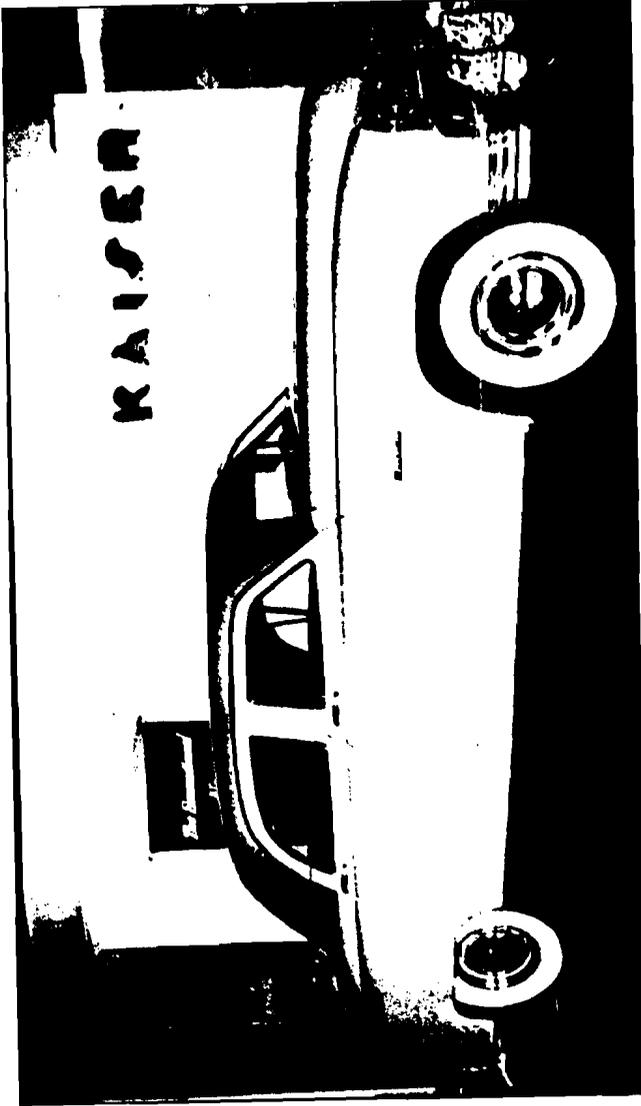


The Illustrated Press

VOLUME 19

ISSUE 2

FEBRUARY, 1993



"MY CAR looked nothing like this brand-new Kaiser introduced in 1947! Its manufacturer, Kaiser-Frazer, was the first new company to make American cars in more than 20 years."



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The Old Time Radio
Network

THE OLD TIME RADIO CLUB
MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION

New member processing—\$5.00 plus club membership of \$17.50 per year from Jan 1 to Dec 31. Members receive a tape listing, library listing, monthly news letter, the Illustrated Press, the yearly Memories Publications 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 the regular members but do not receive the publications. A junior membership is available to persons 12 yrs of age & younger who do not live with a regular member. This membership is \$13.00 per year and includes all the benefits of regular membership. Regular membership are as follows: If you join in Jan- Mar \$17.50— Apr- Jun \$14.00— July-Sept \$10— Oct- Dec \$7.00. All renewals should be sent in as soon as possible to avoid missing issues. Please be sure to notify us if you change your address.

OVERSEAS MEMBERSHIPS are now available. Annual memberships are \$29.75. Publications will be airmailed.

The Old Time Radio Club meets the first of every month on Monday evening from August to June at 393 George Urban Blvd. Cheektowaga, N.Y. 14225. Anyone interested in the Golden Age of Radio is welcome. Meeting start at 7:30 P.M.

CLUB ADDRESS:

Old Time Radio Club
P.O. Box 426
Lancaster, N.Y. 14086

DEADLINE FOR THE I.P.—10th of each month prior to publication

CLUB OFFICERS:

President— Jerry Collins
56 Christeh Ct.
Lancaster, N.Y. 14086
(716) 683-6199

Vice-President & Canadian Branch
Richard Simpson
960- 16 Rd. R.R. 3
Fenwick, Ontario
LOS 1C0

Treasurer & Video & Records
Dominic Parisi
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Illustrated Press, Columns, Letters
Linda DeCecco
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Buffalo, N.Y. 14220
(716) 822-4661

Reference Library
Ed Wanat
393 George Urban Blvd.
Cheektowaga, N.Y. 14225

Membership Renewals, Change of Address,
Mailing of Publications
Pete Bellanca
1620 Ferry Rd.
Grand Island, N.Y. 14072
(716) 773-2485

Membership Inquiries, & OTR Network
Related Items
Richard Olday
100 Harvey Dr.
Lancaster, N.Y. 14086
(716) 684-1604

TAPE LIBRARIES:

Cassettes: Don Friedrich
21 Southcrest
Cheektowaga, NY 14225
(716) 626-9164

Reel to REELS 1-850

Marty Braun
10905 Howe Rd.
Clarence, N.Y. 14031
(716) 759-8793

Reel to REELS 851 & UP

Tom Harris
9565 Weherle Dr.
Clarence, N.Y. 14031
(716) 759- 8401

TAPE LIBRARY RATES: All reels and video cassettes— \$1.85 per month; cassettes and records— \$.85 per month. Rates include postage and handling.

CANADIAN BRANCH: Rental rates are the same as above, but in Canadian funds.

A BOOK REVIEW BY

Frank C. Boncore

Radio Mystery & Adventure

and

Its Appearance in Film,
Television & Other Media

By: Jim Harmon

I want to start by thanking my good friend, Doug Due, for sending me a copy of "Radio Mystery and Adventure and Its Appearances in Film, Television and Other Media" by Jim Harmon published by McFarland 1992. Doug has sent me several other OTR books which I have enjoyed. This, however, has got to rate among the best new books on the market and is a must to have if you are an OTR fan.

The title is a bit long but it really sums up what this book is all about. Two hundred eighty six pages are broken down into 14 chapters, giving a history of the air adventures of Jimmy Allen, Captain Midnight, Challenge of the Yukon (Sgt. Preston of the Yukon), Dick Tracy, The Green Hornet, I Love a Mystery, Jack Armstrong, Little Orphan Annie, The Lone Ranger, The Shadow, Sherlock Holmes, Sky King, Superman, and Tom Mix.

The author does an excellent job of the history of each the above characters in their appearance in radio series, movies, the old movie serials, full length movies, television, books, pulps, and comic books. He further tells of the writers, producers, directors, announcers and of course the actors who personified those characters that we all came to know and love. The history is right up to today. For example, Did you know that Yukon King, Sgt. Preston's dog, was raised by Three Toes, an old wolf? We all know that radio's Tonto was played by John Todd. We also know that John Todd played Britt Reid's father, the elder Dan Reid. Did you know that John Todd also played St. Preston's superior, the inspector or that Al Hodge, the Green Hornet was a director of the Challenge of the Yukon? Another interesting bit that Jay Michael who played Sgt Preston from 1941 to 1946 later was the announcer in the same series. Brace (The Lone Ranger) Beemer played Sgt. Preston in 1941 and 195354. Fred Foy was the announcer for Sgt Preston in 195354. All

of that was in the past.

Premiums became part of every series. How many premiums did you buy? How many do you still have? Did you know that our favorite judge recently paid \$80 for a Lone Ranger Flashlight complete with a whistle? Did he get a bargain or was he ripped off? Read the book, all these series premiums and their value are listed. Frank Bork, our elderly librarian emeritus, might be interested to know how much the Sherlock Holmes premiums that he sweet talked the semi lovely Linda into buying him (as her part to keep a senior citizen happy) is worth and should he lock these premiums in the vault? Frank Bork may also want to know many more Sherlock Holmes premiums are available for his future presents? If he does, I would suggest that he open his wallet (in the dark, so Washington won't blink) and buy this book. This is the present.

Following the examples of Superman, Batman, and Dick Tracy, there has been talk of a major film being made of Capt Midnight in the future.

I strongly believe that it would be an injustice to the author to limit the review of this book to just one column. A book this good deserves more mention. I'll try to talk to the author to get permission to use several excerpts in future columns for trivia such as:

We all know Bud Collier played Superman on radio; what was the name of the actor who played that role in the last season?

How many actors played Superman in all? (radio, TV, movies, serials, etc)

Mike Wallace of CBS's 60 Minutes played what role in the Green Hornet?

Why did J. Edgar Hoover object to a slur in the Green Hornet? What was that slur? How was it "corrected?"

What actor sounded like Peter Lorre in "I Love a Mystery" that Peter Lorre's studio insisted he be given name credit to establish he wasn't Peter Lorre?

What role did Don Ameche play in "Jack Armstrong, The All American Boy?" Who was Jim Ameche?

What role did Danny Thomas have in the Lone Ranger?

Besides being announcers Fred Foy and Jay Michael play what in the Lone Ranger?

What role did Alan Reed (voice of Pasquale in Life with Luigi & Fred Flinstone on TV) play in The Shadow?

There were two emergency substitutes for the Shadow. Who were they?

The announcer of Sherlock Holmes also played in Gunsmoke and Dragnet. Who was he?

For the answers to this and more, you have got to go out and buy "Radio Mystery and Adventure and Its Appearances in Film, Television, and Other Media: by Jim Harmon. I promise you won't just read a few pages and put it on the shelf. If you are a true OTR fan (and don't have fishhooks like Frank Bork), this is a must. It rates on the same level with Tune In Yesterday and Gunsmoke.

In closing, the author states that he is planning to write a book with the following titles. "Radio Detectives and Science Fiction and Radio Anthology Drama and Comedy". I sure hope he does and put me on the list of the first person to buy it.

Frank Boncore

JUST THE FACTS, MA'AM

By: Frank C. Boncore

Continuing on from last month on my annual report of the Friends of OTR Convention in Newark, New Jersey.

After slamming the convention last month I would now like to report the positive things.

It was a great pleasure to both see and talk to Dick Osgood of WKYZ in Detroit. It has been several years since he attended the convention. Dick personifies the class that most of the OTR personalities have. Dick is a walking encyclopedia on the golden age of radio at WKYZ. His book Wixie Wonderland is a must to read for all old time radio fans.

Each year I have the pleasure of meeting several new (to me) OTR personalities. This year I met John Rayburn who led the panel "Now A Word From Our Sponsor," about commercials and the sponsors. I'll try to describe the best commercial that was presented, however you would really have to hear it.

Sound: Phone ringing

Sound: Coffin Lid opening

Sound: Count Dracula answering

"Hello, Just a minute:

Sound: Dracula walking up the stairs.

Sound: Creaking door opening

Sound: Walking down the corridor
Sound: Opening another creaking door

Sound: Electricity running between electrodes

Sound: Boris Karloff replying "Not now, I can't leave experiment"

Sound: Creaking Door Closing

Sound: Dracula walking back down the corridor and saying "We really should install an extension phone in the laboratory"

This was an ad for a Carolina phone company.

Also conducting this panel was Dick Beals, the voice of "Speedy AlkaSeltzer".

I also attended a recreation of "Xminus One" with Fred Collins, the original announcer, and starring Ezra "Henry Aldrich" Stone, Bob "Archie Andrews: Hastings and Florence "Front Page Farrell" Williams" in a remake of "Chain of Command." With the adlibbing between Ezra Stone and Bob Hastings, it was one of the few science fiction shows that one could laugh at and enjoy.

On Saturday, I attended a

Dragnet panel hosted by Gary Yoggy, Herb Ellis (of both Dragnet and Gunsmoke). Peggy Webber (Creator of the role "Ma Friday" in Dragnet) and Harry Bartell (also of Gunsmoke and Dragnet). They had an interesting talk on Jack Webb, the person, and the Jack Webb style. Conspicuously absent in the dealers room were Bob and Debbie Burnham of "BRC Productions." BRC Productions is one of the better OTR dealers.

All in all the Friends of OTR Convention had more positive than negative things which is why I keep attending every year.

Future convention dates:

October 21-23 1993

October 19-21 1994

For Convention Fans: Cincinnati's 7th Annual Old Time Radio Convention will be held on April 16-17 1993 at the Marriot Inn in Cincinnati Ohio. For more details contact:

Bob Burchett

Box 6176

Cincinnati OH 45206

Phone: (513) 9613100

And those are Just the Facts, Ma'am.

JUST THE FACTS, MA'AM

Gotta tell you about the latest escapades of Frank Bork, elderly librarian, emertius.

For the recent OTRC Christmas party, Frank Bork went into his foot locker to search for his Ebenezer Scrooge "Bah Humbug" shirt to wear at the party. When he found it, he tried it on and it was too tight. Instead of admitting that he was getting a bit pudgy around the middle, he accused Mrs. Bork or Saint Mrs. Bork (as she is referred to at the club meetings for putting up with Frank) of shrinking his shirt. Now, this is impossible since he makes her hang the laundry in the yard, even in the winter because he says he likes the smell of country air in his clothes unless his neighbor uses his manure spreader but the real reason is that he is too cheap to buy her a clothes dryer or too thrifty as he likes to say.

Getting back to the party, all the members bring something to share. Frank usually brings something that nobody else likes. After the party, he gathers up the leftovers to take home for his dog. However, we all know that Frank is too cheap to own a dog. When we confronted him with the fact that he does not own a dog, he smiled and said that he was taking the leftovers "just in case" he got one.

He then said he had a present for me and instructed "poor Jim" to go out to his Kaiser Frasier to get it. I should have known that something was up when poor Jim returned looking rather embarrassed. Frank took the "present" from him and reached into his pocket and pulled out an envelope. Then he handed both the package and the envelope to me and instructed me to open the package first. I really became suspicious when I saw that it was wrapped in birthday paper; not Christmas paper and my birthday was in August not December. I then opened the package and found that inside was the tapes I let him borrow (because he is too cheap to buy tapes) last August. I then opened the envelope. Inside it was a bill for \$10.80. When I asked what this was all about, he explained the following:

I loaned him 6 tapes in August. He had poor Jim copy the 6 tapes in August. In September, he brought the 6 tapes to the meeting. I was not at that meeting nor was

I at the October or November meeting. This was December. So the storage on the tapes was 25 cents per month which totaled out to \$1.50 per month times 4 months (He pointed out that he did not charge me for August storage that was my birthday present) so the tape storage fee was \$6.00. The other charge was for transportation to and from Lime Lake which was 40 miles @ 12 cents per mile which came to \$4.80, a rate cheaper than the post office or a Federal Express would charge. The grand total came to \$10.80 due upon receipt. He further stated that since it was Christmas time and he had the Christmas spirit, he as his Christmas present to me, would not charge me interest.

And those are just the Facts, Ma'am.

Frank Boncore

* Please note that 1993 dues *
* are past due. This is the *
* last issue you will receive *
* until you renew your mem- *
* bership. *

**Editor's
DESK**



We have a new cassette librarian. So please address your inquires and orders to:

Don Friedrich
21 Southcrest
Cheektowaga, N.Y. 14225

626-9164

We would like to thank our out going cassette librarian, Jim Aprile for the fine job that he has done during his stay as cassette librarian.



Now that Christmas and New Year's Day are over, we can all settle down once more. I was lucky this year or I should say last year, at Christmas that is, because I received Old Time Radio Shows as presents, instead of the usual neckties and standard grandfather stuff. Our youngest daughter got me the Cinnamon Bear Christmas collection. Six cassettes in a beautiful plastic book like case from Adventures in Cassettes.

The story line, such as it is, is really for the younger children. Well that's just great because three of our younger grandchildren just love to listen to the Cinnamon Bear with grandfather. Although they were only attentive for 15 or 20 minutes that was alright with me. (Gad what a silly boring story line) for an adult that is. But an hour later they were back wanting to hear more about Paddy O' Cinnamon the "sin-mum bear" the youngest grandson called him.

Now whenever the grandchildren come over to stay after we play "The Home Alone Game" we all listen once more to the Cinnamon Bear. I've gotten over my boredom of the Bear now and I relax and enjoy our grandchildren more than ever before. Old Time Radio.

An early Christmas present from my wife was "The Very Best of Golden Age Radio", a starter set. 40 cassettes in a big beautiful plastic case & all are top old time radio programs. Now these cassettes are really great with a great variety of radio shows such as; Abbott & Costello, Amos N Andy, Baby Snooks, Charlie McCarthy, Burns & Allen, Fibber McGee & Molly, The Bickersons, The Great Gildersleeve, Jack Benny, Lum & Abner, I Love Adventure, Sheflöck Holmes, The Green Hornet, Lights Out, Gangbusters, Damon Runyon Theater, This Is Your F.B.I. Dragnet, The Lone Ranger, and Hopalong Cassidy. Boy that's an

impressive list of old time radio shows in anyone's book.

See it pays to leave your old time radio catalogs scattered all around the house. But, of course, don't forget to circle the cassettes you intend to order. That's just what I did and it worked.

The 40 cassette collection by the way is really quite a bargain and all 40 programs were of top quality no bummers in the pack.

Our youngest daughter also gave me a gift certificate for Christmas, so now I can order the cassettes I want, which I did the day after Christmas.

A fellow club member from across our northern border gave me the address of Mike Utz, 'Old Time Radio of Mountain Home, Arizona. Well what the heck I thought I'll give Mike a try, so I ordered ten cassettes from Mike and also got 2 free as a first time buyer. The 2 free cassettes were "The Best of Jack Benny" and "The Best of Burns and Allen" both very excellent shows. As I said I ordered ten cassettes from Mike each a full hour at the cost of \$1.99 each, now that's a real buy these days, prices being what they are.

I ordered a couple of Henry Aldrich well, The Aldrich Family and Archie Andrews (by the way when I WAS a teenager way back in the 1940's, one of the guys in our gang was named Archie Andrews) I always envied Archie with a real American name like that of real live guys on the radio with the same name as his. Oh, yes, "the gang", well in those days a gang was just a group of guys and gals that hung around together, nothing like the youth gangs of today.

Back to my new cassette order. I also ordered "Can you top this" a show where you tried to beat the experts at joke telling, a real funny program, another one our family rarely missed. I ordered 2 "Our Miss Brooks" show because she reminds me of Miss Cunningham, my high school English teacher, back at dear ole Seneca Vocational High School in East Buffalo. Two shows of "The Halls of Ivy" with Ronald Coleman and his real life wife as the Halls and of course Ivy being the College in IVY, U.S.A. My last choice was "Your Hit Parade" with Frank Sinatra. Real great singing by Frank and the Hit Paraders of the popular Songs of the 40's. When I played Your Hit Parade from October 1944, wow, what wonderful memories those songs brought back. My wife and I were sweethearts way back then and still

ARE.

We just couldn't help dancing to those great old tunes once more. The jitterbug was really tough I gotta admit, but we did it. Oh, boy, that wonderful radio from the good old days. Just for a short time we were young again(until we jitterbugged that is).

All the shows I got on the 10 Cassettes from Mike were great except one show. One of the "Halls Of Ivy shows. Now still thats pretty good, only one no so good show out of twent. The one no so good Halls of Ivy show sounds like it was copied from an old machine to a new machine. Well you know how the chipmonks sound, well not that bad but like the "Halls" were in an awfull hurry to get the show over with. (I guess they wanted to listen to Amos N Andy).

I'm going to write to Mike and ask him for a better copy of the program. But in the mean time a tip of my old "Tryölean Hat" to Mike for the good quality of the other 19 shows, the prompt reply to my order and most of all his very fair price. I didn't get the package for Christmas but on the 26th of December. Still a great Christmas present from me to me. Thanks Mike, I really hope Mike stays with that price because he'll get a lot more of my business.

If you would like to try Mike, his adress is as follows;

Mike Utz
Route 3 Box 293 A
Mount Home Arizona 72653

Till next time good radio memories.

FEB



TUNING IN by TOM HEATHWOOD

The Great Gildersleeve

One of the happiest shows ever broadcast in "the good old days" was

a spinoff from from the very successful radio comedy, Fibber McGee and Molly. The new show was based on the character developed as a neighbor of the McGee's in Wistful Vista, Throckmorton P. Gildersleeve. "Gildy" as he was affectionately known, was a good-hearted windbag, with a big ego, who forever found himself enmeshed in humorous situations everyweek. A strange metamorphosis occurred when, in 1941, Gildersleeve, as played by Marold Peary, moved away from Wistful Vista to nearby Sommerfield. At that time he was President of the Gildersleeve Girdle Company. As a new resident of Sommerfield, and guardian of his niece and nephew, Marjorie and Leroy Forrester, Gildy soon became the water commissioner of Sommerfield.

Gildy became guardian of niece, Marjorie, played by Lurene Tuttle, Louise Erickson, and Marylee Robb, and nephew Leroy, played by Walter Tetley, who had a marvelously convincing teen-ager's voice. Marjorie's boyfriend, Bronco, was played by a young Dick Crenna. Rounding out the new family was Birdie Lee Coglin, the Gildersleeve maid as played by Lillian Randolph.

Important too, in the development of each week's plots, were Richard LeGrand who played Mr. Peavey, the town druggist who was frequently heard to say "Well now, I wouldn't say that" in mild refutation of what Gildy might be expounding on at any particular moment. Earle Ross, originally Gildy's nemesis as Judge Horace Hooker, became one of his best friends as time passed on the show, but retained the personality of "that old goat"... Judge Hooker, Mr. Peavey, along with Chief Gates (Ken Christy) and Gildy made up "The Jolly Boys", a local fraternal club specializing in barbershop harmony. The loves in the great man's life were: Shirley Mitchell who played a scheming southern belle widow, Leila Ransom, her cousin, Adeline Fairchild, played by Una Merhel, Nurse Kathryn Milford played by Cathy Lewis and Eve Goodwin, the school principal, played by Bea Benadaret.

Peary's run on the show ended with the show of June 14th, 1950. The next show of the series was heard on September 6th, starring Willard Waterman whose portrayal of Gildy was so close to Peary's, that most listeners never even knew there had been a change. Willard didn't use Hal Peary's laugh, but developed what he called

a "social chuckle" instead. The role of Peavey changed from Dick LeGande to Forrest Lewis, also with a remarkable retention of sound and character.

The show ran 18 years with "Gildersleeve" doing 9 years. The show went off the air after 1958 after undergoing a format change to a daily 15 minute NBC feature in the 1954-55 season, returning to the half-hour configuration in 1955. Most of the long NBC run is identified with the Kraft Food Company, makers of Velveeta brand cheese spread.

The show adapted to the times. Many of the shows helped to build good morale during WW II and encouraged all kinds of patriotic behavior by the listeners. It was shows like this that kept our country going in its most crucial time.

The show taught good morals and respect for fellow man. I only shudder to think what Gildy would think of the "New generation".

Hak Peary passed away at the age of 79 in 1985. Willard Waterman celebrated his 80th birthday in 1990, and still makes appearances at radio conventions.

Send your comments/suggestions. Meanwhile I'll be talking to you on the HERITAGE RADIO THEATRE on satellite radio YESTERDAY-USA SUPERSTATION. Ask your local cable-tv operator to join the many others who now use YUSA as audio for one of their service channels. Write if you get work, or just to say hello.

HERITAGE RADIO
PO BOX 16
boston, ma 02167



THE DEALERS CORNER
By: Frank C. Boncore

If you're into big band and not afraid to part with a buck, like Frank Bork, elderly librarian emeritus, you might want to contact Hank Hinkle of:

Crabapple Sound
254 Florida Avenue
Amsterdam, NY 12010
Phone (518) 8425962

Just to name a few of the shows listed in Hank's catalog: Woody Herman, Tommy Dorsey, Morton Downey (Senior that is), Chamber Music Society, Eddie Condon, Woody Herman, Harry James, Kay Kyser, etc. etc.

Hank has attended the Friends of OTR Convention for several years along with sidekick John Furman.

If you haven't received the winter/spring stock cassette catalog from Bob & Debbie Burnham of BRC Productions you can write them c/o:

BRC Productions
PO. Box 2645

Livonia, MI 48151

Or FAX them Monday-Saturday 24 hours a day at (313) 721 6070.

If you are a true yuppie like good old Jim Snyder, you can use your computer and modem to dial the Gateway Online at (313) 291-5771.

After log on procedure, select the letter O from the main menu, then choose BRC Productions. You then can browse through their full catalog (updated regularly; post questions (for a super fast reply (within 24 hours); or place an order directly.

For a special computer version of the catalog complete with digitalized excerpts of many radio series included, send \$25. Requirements: Apple Macintosh SE (or later) computer with 4 megs or greater ram; hard drive; 1.4 meg hd floppy; Apple System 7.0 software or later, filemaker pro 2.0 or later. Available in February 1993.

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I.P.'s and MEMORIES

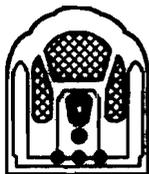
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Contact--Dominic Parisi

38 Ardmore Pl.

Buffalo, N.Y. 14213



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Our program, **HERITAGE RADIO THEATRE**, is one of dozens of nostalgia programs, heard every week on **YESTERDAY USA**, a broadcast service of the National Museum of Communications. The Superstation is linked with radio and Cable-TV stations throughout the country, and can be heard by anyone in North America with a satellite receiver. And it's available to you, without any charge, 24-hours a day with a never-ending variety of vintage programming.

Comedy, drama, music, mystery, news, documentaries and much more, from the "Golden Age" of radio, the 1890's, 40's, and 50's. These original sounds can *build* an audience on Cable-TV channels which have no audio of their own. Weather, news, classifieds, and other "bulletin board" type service channels are now supercharged with Superstation audio! And the best part is that it is at no cost to you, the operator!! Your audience will hear the greatest entertainment from the past, while they view *YOUR* messages on the screen. Radio outlets build new audiences by broadcasting the unique Superstation programming, at any hour of the day or night.

Broadcasters nationwide report ever increasing interest in old-time radio and it's stars. The popularity of nostalgia among both young and old continues, and the **YESTERDAY USA SUPERSTATION** provides your audience with the very best from "the good old days." For example, **THE SHOP AT HOME NETWORK**, serving 11 million viewers, has chosen **YESTERDAY USA** to provide audio for their 24-hour video sales channel, seen throughout the South.

On **HERITAGE RADIO THEATRE**, each show presents 90 minutes of great old radio, including chilling tales of mystery and horror, classic comedy, and heartwarming family drama. You'll hear programs like: Jack Benny, The Shadow, Gangbusters, Lux Radio Theatre, Superman, Fred Allen, The Great Gildersleeve, Suspense, Lum and Abner, Bob Hope, Let's Pretend, Amos and Andy, and many others.

Please consider using the **YESTERDAY USA SUPERSTATION** on your cable system or AM/FM outlet. Remember that it's a cost-free way to perk up your Cable-TV service channels, or spice up your radio schedule. **YESTERDAY USA**, and **HERITAGE RADIO THEATRE** — a great idea for no-cost overnight programming.

Write today for schedules, technical data, and free verification of your use of the **YESTERDAY USA SUPERSTATION** to: Yesterday USA Superstation, National Museum of Communications, 2001 Plymouth Rock, Richardson, TX 75081. Or call (214)680-3636.

And don't forget to tune in my show when you start using **YESTERDAY USA!** I look forward to bringing you some great stars from the past on **HERITAGE RADIO THEATRE**.

Tom Heathwood

Host, Heritage Radio Theatre

Yesterday USA
SUPERSTATION



Tune in to the Yesterday USA
 Superstation on:

F4 TR15 Audio 6.2

A FEW WORDS ABOUT LOGS

BY

FRANK C. BONCORE

If you are a true OTR collector logs are very helpful when you are searching for shows to round out your collection. Over the years there have been several outstanding logs such as The Science Fiction log by Meade Freerson, Gunsmoke by Suzanne and Gabor Barbas. In reading them one cannot help by notice the effort by the authors into making it one of the most extensive studies on the show(s) listed. Conversely, there have also been several logs (containing several errors) put out by those looking to make a fast buck.

Terry Salmonson has worked long and hard over the past several years putting out a quality product that could be used by all of us. Now, collaborating with "Cowboy" Don Aston, there are two new logs that will become a "must" for all of us true OTR collectors.

After being exposed to "Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar" by Dick Olday some time ago and being hooked on this series, you can imagine how delighted I was when the "Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar" log by "Cowboy" Don Aston hand his "sidekick" Terry Salmonson came. As usual, there was a lot of hard work gathering the facts that were put into this 50 page log.. This is not a hodgepodge that was put into a computer.

Featured is a listing of the 889 broadcasts, the 6 auditions shows, and the 8 actors who played Johnny Dollar. The broadcasts are listed in both chronological and alphabetical order. Also included is the number of programs that each actor appeared in; and the number of repeat broadcasts. It is very unfortunate that time has lost the titles of 15 shows. However, thanks and a tip of the cowboy hat goes out to the authors for doing a dynamite job in putting the rest of the titles together.

Don't Be cheap, like Frank Bork elderly librarian emeritus. If you a Johnny Dollar fan, the \$10.00 cost (postpaid) is a bargain.

Also new from the Cowboy's ranch is the new Escape log (\$17.50 postpaid) by Terry Salmonson and "Cowboy" Don Aston. Don't let the cost scare you away. 142 pages containing the most detailed information about this great CBS series is now yours for the first time. Cast credit/script character listing, producers, directors, authors, recording dates, multable

program listings, complete alphabetical/chronological listings. This is the first Escape log to list script titles written but not used, original titles and what they were changed to. A must for the OTR Escape collector.

And just in cas you haven't heard these other well written logs are available:

"The DRAGNET LOG" (Just the Facts Ma'am) listing all 318 broadcasts and the 64 reruns. It also list the 9 different actors who played opposite Jack Webb and each broadcast they appeared on/ The names of the directors, writers announcers, sound effects personel, and the supporting cast are included. The sponsors are where radios most identifiable music opening was first heard completes this log. A must for Jack Webb fans.

by Terry Salmonson--\$7.50 postpaid.

"THE GREEN HORNET LOG" by Terry Salmonson lists all 1043 broadcast dates, 702 recorded programs, script authors, program numbers, correct titles of the programs and much more. Information never before available taken directly from the WXYZ logs.

28 pages \$7.50 postpaid.

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FCB

Continued from page fifteen

When last they had met, The Shadow had won victory over the genius of evil; had seen his vicious foe disappear beneath the waters of New York Bay. But that event had been no proof that Shiwan Khan had died.

The ways of the master mind were devious; his followers were many. Even self-destruction could be a sham with Shiwan Khan: a scheme of pretended death to throw trackers off his trail. Nor was Shiwan Khan, monstrous creature of the Orient, a person who would ever admit defeat. Shiwan Khan was the sort whose taste of failure would whet his appetite for success. His schemes might change, when he discarded old for new, but Shiwan Khan would never lose his urge to acquire mighty power

The Shadow knew!

TO BE CONTINUED



By Francis Edward Bork

I'm still trying to get more after school radio cereals for my collection without much luck. I have most of the shows which are available through the regular channels. A few of the dealers have some but I have most of them.

If you have some after school shows in your collection please drop me a line about them so we can work up to a trade or I'll just buy them from who-ever. (a copy that is so you're still not a dealer).

Remember coming home after school and rushing to the radio to hear your favorite serial? Jack Armstrong, Little Orphan Annie, Don Winslow of the Navy, Terry and the Pirates and perhaps a dozen or so more? Remember? Well thats what I am looking for to round out my personal collection.

DEalers. How about you guys? Got any after school shows? How about writing and let me know. Yes? No? Well then how about a non advertisement article about yourself. How you got interested in Old Time Radio How you started and what made you become a dealer? What was your very first RADIO show you copied and sold?

An article like this could do more for your hobby-business than paid advertisement. How about it, give it a try, what do have to lose? Its free.

Till Next time.

FEB

THE SHADOW

by Walter Gibson

SHIWAN KHAN RETURNS

CHAPTER IV
Men of the Dark

Despite the power of his arm and the accuracy of his aim, Ahmed the Afghan had overlooked one factor regarding an invisible mark. He had forgotten the time element, or perhaps he had never known that such a thing existed.

In aiming spears from mountain passes, at men or beasts that he could see, Ahmed, like all others of his ilk, instinctively sped their aim, or deviated it, according to the chance movement of the prey.

This was the first time that Ahmed had ever depended upon a blind hurl. In pausing for a straight, hard thrust at short range, he had left too much to Suji and Kuli.

The Shadow had seen Ahmed, the instant that the spearman rose. He, too, had gone on the move, in a fashion that neither of his grapplers expected. Braced between their forward-showing arms, The Shadow had flung his feet ahead of him, against the window sill. Timed to the lift of Ahmed's spear, The Shadow supplied a mighty recoil.

Three figures were slashing backward in the dark, as Ahmed made his poise. Wildly, Suji and Kuli were trying to keep The Shadow in the spear path as the shaft whizzed toward the window. They were slashing with their knives, to force The Shadow to his feet, a thing in which they succeeded; but they couldn't stop his whirl.

Whipping at an inward angle, The Shadow struck the inner wall of the room just as the spear arrived there. It skimmed him as it struck; then, burrowing like a

mighty arrow, the weapon finished deep in the wall, quivering its full length.

Hearing the challenge of a sinister laugh, the closer Afghans knew the thrust had failed. They dived for obscure corners of the room, to be away from the threat of The Shadow's gun. Their scramble was unnecessary; the automatic wasn't pointed their way.

Dropping his arm along the spear that ran beneath it, The Shadow aimed his .45 along the rooted shaft. The weight of the automatic brought the wooden brace to level as he fired. This time, the targets were reversed, as were the conditions. The Shadow was picking Ahmed, a target that he could see.

Half over the edge of the opposite parapet, Ahmed jerked upright with the spurt of The Shadow's gun. The impact of the bullet jarred him as it struck his chest; then, his balance thrusting forward, Ahmed toppled from the brink. His throat voiced a shrill, meaningless shriek as he made that nonstop journey to the cement courtyard.

In dropping Ahmed, The Shadow settled the riddle of the trap. Ahmed had served as watchman, prior to taking over a murderer's task. He had seen a slight light from the doorway, when The Shadow had entered the apartment. By a signal to Suji and Kuli, lurking somewhere below, Ahmed had brought up the two who were to bring The Shadow into his range of power.

With Ahmed gone, the others were thinking only of escape. They hurled their knives wildly as they flung themselves for the

door, thinking to balk The Shadow's aim.

Shots blasted after them, but did not score. They had dead Ahmed to thank for that luck. His spear had done them one favor.

Skimming The Shadow's ribs, the pointed shaft had bundled the blackclad fighter's coat along with his cloak, actually pinning him to the wall. The Shadow's side had received a painful gouge, but that was a minor problem. With garments skewered to the wall, he had managed his straight aim at Ahmed; but twists to reach the others were impossible.

The Shadow's shots were meant to spur their flight, no more. As the slamming door told of the double exit, The Shadow set to work to free himself.

Grabbing the spear, he tried to loosen it, but failed for lack of leverage. Trying opposite tactics, he kept his grip and made a powerful sideward twist, that brought him free at the sacrifice of coat and cloak.

Sidling rapidly across to the stairway, The Shadow took up a position there. He knew the tricky ways of these Khyber killers. Having identified them for what they were, he used the proper tactics to offset them.

On the chance that they had dodged into hiding places on the third floor, he waited, keeping his gun moving in a slow, sweeping arc. Then, when no sounds stirred the hallway, The Shadow began a slow descent by the stairs.

Stealth masked his departure. So did blackness, until he reached the second floor. From there downward, it was a case of watching all doorways and other hiding spots. On journeys to Kabul, the capital of Afghanistan, The Shadow had often watched wary natives dodge from

sight, vanishing into spots that seemed no larger than big rabbit holes.

If either Suji or Kuli tried such methods hereabouts, they would be due for trouble when The Shadow neared them. His probing gaze picked out every cranny along the second floor.

Starting down the final flight of stairs, The Shadow was prepared to repeat his stalking process, when a clatter from the front street told him of a new development.

Reaching the first floor, The Shadow sighted men in uniform hammering at the front door. Someone in an apartment pushed a buzzer to admit them.

The noise of The Shadow's gunfire had alarmed the tenants. They had summoned the police.

One officer must have caught a glimpse of The Shadow whisking to the window at the rear of the hallway, for a shout came from the front door. Vaulting through the open window, The Shadow landed lightly in the courtyard, just as bullets began to whiz through the space above.

Knowing that the bark of the police guns would rouse any lurkers, The Shadow came to a crouch and began a rapid spin. The move was opportune. In from darkened spots about the gloomy court came a surge of whirling attackers: reserve Afghans, who had crept into this vantage spot, to remain while others went upstairs.

The Shadow's free hand was plucking wrists that swung through the air, warding away the strokes of slashing knives. His gun was spouting return thrusts more dangerous than the slashes that the Afghans attempted.

Twisty as ever, the darkish men scattered. Their own rapid thrusts had failed, but they were quick enough to scoot away amid

the first blind shots that The Shadow fired.

The cloaked fighter had revolved across the courtyard. Back to the farther wall, he drew his second gun and made three fan-spread jabs in the darkness, to spur the flight of his routed opponents. With the echo of the last shot, The Shadow caught a sound from above. He pointed his gun toward a dark window and fired.

There was a scream: Kuli's. He and Suji had lurked on the third floor and returned to the apartment. Hearing the gunfire below, Kuli had yanked Ahmed's spear from the wall and leaped to the window. Spotting the three jabs from The Shadow's gun, Kuli had tried to make amends for Ahmed's miss.

The Shadow's shot clipped Kuli in the midst of his throw. It jolted him backward, giving his arm an upward jerk. The spear struck the wall above The Shadow's head, took an angled bounce and clattered across the courtyard.

Vague light showed the window empty. Kuli was out of harm's way, dragged back to safety by his sidekick, Suji.

Other weapons were in action. Guns were talking from the window in the lower hall. Bullets from Police Positives flattened against the wall where The Shadow had been. The cops had seen the cloaked fighter's final shot. Taking him for an invisible foe, they were trying to drop him in the darkness. But The Shadow hadn't waited for that mistaken attack.

He was out, through the mouth of a narrow alley by which the Afghan mob had fled. Brief seconds, though, had changed the nature of that route. It was no longer clear. A trio of patrolmen was surging in, with flash-

lights. As one gleam took a sweep, The Shadow saw a fourth officer picking himself up from the curb.

Evidently one cop had encountered a twisty, fleeing Afghan, so all were coming through to look for more. The Shadow decided to let them think that they had found one. Before the first flashlight revealed him, he huddled forward, smothering its glow. Guns cloaked, he went into a dervish spin, flinging his arms for the man with the flashlight.

The Shadow cut a tornado path right through the converging officers. Their flashlights went clattering, their guns spouted off at angles. They were grabbing for him one-handed, too late. Ripping from fingers that clawed his cloak, The Shadow stumbled across the curb, found his footing, and dodged away in darkness.

He had won his escape, but he was serving the Afghans as well as himself. Four vengeful cops were spreading, spattering wild shots, in an effort to flank the swift fugitive that they had scarcely seen. Attracted by the fire, the police in the apartment house dropped out through the window and joined in the chase.

The next ten minutes were strained ones for The Shadow. He couldn't seem to shake the trailing police.

They didn't seem him, but they heard him. There were times when he had to reach for fire escapes and climb upward, to get across the blocking ends of blind alleys. The neighborhood was full of cul-de-sacs, that afforded all sorts of complications.

Once, The Shadow was momentarily spotted by an arriving police car, as he sped across the street in the path of its approaching lights. A siren's wail brought pursuers in that direction, forc-

ing The Shadow to a roundabout change of course.

He was trying to pick up the paths of the scattered Afghans, but it couldn't be done. Like The Shadow, they were men of the dark. Given a scant head start, they were able to veer their own course away from the sounds of pursuit.

Picking an opportunity that at last came his way, The Shadow dropped from a fire escape, cut across a street at an angle. Waiting in a doorway as a police car rolled by, he took another angle back across the street and sped through a narrow passage that he remembered.

Another crossing, a quick path in the dark--he was back in the courtyard behind Marjorie's apartment house.

That scene of rapid battle had become a quieter center in the midst of a storm of circling police. It had been that way ever since The Shadow's flight had begun, fully ten minutes ago. All was silent when The Shadow snapped on his flashlight, keeping its glow close to the ground.

The sweeping beam showed vacancy. Ahmed's body was gone; so was the Kafir spear that had twice been flung The Shadow's way. Three floor above, The Shadow saw the glint of a closed window in Marjorie's apartment. The grim silence mocked The Shadow.

It meant that the tricky Afghans had reversed their own course during the ten minutes that The Shadow had wasted dodging the police. Bobbing back, they had removed Ahmed and his weapon; probably, they had also helped Sujl take away the wounded Kuli. They had covered their tracks in skillful style, but at last The Shadow's laugh came whispered in the darkness.

In the outlet from the courtyard, he had found a trail: slight blobs of blood, that showed at intervals under the flashlight's probing gleam. He traced that course across the street, through an opposite alleyway, along a zigzag path of hundred yards, before he realized what it really meant.

The trail was The Shadow's own!

For the first time, he felt the painful gash that Ahmed's scraping spear had given him. His energetic progress had caused the wound to bleed; the torn edges of the cloak were well stained with blood. At present, the flow from the gash had lessened and could be easily stanchd.

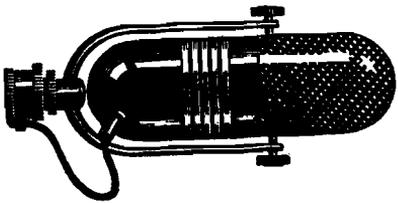
Sounds told that disgruntled police were returning to the source of their chase. Silently, The Shadow worked out through the loosely closing cordon. On his way, off into darkness, he issued a low, sinister laugh, its tone repressed.

Crime lay behind the vanished Afghans. Hidden crime, that involved the disappearance of a girl named Marjorie Cragg, who, like dark-faced fighters, had left no trail. An arduous campaign awaited The Shadow; one in which he would have to mask every move, since many lives--like Marjorie's--might be at stake.

Behind this mystery, involving the fighters imported from Afghanistan, The Shadow could picture the machinations of an insidious brain. It belonged to a master criminal of gigantic mental prowess; one that the world thought dead.

The Shadow, however, had never agreed with that view. He had long been alert to the prospect of a returning menace, in the person of a master plotter known as Shiwan Khan.

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