



ILLUSTRATED PRESS

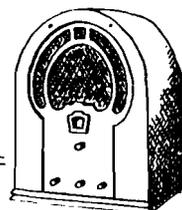
EST. 1975

#120 - OCTOBER, 1986

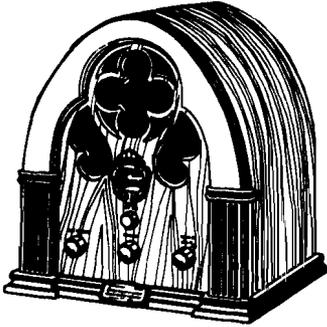


Burl Ives was a popular radio performer and singer of folk tunes in the mid-1940's. His "Burl Ives Show" was a high-rated program.

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, due 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 a monthly newsletter of **THE OLD TIME RADIO CLUB** headquartered in Buffalo, N.Y. Contents except where noted, are copyright 1986 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.

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BACK ISSUES: All **MEMORIES** AND **I.P.s** are \$1.25 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 Blvd., Cheektowaga, NY. Anyone interested in the "Golden Age of Radio" is welcome to attend and observe or participate. Meetings start at 7:30 p.m.

DEADLINE FOR IP #122 - November 3
#123 - December 2
#124 - January 5

ADVERTISING RATES FOR MEMORIES:
\$50.00 for a full page (**ALL ADS MUST BE CAMERA READY**)
\$34.00 for a half page

SPECIAL: OTR Club members may take 50% off these rates.
Advertising Deadline - September 1

NICK CAR

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STREET & SMITH

THE NINE O'CL

CHAPTER XI THE CORPSE

Police sirens, different in tone from those of fire apparatus, shrieked closer. A long powerful headquarters car bumped over hose, pulled to a halt at the end of the street. Commissioner Updyke leaped out, followed by Captains Miles and Labrun.

Foley found time to pause in shouting orders, grin at Nick and say, "There's one too many bosses there!"

The unofficial feud between department heads had not diminished. Nick grinned, but was glad to see the commissioner. In a publicity seeking, pompous sort of way, Updyke was reliable and thorough. He was not liked by his men, but he was respected. He brought order out of chaos. He had a military trained mind.

"The fire bug's in that block--some-where!" Nick said, clipped voice. "He may have slipped through within the last half minute. I doubt it."

He had need to say no more. The commissioner turned, gave swift orders to his aides. He ran beyond the fire lines to establish a police field headquarters. The two blocks north, south and toward the center of the city it would be surrounded, the lines gathered and bottled toward the river. If any one slipped out of that cordon, it would not be due to department laxness or insufficient number of men. Riot and patrol cars, wagons of headquarters, riot and reserve men were screaming up in droves.

Nick saw Chick on the roof of the tenement he had just come through as one of the searchlights swung into position and lighted. Again, he was surprised by the dragging of time. Incidents happened with an overwhelming speed. Perhaps it was because of the fast action of so many independent units working with feverish heat and dispatch. The eye saw twenty scenes of action in one glance.

He gave a piercing whistle, a signal well known to members of his gang. Chick lifted an arm and disappeared from view. There was a pause in the stream of orders issuing from Foley's mouth. The chief mopped his brow with a bandanna handkerchief, took off his fatigued hat to don a white helmet he had been holding in hand. He had given all preliminary orders, was waiting for reports now.

Across the street the loft building smoldered. Clouds of dense black smoke seeped through window shutters in puffs. Far back of the opened street doors a

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Then the man knew the building well, its details. Nick had a sinking feeling. It was important to catch any fire bug. But this might not be the one he was particularly after. This might be some little furrier doing a regular touch off job to collect insurance.

The insurance patrols had that in mind, too. The officers of crews stood by restlessly waiting permission to enter the building for salvage. It wasn't often the average touch off got past their experienced eyes. They had been known to count the charred pegs of pianos to ascertain the number of instruments actually burned. They could pick up a handful of ash, an hour later tell what it had been and if it had been saturated with volatile fluid. They could tell muskrat from beaver ash, trace the very trail of a fire if the ruins had not been too much disturbed by water.

The gas and electric wagons clanged up. "Nice picnic!" the chief yelled at their officers with a grin. "Six minutes! We shut off gas and current ourselves locally. You shut it off for the block."

He turned back to Nick. "Need more of those babes. They were on another call."

He shouted an order as a shutter burst on the top floor. Waves of lurid red and murky smoke burst out. Men ran. Two engines moved. Three hose streams were directed at the licking flame. The water, red and silver in the light of searchlights hissed through the opening. A colossal column of smoke shot out.

"How'd he get away?" the chief asked, turning back to Nick.

"Top floor. I don't quite figure it. The fire was rolling. He jumped through a window. No flame followed."

"By the mackerel!" the chief roared. He turned suddenly, issued a series of staccato orders. "Into your suits!" he shouted at the officer of the chemical company. Killbrook suddenly appeared, Chick beside him. "Mask for you--top floor. Volatiles," the chief thundered.

Hose streams were being taken off the top of the building, lowered from the upper floors. In the variegated light of the street, men climbed into fireproof, chemical proof, combination boots and pants that reached to the armpits.

The rescue engineer moved into position. A black rubber hose line was coupled to a pressure and mixing pump on the left side. The metal top of the mixer gleamed as foamite was poured into the hopper. The chemical would be mixed with water in there. When it came out the nozzle it would be freezing cold, lay a white crust over burning oil and chemical beneath which no fire could burn.

"What's up?" Chick asked.
"The fire bug got away through the top floor. Must have cleared a path from

the elevator to a storeroom with a chemical tank. He was safe from flames for a few minutes behind the door of a storeroom. That's where he made his get-away from."

Nick was already running toward the rescue wagon on which were their own suits and masks. Chick, beside him, shouted queries about switching the water streams.

"If it's chemicals or volatile fluid the chief doesn't want to float it through the building atop running water," Nick explained.

He hurled off his coat, thumped out of his boots. A second later they were both donning the long arm-pit breaches, hauling out their heavy Draeger mask equipment. It was a self-contained oxygen mask good for eighty minutes. Nick swung the forty pound pack of the apparatus over Chick's back as he pulled his rubber coat back on.

Chick had never seen the type of mask before. The pack on this back held the two tanks which would feed him cleansed air and clean the old.

"Twenty-two hundred and fifty pounds per square inch pressure in that oxygen tank," Nick warned as he adjusted the straps. "If anything goes cockeyed, switch this valve."

He placed Chick's hand on the bypass valve. A touch on that would fill the breather bag in front with sufficient emergency air to enable getting clear and at the same time release the oxygen behind. Chick wondered if a man's body could be found if that terrific pressure ever broke loose into his lungs.

Nick thumped the regenerator canister into place, hooked it up to the cooler tube to take the heat out of the expired air after it had passed through caustic soda, potash and trays of cotton batting to be purified of carbon dioxide. From there it would pass through the oxygen tank, gather new life. He explained the mask hurriedly to Chick as he adjusted it.

"The right tube from the breather is the inhaler. Left tube, exhaler. You get two and half liters of air per minute. Don't get ambitious and move too fast. You'll heat up and pass out. Here's the injection valve and adjuster."

He dropped a chest bag attached to the mask and chemical pack behind over Chick's neck. "That's the breather," he said. "Breath slow, but normally."

He clapped the peculiar treated leather mask with the large glass eye port on Chick's head. The mask fitted like a helmet. It covered the top of the head from the crown forward. Behind and forward to the front of the ears it was cut away.

He flipped the Mercer trap--a small shutter in the chin curve--open, strapped the mask tight. Chick was still breathing regular air through the Mercer trap.

The mask covered the whole top and front of his head. It cut down sharply under his chin in front of the ears but was not yet airtight. There were several thicknesses of treated leather on top the mask, held in place by a smooth steel crest that ran from the back of the head to the top of the eye port like a cock's comb.

Inside, running completely around Chick's face, was a small rubber tube like an inner tire. An air bulb projected beside the Mercer trap. Nick began to pump it. The inner tube swelled with air, made an airtight surface, surrounding Chick's face. It would move pliantly with his muscles, hold perfectly airtight.

Another bulb projected from the breather lungs on Chick's chest. Nick squeezed it, inflating the lungs full with outside air. He flipped the Mercer trap shut, signaled to Chick to breath regularly. The breather inflated and deflated in time just opposite to the motion of chick's lungs. Nick turned the injector valve and Chick was breathing his own air, washed and refilled with oxygen. A moment later, Nick was in his own mask.

Killbrook was heading for the belching smoke of the building as they ran toward the doorway. He signaled to use an aerial ladder which had been run into position, was being raised parallel with the smoke belching structure. They were to climb the ladder which would be swiveled against the building and go in over the roof.

The chief's aide wore a Berrell mask, one of the canister type which cannot be worn below street level and required fourteen per cent oxygen to operate. This type of mask used air from outside the mask, washing it and purifying it of fumes, but not supply any oxygen. Going into the bursting flames above would be dangerous. There might not be enough oxygen to support the mask.

Then Nick saw the reason for the risk. The attack on the fire awaited Killbrook's report. He was carrying telephone communication, a long wire stretching behind him. A company of seven chemical men were running over, all wearing masks identical with Nicks. The chief spotted Nick and Chick bare handed, yelled to a fireman who ran up with asbestos gloves.

Killbrook carried a heavy axe and powerful extension torch. Its long insulated cable trailed away to the searchlight wagon where it would be tapped on power. A chemical man with large tank on back followed Killbrook. They climbed heavily onto the aerial wagon, mounted the first rungs of the ladder.

The ladder was swiveled into place against the building. Hot burning tongues of flame darted as its clean yellow, lashed about the upper rungs, trying to blast and burn the treated wood. They

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climbed slowly, but steadily. There was a slight thud and bend of the ladder as its end thumped against the roof.

Nick felt the searing heat of flame. It leaped out from a cloud of smoke, twisted and snaked about his legs. Then he was on the roof, lost in dense, impenetrable smoke. Ahead of him he caught occasional glimpses of Killbrook's torch cutting the pall. Then a burst of hot breath and a black cloud would hide the man.

Nick followed though the crackling darkness, his hand lightly running along the torch line, giving him direction. A hose crew carrying the nozzle of the foamite line pushed past him. They came to the roaring column of flame leaping through the roof hatchway, passed between that and the one from the elevator cable house.

The roof was hot beneath Nick's feet. It vibrated to every heavy step. Unseen powers breathed beneath. It might give way, crash through, at any second now. Or, a hot shell, it might hold the fire below for many minutes. Fire was eccentric.

Killbrook's torch cut through the heavy dark, flashed a second in Nick's eyes, then sank. He was descending the fire escape. Nick stood aside while the chemical tank and foamite crew went over the side. They would have to be there to protect the aide when he crashed through the shutter and window.

There was the sound of a heavy axe forcing the shutter open. A crash of glass. A roar, wild and blasting. A red wave shot out, spread, encompassing for a second all those on the fire escape platform, leaping to lap over Nick and Chick above. The next second foamite hit the fire, drove it back. Clouds of smoke bellowed as if compressed and held captive since eternity. Nick and Chick dropped over the side.

Killbrook took the pipe, handled the nozzle. He was fighting, beating the wave of fire back with the stream of chemical water. He neared the window, swishing the stream to deaden the fire, wetting a path across the floor.

A patch of fire would simply cease. The stream would attack another direction. The fire would break out again, hurling a wicked hot blast flashing through the opening. The outdraft of flames and hot air the inward suck of oxygen from outside, made a wind shaking the platform, blowing their laden bodies.

Killbrook conquered a patch of fire, handed the nozzle to a chemical man. He touched Nick's arm, threw his torch on his hand while he made motions that they would clear straight through for the closet or vault, not risk time in that mad erupting hell of flame and smoke.

He grabbed a chemical tank from a man, turned his light inward and went through the window. His first tank man followed, then Nick and Chick.

The stream of phosphorescent water covered their slow advance. It was being sprayed, a heavy sheet of water, but falling wide instead of in a solid circle. Suddenly the heat was killing, the roar deafening. The rubber arm on Nick's coat burned him. It was not on fire, but it was hot. His body was protected by the heat resisting pants.

Loosely but carefully clasping the torch line, Nick followed. Around them was a deafening roar, a blinding whirl of leaping flame shot with black streaks of smoke. They walked through an aisle of comparative peace, solid walls of fire on each side. The foamite stream cleared a way for them. Once Nick looked back, saw fire rebreaking through the foamite crust. The water had already been gobbled by the heat. They were boxed in solid by the roaring mass.

A burst of smoke cut off sight of the light ahead. Nick stepped forward, came up against Killbrook. The man reached Nick's hand, pointed it at the floor. Between swirls of smoke, Nick could see where the light struck. He dropped to hands and knees. There was not much smoke there, but the fire burned solid from the floor. Drafts were eating through from below. They could not risk staying long.

Then he saw what Killbrook had meant. There was a small path cleared which was not burning. It ran at a tangent toward them and the direction they were traveling in. It was a path cleared by a chemical stream.

There was a sudden crash, a roar, a violent burst of flame and shift of draft. Ahead of them, a brilliant red tongue leaped against the ceiling, a king of flames brushing lesser ones aside. It hit the ceiling with a resounding retort, flattened. Then divided. One tongue leaped madly straight toward them.

The men in front dropped to their faces. Nick reached back, found Chick crouching behind. The light moved ahead. The giant flame tore over their backs. They could feel its vicious breath and suck.

Killbrook had an experienced instinctive sense of direction. He snaked across the floor the nozzle of his small chemical tank playing before him. The firemen on the platform had lost them now. The steam of foamite beat to their side. The back chemical tanks gave out, left them crawling across a space of solid flame.

The speed of the electric cable hastened. It turned off at a tangent abruptly. Nick had lost sight of the

light in a bank of fire and smoke. He could follow only by the line and barely cleared track of re-igniting floor. Had Killbrook lost direction? The window from which the man had jumped couldn't possibly be that far over.

He placed his right arm forward. It sank into something above the level of the floor. Something hot and soft and sickening. He could not see it, felt it only through his gloves. He snatched one glove off, put his hand forward. The heat seared the skin. But he felt to learn what stretched before him.

Nick's body was suddenly torn by a wild, uncontrollable shiver. He snatched back his hand, jerked on his glove. His stomach wretched, twisted spasmodically. He knew now what they had found. A corpse. A body, freshly burned, not yet charred. It had felt abominable--like sticking a hand into red hot tripe unexpectedly.

The line was moving forward again, quickly now. Nick groped a second slung the body over his shoulder. The two in front, laden with apparatus, could not have done so without danger to them all.

The heat had grown unbearable. Nick's lungs ached. He wondered how Killbrook, using the Burrell mask, could stand it. Nine parts oxygen to three parts hydrogen was normal air. The Burrell needed at least fourteen per cent oxygen. But there could be barely that. The fire had eaten it all. Then the light cable raised, there as a burst of flame before them. Nick felt an explosion of air hit his body. Under his burden he staggered. A hand reached out from in front, jerked him forward. Chick was jerked right after, stumbled against his back.

Now they stood in absolute dark. The deafening roar had dwindled into something distant and unimportant by comparison. There was a blinding flash of white. Glass crashed. A gleam of light stabbed through the darkness, blinded their eyes.

From somewhere out past that round blinding ray, there came a scream. Shriill, sudden cutting the crackle and roar and suck of fire; crescending rising from primordial fear and panic into a scream of death itself. It filled the heavens and shook the nerves. It was beyond all human capacity. It broke once, a bare pause, went on. Then ceased, abruptly.

*** CONTINUED NEXT MONTH***

Canada Dry Program—June 6—7:40 p. m.

—WTMJ.

Jack Benny: "They laughed when I picked up the violin—they didn't know I was from the Finance Company."

The West had it. The East wanted



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Canada Dry Program—June 6—7:40 p. m.
—W.T.M.J.
Jack Benny: "They laughed when I picked up the violin—they didn't know I was from the Finance Company."

The West had it. The East wanted it. Now all are satisfied



JUST THE FACTS MA'AM
By: Frank Boncore

The following is a reply from Gary Dudash of AM TREASURE, P O BOX 192, BABYLON, NY 11702 in response to my July column. (keep in mind that there is a months lead for printing and a second month until it arrives at your home).

Dear Frank.

With your annual wrap up in the present August issue of the IP and the Dewey incident in the last issue, I thought it was time to make a response, if anything, what you will get out of this, is not just how one dealer sells, and the quality of what he sells but how a dealer thinks. First off let me straighten out the enclosed sheets I've sent you. The five sheets of cassette listings and the general price sheet for other info, a total of six sheets weighting 22¢ 1st class postage are what I'll be sending free for sometime in the near future. For more reasons than even in the past, and competitive and economic reasons are expanded, the days of charging even a \$1.00 for a large catalog are over if you want to drag in a new OTR customer.

The other stapled sheets show that I'm leaning towards cassettes. they go to the people who by the 275 page catalog (which only 1/3 can be used now but the rest is useful information) you will realize that my catalog is now 1/3 the size it was on 12/31/85 and for all the reasons explained on the stapled sheets, that is why I no longer have the 3 Bill Stern reels for Mr. Dewey. He would have been only the 7th person who would have bought 1 or more in 15 years. He going as far as calling you, was a bit of Murphy's Law showing up.

I have enclosed the expired 1/1/86 sheets of "available reels along with the 8/15/86 final adjustment sheet so that you can go through catalogs of mine that you have. You might find it interesting to know what the best selling reels have been for a busy 15 year dealer, the 1/1/86 list was the cream. The present and final catalog adjustment list, the top cream. Incidentally the reels not appearing on the 8/15/86list from the 1/1/86 list have been auctioned to a potential new dealer from PA who plans on starting to sell in the spring of 1987. Master reels that were deleted from the 1/1/86 list were also sold to him and others, including dealer Leo Gawroniak, 2 to 3 years back I sold a large quantity to Ed Cole. In the past 6 months I've been able to dispose of other nostalgia, an equipment at great auction prices to my regular mail order customer, much better than I would do at the convention. I am most pleased with the financial results. If possible

other commitments do not keep me from Jay's Convention this year, I will just have cassettes and a limited amount of reels to sell, the reels still at the ridiculous \$5.00 prices, but it is a once a year affair and I feel everyone should share the promotion of Old Time Radio in the most generous and friendliest ways possible.

By the way the ratio of newcomers to Old Time radio, meaning those who never heard an original broadcast but find discovery NOW marvelous is getting smaller and smaller compared to the old devoted collectors and hobbyists, and still finding their way back as original listeners, and here's a thought, if in over 15 years of the hobby's existence, an original listener has not wanted to find his way back by now he never will. So they are getting rarer; also senile or dead! **WE HAVE TO PROMOTE YOUTH INTEREST.** The more advertising dealers, the better even if some do get pushed out of business, I've enclosed a dormant sheet which lists 30 of the shows I think would still make it today with a youth market (note this will be published in **MEMORIES, OCT. '86**) My original thoughts on it 2½ years ago did not include which ever made it to TV, I see the August 86 Article by Bob Davis) a lot did.

I strongly feel with today's conditions you can not charge more than \$1.50 to \$1.75 for a C-30, or \$2.00 to \$2.50 for a C-60 in ready made cassettes, and quality cannot be forgotten audio wise. I use Ampex 615 music quality cassettes for all recordings. I've used C-66 and C-95 cassettes for years but did not want to confuse newcomers with those numbers on the price sheets, old timers can hear they are getting all the programmers.

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The Buffalo News/Tuesday, September 16, 1986

Obituaries

Veteran Actor Frank Nelson Dies; Performed on 'Jack Benny Show'

LOS ANGELES (AP) — Actor Frank Nelson, who performed regularly with Jack Benny on radio and television for more than 30 years, has died after a long battle with cancer. He was 75.

"Frank Nelson was superb in his roles of screwball floorwalkers, doctors and professional men, marking his entrance with an inevitable

squeal that came out "Yeeeeeeeee?!" wrote John Dunning in "Tune In Yesterday," an encyclopedia of radio drama.

His radio and television credits included "The Burns and Allen Show," "Fibber Magee and Molly," "The Bing Crosby Show," "The Eddie Cantor Show," "The Bob Hope Show," "Abbott and Costello" and "The Great Gildersleeve."

GORDON B. McCLENDON, 65, a wealthy Texan who used play-by-play sportscasts to build a radio empire, died of cancer Sunday at his ranch at Lake Dallas.

He established the Liberty Broadcasting System in the 1940s and 1950s. By 1952, his radio network was the second largest in the nation, with 458 stations. It eventually folded, and he sold his last 14 stations in the 1970s for more than \$100 million.

Mr. McClendon built a national reputation with his broadcasts of sports events, using sound effects and re-creating baseball and football games based on wire service reports. He teamed with such celebrities as Dizzy Dean on a "Game of the Week" and was also credited with such broadcasting innovations as the Top 40.

His success in broadcasting, real estate and precious metals made him one of the richest men in the United States. Last year Forbes magazine estimated his fortune at \$200 million.

The Buffalo News/Friday, September 12, 1986

Tom Mix Fans Hail Idol As a Straight Shooter

DU BOIS, Pa. (AP) — Forget Roy Rogers, Roy Calhoun or John Wayne. To those at the seventh annual Tom Mix fan roundup, the idol of radio and the silver screen was the most enduring Western star ever to saddle up.

"If you talk about Western stars, the first person you think of is Tom Mix, not John Wayne. John Wayne is at the bottom. Tom Mix is at the top," said Hal Verb, 56, of San Francisco.

Verb and other Tom Mix fans from across the country — and a few from Europe — began stampeding into this central Pennsylvania town Thursday for a weekend festival honoring the film star who came to be called "King of the Cowboys."

The festival features more than a dozen Tom Mix films, shown in a turn-of-the-century theater, and such events as a tobacco-spitting contest and a trap shoot.

Mix's publicists often claimed he hailed from the West, but festival participants say he was born in nearby Mix Run in 1890 and moved to DuBois at age 8. "He used to ride the cows back from the pasture to the barn," said A.C. Nelson, 82.

While some of his fans remember growing up watching some of Mix's more than 370 movies and listening to his Ralston Straight Shooter radio shows, others became captivated by the celluloid cowboy well after his death in 1940 in a car crash.

Dr. Richard Seiverting, 65, of Hershey, Pa., who organized the festival, acknowledges that Mix predated many of his fans.

"There's a generation who grew up worshipping a dead hero," Seiverting said.

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Wireless Wanderings



JIM SNYDER

We are going to give away some free reel-to-reel tapes. If you are interested, please read on.

My personal collection has grown to 18,000 shows on over 1,400 reels. I have a storage problem. If I don't do something about it, I will have to give up trading, an activity that I dearly love. Therefore, something has to go.

There are several things that I can do. I can simply throw the tapes away, or I can erase them and use them over, or I can give them away. That last alternative is the one that most appeals to me.

Several years ago I found myself facing this same problem. I really couldn't bring myself to erase the tapes, and fortunately I learned of a high school OTR group that was trying to get started in Milton-Freewater, Oregon. That answered my problem at that time. I sent the tapes I was discarding off to them, and they seemed to enjoy many of them. I experienced great satisfaction in that donation.

this time I have 118 reels to dispose of, for a number of reasons. First, of course, I am running out of storage space. Secondly, I really don't like many of these shows, and so why keep them? I will be moving next spring, and why move a bunch of stuff I don't really want? Just because I don't like them though, doesn't mean that you won't. After all, our tastes are different. For example, some time ago Bob Davis wrote that one of the series he liked most was THE AVENGERS from South African radio. Following Bob's recommendation I requested a reel of that particular series from him on our next trade. I hated it. I don't ever intend to listen to it again, so that is one I am discarding. But perhaps you have the same view as Bob on this series. I also have some reels that I am getting rid of because they are on a brand of tape (Realistic) that I don't like. I have recopied those reels on other tape and how have the old ones to get rid of. Included in this batch are a number of LUX RADIO THEATER shows, and one six month run of JACK ARMSTRONG

that is in "very good" sound. It is not the show I am getting rid of in these cases, it is the brand of tape. There are other shows that are not in very good sound, and I am getting rid of them for that reason. There will be a wide variety of programming on these tapes: westerns, juvenile, drama, music, quiz shows, comedy, documentaries, and variety shows.

Now, as stated before, I would rather not just throw these tapes away. I would prefer to give them away to someone who is trying to build up a collection. I prefer to give them to relative beginners in the hobby (those of you with big collections probably already have all these shows anyway). By beginners, I mean those of you with no more than two or three hundred reels. These shows are on reels (no cassettes) only, so you must have a reel-to-reel player capable of playing in quarter track (that means a stereo player). Each reel will have between six hours (that will be most of them) and twelve hours of programming on them.

there will be no cost to you at all: for the tapes, postage, or anything else. All you need do is drop me a note telling me approximately how many reels you have in your collection. No verification is necessary: I will accept your word on this. Of course, I need your name and address. I will then send out the reels from that response. If I only hear from one person, that person will get all 118 reels. If more than that I will try to divide things up somewhat based on the size of your collection. For example, if I hear from one person with ten reels and another with three hundred, both will get something back, but the one with the smaller collection will get a larger number.

Your only cost is the 22¢ stamp in contacting me. If you don't like the stuff I send, throw it away. If you don't like the brand of tape copy what you want and throw the rest away. Really, you are doing me a favor. This gives me a chance to reduce the size of my collection, and at the same time feel good about the way I did it.

I will not be able to give you any choice in what reels you receive. I will send them out at random and you will get what you get. I would appreciate it if dealers would not participate in this, as I do intend this for the collectors. You must also be a member of The Old Time Radio Club to participate in this.

Once again, send me your name and address. Please make sure I can read it. I had some trouble with this during our last contest. Send that along with

the approximate number of reels already in your collection. Please eliminate yourself if it is over 300. Send this to:

Jim Snyder
517 North Hamilton Street
Saginaw, Michigan 48602

Get this to me no later than December 15. That date will keep me out of the Christmas lines of those sending packages at the post office, and will give me a chance to package the tapes and mail them out to you early in January.

A look at radio of future

The Los Angeles Times

NEW ORLEANS — During the next decade, U.S. radio audiences can look forward to satellite receivers in their cars, voice synthesizers as morning deejays and newscasters, and at least 2,000 more AM and FM stations.

A major new study of high-technology use among the nation's radio stations, released here Thursday at a broadcasters convention, says that the granddaddy of the electronic mass media is in the throes of a great leap forward.

The next 10 years may see a 20 percent increase in the number of radio stations, a continued proliferation of satellite-delivered radio networks, new radio "superstations" for cable-TV systems and the increased use of computers and compact discs, a study by the National Association of Broadcasters said.

The study was released by John D. Abel, executive vice president of the Washington-based trade association that represents most of the commercial radio and TV stations in the United States.

"In the recent past we have seen a dramatic growth in satellite communications and an increasing use of digital technology that is leading to more and more creative possibilities in programming and production," Abel said.

Among the results of the study, which included a survey this summer of 500 radio stations across the country, were:

—Radio's use of satellites will continue through the 1980s, but by 1995 newer fiber-optic transmission systems may be in wide use. Advances in technology are leading toward the development of flat home rooftop satellite-receiving antennas and, even, satellite receivers for automobiles.

—Growth among AM radio stations will be especially strong. Current efforts, including plans to expand the number of frequencies allocated to AM broadcasters, could result in more than 500 new AM stations by 1995. The association estimates that the country will have nearly 12,000 radio stations by the mid-1990s.

—By the end of the decade, most music stations will be using compact discs, played on machines capable of handling as many as 100 discs at a time. Computers will allow station programmers to select playlists and lead to highly automated station operations. Nearly 20 percent of the radio stations in America already use compact discs, the association said, and one Washington station has a 3,000-disc library.

—Increased use of computers among radio stations, including perhaps voice-synthesized announcers and news readers, will significantly alter the way radio stations operate. One of the more startling parts of the association's presentation was the demonstration of a seven-voice \$5,000 voice synthesizer performing a happy-talk newscast.

—Audio services offered by cable-TV systems will become major competitors with independently operated radio stations for advertising dollars. There are currently 17 national cable and pay-radio services offered, the report said, including three radio superstations — a Los Angeles jazz station, and classical music stations in New York and Chicago — reaching 2.3 million subscribers.

Josie McCarthy, TV Star, Is Dead

PORTLAND, Ore. (AP) — Josephine "Josie" McCarthy, a pioneer in the broadcasting of cooking shows on radio and television, has died at age 89.

In the 1940s, Mrs. McCarthy originated a New York City radio program on nutrition, homemaking, shopping and recipes using wartime rationations. She later did audience participation shows, children's story hours and recordings of story albums.

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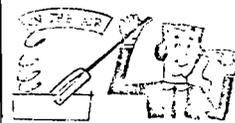
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James Lehnhard

SPERDVAC, the Los Angeles based OTR club, will hold its third annual convention on November 7, 8, and 9. They plan to have a number of workshops, panel discussions, and radio recreations with a wide assortment of old time radio personalities. The convention will be held at the Viscount Hotel, which is located near the Los Angeles International Airport. The hotel provides shuttle service from the airport. Cost of the convention depends on the actual time you plan to be in attendance, but you are there from start to finish the price is \$70. Hotel reservations should be made directly with the Viscount by calling (800) 255-3000. Convention reservations should be sent to SPERDVAC Convention, P O Box 4369, Corvina, California 91723. You can call (213) 947-9800 for convention information. You may get a real person when you call this number, or you may get an answering machine, as I did. In case it is the machine you might want to authorize a collect call back to you when you leave your message on the machine.

James Lehnhard

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; video cassette - \$1.25 per month. Postage must be included with all orders and here are the rates: For the U.S.A. and APO, \$.60 for one reel, \$.35 for each cassette and record; \$.75 for each video tape.

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.

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.

SAY!

WHO WAS THAT MASKED MAN?



A warning to those planning to attend this years OTR Convention in Newark, NJ. I have it from a good source that (shudder) The Answer Man will be there in person so watch our wives, girlfriends, and wallets. You just never know with this guy.

Speaking of The Answer Man, in response to numerous (?) requests or despite them, here he is again.

Dear Answer Man: I am an 18 year old girl with blue eyes and blond hair. I'd like to get into OTR trading but I just don't know how to get started. Can you help me? 'Perplexed'

Dear Perplexed: I don't ordinarily like working with beginners but in your case I'll make an exception. Meet me at the convention and I'll introduce you to all the basics. You bring the wine.

Dear Answer Man: What exactly is a copy-right???

'Danny, the Dubber'
Dear D, the D, A copyright is exactly what is says. When you make up a tape for trading you must make sure that you copy it right. Otherwise, you start getting nasty mail full of dirty words. Trust me, I know!

Dear Answer Man: Why is it that everyone seems to think that you're a jerk? To me you are a genius, a man with real insight as to the workings of OTR trading and all it's various facet. A man among men that will always tell it like it is. P.S....Can you lend me \$20? 'Mom'

Dear Mom, I told you never to bother me at work! And where is this month's rent? Remember, if you don't pay the rent...out you go!

Dear Answer Man:How is it that the IP allows you to write the garbage that you do? You are totally ignorant, chauvinistic, egotistic, and generally not a nice person. If Will Rogers were still alive today he wouldn't like you! I know I don't! 'Unsigned'

Dear Unsigned I recognized your handwriting right off Dad and I don't think

you're funny. Ever since you ran away after I was born you've been sending me these letters. Glad you learned how to write! One thing before I go..Dad, get hold of Mom. I think she's about to move out of the old homestead. See above letter.

This is Davis again...The Answer Man's column had to be cut short this time. It seems that there was a knock at the door and when A.M. answered it there was a man with a shotgun yelling something about a rabbit dying. A.M. was obviously shaken by the poor animals fate, so shaken in fact that he bolted past the man with the shotgun and ran away.

Nobody has seen him since but the man swears that he'll find him even if he has to travel to Newark this October. Should be an interesting convention.

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See ya next time..(AND at the Con.)

TAPESPENDENTS: Send in your wants and we'll run them here for at least 2 months.

FREE REEL-TO-REEL OTR TAPES: Please read Jim Snyder's column, in this issue, for full information.

WANTED: I am looking for someone who owns a Commodore 64 Computer and can make me or refer me to "A Program to Make a Disc Catalog". Reward for disc or information.

Thom Salome
196 Lawrence Avenue
Brooklyn, N.Y. 11230

WANTED: Magazines, books, articles on The Shadow. Also we would like GUNSMOKE shows. Complete reels in dated order. 3 reels for 1 in excellent sound only.

Thom Salome
196 Lawrence Avenue
Brooklyn, NY 11230
(718) 436-3043

WANTED: Any of the "Three Sheets to the Wind" shows with John Wayne (1943), "Horatio Hornblower: and the "Six Shooter" Series. Please send list of shows to:

Mike O'Donnell
9904 Greenview Lane
Manassas, VA. 22110

TAPESPENDENTS is a free service to all members of the Old Time Radio Club



NEWS CHATTER

Well the air is turning crisp and the trees are starting their annual all spectacular change of color. The OTR Convention is coming up soon. And we will shortly be regaled with Frank "Prof. Windbag" Boncore's chatter the convention that's being held in Newark, NJ at the end of October. I'll admit that I had a very good time at least years convention and met a lot of new people who were interested in OTR like I am. And I wasn't disappointed at all with the tapes that I got there. I only regret I didn't buy more tapes while I was at it. I do admit to having some help in selecting a few good dealers to buy from in the form on none other than "Prof. Windbag". He does have his good points occasionally, folks. The highlight of last years convention for me was the LONE RANGER broadcast. the people who were involved in the show rally made the characters come to life and were there in the banquet from with you. Of course the LONE RANGE was my childhood idol and it was a special treat for me to see a live broadcast of the show. I still enjoy the LONE RANGER shows very much to this day. Too bad we can't get the people responsible for putting the convention together to do a special Halloween broadcast like WAR OF THE WORLDS or DRACULA. Or some other equally ghoulish show to have some good fun with in a Halloween vein since the convention is being held so near to Halloween this year. If they don't, everyone can still have a ghoulishly good time at the convention by meeting new people and stocking up on a lot of good listening with all the tapes that are being offered for sale by the dealers. Till next time folks.
Linda DeCocco

Saving AM radio convention talk topic

BY DAVID CROOK
The Los Angeles Times

NEW ORLEANS — The talk of the National Association of Broadcasters' recent annual meeting was AM Radio.

You remember AM. It is the button you push on the dashboard when the tape player is on the fritz or you are too far from civilization to find an FM station. It is what passes for sound in rental cars.

After two decades of near neglect, AM is returning to the attention of broadcasters who are coming up with a battery of efforts to revive the medium that was America's main source of news and entertainment when Tom Brokaw was a grade-schooler.

Two statistics explain why all the attention to AM: Of the 10,002 radio stations on the air in the United States, just 4,838 — less than half — are AM. Of the top-10 highest-rated stations in each of the nation's five largest cities, just 10 are AM. The slide in AM listeners during the last decade has been steady and unchecked.

That such
1:30
1:45
2:00
2:15
2:30
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3:00

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That lively Art (named Linkletter) gives such wonderful parties... you're invited!



ON RADIO

- 1:30 pm Young Dr. Malone
- 1:45 pm The Guiding Light
- 2:00 pm The Second Mrs. Burton
- 2:15 pm Perry Mason
- 2:30 pm This is Nora Drake
- 2:45 pm WIBX Trading Post
- 3:00 pm House Party 10/6/55

AM "is a 60-year-old medium that still has its growing pains," said Walt Wurfel, senior vice president of the broadcasters' association. "It's been taken for granted for so long that the industry realizes it needs to focus a lot of attention on making it more useful."

Much of that attention is being focused on the technical side of AM, which has traditionally had neither the sound nor signal quality of FM.

Fewer than 450 AM stations across America broadcast in either of the two new stereo sound systems, manufactured by Motorola Inc. and Kahn Communications Inc.

Broadcasters and receiver makers have formed a joint committee to work out new technical standards for the medium, including efforts to reduce interference from other broadcast and communications media and to upgrade the quality of AM radio receivers.

Saturday, February 22, 1969

ED'S WANAT CORNER

****SPECIAL NOTICE****

COMEDIANS TALK ABOUT COMEDY—VII

By Larry Wilde

The Great Carsoni Wove a Magic Spell But Never Let Up as Student of Comedy

FROM A JOHNNY CARSON MONOLOGUE: (After introduction by Ed McMahon.) I would have let the applause run longer but what profit a man if he gain the whole audience and lose a commercial.

You people who wrote for tickets six months ago, was the thrill you just had worth the wait?

I'd come out now and shake your hands personally but I don't do custom work.

I'm Johnny Carson... known to the Indian braves in Nebraska — to whom I used to loan money as a youngster—as great straight arrow. Ah, that's really a translation. What they called me was: Big Shaft.

This is the "Tonight" show. Listed as event number one twenty-seven on the eight-dollar guided tour of New York.

ANOTHER GOOD audience. We've had great audiences recently. Ever since we put that line at the bottom of the tickets: Bring Your Own Bottle.

But seriously, folks, we have a real holiday show for you tonight. And tonight's holiday is the massacre at Bull Run.

Johnny Carson was born in Corning, Ia., on Oct. 23, 1925. At fourteen, he began entertaining for the Elks and Rotarians in his hometown of Norfolk, Neb.

performing card tricks and magic as "The Great Carsoni." After two years in the Navy and four years at the University of Nebraska, Johnny moved to Hollywood and hosted a television show called "Carson's Cellar."

IN 1954, while writing jokes for Red Skelton, he took over the show one evening when Skelton was injured and as a

Bob Curran is on vacation. His daily columns will resume early in March.

result of his performance won the "Johnny Carson Show" on CBS.

Later, he became host of the daytime quiz show "Who Do You Trust?" and made personal appearances on the Dinah Shore, Perry Como, and Ed Sullivan shows.

He also became a regular guest panelist on "What's My Line?" and "To Tell the Truth," as well as doing feature acting roles on "Playhouse 90," and the "U. S. Steel Hour."

Johnny became a national institution when he succeeded Jack Paar as host of NBC's "Tonight" show.

You can forget that "Carson is rocky, complacent, and cantankerous" myth the magazines and newspapers insist on feeding the public.

JOHNNY SAT on his NBC office sofa sipping coffee, and conversing with all the warmth and geniality that can be expected from a man who for years has been the late-night darling of television. He spoke



JOHNNY CARSON It's All in the Telling

you learn the technique of joke construction?

CARSON: I think, by observing, by listening and watchin, somebody else's work. I grew up, probably like you did, listening to the comedians on the radio — the late thirties and forties.

As a matter of fact, in college I did a thesis on comedy. I taped excerpts from the various radio shows and then tried to break them down and explain what kind of construction they were using.

But I think you learn construction by reading... watching... listening.

PRETTY SOON you find the formula for jokes, you learn the construction of jokes — whether they are two-way jokes, single jokes, topping jokes, running gag jokes, change of pace jokes. That's all formula stuff.

Most discussions of comedy are very dull, I find. Because once you try to explain comedy, it loses the magic that it is supposed to have.

WILDE: John, you mentioned the thesis you did on comedy writing, in college. Were you fairly sure then that comedy was going to be your life's work?

CARSON: No, I can't say that. Again, when people ask: "Where did you make the transition?" I don't think you really know. It happens! It's a gradual changeover.

As you work, you feel comfortable with certain things, but I don't think you say — maybe some people do — "I'm going to be a comedian." I knew I was going to be an entertainer.

I DIDN'T KNOW for sure if it was going to be "stand-up" comedy but I realized that if you have an ability to get laughs, or if you can write funny things, it's gonna take a direction, and whatever happens, usually kicks you off into the next thing.

WILDE: Was it in the service that you first began doing a stand-up act — without the magic?

CARSON: Well, I had done that in college, even in high school. You know you're involved in school plays... they called them skits then. I was always involved in that type of thing.

WILDE: Were there any comedians, when you were getting started that you admired?

CARSON: Yeah, practically all of them on the radio. Fibber McGee and Molly, Don Quinn, who just died a couple of months ago. I admired tremendously because he could write comedy so well.

The Renny show, the Hope show, Fred Allen — all of the comedy shows that were on the radio at that time — you had to learn from them.

Excerpted from "The Great Comedians Talk About Comedy," by Larry Wilde. Copyright 1968 by Larry Wilde. Published by Citadel Press Inc.

NEXT—More talk with Johnny Carson.

quickly, emphatically, rarely hesitating to answer a question.

WILDE: You started doing it a magician. I believe there are three types of magic acts. First, straight serious magic. Second, straight magic but with jokes and funny comments interspersed. And third, the out-and-out burlesquing of magic, a la Ballantine.

CARSON: Right.

WILDE: Which type did you start doing?

CARSON: I started out doing straight tricks, to fool people, and then very quickly it came into comedy magic — magic to entertain rather than to fool somebody.

WILDE: You started doing it at about 14, for money?

CARSON: Yeah, in school — three dollars a show — the Rotary Clubs, Ladies' Aid, church groups...

WILDE: Great experience.

CARSON: Greatest in the world. Little by little it became centered around an audience participation type of magic... jokes... tricks would occasionally go wrong. So it was essentially comedy-magic.

WILDE: At what point did you eliminate the magic and concentrate completely on comedy?

CARSON: I did the magic along with the comedy — all throughout the service. I also did straight "stand-up" in the service.

I was probably one of the few officers in the Navy that entertained the enlisted men. It's usually reversed.

I WAS AN ENSIGN, and I remember performing on troop ships going over with mainly enlisted men audiences. Any time you did jokes about the officers, as an officer, you had something else going for you. So the magic was really through school — I didn't do it much after I got out of the service. I went into radio then. I keep it as a hobby now. I don't do much with it anymore.

WILDE: Approximately how many years was that, John?

CARSON: I did magic for about 10 years — where I was quite active in it. Like any kid, I was writing the column for the school paper in humor, in junior high school. Magic was actually just an interest that I picked up along the way.

BUT PEOPLE ASK: "Where did you start to become funny?" No one can really pinpoint it, if you ask any comic.

You find out that you can get laughs, when you're a kid... either by doing silly sounds or impressions or acting up or whatever it is. The magic ac-

tually came after you found out that you could be amusing in other areas.

It just became a hobby. But because of the desire, I guess, to get laughs, or finding out that you could get laughs, the magic was a good adjunct thing to have, because you could tie it in very easily.

WILDE: Where did you get the jokes that you used during that period?

CARSON: I think you steal, mainly, when you first start, like everybody does. You listen.

YOU SUBSCRIBE — I suppose like everybody did at one time — to Billy Gleason. You read all the gag files.

You know you can go to the libraries and find jokes that they are still using today. You watch Rowan and Martin in their "Laugh-In" and they are doing stuff to a new audience that hasn't heard it before.

Then you finally reach a point where you find you can construct your own or you can make them up or you can find topical things and switch them around. It's mainly construction anyway.

WILDE: Later you became a comedy writer. What made you turn from performing to writing?

CARSON: I was doing both at the same time, actually, Larry. Even when I was in radio in Omaha, I wrote most of my stuff as a disk jockey. I did a show for an hour and a half every morning... you write your own stuff.

You pull it out of the papers. I never actually gave up the performing for writing. It was just something that I was doing while I was on the West Coast. I wrote for Red Skelton for about 20 weeks.

WILDE: Comedy writers, in discussing their craft, use phrases like "cadence," "rhythm," "formula jokes," "non-sequiturs," — the basic tools of the profession. How did

Advertisement for MARIAN ANDERSON, DONALD VOORHEES, and THE TELEPHONE HOUR. Includes dates 3/18/46 and 9 P.M. TONIGHT.

Advertisement for ROBERT MITCHELL, Francis X. Bushnell, and DOES AWAY WITH TOOTHACHES. Includes date 1/13/48.

By Larry Wilde

Wove a Magic Spell as Student of Comedy



JOHNNY CARSON
It's All in the Telling

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NEXT—More talk with Johnny Carson.

****SPECIAL NOTICE****

The SPERDVAC Board has decided to send president Larry Gassman as its representative to the Friends of Old Time Radio convention to be held in Newark, New Jersey on the weekend of October 24 and 25.

The main reason for attending is a friendly face to face meeting with those who have expressed disagreement with SPERDVAC policy. Attempts to reach agreement through written correspondence and articles in other publications have proven fruitless. A real understanding can only come about through face to face discussions.

The situation confronting SPERDVAC was reported earlier to SPERDVAC members and others who have received the December 1985 SPERDVAC Radiogram. Those of you who have copies may refer to that issue for a more detailed explanation. Copies of that article will be available at the convention for those who did not have an opportunity to read it.

The situation in essence is that in carrying out SPERDVAC's goal of preserving recordings of radio shows, some of the donors have given us material with the stipulation that it not be used for commercial purposes by anyone. Some people in the hobby have expressed disagreement with SPERDVAC's upholding these moral obligations to the donors. If SPERDVAC had not undertaken these obligations, some of the rare material that the radio hobby now enjoys would not be available. Recently SPERDVAC was placed in a position of having to place a moratorium on the release of new uncirculated material until an understanding among the radio hobbyists can be reached.

The Newark convention is the mecca for radio hobbyists on the East Coast and the midwest and presents the greatest opportunity for bringing together and discussing a wide range of views.

Anyone interested in getting together to discuss SPERDVAC's goals and policies and how they relate to the hobby as a whole is cordially invited to come to a gathering, the time and place to be announced at the convention site.

****end of notice****

3/18/46
A GREAT SINGER...
MARIAN ANDERSON



A GREAT CONDUCTOR...
DONALD VOORHEES

A GREAT ORCHESTRA
A GREAT PROGRAM...

THE TELEPHONE HOUR

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NEW YORK TELEPHONE COMPANY

ROBERT MITCHEM
Gets amazing advice from Francis X. Bushman (Ex-Matinee Idol)
TONIGHT AT 9:00 ON "WE, THE PEOPLE" Station WIBX

Dentist Tells How Whole Town DOES AWAY WITH TOOTHACHES
TONIGHT AT 9:00 ON "WE, THE PEOPLE" Station WIBX

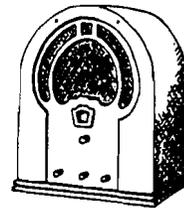
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