

CHANNEL

5

WKRG TV

MOBILE

DOMINATES

GULF COAST

ALABAMA
MISSISSIPPI
& FLORIDA

WHERE:

a million people spend
a billion \$. They look &
listen day & night to

WKRG-TV

with its CBS-ABC &
film shows. Local live
wrestling—the nations
best cooking show—the
best news show in the
world (or any other place)

Good Kid shows

WKRG is GOOD

GOOD

GOOD



CHANNEL

WKRG-TV
Avery Knodel

5

STATIONS

WHAT ARE THEY LOOKING FOR?

THEY'RE AFTER WRCA'S \$1,000

CHANCES ARE that if money doesn't grow on trees, it's only because WRCA New York hasn't yet gotten around to hiding one of its redeemable \$1,000 gift coupons in the foliage.

Since the station's "Finder's-Keeper's" giveaway craze was launched July 23—on its early-morning (6-10 a.m.) Bill Cullen show, *Pulse*—WRCA has "bestowed" seven \$1,000 "bills" to that many finders (out of uncounted thousands of searching New Yorkers). This week, citizens are hot on the trail of the eighth.

The station's management has been making the contest *just* hard enough to circumvent any possible charge that WRCA is conducting a lottery. Each weekday—Monday through Friday—Mr. Cullen spins out a series of progressively changing (to the easier) clues set to rhyme designed to give the location of the loot. Should the money be found before the end of a given week, no further bills are stashed away until the following Monday. Deadline is noon each Friday.

Although WRCA-AM-TV promotion chief Max Buck is credited with being the brains behind the gimmick, Mr. Buck says Todd Storz' Mid-Continent Broadcasting Co. came up with the idea in the first place earlier this year. The unsung hero of the station's drive to enlarge New York's leisure classes by at least one citizen a week is an anonymous post on WRCA's continuity staff. This poor soul, author of the clues, allegedly hasn't been home for close to two months, and spends his waking, eating and sleeping hours in splendid isolation, locked up in a New York hotel room with not even a telephone with which to ask for room service. Only he, and a bonded private eye specially hired by Mr. Buck to "plant" the \$1,000 bill each week, know of the money's whereabouts.

It's been a mad summer, all right. Not only

have the station's efforts been "loused up," to quote one official, by scads of counterfeit bills and bogus clues, but the cops have been heard from—more than once, although unofficially. One of New York's Finest, a bunion-scarred veteran of the gang-wars that used to erupt once in awhile during the speakeasy days, said recently, "Owney Madden's boys had nothing on these jerks," indicating with a scornful crook of the thumb a cluster of money-mad burghers climbing over the massive lions that decorate the city's main public library and tearing up the sod like so many cocker spaniels.

The money has turned up in some of the oddest places: inside a hollow bar of a Coney Island subway station turnstile, behind a toll-rate card in a Grand Central Terminal phone booth, inside the belly of a metal fish ornamenting Manhattan's Battery Park, under the very feet of William Cullen Bryant's stone edifice, to name but a few.

A coupon hidden within the vast confines of Rockefeller Center brought out the largest crowds. Nary a leaf in the area's neatly-manicured gardens was left untouched, but it took the native faculties of a 15-year-old Bronx butcher's apprentice—happily named "Marty" (Visconti)—to locate the item tucked behind the slots of a ventilator grill under the main Rockefeller concourse. Young Mr. Visconti said he spent the 28 minutes on the subway between his home and midtown Manhattan deciphering the following clue:

"There's many a ledge with water nearby, but fish for me where it's warm and dry, the 'rock' in my name should give you a clue, so come on, fellers, it's up to you."

What did Marty do with money? Go out on a spree? Heavens, no. He went back home on the subway, gave Momma the money and plopped back into bed, his morning chore done.



FINDER Marty Visconti displays his \$1,000 gift coupon with m.c. Bill Cullen, whose *Pulse* program hides one somewhere in New York every week.