

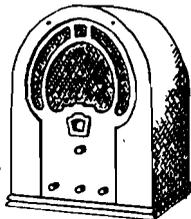
ILLUSTRATED PRESS

EST. 1975

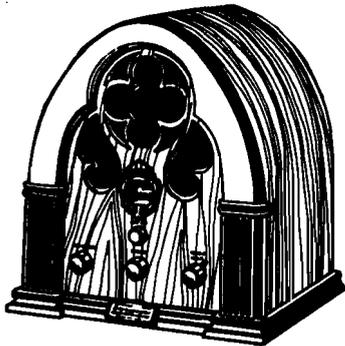
ISSUE #107 - SEPTEMBER, 1985



THE OLD TIME



RADIO CLUB



THE OLD TIME RADIO CLUB
MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION:

Club dues are \$17.50 per year 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 \$12.00 per year and includes all the benefits of a regular membership. Regular membership dues are as follows: If you join in January dues are \$17.50 for the year; February \$17.50; March \$15.00; April \$14.00; May \$13.00; June \$12.00; July \$10.00; August \$9.00; September \$8.00; October \$7.00; November \$6.00; and December \$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 ©1985 by the OTRC. All rights are hereby assigned to the contributors. Editor: Richard A. Olday; Assistant Editor: Jerry Collins; Production Assistance: Arlene Olday. Published since 1975. Printed in U.S.A. Cover Design by Eileen Curtin

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

NEW MEMBERSHIP DUES:
Jerry Collins
56 Christen Ct.
Lancaster, NY 14086
(716) 683-6199

CHANGE OF ADDRESS,
ILLUSTRATED PRESS (letters, columns, etc.) & OTHER CLUB BUSINESS:
Richard Olday
100 Harvey Dr.
Lancaster, NY 14086
(716) 684-1604

REFERENCE LIBRARY and
MEMBERSHIP RENEWALS
Pete Bellanca
1620 Ferry Road
Grand Island, NY 14072
(716) 773-2485

TAPE LIBRARY
Francis Edward Bork
7 Heritage Drive
Lancaster, NY 14086
(716) 683-3555

CANADIAN BRANCH:
Richard Simpson
960 - 16 Rd., R.R.3
Fenwick, Ontario L0S1C0

BACK ISSUES: All MEMORIES and I.P.s are \$1.00 each, postpaid. Out of print issues may be borrowed from the reference library.

Dominic Parisi
38 Ardmore Pl.
Buffalo, NY 14213

The Old Time Radio Club meets the FIRST 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 #108 - September 3
#109 - October 7
#110 - November 4

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 15.

COVER: Mr. & Mrs. Ronald Colman

Wireless Wanderings



JIM SNYDER

There are several books and monographs currently available on old time radio that you should be aware of. Some of them are "must" items, but some of the others might also be of interest to you.

First, I want to repeat the one I mentioned last April; RADIO'S GOLDEN YEARS by Vincent Terrace is a basic reference book. Its format is sort of on the order of the now out of print BIG BROADCAST. RADIO'S GOLDEN YEARS lists 1,500 programs from the so called "golden age of radio". Each listing gives basic information about the program such as cast, beginning date, network, length of show, type of show, etc. For those of you into collecting shows, this is a book that you will find essential. It can be ordered for \$17.50 plus \$1.00 shipping from Metro Golden Memories, 5941 West Irving Park Road, Chicago, Illinois 60634.

Another "must" book is a TECHNICAL GUIDE TO COLLECTING OLD TIME RADIO PROGRAMS by Bob Burnham. Bob, one of the members of our club, has written frequent "technical" columns here in the ILLUSTRATED PRESS. Bob's book runs about fifty pages and discusses a wide assortment of subjects related to the old time radio hobby. While most of the book is devoted to the collecting of shows on tape, there is a great deal of general hobby information, also. Certainly this is a "basic" reference book with a wealth of practical information and suggestions. It should be in your library whether you are a beginner in OTR, or an old timer with thousands of shows. The book can be obtained for \$7.50 postpaid from BRC Productions, P.O. Box 39522, Redford, Michigan 48239-0522

There are two monographs out on the Jack Armstrong show, both written and available from Fred L. King, 508 Sunset Drive, Macon, Missouri 63552. The first, the JACK ARMSTRONG SCRAPBOOK is close to being out of print. It is 125 pages long and gives some history of the program with the majority of the material devoted to information on premiums that were

available from the series. This book is available from Fred for \$5.00 postpaid. His other book is the JACK ARMSTRONG ENCYCLOPEDIA, also available directly from him for \$12.00. This one is 50 pages long and the format follows an alphabetical listing (like an encyclopedia) of information about the show. Entries begin with "announcers" and end, alphabetically, with "writers". Each of these publications is well written and has a wealth of "trivia" information. There is much here that is interesting, even to the casual listener.

Next is a 110 page book, THE SOUND OF DETECTION, which is an account of "Ellery Queen's adventures in radio," by Francis Nevins, Jr., and Ray Stanich. Included is biographical information on the authors of this series, and their writings. There is virtually a week-by-week synopsis and discussion of each of the shows in this series, and the book winds up with a very detailed program log. This book is available for \$6.95 postpaid from Brownstone Books, 1711 Clifty Drive, Madison, Indiana 47250.

The final book I would like to mention was obtained for me by our Canadian membership chairman, Richard Simpson. This is THE SOUND AND THE FURY by Warner Troyer. It is billed as "an anecdotal history of Canadian broadcasting," and it is just exactly that. Rather than being straight factual history, it is largely personal memory items, often irreverent, from the author. His approach is interesting, and the book is loaded with pictures. The paperback book (225 pages) is \$10.95 and is available from Personal Library Publishers, Suite 439, 17 Queen Street East, Toronto, Ontario M5C 1P9.

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 APO - \$.60 for one reel, 35¢ for each additional reel; 35¢ for each cassette and record.

CANADIAN BRANCH: Rental rates are the same as above, but in Canadian funds. Postage: Reels 1 or 2 tapes \$1.50; 3 or 4 tapes \$1.75. Cassettes - 1 or 2 tapes \$.65; for each additional tape, add 25¢.

"25 WORDS OR MORE"

My introduction to "old time radio" was through my soon to be husband, when he introduced me to his friends in the Buffalo club. I was immediately accepted and absorbed into their hobby, and I finally accepted the hobby, along with Richard, in 1978.

I understood, and had a good idea of the time and love I would have to devote to his daughter as well as our other three children, and readily accepted this challenge. What I didn't understand was that the very same qualities were expected to be lavished on the tape recorders and tapes. I very quickly grasped that idea, though, when a tape recorder was delegated to my place at the dinner table one night, and remained for several more meals.

However, all was not lost! Loving libraries as I do, I appointed myself "chief researcher" and managed to spend many hours there while searching out elusive answers. Occasionally my selection of books was challenged, but I am quick to point out that "you never know where you'll find information on your subject."

Another advantage soon presented itself. While pursuing an argument on a topic you know very little about and are sadly in danger of losing, you have an excellent opportunity of interrupting with, "Shh, I want to hear this." If you wait long enough, your opponent will either forget his point of view, or will leave on more pressing business. On the other hand, he may become interested in your program or leave in disgust. This time lapse gives you time to collect your thoughts should the argument continue.

Unfortunately, my family is becoming wise to these tactics and will on occasion turn the tape recorder off. This allows me a chance to stalk off in high dudgeon and refuse to discuss anything, until the recorder is back on. The fact that I heave a big sigh of relief as I turn the corner is insignificant.

Would I forsake this hobby for another? Would I leave my friends and acquaintances for others? Not on your life!

Rosemary Simpson
Fenwick, Ontario

Since getting into the tape recording fever, music was my bag in the 50's and 60's. The advent of radio programs in the 70's turned my hobby into a worthwhile entertainment source.

Willie Teague
Great Falls, Montana

Old Time radio is okay,
Sometimes it can make your day,
But never mind what I say:
All you have to do is push "play."

Chuck Seelye
Kenmore, New York

Some of the best joys that I have experienced in collectioⁿ old time radio programming are: the "discovering" of excellent series that I had never listened to previously such as "The Key," "Candy Matson," "Frontier Gentlemen," and "Fort Laramie"; rehearing programs that I had listened to before when they were actually broadcast over the air; and giving programs to people and having them come back and indicate that they had heard them when they went out over the airwaves the first time (that has happened to me twice). An then there is always the "CONVENTION" where I met others in the hobby, and the people who actually did the broadcasting.

Tom Monroe
Lakewood, Ohio

Listening to old time radio is like staying young forever. My hobby is collecting Bing Crosby radio shows and his records. Listening to old radio programs you feel like you never got older. Anyhow, that's the way I feel when I listen to old time radio. I like collecting programs like Jack Benny, Abbot and Costello, Duffy's Tavern, Fibber McGee and Molly, the Life of Riely, the Great Gildersleeve, the Aldrich Family, You Bet your Life, and many more. So this is how I stay young; by listening to radio.

Edward Wanat, Sr.
Cheektowaga, NY

OTR starts out as the Lone Ranger or the Shadow, then grows into Inner Sanctum, Lights Out, Dimension X, X-Minus One, Gunsmoke, Have Gun Will Travel, etc., etc.

OTR starts out as a simple cassette recorder which then becomes two, three, and four cassette recorders.

OTR starts as a few tapes in the corner of a room. Then one Discovers the OTRC and the OTR convention. OTR then outgrows the corner, the room, and now I need a new house

to have more room for OTR.

OTR is an art that can provide years and years of quality entertainment.

Frank Boncore
Buffalo, New York

Do you remember Rod Sterling's TWILIGHT ZONE on television? In one episode of the series, Dean Jagger portrayed a senior citizen who resided in a boarding house with four or five other senior citizens. In his room, Dean had an old Philco radio console that dated back to the 30's. Every evening after supper Dean would rush up to his room, turn on the old Philco, lean back in his old easy chair and wait for his favorite programs to begin. Because this was science fiction, the sounds that emanated from the old Philco were the sounds of forty years past. "They" say that a signal never dies but goes on forever. Wouldn't it be wonderful if in this age of rapidly advancing technology, that someone did invent a receiver that could receive and separate the signals that have been bouncing around for a millennium.

Frank Matesic
Lackawanna, New York

Laugh a while come on and smile and listen to the radio.

Drama-action all in fashion when you listen to the radio.

Captain Midnight's swell when you want your action right.

Joe Palooka's great, boy that guy can really fight.

Laugh a while, come on and smile and listen to the radio.

Music-laughter all you're after when you listen to the radio.

Benny Goodman's keen when he plays his clarinet.

Mr. Allen's jokes, you're not likely to forget.

Laugh a while, come on and smile and listen to the radio.

Quiz and soaps forgotten hopes when you listen to the radio.

Truth or Consequences, well I can't make up my mind.

Valiant lady maybe, but she's just too hard to find.

Laugh a while, come on and smile and listen to the radio.

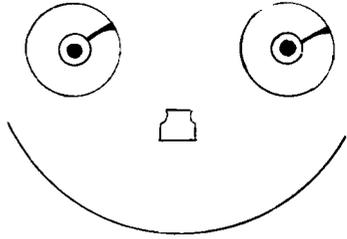
All the stations cross the nation when you listen to the radio.

NBC has Red and Blue cause it is very young.

Forgotten dreams are measured in the songs the singers sang.

Laugh a while, come on and smile, and listen to the radi...

Oh.... Copywrite 1978 by Frank Amico
Paterson, New Jersey



REEL-LY SPEAKING

Well so far it's been a hot (?) summer with a lot of rain here in the Buffalo area. I have spent a lot of time listening to old time radio shows both at home and at our camp site and did a fair share of copying too. Radio shows that is. My friend Ed Coones has been collecting old records of the big band era which he has loaned to me to copy on reels. Now that's almost as enjoyable as taping the radio shows. You can get a lot of records on one twenty four foot reel. I usually tape music on either stereo or 2 track if it's not stereo. Ed has about everything that's available around here so now he's gone into country western which needless to say I'm taping also. Ed got a hold of a record of Jimmy Rodgers, the Blues Yodler and Ernest Tubbs, the Texas Troupadore, a couple of weeks ago and loaned them to me to copy. Now they really brought back some memories. Back when I was fresh out of Marine Corps boot camp (everybody in my platoon was a rebel except three other guys and myself.) I was convinced that the Corps was a rebel outfit, because all I heard was country western music. Even when we went across country by troop train, they, the rebels had a battery powered record player and 90 million country western records. Day and night that's all I heard. Why that guy didn't read that "Detour sign" I'll never know but I got to hear him sing about his troubles because of that "Detour Sign". I made up my mind if ever I came up to a detour sign, I would turn around and go the other way. At Camp Pendleton, in California, it was the same thing all over again. Only this time I heard about "The Crash on the Highway". Well one thing I thought would save me and that was when we got on a troop ship. Now every body knows that sailors hate country western music. At least I could listen to popular music, the big bands and the band singers. Not so, our troop ship was one left over from the Civil

war, (sails and all) the only troop ship in the C.S.A. complete with guitars, cowboy hats, and boots and 3000 sailors all singing either western or country songs. On the horror of it all. Well thats the way it went every every island I was on, the rebs had come with me. This is one darn Yankee thats not going to be a rebel no matter what I told myself. What can I say after a couple of years on those stinking, opps, I mean beautiful tropical isles. I started to sing those songs myself. Now thats what I should have done along time ago, boy did my singing every stop them. I guess I ruined just about every country western song of the day. Horrah for me. One of the rebs thought for sure I was a farm boy - how else could I call hogs so good. I thought that I was singing all the time, well it goes to show, sometimes you never know. Well back to Ed's records, I never thought I would enjoy hearing those songs again. I really did enjoy hearing the songs once more. But all in all I think I'll stay with the old time radio shows. Somewhere in the back of my mind I get the idea that next Ed's gonna start collecting records of Japanese music. When that happens, that's the end. I just couldn't stand "My Old Kentucky Home" sung in Japanese - no how.

Another record donated by a new club member, Linda DeCecco - The Shadow with Orson Wells.

A record already in the library but not listed - Movies, The Silent years.

Gary Zelin a new member donated about 75 records to our club. Gary donated his entire record collection to the club. Thanks Gary, this really put our record collection in the black. Our previous listing was all of 9 records.

Till next time, good listening.
Francis Edward Bork

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.

The Buffalo News/Friday, August 2, 1985



Associated Press

SIGNING OFF — Helen Hayes flips her script upon completing the 1,000th program in her daily radio series, "Mutual of Omaha's the Best Years," to be aired sometime this month. She began the daily two-minute show aimed at senior citizens in October 1981. Hayes will celebrate her 85th birthday Oct. 10.

The Buffalo News/Wednesday, July 24, 1985

Kay Kyser Dies at 79; Was Famous Band Leader

Associated Press

CHAPEL HILL, N.C. — Kay Kyser, a nationally known band leader of the 1930s and the self-styled "professor" of radio's College of Musical Knowledge, died Tuesday of a heart attack. He was 79.

Kyser, born in Rocky Mount, N.C., as James Kearn Kyser, adopted his nickname early in life and decided against becoming a drug addict although his mother, P.B. Kyser, was the first registered female pharmacist in North Carolina. He later gave up law studies to lead a nine-man band, although he did get a bachelor's degree in music 1928.

At the height of his career, an estimated 20 million people listened to Kyser's Wednesday night radio program of dance music interspersed with quiz questions. In 1940, Kyser grossed more than \$1 million, and was the biggest attraction for the Music Corp. of America, then the nation's largest booking agency.

In 1942, Kyser fought serving in the military, appealing to the White House on the grounds that he could do more for the war effort as a civilian than in the Army. He was given a medical exemption, although Army doctors did not disclose the nature of Kyser's disability.

Kyser starred in the film "That's



Kay Kyser

Right, You're Wrong." Director David Butler, who had directed five Will Rogers movies, said Kyser was "more like Rogers in his deep sentiment, sincerity and unselfishness than any man I've seen since Will Rogers' death."

Kyser married his featured vocalist, Gorgia Ann Carroll, in 1944. He stopped performing in 1950 and moved the next year to Chapel Hill, where he spent the rest of his life working with the Christian Science Church.

CIRCUIT
WRITERS
CIRCUIT
WRITERS

This is my first article for the Illustrated Press, a series which will deal with taping techniques and equipment as it is used in conjunction with OTR. As a broadcast engineer and announcer for twenty years, I will try in these columns to discuss recording techniques in layman's terms. My thanks to Dick Olday, editor of the Illustrated Press for making this space available in his publication, and I hope that you as the reader will obtain some valuable input from these articles. I mentioned above that most of my working life has been in broadcasting. Having started in small stations it was necessary for me to "get my feet wet" in all aspects of the business. I always maintained a marked interest in OTR and we all know that thousands of the old transcripts fell prey to destruction because few people at that time saw their value to future generations. We all owe a special thanks to the enthusiasts who have uncovered much of this material, and through trading have kept it in circulation. I am now nearing 37 years of age, so I did not hear most OTR shows firsthand as they were originally broadcast. Some of the first ones I heard second-hand were Amos 'n' Andy and some Danger with Granger. I do remember listening to Arthur Godfrey on CBS at 10:00 a.m. weekday mornings. I only wish I had more Godfrey shows. He was an immensely talented personality who certainly paid his dues in the business. He is no longer with us, and neither are countless others who brought us this marvelous entertainment. Among the general public, interest in OTR has waned because television provides programs requiring no imagination.

And now, on to the subject at hand. As many of you OTR fans may know, Sony is now out of the consumer reel-to-reel business. They now manufacture professional recorders (analog) under the name M.C.I.,

and fantastic decks they are! However acquiring such units for our use in OTR would be highly impractical. Most OTR is "low-fi" anyway, but these series of articles will discuss ways in which it can be greatly improved. I am also hearing rumors that Teac is considering getting out also. These companies obviously are no longer selling enough of these units to make it worth their while to continue to manufacture them. Cassettes have closely won the home entertainment taping bout and the tremendous strides in technology have brought even the moderate priced home cassette deck up to professional performance.

The collector of OTR, though, knows that reel-to-reel is the most economical way to collect OTR shows but the decks are getting scarce. I also understand that Akai is no longer going to manufacture the GX-4000D, the cheapest home reel-to-reel unit I have encountered and also the worst mechanically! These decks are not workhorses and prolonged use for hours at a time will soon take its toll. You will soon be forking out good money for clutch assemblies. So, take it from someone who tried to save some money. It is a false economy! If you use the 4000D only occasionally you may never have these problems, but in my experience with four of these units, the clutch problem happened twice to each machine. So after the last repair job I sold them. I still have one that I keep for a spare.

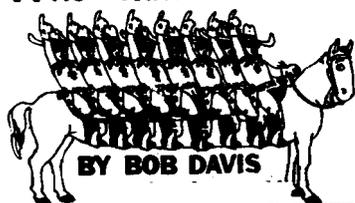
I highly recommend the Sony TC-399, a deck that is no longer manufactured. This deck is nothing elaborate but it is a workhorse! The 399, as is the Sony 377 (another great one) is a quarter-track stereo (or mono) and operates at 1-7/8, 3-3/4 and 7-1/2 inches per second. With most OTR material, 3-3/4 ips is the standard 7-1/2 ips is not necessary in OTR dubbing if good recording tape is used. We are dealing with voice anyway, not high fidelity music. 1-7/8 ips should not be used except for the recording of material that will not be reproduced. The quality at that speed is bad at best but there are applications, such as recording lectures, that it can be satisfactorily used.

In my next article I'll discuss the meanings of a few "tape terms" and how they apply to OTR. I invite any questions that you may have. I'll be glad to answer them personally if you'll include a self-addressed stamped envelope.

H. Edgar Cole
P O Box 3509
Lakeland, FL 33802

SAY!

WHO WAS THAT MASKED MAN?



"Summertime, And the listening is easy."

Man, is there anything better than laying on a blanket on the beach or on your lawn and soaking up the sun while your cassette player is entertaining you with The Green Hornet or Lux Radio Theater?

Can anything beat the relaxed and almost impossible to describe feeling of well being that you get sitting on your porch on a warm summer's eve, watching darkness approach as the sun sets in a multi-colored dip into the horizon? Sitting next to you on a small table is your tape machine and the sounds of Jack Benny or Suspense fill the porch area, enhancing and adding to the feeling of well being.

These are the good times. The times when the troubles of the day are pushed aside for a while. The times when the very same world that you felt was going to hell in a handbasket only a few hours ago, now doesn't seem so bad. In fact, it now seems pretty good.

The Irish would say that these are the times that God doesn't subtract from your lifetime. These are the freebies, the bonuses, the times against which you can measure the other times to get a proper perspective of the whole picture.

To me, these are days from my youth that miraculously can be relived to an extent. Back then many a summer evening was spent on a porch using the darkening sky as a screen for the latest Shadow adventure. The cluds provided an unfitting but very acceptable background to the police cars as they screamed along heralding the opening to Gangbusters. Back then, the world was full of wonderment and surprises for me and radio was a big part of it all. It was an introduction to adventures and unbelievable derring-do.

Golly, there were people out there that rode around in special cars and fought the evil doers of

of the world. I admired this even though I wouldn't have known an evil doer if one had come along and bit me on the nose. Back then, the evillest person I could imagine was that awful kid Freddie that lived a couple of blocks down the street. Now he was evil!

Today I don't have that problem. I know exactly what an evil doer looks like. He has long hair and a beard! (Sorry Chuck..Sorry Kean)

I still like to stretch out on a blanket or recline with my feet on the porch railing and lose myself in the giant screen of the summer sky while listening to old, but fondly remembered radio adventures. At first some seem a tiny bit dated but this fades out quickly and is soon gone.

I must say there is one difference between then and now. Nowadays, I get so comfortable and relaxed that I just go with the flow and am soon in a state of neither total wakefulness or sleep. One degree more and I would be asleep, one degree less and I'd be completely awake. You know, actually, it's quite pleasant.

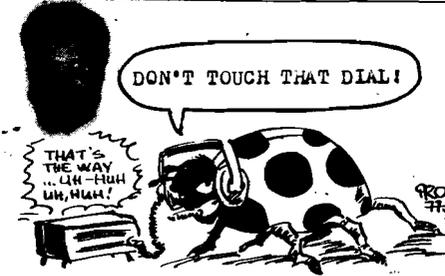
Good or bad it's a withdrawl from the reality of now into the fantasy of then. A suspension of the disbelief and cynicism of adulthood for the innocent flights of fancy that was a part of me a long time ago. It's rather nice to know that these are still, to some small extent, a part of me and that the adult in me hasn't completely driven away the child.

I hope it never does.

I hope your summer was as good as mine and I'll see ya next time.

Amos 'n' Andy (below) have had all their broadcasts put in manuscript form and bound. Here they are looking over some of the ancient history.





JERRY COLLINS

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

When one thinks of the "Golden Age of Radio" the big name shows usually come to mind. We usually recall such shows as THE JACK BENNY SHOW, EDGAR BERGEN AND CHARLIE MCCARTHY, FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY, SAM SPADE, MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY, THE SHADOW, LUX RADIO THEATER, THE ALDRICH FAMILY, AMOS AND ANDY, GEORGE BURNS AND GRACIE ALLEN and ONE MAN'S FAMILY. These shows enjoyed large audiences for long periods of time. Most collectors of old radio shows should be able to find their favorite shows amongst this list.

Like many other people in our hobby, I enjoy variety in my radio listening. When I turn the dial as I frequently did, I usually listen to some of the lesser known shows.

The HALLS OF IVY featured Ronald Colman and his charming wife Benita as William Todhunter Hall, President of Ivy College and his wife Vicky. Unlike most college presidents, Professor and Mrs. Hall played an active role in solving the problems of many of the students.

Being a sports fan THE ADVENTURES OF FRANK MERRIWELL was a perfect show for me. It starred Lawson Zerba as Frank, Hal Studer as Bart Hodge and Elaine Rost as Inza Burrage. Returning to Yale at the turn of the century the show told the story "...of one of the most beloved characters in American fiction".

I am the biggest, if not the only fan of ROGERS OF THE GAZETTE. In fact, I have almost the complete run of the show that lasted one season. Will Rogers Jr. Played a small town newspaper editor who spent much of his time solving the problems of his readers.

I neither hunt nor fish nor have I done any camping, but MARK TRAIL has always had a great deal of appeal to me. Matt Crowley as Mark Trail always exhibited a great

deal of strength as he fought those who attempted to plunder the wilderness.

I have always been a big fan of radio comedy. When I leave the name shows I usually turn to the PHIL HARRIS AND ALICE FAYE SHOW. Although the show never reached the heights of such shows as the JACK BENNY SHOW and FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY, it is probably the most well known of the shows that I have discussed.

In addition to Phil Harris and Alice Faye in the starring roles, Elliot Lewis did an excellent job as Frankie Remley. Walter Tetley played Julius Abbruzio, the grocery boy who spent most of his time taunting Harris and Remley.

In the second part of this article, I will discuss some of my favorite mystery and police stories.

Until next month, "Goodnight all."

ORPHAN ANNIE



The charming little heroine of the "Orphan Annie" broadcasts heard over an NBC-WJZ network daily except Sunday at 5:45 p. m. (EDST). Shirley Bell is her name. The twelve-year-old veteran of the ether has already decided to make radio her life work and hopes to grow up to be a famous radio dramatic actress.



NATIONAL ORGANIZATION IS FORMED TO ENCOURAGE AND PROMOTE THEATRE ON RADIO

Philadelphia - The formation of the "Friends of Radio Theatre", a national membership organization to encourage and promote the presentation of theatre on radio, was announced today by Ralph Hirsch, its executive director.

"Radio theatre is a wonderful art form and a great spur to the imagination," Hirsch said. "Unfortunately we don't get nearly enough of it in North America. Although some excellent new radio plays are produced, few are aired. Some of our best playwrights, novelists and short story writers have written for radio, but today none of them can make a living that way. And the current generation of young radio listeners is growing up with little or no exposure to the joys and challenges of theatre on radio. We hope to change all that."

The Friends of Radio Theatre ("we call it FORT for short," said Hirsch) will serve as a rallying point for listeners, and as a way of providing services to independent producers, writers and stations. FORT has identified these tasks for itself:

- To publicize to listeners, stations and the news media the availability of radio plays that have already been produced;

- To encourage stations to air radio plays;

- To monitor and report what's happening with radio theatre abroad;

- To support conferences designed to promote radio theatre, such as the annual Midwest Radio Theatre Workshop in Columbia, Missouri;

- To help independent producers to raise money from foundations, government and business; and

- To encourage established and new writers to write radio plays, and to make periodic awards for outstanding plays.

"We have a distinguished advisory board with a vast range of experience in this field," Hirsch said. "With their guidance, with the help of many others working in radio, and with the active participation of listeners, we can move mountains."

FORT's advisory board includes pioneering radio playwright and producer Norman Corwin; Everett C. Frost, producer of the award-winning series of radio plays for young listeners, "The Web"; Elisabeth Perez Luna, a noted independent radio producer and reporter; Cody

Pfanstiehl, a public affairs consultant active in bringing theatre to the visually impaired; Yuri Rasovsky, founding producer-director of the National Radio Theatre of Chicago; David R. Taylor, program director of the National Federation of Community Broadcasters; and Julie Youmans, director of the Midwest Radio Theatre Workshop. Ralph Hirsch, the executive director, formerly produced the "World Theatre" series on WUHY-FM in Philadelphia, and has worked as a public-interest lobbyist in Washington and in several state capitals.

A quarterly newsletter, to be called RADIO THEATRE IN NORTH AMERICA, will be an important vehicle for FORT's work, Hirsch said. A copy of the first issue, due out in late July, may be obtained by sending a stamped self-addressed envelope to Friends of Radio Theatre, 3500 Race Street, Philadelphia PA 19104-2440.

Letters



I've said it before and I'm saying it again--when the OTR club was founded, we experienced our share of financial problems.

Slowly but surely we started to overcome some of the problems and today we are a well organized club that offers its members more than other clubs.

If it weren't for people like Millie, we could not have provided a monthly IP, MEMORIES, tape and library lists and other "goodies".

I'll admit that the quality of Millie's printing was not up to standards. There is no excuse for this and I'm not making any for her.

Well today, 10 years later, we are lucky enough to have found another printer who appears to be more concerned with producing a good product, and at a price more affordable. I say that great for the club.

All I'm doing here is setting the record straight. Millie was there when we needed her the most. I just hope that the club understands and appreciates all she has done for us in the past years.

Dom Parisi, Treasurer

THE SHADOW

in

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TREASURES of DEATH

Dec. 15, 1933

CHAPTER XXI THE CLUB OF DEATH

This night was one of intense gloom. Steady rain had been driving for three constant days. Shrouded in a blanket of rising mist, Eli Galban's old mansion was more spectral than ever before.

Peering eyes were staring from a window. They were the eyes of Fawkes, the huge-headed servant. The front door opened; the blackened hall behind did not show the figure of this monstrous servitor.

Fawkes was beginning a patrol of the grounds. His footsteps carried him across the lawn toward the end house in the row--the building which seemed to encroach so noticeably on Eli Galban's premises.

Fawkes returned. He moved into the house. The door shut behind him. Fawkes went to the second hall; where waxwork figures showed weirdly in the light. Mercher was waiting there. He had been on guard while Fawkes was gone.

Fawkes crossed the room and started toward the stairs. Mercher watched him. So did Harry Vincent, from above. As the fearful servant moved toward the steps, Harry quickly headed for the darkness of the second floor.

Mercher, however, stopped Fawkes as the man reached the landing. The secretary was alert. His doubled form seemed to spring forward as Mercher hurried after Fawkes. He put a low question to the man. Fawkes responded with a muffled growl.

Mercher signaled Fawkes to remain on guard. He hurried to the elevator and disappeared. It was several minutes before Fawkes again stumped down the steps. Evidently he had been on his way to the third floor to see Galban before Mercher had stopped him.

When Harry Vincent came back to the landing, he viewed both Fawkes and Mercher. The secretary was standing close to the waxwork figure of an Indian chief. He was eyeing Fawkes solemnly. The servant pointed toward a panel in the wall. Mercher nodded and moved in that direction. Fawkes sought to follow him. Mercher stopped the servant. He opened the panel and disappeared into deep darkness.

While these events were taking place within the house, the splatter-

ing rain kept up a melody without. Yet amid those drippings there was more than more darkness. A figure had entered the grounds about the house. At the rear of the old mansion stood the Shadow.

A spectral form, yet one which seemed to waver with every gust of wind, The Shadow was studying the walls. He could see gloomy windows; all were barred. His eyes turned downward. They saw the heavy grating of a cellar window.

A tiny flashlight gleamed. While The Shadow's tired right hand held the little torch, his left worked on the barrier. It was a task to open the grating, yet it was no more difficult than the bars above. The Shadow, wearied, had chosen this spot instead of attempting a climb to the stories above.

The grating gave with a slight click. The window moved beyond. The Shadow's tall form sank; it slid into the darkness of a deep cellar. The flashlight was out; The Shadow let himself below. In the darkness of the basement, he moved toward the other side of the building.

The Shadow stopped. Ahead, he saw a dim flight of stairs. Above it was a gloomy light. As he edged toward the wall, keeping constantly in darkness, The Shadow could spy the peering face of Lycurgus Mercher at the head of the stairs. The secretary was listening for sounds from below.

The Shadow reached the wall. He stood there, unseen by Mercher. Yet in the tense moments of waiting his weariness increased. His body began to sway. It was with the utmost difficulty that he could keep up the vigil.

Mercher was coming cautiously down the stairs. He did not see The Shadow. A flashlight gleamed in the secretary's hand. It was directed toward a spot on the wall away from where The Shadow stood.

Mercher uttered a hiss. The panel closed above. The secretary, thinking himself alone, began to examine a grated opening in the side of the cellar wall. His flashlight showed what had once been an old drain, or passage, leading off from the side of the cellar.

Mercher turned to move away. He paused a moment; then moved back to the spot that he had examined. His flashlight flickered upon the old grating. A hissing cry escaped

his lips. The grating shot inward from a powerful thrust; with it came the form of a stalwart man!

Mercher's flashlight showed the arrival's face. It was Thibbel, Wendel Hargate's hard-faced servant, whose shot had wounded The Shadow three nights ago. Coming from the opening, Thibbel landed full upon Mercher. Thibbel's hand displayed a gun as the flashlight fell. The husky man swung it to crush his enemy.

Then came a third fighter. The Shadow, springing forward from the gloom, was in the conflict. In the melee, Thibbel staggered free from Mercher's grasp. Then, with a mighty sweep of his arm, he blindly struck The Shadow's crippled shoulder.

Unseen, the tall black form went toppling. It was not the fury of Thibbel's swing; it was The Shadow's own weakening, under strain, that made it futile for him to continue the fray. His tall form collapsed, while Mercher leaped to contend with Thibbel. The Shadow was out of the fight.

Motionless upon the floor, his right arm limp, The Shadow lay while Thibbel and Mercher fought silently in the dark. The Shadow's left hand was clenched beneath the cloak. It was pressed against the precious bottle that he had brought with him from his sanctum, along with the wide flat box.

A hand descended in the darkness. A chance stroke dealt a heavy blow with a revolver. Thibbel was the author of that stroke; Mercher received it. The secretary collapsed with a muffled groan. Thibbel sent his body spinning to the floor. Mercher reeled over and lay sprawled above the crumpled form of The Shadow.

Thibbel picked up the flashlight. He uttered an ugly laugh as he turned its rays upon Mercher. He did not see the obscured figure of The Shadow, nor did he linger. Satisfied that Mercher was no longer an antagonist to fear, the yeoman who served Wendel Hargate, headed toward the stairs.

He extinguished the flashlight when he reached the panel. He rapped. The panel opened. Like a shot, Thibbel sprang into the room of waxwork curios. His revolver swung as it covered the man who had opened the panel. Corry Fawkes, glaring with his fiendish eyes, was trapped by this unexpected enemy from below!

Thibbel, bold and dangerous, yanked a second gun from his

pocket. His action was well timed. At that moment, a panel clicked and Sanyata stepped from the elevator. With a hoarse laugh, Thibbel covered the Japanese.

Harry Vincent, from the landing, could view the entire scene. He could also hear the growled challenge that Thibbel uttered to the men whom he had so neatly snared. Thibbel had shown his mettle in his encounter with The Shadow. He was proving it once again.

"Thought you'd fool us, eh?" snarled Hargate's henchman. "Well, I figured your game. There was only one way to get into this joint-- from the old house at the end of the row. We've been working there and I thought maybe you'd wise up to it."

"So you were waiting. Letting us come on through. So you'd have us with the goods. Thought you'd have a chance to plug whoever came and take it up with the police afterward. Well, you missed your guess."

"I knew there were three of you. So I came alone"--Thibbel's laugh was sarcastic--"and I picked off the first guy down in the cellar. If you two want to go the route, just try something. I'm here to see old Eli Galban and nobody's going to stop me."

Harry Vincent, on the landing, was debating what to do. At the spot where he stood, he was directly in the path of Thibbel's aim. To move at this moment might mean his own destruction. Unarmed, he could bring no aid; the very fact that he had left his room might lead Fawkes and Sanyata to regard him as an enemy.

Thibbel was backing across the center of the room. He paused near the waxwork figures, his face displaying an evil grimace. It seemed that he might be planning to slay Eli Galban's servants in cold blood.

Yet Fawkes and Sanyata remained motionless. The Japanese was stolid; the monstrous, big-chinned man still retained his fierce glare. Of a sudden, Harry Vincent realized that they must be waiting some strange action that would rid them finally of this enemy, Thibbel.

The Action came, as Thibbel neared the closest of the waxwork figures. With a fearful silence, the Indian chief came suddenly to life. As Thibbel, suspecting danger, swerved to glance behind him, the figure swung its mighty war club. The descending weapon leanded with a crushing force upon the head of Wendel Hargate's servant and henchman.

Thibbel's body dropped to the floor. No human skull could have

stood the fury of that blow. Thibbel was dead; Harry saw Fawkes and Sanyata step forward to remove his body. Then, as Harry glanced again toward the waxwork figure that had come to life, he saw the Indian chief back in his old position.

It was like a fearful dream--this stroke that had slain an intruder before Harry Vincent's eyes. Like a living corpse, the Indian chief had again rejoined his fellow statues formed of waxwork!

CHAPTER XXII MEN FROM THE DEPTHS

Fawkes and Sanyata had carried away Thibbel's body. They were returning to the waxwork gallery. Harry Vincent had not moved. He realized now that strange eyes might be watching the very stairs on which he crouched.

For a few moments, Fawkes and Sanyata held a conversation. The Japanese made gesticulations toward the open panel that led to the cellar. Then Fawkes headed in that direction, but stopped before he reached the opening.

Some one was coming up the stairs. Fawkes drew back and pulled a huge revolver into view. Harry saw the weapon drop as the servant recognized the arrival. Lycurgus Mercher, stooped and weary, was coming from the cellar. Blood showed upon his distorted face.

Mercher was quite helpless. Sanyata caught him by the arm and helped him to a big chair on the other side of the room. The secretary slumped pitifully. He held his hand to his forehead and tried to wipe away the blood.

Sanyata disappeared. He came back with a bowl of water. He mopped the blood with a cloth and pressed the bandage to Mercher's forehead. All this while, Fawkes, his face as hideous as ever, was standing watching. His big chin covered his chest; his eyes glared from his bowed head. The monster seemed to enjoy the sight of blood even though the victim was one of his own companions.

All the while, the Indian chief was standing unnoticed in his poised position, the war club above his head. Harry Vincent, feeling the weakness of the past few days, began to think himself in the realm of some unreal nightmare.

Fawkes attracted Harry's attention. The evil-looking servant was backing away across the room, to be clear of the panel. His eyes stared toward the Indian chief, and

Harry caught a fierce, knowing glow as Fawkes once more looked steadily toward the open panel.

Fawkes was out of sight of the opening; so were Sanyata and Mercher. The room seemed empty as two men suddenly sprang into it from the panel. They stopped at sight of the gun with which Fawkes covered them.

Harry recognized the first of the two arrivals. It was Wendel Hargate. For a moment, Harry felt elation to think that the millionaire had come into this trip. Then, as the other man turned slightly, a frenzied gasp trembled on Harry's lips.

Hargate's companion was not another henchman, like Thibbel. The man who had come with the millionaire was Terry Barliss!

Harry's head was swimming. The Shadow's agent knew the fierceness with which Galban's minions could deal with unwelcome foemen. The thought of Thibbel, slain by the war club of a man guised as waxwork, inspired Harry to a hasty action.

Fawkes was standing so he could not see the stairs. This was Harry's lone chance, with Sanyata occupied with Mercher's wound. Giving way to sudden desire, Harry leaped from his hiding place and plunged forward down the steps.

His aim was to divert Fawkes; to give Terry Barliss an opportunity to escape. What his friend was doing with Wendel Hargate, Harry could not know. His only impulse was to save Terry.

A hiss came through the room. Its author was the waxwork Indian, though the direction of the sound was too elusive for Harry to recognize it. Fawkes did not move. He kept his gun upon Hargate and Terry. It was Sanyata who responded.

With a quick leap, the Japanese shot away from the chair where Mercher had collapsed and caught Harry with a swift dive. The Shadow's agent sprawled helplessly upon the floor.

Sanyata, with the skill of a jujutsu artist, rolled Harry over and over, until his victim lay propped against the wall near the open panel. Like Terry Barliss and Wendel Hargate, Harry Vincent was under the sway of the revolver which Fawkes was holding.

Harry had wildly sought to turn the tide. He had been frustrated. But in his brief period of action, he had formed the delay for a new climax. While Sanyata was quietly retiring, Harry stared

toward Fawkes. He saw the big-chinned servant glare; then drop the revolver loosely from his hand!

Some unaccountable happening had caused this change. Instinctively, all who were in that room stared toward the panel from the cellar. There, grim and swarthy, stood the last man whom Harry Vincent had expected to see. A police revolver in each hand, Detective Joe Cardona was covering the room!

There was a challenge in the detective's gaze. Cardona showed plainly that he did not know who might be friend or foe. He was ready to fire quick, fatal shots, if any here might seek to balk him.

"Put them up!"

Cardona's harsh growl brought results. Harry Vincent propped against the wall, obeyed. So did Wendel Hargate, and Terry Barliss. Fawkes was already cowed; his hands moved upward. Sanyata, the Japanese also followed the injunction, while Mercher, staring pitifully from his chair joined the action last of all.

Six men were in Cardona's control. The detective backed across the room, guiding his motion and weaving his revolvers so that no one would have a chance to make a break. He kicked away the revolver which Fawkes had dropped and motioned the mobster to another spot.

"Where's Thibbel?" demanded Cardona.

The question was put to Hargate.

"He came up here," he said.

"That's the last we've seen of him."

"No bluff!" roared Cardona. "I've got your number, Hargate. I traced Thibbel through Sooky Downing's friends. I followed you to that row house. I found the hole you came through. I came along."

"As for the rest of you"--this was to Galban's henchmen--"we'll thrash the matter out as we go along. I don't know the game you're all playing, but I'll learn it---"

As he spoke, Cardona was moving to one side. His back was almost in front of the Indian chief. As if by a signal, Galban's minions sprang into action. Fawkes leaped for his revolver. Sanyata jumped forward. Even Mercher came quickly to his feet.

Harry Vincent cried a warning; it was too late. The waxwork Indian had again come to life. This time, the poised hand dropped its war club from the pedestal on which it stood, the Indian chief hurtled forward and caught Cardona's body and arm in a vicelike clutch. The detective went down with the unexpected assailant upon him.

Fawkes was covering Harry, Terry, and Hargate. None of the three had gained a chance to move. Sanyata was wresting the revolvers from Cardona; as the detective's struggles ceased, the Indian chief stood upright, leaving Cardona to the Japanese.

Lycurgus Mercher has slumped back into his chair and was again holding the bandage to his bloody forehead. Then came the final climax of this sequence of amazement.

With a frenzied gesture, the Indian chief ripped away his feather and his waxlike war mask. Still wearing his costume, he stood revealed as a living man, whose face brought a sharp cry from Harry Vincent.

This figure who had slain Thibbel and overpowered Joe Cardona, was the very man who minions had gained the final victory.

The Indian chief was Eli Galban!

** CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH **



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Editor's DESK



The 1985 SPERDVAC Convention will be held on Sunday, November 10, 1985, at the Viscount Hotel, 9750 Airport Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90045. The theme of the convention is a special salute to Carlton E. Morse, creator of some of radio's best remembered series - "One Man's Family", "I Love a Mystery" and others. For further information please write to:

Rex Quinn, Conv.Reg.
4518 Ocean View Blvd.
La Canada, CA 91011

While I'm on the subject of SPERDVAC, I feel that the time has come to stop the harsh criticism of SPERDVAC; (Yes, I did feel it was necessary for a while!) so with this issue, the I.P. will no longer print articles belittling our sister club in California (unless, of course, there are new developments to warrant further discussion).

Congratulations to Jack French on the completion of 5 years as editor of NARA News. The summer 1985 issue is Jack's last issue. I'm sure I speak for most of OTR fandom when I say we'll really miss Jack's newsletters. Now, if we only knew who Jack's replacement would be. Tune in for the Fall issue and find out.

REMINDER: Don't forget the 10th annual Friends of Old Time Radio Convention on October 11, 12 at Newark, N.J. I hope to see many of you there.

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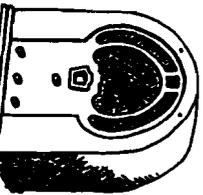
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