
Dorothy Anderson	Owen Berg	Bob Campbell	Jim Dalton
H. Oscar Anderson	Donna Bergler	Dick Cannon	Kathy Datwyler
Betty Anderson	Carl Bergquist	Steve Cannon	Bill Davey
Roger Anderson	George Bergstrom	Clellan Card	Jack Davies
Byron Anderson	Jim Biagi	Ara Carapetyan	Don Davis
Dorothy Anderson	Don Bisell	Tom Carlin	Betty Day
W.E. Anderson	Val Bjornson	George Carlson	Fred Debeaubien
Pierre Andre	John Blake	Jack Carlson	Gerald Deeney
Dave Andrews	Jim Blake	Jimmyjingles	John Degan
George Anfang	Frank Blood	Carlson	D. DeGrisselles
James Armbrust	Esther Blood	Howard Carlson	J. DeHaven
Marilyn Ash	Bob Blouk	Bob Carlson	D. Delahousaye
Reino Aula	James Borka	Robert J Carlson	Dick DeMalagon
Ray Aula	Marie Borneman	Jack Carlson	Joel DeVall
Dick Austin	Bob Bouchier	Al Carlson	John Dickenson
Art Bachler	Michael Boyle	Chan Carlton	Vern Diger
Marv Bader	BobPeter Boyle	Karen Carns	Rob Dixon
Liz Baer	Wendy Bradley	Brent Carpenter	George Doberstein
Bernard Baker	Orrin Brand	David Carrocci	John Dolan
Rex Bagwell	Madeline Brandes	Chuck Carson	Ralph Dolan
Don Baisel	Paul Brandt	Nancy Cassett	Paul Dominguu
Chris Balamut	Ruth Branger	Dominic Castino	Don Doty
Arthur Ballet	Bill Brasil	Jim Channell	Jack Douglas
Larry Barnett	Phil Brehm	Andrea Cheadle	Jim Dowdle
Emily Barr	Katherine Brehm	Sherry Chenoweth	Debra Draper
Kenn Barry	Lou Breeze	Garfield Clark	Neil Droz
Clint Barstad	Wally Brueske	Tom Clark	Don Duchene
Gordy Bartusch	Gerry Brouer	Bob Clark	Mark Durnenberger

Jack Douglas	Stu Gang	Lou Harvin	Paul Jay
Ken Dwyer	Larry Gange	Gene Hatfield	Neil Jeri
Steward Dyson	Jim Garrett	John Haverbeck	John Jewczyn
Stan E. Hubbard II	Dave Garvin	Don Hawkins	Pam Jewson
JB Eckert	Dennis Geisen	Blair Hawkins	Susan Johnson
Kari Eckland	Don Gesner	Howard Hefley	Russ Johnson
Steve Edstrom	Maurin Getman	Craig Hegdahl	Bob Johnson
Mike Edwards	Dave Gilbert	Paul Helm	Jim Johnson
Carl Elliott	Howie Gilbert	Brooks Henderson	Janet Johnson
Richard Elliott	Jenny Gilbert	John Henk	Jane Johnston
Dick Elliott	Pat Gilbertson	Lucille Henry	Paul Joncas
Dick Elliott Sr.	Mike Gilham	Paul Herbold	Cindy Jones
Don Ellison	Terry Gill	Don Herrick	Bob Jordan
Debbie Enbloom	John Gillespie	Dennis Herzig	Corrine Jordan
Betty Endicott	Tom Gitterman	John Hessler	Bill Juntinen
Nadia English	Walt Goins	Don Hickman	Scott Juvette
Ken Espe	Joe Goldfarb	Tom Hildebrandt	Lucille Kach
John Evans	Ralph Gonzo	Ed Hinshaw	John Kalbrenner
Pete Evenson	Scott Goodfellow	Paul Hipp	Loren Kalsen
Mark Eveslage	Kay Greaser	Ed Hippiie	Leigh Kamman
Ron Eveslage	Ray Greaser	John Hoffman	Wally Kamman
Mike Faddell	Tom Green	P.J. Hoffstrom	Mark Kane
Pat Fairley	Ken Green	Thelma Holland	Wayne Kaplan
David Fant	Mark Gregory	Hank Holland	Al Kaplan
Bob Faranacci	John Grigsby	Speed Holman	Lucille Kask
Tom Faranacci	George Grim	Swampy Holmgren	Cal Karnstedt
Marion Farrand	Steve Grossman	Doug Hooper	Karl Kaufman
Bob Faulkner	Henry Griner	Bob Hoppe	Mary Kay Milla
Tom Fee	Bill Guerin	Janet Hopper	Ed Kayro
Scott Feldman	Alma Gulden	Ken Horner	Endel Kuik
Karen Filloon	Dorothy Gumbold	Jack Horner	Rick Kiefer
Clarine Finch	Don Gutman	Julian Hoshal	Jim Keith
Roy Finden	Janie Haggerty	Rodger Hough	Bud Kelley
Marcia Fleur	Grant Haium	Tom Houghton	Joe Kelner
John Ford	Bernice Haium	Genevieve Hovde	Debbie Kennicut
Billy Folger	Halsey Hall	Dickie Hubbard	Rodger Kent
Dave Forman	Dick Halvorson	Junior Hubbard	Dean Kevern
Curt Forslund	Joe Halvorson	Francis Hubbard	Don Kielblock
Roy Francis	Ed Hammer	Oldman Hubbard	Dave Killian
Muriel Frandsen	Linda Hammergren	Frank Hunt	Kathryn Kinderman
Del Franklin	Steve Hammergren	Maury Hurley	Ed Kindt
Bob Fransen	Ed Hammerill	Jim Hutton	Virgil King
John Freshwaters	Dick Hance	Sherry Hyde	Dick King
Pam Fricke	Ken Hance	Bill Ingram	Jack Kinissell
John Fricker	Elmo Hansen	Virgil Israelson	Dan Kirchgessner
Letty Frieberg	Dan Harmon	Maria Ives	Jim Kirk
Don Friedell	Kimmon Harmon	Mike Jackson	Eby Kittelson
Bob Fries	Dave Harrell	Brad Jacobs	Roger Klemmer
Hal Fruetel	Roger Harrison	Marty Jacobs	Don Kline
Phil Frye	Ethan Hart	Mel Jass	John Kluge
Janel Gabor	Willie Hartho	Bill Jarvi	Chuck Knapp

Bill Knoll	Art Lodge	Mel Meyer	Jean Niemi
Dick Kothe	Dick Lodge	Joe Meyers	Earl Niemi
Kathy Kohls	Bob Lodge	Lillian Michael	Dick Noble
Johnny Konchal	Skip Loescher	Helen Michael	Gary Nolden
Joe Konrie	Tracy Lounsberry	Pat Milan	Don Nordstrom
Brad Kopp	John Luce	Don Miller	Paul Norenberg
Bob Kost	Lowell Ludford	Ora Miller	Dennis Novotny
Herb Krajewski	Mike Lundberg	Helen Miller	Kerry Noyes
Wayne Krogfuss	Gary Luzar	Sandy Miller	Jack Nugent
Roger Krupp	Dale Lynch	Ernest Mills	Dave Nystul
Roger Krupp, Jr.	Walt Lyons	Mike Mirendorf	Ted O'Brien
Sam Kuczun	John MacDougall	Marvin Mitchell	John O'Neill
Fenwick Kueffler	Eve Maertz	William Mitchell	Kevin O'Shea
Molly Kukel	Ron Magers	Warren Mitlying	Rondo Olsen
Charles Kundschieer	Paul Magers	Don Mix	Yvonne Olson
Sharon Kupsch	Art Mahawold	Pete Moen	Tom Olson
Irene La Ferriere	Rob Mahr	Jim Moffett	Vonnie Olson
Brian Lambert	Reed MacKenzie	James Moline	Bob Owens
Dusty Lane	Marge Mallon	George Moll	Norm Paetznick
Jim Lang	Frank Mann	Dave Moore	Norm Page
Scott LaPlant	Duane Margeson	Graham Moore	Greg Paine
Noel Larson	Rita Marie	Dennis Moore	Janet Paist
Larry Larson	Ernie Martz	Kate Moos	Dick Palmer
Lorri Larson	Tom Matthews	Jean Morehead	Joni Papowski
Dale Larson	Mary Mattson	Jeff Morman	Dick Parrish
Dick Larson	John Mayasich	Johnny Morris	Al Paulsen
Dave Layman	Bill McCarthy	Tillie Morrissey	Doug Paulson
Daryl Laub	Kate McCarthy	Diane Mosier	Al Paulson
Ken Lawrence	Charlie McCarty	Hugh Mulhollam	Bill Payne
Delores Lawton	Jim McDonald	Chuck Mulkern	Joe Peach
Dave Layman	Gloria McDonough	Darrell Mulroy	Vince Pelletier
Don Leaan	Neal McGinnis	Bob Murphy	Vern Pearson
Jon Lee	Bill McGivern	Janet Murphy	Rod Person
Phil Lee	Frank McGlogan	Pat Murphy	Betty Pesci
Ralph Lee	Jim McGovern	Florence Murphy	Phil Peters
Mary Leibfried	Lyle McIntyre	Tom Murray	Gary Peterson
Leonard Leigh	Jim McKensey	Neil Murray	Roger Peterson
Ben Leighton	Jim McKinney	LeRoy Myhre	Pete Peterson
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Sam Levitan	John McMann	Sherry Naughton	Greg Peterson
Don Louis	John McMahon	John Naylor	Marge Phillippi
Greg Licht	Kaki McMoy	Dale Nelson	Virg Piercy
Joanne Liebeler	Candace Medd	Skip Nelson	Verne Pierson
Norm Lindbloom	Bud Meier	Jim Nelson	Lloyd Pietzman
Mary Lindemeyer	Six-gun Mel	Michael Nelson	Dan Pittman
George Lindsay	Doug Melges	Dorothy Nelson	Dick Pitzke
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Al Little	Randy Merriman	Dick Nesbitt	Russ Popick
Margit Livingston	Dave Mewhinney	George Newry	Walt Power
Leon Locabonne	Jeff Meyer	Judy Nichols	Ken Pratt

John Premack	Else Ryberg	Luella Soderlind	Stan Turner
Paul Presbrey	Tom Rytter	Bob Sommers	Tom Tynon
Alice Presbrey	Bill Sadler	Frank Sommersville	Ken Udoibok
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Helen Preus	Al Sanders	Sherry Sorenson	Rock Ulmer
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Jeff Quaram	Tom Schintz	Robert St. John	Bob Vernon
Mary Rahman	Dick Schlafer	Bob Spading	John Verstraete
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Dave Rees	Pearl Seamans	Marc Stevens	Jack Wadlun
Will Reeves	Hal Searles	Tom Steward	Dick Wagoner
Bob Regalbuto	Bob Sears	Leo Stock	Lee Wahl
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John Reinke	Art Selikoff	Dave Stone	Bobby Walker
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Gillian Rice	Dave Sheehan	Neil Swanson	Larry Wefring
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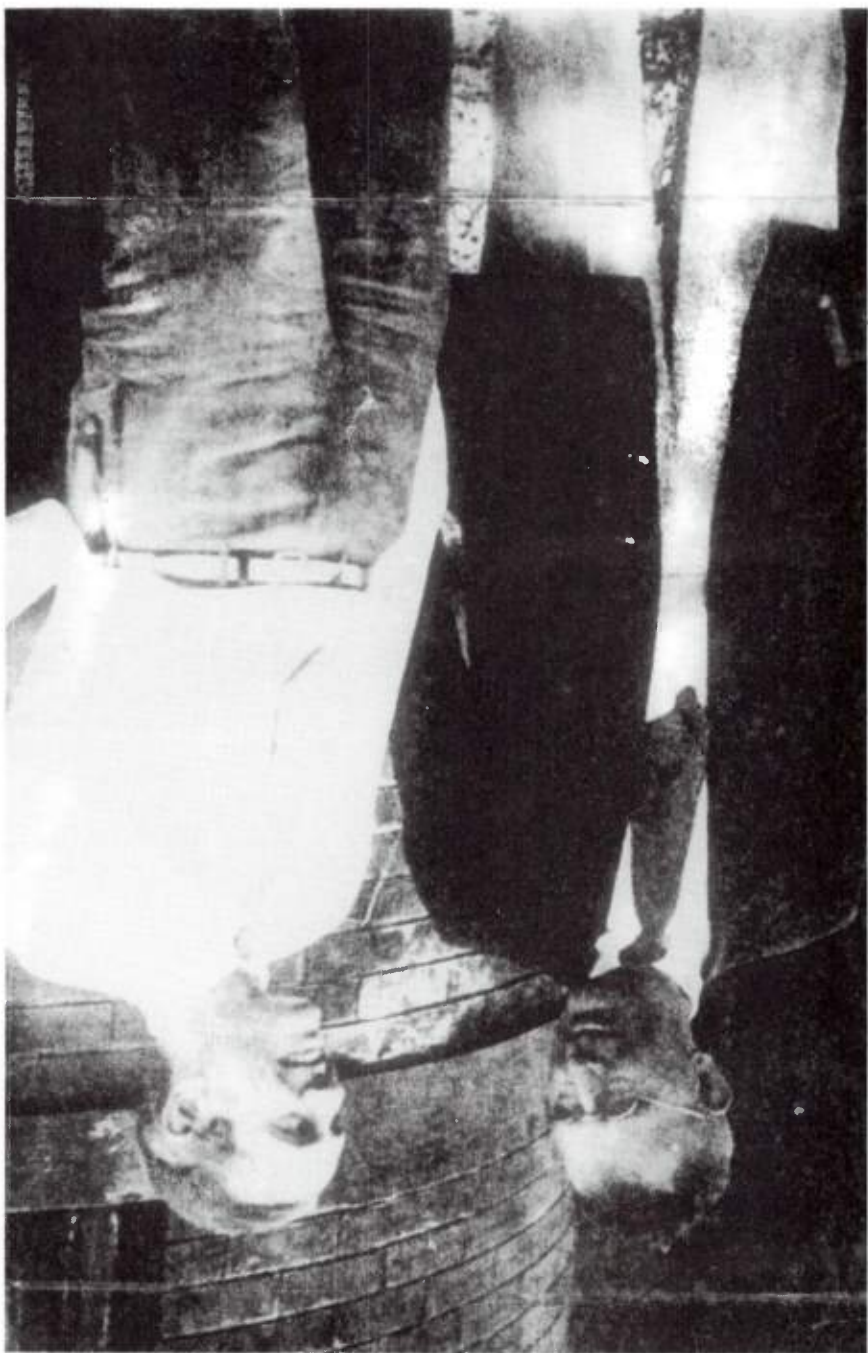
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William Hamm, Sr. and
Ramsey County Attorney M.F. Kinkhead





Governor Elmer Benson



Governor Floyd Olson



J. Edgar Hoover and Clyde Tolson



Speed Holman

A war hero visits the St. Croix

James E. McGovern hopped lightly aboard the "Sausalito" carrying a brown paper sack that contained a Spam sandwich. Spam, war historians will tell you, was invented during World War II and consumed by the tons by GIs, one of them the trim, lanky, 72-year-old McGovern.

Along with cartoonist-writer Richard Caldwell, McGovern and I were preparing to venture forth on the windswept waters of the St. Croix River in search of adventure (we were going fishing).

McGovern was attired on this blustery, damp day in a leather bomber jacket bearing various colorful emblems, reminders of that 51-year-old war in which he served with distinction.

Distinction, indeed.

McGovern was barely able to grow a beard when he enlisted at age 18 in the U.S. Air Force. When he was discharged four years later, he could grow a prickly beard with the best of men. More significant, his war experiences had helped grow a sometimes prickly personality that has made him one of the best verbal bit men of his era in the dodge called journalism.

It has been said of the often acid-tongued McGovern that he can predict a tear in the best of silver linings centuries in advance of its actual advent. Pity the optimist under McGovern's penetrating, doubting gaze.

He also emerged from the war a bona fide hero. He was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross, which he often proudly dons on social occasions, as well as the Air Medal and two Oak Leaf Clusters.

McGovern was recently inducted into the Distinguished Flying Cross Society for heroic acts while performing aerial flight. As a member, he joins the ranks of the illustrious, including the first inductee, Captain Charles A. Lindbergh of the U.S. Army Corps Reserves and the famed aviatrix, Amelia Earhart.



 **KEN WISNESKI**

McGovern, who later earned fame if not fortune as an investigative reporter and news executive for various news organizations in the Twin Cities, won his military honors the hard way. He ground it out. Rising to the rank of Tech. Sgt., he served as a radio operator-gunner aboard a DC-4. In doing so he flew an incredible 275 combat missions in Burma and China, many over "the Hump" of the Himalayas, some of the most hazardous and feared terrain in the world.

While most of the flights were routine (if flying in combat can ever be routine), some were not. On one flight, for example, the plane that took off before his crashed, killing all aboard. His took off safely. Yet, the one taking off immediately afterward, also went down, killing its occupants.

The when of things — when you take off, for instance — matters a lot, McGovern came to know.

He counts among his legendary exploits the following: After the war he was one of the first Americans to enter the Chinese city of Canton. He was credited with liberating a notorious bar by brandishing a .45-caliber Army issue pistol and demanding a drink from the bartender, who had never before seen

an American.

After discharge from the Air Force, he got a degree in journalism, and worked as a reporter and news executive for KSTP-TV and radio and KMSP-TV. At the peak of his career in the '60s, he won the coveted National Headliners Award (equivalent in prestige to a Pulitzer Prize) for an investigative series on the state of mental hospitals in Minnesota. His work triggered significant reform.

In recent years, he has devoted his efforts to writing. He is the author of the novel, "The Right Song," in which a mysterious song holds the key to universal destruction, several plays and many magazine articles. His most recent book is a biography of television pioneer Stanley Hubbard, Sr., tentatively scheduled for publication next year.

We talked about his creative efforts, some of my own humble attempts ("Wolfnight," "The Duane Bobick Story," "Not a Day for Breakfast"), and Caldwell's, too ("The Flying Chef" and some of the most sophisticated, funny cartoons you will ever see).

When we were ready to take flight down-river, I switched on the marine radio and turned the ignition key. The cabin cruiser's Corvette V-8 engine sputtered to uncertain life. The radio began to smoke, the engine died and further attempts to start the motor resulted in foreboding silence.

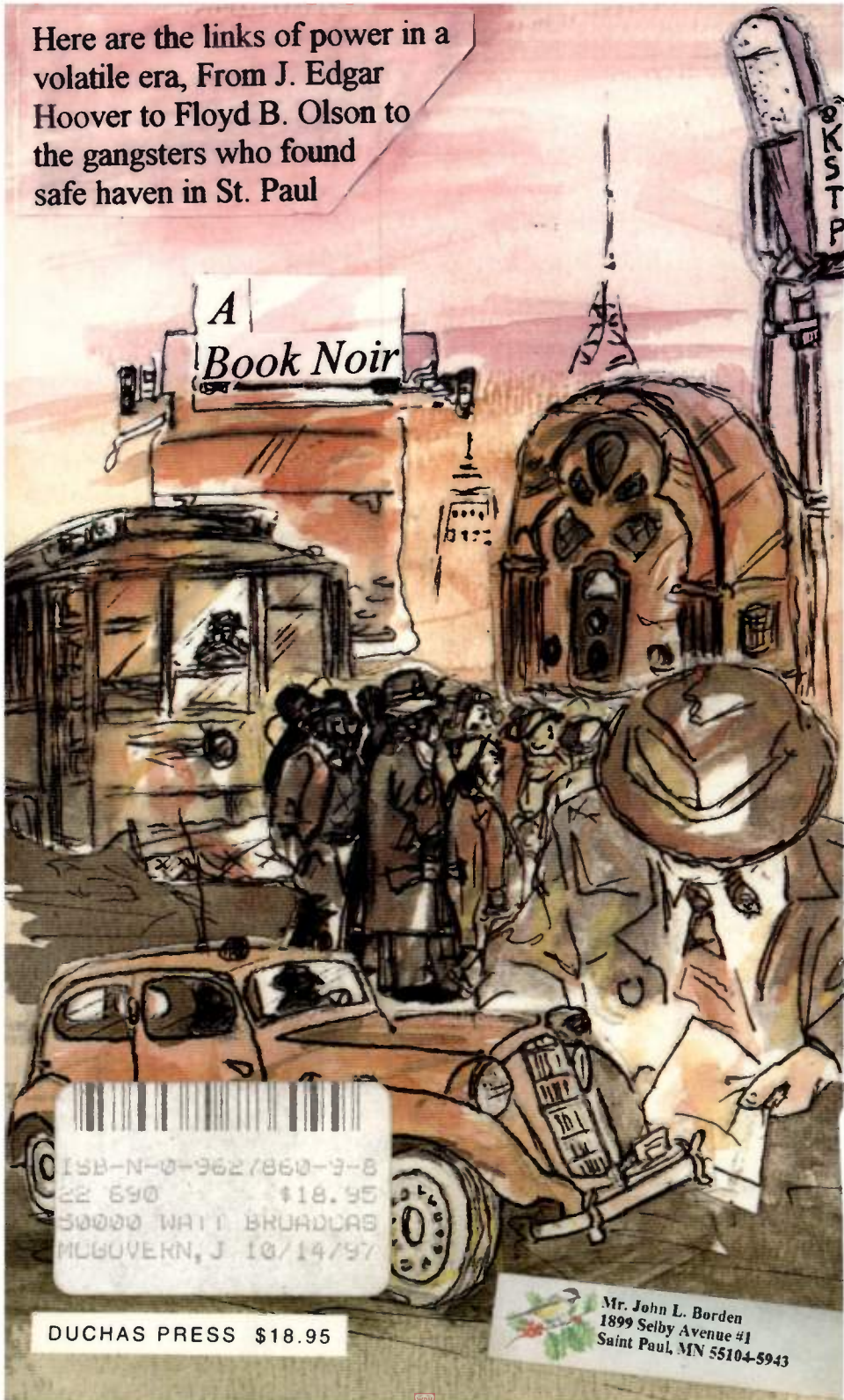
I walked from the boat's slip to the marina to summon help. When I got back, McGovern was uncoupling his long frame and preparing to leave. This was one flight he had no intention of waiting for.

Away he strode, emblems flashing on his brown bomber jacket, moving tall and gracefully away into the mist. Clutching his Spam sandwich, warmed against the cold by memories. A man who knew when to take off.

Ken Wisneski, a writer, book reviewer and consultant, often writes about his boating experiences for the *Evening Gazette* and the *Weekender*.

Here are the links of power in a
volatile era, From J. Edgar
Hoover to Floyd B. Olson to
the gangsters who found
safe haven in St. Paul

A
Book Noir



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