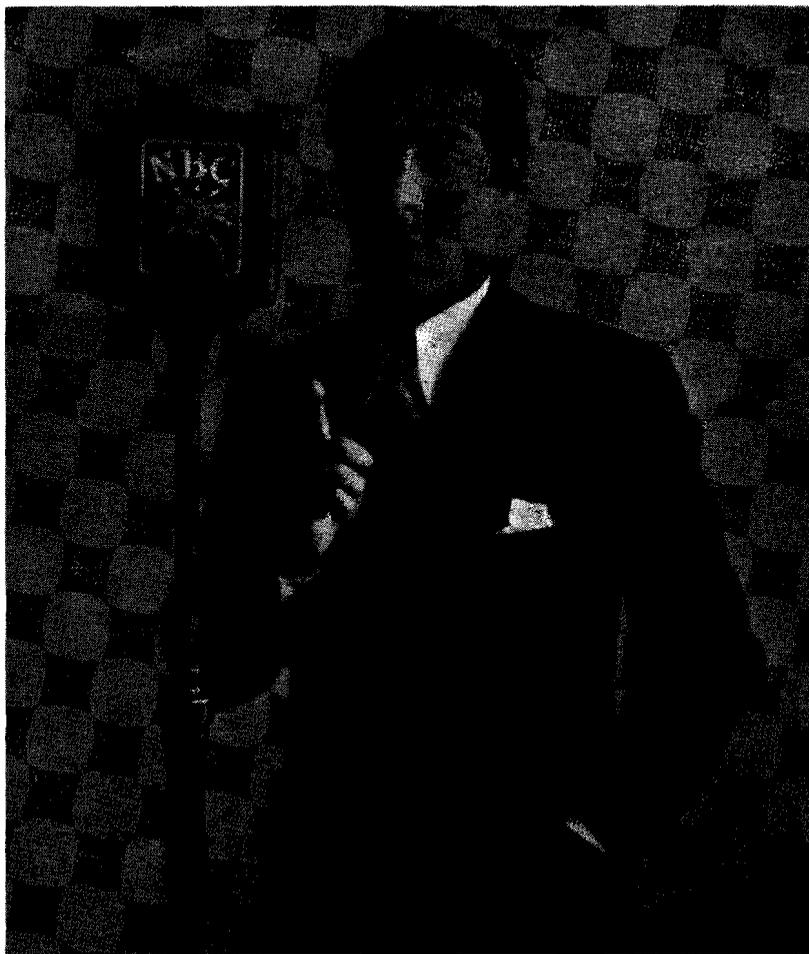
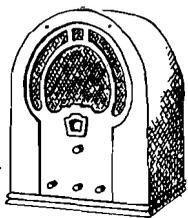

ILLUSTRATED PRESS

EST. 1975

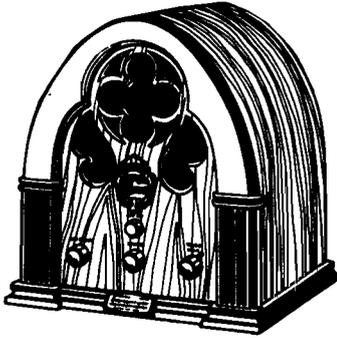
No. 84 - September 1983



GEORGE
THE OLD TIME



JESSEL
RADIO CLUB



THE OLD TIME RADIO CLUB
MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION:

Club dues are \$15.00 per yr. from Jan. 1 through Dec. 31. Members receive a tape listing, library lists, a monthly newsletter (The Illustrated Press), a semi-annual magazine (Memories), and various special items. Additional family members living in the same household as a regular member may join the club for \$3.00 per year. These members have all the privileges of regular members but do not receive the publications. A junior membership is available to persons 15 years of age or younger who do not live in the household of a regular member. This membership is \$7.50 per year and includes all the benefits of a regular membership. Regular membership dues are as follows: if you join in Jan. dues are \$15.00 for the year; Feb., \$14.00; March \$13.00; April \$12.00; May \$11.00; June \$10.00; July \$9.00; Aug., \$8.00; Sept. \$7.00; Oct. \$6.00; Nov. \$5.00; and Dec. \$4.00. The numbers after your name on the address label are the month and year your renewal is due. Reminder notes will be sent. Your renewal should be sent in as soon as possible to avoid missing issues. Please be certain to notify us if you change your address.

OVERSEAS MEMBERSHIPS are now available. Annual dues are \$27.50. Publications will be air mailed.

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 Chuck Seeley
 294 Victoria Blvd.
 Kenmore, N.Y. 14217

The Old Time Radio Club meets the second Monday of the month (September through June) at 393 George Urban Boulevard, Cheektowaga, New York. Anyone interested in the "Golden Age of Radio" is welcome to attend and observe or participate. Meeting starts at 7:30 p.m.

DEADLINE FOR IP #86 - October 10
 #87 - November 14
 #88 - December 12

ADVERTISING RATES FOR MEMORIES

\$25.00 for a full page
 \$15.00 for a half page
 \$ 8.00 for a quarter page

SPECIAL: OTR Club members may take 50% off these rates.

Spring Issue Deadline - March 15th
 Fall Issue Deadline - September 15th

PLEASE NOTE CHANGE IN NAME AND ADDRESS FOR THE TAPE LIBRARY AND CLUB DUES.

Cover Design by Eileen Curtin

ECHOES

By: Rex E. Ward

THE VOICE ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON

In the early 1940's, Sunday, for me, was a day to sleep late and then do whatever I wanted through all its remaining hours. It was a day to play with my dog, fly kites and gliders in the fields, hike along the hidden trails in the brown barren hills, and meet with my friends and playmates at certain secret places, where, surrounded by the dusty fragrance of the tamara-racks, and with wooden swords held in our hands or thrust in our belts, we found adventure amid those low-limbed trees which seemed to color the whole town green.

Sunday's appeal was most keenly felt during the months of September through May, when school was going on, and the weekdays could not contain as much time for pleasure as did the weekends. In the summer, when school was out, Sunday was not quite so special, because then every day was a day of freedom.

But even before I had discovered the two greatest passions of my young life, pulp magazines and comic books, there was something else about Sunday which made it unique - for it was a day when, early in the afternoon, all activities ceased, and the radio was turned on, and a strange voice filled the room, and for thirty exciting minutes I lived in a world far more fascinating than my own.

This voice laughed, and sounded as if it belonged to someone talking on the telephone (an effect produced by a filter-mike, as I would later learn.) After some weird music (Saint-Saens' "Omphale's Spinning Wheel," as I would also later learn), the announcer said, "The Shadow, who aids the forces of law and order, is in reality Lamont Cranston, wealthy young man-about-town. Years ago, in the Orient, Cranston learned a strange and mysterious secret - the hypnotic power to cloud men's minds so they cannot see him. Cranston's friend and companion, the lovely Margo Lane, is the only person who knows to whom the voice of the invisible Shadow belongs."

I am referring, of course, to The Shadow radio program, which ran from 1937 to 1954, and which was re-broadcast in 1964, and continues to be heard, off and on, and in different parts of the country, even to this day. Not only was it one of the highlights of the week, it was also one of the highlights of my life, and after each episode

I would, on sunny days, go out on the front porch and gaze toward Black Mountain in the west, and think back over the details of the thrilling escapade which had just enchanted me and swept me away from my surroundings; or, on rainy days, I would go into the garage and let my mind similarly wander, while I swung from the rope my father had attached to a rafter months ago when I had expressed a desire to play Tarzan. The Shadow program so impressed me, in those days, that at one point it inspired the creation of a juvenile poem, which, revised and polished, finally saw print more than thirty years later:

There was a voice on Sunday
afternoon -

I heard it every week, again and again:

"WHO KNOWS WHAT EVIL LURKS IN THE
HEARTS OF MEN?"

I listened to that sinister voice,
And I tingled from head to foot:

"THE WEED OF CRIME BEARS BITTER
FRUIT."

I heard it when the sun was warm
and when the skies were grey:

"CRIME DOES NOT PAY."

And every time I heard that voice,
My spirits rose:

"THE SHADOW KNOWS!"

(Copyright 1973 by
Rex Ward)

In subsequent years, when I had become familiar with The Shadow in pulp magazines and comic books, and especially after I had obtained almost one hundred Shadow tapes, following the 1964 re-broadcasts, I was able to consider the program with greater objectivity. The plain, and somewhat unpleasant truth is that the Shadow radio program was a poor representation of The Shadow character as originally conveyed and portrayed in the magazine. The invisibility gift, which included the immediately recognizable filter-mike voice, was probably the most effective, and certainly the easiest, means of projecting The Shadow image - far better than the use of some cumbersome dialogue to describe a man wearing a black cloak and slouch hat; but this didn't compare favorably with the pulp Shadow's remarkable ability to fade into darkness aided only by his sable garments of the night. The Shadow's agents were sorely missed. There was no sign of Harry Vincent, or Clyde Burke, or Cliff Marsland, or Hawkeye - only Margo and the cab-driver Shreivie. Police Commissioner Weston appeared frequently, and Inspector Joe Cardona was briefly involved in some of the stories.

Needless to say, there was never any mention of the fact that The Shadow was not really Lamont Cranston after all, but was, instead, Kent Allard, internationally known aviator. Cranston's and Margo's pet expression "darling," did not do too good a job of reflecting the purely platonic relationship which existed between them in the magazine. The motto "Crime does not pay" could easily have been amended to "Insanity does not pay," since so many of The Shadow's radio antagonists were lunatics - mad scientists and the like. Of the four major entertainment forms in which the Shadow was featured - pulp magazines, comic books, radio programs, and movies - the radio program must be put in last place when it comes to the amount of justice done to The Shadow, though the movies with Rod LaRocque and Kane Richmond most decidedly left a great deal to be desired. (Let us not forget, however, that the serial starring Victory Jory was an outstanding piece of work, and that Victor Jory made an excellent Shadow, though he was, perhaps, a trifle too short in physical stature.) It is ironic, then, that the radio program, with all its weaknesses, undoubtedly did more than any other medium to popularize the name of The Shadow and make it a household word.

Several radio actors played the part of The Shadow over the years. The most famous were Orson Welles, William Johnstone, and Brett Morrison. All were good, but none were superlative. Anyway, how superlative can a voice be in a role of this kind? Orson Welles probably had the best voice, but I am not sure it was the best voice for The Shadow. (Also, when I listened to the Welles' tapes, I could not help visualizing the short, stout Orson Welles as the performer of the action, whereas The Shadow in the magazine, was anything but short and stout.) The voice of Brett Morrison, who died just a few years ago, is, I imagine, the one most widely remembered. Other voices would attract me more than any of these. I think that Brace Beemer, who was the Lone Ranger for so many years, had by far the best radio voice: resonant, masculine, but never crude or rough - the perfect voice for the Lone Ranger. Later, I would have a high regard for the voice of Ernest Chappell, narrator of Quiet, Please, and one would hear the contemplative theme from the second movement of the Cesar Franck D-minor Symphony. Quiet, Please was perhaps the most unusual program ever to be broadcast. When its writer, Willis Cooper, set aside his

grotesque sense of humor, he could produce stories of intense emotion, such as the deeply moving "And Jeannie Dreams of Me." I very much liked the voice of Ted Husing, the sports-caster (though I am not a sports fan), which was described as "silvery" - whatever "silvery" means when applied to a voice. Then, with regard to the world of music, there was John McCormack, the Irish tenor, whose voice was unequalled in purity of tone and human warmth. But let us not venture too far away from our subject.

Once I tried to compile a list of my favorite Shadow programs, but found this to be a nearly impossible task, because most of the adventures were, basically, very much alike. In fact, some were actually re-writes of the same stories - for example, "Nightmare at Gaelsbury" and "Terror at Wolf's-Head Knoll"; and "The Black Abbot" and "The Ghost Walks Again." If pressed, I might put "Bones of the Dragon" in first place, since I always especially enjoyed The Shadow novels with Chinatown backgrounds written for the pulp magazine by Walter B. Gibson. "Bones of the Dragon" was one of the few radio stories which identified specific New York locales, in this case Mott and Pell Streets in the heart of Chinatown. Some accurate information was given in this tale concerning the practice of polishing the bones of Chinese who had died in this country, so that these remains could be shipped back to China where they would be buried in their native soil. But the boo how doy, or high-binder, who appeared in this story was an anachronism, for the days of the Tong Wars, in which the hatchet men were active, are long gone. Possibly my second choice would be "The Face," wherein a handsome actor's countenance was hideously disfigured in an accident, after which he reacted to the tragedy by committing a series of maniacal murders. Another good one: "the Thing in the Cage," a story about a middle-Eastern murderer who carried around with him a covered cage containing the creature which did the actual killing. The underlying question, the point of suspense, was, what was in the cage? A serpent? A bird? A monkey? It turned out to be a human being - a pygmy. No doubt this was supposed to be the last answer which would occur to the listeners - but I suspect that, in most cases, it was the first. And, lastly, the Honorable Mention category: "Death is a Nursery Rhyme," "Death Hunt," and "The Mystery of Madman's Deep."

Having heard the tapes of The Shadow radio program many times, it is my feeling that while the years have not eradicated its greatness, they have severely punished it. This brings us to an interesting topic. How much of the greatness of anything belongs to the thing itself? And how much to the fact that we were in an ecstatic frame of mind when we first discerned the greatness? Perhaps this is just another way of saying that the thrill of discovery is the greatest thrill of all, and that if the thrill of discovery comes to the very young and the very happy, it will be all the more keenly felt, appreciated, and remembered.

I may lower the Shadow radio program from the top of the pedestal where I placed it so long ago, but I will never take it all the way down. And because it meant so much to me when my life was at its most enjoyable, I would not want my memories of it erased or even dimmed.

Though Shadow tapes are occasionally aired, even now, the program is clearly part of another era, and so it seems close enough to the truth to say that the voice on Sunday afternoon no longer exists. Yet, sometimes, as I sit in a Sunday reverie, I hear it still, on the radio in my mind, asking its question and giving its answer:

"Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men? The Shadow knows!"

David Niven

In an undated photo below in an early BBC radio studio.



DIES AT AGE 73

The Saginaw **NEWS**
 THURSDAY, AUGUST 18, 1983
'30s actor Robert Bailey dead at 70

LANCASTER, Calif. (UPI) — Robert Bailey, an early performer on radio and television who also appeared in dozens of Laurel and Hardy movies, has died of heart failure. He was 70.

Bailey died last Saturday at the Antelope Valley Medical Center, it was disclosed Wednesday.

Bailey starred on CBS radio's "Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar," then was heard on Mutual Broadcasting System's "Let George Do It."

Bailey's show business career began in 1925. He worked in about 25 Laurel and Hardy movies.

Editor's DESK



I received the following letter from John A. Barber who is starting up an OTR club in the Big Apple.

"Thanks for your letter. It's great that you're aiding us in our organization. I believe that there should be a great alliance between us. There should not be commercial competition. We're both in the "business" of enjoying and preserving old time radio. We should always be around should our "neighbor" need us.

Soon, we'll be sending out our "enticement" letters to people for memberships and their ten bucks for such. Jay Hickerson will let us have a table at the November convention, for the purpose of obtaining memberships. Our major enterprise is a monthly newsletter, "chock" full of info of all kinds, plus letters plus paid ads. Our editor is raring to go. But we need a few bucks to start that. I have a great group of people to aid me and become a semi-executive committee.

We hope for an archive or library, as you have. This is the only way collectors will survive or even, recordings of rare OTR will survive.

Another question? Do you have by-laws? (((Yes.-Ed.))) I think a lot are a pain. Just a few to prevent opportunists to take advantage. and, from what I've heard, we don't

CONTINUED ON PAGE FOURTEEN

CIRCUIT WRITERS

TAPING TECHNIQUES (or lack of)
or WHY YOUR COPY OF THE SHADOW
STINKS or HOW YOU CAN PREVENT
"STINKING UP" ANY RADIO SHOW....

By Bob Burnham

I was originally inspired to write this upon reading Bob Davis' article on smelly Shadow recordings. Then I thought I could probably write a whole series of articles on the topic...then I thought again, well maybe the average person wouldn't understand what in the world I was talking about, so maybe I should start out with a little mini-glossary explaining the taping terms I'd be using...But no (I thought for the fourth time), that would be kind of boring so I settled on this--a kind of informal, plain english discussion on the topic, and if there's anything I decide to throw in that seems a little too technical, I'll explain it as I go along.

For those of you who don't know me, I've been around the OTR circuit for a while, trading, selling, writing and listening, not necessarily in that order. I have technical training in electronics behind me, both professional and OTR-related taping experience, as well as several years of broadcast experience. I don't claim to know everything there is to know about tape recording, but judging from the way some collectors record radio shows, I believe sharing some of my knowledge would benefit the hobby.

As I mentioned, I was inspired to write for the Old Time Radio Club because of the afore mentioned Article (Spring '83 Memories). Bob makes several statements and implies a question or two which I'm going to answer (or attempt to). The simplest explanation for why a problem exists in a recording is not always the correct one. There are ways to correct some problems too, although some are permanent flaws that the most elaborate array of

equalizers, or other processing equipment cannot help. We'll talk about those later.

To begin with, we as old time radio collectors have a few things working against us in making copies of programs for our trading cronies. The main one is that our equipment is designed to record music, and not radio programs. When Teac or Sony (or whoever) designed your reel or cassette deck, they set up a series of guidelines which they felt would be of importance to their main user (or so they thought). They were (are) concerned with frequency response, signal to noise ratio and wow and flutter. Frequency response is an important consideration when recording music because music consists of a lot of deep sounds like bass instruments and also high

sounds---especially those of cymbals. The deck must be designed so it can accurately respond to all of these sounds. In doing so, all tape decks contain equalizer circuits which must boost certain frequencies which include high frequencies in particular. In doing so, they also affect the signal to noise ratio... This basically, refers to the amount of desired sound compared to the undesired...the undesired being largely tape hiss. In designing a machine, the manufacturer must make decisions--a trade off actually--between how much hiss his machine will have as opposed to how much high end response. The recording BIAS comes into play here and it is usually switchable to get optimum results from a variety of tape brands. The bias will determine how much hiss and/or distortion your deck will have. With cassette, this is even more of a factor. Bias, basically, is simply a high frequency (you cannot hear) which is fed in to the record head along with the audio signal. You cannot get a usable recording without this feature (standard in all machines.)

For OTR collectors, the most desired set up would include a tape deck with the best signal to noise ratio possible (the higher the number the better) and a frequency response to 60 to 6000-8000 hertz. This might have been typical of tape decks of the fifties...but wait a minute. You say your tape deck records from 30-20,000 hertz... Well, you only need a small portion of that for old time radio, and the hiss you hear on your rotten Shadow recording is the result of that treble "boost" mentioned which makes modern tape decks so suitable for music. To achieve high frequency response they must boost high frequencies for music--but they also

boost the hiss.

Is bassy and hissy recordings a weird combination? When they're together, not really. Multiple generation copies cause this, true. Hiss, largely because of the "boost" and the bass? Well, what is bassy sound? Sound that lacks everything but bass. How do radio shows get it? Well each time you copy a tape, your signal to noise ratio goes down a decibel or two. In other words, you add a layer of hiss, and perhaps lose something else in the process. But in one dub, the difference is not noticeable. You cannot, for example, tell the difference between a third generation tape and a fourth generation tape under most circumstances. But everytime that show gets passed on, the hiss gets added to, and because of difference in tape recordings and recorders--heads being slightly out of alignment from collector to collector, minor differences in tape electronics versus tape types, cheap tapes used or poorly maintained equipment, you start losing those midrange frequencies. You lose everything in the end, except the bass. In the end, if you copy the tape enough, you end up with noise...Period. Tape noise. The sound is simply lost is a rushing hiss.

HOW TO DEAL WITH BAD SOUNDING SHOWS is a topic in itself. The easiest solution is to trade only for disk copies, but that's not too practical. You can use an equalizer, if your recordings aren't too bad. Typically if you reduce everything below 60 hertz and at and above 8000 hertz, then boost certain mid-range frequencies, especially at about 2000 hertz, you will GREATLY improve the quality and clarity of almost any radio show. I've found that to be a general rule of thumb. If you have a stereo equalizer, feed the left channel into the right and the effect will be doubled.

Another smart move is keeping your recording levels healthy and consistent. I have been accused in the past of overmodulating tapes. What actually turned out to be the case was the collector I was trading with was so used to seeing his meters barely peaking at 50%, then, when he played my tape, he thought the distortion already present on the shows was the result of my peaking at 100%. Distortion, by the way, is the one flaw that cannot be removed from an existing recording. Recording at as high a level as is possible without distorting is advisable because it helps the signal to noise ratio. The lower you record, the more the next guy is going to have to boost

the signal, when he copies the tape and in effect, adding even more hiss from the electronics in a machine. Yes, hiss can be removed with an equalizer connected between the decks, but it cannot prevent the hiss the machine doing the recording adds... but recording at a healthy level, using quality tape and maintaining the machine greatly helps. I've also heard collectors who say that Dolby will remove hiss from a show. Dolby does NOT remove hiss from an existing recording. It minimizes the hiss only on the deck which has the Dolby feature built in which is doing the recording. It prevents additional hiss from being added.

There are lots of little flaws and problems shows can have which can be dealt with using an equalizer--Hiss, Hum, Bassy or hollow sound can all be helped, Timmy sound can also be improved. An equalizer is probably the best thing to buy if you're interested in improving your collection in this way. There are some things, however, which Bob Davis also referred to, which are hopeless problems. Already mentioned was distortion. In some cases, you can make the distortion less noticeable by using an equalizer to reduce some of the frequencies where the distortion is present, but you can NEVER completely remove it. Another problem is cross-talk (actually more accurately called channel leakage in most cases) This is indeed the result of double-tracking. With well maintained equipment properly connected together, you should be able to double-track without adding channel leakage, but some people just don't bother, or care. You may have also heard tapes in which you hear the second side on one of the tracks on the first side BACKWARDS. This is cross talk and is caused by tape head misalignment. It is an inherent "feature" with the 4 track format we use, and can be avoided by having your equipment checked from time to time. Single tracking will NOT prevent this type of crosstalk.

Bob also mentions speed recording. Whether or not this can cause problems is a debatable topic. With reel recordings, I think it's okay to use high speed duplicating technique. With cassette, unless you have state-of-the-art duplicating equipment with Dolby or another noise reduction method, I'm inclined to believe the quality will suffer, and the quality will not be what it could be if made on a regular deck. In any case, if substandard tape is used, with reel, or cassette, there's a good chance you'll get less than perfect results. Probably the result will be a hissier recording.

In making a recording for your trading friends, the thing you should always strive for is to make his copy sound as identical to yours as possible. Whatever it takes is what you should do. If your set up is such that you can't double-track without adding crosstalk, then you should not. If you feel your equipment adds hiss when double speeding (running both your playback and record decks at double their normal speed) then you should not. Speaking of speeds, if your master is off pitch and you have a pitch control, use it on the playback deck only (then at least you'll hear what you're doing) and do NOT double speed the machines. Also use the pitch control with discretion, and if you don't know for sure the proper pitch, leave it alone. No need to compound problems.

In a future article, I'll talk about tape itself..Which tape type is best for OTR, which is most economical yet will yield satisfactory results for OTR, and some of the characteristics. I'll also mention some sources I've had good service from. For those who record OTR on cassettes, I'll have good news for them. Your comments and questions on OTR taping are welcome and appreciated. I would also like to know specific topics or problems radio collectors are concerned about which are of a technical nature..You can mail them directly to me

Bob Burnham
c/o BRC Productions
8276 Brooke Park 212
Canton, MI. 48187

See you in a future issue!



The Happy Wonder Bakers



Mary Sullivan

"Policewoman"
Sundays at 9:45 P.M., EDT

Judy Canova Dies at 66; Country Singer 8/7/83

Associated Press
LOS ANGELES — Judy Canova, a country singer and comedian whose career ranged from the "Ziegfeld Follies" on Broadway to "The Love Boat" on television, has died at age 66.

Miss Canova died Friday at Hollywood Presbyterian Hospital of cancer.

Born Juliet Canova in Jacksonville, Fla., she first appeared in the Broadway review "Ziegfeld Follies of 1938" when she was 20. Later, she was host of the "Judy Canova Show" on NBC network radio for 12 years.

She also appeared on Broadway in "Calling All Stars" and "Yokel Boy," and toured with "No No, Nanette." Her film appearances included roles in "Artists and Models," "Fudkin' Head," "Sleepy Time Gal," "Huckleberry Finn," and "Cannonball."

A recording artist for RCA, she also appeared as a guest on TV series. She last appeared on "Love Boat" in 1980.

Miss Canova was the first vocalist to sing country and western music on national network television, said Miss Canova's friend and publicist, Michelle Chauncey. Miss Canova got her start as a singer with Paul Whiteman's Orchestra for 10 years, and was a regular featured singing guest on the Edgar Bergen and Charley McCarthy radio show.

Later she anchored her own radio show and took her cornpone humor to the silver screen in the 1930s and 1940s in country-style roles in "Louisiana Hayride," "Oklahoma Ammie," and "Joan of the Ozarks."

During World War II, her films assumed a military twist, with

titles including, "True to the Army" and "The WAC from Walla Walla."

Her early television appearances included "The Colgate Comedy Hour."

REFERENCE LIBRARY: A reference library exists for members. Members should have received a library list of materials with their membership. Only two items can be borrowed at one time, for a one month period. Please use the proper designations for materials to be borrowed. When ordering books include \$2.00 to cover rental, postage, and packaging. Please include \$1.00 for other items. If you wish to contribute to the library the OTRC will copy materials and return the originals to you. See address on page 2.

Program Notes

The Lone Ranger's Golden Anniversary at Arcade, New York, June 25th through the 27th, had many features to be enjoyed. However, for fans of old time radio, the highlight was the live radio broadcast of the first Ranger script, which was heard through the auspices of WEBR. The cast, which included our own Frank Boncore in a cameo role, was successful in bringing the story to life. Production was by Al Wallach, who doubled as the sound effects man, and as the Ranger, himself. By the way, for you jazz fans, Al can be heard nightly on WEBR at 9:00 pm (just after old time radio) with his own show, Jazz in the Nighttime. The enthusiastic response to the anniversary broadcast shows radio drama is still alive!!

This month, we are highlighting the music of the past, which is being showcased all over the dial this summer.

WECK, at 1230 Khz, Cheektowaga, has The Music of Your Life as its format, with Bob Kobernuss, formerly of WADV, as its night time host from 6 to midnight. The special programming includes:

Don George's Sentimental Journey which salutes the music and events of a particular year or one of the greats of the music scene at 10 pm Mondays through Thursdays. Friday's offering is Big Band Music, On Saturdays, also at 10 pm, we hear the Great Sounds. Sundays at 10:05 is the Music Makers, with Skitch Henderson.

WBFO, 88.7 Mhz, Buffalo, offers Big Bank Sounds with Bob Rosenberg, hosting, On Sundays 9 through 11 am.

WEBR, 970 Khz, Buffalo, presents two NPR programs: The Leonard Feather Show with jazz critic/historian Leonard Feather on Thursdays at 11 pm; and the Big Bandstand, with Ted Fleishaker on Sundays at 7 pm. The Big Bandstand showcases the music of the '30s, '40s and '50s. Between 8/21 and 9/18, it will salute the Great Ballrooms.

On WJTN, 1240 Khz, Jamestown, host Gene Forhan presents Moments to Remember, with the music of the 20s, 30s, and 40s, on Sunday, 5 pm.

WLWV, 1340 Khz Lockport, has Bring Back the Bands, Sundays at 7 pm.

We cannot leave this listing without filling you in on some additional radio dramas; comedy and variety:

WJTN, Jamestown offers the Old Time Radio Show, on Sunday at 10:30 am.

WCAU, 1210 Khz, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania has Radio Classics, with host Jim McCormick on both Saturday and Sunday at 8 pm.

CKTB, 610 Khz, St. Catherine's-Niagara, presents Just a Minute and It's My Music, which are BBC programs, on Sunday at 10 pm.

CBC-AM, 740 Khz, Toronto, presents Summer Camp, with host, David Lenich (spelling?), Mondays through Fridays at 9:05 pm.

Lastly, WBFO, Buffalo presents the NPR Playhouse on Sundays, at 6pm. The current offering is the BBC serial, "The Price of Silence."

Programs mentioned here are on the air at the time that IP goes to press, but some may not continue into September. If you live outside the western New York area, let us know what programs are available where you are.

Joe O'Donnell
206 Lydia Lane
Cheektowaga, N.Y. 14225

TAPESPENDENTS-Send in your wants and we'll run them here for at least two months.

I have many radio show transcription records from 1947 and 1948 that I have no way of listening to. Can anyone help me? I'd like to get the shows onto tape if someone out there has a way of playing the records. I'd be willing to give the records away for the tapes, or any idea anyone has would probably be acceptable.

Thanks very much.

Mitchell Weisberg
620 Greenbrier Court
Fredericksburg, Va. 22401

WANTED-Dimension X and X Minus One in chronological order of broadcast in very good or excellent condition. Also looking for radio premiums. Will trade or buy.

Gene Bradford
19706 Elizabeth
St. Clair Shores, Mich.
48080

Tapespondents is a free service to all members. Please send your ads to the Illustrated Press.

TAPE LIBRARY RATES: 2400' reel-\$1.50 per month; 1800' reel-\$1.25 per month; 1200' reel-\$1.00 per month; cassette and records-\$1.50 per month. Postage must be included with all orders and here are the rates: For the USA and APO-60¢ for one reel, 35¢ for each additional reel; 35¢ for each cassette and record. For Canada: \$1.35 for one reel, 85¢ for each additional reel; 85¢ for each cassette and record. All tapes to Canada are mailed first class.

LEE ALLMAN REMEMBERS...

"Radio in the 1930s was an oasis," recalled Lee Allman at the recent Golden Anniversary celebration of the Lone Ranger at the former Striker home in Arcade, New York. The Depression had resulted in theatres closing everywhere, and despite their popularity, movies were not readily accessible to all. But radio! Its' mystique and excitement had captured the imagination of the American public. As its' price fell by 1934 from \$350. to an affordable \$11.95, the number of radio sets that could bring in a good signal grew from 11 million in 1929 to 18 million, and the percentage of homes increased from 33 to 60% (88% for those with incomes of \$2000, or more). By 1937, the average listener devoted an estimated 4 hours, 22 minutes to the radio.* Although the accuracy of early estimates remains in doubt, the phenomenal growth of advertising and programming (which was the chicken and which was the egg?) attest that the "toy" of the 1920s had become an essential in the homes of the 1930s, bringing entertainment, culture, information and hope with it, while downplaying the grim realities of the period.

So too, was it an oasis for the artists, of whom Ms. Allman is one. She was with WXYZ Radio, Detroit, where Fran Striker's Lone Ranger, and its cousin, The Green Hornet, were first given national exposure. She views her radio experiences joyously, In the Green Hornet, she starred as Miss Lenore Case, "Casey", the ever hopeful reporter and "love interest" on the Daily Sentinel, where she tried hard, worked hard, often beyond the call of duty, and in the process represented the women of that era, who could always be depended upon, but who played second fiddle to the men, who were the heroes, and had the glory! In radio, according to Ms. Allman, it did not matter how you looked, or how you felt; what mattered was getting a good job done. And this way of earning a living was "fun".

In contrast, Ms. Allman remembers early TV as very stressful. It was not unusual to get a casting call, often at the last minute, for a part on a program such as Juvenile Court, or Traffic Court, and go on the air live and spontaneous, not only without a rehearsal, but also without a script. These programs were defined by the time frame, a synopsis of the plot, and the content drawn out by the adroit questioning of the "judge". It obviously took someone with intelligence, creativity, flexibility,

adaptability and an ability to think on his (her) feet, to cope with the demands of early TV.

Perhaps it is the simplicity, the sincerity and the camaraderie of radio that make it appear to be Ms. Allman's first love. And perhaps it also explains why she enthusiastically says, "See you at the convention in Newark in the fall."

Phyllis Wazenska-'0' Donnell
 *Statistics: A.G. Marquis, "Radio Grows Up", American Heritage, vol 34, no 5.

Letters



Just over a year ago the wonderful young people at WXYZ radio in Detroit told me they were not at all interested in Old Time Radio and that their news/talk format was great, thank you.

Now it appears that the ABC Network owned station has dropped even further in the ratings and guess what...the Green Hornet returns! Yes the once proud and profitable WXYZ is actually playing Old Time Radio from 11:00 pm to midnight each weekday. The only other station in the Detroit market regularly playing OTR is station CKJY (a Canadian station located in Windsor, Ont.) every Sunday night from 9:00 pm until 11:00 pm.

You really can't believe how apathetic and indifferent the stations are about Old Time Radio. What they prefer it seems are radio hosts who make indescent phone calls or imitate Soupy Sales and always laugh a lot; none of these people could make the Original Amateur Hour on a good day. Could it be that "happy talk" is bringing another depression? Is the listening public tired of mediocrity? Does anyone really "listen" to radio anymore? These are tough questions--the stations don't seem to care what the answers are as long as sponsors keep the money coming in. That's why the commercials are always more entertaining than the programs. I don't really care because I have all the old time radio I can listen to!

Gene Bradford
 19706 Elizabeth
 St. Clair Shores, Mich.
 48080

NICK CARTER

in

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gold & guns

Oct. 1933

CHAPTER XI UNDERGROUND BULLETS

Geoff Pritchard rapped on the door of Nick's room. The detective got off his bed, went and opened the door.

The young man who had been Gravesend's secretary in the height of the banker's glory, and who was now reduced to being a truck gardener, had with him the two servants of Thomas Gravesend.

"This is Henry Winslow,"

Pritchard said, "and Mrs. Winslow." Nick Carter bowed a little to the woman. "I'll take Henry first," he said to Geoff. "Come on in my room, Henry, and talk to me."

The Servant entered the room. Nick Carter carefully shut the door behind him and led Henry over to a chair. Henry sat down, but the servant remained standing.

Nick surveyed the man curiously. Although he must have been past fifty, Henry was still muscular, still powerful looking.

"Now, Henry," Nick began, "you knew that Mr. Gravesend had a safe in the cellar, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir," the servant said.

"Tell me now, Henry, what was in that safe?" Nick Carter asked, almost idly.

Henry looked perplexed. "Mr. Gravesend said there was money in the safe, sir," he told Nick Carter.

Nick grinned a little. He fished around in his pockets, and pulled out a case full of the cigarettes that were imported especially for him from Turkey. The detective lit one of them. He took two or three puffs, before going on with his questioning. As he smoked, Nick Carter kept his eyes on the floor of the room.

Suddenly he snapped them up, to look Henry square in the face. He detected no change of emotion in Henry's face when the detective was looking at him, compared to when he was not.

"When was the last time you were in the cellar, Henry?" Nick asked next.

The servant thought. "Last night, sir," he told Nick Carter. "I went down there to get some potatoes for dinner."

Nick nodded again. The detective got up, strode to the window. Still puffing on the cigarette, he leaned in the frame of the window and

watched the ground.

Young Iris Gravesend passed by in the patch of light thrown out by the living-room windows. Suddenly Nick Carter turned to the servant.

"Henry," he said, "do you know that a detective can tell the age of finger prints?"

Henry shook his head. "No, sir, I didn't. Have you found something?"

There was no doubting the man's ingenuousness. Nick Carter felt that he could not shake Henry's story.

"You can go, now, Henry," he told the servant.

As the man started to go, Nick Carter suddenly called Winslow back.

"Tell me," he asked, "how long have you been with Mr. Gravesend?"

Henry thought a moment. "Eighteen years, sir," he said.

"Then tell me this," Nick Carter asked. "have you ever heard of any secret passages in this house? Any tunnels or sliding panels--anything of that sort?"

Henry thought a moment. "I believe there is something of the sort, sir," he said. "I'll ask my wife."

Nick nodded, and Winslow left.

In a few moments Geoff Pritchard rapped at the door again. Nick called, "Come in!" and the young man ushered in Mrs. Winslow.

Nick put her through the same series of questioning that he had fired at her husband. Again he was unable to shake her story.

On the question of the secret passage, she said that there was one, but that she had forgotten where it was.

Nick could get no more out of her. She left.

The detective was thoroughly convinced that both the Winslows knew about a secret passage, but that they were in some doubt as to whether to confide their knowledge to the detective or not. Like the Federal men, Nick had the idea that the Winslows believed that Gravesend had stolen his own gold. In that event, they were not going to betray him to a detective.

Nick went back and leaned in the window. Still staring down at the patch of light from the living-room window, he saw Iris Gravesend recross the lighted area and go into the house. Evidently the girl had just been for a walk, had just wanted an opportunity to be alone for a few moments.

An airplane droned in the distance, and idly Nick Carter raised his eyes,

tried to pick it out of the night sky. But the trees were too thick around the house.

And then, suddenly, the lights in the room went out. Nick's eyes snapped down to the lawn. The lights in the living room had gone out, too.

The detective turned, started to rush across the room to get into the hall. As he did so, the door of this room suddenly was flung open. A man--or some shadowy figure--threw himself from the doorway straight at Nick Carter.

Nick realized that he had been silhouetted by the small amount of moonlight that trickled through the window.

The man's body caught Nick square in the stomach. The detective doubled up, grappling with the shadowy assailant at the same time. They rolled over on the floor once.

Nick's hand went under his coat to get his gun, and it was then that the detective made his mistake. For he had to drop one gun when he rescued Iris Gravesend, and it was for this revolver that he reached at this moment.

Nick's hand came out empty, and the man's fist connected on Nick's jaw. The detective was snapped to his feet again, flung against the wall on the other side of the room.

Nick came back, fighting, but he tripped over the edge of a chair, and his wild charge at the man he could not see ended up disastrously. For Nick Carter was off balance.

The two men slung their fists at each other for a few moments in the dark. Once Nick felt his hand meet flesh in the man's stomach--once the man's fist caught Nick Carter on the jaw.

Then Nick closed in. He had his gun out now. He pressed it into the man's ribs. The man twisted, ducked, went over backward, tripping over a chair.

Nick Carter jumped on top of him.

All was dark in the house. They had fallen on the floor near the door of the room. Nick was kneeling on top, pressing the man's shoulders to the floor.

Nick's strong legs were stretched out along the man's chest, holding his legs down, keeping him from kicking. Nick slid his gun away. There was no use for it--he would not need it.

His one deft hand searched his prisoner, found no weapon. The thing to do, Nick Carter decided, was to hang on, hold his prisoner down until the lights went on again, when Nick could identify him. For Nick Carter felt that he had in his hands, under

his knees, the man who had stolen Gravesend's gold. Otherwise, why would any one attack a detective who was investigating the case?

As he sat there easily, holding his man down, Nick Carter heard the airplane droning nearer. Then, suddenly, the door behind Nick's head opened.

Nick snapped his head back, started to talk. He was sure that the man outside would be Chick, or Geoff Pritchard.

"I've caught some one here," Nick started to say. But the words never got out of his throat. For the man who had rushed in from the outer hall slapped Nick Carter over the head with something soft, heavy--like a blackjack.

Everything went black in Nick's eyes, but first, red flashes like sheet lightning told Nick Carter that he was about to go unconscious. He tried to tighten his fingers around the throat of his prisoner, but the thing slapped at Nick's head again, and he fell over forward.

He was only out a few moments. When he came to, there was cold air playing on his face. Some one was holding a lamp up into the air.

Nick Carter looked up, saw Pritchard, Winslow, and Iris all standing over him. He jumped to his feet.

In the window was Chickering Carter, his assistant, leaning out the window with a flashlight and a pistol in his hands.

"He must have gotten out this way," Chick called. "The window is broken, and he could have jumped into a tree here and climbed down to the ground."

Nick rushed over to the window next to Chick. He grabbed the flashlight and the gun from his assistant's hands, played the light through the trees. Nick thought he saw something moving in the branches of the big oak tree. He could not be sure.

Nick dove out the window. The fingers of one hand caught the branches of the tree. Nick pulled himself into the foliage as dexterously as an ape. He swung around through the trees for several moments, flashing his light, his gun ready. Nick was mad at having the criminal escape so easily when he was in the detective's hands.

But he found nothing. After a while he dropped to the ground. He re-entered the house silently, walking across the stone porch.

He got inside. Upstairs he could still hear Chick, Geoff, Iris, and the servant talking in the room that was Nick Carter's. Nick stood in the darkened living room for a

moment, thinking.

Just before the man had attacked him, the lights had gone out all over the house, Nick Carter thought--not just in his room. That could only mean one thing. Some one in the cellar had thrown the switch.

Dropping Chick's flashlight into his pocket, Nick grasped his gun firmly in his hand, and moved toward the top of the stairs down which he and Geoff Pritchard had gone that morning to look at the safe.

The fact that the cellar switch had been thrown and the gold had been stolen out of the cellar indicated, Nick thought, that the man who had engineered the attack on Nick was also the man who had stolen the gold.

It seemed to indicate something more--that there were two men involved. One who had come upstairs and thrown himself at Nick, one who had been in the cellar, ready to throw the switch at the proper time.

Nick's hand was on the doorknob of the cellar stairs now. He turned it.

The door was locked--or so Nick Carter thought at first. But when he put a little pressure on the door, it opened.

His fingers explored the edge of the door. There was something peculiar about it. He rubbed it again. It had been jimmied open, not very long before, because some of the splinters that had been knocked loose when the jimmy had worked were still clinging to the door.

Nick whistled, and his hand got a little tighter on the trigger of his gun. He started down the cellar stairs.

Someone was moving down below. Behind him, suddenly, Nick Carter heard voices--Chick's voice, the voice of Geoff Pritchard, Iris's higher voice. They seemed to be coming toward him.

Evidently the minds of the people upstairs had worked the same way that his had, especially Chick's. That was not surprising, considering the number of years that his assistant had worked with him. Chick was leading an expedition to the cellar to find out who had switched the lights off. But it was bad--they were destroying Nick Carter's plan to round up whoever it was down there.

Nick went on down the stairs. He moved very quickly, though lightly, making no noise at all. When he had nearly reached the bottom, he heard someone's foot scrape on the concrete floor of the cellar, over toward where the safe was located.

Nick pulled Chick's flashlight out of his pocket, held it off to one side of his body, and turned it on, pointed at the spot where had heard the noise.

For the briefest fraction of a second, the light picked out a man's figure, crouching near the door of the safe. Then, a gun boomed, and the light was knocked out of Nick's hand, leaving his left hand numb.

He fired back at the man in the dark, and instantly flung himself to one side. He crawled around from there, got under the cellar stairs. Through these he could fire at the man, and yet they provided good cover for him.

Bullets started raining all along the cellar wall behind Nick Carter, and into the stairs in front of him. Cautiously the detective put his gun hand out and sent a bullet flying in the direction from which the shots were coming.

The bullet rang metallically against the door of the safe. But there was no scream. The shots aimed at Nick Carter did not cease.

Up above, Nick heard the cellar door slam. Then one of the steps creaked.

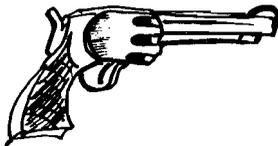
The man across the room raised his fire, started to rake the top of the staircase. Nick realized that the crook who was cornered by the safe thought that he had gone back upstairs, and the detective took advantage of this mistake. He got his feet under him, and as quietly as a cat dashed across the cellar.

He kept well along one wall. The bullets kept on puring into the top of the stairs. Nick realized that Chick must be up there, but since the detective's assistant did not groan, did not fire back, Chick must have beaten it when the bullets started coming at him.

Nick was on the same end of the cellar now as the man with the gun. He made a flying leap at the point from which the stabbing flashes were coming.

As he did so, Nick Carter raised his own gun above his head. His outstretched hand encountered flesh, and at the same instant his gun-carrying hand came down, and the barrel of his pistol crashed into a man's skull. The man groaned, and the shots ceased.

CONTINUED NEXT MONTH





JERRY COLLINS

Sunday, July 24, was the date of the fifth annual Old Time Radio Club Summer picnic. For the fourth consecutive year it was held at Balls Falls near St. Catherines, Ontario.

The weather was beautiful, the food was delicious and it was an opportunity for good friends to get together.

Frank Boncore was there with his four daughters. Jerry Collins was also there with his wife Natalie and his two daughters and a bag of Doritos for Frank's youngest daughter. The regulars were also there; Ed and Dolores Wanat along with our hosts Richard and Rosemary Simpson and their two children. Mrs. Wanat's mother was also there. She was of great assistance to Ed in doing his favorite thing, building fires.

The concluding segment to our picnic was our annual softball game. Both teams were loaded with good hitters, but the pitching was definitely lacking until Rosemary Simpson took to the mound. Richard Simpson went all the way as the catcher for both teams. I wonder how hard it was for Rich to get out of bed the next day?

It was loads of fun as usual. Let's reserve those same tables for next year.

LITTLE ITALY

Little Italy was a serial drama heard over CBS in 1933. It was one of the early efforts of Himan Brown, who was the writer, director and producer of the show. He also played Papa Marino in the show. New Weaver had the lead role playing Nick, while Tony was played by Alfred Corn. Mrs. Marino was played by Ruth Yorke with Rose Keane playing the part of Beatrice.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIVE

want another SPERDVAC."

John A. Barber
77-02 34th Ave. Apt. B62
Jackson Hgts. N.Y. 11372

We are happy to assist you, John. It is our belief that it is in the best interest of OTR to share with all who may be interested. This fosters growth in our hobby which benefits us all. Hoarding OTR material is detrimental to all interested in OTR and could eventually lead to the demise of OTR.

On page 8 is a picture of the Happy Wonder Bakers. Jerry Collins was unable to find any info on them. The person who donated the picture believes that one of the people in the picture was a well known singer. Can anybody supply us with information on the Happy Wonder Bakers?

The most unhappy part of my job is printing obituary notices. My favorite radio actor passed away in August, Bob Bailey. If anyone has not attended the OTR convention in Newark, do it this year. Every year the number of OTR actors and actresses dwindles. Don't miss out on this fine opportunity to meet and talk with these fine people. We hope to see you all this November in Newark.

TONIGHT

ON
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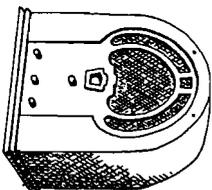
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