

ZLOTNICK

and the Polar Bear...



*(which, odd to say, is really
the story of Arthur Godfrey)*

W T O P
COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM, INC.
EARLE BUILDING, WASHINGTON 4, D. C.

METROPOLITAN 3200

December 27, 1944.

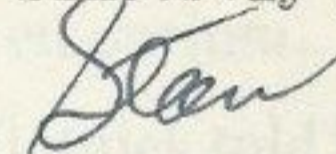
Mr. Wm. E. Bowman
Postmaster
Post Office
Silver Spring, Md.

Dear Mr. Bowman:

Charlie Kopeland has been telling you something about Arthur Godfrey in his radio column in the Silver Spring Post. Leo Paulin has praised him to the skies in the Silver Spring Standard.

But there is lots more to be said...and we're saying it in the accompanying booklet on "Zlotnick and the Polar Bear."

Sincerely yours,



Howard Stanley
Program Promotions Director

HS:rs

PS: In New York, on one day only, December 15, 2,106 first-time blood donors gave a pint of their blood when Godfrey inaugurated the GAPSALS, the Give A Pint, Save A Life Society, of which he has been made President by the American Red Cross.



ONCE there was a polar bear who lived 'way up North and was known to his ursine compatriots as Olaf. His life, frankly, was a pushover. He basked in the Northern Lights, ate fish caught for him by his relatives, and had never a thought in his furry head that someday he'd go to work for a Mr. Zlotnick of Washington, D. C.

But he did. (*And he also became a Washington landmark, which is where this man Godfrey comes in.*)

One day a band of treacherous Eskimeaux sneaked up on Olaf from the southeast and shot him quite dead. Then they sold his pelt to an Arctic middleman who, in turn, taxidermed him so well that pretty soon Olaf was on a pedestal in a museum in the United States.

That's where Mr. Zlotnick first saw him. Mr. Zlotnick is a furrier. (*In those days he was doing fairly well, although business was no bonanza until Godfrey...but that comes later.*) Anyhow, Mr. Zlotnick lost his heart to Olaf, bought him from the museum and set him up on the sidewalk, like a cigar store Indian, outside the Zlotnick fur emporium.

"*Symbol of my trade,*" Mr. Zlotnick told his friends.

The years flipped by. And Olaf, lashed by Washington weather and a couple of different administrations, grew threadbare and grimy and there were even those who whispered he had moths. That's how things stood when Zlotnick began doing business with Godfrey, a little over ten years ago...



Now Godfrey, as everybody knows, is an honorable man. He won't advertise anything that he can't endorse *personally*. So when Mr. Zlotnick bought time on Arthur Godfrey's early-morning *Sundial* over WTOP, it was only routine for Godfrey to drop around and make sure Zlotnick's wares come from socially prominent mink and beaver.*

It was also inevitable that Godfrey should see Olaf.

Next morning on the air, when Godfrey began selling furs for Zlotnick in his customarily disrespectful (but highly productive) way, Olaf really got *the works*. Godfrey called upon Zlotnick to junk Olaf without delay, to rid Washington's streets of "that

**They do.*

hand-me-down from Noah's ark, that disgrace to polar beardom."

He urged his listeners to go down and look at Olaf and jeer.

They did. By hundreds. But quite a few went home wearing new fur coats.

As TUNE IN magazine reported not long ago:*

"Even tourists pricked up their ears and Zlotnick's bear became one of the sights of Washington."

For more than a decade, Godfrey has fumed about Zlotnick's bear and reserved many of his most stinging remarks—delivered in an easy-going, laugh-laden drawl—for poor Mr. Zlotnick.

Did we say "poor Mr. Zlotnick?" He thrives on it and gladly admits that Godfrey is the biggest factor in making him one of Washington's most successful furriers.

*September, 1944





It's inconceivable to us, of course, that any well-read person hasn't heard all about Arthur Godfrey.

Therefore, we won't bother telling you that he has one of the most *colorful* early-morning programs in America...

...or that he mixes music and time signals with an irresistible torrent of conversation covering every subject from aardvarks to zymolysis...

...or that one of the most fascinating things about Godfrey is the way he takes commercial announcements and makes them real entertainment...

...or that people often listen to Godfrey expressly because they find the commercials entertaining...

...or that dozens of other radio personalities have fallen flat on their faces trying to imitate his unique and unpredictable approach to everything he says and does.

You know all those things. That's why Godfrey, after 11 years on the air, is called "the time-buyers' pin-up boy."

A magic salesman all his life, Godfrey has a holy hatred for sweet-scented verbiage and wind-blown phrases. Sometimes new sponsors are naive enough to send him such verbal fluff in their commercial announcements. He ignores it, substituting his own selling patter which (understating the case) is most unconventional. Sometimes it's even downright insulting.

Then, just as the excited advertiser reaches for the phone to call his lawyer, he's usually knocked down by the onrush of Godfrey fans clamoring to buy his product.



Mr. Zlotnick isn't the only Washington merchant who sings panegyrics to Godfrey. The Penn-Daw Hotel, which very pointedly credits him with drawing 65,000 customers to its restaurant in one year, calls Arthur a whole advertising medium. Mr. S. O. Dawson, manager, practically burbles with delight:

"It is amazing to me what you can do. I think you are the greatest advertising medium I have ever heard of."

Charles Schwartz & Son, Washington jewelers, effervesced a little less, but were quite as definite:

"It has been our experience that when Arthur Godfrey tells his audience to come to Schwartz' and buy, they buy! Not only does he keep our old customers coming in regularly, but constantly draws to our store new customers. It has been a great pleasure and a profitable one to deal with Arthur Godfrey during these years."

Arthur boosted Washington sales of Pinehurst Cigarettes 900% in six months. He brought the repair firm of Procter &

Hutchinson more business than it could handle in a month's time ... with only four casual announcements.

The saga of Godfrey is full of good deeds like that. We have a prewar steel filing cabinet that's almost busted open with happy expressions from other Godfrey advertisers.

Once a prospective advertiser, hearing that Godfrey had 23 sponsors a day on his show, was brash enough to ask;

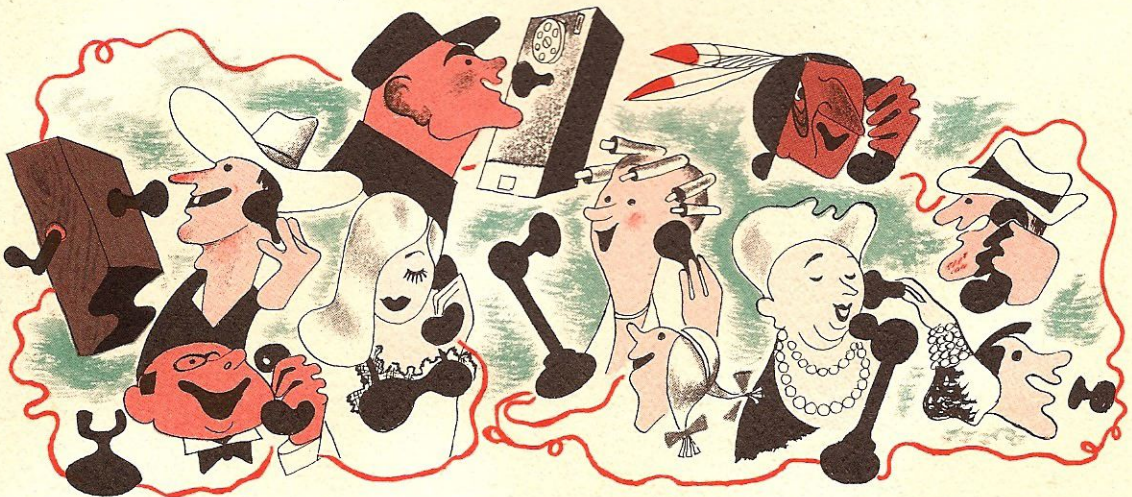
"But since he works for so many advertisers, how can an individual sponsor hope to be identified with him?"

That got Godfrey's goat. Next morning, just before spinning a record, he said:

"Let's see how our mental telepathy is workin' this mornin', mah friends. This delightful musical monstrosity will be followed by an equally hideous thing called a commercial. See if you can guess which one it will be. Hurry ... call me up now!"

The record ran three minutes, ten seconds. In that time the WTOP switchboard could handle 42 of the calls that came in. Nine *different* Godfrey sponsors were named. And *none* of them had thus far been mentioned on that day's program.

It's anticlimactic to add that the doubting advertiser soon joined Godfrey's Society of Happy Sponsors.



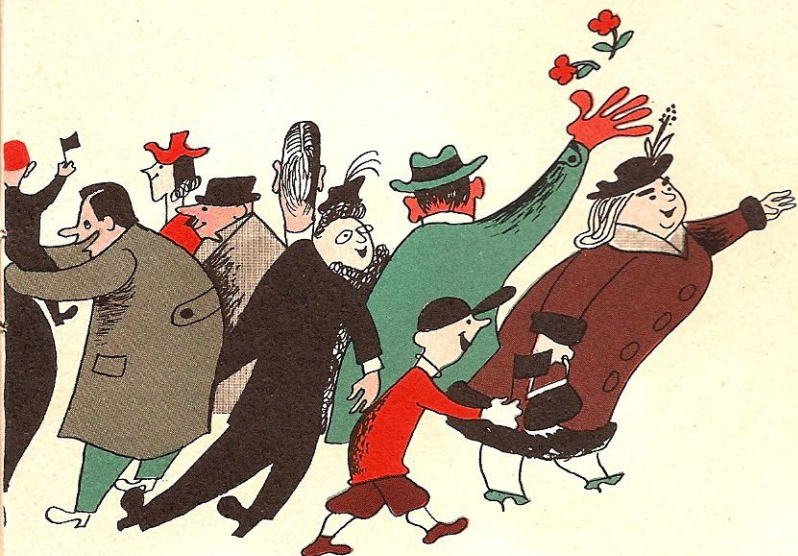


During 1944, Arthur Godfrey has averaged 23 participating sponsors a day on his Monday to Saturday, 7:00-9:15 A.M. broadcasts. Since 1935, approximately 75% of his air time has been sold out.

Fifteen of Godfrey's sponsors have been with him five years or longer. At least two can claim bona fide membership in the Arthur Godfrey Ten-Year Club. (Mr. Zlotnick, for example.)

His listener popularity is something to eulogize, too. Godfrey fans add up well into the millions. Among them you'll find such widely assorted characters as bank presidents, charwomen, school kids, Congressmen, office girls, housewives, cab drivers and yeggs. Customers all.

Monday through Saturday, says the last CBS Listener Diary study, Arthur Godfrey has a net weekly audience comprising *27.5% of all the radio families within the primary listening area served by 50,000-watt WTOP.*



Our guy Godfrey's exploits and the fine cluster of legends that have grown up about him naturally lead to periodic outbursts of print in the public press.

Even THE NEW YORK TIMES came right out and called him "a great man." It said so with considerable editorial enthusiasm:

*"Perhaps you have never heard Mr. Godfrey. If you have not, you will recognize in a minute or two that he is a great man."**

We agree...and so do many other national publications. TUNE IN wrote:*

"You'd never think commercials could be made the most fascinating part of any program—not a successful program, anyway. Yet Arthur Godfrey has managed for ten years now to hold listeners spellbound by the way he handles 'em."

Both TIME and NEWSWEEK have had similarly nice things to say about him.

And BILLBOARD, reviewing a CBS television show at which Godfrey appeared as the featured guest, tossed out this bright garland of adjectives:†

"Arthur Godfrey, splendid morning radio show emcee, wound up a solid week of radio campaigning for the Red Cross Blood Bank with a performance Friday night that tops anything this department has ever seen on a video screen. For showmanship, outstanding presence and sheer guts, he's tops.... To Godfrey, then, a long, low bow."

So you see—as we've been saying—he's quite a guy.

* August 17, 1941

* September, 1944

† September 23, 1944

We wouldn't want you to think that Godfrey's whole life is wrapped up in the crass commerciality of selling more products for advertisers than any other radio personality in Washington.

Actually—as *BILLBOARD* indicated—he's put over several smashingly-successfully one-man drives to recruit blood donors for the American Red Cross. He's done so not only on WTOP, but via WABC in New York and the whole Columbia Network.

The Treasury Department considers him one of its most effective radio salesmen in the selling of War Bonds. A lieutenant commander in the U. S. Naval Reserve, Godfrey has been a high-powered recruiting agent for all branches of the fighting forces.

Again and again, he's put his time, and the strength of his personality, and popularity, behind pressing charitable and patriotic causes. And when Godfrey gets behind something, no bulldozer could be more persuasive.

By these standards, too—and not the commercial ones alone—Arthur Godfrey is, we repeat, a *great man*.





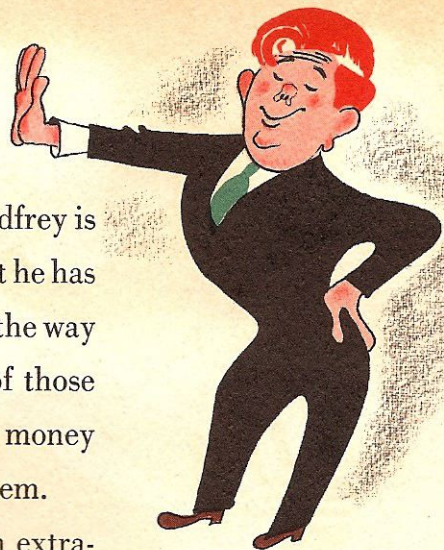
When you get to be a prominent personality (and Godfrey would grin at *that* in bashful confusion), people make you all kinds of propositions. Arthur has been approached several times by men in unmatched coats and trousers (movie talent scouts). They've dangled fabulous offers under his pug nose—even promised to reproduce in technicolor the bright red hair and freckles of our bovine-voiced Godfrey.

Then, too, flattering overtures have come from other radio stations and networks whose covetous eye upon Godfrey's ability and reputation may perhaps be excused.

Arthur Godfrey will have none of all these. He's happy here in Washington where his fame was made. His income runs annually to six figures. He can live the life of a country squire at *Godfrey Gates*, across the Potomac in Virginia, surrounded by his dogs and horses and sailboats.

"But no moth-eaten bears," says Godfrey. Zlotnick responds by pointing out that he couldn't have Olaf if he wanted him.

We mustn't raise your hopes *too* high. This Godfrey is a mighty popular man and right at the moment he has all the sponsors he can properly handle. But, the way we look at it, there's always a chance some of those lucky people may retire pretty soon on the money Godfrey's persuasive selling has made for them.

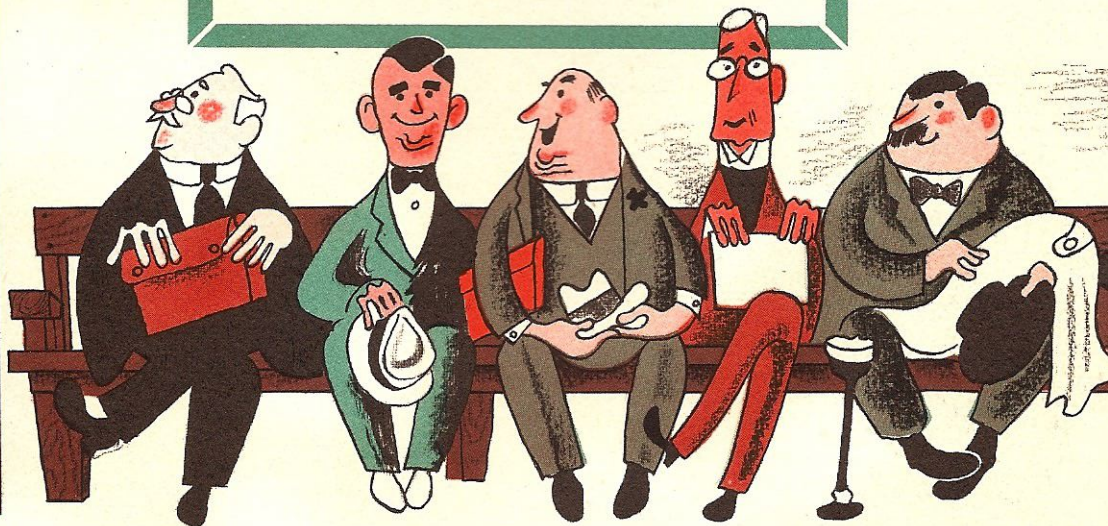


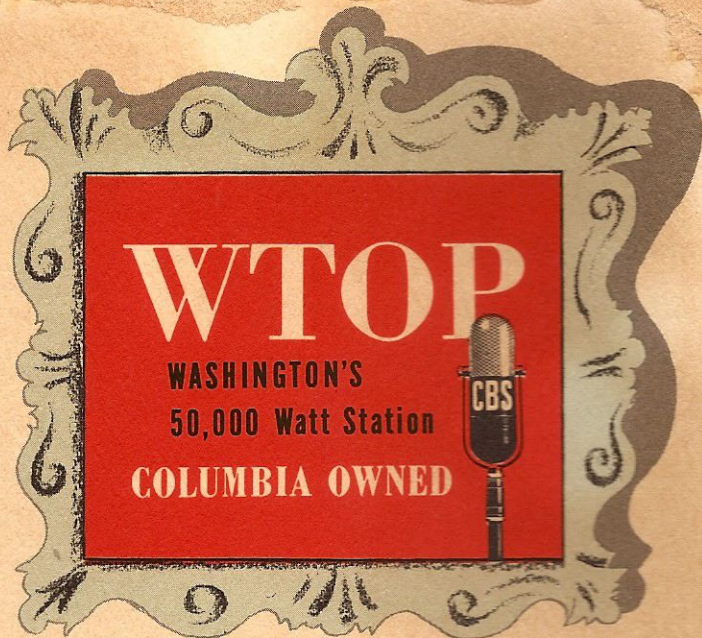
With that possibility in mind, we have an extra-special club room with deep-plush upholstered chairs and all the latest magazines for advertisers who want to be in line for a place on Godfrey's *Sundial*. Just call WTOP, or the nearest office of Radio Sales. Invite Godfrey to lunch, and he'll see that your name gets on our deluxe waiting list. *

Or, if you're still skeptical about Godfrey, let *him* take *you* to lunch. Unskepticizing skeptics is one of the things he does best.

Yessir, Godfrey's a *great* man. Even Olaf admits it.

*While you're waiting, you can always try one of several other productive programs that WTOP, Washington's only 50,000-watt station, has designed specially for listeners here in the nation's capital. Programming for Washingtonians is our forte.





Represented by Radio Sales, the *SPOT* Broadcasting Division of CBS

