

MEMORIES

Old Time Radio Club Of Buffalo



AMOS 'N' ANDY

Vol. 2 No. 1

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This issue of Memories is dedicated to Chuck Seeley's magic typewriter.

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The Old Time Radio Club of Buffalo meets on the second Monday of every month at St. Matthew's Church, 1182 Seneca Street, Buffalo, NY. Anyone interested in the old time radio programs of the past is welcome to attend a meeting and observe or participate. Meetings begin at 7:30PM.

The purpose of both the OTRCOB and Memories is the regeneration of interest in old time radio. If the contents of this magazine stimulates your interest, then we are justified. We welcome any comments, which may be sent to the address given below.

Membership in the OTRCOB is \$10.00 per year, and runs for 12 consecutive months. Members receive a membership card, Memories, and the club's monthly newsletter. Comments, memberships, and contributions to the magazine can be sent to this address:

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AMOS 'N' ANDY

by Stuart A. Mann



AMOS 'N' ANDY--- the kind of show you listen to and laugh at when you really are laughing at yourself. The team that was to become Amos 'n' Andy first got together in the real world on August 12th, 1919, at a lodge hall. Kingfish was nowhere around. It was the Elks, not the Mystic Knights of the Sea.

Charles Correll was staging a musical for the F.O.E. in Durham, North Carolina. He tried some of the local talent and realized quickly that he needed outside professional help. He placed a long-distance call to the home office of a talent agency for which he worked. His call was answered by a new employee, Freeman Gosden. While Gosden's regular work was as a magician's assistant, he was handy with a ukulele and the people in Durham had never heard better. After the show, Correll approached Gosden and the two liked each other immediately. From that day on, they formed a partnership that would last for over forty years.

Correll's family had moved up from the south, which influenced even their natural speech, as well as the voices of Correll's characters. The "Southern" attitude, which was shared by Gosden, did not affect their own personal philosophy, however. Though they never tried to conceal the fact that they were white, they identified themselves so completely with the Negro race that most people thought they were Negroes.

They worked several radio stations in the early 20's until one day, Ben McCanna, executive from WGN, showed up with an offer: how would the boys like to dramatize one of the Tribune comic strips, say "The Gumps"?

The two men thought over the problem of broadcasting Sidney Smith's strip of married life. Neither Gosden nor Correll were married. All in all, they figured they could do a better job with the minstrel show they used in their theatrical tours.

Gosden and Correll developed two Negro comedy characters called Sam 'n' Henry. The program, SAM 'N' HENRY, went on the air in January, 1926, with Freeman Gosden playing the loud-mouth opposite Charles Correll as the easygoing character.

The show was so successful that they got an offer from the Chicago Daily News Station, WMAQ. However, WGN owned all rights to Sam 'n' Henry and would not release them. Gosden and Correll had to come up with new names for their characters. One legend has it that as they left the office after being signed for the new series, Gosden and Correll

entered an elevator operated by a man named Amos. When they got to the lobby, they saw the janitor, Andy, at work.

The first broadcast of AMOS 'N' ANDY was on March 19th, 1928. Gosden and Correll did everything, playing not only Amos and Andy, but every other character, as well as writing their own scripts, supplying sound effects, and timing their own show.

Other stations wanted to carry the show. The series became the first syndicated program on radio. In 1928, Gosden and Correll put their main show on records lasting 15 minutes each. The local announcer had to read the opening, the commercials, and the sign-off.

The AMOS 'N' ANDY show proved to be of coast-to-coast network quality. Their first network broadcast (for Pepsodent Toothpaste) came in August, 1929.

The 15 minute series for Pepsodent lasted until 1937, when they picked up a new sponsor, Campbell Soups. The storyline moved east instead of west to New York's Harlem. As the locale changed, so did the theme song, from "The Perfect Song" to "Angel's Serenade."

Toward the end of a long run, Amos 'n' Andy joined with the Kingfish to become disc jockies on the AMOS 'N' ANDY MUSIC HALL, playing records with bits of some kind of storyline. This final Amos 'n' Andy series came to an end just after Thanksgiving, 1960, because of a policy change at CBS against dramatized radio programs.

The show may be gone, but we will always remember Amos, the

FIRST CANDID SHOTS OF AMOS 'N' ANDY IN ACTION.



SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1935

Amos 'n' Andy observed their sixth anniversary on the air August 19, but it was the photographer who really celebrated. He was permitted to take the first informal, unposed pictures of the famous radio comedians during a broadcast. And here you have the results.

The two are shown in their private studio "F" in the N. B. C. headquarters in Chicago. Amos (Freeman F. Gosden) keeps his hat on and wears it rakishly as he argues as the lordly Kingfish. Andy (Charles J. Correll), in his shirt sleeves, sits opposite and argues seriously. Amos 'n' Andy are heard from WDAF at 9 o'clock each night, except Saturday and Sunday.

most priceless of men, and Andy, the most worthless. It would seem that simple, trusting Amos would be the natural victim for the scheming Kingfish, but he was not, which proved W.C. Fields' contention that "you can't cheat an honest man." Amos had no interest in get-rich-quick schemes. He was confident that he could get ahead in this world through good, hard, honest work. Only Andy could be tricked into buying the gold watch that Kingfish had to unload at "a sacrifice, son, a powerful sacrifice."



We will always remember the Sunday Amos was leaving church and met Ruby Taylor. They clicked right from the start. She was sweet, pretty, and completely devoted to Amos. Ruby was the daughter of a moderately wealthy Chicago businessman who owned a large garage.

How about the day Amos and Andy started the Fresh-Air Taxicab Company of America? (Fresh-Air since, naturally, the cab did not have a roof.) And how about their company office? It contained one desk, one swivel chair where the company president could "rest his brains", one telephone on which to answer occasional calls for the cab service, and one soapbox to entertain frequent guests, like Lightnin', who did not really live up to his name, or the Kingfish, who could watch Amos and Andy at their jobs all day long.

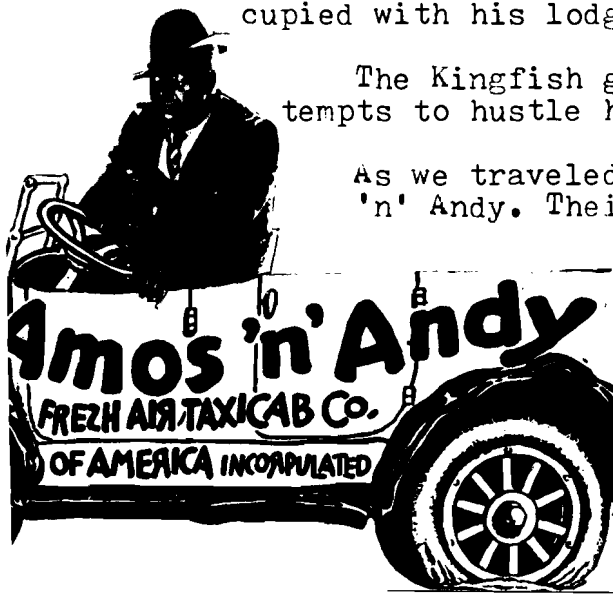
The only thing Andy liked better in the office than the swivel chair was the swivel-hipped secretary, Miss Blue. They spent a great deal of time talking to one another on the office intercom. The trouble was that Lightnin' had installed the system so that it worked only one way--- from the secretary's office to Andy's office. To talk to her, Andy would yell out, "Buzz me, Miss Blue." Soon the whole country was echoing that call.

Aside from Miss Blue, Andy had many a romantic entanglement, his most famous being with Madame Queen, and a breach-of-promise suit brought against him based on some letters he had written in the early thirties. This gained the show its highest audience rating.

It was really no wonder Andy did not want to get married. He had the horrible example before him of his friend, the Kingfish, and his wife, Sapphire. Sapphire spent her life in one long insistence that the Kingfish get an honest job. However, the Kingfish found all his time occupied with his lodge duties at the Mystic Knights of the Sea.

The Kingfish grew more important with each show in his attempts to hustle his friends, like Andy.

As we traveled farther into awareness, we left behind Amos 'n' Andy. Theirs was a time when everybody in America, rich or poor, black or white, was too innocent not to love AMOS 'N' ANDY.





STOO-DENTS!

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ROSCOE KARNS
MORONI OLSEN

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RKO RADIO PICTURE • PRODUCED and DIRECTED by DAVID BUTLER



MAKING LOVE!

MAKING MUSIC!

"MAKING" HOLLYWOOD!

MAKING FUN!

HERE'S AN "E"-Z PUZZLE by George Wilke

Fill in the blanks to complete the name of a popular old time radio show.
Solution to No. 1 is Avenger. Now take it from there.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1. _ _ E _ _ E _ | Shadows competition. |
| 2. _ E _ _ _ E _ E _ _ _ E H O U R | Number please. |
| 3. E _ _ _ _ _ E _ _ E _ S H O W | Even a dummy could get this one. |
| 4. _ _ E _ _ _ _ E _ S H O W | Right up your alley. |
| 5. _ _ E E _ _ _ _ _ E _ | What's bussin' cousin? |
| 6. _ E _ _ _ _ E _ E _ _ | Make believe. |
| 7. _ E E _ _ _ E _ E E _ _ | Introducing-- |
| 8. _ E _ _ _ _ _ E | He has an able assistant. |
| 9. Y O U _ _ E _ _ E _ E | Right on top of it. |
| 10. E _ _ _ _ _ E _ | A couple of wild cards. |
| 11. E _ _ _ _ E | Get away from it all. |
| 12. _ _ E _ _ _ _ _ E _ _ _ E E _ E | Oh! that laugh. |
| 13. _ _ E _ E _ E _ S H O W | Don't duck out on this one. |
| 14. _ _ _ E _ _ _ _ E _ | He's got the fastest horse. |
| 15. _ _ _ _ E _ _ _ _ _ _ _ E _ E _ | He gets around. |
| 16. _ _ _ E _ _ _ E _ E | Sh ! Sh ! |
| 17. _ E _ _ _ _ _ _ E | Strange tales. |
| 18. _ _ _ E _ E E _ E | This show is bugged. |
| 19. E _ E _ E _ _ H O U R | Time is running out. |
| 20. _ E _ _ _ _ _ _ E | This guy pays no rent. |
| 21. _ _ _ E _ _ _ _ E _ | Really living. |
| 22. _ E _ _ _ _ _ E _ E _ | Oh ! those Martians. |
| 23. _ _ _ _ E _ E | Keeps you on the edge of your chair. |
| 24. _ _ _ _ _ E _ _ E _ _ E _ _ _ | Western dude. |
| 25. _ E _ _ _ E _ _ _ S H O W | A very funny guy. |

Solution on Page 18

HI, HEY HELLO AGAIN

by Bill Zwack

"Hi, hey hello again, here we go again, it's time for Big Jon and Sparkie and No School Today." Teddy Bears' Picnic theme up.

That's how it all started.

We all have fond memories of our favorite radio programs, and Saturday mornings, for some reason, were really special. Maybe because we didn't have to trudge off to school and at least a portion of the morning was ours to spend doing what we wanted to do. I would like to share with you the Saturday mornings that I remember best, and a program that was so much a part of my life when I was a youngster.

In 1939, a disc jockey at a small West Virginia radio station by the name of Jon Arthur was asked to fill in for a late arriving radio performer. He ad-libbed his own interpretation of "The Three Little Pigs" in a voice other than his own, crediting the voice to his imaginary friend, Sparkie. That was the beginning of Big Jon's career as a children's performer. He was nicknamed Big Jon because of his 6'5" tall frame.

NO SCHOOL TODAY, in the format that I remember listening to, originated in Cincinnati, Ohio, at station WKRC in 1948. It went to the network (ABC) in 1949. It came on the radio on Saturday morning at 8AM (CST) and would last until 9:30AM. I can still remember waking up at about a quarter-to-eight, and switching on my Hopalong Cassidy radio to anxiously await for all the fun to start. The theme of the program was "The Teddy Bears' Picnic" which was played by Gil Hooley Mahoney and his Internationally Famous Invisible Leprechaun Marching Band.

After the theme was finished, Sparkie, the little elf from the Land of Make Believe who wants more than anything else in the world to be a real boy, would say hello to all his friends, who would write in to him. Then, after a song or two, Sparkie would describe to us the latest chapter in the exciting adventure serial "Captain Jupiter and the Universe Patrol," which he saw down at the Westwood Theatre on the Saturday before. Sparkie's narrative about the characters and situations in this serial were exciting but also incredible.

Another highlight of the program was inspection time with Big Jon's magic spy glass. He would tell us to stand tall and straight in front of the radio while he inspected to see if our room was picked up. He would check our hair, fingernails, teeth, behind our ears, and everything. There was a contest going between the boys and girls to see who could receive the most points for a good inspection. One Saturday the boys would win, then the next Saturday the girls might win. It was great fun.

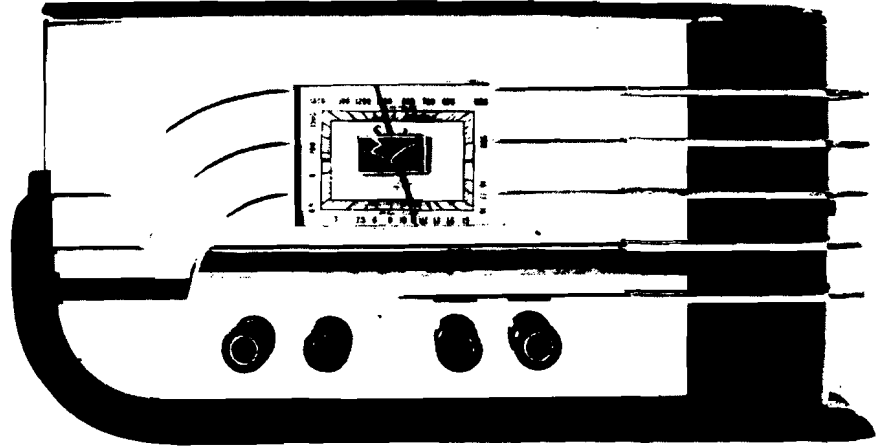
The program would include all sorts of stories and songs. Maybe Sparkie's little girl friend, Twinkle, would sing a song or go off on an adventure. Twinkle was a little statue on a music box, and every so

often she would come to life. Sparkie and Big Jon had many friends who would stop in at their little house in Cincinnati for a visit.

In 1969, I became curious as to what had happened to Big Jon, so I wrote the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists in Cincinnati and inquired as to the whereabouts of Jon Arthur. I received a very nice letter stating that Jon Arthur was affiliated with the Taft Broadcasting System at station WKRC but had moved to California in August of 1962.

I then proceeded to write to station WKRC and inquired whether or not they had any tapes or records that I might rent or purchase. They replied that they had nothing, but they did furnish me with Big Jon's address out in San Francisco. In April of that year I wrote Big Jon and told him that I would love to obtain a copy or two of his programs. Not believing that I would receive an answer, on May 9th I received his reply. His letter began, "Good to hear from an old Sparkie Fan." He stated that NO SCHOOL TODAY was still on the air and in its 20th year. As a result of my letter, I was able to obtain several copies of the program, and when they finally arrived and I listened to them, they brought back a ton of memories.

Big Jon is now affiliated with the Family Radio Network, which is a Christian network based in San Francisco. The format of the program had more or less stayed the same until about 1971 or 1972. Now the format is mainly made up of bible stories and songs. Yes, it is still on the air at 8AM, west coast time.



Radio in etched peach glass and copper made by Spartan in the mid-1930s.

In January, 1976, I happened to be out in San Diego on a business trip. Wanting to find out if I could hear NO SCHOOL TODAY, I borrowed a portable radio from the desk clerk and tuned to station KECR-FM. Sure enough, at 8AM sharp, "The Teddy Bears' Picnic" signalled the start of NO SCHOOL TODAY. Even though it had a religious format, it was thoroughly enjoyable and it was great to hear Big Jon's voice again. Unfortunately, the only way we could hear NO SCHOOL TODAY today is through the Family Radio Network stations, which are only on the west and east coast.

The magic from that program used to fill my bedroom every Saturday morning when I was a youngster. It was a part of my life, my growing up, and it probably helped and enriched it. I will never forget those mornings and I will be forever thankful to Jon Arthur for making those memories and experiences possible.

Good night, Teddy Bears....

Columbia

MARCH 1976

FORTY CENTS



KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS MAGAZINE

THE JACK ARMSTRONG MURDER

by Woody Smith

For Those Who Came In Late: Kyle Foster, a man from our time mysteriously transported to a place where characters of old time radio really exist, had been wrongly accused of the murder of Jack Armstrong. Assisted by the Shadow, who believed his innocence, and Margo Lane and Sam Spade, Foster escaped to sea, only to fall into the clutches of Ivan Shark and his daughter, Fury. Through trickery, Foster, Spade, and Margo escaped Shark's underground base and emerged into the basement of the Hoobli Hotel in Calcutta. There, they helped Pat Ryan and Terry Lee get away from the Dragon Lady, only to learn that Fu Manchu had threatened the governments of the world with destruction by means of terrible futuristic rays. As the five escapees were sailing down the Ganges River, Foster suddenly disappeared from the craft and found himself materialised next to a strange rocket ship. Now, are you ready? Then, hold your breath!

PART IV

"Hello, Flash Gordon," I said.

The well-muscled blond giant covered me with a ray pistol. I did not know then that it was a ray pistol, but it certainly didn't look like any gun I'd ever seen before. And, sure enough, he looked like Buster Crabbe.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

I proceeded to tell him who I was, how I knew who he was, and all that I knew about the Fu Manchu/Ming/Lex Luthor alliance. Dr. Zarkov stopped me now and then to question me more closely. They seemed satisfied with my story; apparently it jived with some facts of their own. The really incredible part was the fact that they had come from yet another world, a world where characters of movie serials exist. I was still on the radio world.

"So you came through with a Door of your own invention?" I asked.

"Yes," replied Zarkov. "It's something I had been working on for some time, and the recent space-time disturbances helped me to calibrate the device. You say a man named Clay Collier developed the inter-dimensional door here?"

"Yeah. And for his efforts he was kidnapped by Fu Manchu. Listen, I've got to do something to stop Manchu but---

"Don't worry," said Flash. "We'll help you."

"Terrific. Hey, how come I'm here, I mean, why did I disappear from the boat and end up here?"

Zarkov scratched his chin.

"Somehow," he began, "You are connected to the Door phenomenon. Our passage across the fabric of inter-dimensional interstices must have set up sympathetic vibrations in your body which drew you along with us."

"Do you mean I'm going to pop around all the time?"

"No, no...hmmm...yes, I have something in the ship that I can alter into a personal neutraliser for you."

"Better make it snappy, Doc," said Flash. "You're going to have to go back and get Prince Barin and King Vultan and their fleets. Meanwhile, Dale, Kyle, and I will pick up his friends from that boat and begin searching for Ming's base."

"Very well, Flash," agreed Zarkov, and he quickly put together a bracelet-like gizmo for me. He said I couldn't travel through a Door now unless I switched it off, and he was right. When he shimmered off

back to the serial world, I stayed put. This was also the first time I actually saw a Door device. I was expecting, well, a door. Actually, it was a box-like affair, about a foot by a foot-and-a-half by half-a-foot, with all kinds of knobs, gauges, and antennae on it. Zarkov put a headset on, flipped a switch, and disappeared. Weird.

Minutes later, Flash was flying Dale and I towards the Bay of Bengal. He had landed in a Himalayan valley, so we were heading south. It didn't take long to spot the little steamboat containing my friends, the craft a black spot on the stark blue expanse of the Bay. Flash landed us on the beach and I yelled and waved until they saw me and headed in to shore. They were not a little surprised and confused. Introductions and explanations were made in short order, we all boarded the rocket ship, and Flash took off again.

"Where are we going?" questioned Pat Ryan.

Flash indicated an instrument on the control panel.

"This device will pinpoint large concentrations of atomic power."

"Of course," I said. "There is no atomic power here, is there?"

Pat was filling his pipe.

"If you mean the A-bomb," he said, "We used that in the second World War."

"Yeah," I said. "But your nuclear plants are still in their early stages."

"Right," Flash put in. "But you can be sure that Fu Manchu will have a working plant if he's allied with Ming."

I looked around. Margo Lane was in the rear of the cabin, huddled in the arms of Dale Arden. The terrible experiences she'd been through and the apparent loss of the Shadow was taking its toll.

We must have cruised for hours, and we were passing over the east coast of the U.S. when the detector began making noises.

"North," Flash reported, and swung the ship onto a new heading.

"Dale."

"Yes, Flash?"

"Show them how to operate the weapons. Make sure everyone is armed."

"Shouldn't we wait for Dr. Zarkov?" Flash's lady wanted to know.

"No, there isn't time. It may take hours to get the fleets assembled and we've got to stop Manchu from destroying any cities. Oh, don't worry, Dale. I've set up a radio beacon so that Zarkov can find us when he comes through."

Dale instructed all of us in the use of the ray pistol. It was quite simple really, much like firing a regular pistol, but instead of a loud report and recoil and a bullet, the ray pistol was almost soundless. There was no recoil and it emitted a terribly hot ray.

"We're coming up on Greenland," Flash told us. "Look there!"

Below us, coal-black buildings outlined against the blinding white of the snow fields, lay the headquarters of the evil three. The insignia of Fu Manchu was painted on the roof of the largest building, a challenge to anyone who would destroy him. As we looked, a flight of six or seven rocket ships, similar to ours, swarmed out of a sudden opening in the snow.

"An underground hangar. Hang on!" Flash said, grimly.

It was a good thing we did. The spaceman put his ship into all kinds of acrobatics, avoiding the rays shot at us by the enemy ships. Flash fired back when he could, sending one of them flaming to earth.

Dale was clinging to the back of Flash's pilot chair.

"Flash!" she cried. "Flash, you can't fight them all!"

"I know!" he shouted to make himself heard over the whine and the roar of the rocket engines. "There is a way, though. It's a long shot, but it just might work. I'm going to land in their own hangar. When we stop, everybody get out and run for it. If we split up, we should be able to do some damage."

So saying, he put the ship into a screaming power dive. The white ground filled the forward viewscreen before he leveled off, and hurtling into the hangar, he reversed the engines. The force threw us forward, but we hung on. The ship slid to a halt inches before crashing into a parked rocket.

"Everybody out!" yelled Flash.

I was out first. A couple of armed and uniformed men were running at me so I rayed them. I headed for a door off to my left. Behind me, I heard shouts and the steady hum of ray guns. The guards were armed as we were. One ray came close; its heat raised blisters on my arm. And then I was through the door, raying anyone who got in my way. I had no idea where to go or what to do except to cause as much damage as I could. I continued down the corridor I was in until I came to a large machinery filled room. I shot the people that were there and began blasting the machines. There was a terrific explosion that threw me to the floor. When I looked up again, I was staring down the barrel of a ray pistol in the hands of one of the guards.

Several more guards entered and dragged me off into a gigantic chamber. It was, incredibly enough, a throne room. At the far end of the chamber were three thrones on a dais. A balcony ran around three walls and a huge viewscreen was suspended from the center of the high ceiling, facing the three thrones. Two of the thrones were occupied. Nobody had to tell me that they were Fu Manchu and Ming, the Merciless.

They looked astonishingly alike, save for Manchu's yellowish skin. Also in the room, arranged before the thrones, were Sam Spade, Margo Lane, Pat Ryan, and Terry Lee. My heart leaped. Were Flash and Dale still at large? Or were they dead?

I was thrown roughly to the floor, next to my friends. We were all under the guns of the guards.

"Ah," hissed Fu Manchu. "Five down and two to go."

Flash was alive, then.

"Once that meddler Gordon is finished," growled Ming, "We can proceed with our plans."

"On the contrary, my dear emporer," said Manchu. "We must proceed at once. Gordon has undoubtedly alerted his friends as to our whereabouts. We must attack at once!"

"Hmmm. Very well."

Ming gave an order and we heard the far-off thunder of the immense rocket fleet taking off.

"What's your target?" Pat Ryan demanded.

Manchu laughed cruelly and Ming chuckled blackly.

"Why, New York City, of course." Manchu's voice was oily.

Terry Lee looked especially defiant.

"You guys don't have a chance," he cried. "Superman will make short work of your rockets."

They laughed again. Manchu gestured to a guard.

"My compliments to the good doctor Luthor. Ask him to bring in our....prisoner."

The guard saluted and marched off.

"Do you really think," Ming began, "That we would be so foolish to attempt our present undertaking while Superman was still at large? Fools! Look there! There is your so-called invincible hero!"

It was a large glass cage. In one end was a ray projector. It emitted an intense green ray. Huddled in the opposite end of the cage was a crumpled figure of red, blue, and yellow: Superman! He was being continually subjected to a bath of Kryptonite rays!

The cage was on wheels, and several guards pushed it to the center of the throne room. Walking beside it was a medium sized bald man, dressed in purple coveralls. It was Lex Luthor, Superman's nemesis and all-around arch-criminal. He took his place on the third throne.

"Superman is dying, my friends," he cackled. "A few more hours..."

"So you see, fools," Ming said, "Your greatest hero is dying, helpless to save himself, let alone the world. Your world will soon be ours, the first of many."

"We shall let you live," Manchu took up, "To see the destruction of New York City. Then you will die...painfully...slowly. You will all die then except this Kyle Foster. He will live a little longer." Manchu grinned, showing yellowed teeth, and leaned forward on his throne. "We wish to hear more of your world, Kyle Foster. We understand that you have none of the irritating super-powered characters so prevalent in the other worlds."

"None to speak of," I replied evenly. "Though you may be suprised at that. But how would you know? There's only one man on this world that I've spoken to at any length about my world, and he's dead."

They all laughed again. It was beginning to bug me. And then, there was another laugh, a deep, chilling laugh that came from everywhere and nowhere.....

"The Shadow!" I cried.

"Lamont!" Margo nearly screamed. "Lamont!"

Lamont Cranston appeared before me.

"So you are here after all, Foster," he said. "It seems that I went to a great deal of trouble for nothing."

"What do you mean?"

Cranston smiled thinly.

"I meant to bring you here all along. My employers wished to question you."

I couldn't believe it. The Shadow is supposed to be a good guy.

"Lamont, darling," sobbed Margo. "I--I thought you were--were dead!"

Cranston laughed his grim laugh.

"A necessary deception, my lovely. Ivan Shark would have killed me. It is a pity about you, though."

Spade got mad and took a step towards Cranston. A guard clubbed him down.

"What," I asked, "Could buy out the Shadow? Not mere money?"

Manchu answered.

"Of course not. Mr. Cranston will rule this world, as our vassal. Every man has his price, Mr. Foster. Cranston's was....power."

"Then," I asked, "The whole bit was a put-on, wasn't it? You knew the ship was infiltrated with Si Fan."

"Yes," replied Cranston, lighting a cigarette. "But I hadn't counted on that fool Ivan Shark. By the way, Dr. Manchu, have you dealt with him?"

"Ivan Shark's submarine lies in pieces somewhere on the bottom of the Arctic Ocean," was Fu Manchu's gleeful reply.

"Why did you hire Spade?" I persisted.

"I had to leave you somewhere while I made arrangements with my Si Fan contact," Cranston explained in a mocking voice. "I knew I could dispose of him when the time came."

"Is Collier still alive?" Pat Ryan wanted to know.

"Oh yes," oozed Manchu. "These scientist types, with apologies to the good doctor Luthor, are single-minded chaps. Give them a laboratory and unlimited time and they are happy. Who can say what weapons he will create for us?"

"You mean he's working for you willingly?"

"Hardly. The drugs do help."

One other thing puzzled me.

"Who really killed Jack Armstrong?" I asked.

The Shadow smiled.

"Why I did, of course. With that pretty little knife."

Just then, a guard ran in and knelt before the thrones.

"My lords," he said, breathlessly. "The fleet is over New York and is being attacked by another fleet of rockets!"

"What? The screen, quickly!"

A picture took form on the huge viewscreen suspended from the ceiling. We were looking at the sky over New York City. It was filled with zooming rocket ships and slower Air Force propellor-driven pursuit ships. A battle royal was taking place.

Zarkov had returned! And with him, the not inconsiderable rocket fleets of Prince Barin, rightful ruler of the planet Mongo, and King Vultan of the Hawkmen. And it looked like the bad guys were taking the worst.

Ming cursed vehemently, damning Flash Gordon to the Seven Hells of Mongo. After all, those were his ships being shot out of the air.

A moment later, the air in the throne room crackled with energy. The cage that held Superman shattered, the Kryptonite ray projector exploded. I looked up. Flash Gordon and Dale Arden stood on the balcony with drawn ray pistols. Their next shots destroyed the giant viewscreen. The guards scattered away from the falling pieces of screen. Ming uttered a single cry: "Gordon!" and disappeared with his cronies. It was time.

I dropped the guard behind me with a knee in the groin and a rabbit punch in the throat. Scooping up his ray pistol, I wheeled around and let fly at Cranston just as he blinked out of sight. He immediately reappeared, clutching his side in pain. My shot had nicked him, breaking his mental hold on us.

Battle raged all around. I was forced to turn my attention to the guards swarming into the room.

"Quick!" yelled Ryan. "Behind the thrones for cover!"

We started to retreat to the questionable safety of the thrones and I saw Margo Lane bent over the now limp form of Lamont Cranston. She held a bloody knife. Cranston was dead.

Grabbing her arm, I pulled her behind the thrones with the rest. Flash and Dale were still firing from the balcony, which was rapidly disintegrating under the fire of the guards. It looked bad. Pat Ryan fell, clutching a badly burned leg. The thrones caught fire.

Just then, there was a whooshing noise and a blur of red and blue. The guards collapsed as the blur swept past them. Superman! Recovered from his terrible Kryptonite bath, he wreaked havoc amidst the enemy. A slight tap from his steel-hard fist put them out for hours. Very soon, we were the only people conscious in the room. Superman flew Flash and Dale down from the balcony and put out the fires with his super-breath.

He did look like Bud Collyer.

Dale treated Pat's wound from a medical kit she carried, with an anxious Terry Lee hovering near. Sam Spade was consoling a weeping Margo Lane. Maybe he would score after all.

"I want to thank you," Superman said, in that low-octave voice, "For saving my life. I couldn't have lasted much longer."

"Thank you," Flash smiled back. "It's a good thing you recovered so quickly."

"Hey," I said. "What about Ming and the rest? And New York?"

Superman got a far away look in his eyes. He was using his supervision.

"The attack on New York has been repulsed," he announced. "Ming's ships are fleeing. However, I don't see Luthor or Ming or Manchu anywhere; they must have used a Door. But Clay Collier is several floors below us."

"Good," said Flash. "Let's get him and get out of here."

I agreed one hundred percent.

Two days later, I was the guest of honor at a party held at the palatial estate of Oliver "Daddy" Warbucks. Yes, Little Orphan Annie was there, along with Punjab and the Asp. Captain Midnight put in an appearance, still recovering from wounds received in battle with one of Ming's rockets. Uncle Jim Fairfield was there, apologising for having thought me the murderer of Jack Armstrong. I met Bruce Wayne, Dick Grayson, and Britt Reid. Dick Tracy had to leave early and David Harding arrived late, his intelligence group being responsible for the mop-up on Greenland. I can't begin to list everybody who was there; it was a hell of a party.

I learned that the remainder of Ming's ships had given up or had been destroyed over the North Atlantic. Of Ming, Manchu, and Luthor, no trace could be found. Before the night was over, an agreement was reached among all these good-doers to outfit a special force to hunt them down. They even wanted me to head the group. Well, I declined. I wanted to go home. Though no one would worry over my week's absence, I'd probably lost my job by now.

Before I left, Zarkov gave me a Door device, as well as a ray pistol. The machine he gave me was tied into another device that could detect and pinpoint any space-time disturbances around our own world. They entrusted me with being the "guardian" of our own world. I also kept the neutralising bracelet, which I would have to switch off whenever I used a Door. Zarkov still couldn't explain why I was affected by the Door phenomenon.

Finally, after many farewells, I turned the proper dial on my Door and winked away. I emerged on the back porch of my fishing cabin in Michigan. It was raining very hard. The fish on the hibachi were done. The hot coals under them were sputtering and steaming as rain hit them.

It dawned on me that I hadn't been gone long at all.

I looked at myself. I was wearing the clothes that Warbucks had given me. The Door was under my arm. The bracelet was on my left wrist. And the ray pistol was holstered to my belt.

I guess it happened.

Later that night, warm and dry in my cabin, I sat with a large bourbon and stared at the things I had brought back with me.

Much later, I was drunk.

I could go back. I could---

THE END

Montgomery Ward Co. Radio Guarantee

Thirty Days Trial in Your Own Home

That you may satisfy yourself as to the quality and value of Ward's Radio Sets and Radio Parts by inspection and actual use in your own home, we agree to permit you to return, within 30 days, any radio purchase made from this catalogue (except tubes—see special guarantee on Page 456) which does not fully satisfy you, and to refund promptly the purchase price and all transportation charges you have paid. Make out your order in the usual way, using the Order Blank enclosed, or any plain piece of paper if you prefer. Enclose remittance to cover the purchase price and postage, and send to the Montgomery Ward & Co. store nearest you. Goods will be shipped promptly. All we ask is that you show good faith by giving the merchandise reasonable care and a fair trial, and make your decision within 30 days.

Airline De Luxe Console Model—3-Tube Set



\$125.00

Graceful Queen Anne Console Cabinet

Licensed Under Armstrong Patent No. 1,112,149 for Amateurs and Experimental Use Only

Ward's 3-Tube Long Range Receiving Set built into a handsome console cabinet of Queen Anne period design which has built-in loud speaker and ample room for all accessories. The simple grace and quiet dignity of the Queen Anne period furniture has been faithfully reproduced in this cabinet. It is made of seasoned wood veneered with select mahogany, stained and finished a rich brown which brings out the beautiful grain. The cabinet work is excellent, and the hand rubbed finish gives it the soft luster of the old masterpieces.

Utility Combined with Real Beauty

The Loud Speaker, which is built into the right side of the cabinet, is very much like the tone chamber of a phonograph with the addition of a high grade adjustable reproducing unit. The batteries and all other equipment are concealed in the cabinet, which can be closed if you like when you have tuned in your favorite station. The complete equipment included with the set consists of three C-301A or UV-201A tubes; 6 volt, 90-ampere hour storage battery; 90 volts of "B" battery; 2000-ohm headset and full antenna equipment consisting of 150 feet antenna wire, 25 feet lead-in wire, 25 feet connecting wire, new style lead-in (no holes to bore) lightning arresters, antenna insulators, porcelain knobs, screws and screw eyes, and complete instructions for operation. Shipping weight: 250 and 200 pounds.

603 B 524—Airline De Luxe. Complete with Storage Battery equipment. \$125.00
 103 B 529—Airline De Luxe. Console Cabinet with Receiving Set and Loud Speaker only; without equipment. \$92.50



The Equipment Includes Complete Parts for An Efficient Antenna



A Beautiful Piece of Furniture When Closed

Airline De Luxe 3-Tube Set with Loud Speaker

Complete—
Nothing Extra
To Buy

\$77.50

The Loud Speaker included with this outfit is the high grade Airline Junior fully described on Page 447.

Licensed Under Armstrong Patent No. 1,112,149 for Amateurs and Experimental Use Only



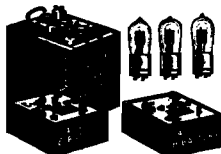
Entertains Family and Friends

The De Luxe Receiving Set uses the well known Armstrong Regenerative principle, which many experts claim has never yet been exceeded for general reliability and dependable signal strength. It employs two stages of audio frequency amplification which increases the volume enormously and gives splendid loud speaker reproduction on programs from powerful stations up to 600 or 800 miles distant under favorable conditions. With headset it will easily cover more than double the loud speaker range. Simplicity of operation commends the De Luxe to those who want quick, satisfactory results, with the least complications. Tuning is done with one dial which has a vernier attachment for very close tuning. This set has proved highly satisfactory to the thousands who are now using it.

Each Set Complete with Standard Equipment

The De Luxe is shipped to you complete with everything needed. There are no extras to buy. The cabinet is finished in Adam brown imitation mahogany with rubber feet to prevent scratching. The instruction booklet sent with each set tells how to put up the aerial, connect the batteries and gives clear instructions for operating the set to get best results. Other equipment included consists of our best 6-volt, 90-ampere hour storage battery; or three dry cells, 90 volts "B" battery; 2000-ohm Airline

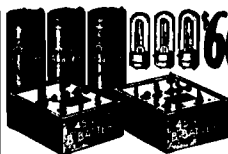
Your Choice of Storage Battery or Dry Cell Equipment



Storage Battery Equipment

The Airline De Luxe with storage battery equipment includes a standard ham or hour storage battery, "B" batteries, loud speaker and all other equipment as described. Shipping weight, complete outfit, 60 pounds.

603 B 625—Airline De Luxe complete with loud speaker and all equipment. Not mailable. \$77.50
 603 B 626—Airline De Luxe complete with all equipment but without loud speaker. Shipping weight, 60 pounds. Not mailable. \$72.00
 603 B 646—Airline De Luxe without tubes, batteries or other equipment. Postage, 44c extra. \$37.50



Dry Cell Battery Equipment

The Airline De Luxe with dry cell equipment includes 3 C-286 or UV-199 tubes, dry cell battery, 90 volts of "B" battery, loud speaker and all other equipment as described. Shipping weight, complete outfit, 70 pounds. Not mailable.

503 B 627—Airline De Luxe with loud speaker and all equipment. \$86.50
 503 B 646—Airline De Luxe with all equipment but without loud speaker. Shipping weight, 60 pounds. Not mailable. \$81.00
 503 B 647—Airline De Luxe without tubes, batteries or other equipment. Postage, 44c extra. \$37.50



Long Distance

"We received the Airline De Luxe Radio Set and set it up and tuned in the following cities: the first night: Los Angeles, San Francisco, Dallas, Waukegan, Portland, Chicago, Omaha, Atlanta, Cincinnati and Louisville."

Clifton A. Furman, Jewell, Ia.

Printed by Permission

A Good Purchase

"Recently I purchased one of your Airline De Luxe Radio Sets. I have had the set for exactly one month and have heard over 70 stations. I think I made a good purchase."

James M. Eymann, Prairie, Ill.

Printed by Permission

The Airline Grand 4-Tube Set with Loud Speaker

\$104.00

For those who want the advantages of tuned radio frequency and the volume of two stages of audio frequency amplification, this set is an unusual value at Ward's low price. Under favorable conditions it will bring in programs from stations up to 1600 miles away with headsets, and powerful stations up to 500 miles or more distant on the loud speaker. Made in two models, for use with either storage battery or dry cell equipment. The loud speaker type is

mounted in a handsome silver gray Oak cabinet of beautiful design, which measures 13 by 19 by 23 inches. The built-in loud speaker, enclosed in the lower compartment, is covered with an attractive grille backed by a cloth screen. Equipped with an adjustable reproducing unit. The set, mounted in the standard cabinet without loud speaker, measures 7 by 8 by 21 inches and is finished in Adam Brown Mahogany. The receiving sets used in both models are identical and either type will give very satisfactory results in the city or on the farm.

Airline Grand in Standard Cabinet without Loud Speaker

The outfit includes the Airline Grand in standard cabinet with four tubes 6-volt, 90-ampere hour storage "A" battery or dry cell battery, two 45-volt "B" batteries, parts for an efficient antenna, ground wire, ground clamp and complete book of instructions.

For Use with Storage Battery
 603 B 524—Airline Grand, complete. Shipping weight, 113 pounds. \$104.00
 603 B 525—Airline Grand without tubes, batteries, antenna or other equipment. \$49.50
 Postage, 44c extra.

For Use with Dry Cells
 603 B 522—Airline Grand, complete. Shipping weight, 75 pounds. \$104.00
 603 B 523—Airline Grand, without tubes, batteries, or other equipment. \$47.50
 Postage, 44c extra.

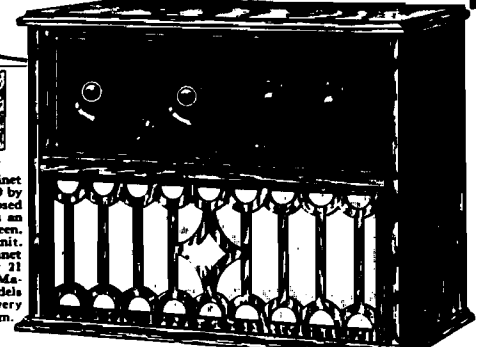


Loud Speaker Model

Includes the Airline Grand in loud speaker cabinet (unit included also) with 4 tubes, 6-volt, 90-ampere hour storage battery or dry cell battery, 2 45-volt "B" batteries, parts for an efficient antenna, ground wire, clamp and book of complete instructions.

For Use with Storage Battery
 603 B 522—Airline Grand, complete. Shipping weight, 120 pounds. \$104.00
 603 B 523—Airline Grand, without tubes, batteries, antenna or other equipment. Shipping weight, 65 pounds. \$49.50
 Postage, 44c extra.

For Use with Dry Cells
 603 B 522—Airline Grand, complete. Shipping weight, 80 pounds. \$104.00
 603 B 523—Airline Grand, without tubes, batteries, antenna or other equipment. Shipping weight, 65 pounds. \$47.50
 Postage, 44c extra.



For Use with Dry Cells
 603 B 522—Airline Grand, complete. Shipping weight, 80 pounds. \$104.00
 603 B 523—Airline Grand, without tubes, batteries, or other equipment. \$47.50
 Postage, 44c extra.

Ever wonder what those 1925 radios looked like? Well, here's a page from a 1922 catalog - believe it or not, they worked fine!

(FROM: GOOD OLD DAYS 9/76)

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Volume One of Memories consists of five issues: Fall, 1975 to Winter, 1976. The following index consists of two sections. The first section is a subject index and the second section is an author index. Titles of shows are capitalized, titles of articles are enclosed in quotation marks, and titles of regular columns are set in regular type. The first number following an entry refers to the number of the magazine and second number is the page number.

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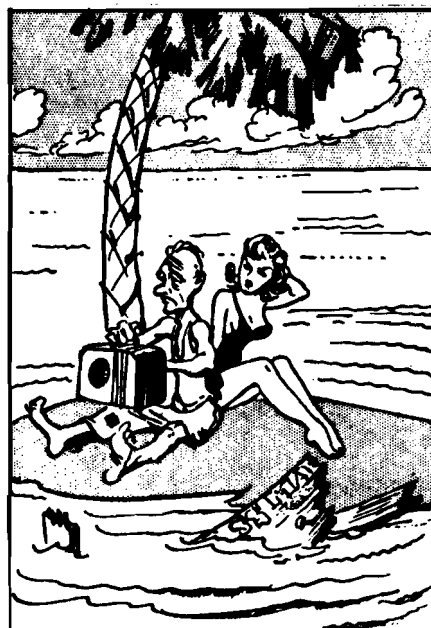
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"Gee, I'll go crazy with nothing but my portable radio set to play with."

