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# ILLUSTRATED PRESS

EST. 1975

JUNE 1988

#141



*The Shadow*  
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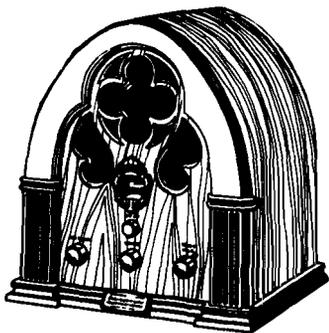
THE OLD TIME



RADIO CLUB

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**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.

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

**NEW MEMBERSHIP DUES:**

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56 Christen Ct.  
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(716) 683-6199

**ILLUSTRATED PRESS:** (Letters, columns, etc.) & **OTHER CLUB BUSINESS:**

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100 Harvey Drive  
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(716) 684-1604

**REFERENCE LIBRARY:**

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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.

PUBLICITY!

Phyllis Wazenska O'Donnell

A good product sells itself! The Old Time Radio Club received gratuitous publicity recently, thanks to Fran Lucca, producer of Channel # 17 Reports, and to American Heritage magazine. As a result, we have received a number of enquiries about the club from people around the country who are interested in old time radio but seemed unaware that there were other kindred spirit radio buffs around.

Fran Lucca's interest in doing a television segment on old time radio whetted by his acquisition of an old cathedral radio and by the programs with which Joe and Frank have been tempting him for the past few years. This culminated in a program that has been airing on Channels # 17 and # 23 over the past several weeks. Interviewed on their involvement in radio and on the programs were Frank Boncore, Dick Olday and Joe O'Donnell. The stars were the programs themselves. Photos and posters, Frank's orderly taping wall with his reel to reel recorders and his rows of orderly tapes created the visual spirit of radio, while sound tracks of program theme music, program introduction and even commercials provided a real feel of radio and stirred up memories of long ago.

In February 1988 issue of American Heritage, the magazine of history (Vol. 39 #1) is "Forgotten Laughter, The Fred Allen Story" by Neil A. Grauer, a very well written and interesting profile of Fred Allen and his distinctive brand of humor. However, after enticing the reader, the editorial comment declared a lack of Fred Allen programs to enjoy. As an OTRC member, and as one with a passion for history, this writer could not let this pass. Information was forwarded to the magazine about the existence and availability of his programs through the conduit of the old time radio clubs. This note appeared in the May-june 1988 issue of American Heritage.

To those who have not had opportunity to see the television segment or have access to the article on Fred Allen in American Heritage and wish to see them, we have them available.

The response we have had to both these publicity events was unexpected and also very gratifying. There are many people out there

interested in radio whom we have not located yet!

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Forgotten Laughter

"Forgotten Laughter: The Fred Allen Story" is unnecessarily negative about the availability of Fred Allen's radio programs. Hundreds of his radio programs, including "The Linit Bath Club Review," "Town Hall Tonight," and "The Fred Allen Show," are readily available.

Access to these is through the various radio clubs throughout the country, not only in the clubs' libraries but also in the private collections of members and through dealers, all of whom make these available at reasonable cost, sometimes just the cost of postage. Here in the Buffalo area is the Old Time Radio Club, which can be reached at 100 Harvey Drive, Lancaster, NY 14086.

Phyllis O'Donnell
Editor, "Memories" Magazine of the Old Time Radio Club
Cheektowaga, N.Y.

AMERICAN HERITAGE · MAY/JUNE 1988

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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.

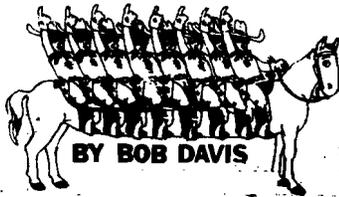
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REFERENCE LIBRARY: A reference library exists for members. Members should have received a library list of materials with their membership. Only two items can be borrowed at one time, for a one month period. Please use the proper designations for materials 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.

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# SAY!

WHO WAS THAT MASKED MAN?



I have a friend named Elroy who has, although I've known him for a couple of years now, just discovered that I'm into old time radio. I've not been keeping it a secret from him but Elroy is the kind of guy that you'd never figure as liking the old shows.

He wears a cowboy hat and jeans although he's never been anywhere south of northern Pennsylvania. Elroy moved up here two years ago and brought his pickup truck with him. He's always talking about those good ol' gals back home and how someday he's gonna strike it rich and drive down the main street of his home town in a fire engine red, customized to death, brand new pickup. That's just to let them know Elroy is back and the fathers had better keep their good ol' gals under protective cover.

Elroy likes to drink. Beer, of course. And most definitely straight from the bottle. None of this drinking from a glass. "You never know where those glasses have been!"

He's got a beat up tape deck in his pickup that he scrounged from the auto parts junk yard where he works and when he drives down the street you can hear Willie Nelson for two blocks around him.

Now this is the kind of guy that you would figure the only radio he would know about would be C.B. radio. His 'handle' is "Frosted Dog", (you figure it out. I can't), and as soon as he talks on the thing he develops a southern accent so strong that you'd think he was from Texas. Well, anyway, that's got nothing to do with this story.

One day Elroy picked me up and we went over to the Gas 'n Eats Diner to get a couple of burgers and so he could see his current love Cindy "The Body" Mellon who

works there as a cashier.

Cindy is a little light in the brains department but she more than makes up for it in the build department. They don't call her "The Body" for nothing and Elroy is always hanging around her so as to "get to know her better." Unfortunately Elroy's love for her is a one way street. She couldn't care less. Her main interest was getting everything that Red Foley ever recorded and if you didn't have some "new", undiscovered Foley record for her to listen to, you didn't have a chance with her.

On the way to Gas 'n Eats Elroy was telling me all about this and how he REALLY wanted to get to know Cindy "The Body" Mellon in a setting outside the diner. His problem, of course, was that he couldn't scrounge up a Foley record that she didn't already have.

It was at this point that I changed Elroy's life and, as "Dirty Harry" would say, "made his day."

I mentioned to Elroy that I collect old time radio shows and that I have in my collection a number of National Barn Dance and Grand Ol' Opry shows that frequently featured none other than, yep... you guessed it..., Red Foley!!!

Well, Elroy's adam's apple started bobbing up and down so quickly that his string tie almost tied itself into a knot. The pickup's tires screeched to a halt and he looked at me with tears in his eyes. I knew what he was going to ask even before he asked it.

Needless to say the trip to the Gas 'n Eats got a little delayed as Elroy and I went to my place and we dubbed off a cassette of the Grand Ol' Opry featuring Red Foley. I labeled the tape and printed Foley's name on it in huge block letters. If that didn't impress "The Body" nothing would. Even Elroy was impressed.

Back into the pickup we went and were soon parked right in front of the diner. I went to get out of the truck when Elroy said "Wait a minute. I've got an idea."

He inserted the cassette into his tape player and cranked the volume up to full blast. My eardrums felt like they were going to burst but I managed to sit it out. I knew what Elroy's plan was. Sure enough, after only about a minute, the door to the diner opened and who was standing there with a definitely interested look on her face??? Cindy. The Body, that's who. Was there ever any

doubt?

I got out of the truck and Cindy got in. The next thing I knew the pickup was scattering stones as it sped away, Red Foley's voice slowly fading into the night.

It was a long walk home that night but the thought of Elroy and Cindy comforted me. Old Time Radio had brought them together with a little help from me and I felt good about it. Cindy had her "new" Red Foley music and Elroy knew he could get more from me so he knew Cindy and him would go on and on and on.

Adding anymore to this story would be just padding, Cindy, The Body, got her music, Elrod got Cindy, and I got to walk home by myself. At least it didn't rain.

See ya next time.

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**JUST THE FACTS MA'AM**

By: Frank Boncore

Recently, thanks to my good friend Bill McDougall, I was able to receive a reel of "Vanishing Point", an excellent series produced by CBC. I was even more pleased that it was in stereo. A few days later I was talking to Bob Davis about this and he informed me that Vanishing Point was being carried in Buffalo (in mono) by WERB, a local Public Radio station. American Public Radio had contracted to air a certain amount of episodes. There was one episode called Meteor that Bob had missed part of for some reason. Since I know most of the staff there he asked me to see if I could obtain a copy of that episode for him.

I called the station and was told to come down and pick it up. When I got there I found that they had 32 episodes including 8 that they did not air due to some questionable language that some of their mid Victorian listeners might object to. I was even more shocked when I found out that the station masters were going to be erased so that they could use the tape to copy other things on it. The first thing that came to my mind how several episodes of the Shadow were lost because tapes were erased. I immediately offered to replace the tape with a whole case of my own tape. However I was told that they only used tape of "Broadcast" quality. I guess they forgot when they used shows that Joe O'Donnell and myself supplied when the tapes that they

ordered were lost during shipment. I also remember that they commented that our sound quality was better than what they had. They did allow me to take them home to copy them. They did request that I bring them back as soon as possible.

I would like to point out a few things about station masters. First of all they are the full width of the tape. The second thing is that they are 7 1/2 IPS. I don't have a recorder that tapes at 15 IPS so I had to dub all 32 episodes at reel time. I moved into my den at once. After taping 8 episodes, I called Bob Davis, told him what I had. Bob jumped at the chance to get his hooks into station masters. I dropped them off so he could get started. Joe O'Donnell later joined our round robin. The toll was heavy on our recorders. My Sony had a heart attack and seized up. Bob's had a stroke midway through an episode. Bob was able to repair his and I was fortunate to have a back-up machine. A few episodes later I notice that my back-up machine had slowed down a bit. Presently I am using a borrowed unit from Joe O'Donnell, thank heavens he has 37 recorders.

Several hours later we were finished and returned the masters to the station. There is one more thing I would like to point out. The studio tapes had the same black backing that Good Ole Jim Jim Snyder said would deteriorate and cause tape squeal later on.

One more thing; if you are fortunate enough to live near the Canadian border or can receive CBC, THE CBC is still broadcasting "The Vanishing Point" a series you don't want to miss. I'll tale more about the CBC network at a later time.

\*\*\*\*\*

**TONIGHT AT 10:00**



— dial CBS 940 . WMAZ  
**MY FRIEND IRMA**

# THE SHADOW

COPYRIGHT:  
STREET & SMITH

DECEMBER 15, 1942

by WALTER GIBSON

## "THE MONEY MASTER"

### CHAPTER III

#### TRAIL TO WEALTH

Daring, almost foolhardy were The Shadow's actions as his fight began. He, the master of darkness, was actually seeking light, making himself an open target for his foemen. A living blot, detaching itself from the night, came spinning beneath the glow of a street lamp across the street from Brune's apartment, tonguing gun flames that sought no individual targets.

Crooks were firing as the whirling shape halted, disclosed itself momentarily as a figure cloaked in black, then reversed its course with a sudden shift that blended into darkness. Half a dozen guns ripped away at the momentary target; some were hasty, the others late. In reward for his daring, The Shadow went unscathed, as his fierce laugh proclaimed.

Weid, that chilling tone! As if the fighter who uttered it had stood a hail of bullets without feeling their piercing power!

Uncanny, indeed, the strategy that The Shadow used. He'd seen Bert's frantic effort to save Emmart's life; with it, the inability of the crouching gunners to pick a target with their opening fire. Since they'd gained Bert's range at last, the only thing course was to hoax them into dropping that advantage; so the Shadow had banked that they'd miss him with their first fire, as in the case he witnessed.

The bold ruse worked. Twisting deep in darkness, zizzagging as he went, The Shadow not only cleared the barrage by yards; over his shoulder he saw Bert plunging through the window, hurling Emmart ahead of him. Those two were safe, even safer than The Shadow, though

he wasn't worried in the least regarding his further security.

Offense was his defense, now. Halting on the far side of the street, The Shadow jabbed new shots for the spots where he saw revolver spurts. Crooks were luckier than they should have been, for those The Shadow picked were crouched beside house steps or fire hydrants that didn't show in the darkness.

They head the bullets zang and they didn't wait around, nor did their companions. Forgetting Wip Jandle, who had crumpled at the bottom of the fire escape with his precious box, the tricked marksmen dived for alleyways from which they had originally issued. A tribe of human rats were seeking shelter against the wrath of the Shadow.

To settle that issue, The Shadow wheeled through darkness for the nearest corner. The gloom of this neighborhood was to his liking, for it offered covering darkness clear around the block. In the next street, The Shadow would find his opportunity to pick off a few of the scattering marksmen. That is, he would have but for sudden intervention.

Car lights loomed suddenly from a corner; their blaze revealed the cloaked fighter full in their path. From its manner of arrival, The Shadow took it to be a cover-up car for the fugitive gunners, and he fired a test shot as he wheeled away to the doorway. Guns responded but the car didn't act as the Shadow expected.

Instead of bearing down on him, the car made a quick reverse, whipping around the corner. Out from the shelter, The Shadow headed toward it, expecting a chance flay the car broadside when it sped past the crossing, which happened to be a corner of the street in front of

Brune's

But the men in the car were very smart. The driver must have done some quick maneuvering in the narrow street, for when The Shadow reached the corner, all he saw were the taillights whizzing off in the opposite direction, a full block away.

Instead of risking a fray with The Shadow, the men in the car had left him without a trail. The time that The Shadow lost in tracking down the car that didn't wait was more than sufficient for the scattering gun crew to make good their escape the other way.

Meanwhile, things were happening in the street behind Brune's apartment. Finding that the route was clear, Bert and Emmart, again in full accord, were coming down the fire escape. At the bottom, Bert pointed toward a figure that was painfully squirming across to an alley. Emmart nodded when he heard Bert undertone:

"Wip Jandle."

Together, they took up the trail. It wasn't too easy to following Wip. The fellow was showing surprising speed and skill at dodging from one alley to another. Wip's one handicap was that he had to pause to rest because of the bullet that he carried. He was carrying something else, the tin box that belonged to Brune. Bert and Emmart spied it whenever Wip faltered.

Back in Brune's apartment, moving blackness was stretching across the floor. From the doorway of a little bedroom, a cloaked shape materialized. Grim was The Shadow's low-toned laugh when he viewed Brune's body, a mirthless token of vengeance meant for men of crime. More, The Shadow's laugh was his recognition of something that he'd missed.

Having arrived too late to witness Wip's gyrations on the fire tower, The Shadow had supposed that Bert and Emmart were merely engaged in protecting Brune against the outside gunners. Here was evidence that they were in pursuit of a killer when they appeared upon the fire escape. Since both detectives were gone, it was obvious that they had taken up the trail anew.

Out through the hall. The Shadow reached the fire escape and descended. He could hear the wail of a police siren, indicating that the gunfire had been reported; nevertheless, he paused to probe the sidewalk with a tiny flashlight. The licking beam revealed a blotch of moist blood, with another blob

farther along.

Soon the darkness of an alley swallowed The Shadow, except for the blinking gleams of his well-guarded flashlight. Mere drops of blood were The Shadow's present trail, marking the route that Wip Jandle had taken. But The Shadow's moves along that path were slower than those of Bert Cowder and Gregg Emmart. Wip's stalkers progressing two blocks to The Shadow's one.

A dozen blocks away, Wip stumbled into a doorway, reached for a knob and found it. His strength was spent, for the only thing that carried him onward were a few steps leading down into a basement.

Clutching the precious box, Wip crawled for a table and pulled the cord of a lamp. He stretched his hand for a telephone, but his fingers slipped from the instrument. Groaning in mortal agony, Wip folded on the floor.

Footsteps paused outside the door, then entered. Hands gripped Wip's shoulders and drew him up into the light. Blinking, the dying crook saw the Faces of Bert Cowder and Gregg Emmart.

"You're through, Wip," informed Bert smoothly, "but you haven't got me to blame for it. Those rats ran out on you, instead of taking you to some medico who could have patched you up."

"That's right," agreed Emmart wisely. "I'll tell you why they lammed. It was the big-shot's orders because he wanted to get rid of you."

Wip'd eyes, like his dying snarl, evidenced complete disbelief. Picking up Brune's cash box, Emmart handed it over to Cowder. Looking about, Bert saw a can opener lying on a battered table. Jabbing the opener under the weak lock of the tin box, Bert made short work of it. He flung the lid back and let Wip have a look.

Inside were a few papers, an assortment of sliver coins, and a few loose bills of foreign currencies. Seeing those meager contents, Wip propped himself on one elbow and gave a rattly snarl.

"Shep Ficklin...he's the guy you want." Wip's words began to come in gasps. "He sent me...to pick up what I could find. There wasn't nothing...except thatbox--"

Slumping quite as suddenly as Brune had, Wip Jandle rolled dead. Taking it as something quite to be expected, Bert and Emmart proceeded with other matters. Bert concerned himself with the contents of the box, while Emmart began to write

down notes in his book.

"Shep Ficklin," mused Bert. "That's a real surprise. He's been out of circulation a long while, ever since his rackets went bust. Guess he saw some easy dough, trimming refugees. Only he didn't make much this trip. This foreign dough can't be worth more than a few hundred bucks."

"Suppose we count the bills," suggested Emmart. "I ought to put the total in my report. That is, if we can figure what it's worth."

"Here's how we can," remarked Bert. He drew a card from the box. "Look at this, Gregg. The Apex Discount Office. I remember the place because I met BRune there once. It's open evenings, so suppose we go down there and get a value on this funny money."

The idea suited Emmart, so the two departed, turning off the light and closing the door. They took the broken cash box with them, its contents intact. A hush fell upon the room where Wip Jandle lay dead. A hush that remained unbroken when the door opened, a few minutes later to admit the cloaked figure of The Shadow.

Using his flashlight, The Shadow found Wip's body, then turned the gleam upon the telephone. He took it for granted that Cowder and Emmart had completed their trail and left with whatever loot Wip had taken. But there was nothing to show that Wip had still been alive when the early trailers overtook him.

Using the telephone, The Shadow called Burbank and told him to put certain agents on the job of tracing Wip's recent associates. In keeping with his own instructions The Shadow then departed on the same quest.

Though he had no lead to Shep Ficklin, The Shadow knew that Wip unquestionably served some bigshot. Finding Wip was at least a start toward tracking the real head of the gang that preyed on refugees like Elvor BRune.

There was little use in seeking Bert Cowder and Gregg Emmart. That in The Shadow's estimate, would prove a waste of time, since both were soon due back in Cardona's office, where Clyde Burke would hear their story. Thus, through a freakish chain of circumstance, The Shadow was to miss a most amusing sequel to BRune's murder.

Riding by cab, Bert and Emmart had arrived at the Apex Discount Office, a modest place of business located one flight up in a building

on a side street. By mutual consent, they parked **the tin box on the stairs** and thumbed through Brune's foreign currency in the dim light.

"Here's a funny one," declared Bert. "This bill says 'Ten Tarak'. What country does that belong to?" "Hungarian, I guess," returned Emmart, "or Rumanian, maybe. It ought to be worth about thirty cents." "If it's worth anything! Funny it only says Ten Tarka."

"Why should it have the name of a country? It's good where it came from...or was once. Let's show it with the rest."

The pair entered the discount office, where Bert nodded to a drab-faced man behind the counter and mentioned that he worked for Elvor BRune. In his turn, the drab man nodded, for he remembered Bert from the private dick's last visit.

As Bert thumbed through the bills, the clerk shook his head. Most of the money was worthless, the rest had little value. Emmart was checking down the few amounts that the drab clerk gave, a point which rather amused Bert. Merely to observe the effect on Emmart, Bert put on a confidential pose when he came to the final bill.

"This not for Ten Tarka," Bert leaned close to the clerk's ear. Mr. Brune said it was something extra special. A lot of cash, Ten Tarka, but he needs it all at once. You understand---

Taking the bill, the clerk held it to the light and nodded. In a tone quite as confidential as Bert's he declared:

"One moment, please."

Bert threw a grin at Emmart as the clerk stepped through a doorway to a rear room. Emmart saw the joke and remarked that the clerk had a sense of humor, too. They could hear him speaking to someone about opening the safe. Clever if the clerk to carry the gag along. It would be a good laugh all around when he returned with thirty cents.

The thing was even funnier when the clerk arrived, solemnly bringing a flat suitcase, which he handed across the counter. His expression was more solemn than before, so Bert and Emmart kept straight faces, too, as they accepted the suitcase and bowed themselves out of the office.

Bert carried the bag while Emmart picked up the cash box on the stairs. At the street door, Bert nudged across the way.

"Let's have a drink over at that bar," suggested Bert. "I'll count our thirty cents while you're

finishing your report."

They entered the tap room and found a corner booth. Bert told Emmart to open the cash box, to receive the thirty cents that was probably all in pennies. Therewith, Bert unclamped the suitcase and dumped it, saying:

"I'll bet the guy stuffed it with old newspapers."

The suitcase was stuffed, but not with newspapers. Bundles of bills in the table in a heap. This wasn't foreign currency, it was good United States currency, crisp notes wrapped in paper bands that didn't hide the denominations. The figures showed on the green bills said one thousand dollars and the paper bands were marked fifty to a stack.

Twenty of those bundles, as Bert and Emmart learned when they feverishly pawed them. As for the bills that they thumbed in disbelief, there were fifty in each stack, as the bands declared. Staring at each other like men in a dream, the two men settled back from the pile of gree. This was a jest no longer.

In areturn for Brune's mystery note that bore the value of Ten Tarka, Bert Cowder and Gregg Emmart had received the cash total of one million dollars!

CONTINUED NEXT MONTH

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THE DEALER'S CORNER  
by Frank C. Boncore

I recently received Ed Carr's new supplement. It has several interesting additions. It has 12 pages including 2½ page BBC supplement.

If you are a Sherlock Holmes fan, like Frank Bork, our Elderly Librarian Emeritus, you will be pleased to know that there is a 1200ft and an 1800ft reel of Sherlock Holmes. There are two episodes with Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce, The Bruce Partington Plans (11-06-39) and The Retired Colorman (03-11-40). The other 18 episodes have star Hobbs and Shelly.

There are three 1800ft reels of Our Miss Brooks from 05-08-49 to 03-29-50. There are four 1800 ft reels of the Falon. If you are a Boston Blackie fan, Ed had eight 1800ft reels "Low generation." For horror fans there is three reels (1800ft) of "The Weird Circlce

If you don't have Ed's catalog, send \$3.00 to Edward J. Carr, 216 Shaner ST. Boyertown, Pa. 19512 and mention that you read about it in the I.P.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Gary & LaDonna Kramer of Great American Radio, P.O. Box 528, MT. Moris, Michigan, 48458, have a new supplement out. Cassettes are available for \$2.50 each (minimum order 10) + postage. There are eight episode of Life With Luigi available--not the usual eight that everyone has. There are also 16 episodes of Henry Aldrich available. There are 6 pisodes of Sherlock Holmes listed in stereo (Barry Foster as Holmes and David Buck as Watson). Pete Kellys Blues starring Jack Webb & the Jack Webb Show from 1946 are more of the listings available. If your a BBC Sci Fi fan a six part series of Host Planet Earth is available on three cassettes. From South Africa there are listed four cassettes of Michall McCabb's excellent series "Beyond Midnight".

Among other "different listings are "D-DAY" --a six hour continous broadcast of CBS News on June 6, 1944 available on 4 90 minute cassettes.

An interview of Orson Welles with Dick Cavett is listed as #1978

Several new offerings of "Mr. And Mr. North" including a five part serial are now listed.

A NEW cassette catalog listing over 1200 cassettes is now available FREE FOR THE ASKING.

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DETROIT FREE PRESS/SUNDAY, APRIL 3, 1988

### Jim Jordan, radio's famed 'Fibber McGee'

AP and UPI

LOS ANGELES — Jim Jordan, 91, who delighted radio audiences for decades as the well-meaning but bumbling Fibber McGee in the classic show "Fibber McGee and Molly," has died.

Jordan died Friday at Beverly Medical Center about a week after suffering a blood clot in the brain following a fall at his home, said family friend and broadcast personality Fran Allison.

"Fibber McGee and Molly" was on the NBC radio network from 1935 to 1957 and was the country's top-rated show for seven of those years.

# 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

**WANTED:** I am looking for the  
following OTR programs: The  
Phantom Rider (parts 1 & 2) with  
Tex Ritter. The Spider's Web.  
Erwin of the Arctic. Martin of the  
Mists, and Latitude Zero. Can  
anyone help?

Chuck Juzek  
57 Hutton Ave  
Nanuet, NY 10954

**WHEC** THE STATION  
LISTENERS BUILT!

"MUST" LISTENING FOR TODAY!



**THE ABC'S OF MUSIC**  
9:30 P. M.

**ADVENTURES OF PHIL MARLOWE**  
10:00 P. M.

Robert Q. Lewis Interviews the nation's disc-jockeys. Wrigley's presents another mystery-adventure story.

**THIS IS BING CROSBY—4 P. M.**  
How would you like to go sightseeing in famous old Edinburgh with Bing Crosby? Do it today by listening in!

6:00—Goodrich—Send News	8:00—Mr. Chameleon
6:15—MacMillan—Sports	8:30—Dr. Christian
6:30—Journal of the Air	11:00—D & C News
6:45—Lowell Thomas—News	11:15—Late Sports

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## Editor's DESK



I want everyone to know that the picture on the May issue of the I.P. is of John Archer one of many actors to play the role of Lamton Cranston on the Shadow.

### Dennis Day Goes Home

SANTA MONICA, Calif. (AP) — Singer Dennis Day, 71, has returned to his Bel-Air home after spending five weeks in a hospital for treatment of a head injury suffered in a fall in his home, a spokeswoman said. Day, a mainstay on Jack Benny's radio and television shows, suffers from the nerve disorder known as Lou Gehrig's disease.

By James Brady

# Brady

## Radio days; then & now

You know I'll do anything to get on the Robin Leach show.

My latest scheme is radio. ADVERTISING AGE put me on the radio last month. I tape five daily reports a week from the pages of the issue coming up, stuff I read in galleys or stuff I get from talking to the reporters or the editors and some stuff of my own that I come up with. It runs a couple of times each weekday morning during drive time on the Don Imus show on WNBC in New York and again during afternoon drive with Alan Colmes on the same station.

Next is to get the report picked up in other major markets, such as Los Angeles and Chicago. Talks are going on. I don't mean I am Garrison Keillor yet because we don't have a Minnesota outlet but we are getting close.

This is important to me because it could make me rich & famous and get me on Robin Leach but it is even more important to me because I am a radio nut.

Recently I interviewed Charlie Osgood of CBS who works about 23 hours a day seven days a week or maybe eight on both radio and TV and I asked him if he had a preference. No, Charlie said, it was just a matter of age, that he, like me, "grew up with radio."

Oh, did I grow up with radio.

If there were a trivia game restricted to questions about American radio I think there would be no contest. I'd win. I am not talking about music on the radio, which in general is too loud, and I haven't understood a single lyric since the Beatles or maybe Si and Gar. But I am talking about the rest of radio, right back to Fred Allen and Jack Benny and people sitting on stoops on hot nights listening to Whitlow Wyatt pitching against Mort Cooper when the Dodgers and Cardinals were always beating each other one to nothing or listening to President Roosevelt giving a fireside chat. That was real radio. Even the radios themselves were real, not tiny plastic things with electronics but big, cathedral-shaped wooden affairs with wires and antennas and static. I even miss the static; it was a part of growing up.

Radio had something for everyone. If you were a fascist you could listen to Father Coughlin on Sundays. Gerald L.K. Smith was also very big with fascists. Fulton Lewis Jr. admired Hitler. There were probably radio shows back then that admired Admiral Horthy, who ran Hungary. I'm only talking fascists here and haven't even gotten to Mussolini or Oswald Mosley and you could get something about all of them on American radio. Communists? Sure, we had commies. And Norman Thomas besides. I'm not even mentioning Republicans and Democrats.

I think before I ever saw my first television, which was in the bar of a country club up in Westchester where one of my cousins was getting married and I was still a kid and spent most of my time in the bar watching the test pattern and waiting for a horse race to come on, I must have heard a dozen Joe Louis fights on radio.

Joe Louis had what they called "the bum of the month club" and Gillette put on the fights and Jimmy Powers did the broadcasts along with Don Dunphy and Joe Louis always knocked that month's bum out in the third round. Once a bum named Two-Ton Tony Galento knocked Louis on his pants but Louis caught up to him a round or two later. In those days you couldn't say someone was bloody or bleeding on the radio. Jimmy Powers would say, "claret is now flowing from below Tommy Farr's left eye." Tommy Farr was a coal miner from Wales. I knew more about Wales from listening to Joe Louis fights on the radio sponsored by Gillette than I knew from reading Dylan Thomas.

Football games were better on radio. Bill Stern was always the announcer. In those days one guy did the game. You didn't have five color men and three spotters. The plays were always better on radio. And the

players: Tommy Harmon from Michigan and Francis X. Reagan from Penn and Angelo Bertelli from Notre Dame and Frankie Sinkwich from Georgia who played half a season with a broken jaw and lived on malted milks sipped through a straw because his jaw was wired and "Presto" Podesta from Modesto who played for St. Mary's and came east to play Fordham at the Polo Grounds.

And we had Vic & Sade and Horace Heidt and the Musical Knights and Phil Spitalny with his All Girl Orchestra featuring Evelyn and her Magic Violin and "The Whiz Kids" and "Information, Please." I loved "Information, Please" and thought when I grew up I wanted to be as smart as John Kieran and FPA and as sarcastic as Oscar Levant.

They had great radio soaps, too. No dirty stuff like they have on now, but 15 minutes every day of Ma Perkins and David Harum and "Our Gal Sunday" and Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Compared to them, "Dallas" and "Dynasty" are just movies of the week.

There were wonderful kids' shows. I don't see any of those current Saturday morning television shows giving away Little Orphan Annie Secret Decoder Rings. Or Jack Armstrong Pedometers. We had "Don Winslow of the Navy" and "Superman" and "The Lone

Ranger" and "Death Valley Days." My favorite "Death Valley Days" ran five episodes, all about Billy the Kid. At the end of those episodes I knew more about Pat Garrett and the Old West than I knew about Wales.

"I Love a Mystery" was on one night a week. "Jack, Doc and Reggie." No one went out the night "Jack, Doc and Reggie" was on. The next morning in the schoolyard that's all people talked about.

And we had "The Green Hornet" and "The Shadow." If I ever get rich & famous I want a man-servant like Cato. I think it was "Big Town" that got me interested in journalism. Edward G. Robinson was Steve Wilson of *The Illustrated Press* and Claire Trevor was Lorelei Kilburn, a tough reporter with a heart of gold.

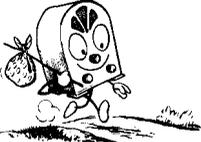
The music was better, too. Jimmy Dorsey and Glenn Miller and Benny Goodman and their "orch." That was how they listed them in the radio log in the newspaper: "The Glenn Miller Orch." I was 8 before I knew what an "orch." was.

When you weren't listening to the soaps or to FDR or Bill Stern or Orphan Annie or somebody's "Orch.," there was always Ed Murrow standing on a rooftop in London in a slouch hat and a trenchcoat describing how London was burning. You knew about the slouch hat and the trenchcoat; radio let you see.



Brady

## Wireless Wanderings



### JIM SNYDER

This column is for those of you with reel-to-reel machines who have been experiencing "squeal" with some of your tapes. Both Bob Davis and I have mentioned this problem in our columns this past winter. My problems have been entirely with DAK brand tapes, but Bob and several others have told us of similar problems with other brands of tape. Because I had 300 reels of DAK tape to copy and remove from my collection, I did a great deal of experimenting and have found several methods that have enabled me to completely conquer the "squeal", so that I could make decent copies from them. I would like to share these methods with you.

1) If you discover reels in your collection that do squeal, I suggest that you make new copies, from the old, just as soon as possible. The squeal is not going to go away; it is only going to get worse as the tape ages. It is also necessary to eliminated the squeal when you make copies, or your new copy will have distorted sound/

2) In coping from a squealing tape, double the speeding certainly helps a great deal. That is, if your original tape is recorded at 3 3/4 IPS, run both of your machines at 7 1/2 IPS to copy the defective tape. The faster speed does indeed help to reduce the amount of squeal.

3) REcord only one track (left or right) at a time, if your machines have the capability of recording the two tracks separately.

4) Clean the heads and tape guides on the machine playing the squealing tape very frequently. The least amount of dirt on the heads and guides greatly increases the squeal problem. Make sure they are as spotless as you can make them.

5) This 5th step is a little difficult to explain, but it has

been extremely effective for me. Unless your machine records tapes in both the forward and reverse directions, your heads and guides will be in different locations and configurations going to and from the left and the right reels. I suppose this is because of the actual recording head itself. I found that 85% of my tapes that squealed when I ran them in the "forward play" position, did not do so in the "reverse play" position. Obviously, this can only be done with machines that do play back in both directions. At first I thought that this might only happen with the one machine that I was using (a Pioneer 707) so I tried it with two of my other, and older machines (akai gx-2300 and a TEAC A4300) and had exactly the same results. Most of those tapes that squealed when run in "forward play" did not do so in "reverse play", and this greatly reduced my difficulties in my making copies.

6) If the procedures outlined in the first five steps have not eliminated the problem, we are down to what I call the "hard core squealer", and my remaining two steps are things to be done to the actual tape itself. In this 6th step, I ran the tape on "fast forward" and the "fast reverse" swabbing head lubricant from Radio Shack directly on the tape with a cotton swab while it was running through. This removed the squeal from almost all of these tapes. One note on this, however; I tried swabbing the lubricant on the tape at the same time I was playing it. This cause it to slip and thus I had a bad speed fluctuation. I do not recommend doing this.

7) This now brings us down to the final few tapes where nothing seemed to work. With these, I was able to cure the problem with one final procedure which is a little more time consuming. This was to swab (with head lubricant) only two or three hundred feet at a time (I have estimated that length by using the machine's tape counter.) Here, I ran the tape at fast forward and then fast reverse, back and forth over this same portion, three or four times each way, applying the lubricant all the time. This then allowed me to copy that short portion of tape, without any squeal, and then stop and repeat the procedure with the next two or three hundred feet of tape. This procedure allowed me a short time span to get that small portion of tape copied. I noted that the squeal would return

in as little as fifteen minutes, and that is why I had to limit myself to such short segments of tape at a time. This final procedure, by the way, used up about a half a bottle of the Radio Shack lubricant on each tape I had to handle this way.

Following these steps, in this order, has allowed me to copy every single one of my defective tapes without getting any of the distortion caused by the squeal; the squeal that seems to be occurring very frequently with those older "bargain" tapes that so many of us bought. I am sure that we would all be interested in any other methods that you have used, that have also worked.

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**TONIGHT at 9:00**  
**HEAR THE**  
**ADVENTURES OF OZZIE & HARRIET**



**WRUN 1150**



## Hall of Fame Honors Radio Legends But Many Greats Will Have to Wait

**T**HE RADIO was turned up. Notre Dame's football team was on the air and it was hard to hear the play-by-play over the rattle of my Aunt Mildred's rosary beads. This was in the middle 1930s. I don't know who the Irish were playing or who won. But the Saturday afternoon sessions that pitted Notre Dame, Aunt Mildred and God against the football team that showed up are my earliest recollections of radio action.

I thought about those broadcasts while reading that the first class was inducted into the Emerson Radio Hall of Fame in New York's Empire State Building this week.

Fred Allen, the only honoree in the comedy category, is in the group. Groucho Marx made the cut, but he did it as a quiz show host. Others to be inducted include Edward R. Murrow, Arthur Godfrey, Orson Welles and Guglielmo Marconi, the man who started us down the road to heavy metal in 8-speaker stereo.

I always liked Jack Benny better than Allen, but Jack didn't make the first team. Maybe next year. Allen was said to be so funny that his best stuff went over almost everybody's head. Later on, they said the same thing about Henry Morgan, who could never hold a job on anything but a panel show.

Welles is another show business giant whose genius was considered too immense for his audience. I slept through his most famous program, the Martian invasion that panicked millions of Americans.

Godfrey's official niche is "variety-talk show" but if you go back and listen to some of his old programs you find that he could just as easily be welcomed into into the



Hall of Fame as the world's greatest collector of mediocre singers.

What's that? You thought Lu Ann Sims and Janette Davis were first-rate? How about Haleloke? She seemed very sweet but apparently knew only one song. Something she called in a shy whisper, Wish For A Stah.

I thought Julius La Rosa was better than mediocre. So Godfrey fired him. My rating of Julie might have been warped by a burst of hospitality I've mentioned here before. While performing at a club outside Syracuse one night he surveyed his audience and invited all six of us to his hotel room. He was a gracious host for a couple of hours.

Another charter member of the radio shrine is Himan Brown. How many of you know what Himan did for a living? If you know the answer to that question, you wasted too much of your youth hanging around the radio. If you don't know, think creaking door. Brown was the producer of "Inner Sanctum." Too bad there wasn't room this time for whoever was responsible for my favorite, "I Love A Mystery."

Two sports announcers — Bill

Stern and Don Dunphy — earned admission to the hall. Stern, like Godfrey, could have made it a couple of ways. He was an outstanding creator of fiction, a man who could cover up almost any play-by-play mistake by inventing a fumble or even a player.

He used to do ultra-dramatic profiles of obscure sports personalities. Something on the order of: He stood there in the gloom of the shabby cafe. Born in a chicken coop, a knight of the open road since the age of 3, he had clawed his way to the top of his profession despite a hideous deformity — hitch-hiker's thumb. He was cold and wet and utterly exhausted, but another young, brass fast gun had challenged him. Wearily, he shoved a nickle into the slot and went to work. Bobby Jack Flood — portrait of a pinball champ."

Dunphy was one of my earliest heroes. He was the man who broadcast all of the big fights and I was allowed to stay up late whenever Joe Louis was pounding somebody around a ring.

I would have put Ted Husing into the hall and let Bill Stern sit out for another year or two. Nobody got more wrapped up in a football broadcast than Husing, the man who described one of the most memorable of all touchdown runs. "He's at the 50!" Husing cried out. "The 40, the 30, the 20, look at that sonofabitch go!"

Fran Striker, the Lone Ranger, was honored. So were Virginia Payne, who played Ma Perkins, and Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll, creators of Amos 'n' Andy.

Fetch me a console radio. Play Jack Armstrong's theme song. Stand by for a nostalgia orgy.

# BLIGHT'S CORNER !!

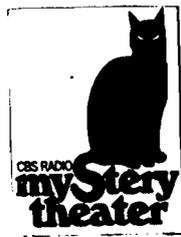
TAPE LIBRARIANS....  
PARISI & SKEG

This months new additions of radio shows on cassettes are:

- C-861--The Hermit's Cave  
Hanson's Ghost  
The Private Files of Rex Sanders--- \$200,000 In Diamonds
- C-862--BRoadways My Beat--  
Writers Dilemma  
Swimming Pool Drowning
- C-863--Broadway Playhouse---  
House of Strangers
- C-864--Escape--Papa Benjamin 1-24-48  
Three Good Witnesses 1-48
- C-865--The Shadow--  
Shadow of Suspicion  
Werewolf Of Hamilton Mansion
- C-866--The Shadow--  
League of Terror 1-9-38  
Sabotage 1-16-38
- C-867--The Shadow--  
The Phantom Voice 2-6-38  
Hounds In The Hills 2-20-38
- C-868--The Shadow--  
Phantom Fingerprints  
Mansion of Madness
- C-869-- The Shadow--  
The Face 9-21-47  
Death Takes The Wheel
- C-870-- George Burns & Gracie Allen  
George To Become a Dr.  
Try To Cure Jack Benny  
Of Cheapness

Dom Parisi  
Librarian

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**TONIGHT**  
"The Ghostly Rival!"  
A pale, tortured young man, lying in a hospital bed, tries to explain to a psychiatrist why he caused the death of his pregnant wife.

**MONDAY-SUNDAY**

**11:30 PM** **WBEN 930**

# Radiomania

By Joe King



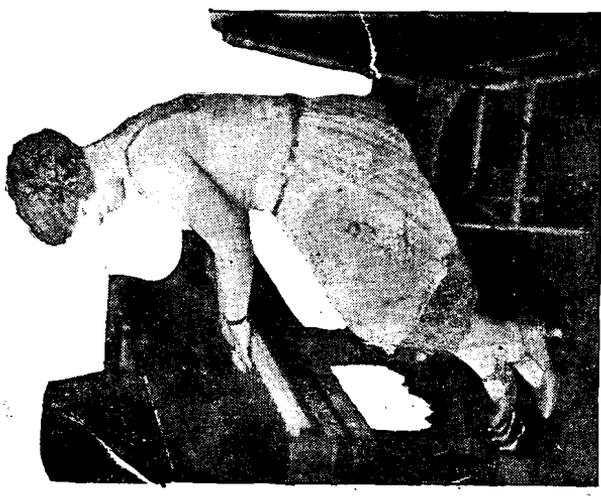
1. Bud Abbott (1895-1974; below) and Lou Costello (1906-1959). After many years in burlesque and vaudeville, Abbott and Costello were first heard on radio in 1938 as regulars on *The Kate Smith Hour*, on which the pair introduced their immortal "Who's on First" routine to the radio audience.



Father May Live, but He'll Never Look the Same



Director of Recital Over WMAK

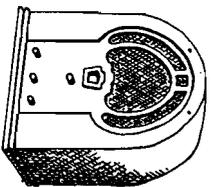


Mrs. Florence Bradley Weidinger, who will be the director of a recital given over Station WMAK, Saturday night at 8:30. Those participating in the program, besides Mrs. Weidinger, who will be pianist, are Fillmore E. Brown, violinist, and Lorenzo Weidinger, baritone soloist. All artists are from Lockport.

# FIRST CLASS MAIL

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THE OLD TIME

100 HARVEY DRIVE

RADIO CLUB

LANCASTER, N.Y. 14086