

ILLUSTRATED PRESS

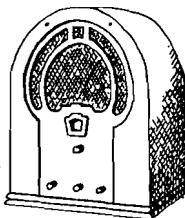
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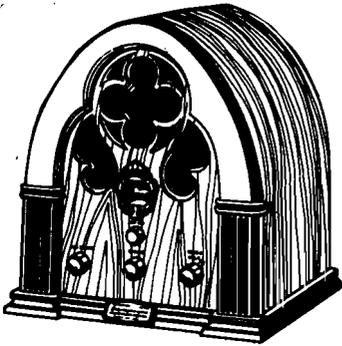
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"HOLLYWOOD HOTEL," JOE
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CANTOR AND OTHERS



THE OLD TIME



RADIO CLUB



THE OLD TIME RADIO CLUB
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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 \$11.00; 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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 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 #96 - September 10
 #97 - October 8
 #98 - November 12

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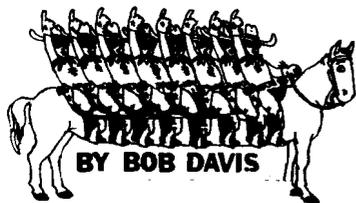
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 Cover Design by Eileen Curtin

SAY!

WHO WAS THAT MASKED MAN?



"ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND"
Part 2

And then there was the time we were doing the show and suddenly we were off the air. Nothing..absolutely nothing, was going out over the air. A call to the transmitter told us that the problem was right at the station. No signal was getting to them to transmit.

The engineer was frantically checking his board and heaven knows what else but nothing seemed out of line. Still, the problem persisted. Finally, after about thirty minutes of dead air the engineer came into the studio and went behind a large console and came out with a sheepish look on his face. "You'll be back on the air in just a few seconds," he said and left to return to his glass booth. Sure enough, a few seconds later, we were broadcasting again.

After the show we found out that just before we went off the air the engineer had been behind the console making some adjustments and as he walked out he accidentally kicked an important cord loose from the console. The cord took us right off the air. All he could say after the show was "OOPS"!

Now as I said before these people are pros but accidents do happen. Sometimes things go wrong no matter how careful you are. We were doing a show one night and outside it was really raining hard. It was a real frash mover and gutter washer but we didn't have to worry. We were snug and dry inside a nice broadcasting studio...at least we were for a while!

The rain built up a giant sized pool on the flat roof of the station and sure enough, the roof sprung a leak. Now I'll give you one guess who was sitting directly under that leak when it finally worked it's way through. Yeah, that's right..me.

There I was, surrounded by all

sorts of electronic "stuff" with God knows how much electricity running through them and I'm hooked up to some of it and my one shoe is starting to fill up with water! I finished that show balancing a waste basket on one knee. Why me...all the time me???

John Otto has been in broadcasting for a number of years and he is virtually unflappable. He is a cool character and always under control so naturally Chuck and I try to mess him up every chance we can. He used to give a five minute newscast before we would go on the air and we figured that that's when he was most vulnerable. We'd mugg at him and make faces but the sunofagun just wouldn't break up. One time Chuck brought in a yoyo and as soon as the newscast started was making cradles and walking the dog. John looked at the yoyo and then at Chuck and then continued on with the news as if nothing was happening.

We finally did get him by clowning around and giving silent signals that we had no volume on our headsets. There, amid the mid-east crisis and the latest from OPEC John, in a quivery voice said.. "There, how's that for volume?" and then finished the news calm as could be. Meanwhile Chuck and I are rolling on the floor with laughter. From that day on John taped the news ahead of time..at least every time we were on.

Obviously we do a very loose, very light hearted type of show. Our forte is show biz trivia and that, in itself, is a light subject but there was one time when the show turned very serious indeed. Last December we were doing our regular type thing when, even in a soundproof studio, we heard or mostly felt a large boom.

Naturally our curiosity was piqued but we carried on. A few minutes later the producer came running into the studio with a news bulletin. An entire city block in the heart of midtown Buffalo had blown up and a massive fire was going on. Details were sketchy but it was apparently a major type disaster.

The station turned into a bedlam of activity with people seemingly coming out of the woodwork to set up phone relays, send out news-cruisers, and correlate all the bits and pieces of information into a comprehensive and factual news story.

There still weren't enough facts or mobile setups to allow them to cut away from us so we carried on with our show. That was probably the hardest show we've ever done. Trying to be comical and light when you are sitting in the middle of one of the worst disasters ever to hit the city is an almost impossible job and if John hadn't been the pro that he is, would have made us look like uncaring,

THE SHADOW

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TREASURES of BEACH

Dec. 15, 1933

CHAPTER VII GALBAN'S CLEW

There was a friendliness about old Eli Galban that made an immediate impression upon the men who had come to see him. Galban's eyes were sparkling as they surveyed Terry Barliss.

"You remind me of your uncle," declared Galban, in a modulated tone. "I was sorry, indeed, to learn of his death. Shattuck Barliss and I were scarcely more than acquaintances, yet I always regarded him as a friend."

"It is about my uncle that I have come here," stated Terry soberly. "In fact, he mentioned your name just before he died."

"In reference to a manuscript?" questioned Eli Galban.

"Yes," returned Terry, picking up a small brief case that he had brought with him. "I have it here."

"I know," nodded Eli Galban sagely. "The Villon manuscript. I saw it at your uncle's home several months ago. When was it, Mercher? Do you recall the exact date that I went there?"

"I disremember, sir," said the secretary, in his plaintive tone. "It was shortly after one of your severe rheumatic attacks."

"Rather vague, Mercher," laughed Galban. "I had so many of those. They keep getting worse as they go along. I may look healthy gentlemen, but actually, I am in hopeless physical condition."

"Rheumatism?" queried Terry.

"Chronic," replied Galban.

"I am used to it now, however. First I installed the elevator to eliminate the stairs. Since then, I have ceased to descend at all. It is difficult for me to even leave this chair."

Terry Barliss was opening his brief-case while Eli Galban talked. The young man removed the manuscript which had been his uncle's prize. Eli Galban received it. Both Harry and Terry could see the gleam that came into the old man's eyes.

"A forgery!" exclaimed Galban, opening the volume. "That is my specialty, gentlemen--the detection of spurious manuscripts and other items of accepted value. This manuscript----"

"One moment," interposed Terry. "I have an important question to

ask you, Mr. Galban. Like yourself, I am convinced that this manuscript is a fake. In fact, my uncle stated his own belief at the time he died. That, however, is not the point. My uncle was sure that he once possessed a manuscript containing the Fifth Ballad of Francois Villon. He stated that you had seen that manuscript."

"I did see it."

"Then tell me. Is this the manuscript that you examined at that time?"

Eli Galban did not reply. He studied the parchment pages of the manuscript until he reached the very end. His head was nodding as he passed the book back to Terry Barliss.

"This," he declared, "is the very manuscript that I saw at your uncle's home. It is a forged copy of 'Les Rondeaux de Paris' of Francois Villon. It is worthless. It contained the four ballads only; its spurious markings are obvious."

A disappointed look showed on Terry's face. The young man seemed nonplused. It was Harry Vincent who took up the conversation.

"Mr. Galban," he questioned, "can you give any reason why Shattuck Barliss would have been convinced that he possessed a unique work when he actually owned a forgery?"

"No," returned Galban. "That was what perplexed me at the time. I saw forgery in this manuscript the moment that I looked at it. Yet Shattuck Barliss was indignant."

"Do you think he was deluded?"

"Perhaps. Nevertheless, it is explainable. Collectors sometimes harbor strange opinions. They build up their own love of a treasured book into a sort of mania."

A pause. Eli Galban became reflective. He pondered for a while, then leaned back in his chair and delivered a new opinion.

"This matter of the Villon ballads is an odd one," he asserted. "Not long after I examined the manuscript belonging to Shattuck Barliss, I learned that another collector--Wendel Hargate--had purchased what he claimed to be the only copy of Villon's 'Les Rondeaux de Paris' containing a Fifth Ballad. I was naturally curious. I knew Hargate--he is a millionaire in New York--and went to see his manuscript."

"The same story held again. The moment that I looked at his manuscript, I saw signs of forgery. I told him that the work was not genuine. He was furious."

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"The same story held again. The moment that I looked at his manuscript, I saw signs of forgery. I told him that the work was not genuine. He was furious."

"Does Hargate still own the manuscript?" questioned Terry.

"I imagine so," stated Galban.

"He is said to have paid at least one hundred thousand dollars for it."

"One hundred thousand!" exclaimed Harry.

"A low figure," smiled Galban.

"A very low figure, for Villon's 'Rondeaux' with the Fifth Ballad."

"Why?"

"Because I doubt that any such work exists."

Both Harry and Terry looked up in surprise as they heard this statement. Eli Galban proceeded to explain.

"This early work of Francois Villon," declared Galban, "was extensively copied. The originals--of which there are quite a number--contained only four ballads."

"Somewhere, the rumor of the Fifth Ballad found its inception. It came to be regarded as a fact. Due to the odd arrangement of the verses and their breaks, it was quite possible that some one mistook four ballads for five."

"Obviously, the Fifth Ballad, if it existed in a single manuscript could not be imitated. Hence collectors like Shattuck Barliss and Wendel Hargate might easily mistake--through a miscounting of the ballads--any forgery of the old four-ballad manuscript for the famous missing version with its five ballads. Is that plain?"

Harry and Terry agreed that it was. However, Harry still became persistent.

"Suppose," he suggested, "that Shattuck Barliss possessed the copy of the much-sought manuscript in five-ballad form. Suppose that some one stole the manuscript and substituted this spurious one in its place--"

"Ah!" interposed Galban. "There you have a different story, my friend. Collectors are always in danger of theft. It is quite possible that some one, prior to my examination of the manuscript, could have substituted a false Villon."

"Possibilities, however, are not probabilities. Thieves are alike the world over. They rifle, like vandals. No, my friend, I fear your theory is without basic ground. Substitution is not vandalism. Take for instant the theft of the 'Mona Lisa.' It was deliberately cut from its frame where it hung in the Louvre. There was no attempt at substitution."

There was conviction in Galban's tone. Harry Vincent's interest was dispelled. Terry Barliss was

totally disconcerted. Seeing the forlorn expressions on the faces of his visitors, Eli Galban resumed a cheery conversation.

"Shattuck Barliss," he declared, "was well provided against theft. In addition, he had an imagined prize. No one would have visited his library to steal a forgery."

"My situation is different. Actually, I am no collector; yet certain items have come into my possession. You gentlemen saw my waxworks on the ground floor. They came from the old Antoinette Museum in Paris--an obscure place that has been closed for many years."

"In rooms on the second floor, I have odd bits of statuary, paintings, some books of fair value. I also possess Oriental tapestries. This place would be an easy prey for robbers except for the precautions which I take."

"My man Fawkes admitted you. He is an odd sort, Corry Fawkes, but he is faithful and he is no dullard. He treats all visitors with suspicion, which is well. Then I have Mercher, who brought you here. He is faithful also. Last but not least--"

As Galban broke off his words, the door of the elevator slid open and a Japanese entered. The man was dressed in American clothes. His manner was quiet, almost servile, as he stepped into the room.

"Sanyata," observed Galban, with his gentle smile. "I was just about to mention his name when he arrived. Sanyata, gentlemen, is my valet. He serves, also, as a guardian of my household. With Fawkes, Mercher, and Sanyata, I have little to fear."

"Fawkes is an odd character," remarked Terry.

"He is indeed," agreed Galban, shifting uneasily in his chair while Sanyata adjusted a pillow behind his back. "Fawkes is--"

Galban's voice ended: his lips writhed in intense pain as he tried to settle back upon the cushions. Sanyata sprang to his aid.

It was a few minutes, however, before the old man recovered from the rheumatic twinges that had seized his frame. Harry Vincent stared admiringly as he saw Galban fight to regain his smile.

The cheery voice was a trifle dry when Galban again took up the conversation. It was plain that he had felt the effort of motion.

"Fawkes," he said, "is like a huge watchdog. He is powerful, yet cautious. Intruders would fare badly if they fell into his clutches."

"So Vincent and I decided," remarked Terry Barliss.

"There is no danger at the front door," laughed Galban. "You gentlemen--either or both of you--are welcome here. You must expect short treatment from Fawkes; he keeps people waiting on my doorstep. Yet I would prefer him to be blunt."

"He recognizes people whom he has seen before, but he never fraternizes. You see"--Galban smiled wistfully--"I used to be about a bit in the past. No one ever visited me here. It was a great assurance to know all was safe during my absence."

"Mercher is exacting; Sanyata is clever; Fawkes is stalwart. With such a trio at my disposal, I had no fear. Now that I am crippled, I feel even greater security while they serve me."

There was something in old Eli Galban's manner that showed a weakening through effort. Having viewed the paroxysm which had come over the old man, both Harry and Terry realized that it was useless to prolong their visit. Harry glanced at Terry and caught a nod.

Both arose. Terry placed the forged Villon manuscript in his brief case. He extended his hand to Eli Galban. Together, the visitors said good night. They were ushered into the elevator by Lycurgus Mercher. The bent secretary ran them to the ground floor.

Fawkes was waiting in the wax-work room. Despite the remarks that Eli Galban had made in the servant's favor, Harry Vincent could not repress a shudder at sight of this uncouth man. He sensed the strain of danger when Lycurgus Mercher returned to the elevator.

Fawkes, however, did no more than point to the curtains opening on the front hall. Harry and Terry followed his direction. The servant joined them. Fawkes removed a massive bar from the huge front door and showed the visitors out into the night. The door clanged shut before Harry and Terry had reached the walk.

At the wheel of the coupe, Harry lighted a cigarette and pondered. Terry sat in silence beside him.

Both were thinking of the interview with Eli Galban; their glances were instinctively directed to the gloomy old mansion where the rheumatic man resided high on the third floor.

"Well," decided Terry, "That matter is settled. My uncle was evidently a dupe. Nevertheless, I am glad we saw Galban. His recognition of the false manuscript was proof sufficient--at least to me."

"Yes," agreed Harry, "he gave us a new slant on the Villon situation. The man in unquestionably an expert at detecting forgeries; his fund of information is also large."

Sitting in the darkness of the car the two continued an easy resume of their visit. After several minutes, the conversation reached the inevitable Corry Fawkes.

"Fawkes gave me the creeps," admitted Terry. "I wouldn't like to live in the same house with him."

"Galban says he is reliable," inserted Harry, "but I must admit I didn't feel safe with him around."

"I guess with old Mercher and the Jap there, it's easy for Galban to keep Fawkes in hand."

"Yes; but he is a monstrosity, nevertheless."

In the pause that followed, Terry Barliss uttered a musing grunt.

"Let's get away from here," he suggested. "I've got a hunch that some one is watching us. It seems almost as though every word we said was being heard."

Harry Vincent emitted a hollow laugh. He was trying to down the same feeling of an unseen presence. He started the motor. The coupe rolled into the night.

Eli Galban's mansion loomed dimly in the darkness after the car had moved away. It was like a living creature, waiting motionless to swallow up its prey. The house, itself, seemed to sufficient reason to have caused Terry Barliss concernment.

Then came the sign of a closer cause. Directly beside the spot where the coupe had been, a swish sounded in the dark. A living form came into being. It stood invisible, shrouded by the thickness of the night.

Burning eyes were directed on the old mansion. A whispered laugh lost itself in darkness, caught by the sighing of a light wind. Unseen, the watching figure drifted toward the row of deserted houses that adjoined Eli Galban's stronghold.

That figure was the answer to Terry's suggestion of listening ears and watching eyes. It had been lurking by the coupe, waiting for Galban's visitors to emerge from the mansion. Nothing betokened the invisible being identity; yet the very silence of motion gave the answer.

Harry Vincent and Terry Barliss, during their visit to Eli Galban, had been under the protection of one whose purposes they were serving. The Shadow had come to this forlorn, deserted spot. He had been here to make sure his agent and his friend had safely completed their appointed mission.

CHAPTER VIII
THE SECOND MANUSCRIPT

It was late the next afternoon. Terry Barliss was seated in his living room. Harry Vincent was there with him. Conversation was lacking.

To Terry, the matter of the Villon manuscript seemed a dead issue. He possessed a worthless forgery instead of a volume worth one hundred thousand dollars. To Harry, the situation would have seemed the same, but for one peculiar circumstance.

That morning, Harry had dropped in to see Rutledge Mann. He had given the investment broker a report to be forward to The Shadow. He found a message awaiting him; word to go back with Terry Barliss.

Harry could see no connection between last night's episode and the future. Nevertheless, he realized that The Shadow must have found something in the report--Harry had been careful to record every detail--that indicated a possibility of a further quest on the matter of the manuscript.

Thus Harry had returned to the old brownstone house where Terry Barliss lived. He and Terry had become real friends on short acquaintanceship, due in part to the fact that Terry knew no one else in New York. Hence Harry's return had been welcomed by Terry.

Terry had just suggested that they go out to dinner when the doorbell rang. The servant appeared bringing a telegram. Terry looked at the yellow envelope and expressed surprise.

"It's for you," he said to Harry. "How did it happen to come up here?"

"I remember how," recalled Harry, "that I left word at my hotel to send any message up here. They should have telephoned that a telegram had come for me. Instead, they sent it there."

Harry tore open the envelope and read the message. It was a regularly printed telegram, but across its face was a written line in code which Harry understood:

VISIT WENDEL HARGATE.

The writing faded almost as Harry read it. The Shadow's agent tossed the telegram over to Terry Barliss.

"I should have expected this," laughed Harry. "I get one of these every month or so. It's from the folks out in Michigan, suggesting that I take a trip home. The usual story--some friends have arrived. Good times in the offing."

"Are you going?"

"I can't. Harry shook his head ruefully. "I have business pending here in New York. I like to go back to the old town, but it can't be done."

While Harry spoke, he was thinking of The Shadow's message. The telegram, he knew, was a mere blind. Those three brief words inscribed upon the yellow paper were the real message. Words that Terry Barliss had not seen, yet words which concerned Terry more than Harry.

Wendel Hargate!

Harry had included that name in his report. Wendel Hargate was the millionaire whom Eli Galban had mentioned last night. Wendel Hargate, like Shattuck Barliss, had shown a Villon manuscript to Eli Galban. The old expert on forgeries had pronounced Hargate's manuscript spurious also.

The task now was to bring up the matter to Terry Barliss. Harry decided to do it tactfully. It was not until he and his friend had arrived at the restaurant and were eating dinner that Harry gave voice to a sudden inspiration.

"Say, Terry!" he exclaimed. "I'd forgotten something that Eli Galban said last night. Do you remember that he spoke of some millionaire who also claimed to own a Villon manuscript that contained a Fifth Ballad?"

"Wendel Hargate," returned Terry. "That was the name. But Galban saw his manuscript and pronounced it a fake like mine."

"I know," agreed Harry, "but it might mean something just the same. If Hargate would show you his manuscript, we could compare it with yours,"

"I'm sick of this talk about manuscripts. Let someone else worry about it."

"Who, for instance?"

The question puzzled Terry for a moment; then a smile showed itself on the young man's features.

"You didn't meet that detective who was up at the house, did you?" quizzed Terry.

Harry shook his head.

"A fellow named Cardona," Terry resumed. "He seemed sort of sore because we sent for him. He seemed to have the idea that he couldn't trace anything that couldn't be identified."

"Good logic," remarked Harry.

"Well," said Terry, "I'll give him the chance he wants. Let's call him up and tell him that Wendel Hargate is supposed to have a genuine Villon manuscript with the Fifth Ballad--"

"But Galban said it was a fake--"

"Hargate apparently thinks it is a real one. I'm going to call Cardona and put him on the job."

Chuckling, Terry went to a tele-

phone. He returned and motioned to Harry to accompany him. The two left the restaurant and on the way Terry explained that he had talked to Cardona. The detective was coming out to the house and would go with them to Hargate's.

Cardona arrived shortly after Harry and Terry had reached the brownstone house. Terry Barliss produced his forged manuscript. The trio left in a taxicab.

They arrived at the pretentious home of Wendel Hargate. Like the house which Shattuck Barliss had willed to Terry, this was on old New York residence, but it was larger than Terry's house and stood alone in an apartment neighborhood.

Joe Cardona had quickly responded to Terry's suggestion of a visit. On the way in the cab, Terry had recounted the events of the interview with Eli Galban, at Houlton, New Jersey. At Hargate's home, Cardona became the spokesman as soon as the door was answered. He announced himself as a detective and demanded to see Wendel Hargate.

Cardona and his companions were ushered into a study. A big mustached man was seated behind a desk. He looked up with an annoyed air when he saw the three who had entered.

"What is the meaning of this?" he quibbled. "Which one of you is the detective?"

"I am," replied Cardona. "We want to talk with you about an old manuscript--they call it a Villon manuscript."

Hargate scowled. He evidently did not relish this visit. Before Cardona could insert another remark, Terry Barliss spoke. He introduced himself and noted immediately that Hargate recognized the name of Shattuck Barliss. Briefly, Terry explained all that had happened.

"You have your manuscript there?" questioned Hargate.

Terry nodded.

"Let me see it," requested the millionaire.

Terry offered the manuscript. Hargate opened it and studied the parchment pages. When he came to the last one, he shook his head.

"I'm not much on forgeries," he asserted, "but I can tell you right away that this manuscript does not contain the Fifth Ballad.

"Yours does?"

"Certainly."

"Could we see it?"

Hargate became harsh. He glowered at the visitors and shook his head.

"There's no purpose in that,"

he snorted. "Your manuscript is a fake. Mine is genuine; the only one of its kind in existence. Your uncle was deluded--that's all."

"Wait a moment," interposed Joe Cardona. "We want to get somewhere, Mr. Hargate." "It's my job to locate a stolen manuscript--"

"I didn't steal the one I have," broke in Hargate, sharply.

"No accusation, Mr. Hargate," Cardona was emphatic. "I want to see a genuine manuscript--if you have one--so I can conduct a police investigation."

Stolidly, Hargate pressed a button on his desk. A minute later, a man appeared. He was a powerful, hard-faced fellow, who looked like a ruffian more than a millionaire's servant.

"I'll show you my Villon manuscript," challenged Hargate. "I purchased it from the owner. It is unique. You talk of a stolen manuscript. I don't see how such a one could exist."

The millionaire paused and turned to the servant.

"Thibbel," ordered Hargate, in a bluff, overbearing tone, "open the library. Turn on the lights. We are coming in there. Let me know when the room is ready."

Thibbel took the large key that Hargate gave him. He went through a side door of the study. Ten silent minutes elapsed before his return. When he came back to announce that the library was open, Hargate led the visitors through the door and up a small, winding stairway.

They entered an open room; its walls were lined with shelves fronted by glass panels. Books in great number were on display. The room had two narrow windows; both were barred. This third-floor library was a safe and secluded spot that had a single entrance.

Harry Vincent noted a freshness about the place. He was taking in every detail, for this visit had been ordered by The Shadow. Evidently Hargate's library had just been redecorated.

"I'm doing you a favor," growled Hargate, in a reluctant tone. "So far as I am concerned, this room is a vault. I don't go browsing around among my rare books, opening them for everyone. I keep my volumes intact."

He opened a book case as he spoke and picked a volume from a shelf. The binding of the book, its appearance in every detail, was identical with the forged Villon manuscript which Terry Barliss carried.

"Open your book," ordered Hargate.

Terry complied. Hargate did the same with his. Both volumes showed identical title pages, inscribed on

MAY, 1949

parchment. Page by page, Terry and Hargate went through their individual books. To the unpracticed eyes that viewed them, the manuscripts were the same. At last Hargate called for a stop.

"Here's the difference," he asserted. "This makes my manuscript the genuine, yours the false. This is the Fifth Ballad you have talked about. Turn over your page."

Terry did as told. The next page showed blank. With a short laugh, Hargate turned the pages of his manuscript, holding the book so all could see. Then came consternation; the smile faded from Hargate's lips.

The millionaire's manuscript, like the one held by Terry Barliss, showed a blank page where the Fifth Ballad should have begun. A cry of anger blurted from Wendel Hargate's throat.

"A fake!" he shouted. "A fake like this other one!"

Furiously, Hargate threw his manuscript to the floor. He leaped to the book case and pawed over volumes there. Then, with glaring ferocity, he turned to the astonished men about him.

"This is robbery!" he roared. "You think that you have been robbed; I know that I had been robbed! This book has been substituted for the one I owned. My genuine Villon manuscript has been stolen!"

*** CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE ***

Listeners Panel

Milton Berle

Veteran actor is radio's favorite "new" personality



28

Program	Network	Rating
Favorite News Commentator		
WALTER WINCHELL	ABC	27.2
LOWELL THOMAS	CBS	18.0
GABRIEL HEATTER	MBS	14.7
EDWARD R. MURROW	CBS	5.6
DREW PEARSON	ABC	4.8
Favorite Comedy Program		
JACK BENNY	CBS	26.6
BLONDIE	NBC	19.0
MY FRIEND IRMA	CBS	13.3
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY	NBC	6.7
RED SKELTON	NBC	6.7
Favorite Dramatic Program		
LUX RADIO THEATRE	CBS	33.3
THEATRE GUILD	ABC	11.4
SCREEN GUILD PLAYERS	NBC	11.0
HOLLYWOOD STAR THEATRE	NBC	5.5
DR. CHRISTIAN	CBS	5.4
Favorite Daily Musical Program		
CLUB 15	CBS	13.4
FRED WARKING	NBC	13.3
SUPPER CLUB	NBC	6.6
JACK SMITH	CBS	6.5
BREAKFAST CLUB	ABC	5.9
Favorite Quiz Program		
STOP THE MUSHK	ABC	27.2
BREAK THE BANK	ABC	18.2
DOUBLE OR NOTHING	NBC	9.1
DR. I. Q.	NBC	9.0
QUIZ KIDS	NBC	8.8
Favorite Light Classical		
TELEPHONE HOUR	NBC	25.8
ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC	NBC	25.0
RCA VICTOR SHOW	NBC	19.2
VOICE OF FIRESTONE	NBC	9.6
METROPOLITAN AUDITIONS	ABC	9.5
Favorite Husband and Wife Programs		
BURNS & ALLEN	NBC	20.9
OZZIE & HARRIET	CBS	20.0
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY	NBC	10.8
JACK BENNY & MARY LIVINGSTON	CBS	10.7
PHIL HARRIS & ALKE FAYE	NBC	10.0
Favorite New Radio Personality		
MILTON BERLE	ABC	11.4
ARTHUR GODFREY	CBS	10.0
LUIGI	CBS	8.6
HERB SHRIMER	CBS	5.7
JOHNNY DESMOND	MBS	2.9

Program Notes

It's time to stop those presses again! Competing with Bob Davis, with his new grandchild, are the O'Donnells who on June 29, 1984, even to our surprise, became the instant and proud parents of three-two girls and a boy. Although they are not newly minted like the Davis baby-Michelle is 11, Nemo 8 and Gina 6, -we think they are the most beautiful, intelligent, creative kids around. No, we're not prejudiced, just stating the facts, ma'am. Brought up on a diet of TV, they've already dabbled in old time radio and tape recording. Who knows - another generation of radio buffs?

A beautiful summer continues, and so does good old time radio.

Summer Camp, with Dave Leneck, is back, Monday through Thursday evenings, 9:05 to 10:00 pm on CBC-AM 740 KHz, Toronto, Ontario. Also on Sunday, same time, same station is Play It Again with host Harry Brown.

Chuck Schaden's Radio Theater is now heard Monday-Friday, 7 pm to 11 pm on WAIT Chicago, Ill, 820 KHz and WMRO Aurora, Ill. 1280 KHz.

Beginning September 1, 1984, old time radio on WEBR, 970 KHz, Buffalo, moves to a new time - 8:00 to 9:00 pm Saturday and Sunday nights. The Big Bandstand on the same station will be heard from 9:00 to 10:00 p.m. Sundays.

The Prairie Home Companion comes to WEBR Saturday, September 1 from 6:00 to 8:00 pm and will be heard weekly. The program continues to be heard on WBFO, 88.7 MHz, Buffalo, Saturdays between 8:00 and 10:00 pm.

Old Time Radio is now heard Monday-Friday at 11:00 pm on WDOE, 1410 KHz Dunkirk, N.Y.

Just a note of interest - as of this writing WEBR has received only 3 (you read it here - just three!) calls concerning the dropping of old time radio. Perhaps no one is listening; maybe no one cares!

If you have any OTR programming information, please let me know at 206 Lydia Lane, Cheektowaga, N.Y. 14225.

Joe O'Donnell

UNCOMMON CONVERSATIONS

Interviews by Philip Nobile

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

The last man to say those stirring words on radio was Fred Foy, the last voice of the Lone Ranger and presently the announcer of the Dick Cavett Show. Foy stumbled into immortality after World War II when he joined an especially creative radio station in Detroit which originated The Lone Ranger, Sergeant Preston and The Green Hornet - three of the biggest shows in radio.

He did all of the announcing for The Lone Ranger and occasionally played a mean varmit. In the mid-fifties, the Masked Man rode off to television and this forced Foy to different fame and fortune.

Foy and I met in a subterranean room at the Cavett Studios. After kicking a goldbricking cop, we talked about the golden old days and the plight of the modern announcer.

Your job is a pretty soft touch, isn't it?

I guess a lot of people think it is. It always seems like such a simple thing to the layman. I guess they think that all an announcer does is walk into a studio and just pick up the script and read the words. But it entails a lot more than that. You do have to rehearse.

There aren't many jobs, though, that are worth the kind of money you make for the kind of effort you put out.

For the effort involved, perhaps there are jobs that take a good deal more work to earn the dollar, but in this business you can't be assured of a long-term employment. You have to look to today, and worry too much about tomorrow. You can have a marvelous show and suddenly, like Dick Cavett now, if the ratings aren't good, you are looking for a new job in a month. I've become so accustomed to this over the years that I just don't think about it any more.

When you were doing the Lone Ranger show, did you realize you were taking part in an important piece of Americana?

No, it's surprising, but I really didn't. These shows originated from WXYZ in Detroit, which was a local radio station. Even though I would close every night with the identification - "Fred Foy speaking. This is the ABC Radio Network" - I still did not feel that it had any national effect. I knew it was going out to the country on the network, but somehow - because I was working in a local area and not in New York City - I had the feeling the show wasn't going too far.

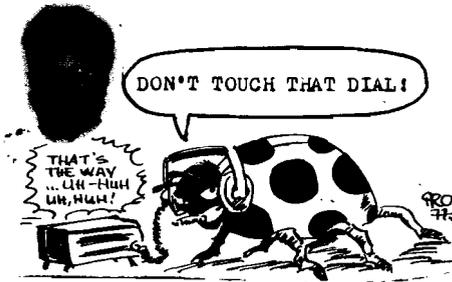


FRED FOY
Radio's Last Lone Ranger

CONTINUED ON PAGE 15

MARVIN





JERRY COLLINS

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

To a young boy with a wild imagination in the late 1940's and early 1950's nothing was more frightening than an episode of the SHADOW. The thought that a mere human could make himself invisible and lurk in the darkness, the horrible crimes committed and the gruesome settings - the cemeteries, haunted houses, bottomless lakes, swamps marshes etc. These will all be topics of future essays. The topic of my first article will be the bone chilling and frightening titles that always put us into the mood for each episode of the SHADOW.

Your imagination would be set in motion as soon as the title was announced. Just reflect upon the fright of a youngster when reacting to such titles as: WHEN THE GRAVE IS OEPN, THE THREE MAD SISTERS OF THE LONELY HOLLOW, THE MAN WITH NO FACE, THE MAN WITH THE BURNING HEAD, THE CURIOUS CORPSE, THE LIVING CORPSE, THE RUTHLESS CORPSE, THE HALF DEAD CORPSE, THE LEGEND OF THE LIVING SWAMP, THE MYSTERY OF THE MAN EATING MARSH, PHANTON OF THE SWAMP, HORROR IN THE NIGHT, THE CASE OF THE VANISHING KILLER, THE CASE OF THE TALKING SKULL, THE HOUSE WHERE MADNESS DWELT, THE NIGHT MARAUDER, THE CREATURE THAT KILLS, THE VAMPIRES PROWL BY NIGHT and THE CAVE OF THE ZOMBIES.

The words "dead, death or dieing" are mentioned in 202 different titles of the SHADOW. Quite appropriately the title of Orson Welles first show on the SHADOW on September 26, 1937 was DEATH HOUSE RESCUE. Other emotionally charged titles were: THE CHILL OF DEATH, THE HOUSE THAT DEATH BUILT, THE LAUGHING SEA, THE WILD EYES OF DEATH, THE FANGS OF DEATH, THE CASE OF THE LIVING DEAD, DEATH AND THE TERROR OF RAVENSCOTE, THE CRAWLING DEATH and THE CULT OF DEATH.

The word "terror" was used in at least a dozen titles; THE TUNNEL OF TERROR, THE UNCAGED TERROR, PREVIEW OF TERROR and THE NIGHT OF TERROR.

Other words like ghost, phantom, devil and horror were commonly used to evoke fright amongst the audience.

The second most popular scare word used on the Shadow was "murder." It was used 53 different times. Some of the more interesting titles were: MURDER AND THE GHOST OF VENGEANCE, MURDER ALWAYS KILLS TWICE, MURDER FROM THE GRAVE, REVENGE IS MURDER, MURDER BY A CORPSE and MURDER WALKS BY NIGHT.

Quite ironically the SHADOW signed off for the last time on December 26, 1954. The final show was MURDER BY THE SEA.

Until next month "Goodnight all."

LISTENERS PANEL



Walter Winchell

Listeners Panel rates him way out front



Jack Benny

His comedy program is nation's favorite

Letters



Dear Bob, In which city was the Green Hornet set? I haven't the vaguest idea. I've never even thought about it. Let's guess, shall we?

If Casey had to take a street car, or even a double-decker bus to work and home again I'd say Detroit.. New York, if she went by subway or the EL. You'd guess San Francisco? I don't think so. Somehow, I can't see her riding the cable car up and down those hills. Boston? Uh-uh... Kato could never have found an abandoned warehouse for the Black Beauty in conventional old Beantown, Philadelphia? Hmmm, you may have something there. Y'know, if Britt and Kato, and even Axford (bless him) had been berthed in Philly those many, many years ago I'd chance a wager that today's police scams and stings there might never have gotten off the ground. That leaves Washington and Los Angeles among others to shrug off too, because I'll bet not one of the cities mentioned needed another Newspaper even 'way back then - especially one which published no news except about the Green Hornet. And always an EXTRA!

No, Bob, I doubt that any city would have wanted to claim as its own our Hero and his faithful valet, thereby admitting that there were crooked politicians in the nearby woodpiles that its own police force and/or G-men couldn't handle.

It's an interesting question you ask, Bob, and I wish I knew the answer.

Lee Allman

P.S. Incidentally, if anybody's really curious about how Casey did get to work, especially during the early war years, she'll tell you that it involved Raymond Hyashi's big black Buick. Raymond played the first Kato on the show. He also owned and ran a delightful Sukiaki restaurant in Detroit where many of the "HORNET" casts enjoyed his Japanese cooking after many of the broadcasts.

**

Our business is interested in receiving all available information regarding Quaker Oats' sponsorship of the "Sergeant Preston of the Yukon" radio program. It is our

understanding that Quaker Puffed Wheat and Rice was the sponsor of this program when it ran between 1947 and 1955.

When first broadcast over the Mutual Radio network in 1947, the program was known as "The Challenge of the Yukon". It was not until 1953 that the program was changed to "Sergeant Preston of the Yukon". At that time, the American Broadcasting Corporation ("ABC") carried the program. Between 1955 to 1958 Sergeant Preston went from radio to television on the Columbia Broadcasting System ("CBS").

Especially, we would like to receive information pertaining to the type of premiums, if any, offered by Quaker Oats when it sponsored the Sergeant Preston show. As you know, sponsors of the early radio shows offered toy blow-guns, six-guns, decoders, rings, flashlights, jack knives, booklets, compasses, maps, pedometers and whistles as well as stationery and secret ink to use on it

Thanking you in advance for your assistance in this matter.

Charles E. Byrd
SHIPLEY ENTERPRISES
275 Shipley St.
San Francisco, CA 94107

RUGGLES, ASTOR, AUER at 7:00 p.m.

Charles Ruggles, Mary Astor, Mischa Auer, for great gusts of laughter... plus the Andrews Sisters for a smooth job of singing their torrid songs as only these three girls can sing them. Another thirty minutes expertly woven of comedy and music for your enjoyment.



THE FIRST LINE at 9:00 p. m.

Here comes the Navy! First line of defense, and now first line of attack, the story of the U. S. Navy is told in this thrilling series of our fighting naval men on the surface, below the tossing waters, and high in the clouds above. If you like authentic action, this program is a "must" on your listening list!



CBS Network - Radio's Finest

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

WANTED: Cassette or open reel tapes of "THE BLACK HOOD" radio serial of the 1940's. Also, I would like to know if any of the following shows survived and are available: The Spider, The Phantom Detective, Blackhawk, The Web, Pete Rice, and Bill Barnes Air Adventurer. Can anyone help?

Chuck Juzek
57 Hutton Avenue
Nanuet, NY 10954

WANTED: I Love A Mystery: The Stairway to the Sun; The Thing That Cries in the Night; Bury your Dead, Arizona. Star Wars. Oscar Broadcast of 1940 (1939 Winners). N.B.C.'s Salute to 50 years of great N.B.C. comedians hosted by Johnny Carson last Thanksgiving.

Rusty Wolfe
1626 North Gunbarrel Road
Chattanooga, Tenn. 37421

Interested in trading radio shows.

Henry Placke
553 Manor Circle
Schaumburg, Illinois 60194

RADIO PREMIUMS-Sky King Spy Detecto Writer, Tox Mix Brass Compass and Magnifier, Lone Ranger 6-Gun ring, Captain Midnight Secret Compartment Ring, plus many more rings, badges, decoders, Pep Rings. Send for free sales list.

F. E. Gabryelski
61 Lincoln Avenue
Clifton, NJ 07011
(201) 772-3254

WANTED: Jack Armstrong Shows from 1930's starring Jim Ameche.

Mr. J. Sekeres
9902 Rosehill
Cleveland, Ohio 44104

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

The Buffalo News/Thursday, August 23, 1984

Howard Culver, Actor, Dies at 66

HACIENDA HEIGHTS, Calif. (AP) — Howard Culver, 66, the actor who played the title role in "Straight Arrow" on the Mutual Radio Network and Howie, the clerk at the Dodge City Hotel on the television show "Gunsmoke," died Aug. 5 of meningitis in Hong Kong.

Mr. Culver was a regular on "Gunsmoke" from 1955 to 1975. He also had roles in such radio programs as "Mystery in the Air," "We Deliver the Goods," "Strange Wills," "Ellery Queen," "The Defense Never Rests" and "Defense Attorney."



THEATRE OF TODAY at 11:00 a.m.

"Theatre of Today" brings you the stories of people today...the romance of their lives at home, or as they fight in all parts of the world. Fielden Farrington opens each broadcast with five minutes of late news reports. Top screen and stage personalities are starred in the complete three-act plays each Saturday.



FOOTBALL TODAY TECH vs. GA. NAVY

2:45 P. M.

GROUCHO MARX NEW TIME - 7:00 P. M.

BOB HAWK at 6:30 p.m.

Quick-witted Bob Hawk leads a rollicking half hour of quips and quizzes. Members of the audience are subjects for his brain teasers ...and winners can name servicemen to receive welcome gifts from the sponsor. It's a double-barreled "Thanks to the Yanks".



CBS Network—Radio's Finest

LUX RADIO THEATRE at 9:00 p.m.

Count on Cecil B. DeMille to produce a great show every Monday evening, when the familiar words ring out, "This is Cecil B. DeMille, from Hollywood". You'll hear topflight stars in topflight stories!



WIBX

1230 on your dial

Editor's DESK



The weatherman didn't cooperate so our annual picnic was rained out. Oh well, so next years picnic will be twice as good to make up for it. Summer is almost over by the time you read this column and our regular monthly meetings have resumed. If any of our out of town members are visiting the Buffalo area on the second Monday of the month, please drop in our meeting. Next month MEMORIES will be sent out along with the I.P. Below is a picture of your staff hard at work. See you next month.



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

Who played the Lone Ranger when you were there?

Brace Beemer. Brace Beemer was the longest-running Lone Ranger. He started in the 1930s after the first Lone Ranger was killed in an auto accident. They broke Beemer's voice in gradually by having the Lone Ranger mortally wounded so he could not speak for a while and then he finally said one word, then another word and so on.

I think Brace would have been the only hero character on radio that you would not have been disappointed in if you met him in person. He was the picture of what you would imagine the Lone Ranger to look like — a tall, handsome, rugged outdoorsman.

How come he never made it on television?

What they finally decided to do it on TV, they tested him, but Brace was not youthful any longer. He had been the Lone Ranger for 20 years.

Who was the man behind Tonto?

Tonto was played for a number of years by John Todd. He was a short, bald Irishman, an ex Shakespearian actor and a marvelous man.

I suppose they kept Todd out of sight then?

I don't know whether they publicized the fact he was an Irishman. Of course, we never had a studio audience for the show. We had a little sponsor's section which could seat maybe 10 people and sometimes you could have visitors — but never any children because it would shatter all of their illusions.

Do you think Tonto could be played as a wooden Indian today?

It's a character that should remain in the storybooks I guess. Don't forget, the Lone Ranger was the hero and Tonto his "faithful companion." I do remember a similar circumstance when we were doing the Green Hornet. Cato was the Green Hornet's right-hand man. But when the war came, they had to change the character of Cato from a Japanese valet to a Filipino valet.

Do you miss radio?

Yes, I do. Namely, because it was in many ways easier than television. You could be very comfortably dressed, unshaven if necessary, because there was no one around. It was more relaxing and a lot simpler.

What makes Ed McMahon of the Johnny Carson Show so successful? How is it that he has achieved a status that no other announcer has?

I don't think he's done anything that no other announcer has. I think it's the old story of being in the right place at the right time and getting the lucky break to work with someone like Carson, which then leads to other areas. It's the old snowball effect — one thing always leads to another.

Essentially, you are just another pretty voice in the business, aren't you?

Yes, but strangely enough, in today's market, they aren't looking for the pretty voice any more. They are looking for the unusual voice, I am speaking commercially now. They feel that beautiful tones that used to enchant people on radio are not what's in demand at the moment. They get the off-beat voice.

What are the problems in your business? How far can you expect to go?

As far as "success" for an announcer, that word today is sort of passe. The announcer — in the big days of radio when you were a network staff announcer — held a certain prestige and class because he was called upon to do everything. Today however, this has all really vanished because radio itself has changed so much. You have disc jockeys and newsmen and what they call reader-writers, who write and announce their own material. The picture has entirely changed. An announcer — the term really doesn't hold that much today. The announcer has to try to become a personality and how far he can go depends on Lady Luck.



**GARY COOPER
SHIRLEY BOOTH**

*"Come Back,
Little Sheba"*
radio premiere of the Broadway hit.

THEATRE GUILD ON THE AIR

(Voted "best dramatic show in radio" in Motion Picture Daily's poll of critics.)

8:30 P.M. WHAM

U.S. STEEL HOUR

TONITE • 10:30 PM

WVET

1280

on
your
dial



EDWARD G.

ROBINSON

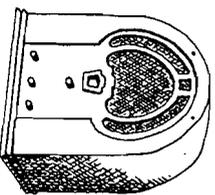
stars in
**"The Man Who
Was Exalted"**

Produced by Himan Brown
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UNITED JEWISH APPEAL

FIRST CLASS MAIL

THE OLD TIME

100 HARVEY DRIVE



RADIO CLUB

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