

# THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS

Number 292

September 2001



## ♥ Our Miss Brooks

"Readin', Ritin', Rithmetic and Romance" make it 4 "R's" when "Our Miss Brooks" is the teacher. Eve Arden as "Connie Brooks", the English teacher of mythical Madison High, in her campaign for the affections of Mr. Boynton, the bashful biology teacher, jumps from one hilarious misadventure to another.

"Our Miss Brooks" was an instant success from the start. After the program was on the air less than a year, Radio Mirror Magazine listeners voted Eve Arden the outstanding comedienne of the air.



When not involved at Madison High, Eve Arden spends her time shaping the lives of her lovable adopted sons, Connie and Lisa.

**Membership Information**

New member processing, \$5 plus club membership of \$17.50 per year from January 1 to December 31. Members receive a tape library listing, reference library listing and a monthly newsletter. Memberships are as follows: if you join January-March, \$17.50; April-June, \$14; July-September, \$10; October-December, \$7. All renewals should be sent in as soon as possible to avoid missing issues. Please be sure to notify us if you have a change of address. The *Old Time Radio Club* meets the first Monday of every month at 7:30 PM during the months of September to June at 393 George Urban Blvd., Cheektowaga, NY 14225. The club meets informally during the months of July and August at the same address. Anyone interested in the Golden Age of Radio is welcome. The *Old Time Radio Club* is affiliated with The Old Time Radio Network.

**Club Mailing Address**

Old Time Radio Club  
56 Christen Ct.  
Lancaster, NY 14086



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## Fran Warren

*RADIO MIRROR tells the story of one of Broadway's most fabulous friendships*

The story of Fran Warren, RCA Victor's top female vocalist, and Barbara Belle, Fran's manager and intimate friend, started a long time ago when both were little girls, Fran living in a tenement section of The Bronx in New York and Barbara living in Brooklyn.

As youngsters, they met when the foster parents that Barbara was living with in Brooklyn visited friends, who were living in the same tenement as Fran.

The following summer they both went to the same free summer camp, where Barbara wrote her first song, which Fran sang one night around a camp fire. After the summer, they corresponded, although they seldom met.

Barbara learned to play the piano and guitar and began writing music. After a job as stock clerk in a large music publishing house she was hired by Louis Prima as his girl "Friday." Eventually, she was placed in complete charge of Prima's two publishing houses, supervised his various novelty companies, wrote songs especially for him (making herself the youngest member of ASCAP) and wound up as his personal manager.

During all of this time, Fran too was struggling singing wherever she got the chance. Her first job with a big band was with Art Mooney. One night Barbara Belle happened to visit and their childhood friendship was resumed.

Later, when Fran decided she needed a personal manager, Barbara was the only one Fran would consider. The only problem with the arrangement was that band leaders don't like their vocalists to have managers, so Barbara had to manage Fran without anyone's knowing it.

After this, things picked up rapidly. Barbara wrote "A Sunday Kind Of Love" which Fran recorded, and it was this song that brought her to the attention of the public.

## Kin of the Real Duffy Recalls Tale of Tavern

This story is one of broadcasting's classic legends, but maybe you haven't heard it.

The tale was revived in our memory by the name of a quiz contestant—Mrs. Lawrence M. (Cloris) Craner, Jr.—who appeared on an NBC-TV quiz show, *Win With a Winner*. She's the step-daughter of Bernard C. Duffy. He's the Duffy you never see or hear on *Duffy's Tavern*.

Ed Gardner ("Archie") got the idea for the famous radio show, *Duffy's Tavern*, from a real place known as Duffy's Radio Tavern on 40th Street in New York City.

Bernard C. Duffy was it's proprietor and Ed Gardner was his real life pal. Duffy and Archie were to be the characters on this radio series, built around the authentic eccentricities of Duffy's Tavern. But before the radio version of *Duffy's Tavern* ever got off the ground, Bernard C. Duffy became 1st Lt. Duffy on active duty in the Army of the United States.

Lt Duffy was killed in action in Burma in 1943. That's why you'll hear Gardner say in his well-remembered radio dialogue, "Hello, Duffy's Tavern . . . Archie the manager speaking . . . Duffy ain't here." But you'll never hear Duffy on the radio program.

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## THE MYSTERY OF THE Lone Ranger

The Lone Ranger is a mystery to its fans and to show business. Its story is the from-rags-to-riches yarn of the year. Starting out as a three-times-a-week, fifteen-minute serial on Station WXYZ, Detroit, *The Lone Ranger* soon expanded its area to Chicago and New York, went on expanding until it was heard—and sponsored—coast to coast; and reached the point where as a fifteen-chapter movie serial was the surprise box office hit of 1938.

In show business parlance, *The Lone Ranger* was a "property," and a big one. It became a resounding success in defiance of the rule which insists that a radio

serial can't be big-time if it is heard only on three alternate days of the week; in defiance, too, of another rule which said that the old kind of exciting movie chapter-story no longer can make money. The Lone Ranger in film form is making money, and plenty of it.

The Lone Ranger's success hasn't been publicity-created, either. Few radio programs or movies have allowed the public to know less about them. The reason for the aura of mystery which surrounds the creation and production of The Lone Ranger is that the title character himself is supposedly a man of mystery to the other people in the story, as well as to listeners and audiences. Fans have never seen a picture of The Lone Ranger without his mask; movie audiences had to sit through the entire serial before they were allowed to see his face in the final installment. Republic Films, which made the movie, refuses to disclose the identity of the man who plays The Ranger, preferring to keep audiences guessing.

THE main reason for the huge popularity of The Lone Ranger is that the story is all action, all hair-breadth escapes. Although scattered, halfhearted complaints have been made about its effect upon youthful fans, The Lone Ranger has none of the brutality or viciousness of gangster stories. Instead, it is a return to the refreshing out-of-door adventure of the old dime novels. Its horse hero, Silver, on which the Ranger invariably rides to the rescue, has given rise to radio's one and only currently popular gag-line, "Heigh, yo, Silver!" which has taken the place of Joe Penner's old "Wanna buy a duck?" and Ed Wynn's "So-o-o-o-o . . ."

The Lone Ranger goes on the air every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, broadcasting the same episode three times in order to hit every part of the country at 7:30, local time. Since its inception it has originated in the WXYZ studios in Detroit, where its owners, the



EARL GRASSER

King-Trendle corporation, who also own the station, can keep a guiding hand on its destinies. In the five years it's been on the air, 3500 different characters have appeared in the story, but the Ranger himself, Silver, and Tonto, the Indian, are unchanging. The Ranger is played by an actor named Earl Grasser; Silver by the studio sound-effects

department. The other members of the cast are recruited from the WXYZ Studio Players.

Besides the network program and the moving picture serial, The Lone Ranger is on electrical transcriptions, broadcast over stations which aren't part of the Mutual network. There is a Lone Ranger magazine, several Lone Ranger children's books, and another book now on the presses about the program, written by Fran Striker, the author of all the scripts since the story began.



FRAN STRIKER

The Lone Ranger movie serial cost \$300,000, which is a small amount for thirty reels of film, and although all the returns are not in yet, it is expected to earn several times that amount. (Circa 1938)

## THE SILVER SCREEN

The premise was simple enough: Take a wad of dough, hire big-time movie stars and a host whose very name was a synonym for Hollywood excesses, support them with the best radio pros around, dramatize well-known movies on the air, and poof! You've got one of radio's biggest long run winners, *Lux Radio Theatre*.

This show spared no money, either on production values or stars. Typical shows: "The Thin Man" starring William Powell and Myrna Loy; "The Jazz Singer" with Al Jolson; "The Legionnaire and the Lady" (adapted from *Morocco*) starring Gary Cooper and Marlene Dietrich. Other regulars included Fred MacMurray, Barbara Stanwyck, Don Ameche, Loretta Young and Claudette Colbert. Convinced? Well, whatever all that cost, and it was plenty, the formula must have sold enough Lux soap to clean the Black Hole of Calcutta, because this extravaganza ran for twenty-one years.

- (1) Name the bigger-than-life Hollywood producer who was the original host for almost a decade, from 1936 to 1945.
- (2) He was replaced in 1945 by a well-known movie director who remained host until just before the end. Who was that?

(3) Do you recall the name of the man who led the almost symphony-sized studio orchestra for a long time?

(4) Recite the immortal three-word opening.

ANSWERS:

(1) Cecil B. DeMille. (2) William Keighly. (3) Louis Silver. (4) "Lux . . . presents Hollywood!"

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*In memory of the late Raymond Edward Johnson, we present an "Inner Sanctum Mystery". Your host Raymond is pictured entering through the infamous "Creaking Door".*

## THE MOON MURDERS

*A nice guy who didn't have courage to murder, faces the death penalty for four killings he didn't commit.*

I never knew Lois Neville, never even saw her. But because she was murdered on July 16—the night I was driving up to Aunt Carrie's place—they said I did it. Me, Johnny Kidd, who couldn't murder anybody. And tomorrow, when the sun comes up, I'm going to die. I'm scared. So scared I need every drop of will-power I've got to keep from laughing and screaming like a howling idiot. I've got to write this. I'm no murderer and I'm writing this to prove it.

I'm no angel, I admit. But I'm no worse than anybody else. I got into a little trouble in town, but it wasn't my fault. No matter what they said at the trial: The guy owed me the money, and he had it but wouldn't pay. That's why I signed his name on the check. Anyway, I wanted to get out of town for a while, so I decided to go to Aunt Carrie's. I hadn't seen her in ten years and she was always writing to me to come for a visit. Besides, she had some money, I knew, and why shouldn't I be nice to her?

There was only one dim light in the window, when I drove up. It was raining cats and dogs and the thunder rolled over the hills around Aunt Carrie's little place. When I walked up to the door, I heard someone playing the piano. It was two o'clock in the morning and the music kind of made me feel queer. Then I heard a high-pitched voice inside. It was a man's voice, and at first I couldn't make out what he was shouting. I came closer. "Play louder, Carrie!" the voice screamed. "Louder! Play it louder than the thunder!" "Yes, Randy."

I recognized my aunt's voice even if I hadn't heard it in ten years. But who was the man asking her to play the



piano at two o'clock in the morning, play it so loud that it would drown out the thunder? Why did he ask that?

I knocked at the door, but had a hard time making myself heard above the racket of the storm outside and the music inside. There was something screwy about both. Finally, Aunt Carrie came and unbolted the door. She recognized me right away and seemed downright tickled to see me. I kidded her about how young and pretty she looked and almost snickered when the old girl blushed. Then came the scream from the man inside and Aunt Carrie's face fell. "Who's that?" I asked. "I wish you had told me, Johnny, that you were coming. It's going to be

difficult. "Carrie, the thunder!" the man in the living-room shrieked. I asked again who it was and Aunt Carrie told me in a low voice. "It's my brother, your Uncle Randolph. He came back some time ago." I'd almost forgotten Uncle Randolph. I hadn't seen him since I was a kid and I nearly had forgotten what he looked like. I remembered my mother telling me something about him going to England, but for some reason the story never seemed to be the truth. There was something strange and secret about Uncle Randolph, and here he was at Aunt Carrie's. "Your uncle's not very well this evening." Aunt Carrie explained. "It's nerves, just nerves. He took a trip to town today and it upset him very much. He's not often this way, but when he is, I play the piano for him. It-it's the only thing I know that helps him."

I told her that I understood, but I didn't. I said it must be sort of hard for her to take care of a man like that all by herself, and she admitted it was a chore. Then she invited me to stay.

"It'll be good to have someone bright and cheery about," she said. We went in and met Uncle Randy. He was a nice-looking old man with a childish face and thinning black hair that seemed to stand on end. His clothes were neat and his spectacles had a way of falling down across the bridge of his nose. He was fidgeting in his chair. "The thunder, Carrie!" he cried as the whole house trembled under a gigantic clap. "It's-it's coming down from the sky again! Make it stop! I can't stand it! I can't stand it!" "I'll play for you, Randy," said my aunt, moving toward the piano.

One minute Uncle Randolph had been a mild-mannered old man and the next moment he had turned into a little child frightened of a thunderstorm. I sat and watched him quiet down while Aunt Carrie played. Finally the storm passed and we went to bed.

The next morning Aunt Carrie fixed a breakfast for me and Uncle Randolph brought it up to my room on a tray. He seemed embarrassed about the night before. "I—I'm afraid I wasn't quite myself last night," he told me. "I want to apologize. I haven't been in good health lately and sometimes if you see me act—odd, you'll excuse me, won't you?" I did my best to make him feel easy and said I knew how it was.

"It's just that thunder and lightning—the things connected with the heavens, stars, especially the moon, have a strange fascination for me and—"

Before he could say more, Aunt Carrie came in. I thanked her for the breakfast and Uncle Randolph excused himself. He said he was going for a walk in the

garden. Aunt Carrie fussed about the room picking up clothes, while I looked over the newspaper she had brought in with her. I almost jumped out of bed when I found a picture of a pretty girl who had been killed near my aunt's home the night before. I read the story aloud—or part of it, anyhow.

Lois Neville, nineteen, was found near her home by her parents at four o'clock this morning. Her throat was slashed by what police believe was a long, sharp knife. Near the body was a white card with the word "The First" written on it in black ink. I looked up from the paper. "Look, Auntie," I said, "they have a picture of the card." But Aunt Carrie backed away. She didn't want to see the picture of either the girl or the card. "I—I hate these murder stories they run in the paper," she said. "I never read them."

Well, things went along fine for about a month. Uncle Randolph didn't have any more of his spells and it was real cozy at Aunt Carrie's place. Then, one night when the moon was shining like day outside, I came home late and found Aunt Carrie playing the piano. "I thought you'd, be sleeping by this time," I told her. "I was certainly surprised when I heard you playing." "I—I couldn't sleep. I'm worried about your Uncle Randolph. He—he went into town and isn't back yet." Suddenly I remembered the news I'd heard over the radio. There had been another murder around there—just like the last one. The victim was a woman and the murderer had left a card that said "The Second." The murder had been committed only about two or three hours before I came home. I told Aunt Carrie about it and she broke off her piano playing with an abrupt discord.

Because of her nervousness, I began putting two and two together. I suddenly asked her if it was true that Uncle Randolph had been in England all those years: She tried not to answer and I knew I'd hit on the truth. "Was he in an insane asylum all that time?" I asked. "No, of course not," she replied, but there was no conviction in her tone.

That night, before Uncle Randolph returned, I found some white cards in his room exactly like the cards this moon murderer had been leaving near his victims. I also found some black ink like the kind on the cards. When I showed them to Aunt Carrie, she finally admitted that Uncle Randolph had been in an institution. I told her we'd better tell the police; that we'd feel a lot safer if we found out for sure that Uncle Randolph was innocent of the crimes.

"No, Johnny," Aunt Carrie cried. "Don't you realize what this would mean? They'd question him, and he—he

couldn't stand it. He'd break down. Johnny, he's my brother, we've always been very close. I beg you, don't call the police. I'll do anything you want—anything, but don't call them. Randy didn't commit those crimes—he—he couldn't. If it's money you want, Johnny, I can see that you get it. There's one hundred and fifty thousand dollars I have in my name. You can have that after I die."

I walked over toward the telephone. I wasn't sure just what I would do. That was a lot of money Aunt Carrie was talking about and—"I—I'd give it to you now," she said, "but I can't touch it. You see, it was left to me by my father in a fund so I'd always have enough to care for poor Randy! But it'll be yours, all yours, if you help me. Please, Johnny. Please."

I didn't call the police. I told Aunt Carrie I'd help her, and she told me, with tears in her eyes, that I was a "good, sweet boy." Uncle Randolph came in just then and he seemed nervous and excited. He asked my aunt to play the piano for him. He looked very tired as he watched Aunt Carrie play. I—I thought I saw the outlines of a long knife under his coat and the stain on his sleeve might have been blood. The storm that had been brewing came up fast and soon the whole countryside was roaring with thunder. But I hardly heard it. I hardly heard the din of the piano music in the small living-room.

One hundred and fifty thousand dollars for me! And I wouldn't have to wait for it, for I thought of the perfect plan! I'd only have to wait until the next full moon! I searched Uncle Randy's room, found what I was looking for—a long, very sharp knife. At last, the twenty-third came. That night there would be a full moon. Just before dinner, I sneaked into Uncle Randy's room, got the knife and some of his ink. He had only one card left. It was easy to forge his handwriting, because I had been practising that from letters I stole. I wrote the words "The Third" on his card in his handwriting and put it in my pocket. After dinner Uncle Randy went to his room. I locked him in and came downstairs. Under my coat I had his long knife.

Aunt Carrie asked me if I was going out, but I told her that there was a full moon and I thought it was safer to stay at home. I said I'd locked Uncle Randy in his room. "You didn't have to do that, Johnny," she said. "I don't believe your Uncle Randolph would harm me, or harm anyone for that matter. That card you found was just a coincidence. The only reason I didn't want the police to come here is because they would cause your uncle needless suffering." It was then that I showed her the knife I'd found in Uncle Randy's room and her face became white with fear. I said she had nothing to worry about,

that I was there to protect her. Then I pretended that I was joking and I came toward her with the knife and grabbed her arm. "Let go of me, Johnny!" she cried. "Don't be frightened, Auntie," I said. "It's just a joke, you see. The papers said the killer slashed his victims' throats. He must have done it like this—" "Johnny!" she shrieked as I held her tightly in my grip. "Please, Johnny! Don't! I've been good to you! I've taken you in, given you my money! My money! That's it! That's why you—" I held her tighter. She couldn't get away. I brought the edge of the knife closer to the side of her throat, under the ear, where I knew a deep slash would be fatal. But suddenly, I knew I couldn't do it. Just didn't have the nerve. I dropped the knife! "I—I can't do it, Auntie," I cried, releasing her. "I wouldn't hurt you. I—I was only joking, see?"

I wiped the perspiration from my forehead. Aunt Carrie slumped down in her chair. Her voice broke with hysteria. "Just one of your jokes!" she mumbled between laughter and tears. "Just one of your jokes."

I told her I was going out for a while and would be back later. That must have been when she called Sheriff Watkins. I hardly think it could have been later, for Uncle Randy must have crawled down the vines out of his room just about then, and I came back only a half-hour later. As I came up to the house, I saw the lights go out. I quickly let myself in with my key. Uncle Randy was in the living-room. He said Aunt Carrie had knocked the light over. "There's another near the piano," he said, and I went across the room and turned it on.

There on the floor, her throat and clothes smeared with blood, lay the body of my aunt! Uncle Randy was contrite and his normal self again, but he realized what he had done. He told me he overheard Aunt Carrie calling the police and thought she was doing it to get rid of him, have him sent back to the asylum. Just as he finished explaining, we heard the siren on the police car coming up to the house. Uncle Randy told me he had to go to his room, that there was something he had to do. I felt sort of sorry for him and turned to let the police in as he walked slowly upstairs.

The sheriff came in and took a look at the body, then asked me who had killed her. I told him her brother. "He was insane," I said. "He's the moon murderer." "Where is he?" the sheriff asked. "Upstairs," I said. I went along. There was nothing else I could do. Of course, we found Uncle Randy's room locked and I told the sheriff he must have gone into some other room, maybe mine. We went across the hall and opened the door. Uncle Randy was there. Beside him on the floor lay his long, sharp knife and the floor was wet with

blood. Uncle Randy was dead he had taken his own life! Sheriff Watkins searched me. He found the key to Uncle Randy's room in my pocket and the white card with "The Third" written on it. "Same handwriting. What's the matter, son? Didn't you have time to make out a card for your uncle, too?" "What do you mean?" I asked. "I mean you're under arrest for murder, son!"

They found some of my finger-prints on the knife, and with the card in my pocket, I didn't have a chance. They didn't believe me when I told 'em I didn't do it. And they sentenced me to die. I'm innocent, see! Absolutely innocent. I didn't murder Aunt Carrie or Uncle Randy. But they wouldn't believe me. It's a miscarriage of justice, that's what it is. I can hear the guard's footsteps coming down the corridor, coming for me! They can't kill me! I didn't do anything. I'm Johnny Kidd, a nice guy, and I didn't do a thing!

THE CAST

<i>The Character</i>	<i>The Player</i>
Aunt Carrie.....	Ethel Owen
Johnny Kidd.....	Dick Widmark
Uncle Randolph.....	Santos Ortega
Sheriff Watkins.....	Santos Ortega

This thrilling story was adapted by Wiley S. Maloney from the original "Inner Sanctum Mystery" play by Milton Lewis. "Inner Sanctum Mystery" was heard Sunday nights over the Blue Network at 8:30 p.m. EWT, 7:30 p.m. CWT, 7:30 p.m. MWT, 6:30 p.m. PWT under the sponsorship of Carter Products in behalf of Carter's Little Liver Pills.

# I Raise 'Em Myself

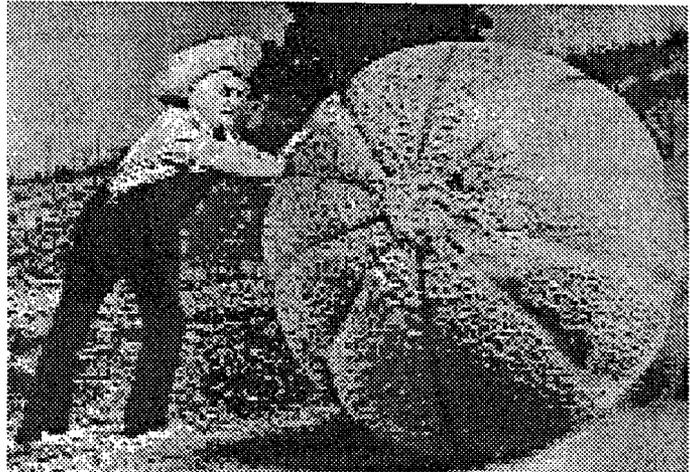
By FRANK MORGAN



*Frank's Fertile Fields Flower Fantastically; Farm Fruits Fully Photographed for Fans*

Millions of Americans have just climbed off their knees, wiped the good mud from their faces, swapped trowel for towel, and what happens? They choke on their own corn! That's also what occurs when a neophyte tries to raise a victory garden. And that's the result when a layman tries to raise early fall bloomers.

But here's what happens when I try to raise radishes and morale. Are you a soiler of the toil. I mean, a toiler



MORGAN'S MELON is a triumph of scientific agricultural prevarication. Frank (laughingly known as "Burbank" to a wide circle of admiring friends) presents the photographic proof of his achievement. Pictures don't lie—or do they?

of the soil, a tiller of the hill? Then let me give you some sage tips. Or asparagus tips. What am I talking about?

My experience as a bachelor of agriculture cum laude, cum lousy, stems from a long line of plowing Morgans, starting with my great-grandfather, Russet Morgan. Old Russet was a good potato; though nagged to death by his wife, whom the rest of the family affectionately called Sweet Yam. I'll never forget the time old Russet came home fried . . . but wait a moment. We're off the track.

Right now, my prize growth is a huge, Gargantuan San Fernando Valley beet, with an underslung Van Dyke. Oh, yes, the beet! Well, believe it or not, it's so huge, I went out to examine it one morning and found two cops asleep on the same beet.

However, I'll never forget the time I started my bean patch. With infinite patience, from the most modest seedlings, I nurtured, weeded, watched and watered them. I practically wept over them. Finally, the bean stalks were so dense and so high that it was imperative to provide protection with barrage balloons from a new flying species recently developed in the West to wipe out the insidious *Popilla japonica* or Japanese beetle. The name of this new American-type flying-bug is B-17, or Flying Fortress.

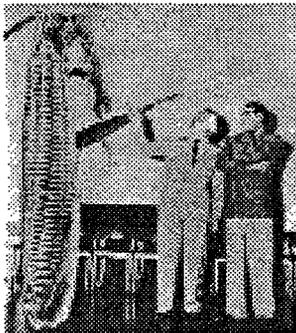
As to cabbages—mine are tops! These cabbages have been developed and grown so scientifically that their heads win hands down. Several years ago, I displayed them at the Pomona County Fair, and they won awards in competition with five hundred other heads. At the



DWARF TOMATOES a la Morgan are the culmination of generations of effort by the plowing clan of Morgans

Morgans developed leeks. For some time, the leeks started coming only sporadically, and old Uncle Rutabagas Morgan was in a quandary. His wife finally found the solution. They patched up the holes in the roof.

But let's get back to fertilization. There are any number of different formulas extant among scientific agriculturists. Spray, top soil, powder, drip grind and pulverized are common. But the secret Morgan formula, which I am now at liberty to disclose, provides the greatest efficacy. A dash of angostura, a twist of peel, a trace of sodium bicarbonate, and all my turnip greens are hungover.



JOHN CONTE doesn't believe his own eyes. After one look at Frank Morgan, we disbelieve too

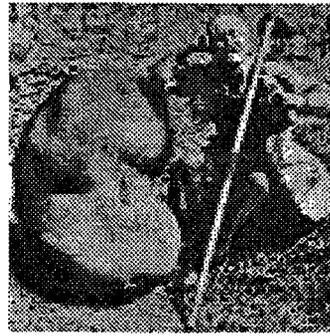
ing dish. It was succotash on the cob.

But let's consider my kale. Last year, I had two stacks of it won by the sweat of my own hard labor. Three days later I placed all this kale on Parsnips, running in the third at Santa Anita. Parsnips placed and I doubled my kale.

Now, perhaps I should tell you about choice kernels of corn. It, of course, was discovered among the American

moment, they are on exhibition at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington in the same case with two rare craniums of Neanderthal man.

However, this is all a lot of parsley compared to my innovations in the fecund field of fertilization. Years ago, for example, the Zucchini



SOILER OF THE TOIL is Frank Morgan, posing here with one of the finest potatoes ever faked

Indians by Pocahontas and Captain John Smith—lucky fellow. At the time, it was called maize and its fame and possibilities finally made American ears. Now I'm called Colonel Morgan, suh — dispenser of little kernels of corn—on and off the cob. What about fruits? Just give me razzberries—I love 'em.

ED. NOTE: In the April issue of the IP we announced the availability of past issues of The Illustrated Press from the last twenty years. The offer is still open, and the cost is \$10 for 12 issues, postage paid. Just send a note and your check to our Reel-to-Reel and Reference Librarian, Ed Wanat, Sr., 393 George Urban Blvd., Cheektowaga, NY 14225. Issues will be randomly selected, please specify what decade you would like them from. They are also available to non-members.

**EVERYTHING**  
EVERY AFTERNOON

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Hashes!  
ALL THE NEWS

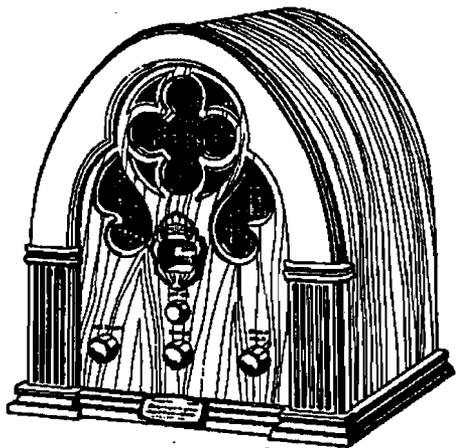
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Hashes!  
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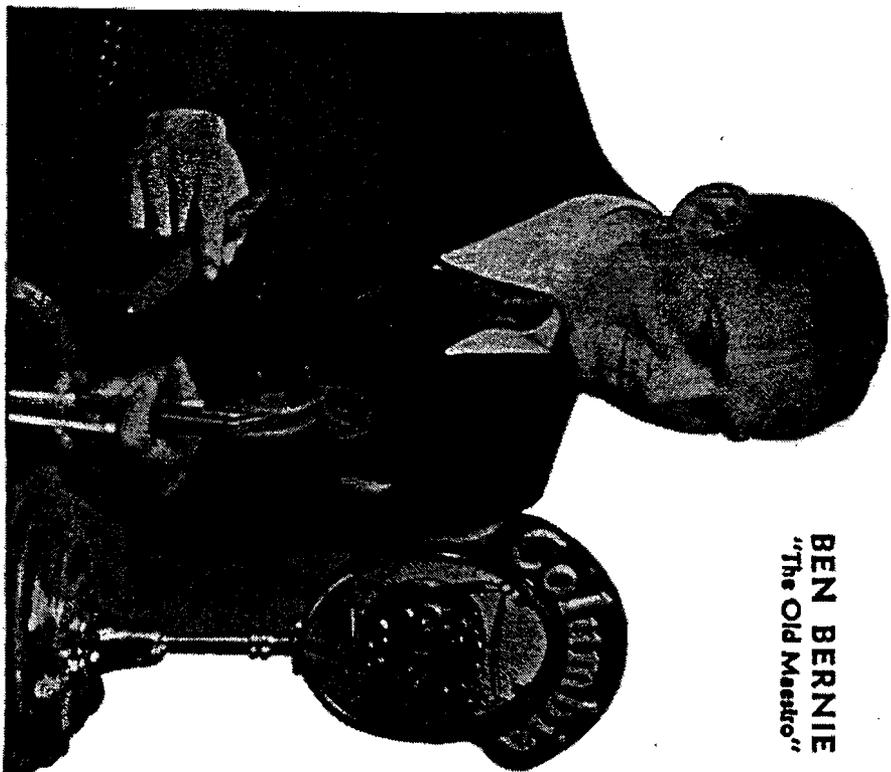
**WARC**  
The 24 HOUR STATION

*Old Time Radio Club*

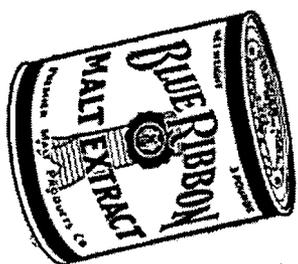
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