
ILLUSTRATED PRESS

EST. 1975

MAY, 1988 #140



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 list, 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 a monthly newsletter of **THE OLD TIME RADIO CLUB** headquartered in Buffalo, NY. Contents except where noted, are copyright 1988 by the OTRC. All rights are hereby assigned to the contributors. Editor: Linda DeCecco; Assistant Editor: Richard Olday; Published since 1975. Printed in U.S.A. Cover designed by Eileen Curtin.

EDITOR: Linda DeCecco
32 Shenandoah Rd.
Buffalo, NY 14220

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

ILLUSTRATED PRESS: (Letters, columns, etc.) & **OTHER CLUB BUSINESS:**
Richard A. Olday
100 Harvey Drive
Lancaster, NY 14086
(716) 684-1604

REFERENCE LIBRARY:
Ed Wanat
393 George Urban Blvd.
Cheektowaga, NY 14225

MEMBERSHIP RENEWALS, CHANGE OF ADDRESS
Pete Bellanca
1620 Ferry Road
Grand Island, NY 14072
(716) 773-2485

TAPE LIBRARIES: REELS
James R. Steg
1741 Kensington Avenue
Cheektowaga, NY 14215

CASSETTES-VIDEO & AUDIO, RECORDS
Dominic Parisi
38 Ardmore Place
Buffalo, NY 14213
(716) 884-2004

CANADIAN BRANCH:
Richard Simpson
960 - 16 Rd., R.R. 3
Fenwick, Ontario L0S 1C0

BACK ISSUES: All **MEMORIES** and **I.P.s** are \$1.25 each, postpaid. Out of print issue 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 7:30 p.m.

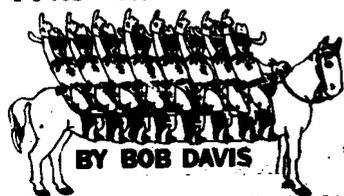
DEADLINE FOR IP: 10th of each month prior to the month of publication.

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.

SAY!

WHO WAS THAT MASKED MAN?



RADIO.....Hollywood Style

I recently had a chance to see Woody Allen's paeen to OTR titled Radio Days and found it to be a charming piece of work that shows that Allen, like us, has a deep fondness for radio as it was. I watched this movie without making one "pit stop" or refrigerator break. It was that fascinating to me.

Part of the fun of the movie is figure out just who it is that's being portrayed in the story. Some are easy to figure out, others are not but it really doesn't matter. The picture is a joy.... but then, I'm a little biased.

Another radio related movie is a thing called "Haunted Honeymoon." As good as "Radio Days" is, H.H. is bad. Terribly bad! A dramatization of a radio show is shown and isn't too bad but the rest of the movie is just plain stupid and a general waste of time. You'll be yawning for the good old days. Miss it unless you're a real diehard fan.

There is a movie starring Richard Gere on the cable now that, for one reason only, fits into the old radio related vein. It's called "Power" and is about political advisors and manipulators.

Part of the movie is the making of a tv ad to boost a politicians image and get him elected. Gere is making the ad and he wants a man he calls "The Voice" to do the narration. Who does "The Voice" turn out to be??? Jackson Beck, that's who. Jack looks great and has never sounded better. His role is small but it definitely had an impact on me, one of his all time fans. I'd list him as one of the four best-ever radio voices. Orson Welles, Paul Frees, William Conrad, and Jackson Bect. It seems that

anytime I play one of my favorite radio shows that one of these voices is on it.

Of the for Welles and Conrad have become household names but Beck and Frees are not generally known. It's a shame, they've earned and deserve even more fame.

Recently a few of us in the Club have undertaken a rather thankless and aggravating job--- that of reviewing tapes that have been sent back to the club library with complaints as to their wuality. We check out these tapes and attempt to straighten out the problem when ever possible. Sometimes it isn't possible.

Heaven knows that nobody's perfect, least of all us. We try our darndest to keep the quality of our library at the highest possible level so that you, who use this service, can have the best available sound to work with. Unfortunately we find that the worst problem comes from people who dubb off copies of the library tapes and then return those dubbts back to us, keeping the originals for themselves.

We've written about this in the past but the idea of integrity just doesn't seem to sink into some peoples heads. These people seem to think that they've come up with a truly wonderful trick that nobody but them thought of. Well, we have, and are aware that it is being done. Frankly, we don't like it at all and, if you've ever been stuck with one of these re-dubbs, you wouldn't either.

We have our suspicions as to who some of these offenders are and will be monitoring their tapes before sending them out and after getting them back. It's a job that shouldn't have to be done but must if we are to be done but must if we are to maintain a level of quality in the library.

This is just a word of warning to those guilty of this nasty practice. You're fooling around with your reputation in the OTR trading community. Don't say that you weren't warned.

Sorry about the above couple of paragraphs but this practice can only harm something that we've all worked hard to build into something to be proud of. Unfortunately, we aren't the only club plagued with the problem and I'm sure taht they also will take steps to carck sown on these jerks that think only of themselves. We're not asking anyone to turn in or blow the whistle on these people. We'll get them by ourselves. What we are asking is that

you not be tempted to become one of them yourself. Fair enough?

That's about it for this time around, so....

SEE YA NEXT TIME

The CRYSTAL EGG



HY DALEY

In 1932 "Tarzan Of The Apes" came to radio as a serial put on transcriptions. It was already a hit in book form, a comic strip and on the screen. An entire year was spent in technical preparation so that the so could sound live.

The show was carried on three NBC owned stations. Sponsors flocked to grab up the series, but only one station in any one territory was given the series to broadcast which limited the sponsorship somewhat.

The idea of transcription was pretty revolutionary in 1932 when "live" was what most sponsors expected out of their commerial money.

Sound equipment was taken to zoos all over the country. The operators waited hours and some times days recording birds, lions, or trumpeting elephants. The sounds were taken back to the studios and mixed into the dialogue

In one program cannibals were needed who spoke Swahili. Twenty blacks were hired and taught the language and rituals of the tribe. Drums were made to exact specifications to accompany the studio Swahili. They were rehearsed fir days ti finally record the four minute segment.

I wonder how many hours were spent in such rigorous authenticity for say Jack Armstrong or Captain Midnight?

In another program a deep cavern was needed so one was built in the studio-- The voices actually echoed into the mikes!

The actors had another financial benefit as they were hired "full-time" for the shows as were the director and

the radio script writer.

After each script was done, Edgar Rice Burroughs spent several hours revising each script. As Tarzan was a five day a week serial, Burroughs and the entire staff spent a lot of time polishing the show. An average of ours of rehearsal was spent on each 15 minute program.

All in all Tarzan was probably the most expensive, time consuming serial in radio's history.

A Special Service For Club Members Only

WANTED: On Cassette:

John Steel... Adventurer
The Long Road 8-6-50

Murder By Experts
Return TRip 9-11-49

Willing to Trade

Richard A Olday
100 Harvey Dr.
Lancaster, NY 14086

WANTED: Jack Benny radio show log.
Also, anyone wanting to trade
Fibber McGee shows on cassette.

Marg Grigg
1217 3rd Ave SW
Ardmore, OK 73401

WANTED: I AM looking for photographs of
the RADIO cast of "GUNSMOKE" for the next
issue of "MEMORIES".

Frank C. Boncore
250 Heather Hill Dr.
Buffalo, N.Y. 14224

WANTED: I am trying to get as
complete as possible series of
Fibber McGee and Molly and Lux
Radio Theater, just to name two.

Joe Cameron
517 E. 1600 N.
Michigan City, In.
46360

WANTED: Jack Benny show dated 12/8/46
Jack goes Christmas shopping and buys Don
shoelaces.

STEVE Oualline
10214 Black MTN RD. #49
San Diego, Ca 92126

BLIGHT'S CORNER !!

TAPE LIBRARIANS....

PARISI & SKEG

A few notes regarding the cassette library----

Many thanks to our members who are taking the time to inform us of defective cassettes in the library. Your concern will enable us to maintain a better collection of shows. Where possible, I am re-dubbing the cassettes that are bad. Others are being scrapped.

The following cassettes are being removed from the library. Please up date your lists; C 121, C-257,C-280, C-313, C-327, C-388, C-575, C-850.

The major problem seems to be the cassettes themselves. A lot of shows are on the off brand cassettes As was pointed out to me by one member "These dime store cassettes don't hold up when used again and again."

Now for some good news!! We are adding new cassettes to the library. Please keep this list handy for future reference. When we update our list again all new cassettes will be included. I will be including new cassettes and listing their numbers in the I.P.'s as they become available. This months new cassettes are:

- C_851-Sherlock Holmes-
Case Of the Second Stain
Shadow--Wid Makers of Doom
- C-852- Guy Lombardo Christmas Show
Harry James Show (2 15min shows)
- C-853-- The Bickersons--1947
Don Ameche, Francis Langford
- C-854- Nero Wolf--
Case of The Calculated Risk 1-51
Phantom Fingerprints 1-26-51
Vanishing Shells 2-2-51
- C-855-- Adventures of The Abbotts-
CANary Yellow Sack 1950
Raffles-- Murder Signs It Name
8-23-45
- C-856--Johnny Dollar--
Milford Brooks III Matter 12-6-48
Somebody Knows-- The Black Dahlia
- C-857--Frank Merriwell--
Sawdust Adventure 5/7/49
Cloak And Dagger-- The Black Radio

C-858--Frank Merriwell-- both shows
Chamionship Game--2-26-49
Incriminating Paper-- 2-19-49

C-859--Candy Mattson--
Symphony of Death
Sleep No More-- Waxworks &
Serpent Eyes

C--860--Official Detective-- BothShows
Groom is Murdered
Positive Indentification

Dom Parisi

NEW STATION!



LOWELL THOMAS

America's Best-Known Newscaster

**NOW ON WIBX
1230 ON YOUR DIAL
TUNE IN AT 6:45 P. M.**

MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY

PONSORED BY IVORY SOAP

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.

JUST THE FACTS MA'AM
By: Frank Boncore

While traveling through Missouri last spring, we found that we had some extra time for ourselves so my daughter and I decided to check out a nearby shopping mall. Whenever we are in shopping malls we always look for new discoveries in the bookstores. While my daughter checks the books out I always investigate the tape racks. I was lucky enough to come upon a new find "Cape Cod Mystery Theater" Each show started with "It's a foggy night on old Cape Cod--a perfect night for a mystery." There were two different shows. The first one was "The Caller On Line One" about a talk show hostess who received some rather strange calls. This was a thriller similiar to "Sorry Wrong Number." This show ran for 36 minutes, a rather odd length. (Later, I discovered that all the shows ran for odd lengths.)

The next show in the series was "The Curse of The Whale's Tooth" a mystery about a family curse that started back in the whaling days and continued on to today. This mystery lasted for 76 minutes.

At the OTR Convention in Newark, I came across five more shows. "The Legacy Of Euriah Pillar" A twist mystery. The bizarre terms of an old man's will sets off a chain of events that lead to treachern, deceit and three murders. Length 44 minutes.

"Case Of The Murdered Miser" a flashback courtroom melodrama that pose the hypothetical question What if Ebenezer Scrooge had been murdered? Length 68 minutes. With a surprise ending.

"A Test For Murder", the judge at a Province town art show is murdered on opening night. Length 43 minutes.

"The Automatic Murders" a premonition of murder leading to violent death. Voodoo, seances, automatic writing and psyc messages from the dead are all elements in a bizarre murder plot. Length 50 minutes.

"The Hypnotists", a pscycological thriller. A journey inside the mind of a woman who lies trapped in a coma. Length 44 mins.

Cape Cod Radio Mystery Theater is a radio mystery organization founded in 1983 and located on Cape Cod. Some of these stores remind me of "KNightfall" an excellent series produced by the CBC, our Canadian

neighbors.

I discovered that Metacom has an 8th episode of Cape Cod Radio Mystery Theater. I don't know the title or the length, the only thing that I do know is it is a part of a Superstars Gifts set(G480) and sells for \$24.95. If anyone knows any more Cape Cod Radio Mystery Theater shows are available, please drop me a line and let me know where I can get them.



— 1982 Photo

Jim Jordan, Radio's 'Fibber McGee,' Dies

Associated Press

LOS ANGELES — Jim Jordan, who defined the radio audience for decades in the well-meaning but punning Fibber McGee in the classic show "Fibber McGee and Molly" died Friday. He was 91.

"Fibber McGee and Molly" on the NBC radio network from 1935 to 1960, was the source of such familiar routines as McGee's overstuffed closet, which always unloaded mysteriously on Jordan's character whenever it was opened. Even McGee's address, 79 Wistful Vista, became a place on the American cultural road map.

Even though he had become very frail, his mind and his humor was as fresh as ever," said Lenore Kingston, a Vice president for Pacific Forest Broadcasters. Jordan had been hospitalized for about a week after a fall at his home.

Jim Jordan: radio star.

He died at the end of World War I. Later, they took their act on the road, with Mrs. Jordan playing piano.

They began appearing on radio in 1925 but still worked vaudeville because the medium paid so little. During 10 years of acts, they developed the Fibber McGee and Molly characters, and their neighbors were a classic set of American humor characters.

Hal Peary was the ruminating, pompous Great Gildensleeve; Clio Argyle was the cantabulous odd-fitter whose line was "That ain't the way I heard it, Johnny"; Bill Thompson was her peddled Waldoes or Lartiva, whose rage against Jordan's character ended with a spitting McGee!

The program ran on NBC television in 1950-60, but the Jordans were not in the series.

In 1982, Jordan married Gertrude Stewart, who survives him.

LETTERS



Okay, Snyder, you finally got me up on the Seat! (You've come close in the past, but not quite). You have become "Jaded" (as you suggested) and have become too critical. I totally disagree about Anthony Tollin. I think without Tony we would have a convention with a lot more to complain about. You may like that, it would give you more to write about. (It must really hurt to write the positive stuff). He doesn't receive near the praise he should for the job he does.

Many of the stars are unknown to myself and others, so the introductions are a big help acquainting us with what they've done. I'm sure they don't mind. If it does get a little repedative, I really don't mind either. They were professionals, some still are, and a little rehearsal time gives them a chance to sharpen their performance and show pride in their craft. I think your definition of "Too serious or rigid" is confused with being professional. Can't believe your "High Points" have been when they "flub up".

I think I take exception the most with your statement about pandering west coast stars. A lot of them lived on the east coast at one time. Radio stars are radio stars, where ever they live, and deserve all the pandering we can give them! When new guest stars come to the convention they may receive more attention than ones who have been before. I think the quote "Easterners" have been far from ignored or forgotten.

The Only real complaint Dave and I have is that Friday night, until last year, was the collectors night. We did stuff together. Maybe Thursday night can remain "our" night.

The convention attendance, as Joe Webb said, has been excellent the past few years, and people do vote with their pocketbooks. So, Jim, when I see you next year expect a big respberry from yours

truly.

Bob Burchett

Dear Dick:

We don't usually write "letters to the Editor" but we felt (as you did) that a comment on Jim Snyder's article (Wireless Wanderings) published in the February I.P. was called for. We are only new members of OTRC, but in the short time we have been associated with the Club (since Newark, '87) we have been delighted with it. The I.P. appears on our doorstep regularly (one cannot say that for all OTR publications!) and it is always full of interesting, timely, and useful information. We have located vendors of whom we were unaware through the pages of the I.P. and we enjoy the serials. We have tried to borrow only one set of tapes from the Club library. We asked for four reels and named nine possibilities; in quite a short order we received four of these as requested. We must say that we have had much worse luck with similar attempts to get tapes from other OTR organizations to which we belong (at least for the present). Keep up the good work and don't listen to the few grumblers. Remember, one seldom gets letters from "satisfied customers"; it is always the dissatisfied ones who make the most noise.

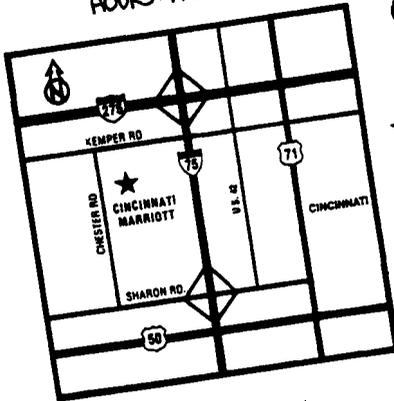
There was a reference in the March I.P. to the meeting planned for Cincinnati in May. We have enclosed a copy of the advertising flyer which is being distributed locally in case you don't have one yet. All we know right now is that most of the vendor spaces have already been rented and that the most of "entertainment" will consist of recreations. We understand that the famous Dave Warren players plan to do some Tom Mix, Fred Allen The Maltese Falcon, and a couple of other presentations. By the time you get this letter, the actual scheduling of these events will probably be firm. We expect that Dave Warren and Bob Burchett will keep you informed as things progress.

Thanks again for a fine club it has added a great deal to our enjoyment of the hobby.

Joe and Carlyn
Sentor

2nd ANNUAL
OLD TIME
RADIO
&
NOSTALGIA
CONVENTION

MAY 13-14, 1988
 HOURS: FRIDAY 12AM-9PM • SATURDAY 9AM-4PM



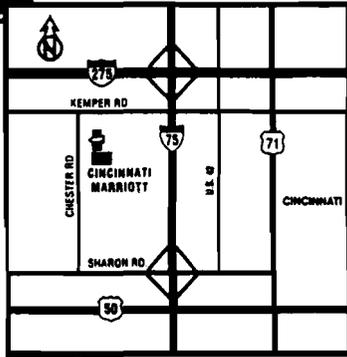
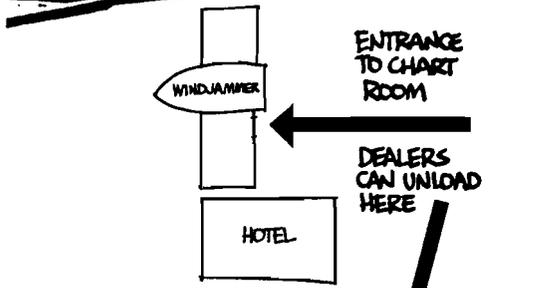
OLD RADIO SHOWS
BOOKS • MAGAZINES
RADIO PREMIUMS
POSTERS • VIDEOS

SPECIAL RE-CREATIONS
OF OLD RADIO SHOWS
 MALTESE FALCON, TOM MIX
 "SECRET MISSION", A FRED ALLEN
 ALLENS ALLEY SEGMENT AND A
 LONE RANGER SHOW.

MARRIOTT INN 11520 CHESTER RD.
CINCINNATI, OHIO 45240 (513) 772-1720
INFORMATION: (513) 961-5100



2nd ANNUAL OLD TIME RADIO & NOSTALGIA CONVENTION



ED WANT'S CORNER



The Andrews Sisters — from left, Mazono, Patty and Laverne — in 1940.

Andrews Sisters Top Miller, Hope At World War II Troop Reunion

ATLANTIC CITY, N.J. (UPI) — The Andrews Sisters, America's sweethearts in World War II for their renditions of "Beer Barrel Polka" and "Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree," have been voted the top entertainers of the wartime era by some of the troops they sang for.

The 800 veterans attending a 46th reunion dubbed "Camp Boardwalk Revisited" voted the Andrews Sisters ahead of second-place Glen Miller and his orchestra. Comedian Bob Hope finished third.

"I'm overwhelmed," Patty Andrews said Tuesday. "Gosh, they have every gigantic star that's in the business and I won first place. I couldn't believe it."

Andrews, dancer and screen star Donald O'Connor and street singer Arthur Tracy — who all performed in the seaside resort during the war years when Atlantic City was transformed into a military town — returned to perform at the reunion.

They were among 20 performers inducted into the newly created "G.I.'s Choice Entertainer's Hall of Fame" during the event.

Colony Theater Hosts Glenn Miller Orchestra

One of the most successful and well-known organizations in musical history, the legendary Glenn Miller Orchestra, returns to the Southwest community this week for another appearance at the Colony Theater. 59th and Kedzie, the pioneer movie house which has been renovated and turned into a live entertainment center.

The Miller band is scheduled to present two concerts at the Colony on Saturday evening, with the first performance at 6 p.m. and the second to be staged at 8:30 p.m.

Tickets for either show are \$10 per person and are available at the theater box office or at Ticketron outlets in the Chicago area. Dinner packages are also available, and special discounts of 20 per cent are offered to groups of 20 or more. The theater's five adjoining free parking lots have space for more than 300 cars.

The Glenn Miller Orchestra has been by far the greatest attraction at the Colony since it reopened several years ago. In its first appearance the famous band drew a capacity crowd of 1,500, marking the first time that every seat in the theater had been filled in more than 50 years.

The first orchestra formed by Glenn Miller in the early 1930's was an economic failure. However, Glenn knew what he wanted and organized a second band in 1938. This is

the one that still lives on today to carry on the traditions of its founder.

During the 1930's and 1940's the Glenn Miller Orchestra became the most successful of all dance bands with a matchless string of hit records, radio broadcasts and appearances in theaters, hotels and dance pavilions.

Miller disbanded his group in 1942 at the height of its popularity and volunteered for military service in World War II, then rose to fame again with his Glenn Miller Army Air Force Band.

The group went overseas to entertain U.S. servicemen stationed in Europe. On Dec. 15, 1944, Major Miller took off in a single-engine airplane from England to precede his band to France.

The plane disappeared without a trace and Miller was never seen again. The Army officially declared him dead a year later and members of his famous band decided to keep it going.

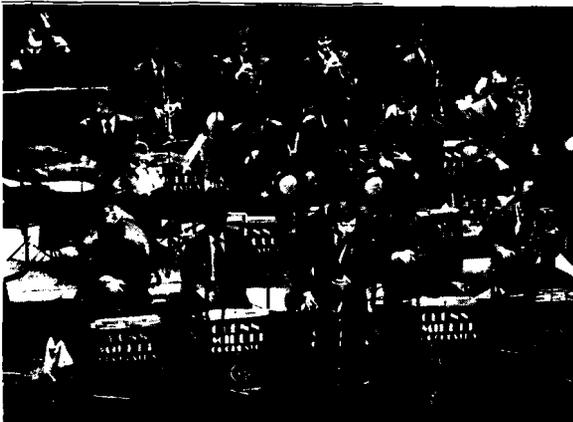
Though more than 40 years have passed since then, the band that carries on the Glenn Miller legend ranks as one of the busiest musical organizations in the world. It is "on the road" 50 weeks a year and plays more than 300 shows, performing before audiences that total more than half a million people annually.

Current leader of the band is Dick Gerhart, a saxophonist who joined the group in 1968 and is the only leader who has risen solely through the ranks to become the conductor.

His 17-year record makes him the longest-standing member with more years of service with the group than even Glenn Miller himself.

Gerhart says the band's repertoire exceeds more than 1,700 compositions, adding that "we play mostly the old songs familiar to our fans, inserting only new ones which lend themselves to the Miller sound."

Further information on ticket reservations and group orders can be obtained by calling the Colony at 925-9561.



ONE OF THE WORLD'S most famous musical organizations, the Glenn Miller Orchestra, returns this week for another appearance at the Colony Theater, 59th and Kedzie, the pioneer movie house which was renovated and turned into a live entertainment center. The legendary band will present two concerts Saturday evening with performances at 6 p.m. and 8:30 p.m.

THE DEALER'S CORNER
by Frank C. Boncore

By special request, Ron Barnett, of Audio Tapes Inc., Box 9584, Alexandria, Virginia, 22304, is repeating his special offer to members of the OTRC.

1800 ft tapes on reel is available FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY for 10¢ a reel plus shipping (this in lots of 1000 reels).

Keep in mind that these are rejects however they are perfect for recording old time radio. There can also be a through out rate of up to 20%. Here in Buffalo we bought over 3,000 reels. So far Joe O'Donnell found one bad tape. There have been a few reels that were cracked or chipped. For 10¢ a reel who could complain Even Frank Bork, our Elderly Librarian Emeritus got in on the deal and couldn't complain. (We all know how hard it is to get Frank to part with a buck.)

For further details contact Ron Barnett and be sure to tell him you found out about it in the Illustrated Press.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

A Reminder To Our Readers

Joe and Phyliss O'Donnell and myself are still looking for gunsmoke related material (pictures stories, any related items that you can share with us) to make this years "MEMORIES" the best ever. Proper credit will be given to those who help.

A very special thanks and a tip of the cowboy hat to Dan Aston of Aston's Adventure's, 1301 No. Park Ave, Inglewood CA. 90302 for his help for our "GUNSMOKE" issue of Memories to be published in October, 1988. We would now like YOU to join Don and us.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

It is very infortunate that I will not be able to attend the OTR Convention in Cincinnati this year even though Bob Burchett personally guaranteed the hotel help spoke English instead of Portuguese as they do in Newark. My daughter is getting married; last year U gad ti pick her up in Missouri at the same time the convention was going on. I do wish them the best of luck and hope that someone will write and tell us about it. I'll be in Newark

this fall and I definitely will be in Cincinnati next year.



Not too long ago in the transportation industry, radio was an entertainment novelty rather than a scientific boon to public safety.

Vince Quayle, W9BFU, recently had an article in QCC News that should interest both radio and train buffs. Entitled "Radios Aboard the Limiteds," it describes the fierce travel competition following WWI and how major railroad companies stressed speed and on-board luxury to attract passengers in the '20s and '30s. Bearing such memorable names as 20th Century Limited, Broadway Limited, Pioneer Limited and California Limited, these rolling hotels offered many amenities, not the least of which were broadcast radios installed in parlor, observation and lounge cars.

Antennas were on the roof of each radio-equipped coach. Their range of reception — like the name of their carrier — was "limited," but the handsome cabinets and novel sounds coming from them were certainly impressive and added glamour to the train trip.

Over the past 70 years, train speeds have remained about the same, and tourists are still being enticed to see the country from an Amtrak window. Today's travelers can thank Amateur Radio for spawning pioneers whose vision made electronics such a vital factor in operating modern railway systems safely and efficiently.



THE SHADOW

COPYRIGHT:
STREET & SMITH

DECEMBER 15, 1942

by WALTER GIBSON

"THE MONEY MASTER"

CHAPTER II

CREATURES OF CRIME

Bert Cowder gestured toward the small apartment house, and Gregg Emmart made note of what he saw. The place wasn't much to look at; it was simply an old brownstone residence that had been converted into apartments. But Emmart had a habit of listing such things in his notebook. Each one of those old houses was different, if you checked it far enough.

This one had steps leading up to a vestibule, wherein were mail boxes accompanied by push buttons. Three of those boxes, so Bert picked the middle one and the button a long push. then three shorts. Nothing happening, Bert buzzed again; a short, then a pause, then two more shorts.

"B.C.," he told Emmart, "My initials in Morse. That's the signal I always give to Brune."

While Emmart was making a note of it, there was a clicking from the front door, proving that Brune had pressed the door-opening switch in his new apartment. Bert pushed through, drawing Emmart after him. They were on the stairs, when Emmart looked at the notation dubiously.

"The signal ought to be 'A.C.'," argued Emmart. "Your first name is Albert, isn't it."

"It happens to be Bertram," returned Cowder, "but don't tell that to the trade. Leave that tripe to the quiz kids. We've got enough of a job to talk sense into Brune."

This being Bert's first visit to Brune's new place, the private dick gave the premises a careful survey. He noted a window, with a fire escape outside it, at the rear

of the second floor. The apartment, bearing Brune's number was along the way, so Bert paused there and rapped the B.C. signal with his knuckles. A bolt withdrew, the door was opened, and Bert entered, hauling after him Emmart and the notebook.

Instantly, Gregg Emmart forgot his notes.

A crouched man in shirt sleeves flung the door shut and spun himself about. He couldn't be anyone but Elvor Blune. Nobody else would have looked so scared. He hooked like a cross between a crab and a turtle. Brune's outspread arms gave him the crustacean effect, but his head, protruding from his hunched shoulders, was a perfect replica of a tortoise about to return to its shell.

Brune was baldish, his face was wide like a turtle's, and his neck dropped with folds of flesh that added to the illusion. As for eye markings, Brune had them in the form of horn-rimmed eyeglasses that could only be of European make.

"Take it easy, Brune," Bert Cowder spoke smoothly, but firmly. "I told you I use assistants some times. This is Gregg Emmart. He's, one of them."

Brune's throat folds billowed a few moments, until he forced a hoarse, guttural voice from deep among them.

"You should not bring him here! You should bring no one here! I have told you--"

"You told me to look out for you," interrupted Bert. "That's what I've tried to do, only you've made it too tough for a one-man job. So come, Brune. What has you so scared?"

Brune's thick lips twitched and the throat gulps began again. In an easy tone, Bert queried:

"You're scared of Nazi agents?"

Brune gave a sudden nod.

"Good," decided Bert. "Make a note of it, Gregg. We'll tell the F.B.I. about it."

Words came frantically from Brune's lips.

"NO...no----"

"So that isn't it." Bert's tone became a purr. "Then it must be ordinary crooks that worry you?"

A short hesitation, Brune nodded.

"Then its a job for the police." observed Bert. "That's easy, Brune. See this?" Bert reached over and drew back Emmart's coat to display a detective's badge. "Here's the very fellow to hear your story. That's why I brought him along."

Out of the inarticulate babble that Brune gave, Bert heard some thing like another "NO...no!" Waiting for Emmart to finish the latest notation, Bert declared:

"I'm dropping this case. Put that down as a final note, Gregg. I've never walked out on a client yet, but this time one is walking out on me. I want to peep my reputation, so I'm asking you to act as an official witness. Brune is through with me---"

Bert's canny statement had all the effect of an electric stock on BRune. Emmart stared in amazed admiration while the frightened man clutched Bert like a last straw. In something like three languages, BRune was beseeching Bert not to desert his cause. As a finish, came gulped words in English:

"I shall tell you everything!"

They watched Brune amble crab-like across the floor. At the door to a rear room, the scared man halted, gazed over a shoulder and spoke in begging fashion.

"Please do no go," said Brune, "I must get the metal box. You know the one, Mr. Cowder. It has something important in it. Something that will explain."

Brune was fumbling for a light switch in the other room when Emmart raised his head from the notebook and asked;

'the metal box?'

"Just a tin cash box,"

explained Bert in a puzzled tone. "I've seen Brune rummage through it often. I didn't think there was anything important in it--"

Things interrupted wholesale. First, the click of the bedroom light switch; hard upon it, a hoarse shout from Brune. In answer came an ugly snarl; then there was real commotion as BRune sprang deep into the room to grab for someone he had found there.

Bert made a dash for the bedroom yelling for Emmart to forget his notes and follow.

The fray was happening by a narrow window in the side wall of the bedroom. It looked like a struggle between a turtle and an eel. The man with whom Brune grappled was thin and wiry, performing contortions in his effort to get away. He wrestled loose just as Bert arrived, and in the fellow's clutch the private dick saw the metal cash box that Brune had gone to get.

Coming next, Emmart saw the thief across Bert's shoulder. He recognized the pasty face under the tilted visor of the cap above it and shouted;

"Wip Jandle!"

Bert knew the name. Wip was an ex-jockey, who had thrown so many races that he couldn't get another job except as a member of the mob that bribed him. Since Wip had turned hoodlum, it wasn't surprising to see him engaged in second-story thievery. The startling thing was the technique that Wip displayed.

He showed how he entered---by using the same route for exit, the little window right beside him. It didn't look large enough for a midget, but Wip went through, one leg first, then the other, as though mounting a horse. He performed the snakish action so quickly that BRune couldn't have gained another hold on him but for the cash box that Wip carried under his arm.

So narrow was the window that the prize wedged crosswise, and before Wip could turn it around, Brune clamped both hands upon the metal box and tired to wrench it away. Bounding to aid BRune, neither Bert nor Emmart swas the thing that happened next.

They heard it, the repeated burst of a revolver that Wip snatched from his far pocket and fired at range into BRune's body. With a hard jolt, Brune fell back into the arms of Bert and Emmart, sagging as they caught him.

There was a clatter from the cash box as Wip yanked it through the window, then there was a louder clang of steel as the killer reached the fire escape just beyond.

Wip Jandle was a killer. Those shots were straight to BRune's heart, so close that they couldn't miss.

Letting BRune's body slump to the floor, Bert fired through the window. A shriek from the outside told that he'd winged the escaping murderer, Bert fired again, but Wip was starting down the fire escape and a level of steel deflected Bert's

fire.

Seeing that Bert couldn't possibly squeeze through the window, Emmart thought of a better route and shouted for Bert to follow.

Out through the apartment they went, around by the hallway to the large window that opened directly to the fire escape. Wrenching the window open. Emmart sprang through and aimed for a huddled shape he thought was Wip, on the far side of the street.

Before Emmart could fire, Bert saw his companion's mistake. That crouching man across the way wasn't Wip. The fugitive couldn't have traveled that far. Besides, there were other crouchers like him, rising from other vantage spots. In the glare of the red light that marked the fire exit, Gregg Emmart was a perfect target for gunners who were backing Wip's foray into Brune's apartment.

Valinantly, Bert Cowder gave rescue. Out through the window, he gripped Emmart, sun him full abut and tried to hurl him back to safety. Emmart's gun popped a few shots into the air, whereupon the headquarters man combined anger with stupidity as he tried to slug at Bert. Amid that fracas between friends, rising gunners opened fire.

Bert Cowder was their target now, for his broad body was shielding Emmart's thinner form. Bullets clanged the fire escape, other slugs bashed the brick wall. Bert was lurching Emmart back to safety despite the fellow's foolish opposition. It was heroism on Bert's part, the sort that promised his own doom. Those marksman below were getting the range. One bullet scorched Bert's shoulder, another singed his derby hat. A few more would have spelled his finish.

Those deadly shots never came. At that moment, other guns burst loose below. Their powerful roar drowned the barks of revolvers. A brace of .45 automatics were in the fray, their targets the members of the gun crew who were seeking Bert's death. The rip of those fresh guns was, in itself, a symbol of their owner, but this new fighter left no doubt as to his identity.

Accompanying the roar of the big automatics came a challenging laugh, telling men of crime that their nemesis had arrived. To ignore that defy could mean death, backed as it was by guns unerring in their aim. With one accord, every crouching marksman turned.

Such victims as Bert Cowder and Cregg Emmart could only be

forgotten at a time like this. Killers were banded in a common effort to meet an uncommon enemy whose case couldn't wait.

Crooks were faced by their archfoe, The Shadow!

CONTINUED NEXT MONTH

WHEC THE STATION LISTENERS BUILT!
 RATIC CBS

"MUST" LISTENING FOR TODAY!



CRIME PHOTOGRAPHER
9:30 P. M.



YOURS TRULY
JOHNNY DOLLAR
10:00 P. M.

"Casey", played by Stuarts Wrigley's sponsors an old fav. Cotsworth, in trouble again! write at a new time, 10 P. M.

THIS IS BING CROSSBY—4 P. M.
 Bing's European Dairy continues as he describes an incident of a missing passport as he leaves Paris for London.

7:00—Beulah	8:00—PM in Peace & War
7:15—Jack Smith Show	8:30—Mr. Keen
7:30—Club 15	9:00—Suspense
7:45—Edward R. Murrow	11:15—Late Sports



Richard Arkin, as he appears in "The Busia To 'Traf', now being promoted as Rhaz's Believer.

On Sunday Evenings When Radio Ruled the Living Room

By GEORGE KUNZ
Special to The News

In years when radio ruled the living room, everyone looked forward to Sunday evening. Rarely had the Shadow crackled out his ironic mosee of the late afternoon, meditating on "what evil lurks in the hearts of men", than cast-by-ones, family members started assembling in the living room.

Those were long winter nights when the wind howled outside drafty windows, when the coal furnaces was not quite up to its heating heels. We huddled up to keep warm, with our feet tucked up to the wooden, tabernacle radio, shaped like a Gothic cathedral window.

Right after dinner, broadcast enter-tainment began in earnest with the Jack Benny tello program. Anybody over 40 recalls those vintage voices: Mary Liv-ingston, announcer; Don Wilson, Kenny Baker singing with Phil Harris' arches-tra; raggy, revered Rochester.

Indisputably, the jewel in Sunday's radio crown was the Chase and Sanborn Coffee Hour, which perked on at 8. For years, Eddie Cantor was master of ceremonies: "I'd like to spend an hour with you, as friend-to-friend . . ." he always sang with a display of gentle sentiment.

Those Chase and Sanborn Hours were a potpourri of all kinds of pleasant bits: Eddie would quip with an invisibly snipid sidekick called, of all things, Parky-ver-karkas; a long-forgotten musician named Robinson played his "magic viola"; Ed-

gar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy matched wits with W.C. Fields; Don Ameche acted in short dramatic skits.

Although the Chase and Sanborn show had been the climax, Sunday's lineup on radio continued: the Manhattan Merry-Go-Round ("Step on the Manhattan Merry-Go-Round/We're touring alluring old New York Town") pretended to be a visit to a nightclub of the big town; the American Album of Familiar Music (sponsored by Bayer aspirin) vibrated with homey light classics.

Finally at 10 p.m., listeners thundered into "Grand Central Station", which any radio veteran knows was "the gigantic stage on which are acted a thousand dramas daily." Each week, America sampled one of the thousand.

We were an odd set of people, sitting together in utter silence, as though hypnotized, occasionally catching each other's pensive glance. While eyes were vacant, our ears were wide-alert. We had been conditioned to use fantasy, to respond to sound effects so the pictures on the screen of our imagination were far larger and more vivid than anything that television can show.

Sometimes now, when I watch Sunday TV programs even as justly prestigious as Masterpieces Theater, I can't stifle a sigh for those rollicking, fast-moving radio evenings, filled with an innocent mix of music, laughter and drama.

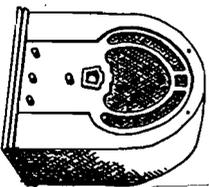
GEORGE KUNZ, a retired high-school teacher, lives in Snyder.



The radio was shaped like a Gothic cathedral window.

FIRST CLASS MAIL

CHARLES SEELEY 1/89
294 VICTORIA BLVD
KENMORE NY 14217



THE OLD TIME

100 HARVEY DRIVE

RADIO CLUB

LANCASTER, N.Y. 14086