

*The Old Time Radio Club*

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A DAY IN THE LIFE OF

## Dennis Day

"A Day in the Life of Dennis Day" became a success overnight. Dennis Day portrays a bubbling, awkward, stage-struck lad trying to crash the entertainment field. His experiences and his romance result in fantastic complications. Dennis sings, jerks sodas, uses his variety of dialects—everything and anything to make his show the tops in the field. Listen in and you'll know why Dennis—every Irishman's idol—is considered one of the world's most versatile radio, recording and movie stars.



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**Club Mailing Address**

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



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## *I Love A Mystery*

Meet the members of radio's famous A-1 Detective Agency, Jack Packard of the analytical mind, "Doc" Long, who has a way with locks, and Gerry Booker, the shorthand sleuth.



Gerry Booker (Played by Gloria Blondell)

The chief characters of *I Love A Mystery*, the thrill-packed adventure series are Jack Packard and Doc Long. The diversified talents of these two private detectives of public welfare, operate from an unidentified office building somewhere in Hollywood. On the office door is modestly inscribed, "The A-1 Detective Agency." Jack Packard and Doc Long are the sole owners and operators of this agency whose creed is, "No job is too tough—no mystery is too baffling."

The brains of the outfit and its analytical powers are concentrated in Jack Packard. Doc Long takes care of getting out of tight spots through a pair of fast-moving fists. The glamorous side is ably covered by the

beauteous Gerry Booker, functioning as the secretary of the agency, and at times, as a very competent detective on her own account.

*I Love A Mystery* has no set locale, as the adventures and each blood-curdling assignment take Jack, Doc and Gerry to all parts of the country. The escapes of these three vary in length and type, but as a rule, even the most baffling of their cases are usually "cracked" by the trio in two or three weeks.



Jack Packard (Played by Michael Raffetto)



"Doc" Long (Played by Barton Yarborough)

*A New Adventure of Mr. and Mrs North*

## Murder for Two

"I just don't understand what we're doing here," Pamela North said plaintively to her husband Jerry. She waved vaguely at the smart foyer in which they stood. It went with a regally-appointed Park Avenue apartment house.

"We're doing what everyone else in New York City is doing right now—hunting for an apartment," Jerry said patiently. He waved a classified advertisement in her face, clipped from the Herald Tribune.

"But I'm still baffled," Pawn persisted. "When there isn't a foot of space in the whole city for rent—what makes you think a fancy Park Avenue job is going begging? Particularly when it's been on public view for two whole days before the atomic Norths get there?" But before Jerry could answer her, a big and beaming man had swung open the ornate grilled door. Bowing them in graciously but hurriedly, he burst into endless talk. "I'm Mr. Bower, the superintendent of the building. I presume you're anxious to see the advertised apartment? I'm anxious to show it to you! You'll love it! Step right this way to the elevator!"

Pam's mouth hung open in astonishment. "What year is this—1932?" she whispered to Jerry as they followed Mr. Bower into the highly polished elevator.

"—Three sun-flooded rooms, beautifully furnished down to the sheets, towels, ash-trays . . ." Mr. Bower was saying enthusiastically. "The catch? What's the catch?" Pam mumbled to Jerry. "Shut up," he didn't mumble back. "But he's stuffing it down our throats!" Pam muttered undaunted.

"Well, my throat's all set for the stuffing! It's mighty tasty!" Jerry said in amazed pleasure as they walked into the living room. It was indeed. Mr. Bower, almost fawning on them by this time, swept them hastily through the gracious, brocade-draped living room, the smart rose-colored bedroom, the sparkling kitchen and bathroom. His hasty tour brought the bemused Norths and himself back to a stop in front of the charming little bar in the living room. Jerry wandered behind it and said, "Scotch!"

It was too much for Pam. But she thought she saw the light, at last. She whirled on Mr. Bower. "Aha, my fine man," she said. "I have the answer to the puzzle the rent. It must be Rockefeller-type. What is it?" But again

she was wrong. "Oh, that!" scoffed Mr. Bower. "Why—er—anything you care to offer." Then he added, "Within reason," but only as if it were a belated afterthought.

"Well," Pam said, thinking out loud, "in these times it must be stupendous. But before the war, probably \$100 a month." Mr. Bower cut in rapidly. "Splendid! It's done! \$100 a month—year's lease—sign here!" The blinking Norths saw a swirl of leases, Mr. Bower's fountain pen, and Mr. Bower's insistent, eager smile. They signed in a daze. Jerry was still signing his name to the first month's rental check when Mr. Bower whipped it from his hand. Rapidly he began backing to the door, waving the check cheerily. "Well, so long!" he roared genially. "Wait!" Pam shouted after him. "When do we move in?" "You've moved in!" Mr. Bower shouted back. Then he did a strange thing. He gave a sudden hysterical yelp of laughter. Just as suddenly he sobered. "I beg your pardon, Mr. and Mrs. North," he said gently. The door closed on him.

Pam and Jerry stared at each other in the sudden quiet of their new home. Then Pam spoke. "The whole thing mystifies me. There just must be a reason for getting this glamorous apartment so easily in these times." She drifted aimlessly into the bed "Now, now!" Jerry said reassuringly. "Don't look a gift horse in the mouth—especially when it's an Arabian steed."

They were interrupted by the sharp ringing of the doorbell. They moved practically in lock-step to open the door. Outside in the hall stood a charming-looking older woman, whose white hair was in perfect contrast to her all-black clothes. She wore no hat, coat, or gloves. She came slowly into their living room, and her voice, when she spoke, was oddly sad. "I'm Mrs. Stone, from the apartment right under you," she said. "Mr. Bower told me, that he had finally rented this apartment, and I came right up to call."

The Norths mumbled their names, gestured toward a chair. But like a deep and quiet brook—or Mr. Bower—she went on.

"I thought you might feel a bit odd here, under the circumstances," she said. "But I guess you agree with me that evil things don't live after they're done." Then suddenly she gasped and put a hand against her mouth. "My iron! I left it on—I must be going." She started toward the door, stopped on the threshold and called back, "It's nice to have this place rented again. Everyone else was so cowardly about it. I'm glad you brave people came along!" She was gone. They could hear her footsteps moving carefully down the hall as

Jerry shut the door. He found himself holding both the door-handle and his wife, who had suddenly thrown her arms around his neck.

"Oh, darling, let's get out of here!" she said. "I have a streak of woman's intuition that otherwise we're going to be very unhappy!" Jerry took her arms away. "Nonsense!" said he. "I'm going out now and get our bags from our latest hotel. I'll be right back. We have a home now, Pam, and that's all that matters!" He reopened the hall door and a handsome young man whose eye had obviously been glued to the keyhole fell into the room.

"Better watch that!" Pam told him as he regained his balance. "You'll have a keyhole mark on one eye and not on the other." He paid no attention to her. "I'm Mr. Stone, from the apartment beneath you," he said, offering a hand to Jerry. "Oh, your gloomy mother just left," Pam said. "Not my mother, my wife," said young Mr. Stone. Then he turned back to Jerry. "I guess you don't know how to read or you wouldn't be here," he remarked flatly.

"Of course we can read—almost anything in English, that is," Pam said. "Well, then—read this," said Mr. Stone. He pulled a folded newspaper from his pocket, presented it to Jerry, bowed, and left abruptly. The door slammed hollowly on his quick exit. "The Stones are so abrupt," Pam lamented, staring at the door. But Jerry, unfolding the newspaper Stone had given him, whistled suddenly, and Pam rushed to his side. She saw a newspaper with a month-old dateline—and the headline: "YOUNG WOMAN FOUND MURDERED IN PARK AVENUE APARTMENT." The story read: "Beautiful Mrs. Maria Lombardy, 26, was found murdered today in her richly decorated Park Avenue apartment. Her body, clad only in a nightgown, lay beside her bed. The murder weapon, an ordinary steel kitchen knife, was still buried in her back. She had apparently been killed around 1 A.M. Her son Robert, aged three, had been found only a few minutes after the murder by other residents of her apartment house, crowded in the box of the dumbwaiter shaft. The murderer had evidently started to strangle him, been frightened by the child's screams, and had shoved him into the dumbwaiter box for some purpose of his own.

"The dead woman's husband, Corporal Sam Lombardy of the United States Army, arrived in New York City from overseas duty the day of the murder, but at present cannot be located either by the police or friends. Army authorities report that he went absent without leave during debarkation from his troopship, and have no clue as to his present whereabouts."

"I remember that case," Pam said slowly and thoughtfully. "It wasn't solved. The police finally decided to call it 'murder by person or persons unknown.'"

"I remember it too, now," Jerry agreed. "And it certainly explains why Mr. Bower was so anxious to rent us this joint. Even in these times, most people don't want an apartment with such a new and grisly history."

Pam gave a little hopeful hop. "Listen, Jerry, we can still get out of the lease. All we have to do is remind Mr. Bower that he signed us up without telling all the facts . . ." "Nope, we're staying," Jerry said flatly. "Murder or no murder, it's an apartment." He started toward the door. "I'm going now to our hotel and get our things. I'll be right back." This time he opened the door to an empty hallway, and closed it decisively on a dejected Pam.

ALONE, she instantly felt a rush of nerves. She looked uneasily out the window into the growing darkness, wrung her hands unhappily—and went hurriedly to the bar. "I'll mix me a drink to keep up my courage," she said aloud. She mixed it, sipped it, and said aloud again, "My courage, you are keeping up!"—when suddenly there was a tinkle and a rush of sound. A rock landed on the rug at her feet. It had been thrown through the window, probably from the dark rooftop next door, and there was a note fluttering from it by a piece of twine. Pam, her knees weak, went over and picked up the rock. The note, written in ink in rough printed letters, said, *Get out while you're still alive!*

"Just as you say!" Pam told it, and began running hysterically for the door. She flung it open—and saw Jerry outside, sagging under numberless suitcases. He came staggering in under his burden, talking brightly. "Pretty quick trip. I made, huh?" he said. "Reason for it was I found the hotel had obligingly packed our bags and left 'em in the lobby. We'd been thrown out of our room. Pam, we got this place in the nick of time, and it's got to be our happy home from now on!" "Change that to unhappy home, and you're quite right," said Pam faintly. She shoved the rock and note forward for his study, and then sat down suddenly in the nearest chair. But her sour omen seemed wrong for the next few hours, during which they had dinner at a cheerfully-lit restaurant, and returned to a comfortable bed. "A bed that's ours for the next year, instead of the night," Jerry told her just before they both fell asleep. But he was wrong about the bed being theirs for much of that night.

Pam awoke to find herself sitting up in sheer terror. She had begun shaking Jerry awake before she saw the

reason for her fear. An unexpected visitor was just entering their bedroom via the fire escape outside their window—a man, silhouetted against the pre-dawn gloom. He was dressed in a huge overcoat, and Pam saw the white blur of a handkerchief over his face and the gleam from the gun in his hand.

His voice, when he spoke, was low and hoarse. "Just stay in bed with your hands up," he ordered. "I'm going to search the place, and I won't hurt you unless it's necessary." Even as the Norths' arms rose in unison, Jerry's foot kicked Pam's ankle under the bedclothes. Then, suddenly, he shouted, "Look!" Pam instantly picked up the cue and screamed at the top of her lungs. The stranger whirled—and at that moment Jerry leaped from the bed and enveloped the masked intruder in his long arms. He had the gun wrenched away in a second. In the struggle, the stranger's hat fell off and his handkerchief slipped down—and as Pamela snapped the bedside light on, he was revealed as a she. And a very beautiful blonde she.

"It's a woman!" said Jerry, amazed. "Then come out of that clinch with it," said Pam coldly. Jerry stepped back, still clutching the gun, and immediately the lovely burglar burst into tears. "I'm Maria Lombardy's sister Lola," she sobbed, "and I just got here today from my home in Oregon. I came to try and clear up the mystery of my sister's death, which the police didn't seem able to solve." She looked at both of them through wet lashes. "The superintendent wouldn't let me into the apartment. I thought it was empty, so I came up to search it by way of the fire escape—disguised just in case of emergency."

"It would have been nicer to ring the bell," Pam said from the bed. The girl ignored her, turning to Jerry. "And I can't help wondering about my brother-in-law, Maria's husband. He's back in the country, you know. He came back the day of the murder. But he's disappeared. I—I just thought maybe I could straighten out a lot of things if I came." "I think so too," Jerry beamed at her. A glance from Pam changed him hastily, back into the role of loyal husband. Pam said sharply, "And now what can we do for you?"

The girl looked at her appealingly. "You could let me stay on your living room couch until morning. Then I could search for clues by daylight. It's only another couple of hours." The amiable Norths eyed her tear-stained face—and shrugged. "Okay," they said in chorus, and Pam rose to settle her in the living room. In another few minutes, the darkened apartment was filled once more with the symphony of snores. But then again Pam found herself sitting bolt upright in bed, again peering at a dark, muffled figure coming in from the fire escape

—again with a concealing handkerchief over his face, and with a gun in his hand. This time Pam didn't bother to shake Jerry. "Here's that man again," she told him wearily.

"You should change your costume for the second act, Lola," Jerry muttered sleepily. But he too sat up, no longer sleepy, when Lola's frightened voice called from the next room. This was a completely new intruder! And a much more business-like one than Lola.

In no time he had the Norths and Lola crowded in a corner of the bedroom with his gun trained on them, while he began a systematic search of the room. He had quickly and skillfully covered half the room when Lola suddenly gasped in reaction. Then she ran forward a few feet and said accusingly, "You're my brother-in-law Maria's husband!" He moved so quickly the Norths hardly knew what happened. Without a word he stepped forward and hit Lola on the jaw. By the time she had sagged to the floor he had run out through the living room, and the Norths heard the front door slam behind him. "Tarzan with clothes on!" Pam said, rushing to Lola's aid. But Lola was already sitting up, rubbing her jaw thoughtfully. "No, I'm not hurt much," she assured Pam. Then she added, almost to herself, "Of course, I could be wrong about him . . ."

Meanwhile Jerry had the telephone in a strangle-hold and was yelling at the police to canvass the building and nearby streets. It was only a half hour before the telephone shrilled, with a police sergeant on the other end of the wire. "Not a thing, Mr. North," he rumbled. "Nobody we could find in the neighborhood but several men walking their dogs. And one dog walking its drunken man." "Okay, thanks for calling," Jerry told him.

Again the North apartment settled to quiet. Again three peaceful snores were the only sound in the dawn-graying air. And then, suddenly, the doorbell began to ring. It kept on pealing insistently. "Tomorrow," Pam said wearily as she followed her husband out of bed, "I suggest we move to Times Square."

At the door, Jerry looked surprised at what seemed to be an empty hall. "Why, there's no one . . ." he began. "Look down," Pam advised. He did—and saw a baby boy, not dressed for calling. He wore a striped flannel bathrobe and blue pajamas. Behind Jerry, Lola cried warmly, "It's Maria's son Robbie! Hello, baby, you look just like your pictures!" she hugged him. Meanwhile Jerry began interviewing the baby over her shoulder.

"How'd you get here, son?" he asked. Robbie lisped an answer at once. "The Tones, downstairs, have been takin' care of me. My mummy went away, you know."

Jerry persisted, "I know, but how did you happen to come up here now?" "I dot up and unwocked the door, and tame up here," Robbie lisped, sensibly enough. "I wanted to thee if Mummy was back yet." "She's not and I think you'd better come back to bed, Rob," a positive voice cut in. The Stones stood in the open doorway, both dressed in bathrobes. It was Mr. Stone who had spoken, and now he stepped forward and took a firm hold on Robbie's small hand. "We missed you, and thought maybe you'd come calling at your old home. But now you have to finish sleeping," he said.

"Oh, no!" Lola said, her voice pleading. She kept one arm locked around Robbie. "Let him stay here for breakfast—it's almost time for breakfast. And I haven't seen him ever before. I'm his aunt, you know. Let him stay!" Old Mrs. Stone said to her husband, "Yes, dear, let's let him—" "Absolutely not," Mr. Stone told her flatly. He turned back to Robbie. "Come on, boy. Back to your crib."

Lola turned to Pam helplessly, and Pam rallied hastily. "Let him stay," she said. "But don't give him any false hope about breakfast. We haven't any foo . . ." She got that far when Jerry cut in. "I demand that Robbie stay here for breakfast," he told Stone. "Frankly, I won't take no for an answer." His tone was belligerent. So belligerent that Mr. Stone, scowling, reluctantly backed out. He nodded imperatively at his wife to follow him. Pam hastily shut the door on them. Then she stood watching her husband rush to the baby's side.

"What did you see the night—the night you were put in the dumbwaiter, Robbie?" he demanded. Robbie, who had been smiling up at him, suddenly looked as if a mask had fallen before his face. He gazed back in utter blankness. "Don't 'member," he said indifferently. "Yes, you do. Try, Robbie," Jerry insisted. "What did the man—or woman—look like? Think." Still blank-faced, little Robbie tried to inch away from him. "Don't know," he muttered. Pam interrupted. "Little as I know about children, Jerry," she said, "I can see that the shock of that night has made him forget everything. His memory is gone. You might as well give up."

Jerry rose to his feet, shaking his head in disappointment. "I'm afraid you're right. Children often forget something that terrified them—it just blots out in their minds." He paced the floor, thinking. "But he might know the answer to the whole tragedy . . . and there's some way to make him recall it. There's something that will bring it all back."

Then he got an idea Jubilantly he turned to Robbie, swung him off the ground. "I have it! The dumbwaiter! We'll put him in it—maybe that will do the trick!"

Robbie gurgled happily as Jerry ran with him to the dumbwaiter shaft, with Pam and Lola behind them. But the minute Jerry slid wide the door of the dark shaft, the little boy began whimpering and straining away. "Don't wanna go in there! Dark!" he said, kicking and wrestling in Jerry's arms. And by the time Jerry had pulled the big dumbwaiter box into view, the baby was screaming in terror.

Pam took a stand, with Lola backing her up "Jerry, little as I still know about children, I can see he doesn't cotton to that idea." Then she took an even firmer stand. "I shall get in the box—me and my flashlight," she decided. "Maybe the murderer dropped something in the way of clues down the shaft when he was stuffing Robbie into it—anyway, we'll see. It won't hurt—the least it will do is show Robbie there's nothing to be afraid of. Then maybe we can get something out of him." Once she had the idea, she could hardly wait for Jerry to finish his careful testing of the ropes. Then, pulling her flapping pajamas tightly around her, she climbed into the box. A second later she had manipulated the ropes and had sunk out of sight into the dark shaft. "I'm going down a little," she called up through the gloom, "Maybe I'll find something—a stain on the walls, at one of the other floors, or something like that. A clue!" Lola joined Jerry at the opening, with Robbie clinging to her hand. They watched the ropes moving in front of them, and heard Pam's cheerful call float up, "First floor down—and all's well!" Then, it seemed only a second later, the ropes in front of their eyes went dead still. A second after that and they heard Pam's voice, muffled but terrified.

"Jerry! Help!" she was shrieking. "I think somebody's cutting the ropes!" Jerry turned sheet-white. Over his shoulder he shouted, "Lola, call the police." Desperately he began working hand-over-hand on the rope that pulled the box upward. But his voice, as he called down to Pam, didn't match his sweating face at all. "Don't look now," he called lightly, "but it's the old man to the rescue." He went on doing the only thing he could—heaving on the rope, praying it wouldn't sever before he could drag her up to safety. Then, far below in the shaft, there was another scream from Pam and a crash. The rope on which Jerry was heaving leaped from his hands, almost pulling him into the shaft after it. But he managed to keep his hold, bracing himself against the sides of the dumbwaiter door. Meanwhile he yelled Pam's name down the shaft, his voice quavering.

Muffled, embittered, her voice floated up. "Yes, my dear husband. What do you want?—And before you tell me, let me say I want to get out of here. I'm stuck in the shaft—and somehow this box has fixed it so I'm sitting on my head!"

Jerry almost grinned in his relief. Then, straining, he began lugging again at the rope. In between pulls, he called down to her, "There's no killing you off—the clumsy fool cut the wrong rope! Which dooms me to haul your hundred and fifteen pounds upward all by myself!" And finally the box appeared in sight again, with Pam balancing it in the middle of the shaft with her hands. And Pam talking copiously about the rope-cutter in particular and dumbwaiters in general. And Pam adding, as she clambered back into the apartment, "Another thing—my pajama coat has been over my face most of my upside-down trip. Remind me to buy some new pajamas—I kept chewing thoughtfully on these, and I don't like the flavor of the material!"

Shaking and sweating from his recent efforts though he was, Jerry stared at her as if she had spoken with the wisdom of Solomon. Then he snapped his fingers with an idea and said aloud, "Over your face!" A second later he had grabbed a handkerchief out of his pocket and hastily tied it under his eyes. While Lola and Pam stared at him in amazement, he bent down to small Robbie. "Who am I, Robbie?" he asked through the handkerchief. Robbie stared at him only for a second. Then he said, "Mither Tone," and burst into noisy, heartbreaking tears.

Everything happened fast from then on. Jerry ran into the hall, with Pam on his heels. As they headed for the stairs, four policemen got out of the elevator. "Follow us!" Jerry yelled, and all of them ran down the stairs to the floor below. A second later, they were pounding on the Stones' door. They were only just in time. Stone, hastily dressed and carrying a small bag, was caught half-way to his own door as they knocked it in.

"Arrest that man," Jerry said, "for the murder of Maria Lombardy and the attempted murder of her small son." Then both the Norths jumped forward to catch old Mrs. Stone, as she toppled to the floor in a dead faint.

Later, after Stone had been taken to police headquarters, Pam and Jerry sat in a sunny window of their apartment eating a tray breakfast. "You can now explain everything," Pam said through a mouthful of egg.

Jerry, through his bacon, explained that young Mr. Stone, who had married old Mrs. Stone for her money, had seen in the lovely young Maria Lombardy a chance for even more money and love to boot. So he had wooed her, in the absence of her soldier husband, and had thought he'd won her. But when she heard that her husband was coming home, she'd changed her mind. Infuriated, Stone had murdered her by coming in with a

handkerchief over his face in the dead of night and knifing her. Little Robbie had seen the whole thing sleepily from his crib, and recognized Stone's familiar voice when Stone spoke to him through the handkerchief. So Stone, whose murder weapon was sunk deep in Maria's heart, had hastily attempted to choke the boy and had wildly put him in the dumbwaiter box—meaning, no doubt, to complete the job from his own apartment's dumbwaiter opening in a few minutes and then toss the lifeless body down the shaft.

But the boy's cries had roused kindly old Mrs. Stone, who had already dragged him from the box when young Mr. Stone reappeared. Then, in the excitement of the police investigation, Stone had decided to do away with the boy after the spotlight was off the case. He and Mrs. Stone (she in innocence) had kept the police from questioning the little boy too fully by saying that the shock of it would affect his mind indefinitely. In any event, Robbie remembered nothing of the horror night until Jerry's questioning.

Meanwhile, Robbie's father's mysterious disappearance in New York had been much like Lola's visit both wanted to find Maria's murderer without being hampered by the police. It was the father who'd come in via the fire escape and hit Lola (gently) when she identified him. But Stone was responsible for the rock thrown through the window with the scare-note attached.

"And now Robbie will find a home with his father and all will be well," Jerry wound up. Then he looked sharply at his wife, whose nose was buried rudely in a newspaper. "Just what are you doing?" he demanded.

"Looking at the housing ads," she said without emerging from behind the newspaper. "This place will be too monotonous from now on. But here's one that sounds promising. It's an 80-year-old house, with a history of ghosts, located in a Florida swampland . . ."

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### \*\*\*Uncle Don\*\*\*

"I guess that'll hold the little bastards," is probably the most famous line ever delivered on radio. Anyway, Uncle Don spent his life swearing he'd never said it. From 1928 until 1949, from 6 to 6:30 P.M. over WOR (and heard in some eighteen neighboring states) Uncle Don—Don Carney delighted the kiddies. He read the comics, told stories about "Susan Beduzen" and "Willipus Wallipus." He sang songs about "Meanwells,"

"Slackerminds," and "Stuckups" (all bad children). He rode a "puddle-jumper" and encouraged "Earnest Savers" to open accounts at the Greenwich Savings Bank. His favorite song was "The Green Grass Grew All Around, All Around." He actually made sure the products he hawked were on the up-and-up—a radio first! Barry Gray, the talk show host; Henry Morgan, the comic; and newscaster Norman Brokenshire all held down the announcer's chair for a while. And here—just for fun—is one of Uncle Don's classic openings:

"Hello, nephews, nieces too,  
Mothers and daddies, how are you?  
This is Uncle Don all set to go  
With a Meeting on the ra-dio.  
We'll start off with a little song;  
To learn the words will not take long.  
For they're as easy as easy can be,  
So come on now and sing with me.  
Hibbity gits has-ha ring boree,  
Sibonia skividy hi-lo-dee.  
Honi-ko-doke with ali-ka-zon,  
Sing this song with your Uncle Don!"

## Introducing OWEN JORDAN

For a long time, the American Broadcasting Company's *Terry and the Pirates* (Monday through Friday from 5 P.M. to 5:15 EST) a show ostensibly for the kids, has been up among the most adult programs on the air. Terry—the leading character—has been carrying on a relentless fight against fascism, a fight started months before the actual war began, and continued with sensible warnings against the enemy which had not been completely routed everywhere, nor completely conquered.

Terry is played by Owen Jordan, a medium-tall young man, with dark, curly hair and grinning brown eyes. And, in a way Owen is a kind of perfect choice for the part. He's really interested in children. In the fall of 1945 for instance, he appeared at some seventeen high schools in and around New York, lecturing to students of the drama on the possible use of radio in child education. His lectures were based on more than the dramatic aspects of radio, too. He's been a teacher and made use of his experience.

Owen was born in Chicago, but his early boyhood was spent in Denver, where his mother worked in a stock company. He did return to Chicago, however, to complete his elementary schooling and to go through high school. He was quite an athlete, being regular quarterback on the football team at high school and the city champion in the 50 yard dash. In fact, athletics played

such a big part in his life that for a while he wasn't quite sure whether he wanted to be an athletic director or an actor.

Later, when he entered the University of Chicago, he was still undecided. He was a member of the University track and football teams, but he also took part in all the school shows. After awhile, the grease paint won and Owen transferred to De Paul University to study drama. After he was graduated, he stayed on at De Paul for a year and a half as a dramatic instructor.

That didn't prove entirely satisfactory, however, so in 1938 he came to New York. He hadn't been in the Big Town long before he landed a part in the radio serial *David Harum*. Nor was it much longer, before he was a regular on the *Arch Oboler's Plays*, *Cavalcade of America*, *Front Page Farrell* and *Aldrich Family* programs.

No actor is ever really satisfied with just working in radio—why, we can't imagine, because radio offers so much chance for variety, but they simply aren't. Owen wasn't satisfied, either. He hustled around and worked in several Broadway successes—in "Eve of St. Mark", with Tyrone Power and Annabella in that film couple's version of "Liliom" and in Saroyan's "Time of Your Life".

Owen was kept pretty busy with a heavy radio schedule. Besides playing Terry, he had fairly regular assignments on the *Kate Smith Show*, *Real Stories* and many other programs.

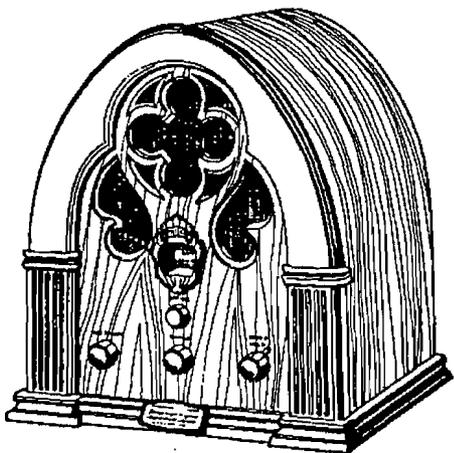
"DR.  
CHRISTIAN"  
8:30 P. M.  
"The Journey"  
Starring  
JEAN HERSHOLT



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# Old Time Radio Club

49 Regal Street  
Depew, NY 14043



## FIRST CLASS MAIL



60 years ago some of us were listening to radio when the war started. It wasn't The Life of Riley then, but it will be now at the **Friends of Old Time Radio Convention Oct 25-28, 2001** at the Holiday Inn North, Newark.

### Guests

Special Convention Guests who have given definite or tentative acceptance of our invitations:

#### West Coast Guests

Russell Arms - (Television) Your Hit Parade  
Dick Beals - The Long Ranger; Gunsmoke  
Frank Bresee - Red Ryder, Major Hoople (The Golden Days of Radio) T o m  
Cook - Red Ryder  
Ben Cooper - (Movies, Radio) Mark Trail, Second Mrs. Burton  
Art Gilmore - (Announcer) Amos 'n' Andy  
Bob Hastings - Archie Andrews; (Television) McHale's Navy  
Bob Mott - (Sound Effects)  
Kevin O'Morrison - Charlie Wild  
Elliott (Ted) Reid - March of Time, Lorenzo Jones  
Gil Stratton, Jr. - My Little Margie  
Beverly Washburn - Jack Benny  
Peggy Webber - Dragnet

#### New East Coast Guests

Harold Johnson - (Sound Effects)  
Michael Townsend Wright - (Actor, singer) Had radio show in New York in the '80's

#### Returnees

Arthur Anderson - Let's Pretend, Hotel For Pets  
George Anshro - (Announcer) ABC  
Cliff Carpenter - County Seat, Prairie Folks  
Mary Diveny - (TV, Movies, Broadway, Radio)  
Will Hutchins - (TV) Blondie; Sugarfoot  
Kitty Kallen - (Singer)  
Ron Lackmann - Let's Pretend, Pepper Young's Family  
Ruth Last - Let's Pretend; Quiet Please  
Peg Lynch - Ethel and Albert  
Bill Owen - (Announcer for ABC)  
Rosemary Rice - Archie Andrews; Let's Pretend  
Lynne Rogers - Light of the World

#### **For additional information contact:**

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