

ILLUSTRATED PRESS

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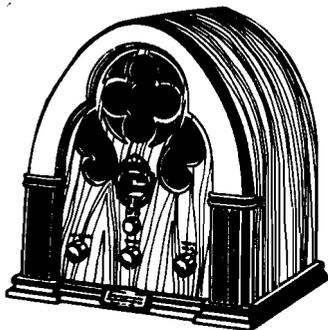
Gertrude Berg in the studio performing the role of Molly in *The Goldbergs*, which she also wrote.



NOVEMBER 1989
ISSUE #158



THE OLD TIME RADIO CLUB



**THE OLD TIME RADIO CLUB
MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION**

New member processing fee \$2.50 plus club dues are \$17.50 per year from Jan. 1 through Dec. 31. Members receive a tape listing, library list, 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 \$13.00 per year and includes all the benefits of a regular membership. Regular membership dues are as follows: If you join in January-March dues are \$17.50 for the year; April-June, \$14.00; July-September, \$10.00; October-December, \$7. ALL renewals are due by January 2! 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 \$29.75. Publications will be airmailed.

 The Old Time Radio Club meets the **FIRST** Monday of the month (August through June) at 393 George Urban Blvd., Cheektowaga, NY. Anyone interested in the "Golden Age of Radio" is welcome.
 Meetings start 7:30 pm.

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: Richard Olday; Production: Arlene Olday. Published since 1975. Printed in U.S.A. Cover designed by Eileen Curtin.

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

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Dominic Parisi
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 Buffalo, NY 14213

ADVERTISING RATES FOR MEMORIES:
 \$60.00 for a full page (ALL ADS MUST
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SPECIAL: OTR Club members may take **50%**
 off these rates.
 Advertising Deadline - September 1



It usta be that, in the old days, you could see a movie or read a book and not too much later hear an adaption of it on the radio on any number of shows. Those days are gone now but, thanks to books-on-tape cassettes, you can still hear your favorite pop-culture stories even if they are brand new.

Durkin Hayes (formerly Listen For Pleasure) has issued some real beautys which I think will grab your interest and hold it all the way through the tellings.

One of them is a 3 hour version of Robert Bloch's "PSYCHO" as done by Kevin McCarthy. This is a real grabber of a story that will frighten you more than the movie version did.

McCarthy is a fantastic narrator and is perfect in this story of Norman Bates and his "mother". This is the stuff of which dreams are made...bad dreams that is.

Much more detailed and incisive that the movie could ever hope to be, this reading is a moody tale of stark terror, madness and murder.

Put this one on your "must get" list. You won't be disappointed.

Yet another, but this time in the adventure vein, is Arthur Conan Doyle's classic "THE LOST WORLD".

James Mason did the narrative and is in a class all to himself in the doing.

The story is about an expedition into a land where time has stood still and ape-men still roam about pursued by dinosaurs and flying lizards. It's a good rousing story that never slows down in it's two-hour telling.

Will Prof. Challenger and his team be able to accomplish their mission and get out alive?? Listen to this one and find out!

Something went wrong somewhere. It should have been fantastic. Take an exciting, action packed story based on a super-hit movie, mix in one of the all time great voices in radio history, and you've got something hard to beat in an audiocassette presentation..right? Wrong!

Dove Books Inc. has issued "INDIANA JONES & THE LAST CRUSADE" on audiocassette and it's done by William Conrad who is no stranger to vocal presentations. Together they should have clicked, instead they clunked!

It's hard to put your finger on the real problem but I think I've got it figured. Conrad has been around for

years and years and has always been a pleasure to listen to because of his powerful voice and ability to add color to any characterization he's done. He's getting up in years now and I fear that age is creeping into his voice rapidly.

The power that once was, is no longer and "Last Crusade" is the kind of tale that demands both power and vigor in it's narration. Sorry to say, this presentation has neither which leaves the whole thing rather limp and unexciting.

It might have been beefed up by adding music and sound effects but they didn't and the approximate 3 hours of the story gasps by, seeming much, much, longer.

DOVE BOOKS INC. has some marvelous tapes out, sadly this isn't one of them.

On the other hand.. DOVE has come out with a real gem titled "The Delta Force" done by George Kennedy. Based on the Lee Marvin movie of a while ago, this story moves with a great pace and interest is maintained throughout.

Terrorists take over a plane load of passengers and the Delta Force tries to rescue them. This is like hearing something straight out of today's headlines.

It's what "Last Crusade" should have been...a rousing good presentation.

Ed Asner is one of the best of the current crop of narrators doing books-on-tape and this excellence shows in SIMON & SCHUSTER'S AUDIOWORKS presentation of Elmore Leonard's "52 Pick-Up".

This is a gritty, hard hitting story of a man caught up in murder, blackmail, and characters that you wouldn't want to run across in a dark alley or anywhere else.

Well plotted and acted, this tale builds to a real slam-bang climax that will leave you glad you took the time to listen to it.

AUDIOWORKS has a winner with "52 Pick-Up"

The toll-free numbers for the tapes mentioned in this column are as follow...

DURKIN HAYES...1-800-962-5200

DOVE BOOKS ON TAPE..1-800-345-9945

SIMON & SCHUSTER AUDIOWORKS

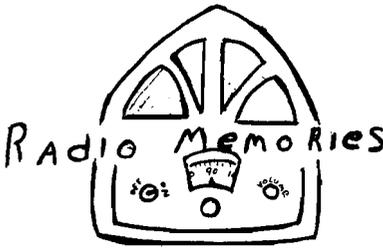
...1-800-678-2677

Please keep in mind that these numbers operate during normal business hours.

Any questions or comments about books-on-tape should be directed to this column in care of the I.P.

The I.P. and this column are not affiliated with any book-on-tape publishing company or distributor. This is a service to our readers to make them aware of the stories that are now available to them.

See ya next time.



BY: Francis Edward Bork

I'm back, yes I finally escaped the clutches of that evil mastermind, Prof. Boncore. For these long three years, the Prof. has held me prisoner in a used reel of Ampex twelve hundred foot tape. I tricked him by pretending to be Little Orphan Annie's brother Roquefort. Boy was I tired of hearing her dumb dog Sandy barking all the time. Well anyway the Prof. was too busy in a plot he was hatching, trying to con a little kid out of his Batman cards. I think the kid beat him out of his prize possession, a copy of Daffy Duck Comics. We haven't seen his Lieutenant Rick Simpson for a long while. I think he's up to the Yukon territory trying to track down Sgt. Preston and his wonder dog Yukon King. It seems that Yukon King got one of the Professor's shoes and now the Prof. can't go any where unless he hops on is left foot. One thinks I must admit the Prof. has been a real hit at all the local dances. Especially when the band plays the bunny hop. Encore professor.

Now I'd like to tell you a story of how radio was when I was young. Our very first family vacation in the late 1930's was down at Lime Lake, NY about 35 miles south of Buffalo was a time I can never forget. A boy about my age invited me to listen to Gene Autry on the radio the first Sunday evening we stayed at the lake. We had rented a cottage from a friend of my dad's, right next to the cottage owned by that boy's parents. When I went over to listen to the radio with George, he was sitting on a lawn chair in front of their cottage. Now you must remember that back then we didn't have all the electrical appliances that we all have now. We had one radio in our house, an old Philco table model. George had a radio about 2 foot long and maybe a foot high sitting on his lap. Hi George, I said, what's that you got there. Oh, this is my portable radio he answered, its the latest thing out. What kind of a radio is a portable I asked, we got a Philco. This is a Zenith he told me and its portable. You can play it anywhere. Ours plays anywhere too I said so what's the big deal? Well this one is portable. You

don't need electricity he explained. Now at the age of 8 or 9 I must confess I never gave electricity a thought. I just turned the knob on the radio, tuned in my station and it played. Well if you don't need electricity then, what makes it play I asked? Batteries, dummy, batteries that's what makes it play. Boy you sure are dumb he told me. I'm not dumb George so don't call me that. How could I explain to George, the fact that we were poor and that this was our first vacation. Also that my dad had to work extra hours every night and even on a lot of Saturdays to get the money so we could be here. I was ashamed that we were poor and that I didn't know what a portable radio was. George turned the radio on and tuned in the Gene Autry show. We both listened to Gene and then another program after that. I listened half hearted because I felt hurt. Before the second program was over, I told George I had to go, for I lost interest in the radio. All that week whenever George listened to his radio, I would leave and go back to our cottage. We had promised the following Saturday when we were leaving to go home, that we would see each other again and be friends, but we didn't. I have never seen George after that Saturday. Now these many years later, my wife and I have a cottage at the lake. Our son does also and is somewhat of a lake historian. He has tried to race the owners of the cottage I think was the one that George's parents had owned without any luck.

Now on weekends when we're down at the lake, late in the evening at dusk, my wife and I take a ride around the lake in our pontoon boat and look at the cottages as we ride, remembering the different cottages we have rented over the years. And sometimes I pop a cassette into our boat radio and listen to one of our favorite old radio shows.

I cannot help but think of that dumb kid that didn't know what a portable radio was and of George the kid that had everything. I think of my mother and my sister and of course I think of the man who worked so long and so hard just so his family could finally have a vacation. I think of my stepfather.

Till next time
Good listening.

Ozzie Nelson
His music featured for
Grennan Cakes... at 9:45

Melody Ranch
Cowhands declare holiday
when Andy Devine's
Mother visits ranch... 11:30

People Are Funny
Why not join the fun on
WBEN each Friday night?
Tune in tonight at 9:30

Tale of Mexico
"Southern Exposure" is
Playhouse comedy... 11:30

Circus Days
Toby Tyler's Adventures
With a Circus... 1 o'clock

BERT LAHR WITH PATSY KELLY SATURDAY NIGHT

THE SHADOW

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STREET & SMITH

DECEMBER 15, 1942

by WALTER GIBSON

The Money Master

Chapter Eighteen: Right Meets Wrong

It was exactly seven o'clock when Nicco Pana tried to crash the portals of the Cobalt Club. He found that entry there would require a dozen like himself, all armed with guns. Firm attendants convinced Pana that the Cobalt Club was for members only.

However, they permitted Pana to wait beside the entrance desk, from which he could view the privileged persons who paraded the spacious foyer. If he saw the member who had invited him -- Pana didn't specify anyone by name -- he could point the man out. An attendant would then carry Pana's calling card to that member.

Not having any calling card, Pana simply loitered, intending to leave as soon as he saw Hume and Dorfee. He spied them at last, but oddly they were on opposite sides of the foyer. Yet there was no mistaking them. Hume with his bulldog chin and grizzled hair; Dorfee, a crab-faced, baldish man crouched in a deep chair, the very image of the perfect miser.

At that moment, an attendant motioned Pana back. Another man was entering the club and Pana was in the way. At a range of four feet, Pana stared squarely into the face of Lamont Cranston. It was amazing how Nicco Pana froze when he saw Cranston's calm, steady features, with their semblance of a hawkish profile.

As for Cranston, he didn't notice Pana at all. This was the real Cranston; he had never met Pana. Strolling straight past, Cranston saw Hume and Dorfee. Giving each a welcoming nod, he proceeded to introduce them, a thing which Pana witnessed.

Then, before any of the three even glanced toward the foyer entrance, Pana was gone.

When Cranston reached the grillroom with his companions, he announced that he would have to

leave immediately after dinner. He expressed the hope that Hume would stay and chat with Dorfee, to which Hume willingly agreed.

During dinner, two things puzzled Hume. One was the fact that Cranston ate so little; the other, that Cranston seemed more than cordial toward Dorfee. Hume finally charged the first point to indigestion; the second to Cranston's natural politeness.

Actually, Cranston was allowing for another dinner when he met Margo at eight o'clock. As for the cordiality toward Dorfee, Cranston could not restrain it, knowing that the crab-faced man was really his friend, The Shadow, in disguise.

More important to Hume than Cranston's whims was the way Dorfee reacted to subtle hints. Whenever Hume spoke regretfully of regulations that lessened business profits, Dorfee's pinched face writhed as though inspired by inward pain. When Cranston left, shortly before eight o'clock, Hume waited only until he was out of earshot.

Then, easing his chair close to Dorfee's, Hume confided facts so amazing that the crabby man took off his gold-rimmed spectacles and stared. Hume's sales talk was canny. He described Eric Zorva without mentioning him; told of ways that money could be protected through international transactions.

When Hume finished, Dorfee sighed.

"If such a man existed!" he exclaimed. "But even then... how could his methods be possible?"

"If they were possible," returned Hume, "I take it you would be interested."

"The term is mild," assured Dorfee. "I would be fascinated!"

Hume excused himself to make a telephone call. One minute of conversation convinced Zorva that a meeting with Dorfee would be

desirable. Returning to find Dorfee gazing over a coffee cup, Hume shook him and undertoned: "We are going to pay our friend a visit."

When they reached Zorva's mansion, Hume watched his companion's reaction. Leaning on a cane, the Shadow surveyed the great house in a smile befitting Durfee. In a crackly tone, he declared:

"You choose your friends well, Hume."

Admitted to the house, the Shadow continued to be intrigued. The act pleased Hume. He liked the way that Dorfee's narrowed eyes took in every detail of the magnificent scene.

Rymol met the visitors and conducted them to the library, where Zorva rose to meet them. The Shadow received the Money Master's handshake and met his probing eyes. With a satisfied nod, Zorva gestured to a door between two bookcases.

"Suppose we adjourn to my study," said Zorva in his smoothest tone. "I have some figures that will interest you, Mr. Dorfee. You may enter first."

The door swung wide as The Shadow reached it. He stopped abruptly as he planted his cane. For a brief instant, The Shadow thought he had encountered a second door, furnished with a full length mirror. To all appearances, he was staring at his own reflection as represented by the disguise of Dorfee.

No reflection, this.

The other figure leaned forward as The Shadow drew back. The man beyond the doorway was Lionel Dorfee, in person!

All doubts were dispelled by other things that happened. Hinged bookcases swung outward from their flanking position. Two of Zorva's ever-ready servants laid knife points against The Shadow's ribs. Another pair appeared like false reflections on each side of the real Dorfee, but their knives were aimed The Shadow's way.

In the center of his back, The Shadow felt a needle point, the tip of Zorva's jeweled poniard. Close to The Shadow's ear came the Money Master's voice, toned in a sneer.

"You trusted The Shadow too much," declared Zorva. "His ways are clever, but they can never match mine."

In a single flash, the whole

situation unraveled itself in The Shadow's mind. The fact that Zorva didn't know he was The Shadow was the thing that gave the vital clue.

It all went back to The Shadow's night at Dulaine's.

The Shadow had already sized up the situation there. He knew that Dulaine hadn't ordered anyone to kill him. The knife thrown at the dummy could be attributed to a traitor, and The Shadow had marked Nicco Pana as the man in question.

A slashed cloak, but no knife. Someone must have opened the door after throwing the knife through the wicket. Only Pana was intrusted with keys. Still, The Shadow had deemed it unwise to reveal Pana's treachery. He'd thought it better to learn more about the man.

The Shadow had learned more last night.

His instructions to Dulaine had been so explicit that it seemed impossible for Pana to injure them. Yet Dulaine had done the wrong thing. Pana's part was still something of a mystery The Shadow intended to clear up later.

Zorva preferred to clear it now.

"About last night," spoke Zorva. "I learned that The Shadow had been here. I phoned Pana after The Shadow had talked to Dulaine. Pana explained that it was another call from The Shadow. A clever chap, Nicco Pana."

Yes, Pana was quite clever, though The Shadow was considering him in terms of that earlier night. Dulaine had been careful not to lift The Shadow's slouch hat during the trip from Cassette's. He hadn't wanted to know who The Shadow really was.

But Pana had found a chance to look at The Shadow's face while the cloaked fighter was only half-conscious. The features that Pana viewed were those of Cranston. That brought the situation up to date. This evening, Pana had come to the Cobalt Club in Dulain's stead!

Though The Shadow hadn't seen Pana lurking by the door, he knew the truth, because it proved the only possible answer. Pana must have seen the real Cranston introducing Hume and Dorfee, otherwise The Shadow.

Of course, Pana had been quite deceived as to which man was which. But he'd called Zorva to tell him the The Shadow had

instigated the meeting between Hume and Dorfee. That phone call paved the way to The Shadow's present dilemma.

His knife point still pressing The Shadow's back, Zorva used his other hand to find if the prisoner had a gun. There was none, for in posing as Dorfee, The Shadow preferred to travel unarmed. During the search, Zorva continued his gloating statements.

"Yes, Pana phoned me," said Zorva. "He told me that The Shadow introduced you to Hume. You see, Pana already knew that Cranston was The Shadow. So I doubted that you could be Dorfee. I classed you as one of The Shadow's agents, made up as Dorfee."

"I was right. I sent Pana to the Hotel Metrolite to talk to the real Dorfee. Pana made out real well. He brought Dorfee here to meet me. We arranged this little meeting so you could see the man you were supposed to be. Are you satisfied?"

The shadow couldn't be anything but satisfied. At least, his real identity was undiscovered. As long as Zorva supposed that The Shadow was

still at large, he would keep his present prisoner as a hostage. So the only thing to do was play the game as it lasted.

At Zorva's gesture, the servants forced The Shadow back into the library. They used their knife points to urge him into a chair. Like human statues, they maintained their positions, four men in all, each ready to impale the prisoner should he make a single move. From the chair, The Shadow saw Zorva turn to Hume, who was still staring in astonishment.

"Come, Hume," spoke the Money Master. "I shall introduce you to the real Dorfee. It will not be necessary for you to repeat what you already said. Dorfee understands, and is pleased with our plan."

Stepping across the threshold of the study, Hume shook hands with Dorfee. Zorva followed and closed the door; as he did, he turned a withering gaze back toward the prisoner in the chair. Triumph was registered in the Money Master's mock smile.

How truly satanic that mockery would have been, had Zorva known that his present prisoner was actually The Shadow!

**Tars and Spars
Comie on WBEN**

Marc Ballero, comedian, whose impersonations in "Tars and Spars" turns show into a riot, does guest appearance on the Hengerer "Early Date" at 9:15 Wednesday morning.

**Casablanca
Plot Thickens**

Rick plots with Renault to capture Victor for the Nazis, but story takes surprising turn... 11:30 A. M.

**Music for
Americans**

Musical salute to local war hero every day, 12:30

**Smoke Gets
In Your Eyes**

Fascinating indeed are the tunes Carl Coleman plays on the Sally Work program. Listen for his arrangement of "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" this Wednesday... at 1 o'clock

Let's Go Dialing

- News Quiz: "Tars and Spars" try for jackpot. WBEN, 6:30.
- Dick Haymes: June Allyson joins musical carnival. WBEN, 7:30.
- Johnny Presents: Ginny Simms-Cesar Romero, guest. WBEN, 8.
- Date with Judy: Trouble when night spot is raided. WBEN, 8:30.
- Nitwit Court: Case against backyard gossipers. WGR at 8:30.
- Mystery Theater: Bank robbery, "Give the Guy Rope." WBEN, 9.
- Famous Jury Trials: Card games lead to murder. WGR, 9.
- Words at War: Dramatic story, "One Man Air Force." WBEN, 9:30.
- This Is My Best: Gallico's "Tell Me a Love Story." WKBW, 9:30.
- American Forum: "Military Training for Peace." WBBR, 9:30.
- Hildegard: Carol Bruce and Henry Youngman. WBEN at 10:30.
- Let Yourself Go: Grace Moore, Lew Lehr with Bertie. WGR, 10:30.
- War Horses with Wings: Jackie Coogan, guest. WBEN at 11:30.
- Paul Whitman: World premiere, "Dawn Mood." WGR, 11:30.

TAPE LIBRARY RATES: All reels and video cassettes - \$1.25 per month; cassettes and records - \$.50 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 tape \$1.50; 3 or 4 tapes \$1.75. Cassettes: 1 or 2 tapes \$.65; for each additional tape and \$.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 material and return the originals to you. See address on page 2. Please include \$25 refundable security deposit for each book borrowed.

AN EAR FOR THE YEARS GONE BY

By: Steve McKerrrow

Gene Leitner likes to repeat an insightful comment which he attributes to actor Eli Wallach. Asked in the early days of television why he preferred acting in and listening to radio, Wallach supposedly replied, "The pictures were better."

And that summarizes pretty neatly the philosophy behind the Golden Radio Buffs of Maryland, an organization co-founded in Baltimore in 1972 to promote and preserve the sounds and memorabilia of the days when radio was America's primary entertainment medium.

"We were seeing it up here," stressed Owens Pomeroy, with a tap on his temple. "We had an imagination! That's what young people of today don't have. Everything is pictured for them".

The cofounder with Leitner of the growing group, Pomeroy has even penned a poem to express his fondness for the never-forgotten, thrilling radio days of yesteryear. It read, in part:

Forget the TV, go back to the "dial"
For now we remember, just for awhile.
Skelton is there, Cantor and Pearl.
Orson too, and his "War of the Worlds"
Frankie, Pommy, Glenn and Hal.

McIntyre, Dorsey, Miller and Carle,
Duffy, Luigi, keep counting the

score.

Into our lives, they've come once
more.

Never to leave us, always to reign.

Cause we knew all along, that radio
was King!

If you recognized even a few of those references, you might be interested in the Radio Buffs' museum display and regular weekend activities at the Baltimore Museum of Industry, 1415 Key Highway.

The exhibit includes objects as old as a 1920's vintage microphone with the WBAL logo and as current as a pair of red warning lights (one of which flashes steadily on a wall) and a mangled piece of girder that were salvaged by member Milt Kolman from the recently razed quadruple transmitting towers of WCAO-AM, which stood for years at Park Heights Avenue and the Beltway.

There are old radios and microphones, including a large broadcasting model of Nipper, the RCA "his master's voice" logo dog, and the actual microphone which President Roosevelt used in his famous World War II fireside chats. There are old pictures, old books, radio scripts, paper and wire recording devices (which preceded tape recorders), life-sized cardboard cutouts of The Lone Ranger and faithful Indian companion Tonto, and even a mock living room with a mannequin settled back to listen to a radio serial.

A radio Hall of Fame includes photographs and other salutes to some of Baltimore's best-known radio personalities, both past and present.

But it is the living memories of the volunteer radio buffs themselves that enliven the static displays.

Every Saturday from 10 am to 2 pm for instance, (except today only, when an art show is curtailing the radio activities), Kolman plays old time radio shows and music for museum visitors. He also offers a chance to sing, talk or tell jokes on a live mike. And from 2 to 4:35 Saturdays, Arthur Richardson comes in to play big band music as originally heard live from beautiful ballrooms around the nation.

On Sundays, a rotating series of monthly programs are held from 1 to 3 pm. Beginning with the first Sunday each month and continuing in succession, they include:

°Pomeroy demonstrating the various means of producing sound effects. These range from a pair of plumber's plungers slapped against his belly to produce the sound of horse hooves, to a membrane box filled with tiny ball bearings or beads to produce the sound of rain on a roof.

°Jerry Michael, current president of the organization, showing films and leading discussions of the history of radio.

°Allan Caplan displaying myriad pieces of ephemera from the collection of radio-related memorabilia he has collected since his teen years.

°And David Marshall playing radio trivia contests with visitors, including puzzlers as easy as the name of The Lone Ranger's horse (Silver) and as hard--at least to anybody under, say, 35--as the frequent gag that enlivened The Fibber McGee and Molly Show (the opening of his perilously overcrowded closet).

When there is a fifth Sunday in a month, Leitner comes in to play more radio trivia and show some of the club's collection of scripts.

All the presenters are volunteers working for love, not money, and none of them is currently working in the radio field. And while it is true that many members are people of an age to remember when radio was king, Leitner notes that "surprisingly, we have some new young members who are discovering radio for the first time in their lives."

And club vice president Caplan, the memorabilia maven, is a merely 40-something man who was barely an adolescent when regular radio dramas were disappearing from the airwaves.

"My folks would be in the living room watching "Our Miss Brooks" on TV and I'd sneak upstairs to listen to

"X-Minus 1," confesses Caplan, citing a radio predecessor to Rod Serling's TV series "The Twilight Zone."

Leitner concedes that while many Golden Radio Buffs would love the idea of a return to radio richness, "we've lost the idea of resurrecting because I don't think you'll ever get it back."

Thus club activities focus on keeping alive at least the memory of what was.

For example, membership in the club entitles anyone to borrowing rights to a library of 15,000 to 20,000 old radio shows maintained by president Michael. He will send cassette dubs of the master recordings, for which a catalog is available to members anywhere around the nation or world--members include former President Reagan--for their listening or recopying pleasure, and merely for the cost of postage.

But Michael expresses regret at the loss of a rich lode of radio material that occurred during World War II in a curious fashion.

In the old days, he explains, some radio broadcasts were recorded on huge, record like disks known as transcription platters (some of which are included in the museum display). They were played at 33 rpm, but went through material at the same rate as the old 78 rpm records, meaning a typical disk might contain only 15 minutes of broadcast.

The problem was that the center hub of these disks was made of aluminum, and wartime demands for raw material meant that untold thousands of transcription platters were destroyed to salvage the precious metal for war machines.

Golden Radio Buffs members also present a steady schedule of programs and demonstrations at nursing homes, social clubs and other organizations around the area and are already booked up through spring, says Kolman, the group's publicist.

Another regular activity is the staging of dinners which feature the presentation of the club's Golden Mike Awards to notable radio figures, guest appearance by old-time radio personalities and live recreations of radio shows.

The next such event is a spaghetti dinner at 6pm March 18 at the First Christian Church Social Hall at Roland and Lake Avenues.

For information on that event, as well as details on the activities of the club, call Kolman at 358-4272. And for additional information on the Baltimore Museum of Industry, call 727-4808.

A Special Service For Club Members Only

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

WANTED: Rider's Radio Theater off of NPR on either reels or cassette. Also looking for traders of radio related TV shows on VHS.

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Huber Heights, OH 45424
Ph: (513) 236-4570

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Thom Salome
196 Lawrence Avenue
Brooklyn, NY 11230
Dealers and collectors welcome!
Also negotiating for 1192 consecutive episodes of SUPERMAN - 15 minute and 30 minute shows to be available in November. Send S.A.S.E. for further details.

WANTED: Any books based on radio shows including "Tune in Yesterday" by John Dunning and "Radio's Golden Years" by Vincent Terrace. Willing to trade or buy.

Jay Wild
21-15 22nd Road 1105
Astoria, NY
Ph: (718) 726-8626

Tapespondents is a free service to all members.

Friday's Programs

(Listings are in Eastern War Time--Programs are subject to change.)

1	WASH 430a-4e	NEWS Sports	Quincy Howe-C	NEWS 430a-4e	WASH 430a-4e
6	15 Sports 20 The Old Corral 45 Lowell Thomas	NEWS Sports Korn Koblbers News Music Fashion	Murray's Gr-C Dinner Music Ranger-B	News of Sports The Lane Dinner Ranger-B	Wings of Song News Dinner
7	00 Music Shop-N 15 World News-N 30 Party Party 45 Kallenborn-N	Fulton Lewis-M Front Page-M Parade Music Tune: Song	Mystery-C We Dream-C Friday on Broadway-C	Ed Wynn Show-B News: Laugh Sing About	Music Dinner Music For the Girls
8	00 Lucille 15 Manners-NBC 30 Duffy's, Rudy 45 Yalove-NBC	Cecil Brown-M Mellow Mom's Freedom of Opportunity-M	The Aldrich Family-C Thin Man-C News-C, 8:35	News-B The Parkers-B Meet Your Navy-B	News Wobly Lane Program
9	00 Republican Committee-N 15 People Are 45 Funny-NBC	Gab. Heatter-M Screen Test-M Double or Nothing-N	It Pays to Be Ignorant-C That Brewster Boy-C	Gang Busters-B Spotlight Bands: Story-B, 9:35	News Ballroom Music for Moderns
10	00 Boston 151 Blackie-NBC 30 Bill Stern-N 45 D'Arcy Guilmet	Rocky Graziano Frank Terry boxing Stage Door Canteen-C	Moore and Dante-C Stage Door Canteen-C	Earl Gotwin-B Ted Malone-B Drama Guild	News Waltz Time program
11	00 News 15 J. Weesp: spia. 30 Programs-N 45 News to 1	Tom Dorsey's Orchestra News Sports Prog. to 2	Club: News-C CBS programs until 2:05	QED: News Late Sports Silver Lining Blue to 2 A.M.	Friends to Dreams News Lullaby

"THE SHADOW STILL LURKS"

By Mario A. DeMarco
Antiques &
Collecting

In the 1930s radio shows offered some good entertainment to the masses. It was inexpensive and made the listener use his imagination. Various mystery, detective, and adventure programs were flooding the air waves. To help promote the sale of their products, the sponsors of these various shows offered inexpensive little trinkets and publications for only a dime and a box top of their cereal or product. How could a kid--or an adult--go wrong?

Perhaps one of the most widely listened to detective thriller programs was "The Shadow". I remember it being played over the air waves every Sunday at about 7 p.m. considered prime listening time. Checking an old radio log, I discovered that the very first program which featured the Shadow aired back in 1931. The character of the Shadow was used as a reviewer of various detective stories, which were published in forthcoming issues of DETECTIVE STORIES MAGAZINE, published by the sponsor of this radio program, Street and Smith Publishing Company of New York.

The sponsor had no idea that this show would "shoot up" in ratings in such a short time. The one interesting point about the program was that the listeners became most interested in the reviewer of the stories, who was named "The Shadow". Noting the inquisitive nature of the hundreds of listeners who wrote in asking for the identity of the "mystery reviewer", the sponsor kept him a secret--even adding a mask and a cape, so that his identity would never be revealed, even to the people at the radio station. In time, he became so popular that Street and Smith featured him as the star of his own series of thrilling programs.

For an added attraction Street and Smith decided to publish a line of Shadow pulp magazines to coincide with stories which the popular radio program aired. The move proved successful, and both the radio shows and the magazines, bearing the magic title of the "Shadow" soared in popularity and sales.

To further the series as a Class A show, Orson Wells, who at the time was considered the "hottest" radio actor in the business, was contracted to portray the Shadow on the air during the 1937-38 season. These particular shows are considered to be

some of the best produced in the series and are sought by various collectors of radio shows in the United States and abroad.

During those golden years of radio broadcasting, this thrilling program was sponsored by the The Blue Coal and the Carey Salt Company. To further the selling of their products, they offered their own premiums to the vast listening audience. For a dime, to cover the handling and mailing expenses (Don't forget, this was in the 1930s when a stamp was only three cents), a fan could obtain the official Shadow Club lapel pin. It was a sturdy nickel-plated pin with the image of the Shadow engraved on it. A pin that glowed in the dark was also issued. Today, very few can be found, and they are worth their weight in gold!

When the radio show was broadcast live from New York, free tickets were offered to anyone who wanted to hear and see the radio performance. The radio network usually mailed the tickets in a special envelope which featured a photograph of the Shadow. Even these mailing envelopes are collectible today.

The most noteworthy and most desired gift offered on the programs was a specially designed Shadow ring. It was an unusual, handsome piece of male jewelry, offered by The Blue Coal Company. It contained a raised likeness of the Shadow with a piece of hard coal, which acted as the stone, in the center part of the ring. Today, this item is considered the rarest of all the items offered on the Shadow programs and in Shadow pulp magazines. As one collector jokingly remarked during a collector's convention, "I would sell my own wife if I could trade for one of the Shadow rings".

THE SHADOW MAGAZINE also offered its own ring design, which contained a valuable gerasol (a word coined by the sponsor to describe their synthetic gem produced for this ring) as the stone. Radio sponsor Carey Salt, not to be outdone, offered its own design on a ring, bearing the likeness of the "invisible avenger."

Other less expensive items were offered, such as The Shadow Game, which was given to the individual, free of charge, with his year's subscription to The Shadow Magazine. Several other gifts were offered, such as the Shadow hat and cape, the Shadow holster set, and the Shadow colored pencils. Today all of them are listed as rare collector's items.

Even the Shadow pulps, which were issued in April 1931 by Street and Smith Publishers, sold for only a dime. These 8" x 11" books,

which featured an attractive cover illustration of the Shadow, contained newspaper-type pages for the four or five complete stories on the Shadow and other detective characters. There were 325 copies of these pulps when the series ended in 1949. They would have continued, but paperback books appeared on the market and knocked out much of the book competition. If you can locate one of these pulp books today, the prices would range from \$30 and up, depending on the year and the condition.

The Big Little Books began featuring the Shadow about this time. These small 3" x 5" gems, which contain a hard front and back cover and sandwich about 150 newsprint pages, are now eagerly sought. I have seen some of these ten-cent books sell as high as \$30 each; not a bad return for a dime, right?

Not to be outdone, the comic books began featuring their own line of Shadow comics, published by Street and Smith and illustrated by some of the best cartoonists in the business; not too expensive, they also sold for a dime. Today the early publications sell for about \$20 per copy.

Columbia Studios, during the 1930's and 1940s, were producing various action features and serials. In 1940 they secured the screen play entitled THE SHADOW. It became one of the most popular serials of that season. Columbia issued the usual one-sheets, lobby cards, press books, and photographs for publicity on this serial. Like the other Shadow pieces, these items are now considered prize items--as is the film itself!

So, you can see, any books or give-aways which contained the likeness of the Shadow are good collector's items. The only problem for you readers who would like to start a collection of them is that they are quite rare and almost impossible to find. However, if you are ever given the opportunity to purchase one at a flea market or a yard sale, don't hesitate!

Tonight
GOVERNOR THOMAS E. DEWEY
 Republican Candidate
 for President
WBEN 9:30 P. M.
WKBW 9:30 P. M.
 Hear Nation-wide Broadcast
 From Louisville

AB The Saginaw **NEWS**

Radio really a life saver in Lebanon

BEIRUT, Lebanon (AP) — Yehya Mansour could bare the exploding artillery shells as he flipped his radio from one station to another, trying to find which neighborhoods were being pounded by the Christian guns.

The Christian Voice of Lebanon reported that the Syrians, firing from Moslem west Beirut where Mansour lives, were hitting the Ashrafiyeh district in east Beirut.

That was enough for Mansour. He grabbed one of his daughters, and his wife grabbed the other. They ran down the stairs to shelter in the basement of their apartment block in west Beirut's Verdun neighborhood.

Mansour, a 32-year-old bank clerk, has learned in six months of artillery battles between the Syrians and Christians that when Ashrafiyeh gets hit, the Christians respond by shelling Verdun.

"Thank God for the radios," Mansour puffed as he settled the family in the shelter. "They're our lifeline, our companion. If it wasn't for them, we wouldn't know what was going on."

In the basement, Mansour huddled with his family and channel-hopped between all five of Beirut's radio stations, Christian and Moslem, to keep track of what was happening.

Many families use four or five transistor radios tuned to different stations for news of the fighting, in which more than 800 people have been killed and more than 2,500 wounded since March 8.

Beirut's stations also broadcast survival tips such as how to minimize the effect of shrapnel or how to keep children amused in the long hours in the bunker.

During heavy shelling, the radios drop their regular programs of music, comedy shows and dramas to broadcast messages from residents to families and friends to assure them they're safe.

"Salami Ahul-Mouna is trapped in his office. He assures his family in Verdun he is safe," an announcer said on the Voice of the People, run by the Lebanese Communist Party.

"That's our son," Mansour's wife Munir shouted with joy. "Thank God he's alive."

That night, the Voice of the People read thousands of messages from Beirutis for four straight hours.

The Voice of Lebanon, run by the right-wing Christian Phalange Party, has a big audience in the Arab world and Western Europe for its daily "Reunion of the Beloved" program, in which Lebanese send tape-recorded messages to relatives abroad to let them know they're well.

Each station has its own distinctive signature tune to announce a flash. Voice of Lebanon, for instance, uses the theme music from the movie "Shaft."

Radio reporters risk their lives to hop from one stricken district to another, feeding on-the-spot reports to their stations by radio telephone.

"I feel I'm providing a humanitarian service," said Nafiz Kawwas, a Sunni Molem reporter with the Voice of the Nation. "People depend on me to know what's happening."

Some of the radio stations have gone underground themselves to escape the shelling.

The 12-story Voice of Lebanon building has taken six direct hits. Voice of the Nation's eight-floor building has been hit once. The state-run Beirut Radio has been hit several times.

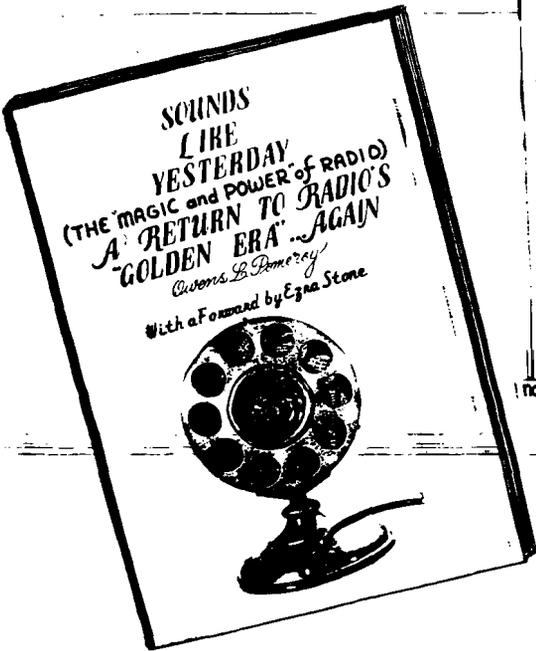
Only the Voice of the People and the Voice of Free Lebanon, run by the Christian Lebanese Forces militia, have escaped unscathed.

Voice of Lebanon, its main eighth-floor studios badly exposed to Syrian shellfire, has set up a sandbagged "emergency newsroom" on the less vulnerable first floor.

Words at War: 1-Man Air Force
 Story of captain who has 30 planes to his credit is dramatized.....at 9:30

Bob Hope Returns
 Top star of the airlines returns to WBEN with an all-star cast including Skinny Ennis, 10 o'clock

Carol Bruce
 Songstress Carol Bruce, Henny Youngman guests of Hildegarde.....10:30



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If you have not as yet read "THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MICROPHONE," you can order BOTH Volumes now for just \$12.00 post-paid and save 20% off retail. (Regular publication price if ordered separately; \$15.00 for both)

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27 THE MIAMI HERALD, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1989

Can you imagine? There was life before television

I can hear him now. "Well, Chester," he'd say in a voice that rumbled up from his chest like a subterranean tremor, "let's go have a beer at Miss Kitty's." In my mind, I could picture him: a sturdy freeping of a fellow, short, muscular, mustachioed, broad-faced, squinty-eyed.

Wait. Didn't lean, towering James Arness play *Guns of Matt Dillon*? Well, sure, that Matt Dillon! But the guy I was picturing looked like William Conrad.

As a matter of fact, he was William Conrad. Conrad — now sturdier, even rather enormous in TV roles — was the voice of the radio version of *Guns of Matt Dillon* when I heard it in 1955. I was in college on the GI Bill, couldn't afford a TV, and thus may have been one of the few still listening to radio drama as the tube was taking over. A year later, radio's *Guns of Matt Dillon* was history, aced out by the TV version.

Radio offered something TV didn't, and can't. It let us use our imaginations. It's hard for anyone who grew up with TV to think that his own imagination might picture a scene more creatively than the one on the screen, especially now that special effects have become so expert. But once upon a time, it was so. Once upon a time our imaginations — helped along by voices and organ music — breathed life into radio drama, comedy and adventure. I was reminded of this when I wrote about baby boomers' nostalgia for Saturday morning TV shows such as *Captain Midnight*. A friend said:

"You know, *Captain Midnight* was on radio before it was on TV."

I knew that. I knew also that a radio listener's imagination made the good captain's rocket ship a more glamorous vehicle by far than the tinny model later seen on TV. But the remark set me to thinking about radio, and the gradual fading of many of its last voices.

Does the name Vic Perrin mean anything to you? He died recently at 73. His obituary said he had been a mainstay of the Golden Age of Radio, appearing on such shows as *Dragnet*, which later made the transition to TV. He moved to TV, too. You may not be able to picture him, but his was the voice you heard on TV's *Outer Limits*, intoning:

"There is nothing wrong with your television set. . . . Do not attempt to adjust the picture. . . ."

Joseph V. De Santis died recently, too, at 80. He was a well-known radio voice in the '40s, on such dra-



BOB SWIFT

mas as *Pepper Young's Family*, *The Goldbergs* and *Eternal Light*.

After such news, it's a relief to learn that Himan Brown is alive, well, and has been inducted into the Emerson Radio Hall of Fame. He created radio's scary 1940s drama, *The Inner Sanctum*. (A squeaking door opens. "Good evening, friends. This is Raymond, your host.")

At the induction ceremony, Brown said: "Do you realize we've lost the ability to listen?"

He's right, although it's not that we don't "hear" our radios. Radio is thriving. In 1988, the industry had revenues of \$7.9 billion. About 95 per cent of Americans over the age of 10 listen to radio every day, and 95 percent of our cars have radios. The average household has 5.6 radios. (Mine has four, but two don't work.)

What Brown meant was that there was a time when people "listened" with their ears, but "saw" with their imaginations.

A sound-effects man pounded plungers on a tray of dirt and we "saw" horses galloping. He punched his own hand, hit a bowling pin with a stick, overturned a chair, and we were in the midst of a bare-knuckle barroom fight. A flapping leather glove evoked, in our minds, a bird in flight. Corn flakes, crunched, became footsteps in the snow. Images — in the theater of our minds.

To several generations, who listened to commercial radio from its beginning in the 1920s through the Golden Age of the 1930s and '40s, the scenes of the mind were extraordinarily real. How else can one explain *The Chase and Sanborn Hour*, starring Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy? I mean, after all, we were listening to a ventriloquist!

The thing is, we could see Charlie, in our heads. And when the Shadow sneered, "What e-e-e-vil . . . lurks . . . in the hearts of men?" and that laugh mocked us from the Philco in the living room, we saw him, a sinister shade, and a cold shiver rippled up our spines. When Fibber McGee said, "Well, Molly, I think I'll just take a look in the closet," we giggled, anticipating the cascade of clanging objects. When Jack Benny descended hollowly to his dungeon vault, we were there.

Of course, there were the serials.

Theme music up. Announcer's smooth, somewhat apprehensive voice: "As we leave Bob Swift, the All-American Boy, his nostalgia gland is overflowing with secretions from radio's Golden Age, but he has run out of space. Stay tuned. In our next episode, we will hear him hum, 'Wave the flag for Hudson High, boys . . . show them how we . . .'"

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Grazing and Gazing at the Stars

Guests at The Hors d'Oeuvre at Windows on the World in New York City got more than just *din sans* this summer. They also got to relive the glorious radio days of the '30s and '40s by attending tapings of "The Broadway Hour," a weekly radio show broadcast from the litty establishment.

Towering over the city, The Hors d'Oeuvre invited Broadway devotees to sit in on the three-hour-long taping sessions with guest stars who included Mandy Patinkin, Theodore Bikel, Barbara Cook, Jerry Orbach, and the cast of the off-Broadway show "Nonsense."

The show was broadcast

to over 30 stations nationwide, and featured interviews with and profiles of old-time and current radio stars. The show also previewed talents appearing on the World Trade Center's outdoor stage as part of the World Trade Center Summer Entertainment on the Plaza program.

—Donna Perkinson

The Saginaw **NEWS**

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1989

World knows her but countrymen don't

WASHINGTON (AP) — Philomena Jurey wrote her memoirs but can't get them published. She's known around the world, but a stranger in her own land. It's the story of her life, she sighs.

Jurey, who ended a 37-year career in journalism Friday, covered American presidents for the Voice of America for 14 years.

In hamlets in Albania and huts in Borneo, her radio voice is familiar to millions.

To people who never heard of Dan Rather, she is a megastar.

And people who watch Rather every night never had the chance to hear her. The Voice of America broadcasts to millions — 130 million a week by its estimate — but is prohibited by law from beaming its broadcasts to America.

Jurey's boss, Sid Davis, relishes telling about an incident that illustrates the upside-down life of a VOA broadcaster.

When President Gerald R. Ford went to China in 1975, a huge press corps accompanied him.

"You had some of the titans of the broadcasting industry making the trip — Barbara Walters, all the top anchor people," says Davis. "We arrived in China and you had all these Chinese people lining the street ignoring the television stars with their vast audiences and asking, 'Where is Philomena? Where is Philomena?'"

"Yes, it's true," Jurey laughs during an interview. "The same thing happened when we went back to

China with President Reagan. The rest of the press corps loved teasing Sam Donaldson about that.

"It was fun, because we labor in obscurity here."

Even though she has been off the air for 19 months, working as editor-in-chief of VOA news and English broadcasts, she still gets mail from around the world.

Many correspondents want to know what happened to her, why she disappeared from the radio. Some still write to propose marriage. To which she replies that at age 61, "I'm old enough to be a young grandmother."

Sometimes it was difficult to get over to a foreign audience exactly what a president is getting at.

She says she covered the White House for the Voice the way any reporter covers the news: "The adrenalin gets going and you just report what's going on."

One difference: She had to remember to speak slowly for an audience for whom English is a tricky language and she took had to take pains to put the news in a context for her listeners.

When a president submitted a request for foreign aid for some Third World country, for example, she would stress that Congress always has the final word on such matters.

Sometimes it was difficult to get over to a foreign audience exactly what a president is getting at.

Jurey recalls the struggle she had translating it for her audience when President Reagan said "he'd had it up to his keister with something or other."

Jurey's career started, for \$32.50 a week, at the Southwest Times in Pulaski, Va. She joined the VOA in 1961. Her late husband was a local broadcaster.

She was born in New Castle, Pa., the daughter of an Italian immigrant who owned a restaurant, bar and small hotel.

The most troubling story she covered for the Voice, she says, was the Cuban missile crisis. It was so sensitive the government wanted every shade in VOA broadcasts to be exactly right.

"That was a most difficult time," she says, her voice still reflecting irritation. "We had, in effect, a censor in the newsroom. Someone from our parent agency scrutinizing the copy, I can understand that. But I didn't think it was necessary."

Jurey says she intends to continue writing in retirement.

After she found no one in America wanted to published her memoirs — "I was told that it wasn't marketable because no one knew who I was," she says — she tried her hand at a book about pizza.

She wrote about five chapters but couldn't land a publisher for that manuscript either.

"They told me," she sighs, "that people want to eat pizza, not read about it."



Philomena Jurey bids farewell to her Voice of America office in Washington, D.C.

Associated Press



Photo by Melissa Martin

Announcer Harry Bartell, left, and Ken Greenwald go over a Sherlock Holmes script.

Businessman re-releases Sherlock Holmes mysteries

Old radio broadcasts now available on audio cassettes

By MELISSA MARTIN
for the Mail Tribune

GRANTS PASS — Original radio shows of the great detective Sherlock Holmes and his faithful companion Dr. Watson have been resurrected by a Grants Pass businessman.

John Tefeller, who works with a Los Angeles-based company, is producing a series of 26 audio-cassette tapes of the original radio shows recorded from 1939 to 1946. The recordings feature Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce, who starred in the 1939 film "Hound of the Baskervilles" and recorded 213 radio episodes of Sherlock Holmes mysteries.

"Sherlock Holmes is like an eternal character. There are only a few universal characters like this," said Tefeller, who is a partner in 221B Baker Street Associates, Inc.

Like most Sherlock Holmes fans, Tefeller thought all copies of the original recordings had been destroyed until he found 38 of the 16-inch acetate records in a San Francisco bookstore.

Tefeller and associate Ken Greenwald spent nine months researching and contacting descendants of the authors, actors and producers of the original shows.

They paid several people for the rights to re-release the shows, including Dame Jean Conan Doyle, the 95-year-old daughter of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the author who created the characters of Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson.

"We covered every aspect," said Greenwald, who received an academy award nomination in 1971 for a

short comedy film he produced.

"We wanted this to be legal in every aspect. We even got Ian Bruce, a nephew of actor Nigel Bruce. Even though he wasn't an heir, he was thrilled to be paid," Greenwald said.

Listening to one of the cassettes is like stepping back into the golden age of radio and letting the imagination paint a scene from the sounds of horse hoofs on cobblestone and buoys calling from a foggy English harbor.

The tapes are complete with original radio narration, commercials and the 1940's war promotions.

"Nobody thought about saving the (original records)," said Tefeller, who also collects old books. "It was just another show. Most of them pitched the recordings in the trash can."

Three of the cassettes will feature interviews before and after the radio dramas with Mary Green, wife of co-author Denis Green, as well as Phyllis White and Peggy Weber.

Tefeller and Greenwald finished the most important interview in a studio near Talent last week with Harry Bartell, the show's host and announcer for the entire season. Bartell, 75 and an Ashland resident, may be best known for his guest appearances on the television show "Dragnet."

Bartell coaches Southern Oregon State College student announcers for public radio station KSOR and said the interview for the Sherlock Holmes tapes was his first radio stint since 1975.

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