

---

# ILLUSTRATED PRESS

EST. 1975

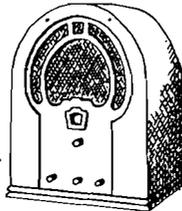
No. 89 - February 1984



The famed denizens of "Allen's Alley" pose for their picture on the occasion of NBC's 30th anniversary in 1956. Left to right, Fred Allen; "Senator Cloghorne" (Kenny Delmar); "Mrs. Nussbaum" (Minerva Pious); "Ajax Cassidy" (Peter Donald); and "Titus Moody" (Parker Fenelly).

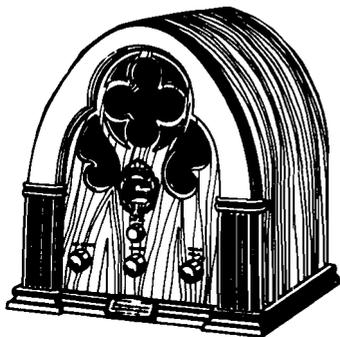
---

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.

\*\*\*\*\*  
THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS is the monthly newsletter of The Old Time Radio Club headquartered in Buffalo, N.Y. Contents except where noted, are copyright ©1983 by the OTRC. All rights are hereby assigned to the contributors. Editor: Richard A. Oldday; Assistant Editor: Jerry Collins; Production Assistance; Arlene Oldday;

Published since 1975. Printed in U.S.A.

CLUB ADDRESSES: Please use the correct address for the business you have in mind. Return library materials to the library addresses.

CLUB DUES:  
 Jerry Collins  
 56 Christen Ct.  
 Lancaster, N.Y. 14086  
 (716) 683-6199

ILLUSTRATED PRESS (letters, columns etc.) & OTHER CLUB BUSINESS:  
 Richard Oldday  
 100 Harvey Drive  
 Lancaster, N.Y. 14086  
 (716) 684-1604

REFERENCE LIBRARY:  
 Pete Bellanca  
 1620 Ferry Road  
 Grand Island, N.Y. 14072  
 (716) 773-2485

TAPE LIBRARY  
 Frank Bork  
 7 Heritage Drive  
 Lancaster, N.Y. 14086  
 (716) 683-3555

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 #90 - February 13  
 #91 - March 12  
 #92 - April 9

\*\*\*\*\*

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

## Wireless Wanderings



**JIM SNYDER**

Last November brought the annual Friends of Old Time Radio Convention in Newark, New Jersey. As usual it was a success, in fact, a gigantic success. If this thing gets any bigger they are going to have to move it to the Atlantic City Convention Center.

I decided to fly in on Thursday night so that I could take full advantage of Friday's activities. After parking, I took the shuttle bus into the Detroit airport terminal, and everyone was telling where they were going. When someone asked my why on earth I would want to go to Newark, I said that it was for a radio convention. One woman insisted that she recognized my voice and wanted to know what station I was on. I hope that the Detroit radio stations now realize what they are missing in not having me. I hadn't eaten so I tried to decide if I should get something in the terminal. I asked the woman at the New York Air (owned by the bankrupt Continental Airlines) counter if anything was served on the flight. She told me that they served a "real nice snack," so I decided to let that take care of me. During the flight they came around and handed each passenger an apple. That was the "real nice snack".

I called the Holiday Inn in Newark from the airport at exactly 11:00 p.m. to ask them to pick me up. They said their shuttle would be right there. So, I stood in the cold rain for one hour and thirty-three minutes (I called two times) before they finally arrived. Not a terribly auspicious beginning, but the rest of the weekend made up for that.

Since I was there so early I had a chance to visit with many friends as they arrived. I guess that to be interested in this hobby we must all be a little bit strange, but at least it is the nicest group of strange people I know. Even the dealers that I have commented about in the past were pleasant to me.

Gene Bradford had made up another new pin for the club, and Frank Boncore soon arrived with a supply of the Lone Ranger cassettes that are being given out with this year's memberships, so Frank and I were soon doing a brisk business in selling memberships. Unfortunately, no one had informed me that the price had gone up, so I wound up selling

memberships at the old price and then Dick Olday made me make up the difference out of my pocket. Hey guys, how about letting people know about these things? Fran Stryker, Jr. also gave the club a nice plug in his convention presentation.

The presentations that I attended were excellent, although I didn't go to as many as I have in the past. I spent a great deal more time in the dealer's room. There seemed to me to be twice as many dealers operating this time as in years past. I have mentioned before that John Furman has sold me a tape deck at every single one of the previous four conventions that I have attended. Several weeks before this year's convention I received John's latest supplement, and under my address John had written, "bring checkbook," so I knew he was after me again. But, as soon as I saw John's table I knew I was safe since he had no machines for sale this time. Therefore I walked up to John for a pleasant visit for a change, only to have him quickly move me over to John Wallace's table where I was again talked into buying another deck. At least I sold both Johns' a club membership.

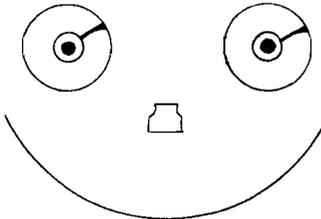
There was some complaining about the food, this year. I had no such problem with it and certainly find it a lot better in Newark than it used to be in Bridgeport, but one gentleman told me on the way back to the airport that he was going to have to teach the cooks how to make "southern Ohio fried potatoes."

Chuck Seeley and Kean Crowe were actually nice. The only reason I could find for their improved behavior this year, was the absence of Bob Davis. Apparently he has been a bad influence in years past. Kean was so nice that he even complimented me (I guess). He said that he liked my column a little bit better than the Nick Carter thing that runs each month. Anyway, while the convention itself is exciting, the thing that makes it really worthwhile is the chance to renew old friendships, and build new ones, with a bunch of really great people. Next year the convention will again be held in Newark, on October 19 and 20.

Unfortunately, there was a negative item at this year's convention that bothered me greatly, SPERDVAC did it again! I realize that some of you don't like the constant carping about SPERDVAC, but I am a SPERDVAC member and so have every right to do so. Since they simply ignore everything I write to them, I find it necessary to use these pages to get my feelings across. I have been constantly critical of the organization, especially of the way they handle money. They collect vast amounts of dues money from those of us who do not live in the Los Angeles area, and they give us absolutely nothing in return. But this time they

have really gOne OverbOard in mis-  
 using Our dues mOney. SPERDVAC sent  
 fOur peOple tO the cOnventiOn, and  
 paid their expenses (BOB Lynes,  
 SPERDVAC president, told me that the  
 OrganizatiOn paid \$412 fOr his plane  
 ticket alone). So, we have a case of  
 the SPERDVAC Board of Directors voting  
themselves a very nice expense paid  
 trip. I paid my own convention expen-  
 ses; why should I also have to pay  
 for theirs? What did the SPERDVAC  
 membership receive for this big outlay  
 of our money? Absolutely nothing!  
 Those four didn't even set up a table  
 to sell memberships. They just had  
 a good time. This is the greatest  
 misuse of funds that even SPERDVAC  
 has ever dreamed up. Perhaps those  
 of us outside the Los Angeles area  
 should take over the organization by  
 putting in our own slate for the  
 board; a slate made up of people who  
 live outside the area. Even if we  
 didn't meet, we would be doing a more  
 honest job than those who are now  
 using the organization only for their  
 own enhancement.

\* \* \* \* \*



REEL-LY \$PEAKING  
(Cont.d)

- R-158 1800' YOUR'S TRULY JOHNNY DOLLAR
- The Calarlese Matter
- Silver Blue Matter
- Challenge of the Yukon
- The Sheperd and his Dog
- Rusty
- Break up
- Extra Uniform
- The Black Husky
- The Sartent's Right
- R-159 1800' ESCAPE
- Three Good Witnesses
- Snake Doctor
- Vanishing Lady
- Ancient Sorceries
- How Love Came to Prof. Guildea
- Grove of Ashtaroth
- Log of the Evening Star
- Misfortune's Isle
- Shipment of Mute Fate
- Action
- The Brute
- Drums Fore & Aft
- R-160 1200' HAVE GUN WILL TRAVEL
- Paladin Goes to Mexico
- Back Alive
- Mennoties
- Drought
- O'Reilly's Wedding
- Molly Stanton School Marm
- Miss Wong Kidnapped
- Mr. Currie - Ghost mine

- Bad Bert
- Stokes
- The Bet
- Lady Diana Colter
- R-161 1800' ADVENTURES BY MORSE
- Dead Men Prowler
- The Dead Do Walk at Night
- Converdatation With the Dead
- Walking Dead Captured
- Life History of Prowlers
- Forego to Join the Prowling Dead
- Prowler With A Rope Around His Neck
- Prowler Dead Walk Again
- Prowling Dead Introduces Himself
- You'll Be Dead in a Week
- A Meeting on Sunset Strip
- Two Hundred Thousand Dollars to Lose
- Captured by Blackie Nord

\* \* \* \* \*

### Victor Borge Is 75; Marks Event in Concert

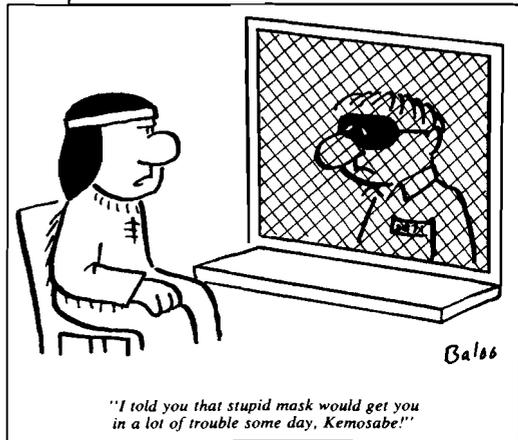
COPENHAGEN, Denmark (AP) — Danish-born pianist Victor Borge, who got his start on the Bing Crosby Radio Show 40 years ago, celebrated his 75th birthday by conducting a gala concert here and said he feels "not a day over 74."

In Danish rusted slightly by 43 years in America, Mr. Borge quipped and fumbled through a sentimental two hours Tuesday night conducting the 50-piece Royal Opera Orchestra in the City Hall of Copenhagen, the city where he was born Boerge Rosenbaum to a violinist father and a pianist mother.

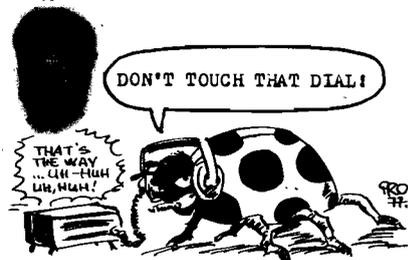
Mr. Borge led the orchestra through the great composers and a medley of Danish folk melodies, ending in a shower of tiny flags of national red and white as fireworks flared from the wings.

Mr. Borge, a Jew, fled to Sweden in 1940 when Nazi forces invaded Denmark. Then, with both parents dead and the Third Reich occupying his home country, he sailed to the United States in 1941.

His vitality shows in his schedule of 100 to 150 concerts a year.



Baloo



## JERRY COLLINS

Once again it's time to delve into the days of radio's past.

Many reasons can be given for our interest in old time radio. The most important one for me is that it allows me to return to a more peaceful, relaxing and enjoyable past. It was an era that had not experienced terrorist attacks, frequent assassinations, bombings and racial tension. Drugs, excessive drinking, long hair and loud music were many years down the road. We had World War II and the Great Depression, but we seemed to deal with our problems so much better.

The media has done very little to ease the tensions of the seventies and the eighties. Rock music, racy soap operas, comedies and dramatic shows, loud news shows as well as exaggerated, lurid and explicit magazines, newspaper and tabloid articles have done nothing but fuel the tensions of the current generation.

On the contrary, what a service radio has provided for us. It relaxed us when we needed relaxation. It promoted patriotism during World War II. During the Depression it took our minds off our problems and taught us how to laugh again.

In a three part series, I will attempt to discuss the numerous services radio has given us.

When problems build up and things get a little tough I pull out certain tapes and turn to my tape recorder. Certain shows had sedative powers over the listening audience. They had the power to relax us to easily. Some of these shows were immensely popular, others had but a limited audience. All of them, however, returned us to small town America. They all portrayed a different America, an America we will never see again.

Fibber McGee and Molly entered our living room through the magic of radio for twenty-two wonderful years. During all those years we traveled to 79 Wistful Vista to be entertained by Fibber McGee, Throckmorton Gildersleeve, The Old-Timer, Wallace Wimple, Mayer LaTrivia, Doc Gamble and many others.

When Gildersleeve left the show, we were able to take the train to

Summerfield to visit Gildy, Leroy, Judge Hooker, Peavy, Floyd the Barber, Chief Gates and all of Gildersleeve's girl friends. The plots of these stories were rarely important, but this never bothered the large audiences that these two shows attracted.

Rogers of the Gazette lasted for only six months, but rarely was there a problem that could not be solved by Will Rogers Jr. In addition he was always so quiet, calm and relaxed in all of his performances.

The introduction to the Adventures of Frank Merriwell was always very reassuring. "There it is, an echo of the past, an exciting past, a romantic past - the era of the horse and carriage, gas-lit streets and free for all football games; the era of one of the most beloved characters in American fiction, Frank Merriwell." In this show sportmanship, clean-living and integrity always won out.

The Halls of Ivy starred one of the great acting teams in radio history, Ronald and Benita Coleman. Paying William Todhunter Hall, the president of Ivy College, Coleman displayed a great deal of wit and charm as he solved most of the problems experienced by his students. Benita Coleman displayed a great deal of warmth and love as she was always there to support her husband, her "Toddy."

For twenty-seven years Virginia Payne played one of the most beloved roles in radio history, Ma Perkins. Millions of families were raised according to the philosophy of this show. Owning a lumberyard in Rushville, Ma Perkins still had time to add a great deal of love, decency and honesty to day time radio.

Another show that became a radio tradition was One Man's Family. This show also lasted twenty-seven years. This show in the person of the Barber Family represented stability, strong family ties, steadiness and the American way of life.

For seventeen years Dr. Christian was a small town country doctor. Jean Hersholt was a perfect individual for the part. He played the part fully, both on as well as off the stage. The show preached involvement, religion and charity.

Although it was noisy and sometimes ridiculous The Aldrich Family was one of the top situation comedies during its fourteen year tenure on radio. Henry and Homer had their problems and sometimes they were serious, but the solutions were so humorous that it helped us handle our problems so much more easily. Henry, like so many of these other great radio personalities, remains as a vital part of our great nostalgic past.

Vic and Sade live "in the little house halfway up in the next block." It was the story of the Gooks, a family who lived on Virginia Avenue

in Crooper, Illinois.

It was a very simple show. It was based entirely on dialogue. There were no props and very little music or sound effect. The show was based on letters and telephone conversations involving bizarre characters with strange names that we never met.

The stories were usually unrealistic and frequently absurd, but it attempted to tell the story of small town America that passed with the beginning of World War II. Still most nostalgia experts rate it as one of the greatest shows of all time.

Well, it has been a long and very difficult day. The kids are now all in bed and it is now quiet in the house. I think I will reach back and turn on an episode of the ADVENTURES OF FRANK MERRIWELL.

Until next month "Goodnight all."

\*\*\*\*\*

**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

I will trade for any sports material I don't have on an equal basis. Thousands to choose from. Free Catalog supplied.

John S. Furman  
Box 132  
Ballston Lake, N.Y. 12019

Now trading again. New equipment and better sound - 1300 reels. Would like to trade with beginning collectors.

Hy Daley  
437 So. Center  
Corry, PA 16407

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

\*\*\*\*\*

**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

Dick Olday has shared with us a program guide from WRVO, Oswego, New York, a public radio station that identifies itself as FM 90 Newsradio. Of the variety of programming available, FM 90 Playhouse is of special interest to Old Time Radio Fans. From Monday to Friday and Sunday it presents old time radio and also current radio dramas; the Friday program is entitled, "Sounds of Yesterday", all are at 7:30 p.m.

On Sunday, at 11 p.m. is Sunday Playhouse.

Other programs of interest at FM 90 are: Reader's Corner (Monday through Friday at 12:30 p.m.) with Bill Shigley reading the best in American Humor, and the Leonard Feather Show (Monday at 3:30 p.m.)

From CFRB, Toronto, 1010 Khz, come Down Memory Lane with Ray Sonne, which offers a variety of nostalgia

Happy Listening in '84...

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

\*\*\*\*\*

**Letters**



Richard, before I forget, here's my check for a year's membership in the Old Time Radio Club. Don't forget my Lone Ranger cassette.

Maybe you'd like to join our organization here in NYC. Read the other side. There have been changes. We're now the Vintage Broadcast Society, to avoid confusion with your group. We had to up the charge from \$10.00 to \$15.00. The cost of xeroxing etc. is higher than we thought, (((I know, I know!-Ed.))) The magazine is now called ON THE AIR, a better title than RADIO TEXT. You, as a member, could contribute an article, if you want. Ronald Baron is working on our becoming a tax-exempt group. In this way, we can keep radio memorabilia for others, as a permanent museum. Jack Shugg, Lew Krieger, and Kevin Eastwood are producing the magazine.

As an answer to Jim Snyder, I would like to retort that OTR fandom will last for one hell of a long time, as long as there is genuine and unselfish interest in the hobby. The hobby can expand to include the collecting of radio books, the public reading of OTR scripts, in which I'm greatly interested, the persuasion of radio stations to include old or new radio drama and comedy in their

schedules. Joe Webb once wrote me: OTR Lives! I say OTR never dies. Hokay?

A piece of gossip. I understand that there will be an Arthur Godfrey forum at the next Friends of OTR Convention. At least, I'll try to make it happen.

John A. Barber/President  
Vintage Broadcast Society  
77-02 34th Ave.  
Apt. B62  
Jackson Heights, NY 11372

\*\*\*\*\*

# The CRYSTAL EGG



## HY DALEY

DIScovery

By: Hy Daley

Bob Crosby, Bing's kid brother, did well for himself for having no talent (his own words). Actually Bob got his first band leader job as part of a corporation band idea put forth by Gil Rodin and Cork O'Keefe.

Rodin was an agent and was looking for someone to front a new band he was putting together with another band promoter O'Keefe. Crosby got the job and the rest is BOBCAT history.

On radio Bob had several shows. The first was in 1939 over CBS. This featured such fresh new faces as Peggy Lee, Kay Starr, and Jo Stafford as vocalists. The Pied Pipers and Bob Haggart also were regulars. Your old favorite, Carroll Carroll, was the chief writer for the series.

When radio was first feeling the effects of TV, CBS used the Crosby crew to fill the rating holes in the crumbling numbers game. In 1947 the show featured Jerry Gray's Orchestra which was also used in the STANDARD series recordings. This show went through a variety of personnel changes over the years; the Andrew Sisters, the Modernaires, and Giselle came and went through the early '50's. He also did a stint with JACK BENNY prior to Phil Harris. He also hosted the KRAFT MUSIC HALL for a time after Bing left the show in 1946. In the seventies Bob Crosby toured the country with a big band entourage with Freddy Martin, Frankie Carle, Art Mooney and Buddy Morrow. The BOBCAT sound was alive once more!

\*\*\*\*\*



Jack Arthur

"Narrator"—Grand Central Station  
"Songs By Jack Arthur" (WEAF—8-15 A.M.)

## RETURN WITH US TO... by BILL WELLS

# WILL ROGERS



GODDAMN, ALL I KNOW IS WHAT I READ IN THE NEWSPAPERS

AMERICAN BELOVED HUMORIST PHILADELPHIA APPEARED FREQUENTLY AS A GUEST ON RADIO PROGRAMS. HE WAS A REGULAR ON THE GUY SHOW THAT PREMIERED OVER NBC BLUE APRIL 30, 1953 AND SWITCHED TO CBS THE FOLLOWING SEASON

WILL ROGERS ENJOYED JABBERING AT PARTISANS WITH THE UNIFORMS. STILL THINK HE WAS THE BEST YANKEE LINE-UP. OF COURSE, WAS I NEVER MET A MAN I DIDN'T LIKE.

ROGERS AND AVIATOR WILEY POST WERE KILLED WHEN THEIR PLANE CRASHED IN LOG NEAR POINT BARNOW, ALASKA AUG. 15, 1935.

© 1983 AND 1984 WELLS

# NICK CARTER

in

COPYRIGHT:  
STREET & SMITH

## gold & guns

Oct. 1933

### CHAPTER XVI TRAPPED

The next morning Nick Carter had his breakfast served in his room. Henry Winslow brought the breakfast up and took Nick Carter's suit down to clean it.

While Nick was still eating, Chick Carter appeared at the door.

"I've got your man for you, boss," the detective's assistant said. Nick looked up, grinning. He took a big swallow of coffee, and told Chick to bring the safe-maker in.

In a few moments Chick Carter returned with a narrow-shouldered, beady-eyed young man.

"This is Philip Baldwin, Nick," Chickering announced. Then the detective's assistant walked across the room, stood with his back to them, while his employer questioned the safe-maker.

Baldwin told a straight story. He had been asked by Thomas Gravesend to come out two or three years before and build a safe in his cellar. The safe had been a stock model. All that Baldwin had had to do was to see that it was cemented in properly, and then set the combination.

Baldwin finished his story. Nick sat forward in his chair and stared at the safe-maker.

"Now answer this question very carefully, Mr. Baldwin," Nick said. "Did you know anything about a secret passageway that runs around the inside wall of the cellar?"

Baldwin scratched his head. "Yes," he said finally. "Gravesend said something about it when I first took the job. It made it very much easier to put the safe in. We didn't have to cut through a solid wall, you see. Just go through a thin wall, and there we were in this opening."

"Did you block that corridor up?" Nick Carter asked, still eyeing the safe-maker carefully.

Baldwin shook his head. "We walled it all up but the top part," he said. "You see, I just set my safe in there. Then I cemented all around it to protect it, set stone in. That's to keep the outside of the chilled steel from getting rusted. I fixed up the inside cellar wall again, and there she was."

Nick shrugged. He was about to put another question when there was a timorous tapping on the door, and Henry Winslow entered. He laid Nick Carter's suit down on the bed, and went out again.

Nick lit one of his Turkish cigarettes and stood up.

"Chickering," he said to his assistant, "if you'll take Mr. Baldwin

out in the garden, I'll join you in ten minutes."

Baldwin and Chick left, and Nick started putting on his clothes. He strapped three guns around him, one in each shoulder holster, one on his hip. Then he went to the window, looked out.

Baldwin and Chick Carter were leaning against the wall of the converted stable, smoking cigarettes. Even as he watched, Chick finished his cigarette, and flicked it away from him. It rolled across the concrete platform in front of the stable as Geoff Pritchard appeared around a corner of the stable. He had been working in the cucumber frame there.

He went over, stepped on the cigarette, and Nick Carter grinned. City boy that Chick was, he didn't know about throwing lighted cigarettes around out in the country.

Geoff Pritchard started to walk toward the two men leaning on the barn door. Quickly, silently Nick Carter slid the window open. He wanted to hear what was said when Pritchard saw Baldwin.

The men were too far apart, so far, for polite conversation. Then Pritchard got closer. His words floated up to Nick Carter gently.

"Hello, Mr. -- I'm afraid I don't remember your name," Pritchard said. "But you're the chap that put in a safe for Mr. Gravesend a few years ago, aren't you?"

Baldwin nodded. "Philip Baldwin," he said. "You're Mr. Pritchard, Mr. Gravesend's secretary."

Pritchard acknowledged the recognition. "I'm not Mr. Gravesend's secretary any more, though," he said. "I run this farm for him now."

Nick made a note of that. Then Gravesend had bought the safe before he resigned from the bank. Evidently he had known what was coming. A man with that foresight, Nick thought, might very well steal his own gold, fearing not only that the government might take part of it away from him for hoarding, but also that the directors of the bank of which he had once been head might take criminal action against him, might try to recapture the money that he possessed.

Nick turned and went downstairs. Baldwin and Chick Carter were still leaning against the garage door. Geoff Pritchard had gone away.

"What happened to Pritchard?" Nick Carter asked.

Chick gestured toward the cellar door. It was open.

"He had to take some vegetables down there," Chick said.

"Wait till he gets out," Nick Carter told the other two men, "and then we'll go down. I want you to

tell me, Mr. Baldwin, whether the safe has been tampered with."

Nick offered his cigarettes. Baldwin took one, but Chick refused it. Nick's special brand was too strong for his assistant.

The three of them leaned there against the wall. Then Geoff Pritchard reappeared up the cellar stairs. He walked away, across the concrete platform, his heels in their heavy farm boots clicking with a hollow sound.

Nick Carter brought himself down to his feet by pushing his shoulders against the wall. He, too, walked across the concrete platform, and the two men followed him. They reached the cellar stairs, the door to which Pritchard had left open.

Nick Carter turned to Chick. "That's something for us, Chickering" he said. "Pritchard doesn't always lock the cellar door when he's working around."

"Anybody who can get into a safe that I've build," Baldwin contributed, "oughtn't to have much trouble with a padlock on an old cellar door."

Nick laughed dryly, and led the way downstairs. Although it was dark in the cellar, he noticed that Baldwin moved easily through the half light. Evidently the safe-maker was used to working in dark places.

Out of his pocket Philip Baldwin produced a stethoscope such as doctors use.

"What's that for?" Nick Carter asked.

"To listen to the tumblers," Baldwin told him. "To see if they've been tampered with."

The safe-maker produced other instruments. He laid them all out in front of the safe, dropped to his knees. Out of his pocket he took a bull's-eye lantern. This he lit.

It cast a startling white glow all over the mouth of the safe, which was still locked. Although there were two holes bored in the knob of the safe, neither Nick nor Chickering said anything about them.

Baldwin looked at them with some surprise. Then out of his pocket he took a little jeweler's magnifying glass. This he fitted into his eye, and looked at the two holes. He dropped the glass into the palm of his hand, stood up, and faced Nick.

"There's something very queer here, Mr. Carter," Baldwin said, with some surprise in his voice. "There are two holes bored in this tumbler. Your assistant here told me that the safe was opened without any signs."

Nick Carter made no answer. Chickering followed his lead.

"Furthermore," Baldwin said, "those holes were only bored yesterday. You can tell that," he explained, "by the amount of rust that has gotten on to the shavings."

"I know," Nick Carter said finally. "Some crooks made another

attempt yesterday to get at the gold"

So far, Nick thought, Baldwin had told a remarkably straight story. He did not believe it was the safe-maker who had gotten the gold out. And yet, as had been pointed out when the crime was first committed, two men always know the combination so any safe--the man who owns the safe and the man who built it.

"It'll take me some time to get this open," Baldwin told Nick. "They've messed up the combination!"

Nick and Chick squatted behind the safe-maker, watched him go to work tampering with the knob. Outside, a car came around the house, stopped on the concrete platform in front of the garage.

"Iris," Nick Carter said idly. Chick nodded.

Baldwin looked over his shoulder. "I've got one of the numbers set now," he said. "The guy who drove these holes in here ruined the second dial, though. I'll have to skip it."

With some sort of sensitive hook, Baldwin felt around inside the knob, going through the hole that Mulligan's Peterman had drilled the day before. After a while there was an almost imperceptible click. Baldwin looked over his shoulder.

"Two more now," he said. "They won't take me long."

Five minutes later he swung the door of the safe back. As he did so, a shadow appeared at the top of the cellar stairs.

For no reason at all, Nick Carter turned his head, called up the stairs: "We're busy down here now, Pritchard. Come back later." Nick didn't know why he did it, unless it was because he was tired of seeing the young fortune hunter.

Baldwin was examining the inside of the safe door. "I'll have to put a new knob on that," he said, "if they want to use this safe any more. All that drilling ruined the thing."

Nick didn't answer. Chick said something about locking the stable door.

Baldwin crept inside the safe, using his bull'-eye lantern. Nick and Chick followed him. Out of his pocket the young safe man produced a little vial of acid. With this and a bit of glass he dabbed at the walls. Then he very carefully examined the resulting stain through his jeweler's glass.

"What's that for?" Chick asked.

Nick explained for the safe manufacturer, who seemed to be busy.

"Baldwin's testing to see if the steel on the wall is the same that he put in. A safe man usually has his own combination of chilled steel for the inside of a safe."

Baldwin looked around. Their voices rang hollowly inside the big safe. "That's right, Mr. Carter," he said. "You must know something about safe manufacturing yourself."

Again Nick didn't answer. Chick

was the one who spoke up.

"A safe like this must cost a good deal of money," he offered.

Baldwin shook his head. "Gravesend saved money on this one," he told the two detective proudly. "I got it for him cheap. The manufacturers of this line brought out a later model, and they were clearing it out."

The safe man had worked all the way down one wall now. He was diverting particular attention to the corners, the joints, between the floor and the wall.

"I'll swear, Mr. Carter," Baldwin said over his shoulder, "there's been no one tampering with this safe. That is, no one but the people that drilled those holes yesterday, and they didn't get the safe open."

"O.K.," Nick said. "We might just as well get out, then."

Baldwin shook his head. "I'll check up on the other wall, just to be sure," he told Nick Carter.

Nick went to the very rear of the safe. With the butt of a gun he rapped on the ceiling. It had a hollow ring.

He tried the two side walls, the rear wall, the floor. The rear wall and the floor resounded dully, the side walls sounded hollow. This checked Nick Carter's own knowledge--that there was an open space above the safe and on the two side walls, but none on the floor, none on the back.

Behind him, Baldwin was still making little acid dabs at the wall. Chick was watching over Baldwin's shoulder.

Suddenly there was a step outside on the concrete floor of the cellar. Nick turned. He could not see past Baldwin's bull's-eye lantern, which the safe man was directing at a little crack in the ceiling of the safe.

"Accidental," Baldwin muttered. At that moment Nick Carter saw what was happening. The door of the safe was swinging shut.

He flung himself forward, between Chick and Baldwin, flew at the safe door. As his fingers touched it, the big door clicked shut.

Outside, Nick Carter heard someone twirl the knob. Then he heard nothing. All was silent inside the safe, except for the breathing of the three men, sounding stertorously inside the hollow safe.

Baldwin had snatched up his lamp, turned it on the door. Chick Carter spoke cheerfully.

"Here's where we'll see a real example of your work, Mr. Baldwin," he said. "Let's see how fast you can get us out."

Half comically, the famous detective's assistant pulled a watch out of his pocket, held it up to his eyes. Then, sensing something wrong, Chick replaced the watch quietly. He

looked from his chief to Baldwin, then back again.

The other two men were pale, startle-eyed. Nick was staring at Baldwin, Baldwin was staring at Nick.

"What is it?" Chick said, realization suddenly dawning upon him.

Nick Carter looked all around him then he dropped to one knee, pulled an envelope and a pencil out of his pocket, and started to figure. Once he stood up, and stretched his arms from the ceiling to the floor, to see how high the safe was.

"What is it?" Chick repeated, looking at Baldwin.

"Drilling through the knob and through the tumbler," Baldwin said hollowly, "ruined some of the mechanism of the safe. We can't open it from the inside. Not without our drills."

"You left your drills out?" Nick Carter asked, almost lightly.

Baldwin nodded.

"All except one little pocket drill," he said, "and it would take us hours to drill through the tumblers of the safe with that."

Nick Carter grinned, his face looking livid in the light from the bull's-eye. "It can't take us hours," he said firmly, his lips trying to make a joke of what his eyes could not regard humorously, "for I've just figured up. There's enough air inside this safe to last three men about twelve minutes. You'd better get to work."

Baldwin reached into his pocket and took out a tiny drill. This he put against the inside of the door, started twiddling it. It made a tiny, almost invisible scratch on the chilled steel surface.

#### CHAPTER XVII BALDWIN GIVES UP

Nick Carter crouched behind Baldwin, not so close so as to hamper the safe expert's movements, but close enough to watch what Baldwin was doing. Chick squatted in the back of the safe, his back against the chilled steel wall.

One he took a cigarette out of his pocket, put it in his mouth. Then, just before he struck the match, he remembered. Oxygen was important, was necessary. He did not dare light any matches.

Baldwin worked on. He was holding the tiny drill between the palms of his two hands, and rubbing the palms back and forth to give the drill a rotary motion. This had already made a small hole in the door of the safe, a hole hardly as big as that a dentist would make in a tooth.

Nick Carter knew what was wrong. As Baldwin had said, this was an obsolete model of safe. In the new model, a rod put inside the door could be lifted. This would immediately center all the tumblers, and the door could be opened. But that

was a new development in safe building.

On this model there was only a little oil hole, through which each separate tumbler could be reached. The oil hole was still open, but it was filled with chilled steel. The drills of the gangsters the day before had been reaching for the same spot. They had knocked all the bars out of line.

Baldwin was now trying to reopen the channel, to get at the bars. Nick Carter patted the safe man on the shoulder.

"Let me work a while," he said. Baldwin stepped aside quietly, and Nick Carter took the little drill between his hard palms.

Under the muscular efforts of Nick, the drill went much faster. After a while it began to burn Nick's palms, and he laid it down. Baldwin looked at him.

"I'm afraid it will crack," Nick said. "It was getting too hot."

Baldwin nodded. Nick looked at the safe man. Baldwin's face was dripping with sweat, his eyes were sunk deep into his head, his nostrils vibrated with each breath that he took.

Nick knew the symptoms--air poisoning.

The detective look around at his assistant. Chick was sprawled over on one shoulder, his head lolling. He, too, was nearly out. The air was giving out in their little cell.

Nick Carter felt the chill clutch of beat at his heart. He pushed Baldwin, and the safe man rolled over, lay still. Cold drops of sweat trickled down Nick's forehead.

Both his companions had fainted already. Their time must be nearly up. Only Nick Carter's stalwart physique, his trained body, was able to resist the toxic poisoning of the carbon dioxide that was filling their cell.

Nick Carter picked up the drill again. This time he twirled it with almost feverish anxiety.

Suddenly it slipped in his hand, went forward a little Nick knew that he had penetrated the inner lining of the door.

He pulled the drill out, laid it down carefully. With the butt of his gun he rapped on the door a few times, tried to sound out the mechanism of the safe.

Whoever had locked them in there, he knew, would not come back, and would make every effort to keep other people from coming into the room. There was no use in shouting, in pounding on the door.

Nick located another place under which a tumbler should be. He started drilling again.

When the drill got hot, Nick Carter stopped, laid it down, and looked at his watch. Eleven minutes had gone by. He had to get out almost immediately.

He picked up the drill, still warm as it was, and started twirling it again. Suddenly it broke in his grasp.

Nick tried to work with the remnant of the bit, but it would not bite into the steel.

He was trapped.

He looked at the former oil hole, the part through which he should have been able to reach the connecting rod. He saw no way of getting through there.

Baldwin had not attached that obvious spot, for a reason that seemed clear to Nick Carter. The mechanism of the safe had been so disrupted that even if Baldwin had bored a hole through the loose fragments of the bar inside the oil hole, the rest of the bar might have dropped right back into the spot that he had cleared, and he would have had it all to do over again.

But Nick Carter suddenly got an idea. Feverishly he broke open one of his revolvers, dumped six cartridges down on the floor. He picked up one of the cartridges, put it between his teeth, bit down on the soft lead, his fingers pulling at the copper shell at the same time.

Chick's eyes came open, he regarded Nick Carter dreamily, dopyly. Nick realized that if his assistant could see what he was doing he would think that Nick was trying some plan for committing suicide.

Then Chick spoke. "I've got an easier way, boss," he told Nick. "Let's each light a cigarette, and burn the air up fast. This is an awful way to go."

Nick shook his head, went on tugging at the bullet with his teeth, his fingers. Chick Carter staggered to his feet, came across to Nick. He tried to pull at the detective's hand.

Nick shoved him aside impatiently, went on tugging. The bullet came open.

Carefully Nick Carter held the brass cartridge to the oil hole of the safe, carefully he started tapping on the rear of the brass cartridge. Gunpowder spilled inside the oil hole.

Suddenly, Baldwin came to. The man jumped to his feet. Foam showed at the corners of his mouth. He dove at Nick Carter.

"Let me out!" Baldwin screamed. "Let me out!" He clawed at the chilled steel door, as though his finger nails could carve holes in that surface.

Nick jerked him back, tossed him to Chick Carter. Chick tried to hold the safe expert, but Baldwin jerked loose, came over to Nick in a flying rush, just as Nick had put another bullet in his mouth, was again jerking at the cartridge.

Baldwin bumped Nick, and Nick dropped the bullet. All three men were drenched with sweat, all three were breathing with the greatest difficulty.

Baldwin was getting to be a nuisance. Nick turned, and gravely, sadly thrust his fist against Baldwin's jaw. The safe man went over backward, landed on Chick. Both men lay still.

Nick Carter looked around. For all he knew, Chick might already be dead. But this was no time to investigate.

With gigantic strength, with feverish haste, Nick jerked another bullet from another shell, poured more gunpowder into the oil hole. With luck, Nick knew, he might be able to cause an explosion that would send the broken end of the bar out, would push it against the tumblers.

Nick jerked open another bullet, poured more gunpowder into the aperture. This time the powder would not go all the way in. Nick tapped on the door with the butt of his revolver. The powder settled a little, but some sifted onto the floor, and Nick knew that the oil hole was full.

Looking around at the two unconscious men, Nick fumbled in his pocket. He could not find any matches. He started to cross over to where Chick was lying. Out of the corner of his eye, Nick had seen his assistant about to light a cigarette. He knew that Chick had matches.

Halfway across the big safe Nick Carter stumbled, fell to the floor. His chest heaved and then was still for a moment.

Then it heaved again, and a gasping, retching sob tore at his throat. Everything was blurring before Nick Carter's eyes. He was losing consciousness, he knew.

But, desperately, fighting with every bit of his brain, his muscles, he dragged himself to his knees, crept across the greasy surface of the safe floor. The chilled steel lining of the safe was slimy now with the water that had condensed from the three men's breath.

Nick landed slithering next to Chick. His fingers felt as clumsy as thumbs. There was hardly any feeling in them. But he fumbled through Chick's pocket, got the matches.

Nick fought his way back against the invisible enemy that has assailed him, to the door. When he got there, he had to rest his cheek against the slimy surface of the steel for a moment, before he could get the strength to light the match.

Finally he got his head up. His fingers fumbled with the match, struck it. It glowed fitfully in the oxygen-robbed air, went out before Nick Carter could get it to the mouth of the oil hole.

Nick realized that every match he lit took that much more oxygen from the inside of the safe. He shrugged a little, with some of his

old bravado. If he couldn't get the door open, it might be well to set something larger than a match on fire, end this agony as quickly as possible.

His eyes dull, Nick poised the second match, the box, right near the oil hole. His principle was sound, he knew. There was enough confinement inside the oil hole to make the powder act as an explosive, to keep it from just burning, as it would if laid on the floor of the safe.

He rubbed the match along the sandpaper part of the box, rubbing it toward the oil hole. It caught the second time he rubbed, and glowed, with a queer, colored light, not at all like an ordinary match.

Nick pushed the burning match into the oil hole. There was a sizzle, then a dull boom.

Nick heard a clanking noise as the bar was thrown up a little. He flung himself against the door. For a moment he thought the safe was going to open. Then the bar settled down again, and Nick knew that he had not moved quickly enough, that his drained, dull body had not thrown himself against the door with enough force, enough speed.

He picked up a new bullet. He had a lot of trouble getting the lead out of the shell. His teeth, his fingers, were not as strong as they had been. He couldn't manage it.

Nick laid the bullet down on the floor. Picking up his empty revolver, he hit at the lead with the butt of it. This was dangerous, Nick knew--it might cause the bullet to go off. But it was his only chance.

The third blow broke the cartridge. Carefully Nick scooped up the gunpowder, praying against hope that it would not have gotten damp on the floor. He crammed it into the oil hole.

With his handkerchief he mopped off a place on the floor to lay his next bullet. He hit it with surprising precision. The lead came out.

Nick poured more precious gunpowder down into the hole. He laid a third bullet on his constructed chopping block, again raised the pistol.

Then everything got black in front of Nick Carter's eyes. He fell over, cracking his head against the floor.

The blow brought him to a little, ripped him into consciousness. Nick knew that he must not collapse. The lives of three men depended on it.

He opened his eyes. The oil hole of the safe seemed miles above his head as he lay there on the safe floor. He wriggled all his muscles, jerked, pulled on his aching chest.

Finally he was kneeling again. He broke the third bullet in five tries. Precious time was being consumed, Nick Carter knew. They had overstayed the time allotted to them

in the safe. There could be hardly any air left.

He poured more gunpowder down into the oil hole. Again he fumbled with his matches. There seemed to be five boxes of matches, ten hands floating around in front of his eyes.

He looked at the oil hole. It was a myriad of oil holes now. Nick Carter was as a man drunk, his brain could not distinguish between the fake visions and the real visions that his eyes brought to him. His muscles refused to answer the bidding of his mind.

Nick pulled back his open hand, slapped at his face furiously. He could hardly feel the blow, although he had put all his strength behind it. He slapped again and again.

Suddenly his palm felt moist. Nick looked down. There was blood on it. He had hit himself so hard that he had broken the surface of his skin, and yet he had hardly felt it.

But his eyes cleared for a moment. Leaning his forehead against the safe door, Nick pushed the box of matches toward the oil hole, broke a match off, rubbed it along the sandpaper. It wouldn't catch.

He rubbed it again and again. Nick had completely forgotten his objective, completely forgotten why he was in this safe, that he was looking for Gravesend's gold. All that remained in his fogged brain was the necessity for striking that match, and then leaning against the door with all his strength. What would have been a simple act to any man in his normal senses now seemed like a whole career to Nick Carter, like the most important thing he had ever done.

He rubbed the match along the sandpaper again. It flared up, burned his fingers. Nick could feel the pain.

Probably that was all that saved him, for the pain cleared his brain for a moment, and as the gunpowder caught and boomed inside the safe door, Nick lurched forward. His once powerful body hit the safe door.

It moved a little, then swung open. Nick fell out onto the concrete floor of the cellar.

The dank air of the cellar felt gratefully cool to the detective. He crawled back, still weak, although strength was returning fast. His fingers closed on Chick's collar, and he dragged his assistant out onto the cellar floor, sucking in huge breaths of the life-giving air as he did so.

A moment later, Baldwin was lying behind him.

Nick collapsed over the two men he had saved.

\*\*\* CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE \*\*\*

# Editor's DESK



Welcome back to our former size. Millie has returned as our printer, so we will be continuing in this format. Our thanks go out to Ken Krug who tried to print our last issue. Reams of ruined paper, a broken printer, a lost weekend and almost a nervous breakdown were all Ken could come up with for his efforts. We all appreciate your efforts, Ken.

In the process of typing this issue, our typewriter broke down (see page three) and had to be sent out for repairs. Everything seems to be working properly now (it's hard typing with my fingers crossed).

Nick Carter concludes with Chapter 21. Coming this spring... The Shadow and The Treasures of Death from 1933.

**THIS WILL BE THE LAST ISSUE YOU RECEIVE IF YOU HAVE NOT RENEWED YOUR MEMBERSHIP FOR 1984!**

We hope to see you all next issue.

Dick and Arlene

\*\*\*\*\*

**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.

**TONIGHT AT 7:30**

—dial CBS .950 • WIBX  
**BOB CROSBY'S CLUB 15**  
 Andrews Sisters, Jo Stafford

**TONIGHT AT 9:30**

—dial CBS .950 • WIBX  
**THE BING CROSBY SHOW**

# A New Career for George Burns Without Gracie

May 23, 1964

By MARGARET McMANUS

IT'S been six years since Burns and Allen left television, but this coming season, beginning mid-September, George Burns will be back in a regular series, *Wendy and Me*, at 9 PM Mondays (Ch. 7).

Connie Stevens will be Wendy and she is almost, but not quite, a Gracie Allen. "It's the same general type," said George, "Wendy's just a little off center."

She plays the part of an airline stewardess who, with her husband, lives in an apartment building owned by George Burns, who plays himself, cigar and all.

"They wanted to get a comedienne for the part and that would have been fatal," Burns said, "so I did the casting. I knew what we needed was a good actress and Connie Stevens is a good actress."

"Gracie was never a comedienne. Gracie was a great actress. She believed the part and she played it straight."

"One night Lynn Fontaine and Alfred Lunt were here for dinner and Lynn looked across the table at Gracie and she said to her, 'you know, Gracie, you're a superb actress. She was right, but not too many people realize that.'"

GEORGE BURNS and Gracie Allen have been married 39 years. For 26 years, they have lived in a white house on North Maple Drive in Beverly Hills, Calif. It has a curving red brick walk leading to the front door, a lawn so green and manicured it hardly looks real.

At the back of the house, the bay window in the living room looks over another green lawn and flower borders and a swimming pool. George swims in that pool every day and then he takes his exercises.

AT 5:30 this May afternoon, with the California sun beginning to drop behind the pepper trees, George Burns sat in his liv-

ing room, wearing a silk-lined red wool bathrobe, scuffs on his feet, smoking a cigar.

"I smoke about 20 cigars a day and I sing 22 songs. Gives me a full day."

He is wearing glasses, which he has never worn on stage, and he is not wearing his toupee, without which he has never appeared in public.

He looks like his own older brother, but he still does not look his 67 years. He is, in fact, a man engrossed in a new career.

AFTER 41 YEARS working as a straight man for Gracie Allen, George Burns began working as a single just five years ago.

"I was scared," he said. "I didn't really believe I could make it by myself. I loved working with Gracie. I didn't have to do anything. I'd just ask her a question and she was off for half an hour. And I collected just as much money as she did."

"The first couple times I went out there as a monologist, it was murder. Something was missing and

I could feel it down to my feet. But I didn't have any choice. I either had to work alone, or quit working. And I gotta work. Now it's fine. I like it."

GEORGE BURNS has a well ordered, nicely balanced life which plesses him very much.

He gets up about 8 o'clock, has a swim in the pool, breakfasts at leisure and goes to the office of his MacCadden Productions, named for a street where his brother once lived.

Besides Wendy and Me, his company is producing another new series this season, *No Time for Sergeants*, which will immediately precede him at 8:30 PM, Mondays, on ABC-TV (Ch. 7).

After a morning of working with the writers and producers, Burns goes to his club, the Hillcrest Country Club, where he has lunch and plays bridge.

"I play with anybody who'll play with me," he said. "I sing better than I play bridge but I think a very good game."

He comes home to



RADIO STARS—Gracie and George Burns in 1941 when they were big stars on the radio.



**NEW CAREER**—Connie Stevens, formerly of Hawaiian Eye, joins George Burns in a new TV series starting in the Fall. George plays Connie's landlord.

North Maple Drive about 4:30, has an hour's nap and by 6:30 he's ready for a couple of martinis and a good dinner.

"We got a great cook," he said, "and that's fortunate. Gracie never could cook. She made hamburgers once and they were so hot, flames shot out of my ears."

Burns said he loves his home, and whenever he has a choice, he prefers to stay at home.

"I go to New York only when I have to go on business," he said. "I enjoy it, but if I only have to be there six days, I don't stay seven.

"It's a question of being

comfortable. When I go out, I have to get into that toupee and that's a lot of trouble. It's very tiresome.

"Here at home, we may go to one party a week. So you know 40 or 50 people and they each give a party — well, that kills a season for you."

• • •  
**HE ALWAYS** enjoys seeing other entertainers perform, but he catches all the acts during the month he appears in Las Vegas.

"Everybody turns up there," he said, "and I've got my toupee on anyway, so I might as well go out."

The Burns, unlike their

closest friends, the Jack Bennys, do not own a house in Palm Springs for weekends.

"Jack's just bought a new house in Palm Springs," said Burns. "He's so full of Palm Springs right now, he won't put on a pair of shoes unless they got sand in them. Who needs Palm Springs? I got everything I need right here and I don't have to travel."



**CUTIE**—Connie Stevens played Cricket, a singer, on the Hawaiian Eye detective series.

**GEORGE AND GRACIE** usually see their children and grandchildren once a week. Their daughter, Sandra, is married to Steve Luckman, the son of Charles Luckman, the architect. They have two daughters, Laurie 8, and Lisa 6.

The Burns' son, Ronnie, is not married, but he has his own house and when the Luckmans come to dinner, he usually comes too.

Except for this weekly invasion, it is a quiet house. There is not a sign of Gracie. A butler in a white coat occasionally, unobtrusively appears to announce a phone call or straighten a drape, or wipe out an ashtray. A door opens and there is a quick glimpse of a cook softly at work in the kitchen.

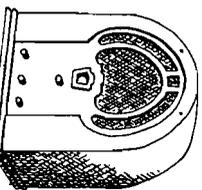
The sun slants across the pool and lights a flower bed of pink and red geraniums. A watery spray turns over the green lawn. Burns and Allen, 41 years in vaudeville, in nightclubs, in radio and on television, are now elegantly, permanently at home.

# FIRST CLASS MAIL

---

THE OLD TIME

100 HARVEY DRIVE



RADIO CLUB

LANCASTER, N.Y. 14086