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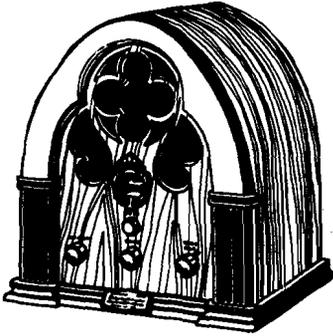


SMILIN' ED MCCONNELL

THE OLD TIME



RADIO CLUB



THE OLD TIME RADIO CLUB
MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION:

Club dues are \$17.50 per yr. from Jan. 1 through Dec. 31. Members receive a tape listing, library lists, a monthly newsletter (The Illustrated Press), an annual magazine (Memories), and various special items. Additional family members living in the same household as a regular member may join the club for \$5.00 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 \$10.00 per year and includes all the benefits of a regular membership. Regular membership dues are as follows: if you join in Jan. dues are \$17.50 for the year; Feb., \$17.50; March \$15.00; April \$14.00; May \$13.00; June \$12.00; July \$10.00; Aug., \$9.00; Sept. \$8.00; Oct. \$7.00; Nov. \$6.00; and Dec. \$5.00. 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 \$29.50. Publications will be air mailed.

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CLUB DUES:
 Jerry Collins
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 (716) 683-6199

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BACK ISSUES: All MEMORIES and IPs are \$1.00 each, postpaid. Out of print issues may be borrowed from the reference library.
 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 #88 - December 12
 #89 - January 9
 #90 - February 13

ADVERTISING RATES FOR MEMORIES
 \$30.00 for a full page
 \$20.00 for a half page
 \$12.00 for a quarter page

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

Advertising Deadline - September 15th

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

 Cover Design by Eileen Curtin

The CRYSTAL EGG



HY DALEY

Howdy, bubs. School has begun here at CAHS. One sad note here is that one of my best members of our OTR Club here at the school died this summer. Brandon Southwick was a sophomore and was handicapped and had to be taken from room to room on a rolling bed. He loved listening to radio shows and watching old movies. His folks even mentioned in his obituary that he was a member of the club.

I hope he meets Jack Benny and the gang up in the Eternal RADIOLAND.

Recently I picked up a 16mm version of MICHAEL SHAYNE, a one hour mystery drama televised in 1960. Richard Denning plays a very undistinguished Shayne. A hatchet murderer returns to the scene of the crime where a young couple have just moved. Shayne is called in by the husband when strange things begin to happen and the fun begins. Sounds like a promising plot but Denning walks through the part as if he were still playing Lucy's husband in MY FAVORITE HUSBAND.

On to the rating game:

- MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND-2 Sure, you can understand every word but why bother?
- MANHUNT-2 Mediocre ZIV production of 15 minute mysteries.
- MARCH OF DIMES-2 15 minute time fillers for charity.
- MARCH OF TIME-3 High powered news/dramas explaining the big happenings of the week.
- MARGO OF CASTLEWOOD-1 Heard audition show. Never on air, fortunately.
- MARY MARLIN-1 40's sudso
- PHILIP MARLOW-2 Gerald Mohr plays a somewhat enemy Marlowe. Sad to say the recent HBO Marlowe had a hell of a lot more guts.
- MARTIN OF THE MISTS-1 Heard audition show, 4/28/39.
- MARTIN AND LEWIS-3 This crazy two-some did make super radio humor too.
- MARVELOUS MARGIE-1 40's drama/comedy.
- PERRY MASON-2 Daytime lawyer had mundane cases.
- MASQUERADE-2 40's daytimer.
- CANDY MATSON-4 Super fine detective show. Well written. Good cast. Wish I could meet her. Sigh....

MAXWELL HOUSE SHOWBOAT-3 A high cost musical extravaganza that once came to Erie, Pa. through the St. Lawrence Seaway, maybe?

KEN MAYNARD-2 This 15 minute serial featured at least two stories: THE OKLAHOMA KID and TALES FROM THE DIAMOND K.

MAYOR OF THE TOWN-2 Lionel Barrymore played the "grand ole politician" in this rural comedy. Every year "THE CHRISTMAS CAROL" was featured.

MEET CORLISS ARCHER-3 I'm just a sucker for those airhead teenage girl sit-coms.

MEET THE MEEKS-2 Collected a six hour reel of the Meeks. Tough going, but I made it through twelve programs of Mortimer and Agatha.

MEET THE MENJOUS-1 40's talk and patter.

MEET THE PRESS-2 I've heard one show from this broadcasting dinosaur which featured Mayor LaGuardia.

MEET MILLIE-1 A My Friend Irma ripoff. Poor copy.

MEET THE MISSES-1 40's daytimer.

MEET THE MORGANS-1 syndicated drama.

WHEC

**THE STATION
LISTENERS BUILT!**

TONIGHT



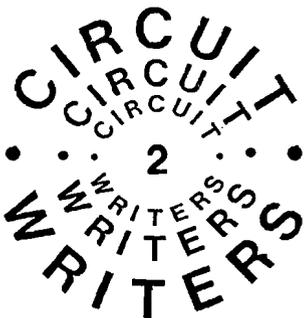
CRIME PHOTOGRAPHER

9:30 P. M.

This mystery series, starring Steve Costworth as a doughy newspaper cameraman, is now in its eighth year of broadcasting! It is sponsored by Philip Morris. Don't miss it!

And Don't Miss!

- 4:45—Lowell Thomas
- 7:00—Garry Moore
- 7:45—Larry Lussner
- 8:00—PH in Peace & War
- 8:30—Mr. Keen
- 9:00—Suspense
- 10:00—Johnny Deffer
- 11:00—D & C News



THE BEST TELEVISION SHOW
EVER MADE ON RADIO

The title of this article is one that few people would agree with, but in my mind, THE AVENGERS was the best show on TV. It is certainly my personal favorite (especially the shows that featured Diana Rigg) and it earned more money in foreign TV markets than any other British program before or since. Its tongue-in-cheek treatment of the spy formula, with superb writing and great acting made it a weekly delight for several years and the subsequent re-running of the programs have not lessened my enjoyment. My love for the series was so great that I collected every scrap of information I could about the show and I naturally purchased whatever merchandise I could find. A large surprise still awaited me, however. A few years ago, when I attended my first "Friends of Old Time Radio" convention, I found through the help of one of my travelling companions a reel of tape containing four AVENGERS shows done for South African radio. As a collector, I had to have it, whether the material was of quality or not made no difference. This was something I was completely unaware of, despite my devotion to obtaining any material related to the show. I had to have it. But, before I get into the radio version, perhaps I should say something about the original, for the few uneducated out there.

The AVENGERS first went on the air in England in January of 1961, and it was a somewhat different show than what we're familiar with. First of all, it was a 'live' program making the thriller aspects even more difficult to bring off. Secondly, the lead role was that of Dr. David Keel (portrayed by Ian Hendry) who was assisted by a mysterious undercover agent known only as 'Steed' (played, as always, by the incredible Patrick MacNee). The series lasted only one year, ended prematurely by an actor's

Equity strike. Hendry decided not to continue, so the Steed character took over and was joined with a new partner-female-and a legend was a-borning. Honor Blackman joined the series as Mrs. Cathy Gale, a beautiful widowed anthropologist with a feeling for adventure and the judo skills to help her stay out of trouble. She also had a tendency (through a suggestion by MacNee) to wear black leather outfits with leather boots. Kinky, yes, but it caught on and shot the AVENGERS to the top of the ratings. The characters developed over the course of their two seasons together and Steed's dress became more and more Edwardian with the added impetus of the familiar Bowler hat and umbrella. These first three years were never shown in the U.S. and to my knowledge none of the live shows were recorded and the latter two years, although produced on videotape, were erased and also may no longer exist.

Honor Blackman then left the series (she went to play around with another top British agent, James Bond, as Pussy Galore in the movie GOLDFINGER) and Steed was once more alone. THE AVENGERS was now a hit show and the search for a new female lead was akin to the casting of Scarlet O'Hara in GONE WITH THE WIND. The result (after the show was off for a year) was Diana Rigg to play the role of Mrs. Emma Peel. This was the series that finally reached our shores. Emma Peel was similar to Cathy Gale as they were both beautiful, independent, and intelligent women; able to handle themselves in a fight and with a flair for fashion. But Emma Peel was sleeker, sexier with a love for the danger and excitement that her escapades with Steed got her into. There was a magic on the screen with MacNee and Rigg that could not have been anticipated and the series (now done on film and with new theme music) not only became a British hit, but an international one as well. We got to see them only as summer replacements at first, but the audience kept demanding more. The bottom fell out somewhat, however, when Diana Rigg left after two-and-a-half years. Steed's new partner was Tara King (played by Linda Thorson), much younger than the others and lacking the leather outfits. The Tara King episodes were quite good, better than most anything else, but the magic between Rigg and MacNee went with her departure and the fickle American audience never really gave Thorson a chance and the series faded in 1969. Throughout its run, the show was extremely well written-clever and witty and frequently bizarre - and its style

is still imitated today. That should have been the end of its history, but you can't keep a good show down.

In 1971 a stage play was put on in England with different actors for a limited engagement. Then, in 1972, Sonovision Ltd. produced a series of AVENGERS stories for the South African Broadcasting Company. First broadcast in January of 1972, I've been unable to track down much information about it, but I keep trying. What I can talk about are the 13 stories that I have tapes of that are in circulation among OTR fans. The stories were presented in serialised form 15 minutes per chapter and all but one of the 13 run 6 parts (the other is 7 parts). They ran daily, Monday to Friday, and were sponsored by 'Cold Water Ono' a wash powder-and-Shield for Sportsmen'-a deodorant soap. Produced by David Gooden, the radio version starred Donald Monat as John Steed and Dianne Appleby as Emma Peel. The stories were all adaptations of old TV episodes, though nearly half (6 of 13) were Tara King episodes re-written as Emma Peel stories. Tony and Jay and Dennis Folbigge (who also directed the series) adapted the stories for radio. The theme was the familiar one written by Laurie Johnson for TV series. THE AVENGERS was a very visual show, and to compensate for this the radio writers added a narrator (Hugh Rowe) to keep things moving. Though the narration is sometimes heavy in the series, it is played lightly and much of the humor comes from this source. That's about as much as I've been able to discover so far in regards to details of the radio versions history and, admittedly, it's somewhat sketchy. On the subjective side, I enjoy the radio versions but, they in no way compare to the original TV series for which I have such great love and devotion. The actors are surprisingly good (I expected the worst when I bought that first tape) and must have been chosen with great care. Monat is especially good as Steed, presenting with his voice the cool exterior of the professional agent and the wry sense of humor that Steed was known for. As much of the dialogue was word for word, it would have been easy to ruin it, since it was so carefully written with the original performers in mind. The narrator is fine and much of the uncredited supporting casts are excellent (with a few clunkers, unfortunately). Some stories adapt themselves better than others to the radio format, but of

the thirteen, only one would I rate less than good. The writing is simply too good to mess up as long as you stay with it, which is basically what they did.

The following is the list of AVENGERS radio shows that I have and am aware of. I know no broadcast order so I am listing them according to the original TV order. They key is as follows: story title; original TV title if different; author of the original story; and (in parentheses) a EP or TK with a number representing whether the show was a Emma Peel or Tara King episode and its listing according to the book "THE AVENGERS" (which I'll mention afterwards). All stories are six-part serials except for * which is in seven parts.

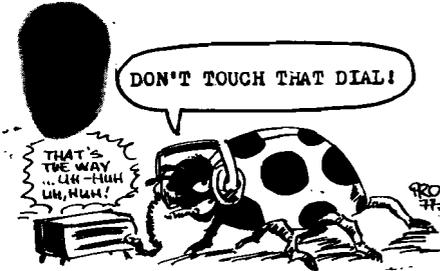
THE DEADLY GIFT-(Original Title: THE CYBERNAUTS)-Philip Levene (EP 3)
 DIAL A DEADLY NUMBER-Roger Marshall (EP 10)
 THE QUICK-QUICK-SLOW DEATH-Robert Banks Stewart (EP 19)
 *THE FANTASY GAME (OT:HONEY FOR THE PRINCE)-Brian Clemens (EP 26)
 FROM VENUS WITH LOVE-Philip Levene (EP 27)
 TRAIN OF EVENTS (OT:A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE STATION)-Bryan Sherriff (EP 39)
 THE JOKER-Brian Clemens (EP 41)
 THE SUPER-SECRET CYPHER SNATCH"-Tony Williamson (TK 3)
 STOP ME IF YOU'VE HEARD THIS ONE (OT: LOOK (STOP ME IF YOU'VE HEARD THIS ONE) BUT THERE WERE THESE TWO FELLERS...)
 Dennis Spooner (TK 11)
 TOO MANY OLE'S (OT: THEY KEEP KILLING STEED)-Brian Clemens (TK 13)
 THE MORNING AFTER-Brian Clemens (TK 18)
 LOVE ALL-Jeremy Burnham (TK 25)
 GET-A-WAY-Philip Levene (TK 26)

Well, now you know as much as I do about THE AVENGERS on radio. If, however, you are interested in knowing more about the TVseries (radio was not its final chapter) I can recommend a couple of nice items. The best thing is a recently published book called "THE AVENGERS" by Dave Rogers. It lists every episode of the original TV series with story capsules, behind-the-scenes information, and plenty of photographs (including one of the radio duo in costume). It doesn't yet have an American edition that I know of, but numerous book dealers are carrying the British edition (softcover, at about ten bucks). Or, to a much lesser degree, you can purchase the Journal of the Western New York Popular Culture Society #2, that features an article by this reporter on the TV series, that, I can say humbly, ain't too bad. (Send me a buck and I'll make sure you get one.)

If anybody knows more about

THE AVENGERS radio show than is presented here, I'd appreciate a letter with the information. (I'm also looking for anything on a MODESTY BLAISE radio show by the BBC if there's anybody out there.) Long live THE AVENGERS.

Kean F. Crowe
c/o THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS
100 Harvey Drive
Lancaster, N.Y. 14086



JERRY COLLINS

Once again it's time to delve into the days of radio's past. As television grew in prominence in the 1950's one of the few areas of radio that did not go into rapid decline was sports. My objective in the third part of my series on the role of sports on the radio is the study of this topic in the past twenty-five years. There are many reasons why sports has maintained such a strong position on radio.

Sport's talk shows, interview shows and call-in shows are all ideally suited for radio. The small size of the transistor radios and earlier portable radios has given radio many advantages over television.

I can remember my high school days when World Series games were still being played during the day. There would always be a big increase in the number of students holding their hands to their ears to cover up the ear phone that led to the concealed radio broadcasting the big game.

Somebody would always have a radio during those long bus rides home from school. Many a World Series game was listened to on those Frontier Central school buses.

How easy it is to turn on a radio at work to listen to a late afternoon baseball game. I can still remember my many trips to our school library to follow Hank Aaron's attempt to surpass Babe Ruth's homerun record.

Working in the yard is much more enjoyable if you are listening to a Yankee baseball or Notre Dame football game. It is also a lot easier to carry a radio up the ladder when painting the house. Earphone and walkman radios make it possible to listen to the big game even when cutting the grass. If the Buffalo Bills game is important enough I can even borrow my son's "Ghetto Blaster" and let the whole neighborhood listen to the game.

How boring those long trips would be without a football, baseball, or basketball game to listen to. On a recent trip home after a visit to the Baseball Hall of Fame I listened to parts of five different baseball games. The trip home from the annual radio convention is made easier by listening to the Jets or the Giants game up to Albany and then the Bills game as we travel West. A return trip from the Pro Football Hall of Fame two years ago was made more pleasant as I listened to my Boston Celtics demolish the Cleveland Cavaliers.

At a baseball or football game I am one of those characters with an earphone dangling from his ear. One must be careful if your wife has come with you to the game. The earphone must be in the ear opposite your wife. They just don't like to be ignored.

Monday night football games give us another opportunity to use our radio. There are many football fans that dislike Howard Cosell so much that they turn down the volume on their television set in order to listen to Hank Stram's commentary on the radio.

In some cities without Major League teams or in areas where cable service is non existent, minor league teams or lesser sports like soccer or hockey are covered on the radio. (((My family strongly disagrees with the descriptive word used before soccer...Ed.)))

Well, it is time to go. Notre Dame is playing on the radio. It is kickoff time and I haven't missed one of their games in thirty years.

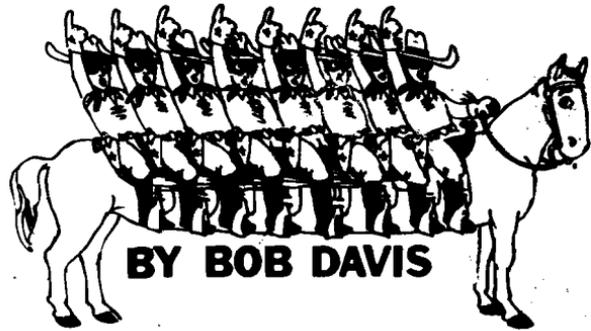
Until next month, "goodnight all".

TONIGHT 10:30 P.M.
WEBR
 McKesson & Robbins, Inc.
 CALOX TOOTH POWDER
 BEXIL VITAMIN B COMPLEX CAPSULES



STOP OR GO
THE COMEDY QUIZ STARRING
JOE E. BROWN

WHO WAS THAT MASKED MAN ?



BY BOB DAVIS

Things to ponder over while you're waiting for a tape to rewind. What was "Blondie's" real first name? It was obviously a nickname but her real name was never revealed! And how about her child "Cookie"? Cookie Bumstead! Poor kid probably grew up to be a hippie. Why didn't "Harrington" on "Mister District Attorney" have a first name? For that matter why didn't the D.A. himself have a name? There's something suspicious going on when a high-ranking officer of the law doesn't use his name. The David Brian series doesn't count... after all, we all know that the real Mr. D. A. was Jay Jostyn!

Why didn't Ozzie Nelson ever go to work. He lived well and had a nice house. He and his family all dressed well and seemed to want for nothing but the sonofagun was always home. He must have had an unemployment book that was three hundred pages thick. The most incredible part of the whole thing was that he was home twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, fifty-two weeks a year, for years and years and never once did he and Harriet ever have an argument! Not even a harsh word!

How come the relationship between Lamont Cranston and Margo Lane never raised the ire of the radio censors? Their relationship was ascloseasthis and the word marriage was never brought up. Shocking...really shocking...and this at a time when things were much more strict than they are today. Where was Morality in Media when we needed it?

Was "Tonto" a first name or a last name? Leroy Tonto..it does have a kind of ring to it. Or how about Tonto Hickerson? Now there's a name to reckon with!

"Kato" falls into that same category. Kean Kato..sounds like the name of a champion sumo wrestler! On the other hand Kato Seeley sounds like an ex-editor of a certain radio-related newsletter.

Why did "The Whistler" claim to know many things because he walked by night? Couldn't he have learned much more by going out in the daytime when the visibility is much better? The only thing I've learned by walking at night is that you shouldn't go out walking at night! It's dangerous out there!

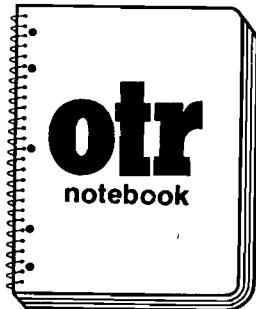
How come "The First Nighter" always went to the theater alone? Was he antisocial or did he get stood up every week? Maybe he was just a wimpy looking guy with a complexion problem that kept the girls away. Week after week this guy would attend another gala opening all by himself and afterwards would leave all by himself. Could be he was just a cheapskate!

There are more...many more but the one that is really outstanding in my mind is just what is going on between Daddy Warbucks and Little Orphan Annie? That man should be tarred and feathered! The less said about this sordid situation, the better.

An honest-to-gosh, legit item.... In the tradition of Star Wars and The Empire Strikes Back, National Public Radio will, in the near future, be presenting a multi-part series based on the hit movie "War Games". I don't know when it will be aired as it is in production now, but his is one I'm really looking forward to hearing. When I hear any more about it, I'll let you know.

See ya next time!

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 \$1.00for 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.



THE SOUND OF DETECTION
Francis M. Nevins, Jr. &
Ray Stanich(Brownstone
Books)

This is the second effort by Nevins in behalf of Ellery Queen in which the literary career of the family Queen is traced from 1929 until the death of its two creators.

One of the unique features of this fictional sluth is that the recording author and the detective are the same. This established an author identification. As an illustration, who wrote Philo Vance?

Frederic Dannay and Manford B. Lee created the pseudonym of Ellery Queen to enter a contest sponsored by McClures' magazine in 1929. The Roman Hat Mystery won the contest.

The development of the character of Ellery is traced from that of a stuffed shirt to that which might be called "one of the boys." The authors always played fair with the reader and gave all the clues necessary to solve the mystery. A challenge was provided for the reader to fathom out the mystery. This "Challenge to the Reader" is what got Ellery Queen into radio in April, 1939 at the huge price of \$25.00 a script. Hugh Marlow and Santos Ortega played Ellery and his father, Inspector Queen.

The authors show the off again, on again career of Ellery Queen as traced on radio and, if you will pardon the expression, T.V., also included the contributions of Hollywood to this saga. During World War II the program was used by government as a propaganda medium. A summary of most of the radio plots, and the dates of original airing is given. A very detailed covering of Ellery Queen's career make this book valuable to Ellery Queen fans in general and to Old Time Radio members in particular.

letters



"First I would like to personally thank fellow members James Albert and Gary Filroy for their recent donation to the club library.

I would like to propose that the club sponsor some sort of contest to encourage other members to donate to the club. How about a one years free membership for the member who donates the most shows to the club over a three month period? How about if each member would donate one reel to the club library? With a positive response all members of the club would benefit.

Let us not forget those members of the club who strictly collect on cassette. They could also have some sort of contest. Or perhaps they would each donate a cassette?

There is no reason why our club cannot have the best library in the country."

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

I am looking for recordings of some early programs to copy, including:

- Uncle Ezra, Hobby Lobby,
- Guy Hedlund Theatre, Ben Bernie,
- Renfro Valley Barn Dance, Bobby Benson,
- Buck Rogers, Bradley Kincaid, National Barndance.

Ed. F. Lawlor
5 Pauline Street
Carteret, New Jersey 07008

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-.50 per month. Postage must be included with all orders and here are the rates: For the USA and AP0-60¢ 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.

NICK CARTER

in

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STREET & SMITH

gold & guns

Oct. 1933

CHAPTER XIII BROTH OF DEATH

During the silence that followed the announcement of the gunman that he had another bottle of nitroglycerine, and was about to throw it, Nick Carter backed slowly down the cellar stairs.

Now he was back in the cellar, back out of the line of bullets. The detective's mind worked furiously. The cops were checked, Nick knew. So were he and Chick. If they rushed the crooks, if they even dared to fire at them, the gang in desperation might explode the nitroglycerine.

No matter how far away the deadly little bottle was thrown, there was a good chance of its raining debris back on the crooks and killing one of them. But they might be desperate enough--probably were--to take this chance.

Nick hurried across the cellar, got up inside the house. On the ground floor he passed the household group. He paid no attention to them.

Chick was holding the back door, he knew. The crooks could not get out that way. They could not rush the cops by going around the side of the house.

Nick went on upstairs. He got into a bedroom, evidently the bedroom of Thomas Gravesend. This was the room that would overlook the crooks' hiding place out on the lawn, behind the little hill.

Carefully, Nick Carter slid a window up, looked out. It was too dark outside to see the crooks. But they were now without cover, if Nick Carter wanted to fire.

But he didn't dare do that. He would have to destroy all the gang in one blow, and that seemed impossible.

He backed out of the window, looked down. The house was very old, built of stone, before the Revolution. It had been designed, Nick Carter thought wryly, to resist attacks from Indians. Therefore there were no sloping roofs up which the crooks could crawl, and also no sloping roofs down which Nick Carter could go, sneak up on the gang.

They were about twenty feet out from the house. Desperately Nick Carter's eyes searched in the dark through the room that had been Thomas Gravesend's. When his car was destroyed that morning, Nick had lost a good deal of his equipment. He had no hand grenades with him, no gas bombs.

Gas, however, would not work, Nick Carter figured. The crooks were out in the open air, where no adequate concentration of poison gas could have been effected. Some means must be found for paralyzing the entire gang with one blow, holding them still so that they could not deliver the death-dealing blow that the nitroglycerine gave them.

Nick crouched down on the floor, struck a match. There was a big, four-poster bed in the room, a tall chest of drawers, some other furniture--chairs and things like that. None of them seemed to provide a weapon.

And then, suddenly, Nick Carter had an inspiration. He ran over to Gravesend's bed, strained at the mattress. It was a hugh affair, built especially for this old-fashioned bed. Nick Carter had trouble getting it off the bed.

He heaved it into the air, standing one end of it on the floor, holding it up with his powerful arms with difficulty.

Nick worked the mattress over toward the window. Moments were ticking by rapidly now. The crooks had only given the police five minutes to let them go free, or they would use the nitroglycerine.

Nick knew, however, that the gang downstairs would stretch that time out as long as possible, would not want to commit suicide any more than the cops would want to die.

He could not get the mattress through the window. It was too tall, too wide, Nick got hold of the top of the big bolster, and pulled it down to the foot. Even doubled up that way, the mattress would not go through.

Nick Carter stood up, stretched his arms, flexed the muscles of his back. What he intended to do now took tremendous strenght.

He slipped the belt out of the loops of his trouser, laid it on the floor. Then he flopped the mattress on top of it.

Nick slid one hand under the mattress, and got hold of one end of the belt. Then he flung himself on the mattress, lying lengthwise, as he would, had he been in bed. His other arm barely managed to get under the edge of the big bolster. It could not reach the belt.

Nick Carter stood up again, slipped off his necktie. This he tied onto the belt. Now he was able to lie on the mattress and get one hand on each end of the improvised rope.

Desperately, every muscle straining, Nick got to his feet again. The mattress came up with him.

Now he started to pull in on the rope that he had made, hand over hand, easily, cautiously. The mattress began to double lengthwise around Nick Carter. Standing next to him on the floor, it towered a good foot over Nick Carter's head.

He worked the rope in toward him. After a while, he got the mattress so far doubled lengthwise that he could take a loop in the necktie, run the belt through it.

Now he put one knee against the big bolster, and strained, like a man cinching a horse. The mattress was doubled up now, not crosswise, but lengthwise. In this shape it would go through the window.

But the force exerted by the huge bolster to straighten itself out again threatened to break the necktie at any moment. The belt, Nick Carter knew, would hold.

He took his long bundle--it was seven feet long and about two feet square--to the window, thrust one end through. Getting at the other end, he pushed. The mattress worked its way out, and fell to the ground.

As it landed, Nick Carter heard a tiny report. He knew what it was--the breaking of his necktie.

He went to the window again and peered down. At first he could see nothing in the dark ground below. Then the moon came out from behind a straying cloud for a moment, and Nick Carter saw the brow of the hill behind which the gangsters were hiding. But almost directly under the window he saw a white blot that must be the mattress he had just thrown out.

Nick Carter got his feet up on the sill, crouched there. This was a desperate chance he was taking. It was too far to the ground for Nick to jump and take the chance of landing on a stone, of being thrown sprawling, of breaking his shoulder, or worse, his neck. But he held his breath sharply, and then jumped.

All the time that he was falling--it seemed like an eternity--he was afraid that he had mistaken the white blot for something else. Then he knees hit the ground--he was thrown forward, on the mattress. He was safe.

Instantly Nick had bounded to his feet. Again his arms stretched out, got hold of each edge of the mattress. He did not try to fold the big bolster this time, but carrying it in front of him like a shield, he hurried onward toward the hill.

Behind his mattress Nick Carter felt as safe as though he had been behind a bullet-proof shield. The vagaries of projectiles were an old story to Nick Carter. He knew how a man could take a heavy police service revolver, aim it at a half-unfolded bolt of drug-store cotton, and fire. The cotton would not even fall over. The bullet would not penetrate more than halfway into the mass.

There was no chance of a bullet coming through the mattress and hitting Nick Carter. He knew, as he stumbled over the rocky ground, that the gangsters must see him coming, a strange, terrifying white shape in the dark. What they would make of him he didn't know. But Nick only hoped that if they threw the nitroglycerine, they would throw it at him.

He remembered a story he had read somewhere--about the war, a true story--about a tremendously powerful bit of high explosive shell that had landed in a dugout with a delayed fuse on it, and about a soldier who had thrown himself on the shell, body bent over. The high explosive had gone off as the man cradled the projectile to his stomach. No one else in the dugout had been injured--the liquid had not even spilled out of the coffee cups from which the men had been drinking their supper at the time of the explosion. But the man who had landed on the explosive had been blown to bits.

Nick grinned. If anything was going to be blown to bits, it would be the mattress.

He hurried forward. His feet told him that he was climbing upward, that he was coming very near to the brow of the hill.

Then, suddenly, a pistol shot broke the almost ominous silence of the night. Something thudded into the mattress. The thing wriggled against Nick Carter's face.

His muscles were aching from holding the mattress up. But the bullet did not come through. Nick's shield was a good one.

He put more speed into his feet. It was hard walking, for his toes, his ankles, would bump into the mattress.

Then suddenly, he found himself walking downhill for a half a foot, and he knew that he was on the brow of the hill.

Nick threw himself forward on top of the mattress. There was a muffled cry, a shriek, a sound that might have been a gun going off under the mattress. But no roaring boom resounded.

The mattress became like a thing alive. It bucked and pitched, it writhed around on the ground. Nick Carter opened his mouth and yelled, yelled for help, unashamedly.

"Come on, you cops," he bawled. "I've got 'em penned up! Come--fast!"

He heard some one scramble out of the cellar steps, come running toward him. It was Chick, he knew. His able assistant was the first man to realize that Nick Carter had solved the situation.

Then the cops came running. Nick lay on the mattress, his gun in his hand now. The mattress still pitched under him.

He pulled out his pistol. It was too dark to see. His flashlight was broken.

The cops' flashlight lit up the scene. Nick saw a head projecting out from under one edge of the mattress. He smacked at it with his pistol.

Another man wriggled free, and one end of the mattress dipped down, almost throwing Nick off. Some one ran across the lawn.

"I've got the soup!" the man bawled. "I'll throw it!"

But a fusillade of police bullets cut the man down. The little glass bottle slipped from his fingers fell to the grass.

Nick bounded off the mattress. The cops landed on it, slugging right and left with their nightsticks, their guns. Shots rang out behind Nick Carter, but he ran across the grass.

In the dark he saw a white face, a white hand, a black body. The black body was moving. Herealized that it was the man who had been shot down. As he fell, the cops had turned their flashed off him.

Nick reached in his pocket, found a paper of matches. He struck one of these, allowed all the other matches to catch fire from the spark. The paper flared up, burning Nick's hand. He threw it away from him, high into the air.

It lit up the locale of the wriggling mass for just a moment, and Nick saw that the man who had been cut down by the cops' bullets was not dead. He was crawling toward the bottle of nitroglycerine. The little glass container shone maliciously not ten inches from the crawling man's hand.

Nick sprang through the air, his gun ready. The man must have heard him coming, for with a super-human effort the dying gangster lurched forward. His fingers closed around the white glass.

Nick's heels nearly landed on the bottle, on the man's hand. Nick

had to twist himself before his feet had ever touched the ground.

He dropped sprawling right beside the dying man. The gangster's fingers had raised the glass bottle off the ground. He was trying to throw it.

Nick tried to grab at it. The man turned over on his back, rolled away. Nick got to his knees, posed cautiously for a moment. He knew that if that thrown bottle landed on the grass again they would have a fifty-fifty chance of not being blown up. It had been somewhat of a miracle that the nitroglycerine had not gone off before. If it landed on a pebble, it was almost certain to explode.

Nick's hand jerked forward, caught at the dying man's wrist. The man jerked his fingers back, prepared to dash the bottle into his own teeth. Nick twisted on the wrist that he held, twisted the skin, not the whole arm. Spasmodically, the dying gangster's fingers opened.

Instantly Nick Carter had let go of the wrist. His hand shot out, made a soft cradle for the bottle of nitroglycerine. The gangster groaned, lay still.

Quickly Nick Carter put the bottle to his lips, jerked the cork out with his teeth. He poured the colorless liquid out onto the grass. It would be safe there--would soak into the ground. It would take an electric spark to shoot it off now.

Some cop had heard Nick Carter's struggle, had seen him. He hurried over.

Behind Nick, the fighting, the sound of blows, of shots, had died away. Instead, there was the ordered confusion of a round-up. The cops were hand-cuffing their prisoners together, lining them up.

The State trooper who joined Nick Carter used a flashlight on the face of the man who lay dead at Nick's feet.

"It's Growler Mulligan," the cop said, half absent-mindedly.

"Another Mulligan?" Nick Carter asked. "Say, how many of these Mulligan boys are there?"

"Three," the cop told him. "Growler, Salami, and Jack. Jack ain't got no nickname."

"I never heard of him," Nick averred.

The cop nodded. "You wouldn't--they're a local crew. Jack's in the Federal penitentiary now, though--pinched for evading the income tax."

"So?" Nick Carter Asked.

"Yeah," the cop said slowly.

"This guy Gravesend, whose house this is--he turned Jack in. Something he knew about Jack's bank account."

*** CONTINUED NEXT MONTH ***

Editor's DESK



GOOD NEWS - BAD NEWS

First the bad news, higher material and printing costs have made it necessary to increase our dues to \$17.50 annually effective immediately. This action will enable us to retain our present publication frequency.

Now the good news, thanks to the generosity of Fran Stricker Jr. and radio Station WEBR in Buffalo, New York, the OTRC is able to offer the Covered Wagon Days radio program to all who join or renew their membership in our club (see special offer below. Covered Wagon Days was a series originally broadcast over WEBR in 1930. It was one of those programs that was re-written to include the character of the Lone Ranger. Non-members may order copies of this program on quality cassette for only \$5.00 postage paid from the OTRC, 100 Harvey Drive. Lancaster, New York 14086.

See you next month... Have A Happy Thanksgiving!

OTRC special offer

JOIN OR RENEW YOUR MEMBERSHIP BY FEBRUARY 1, 1984 & RECEIVE A FREE QUALITY CASSETTE OF THE PILOT PROGRAM FOR THE LONE RANGER RADIO SERIES (NOT THE ORIGIN) ORIGINALLY WRITTEN OVER 50 YEARS AGO. THIS PROGRAM WAS RE-ENACTED & BROADCAST LIVE OVER RADIO STATION WEBR IN BUFFALO FROM THE LONE RANGER CONVENTION IN ARCADE, NEW YORK ON JUNE 25, 1983.

DUES \$17.50/ YEAR
*OVERSEAS \$29.50/YEAR

*EVERYTHING SENT BY AIR MAIL

HATTIE McDANIEL

She won an
Academy Award!
She'll win
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BEULAH

ON THE AIR TONIGHT
and every weekday night at

7:00 P. M.

STATION
WIBX

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..... An
outstanding
radio program at
**9.15 ... EVERY
MORNING**
(Exact Standard)

featuring
Campbell's
SOUPS ORCHESTRA

In a sparkling program
of song hits
WBEN
and associated NBC Stations

"Start your day with
music and start your
day with soup."

2/18/31

NEW TIME! "CARNEGIE HALL"

TUESDAYS, 8 to 8:30 P.M. EST.
BEGINNING SEPT. 27

WRUN

PATRICE MUNSEL
LEONARD WARREN
Male Chorus
September 27

RISE STEVENS
October 4

YEHUDI MENUHIN
October 11

NINO MARTINI
October 18

Dr. FRANK BLACK
Conductor



PRESENTED BY

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9/27/49

CC The Saginaw **NEWS** SUNDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1983

Town wants to honor 'Lone Ranger' from radio days

By Booth News Service

OXFORD — Astride his fiery horse, Silver, the Lone Ranger one day will ride into the village park here, where the duo of radio fame will stand watch over the masked man's adopted home town.

That, at least, is the dream of a group of townsfolk who are seeking to raise \$60,000 to build a statue to pay homage to this quiet Oakland County village's most famous resident.

It was during Superbowl XVI festivities that local officials decided they were tired of being known as the Gravel Capital of the World, as it was identified on roadside signs at the edges of town.

Today, those signs have been replaced with ones reading "Oxford, Home of Brace Beemer, Radio Lone Ranger."

During the football weekend celebration, plans also were announced to enlarge the village park and begin downtown redevelopment. It was time, all agreed, to get the town moving.

A Lone Ranger Memorial Committee was formed to plan a fundraising campaign for the statue during 1983, the 50th anniversary of the popular Detroit-originated radio program.

Although the initial Lone Ranger broadcast was aired on WXYZ on Jan. 30, 1933, the fifth and most renowned "voice" was the late Brace Beemer, who made his first full-time radio appearance as the masked man April 9, 1941, a role he played for 17 years.

Prior to that, as the station's general manager and chief announcer, he had filled in as the Lone Ranger on the air.

And, according to his son, Bob, an Oxford resident, businessman and civic leader, "He was the first and only Lone Ranger who ever made personal appearances. None of the others could ride!"

On July 30, 1943, on Belle Isle, his father made the first public appearance as the radio hero, according to Bob Beemer. "The station rented a horse, Hero, from a well-known animal trainer in the Detroit area, Carl Romig, for the event," he recalled.

From 1943 on, Brace Beemer, an expert horseman, rode his own stallion, Silver's Pride — called Pride by the family, Silver by the millions of Lone Ranger fans who grew up to the call "Come on, Silver. Let's go, big fella. Hi-yo, Silver, away!"

Brace Beemer moved his family, and Pride/Silver, from the Detroit area to a 240-acre farm on West Drahnner Road in 1943. He died here at age 62 in 1965 after having done more than 2,000 broadcasts before the show left the air Sept. 14, 1954.

His wife, Leta, 82, continues to live in the family home.

"She still walks a minimum of two miles a day, rain or shine, snow or sleet," said Bob Beemer. Throughout his career his father referred to Oxford as his "hometown," he recalled.

Bob Beemer is an admitted Lone Ranger fan. He recalls enjoying the program as an 8-year-old, but not knowing the daring and resourceful masked rider was his father.

"He used a projected voice for the part that I didn't recognize. I knew he was on radio, he was a trained professional actor. (I knew) he did other things, too — was a singer, read poetry and did newscasts. Eventually, that projected voice became his normal voice."

Brace Beemer became a legend with that booming voice. Not many adults will have forgotten the familiar strains of the William Tell Overture and then the announcer saying:

"A fiery horse with the speed of light, a cloud of dust and a hearty 'Hi-yo, Silver, The Lone Ranger!'

"With his faithful Indian companion, Tonto (played by John Todd throughout the life of the series) the daring and resourceful masked rider of the plains led the fight for law and order in the early western United States.

"Nowhere in the pages of history can one find a greater champion of justice. Return with us now to those thrilling days of yesterday. From out of the past come the thundering hoofbeats of the great horse, Silver. The Lone Ranger rides again!"

And then Beemer's booming voice . . .

Pride/Silver died in the Spring of 1966 at age 29, according to Bob Beemer.

Brace Beemer's three sons learned their lessons well. They also are excellent astride horses.

Bob's two brothers are J. D., a professional horseman in Germantown, Md., and Richard, an attorney in Farmington. J.D. also followed in his father's footsteps, appearing in rodeos and various television shows.

Asked why his father didn't follow the Lone Ranger into the world of television, Bob Beemer says, "He didn't like TV. He thought it (the show) was the cheapest series ever made for TV. They used stock shots . . . he was a trained professional actor."

He says he also thinks his father figured he was too old and "not too realistic" for the part.

A Grosse Pointe and Delray Beach, Fla., sculptor, Frank Varga, has been commissioned by the Lone Ranger Memorial Com-

mittee to create a ¾-scale statue of Brace Beemer on a rearing horse.

In the meantime, Varga has made a 16-inch-tall replica of the statue, which is a key to the fundraising campaign.

A 47-pound solid bronze original of the miniature was auctioned by the committee at a public showing May 1 at the Oxford High School. Successful bidder for \$1,300 was Oxford Co-op Elevator.

In addition, the committee commissioned a limited edition of 500 cold cast replicas which are being sold to fans. The price tag for each is \$150, which includes a numbered certificate.

According to Bob Beemer, Lone Ranger fans are legion. "Among ardent collectors of Lone Ranger memorabilia are two Pennsylvania residents, Jim Rosch, who has the major collection, and Lee Felbeinger, who has authored a book about Lone Ranger memorabilia."

In fact, he said, there was a large gathering of collectors in June. They were attending dedication ceremonies of a memorial library to the late Fran Striker near Buffalo, N.Y. Striker, creator of the Lone Ranger who authored the scripts, had donated property to a church there, and the church established a camp for children on the grounds. The ceremonies were broadcast locally in Buffalo.

HEAR THESE STARS TONIGHT!

WALTER O'KEEFE
DEANE JANIS
TED HUSING
GLEN GRAY AND THE CASA LOMA BAND

ON THE NEW
CAMEL CARAVAN

EVERY TUESDAY AND THURSDAY

600 P.M. ESTERN TIME 530 P.M. MOUNTAIN TIME
600 P.M. CENTRAL TIME 530 P.M. PACIFIC TIME

OVER COAST-TO-COAST
WABC-COLUMBIA NETWORK

GET A LIFT WITH A CAMEL!

10/8/35

Cronkite says radio is failing

NEW ORLEANS (UPI) — Retired CBS anchorman Walter Cronkite says the radio industry, for all its high technology, is giving the public titillating headlines instead of the news it needs.

Cronkite said that despite the huge advances made in communications, the public is actually getting less and less information.

"It's as dangerous and simple a fact as this: the democracy cannot live with a population so short of information," he said. "There is a point beyond which stories cannot be compressed without distortion, and news people are being asked to put five pounds of news in a one-pound package."

"You can't do that without serious damage. It would almost be better if we didn't try to do the news at all."

Cronkite was in New Orleans to accept the 1983 Golden Radio Award from the National Radio Broadcasters Association. In his keynote address, he

stressed that radio retained a special place among the media because people carry it with them.

"Radio is a medium in its own right," said Cronkite, who started his journalism career at the University of Texas station KTUT in the early 1930s.

"It's radio that people carry with them, driving down the highway, sitting at their desks, trout-fishing. More than any other medium, it is radio people use to stay in touch. It's radio that is there when disaster strikes."

After praising the medium itself, however, Cronkite launched into his rebuke, accusing radio of driving many newspapers out of business in recent years, then failing to fill the gap.

"We've driven newspapers out of business, left most of our cities with a single newspaper," he said. "We have a responsibility in radio and television to take the place of those newspapers we have reduced or driven out, and we're not doing that job."

The Saginaw **NEWS** MONDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1983

Hollywood no fun, so radio's Fidler retiring

HOLLYWOOD (UPI) — Jimmie Fidler, whose radio shows and syndicated columns gave him an audience of more than 50 million Americans in the 1930s and '40s, is retiring because he says Hollywood's glamour days are over.

Fidler, 85, one of radio's first gossip columnists who is still heard on more than 165 stations nationwide, said he will end his 51-year radio career next month "because it's just not fun anymore."

"These days they take three girls off a luncheon counter and make them angels and stars overnight," he told Showtime's Bill Harris in an interview being aired on the cable channel this week. "I'm reporting on people I don't even know or care about."

"Today, they don't glamorize the stars — they undress them. I can't name a dozen stars I enjoy talking about these days. If there were still glamour and glory — and nice people — in Hollywood, I'd stay on the air."

Fidler came to Hollywood from Memphis, Tenn., in 1921 to pursue an acting career. After landing

only bit parts in silent films, he signed on as a studio press agent.

Fidler was married six times and dated such screen stars as Ava Gardner, Jean Harlow, Ginger Rogers and Fay Wray.

Fidler was doing celebrity interviews for a radio show called "Hollywood On The Air" when one night, the bandleader walked off the show a minute early — "a disastrous thing," he said, because listeners would switch the station.

"So I volunteered to do short items about the stars — pieces I could end anywhere along the line, and we started using that as a safety to end the show."

At the height of his popularity, Fidler's show was heard on 486 radio stations and he earned \$4,000 a week.

Fidler lives with his wife of 21 years, Kay, in Westlake Village, about 45 miles west of Los Angeles. He plans to devote time to writing a book about the stars he knew.

WELCOME BACK!
TONIGHT!



TO GIVE YOUR
LIFE A LIFT
**IT'S
MAXWELL
HOUSE
COFFEE TIME**



That great show again with John
Cotts as Master of Ceremonies ...
Hanley Stafford as "Daddy" ...
Frank Tours—and his orchestra!

WGY 8 P. M.

Look Who's Here

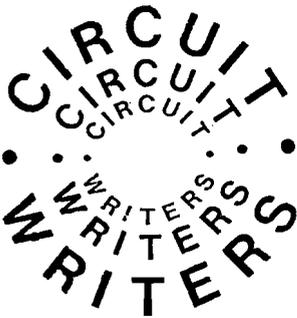
9 A. M.
DON MCNELL'S
BREAKFAST
CLUB



WARC
950 IN 1950
24 HRS. DAILY



3:00 P. M.
BRIDE AND
GROOM
JOHN NELSON



By: Aron Way, 11th Grade
OTRC Of Corry H.S.

The effect of the play, War of the Worlds, on the citizens of the United States on that October night were phenomenal.

It is almost impossible to believe that the entire country was in an uproar about the "annihilation of the world by Martian machines that landed somewhere in New Jersey", which was a very well put together radio play by Orson Wells on the CBS radio network.

War of the Worlds was so very realistic in every minute detail that the people of America believed every word of it. The actors in the play along with all of the carefully engineered sound effects that accompanied them stood to make the play even more believable to the public.

Along with all of these other things the fact that the better part of the population missed all of the disclaimers at the beginning of the tragic play because The Charlie McCarthy Show was on an opposing radio network made things even worse. Most of the people in the United States turned to War of the Worlds only after there was an opera singer on the Charlie McCarthy Show. And when the people did tune in, they found themselves caught up in the middle of the "newsbreaks" in the music which gave all of the details on "the landing of alien machines". And when the people tuned around the radio dial to try and catch more news on the incident, and there wasn't any, they just figured that CBS had the scoop on "the landing of these mysterious machines from the plant of Mars."

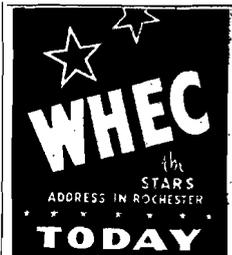
Then, when they heard that these alien machines advancing into New York, they panicked, and went screaming out into the streets looking for protection against all of the alien invaders that never existed, except in the mind of H. G. Wells, and then brought to life by Orson Wells. The impact of this play was, and still is, to me hard to believe, because

some people actually contemplated suicide with the idea that they would rather kill themselves than be taken prisoner by the Martians or be killed by the "heatray" of the Martian invaders.

One of the few good things about this play is the fact that when it was over we realized just how much the people of the United States relied on the medium known as radio.

In my opinion, I do not believe that is possible in any way, shape, form or manner for any medium on Earth, be it radio, television or newspaper, to even come close to reenacting anything even minutely resembling the horror felt by a nation on that October night.

The closest thing to War of the Worlds so far was a television program about terrorist who were planning to detonate a nuclear bomb in a large metropolis if their demands of disarming all of the nuclear weapons were not met. But the effect of this dramatization was "ruined", in my opinion, by dozens of disclaimers throughout the movie. Even without the disclaimers, the show could not have been close to THE WAR OF THE WORLDS!



MR. CHAMELEON

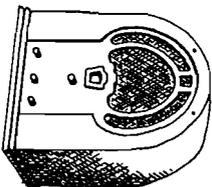
8:00 P. M.

Three persons have strong motives for murder in "The Extra Wife Murder Case". Character actor Karl Sesson stars.

FIRST CLASS MAIL

THE OLD TIME

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RADIO CLUB

LANCASTER, N.Y. 14086