

The Old Time Radio Club

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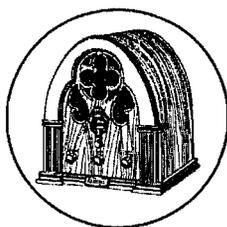
No! - - - It's NOT Charlie McCarthy (See Page 4)

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 7:39 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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Ed WANAT's Clips

(This column is made up of clippings from various publications gathered over the years by Ed Wanat)

JUDY

She's Still Unforgettable

By JOHN HUDDY

Ten years after her death, the Judy Garland myth and all the tired, dreary and banal fictions about the singer's life go on—repeated in countless biographies since she died in 1969 from an overdose of sleeping pills.

Judy never made it over the rainbow, where even little bluebirds get to fly, we have been told by her mawkish admirers. Judy's cheerful yellow brick road actually led to a quixotic place of crooked agents, wicked producers and a shrill, nasty stage mother who shoved Judy, then Baby Frances Gumm, onto the Grand Theater stage, in Grand Rapids, Minn., on Dec. 26, 1924.

Judy—brilliant, enchanting, unforgettable Judy—was the ultimate victim, one of the first—of her breed. to be overwhelmed by a corrupt entertainment industry and cruel, vicious critics, or so we have been told. More likely, she was caught in a slipstream that proved irresistible, first to her family (her mother wasn't quite so pushy, it turns out), later to her MGM producers, and finally to Judy herself.

For all the controversy surrounding the singer's life, there does appear to be one sure truth: No performer in our time has reached such heights and depths so often, so violently, and in so many cycles. She was a bitter-sweet woman and a prismatic star. There were bright, gay colors, and dark, malevolent hues. There were great upward flights—and just as many grinding crash landings. That was Judy Garland.

Signed to an MGM contract in 1935 at the age of 13, Judy, the daughter of Frank and Ethel Gumm, became a world-famous figure three years later, with the release of "The Wizard of Oz." After a string of other hits, including "Meet Me In St. Louis," she suffered a sharp career decline and, by 1950, at the age of 28, tried to commit suicide. Eventually fired by MGM, Judy climbed back with "A Star Is Born," foundered again,



then conquered New York in a famous Carnegie Hall appearance in 1961.

I saw Judy Garland only once, on Oct. 9, 1967, near the end of her final concert tour. It was in Columbus, Ohio, and it was obvious even then that all those technicolor fantasies had turned into grotesque nightmares; that *The Wicked Witch of the West* had finally caught up with Dorothy. As 2,000 people watched, Garland staggered from the wings, visibly drunk or stoned. Twice she stumbled over her own feet, once losing a shoe.

Repeatedly, she had to turn to the band to ask which tune was next, and, in one awful moment, she stopped cold in the middle of a song. Much of the inner terror that had stalked her for a lifetime showed in her face. The fear that one day her voice would turn to dust. The fear of being ugly, of being unloved, of growing old, tired and rejected.

"What?" asked Judy Garland, groggily. The conductor repeated aloud the next lyric. But Judy had not forgotten the lyrics. She had forgotten the SONG.

I would like to believe, however, that such unseemly spectacles, the kind that occurred in rapid succession at the end of her life, will someday fade, or at least be placed in their proper context. There is another Judy who also lingers, and she is quite a lady. My two children don't know, or care, about concerts in Columbus,

Ohio, but like millions of other youngsters, they gather around the television set whenever "The Wizard of Oz" makes its annual appearance. "The Wizard of Oz" is real; all the rest is just mean-spirited, sordid grownup talk. Judy is Dorothy, skipping up the Yellow Brick Road, and there isn't any quicksand there—just a magical, wonderful place with a zany wizard and some funny munchkin people who sing in high voices.

My own favorite Garland film is "Meet Me In St. Louis" (1943), a film Judy at first thought childish and didn't want to do. Tender, sensitive, funny and even suspenseful, Vincent Minnelli's masterpiece is one of the best musicals ever made. Give Judy (later Mrs. Minnelli) some of the credit. "The Trolley Song" is typical of the score, and if ever a song captured the wonder and joy and fear of falling in love, it is this Judy Garland song, in this movie.

And then there was the night of April 23, 1961, the night Judy came back and played Carnegie Hall, after suicide attempts, movie flops, health problems and terrible rows with MGM bosses. The concert is preserved on a two-disc "live" Capitol album. And it is a remarkable concert, indeed.

"When You're Smiling," a throwaway opener for most singers, becomes a fierce, no retreat battle cry of determination and strength. Judy Garland is going to smile tonight, even if it kills her. "Over the Rainbow" comes near the end of the Carnegie Hall concert, and when the first introductory bars are heard, you hear a tremendous roar from the 3,165 on hand. The show is stopped, as the crowd gives Judy a thundering ovation. Then Judy gives the crowd a thundering, heart-wrenching version of "Over the Rainbow"—a realm slightly out of reach throughout Judy's life. It is, quite simply, a magnificent performance.

Critic Henry Pleasant, from "The Great American Popular Singers": "She had the most utterly natural vocal production of any singer I had ever heard . . . it was an open-throated, almost bird-like vocal production, clear, pure, resonant, innocent."

Yes, Judy Garland was innocent, even that late in her career. That word does come to mind as we hear Judy Garland in concert, at her very best. Innocent. There is nothing that smacks of artful management, of the contrived, of the mendacious. Not on the stage. In her private life, Judy zigzagged from one dream (and eventually, nightmare) to another, but not onstage. There, before the pills and drugs took over, Judy was out front, direct, simple and for all to see. She gave us—forgive the imagery—a mainline shot of emotion, music, talent. Here was a great star who was famous and talented and beloved—and always, so terribly vulnerable.

Away from the spotlight, Judy was not nearly as disordered and disreputable a character as some would have us believe. As a child, she was spoiled, and near the end of her life, she was insufferable, but Judy had her own special charm.

Despite the vast sums she earned in her lifetime, Judy was mostly broke in the final five years of her life. Still, she pressed on.

"She was truly one of the funniest people I've ever known," daughter Liza Minnelli recalls. "A lot of times we had to sneak out of hotels because she was out of money. She would make an incredibly funny game of it. We would put on all the clothes we could, about five layers, and just walk out leaving the rest, laughing. Mama'd say, 'Oh hell, I need a new wardrobe anyway.' Descending in the elevator, she would assume her very imperious air, she'd whisper: 'No problem. Always keep in mind—I am Judy Garland.'"

Sometimes, Baby Frances Gumm—Judy Garland—wished that were not so. "Let me tell you, legends are all very well if you've got someone around who loves you." Judy Garland told a reporter near the end of her life. "I mean, I'm not in the munitions business! Why should I always be rejected? All right, so I'm Judy Garland. But I've been Judy Garland forever." Forever and ever, as they say in children's stories.

Judy Garland died on June 22, 1969, in a small but pleasant London cottage. Too many downers, said the coroner. On the same day, it was reported at the time, a twister set down in the state of Kansas.

Dorothy, however, had moved away.

Can You Guess the Identity of Our Cover Picture??



Let's have some fun with this one. Send in your best guess as to who this person really is. We'll offer a prize of two audio CDs, each containing two half hour shows per disk, done by this mystery person. Send your guess to the Editor by either E-Mail or Snail Mail. Open to members only, and only one guess per member. Contest ends March 29, 2001.

LATEST ADDITIONS TO THE CASSETTE LIBRARY

- 2996 Roy Rogers "Debona Gang" 11/23/51
- 2997 The Hermit's Cave "Mystery of the Strange Thing"
The Hermit's Cave "Search for Life"
- 2998 Nick Carter "Substitute Bride" 11/17/43
Nick Carter "Drug Ring Murders" 11/10/43
- 2999 Dragnet "Fast & Clever Thieves" 5/3/53
Dragnet "Offered \$1,000 to Kill Man" 5/10/53
- 3000 Lux Radio Theater "Lady is Willing" 3/1/43 (60 min.)
- 3001 Lux Radio Theater "The Lady Has Plans" 4/26/43 (60 min.)
- 3002 CBS Radio Mystery Theater "I Warn You Three Times" 1/12/74
CBS Radio Mystery Theater "Cold Storage" 1/13/74
- 3003 CBS Radio Mystery Theater "Time and Time Again" 1/27/74
CBS Radio Mystery Theater "The Man Who Heard Voices" 1/29/74
- 3004 CBS Radio Mystery Theater "The Dream of Death" 2/12/74
CBS Radio Mystery Theater "Dig Me Deadly" 2/13/74
- 3005 CBS Radio Mystery Theater "Sacrifice In Blood" 3/12/74
CBS Radio Mystery Theater "Fall of The House of Usher" 3/14/74
- 3006 CBS Radio Mystery Theater "Unearthly Gift" 3/28/74
CBS Radio Mystery Theater "Pharoah's Curse" 4/2/74
- 3007 CBS Radio Mystery Theater "Strange Case of Lucas Lauder" 2/26/74
CBS Radio Mystery Theater "An Identical Murder" 2/28/75
- 3008 CBS Radio Mystery Theater "The Wakeful Ghost" 3/3/75
CBS Radio Mystery Theater "The Pit and The Pendulum" 3/4/75
- 3009 CBS Radio Mystery Theater "Taken For Granite" 5/8/75
- 3010 CBS Radio Mystery Theatre "Ghost Plane" 9/12/75
CBS Radio Mystery Theater "The Third Person" 9/19/75
- 3011 CBS Radio Mystery Theater "Angels of Devil Mountain" 9/24/75

- CBS Radio Mystery Theater "The Other Self" 9/28/75
- 3012 CBS Radio Mystery Theater "Senior Prom" 9/11/81
- 3013 Theatre Five "Subject Number 428A" 10/2/64
Theatre Five "Arithmetic of Honor" 10/5/64
- 3014 Theatre Five "The Last Land Rush" 10/6/64
Theatre Five "Echo of Madness" 10/7/64
- 3015 Theatre Five "Including Murder" 10/22/64
Theatre Five "The Sacrifice" 10/23/64
- 3016 Theatre Five "Annie is Watching" 3/3/65
Theatre Five "Land of Milk & Honey" 3/4/65

Mr. District Attorney

"The Case of the Last Witness"

An elusive killer disposes of all of the witnesses but the one he didn't even know existed.

THE CAST

- Mr. District Attorney.....Jay Jostyn
- Harrington..... Len Doyle
- Miss Miller..... Vicki Vola
- Verona.....Walter Vaughn

The last note of the organ died away in the hushed chapel. Pretty Mary Hastings and her nervous groom, Warren Wheatley, stood before the altar waiting for their marriage ceremony to begin. The gaunt-faced minister opened his prayer-book. His voice was deep and resonant, and his words were heard distinctly even at the back of the little chapel. "Into this holy estate, these two persons present come now to be joined. If any man can show just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together; let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace—"

Then, like a false note in a symphony, came a harsh voice from the rear of the room. "I'd like to speak, Mister." The heads of the wedding guests turned and the minister's mouth dropped open. The bride looked as though she were about to faint. Up the aisle walked a hard-faced, brutish-looking man. He was carrying a revolver. "I got a good reason why he shouldn't be hitched," said the hard-faced man, patting his gun. "It's right here. Stand where ya are—all of ya—" "Now, see here," the minister said, finding his voice. "Pipe down, Preacher," the stranger rasped. "I'm bustin' up your party. This guy's comin' with me!"



Mr. District Attorney, portrayed on the air by Jay Jostyn (above), plays a hunch when he sees a connection between the case of the snatched bridegroom and the elusive crook who disposed of every witness who could possibly have testified against him.

The hard-faced man walked calmly up the steps of the altar, grabbed Wheatley by the sleeve and pushed the revolver against the small of his back. "Come on, Mister Bridegroom," said the stranger. "We're blowin' out the back way . . . and fast."

That's how Harrington, the District Attorney's assistant, told the story. The D. A. listened carefully, his keen eyes narrowing in concentration as he paced back and forth before his desk. The D. A. swung toward Harrington. "It seems odd," he said, "that no one tried to stop him."

"Well," Harrington said, spreading his hands, "there were only about a dozen people in the chapel, and it all went so fast I guess they were too dazed to do anything." "How about the get-away car?" "That's already in the works, Chief. After Wheatley and his snatcher left, the best man rushed to the door and knocked off the license number of the car the kidnaper was driving away. I sent out a general alarm on it just before I came in." "Good," the D. A. said. "Did anybody advance a motive?" "No. I couldn't even talk to the bride. She was too hysterical."

At that moment, Miss Miller, the D. A.'s attractive secretary, came into the office. She was excited. "The state police just called," she said. "They have several reports on that car Harrington wanted traced. The last one

came from up near Centerville. The car was seen going along a dirt road heading for the hills—"That means they're still in the county, Chief," Harrington interrupted.

"How long ago was the car seen?" the D. A. asked Miss Miller. "It's about a half an hour now." The D. A. grabbed his hat, told Miss Miller he and Harrington would check with her on the telephone if anything turned up, then strode toward the outer office. Harrington had difficulty in keeping up with his boss . . . Harrington pushed the car hard on the drive up to Centerville. Once they stopped to confer with a squad of state police, then resumed the reckless ride up into the hills. Darkness had fallen and the strong headlights made the trees ahead look like ghosts. Once again they talked to two state police officers who were patrolling the lonely dirt road which wound out of sight in the darkness. The officers told them they had seen nothing, that others were beating the woods and hills for a possible hideout.

Some minutes later, the D. A. touched Harrington's arm and pointed to a small drive off the dirt road. Harrington jammed on the brakes and brought the car to a screeching halt. Both men exchanged glances in the subdued light of the car's front seat as they heard a distant roll of thunder. It was going to storm.

"Let me have one of those flashlights, Harrington," said the D. A. "I think we'll find a house up this road." The two men crawled out of the car and started walking cautiously up the twisting little side road that was hardly more than two ruts in the sod. They talked in hushed voices. Harrington patted the side of his pocket. His automatic was ready. The D. A. switched on the flashlight, and ahead, through the trees, the two men saw the vague outline of an unpainted mountain shack.

"No lights there," said Harrington. "Maybe it's empty." "It may be now," the D. A. agreed, "but look here." He turned the light down on the road where, cut deeply in the soft ruts, were fresh tire-tracks. "A car's come and gone here recently," the D.A. said, "I guess we'd better look around."

He switched off the light and the two men stumbled through the darkness into the clearing around the ancient shack. Lightning crackled across the sky to the west and was followed instantly by a deafening clap of thunder. The storm was about to break any minute. Near one of the fallen-down out buildings, the D. A. switched on the light again, and almost jumped backward in surprise at what he saw.



From a rendezvous with a killer in a blackout the D. A.'s secretary, Miss Miller (portrayed by Vicki Vola, above), brings back evidence that convicts him.

"Blood," he said under his breath, Harrington, the ground's all covered with blood. While Harrington looked over the D. A.'s shoulder, his chief swung the flashlight in a wide arc. "Do you see what I see?" the D. A. asked. "Yeah," Harrington said in a hushed voice. "A bunch of chickens—and all dead."

The two men stepped closer and counted the chickens. There were twelve of them. "Their heads have all been cut off," Harrington said. "Not cut off, Harrington. They appear to have been shot off!" The D. A. paused. "Yes, Harrington, shot off. And I know of only one person who indulges in a pastime like that—a gentleman named Boss Verona—" "Hey," cried Harrington almost in relief, "that's right. He uses 'em for target practice according to that guy Erwin's trial testimony. Say, Chief, maybe this is his hideout. Maybe Verona's the one who snatched the guy from the church."

"It's beginning to look that way," said the D. A., turning off the flashlight. "Come on, we'll look through the shack. I don't think we'll find anyone here now, but we can't take chances."

As the D. A. predicted, the shack was deserted. But he and Harrington found evidence that it had been occupied only recently. In the kitchen were dirty dishes, empty tin cans and scores of cigarette butts. Two beds in another room had been slept in. "Verona had a companion," the D. A. said softly. "I wonder why they brought the guy all the way out here if they weren't going to stay," Harrington said, looking under a table in a far corner of the shack.

The D. A. paused in the center of the small room. For a time he said nothing. He was deep in thought. Finally, he snapped his fingers. "I think I know the answer," he cried. "Verona has been hiding out these past two years to avoid facing trial for that murder indictment we have on him."

"Yeah," said Harrington. "I remember. We think he killed Lefty Lynch and one other guy—but try and prove it." "Right. In those two years, several of the witnesses that could testify against him have either died or disappeared." "Sure, but—" "In fact," said the D. A. interrupting, "nearly everyone who might have testified against Verona is now dead and most of them died under pretty suspicious circumstances. Looks like he was purposely wiping out his own gang—" "So none of 'em could testify against him, huh?" "Yes, but we have two witnesses left—only two—and one of them, Mike Erwin, is in the death-house at the state penitentiary"

"Gosh, Chief, do you remember something? Erwin's gonna burn tonight." "I know," the D. A. said quietly. "And I'd rather let him die. The man was certainly guilty. Besides, we don't need him. The other witness is a man named David Norton." The D. A. suddenly became tense. "Why didn't I think of that before?" he suddenly asked "Think of what, Chief?" "Why didn't I remember that Norton was going to be married today and in the same chapel as young Wheatley. Harrington, Verona grabbed the wrong guy!" "But," Harrington said, "wouldn't Verona know Norton when he saw him?" "Of course," the D. A. agreed, "but he must have sent his confederate in to do the job and the confederate made the mistake. Quick, Harrington, that telephone on the wall. We've got to reach Miss Miller—we've got to warn Norton at once. We've got to tell Miss Miller to call Norton's home and find out where he's going on his honeymoon."

The storm broke in all its fury as Harrington twisted the crank on the old-style wall telephone. But Harrington and the D. A. were too late. The D. A.'s secretary had just received word that Norton had been shot at the railroad station an hour before! "What'll I tell Miss Miller," Harrington asked. "Tell her to call the governor," snapped the D. A. "I've got to make a deal with Erwin. Tell Miss Miller to have the governor get a stay of execution. I'll explain later."

Harrington turned back to the phone, but just as he began talking, a stroke of lightning, like a whiplash, cracked through the woods. Sparks leaped from the telephone and Harrington leaped backwards. When he tried to use the instrument again, he found it dead. The electric storm had knocked it out. There was no time to lose. The two men had to reach another phone and every minute was at a premium. Harrington kept his foot on the floorboard all the way down the mountain-side. The car slowed dangerously around the slippery curves and rain beat in sheets against the windshield. Harrington drove with reckless skill, but more than once

death was only a matter of inches as the heavy machine skidded on the hairpin turns. Luck was against them. The storm knocked out every telephone in the area!

"We'll have to drive to the prison," said the D. A., and again they were off on the mad ride through the night. But they arrived too late—just seconds after Erwin breathed his last in the electric chair. The last witness against Verona was dead and apparently his slate was clean—legally clean.

The D. A. knew he couldn't touch the killer. There was only one ray of hope. It developed the following day when Harrington came excitedly into the D. A.'s office. "I've been talking to Mrs. Wheatley," he cried. "Mrs. Wheatley? Who's that?" the D. A. asked. "The bride of that guy who was snatched. Don't you remember? Well, she's got a kidnap note signed by her husband. Here it is." The D.A. snatched the envelope from Harrington's hand and, using care to preserve possible finger-prints on the document, he spread it on his desk. It read:

"Dear Mary: I was requested to write this note to you by the man who is my captor. He wants me to tell you that I will be held until ten thousand dollars is paid for my release. I personally do not sanction this. However, he says that if you are interested, you should insert an advertisement in tonight's paper to that effect. He will contact you again after this ad appears. I am in good health. Don't worry about me. Love, Warren:"

"How do you like that guy Verona?" Harrington said. "He not only wipes his slate clean but he's gonna make some dough in the bargain." "His slate was clean, Harrington," the D. A. said grimly, "but he seems to have gotten himself a new piece of chalk." The D. A. looked up. "Miss Miller, I want you to put that ad in the paper at once!" The reply came the next day, but it looked like Verona was going to play things safe. "Dearest Mary," the new note read, "I understand that you have inserted the advertisement as requested. I wish you hadn't done it. I don't feel that you should be paying that money for me. However, I am being forced to give you the following instructions: There is to be a city-wide test blackout tomorrow night at 10:30. Just before that hour you are to go to the four hundred block in West Street. Midway in that block there is a group of apartment houses. You are to walk up and down in front of those buildings until the blackout. Then you will be given a signal to enter one of them—"

"He don't wanna be seen," commented Harrington. "And Wheatley's only seen Verona's confederate. The

Boss is sure being careful." The D. A. continued to read the note. "You are warned to come alone, bring the money, and wear a corsage of violets for identification. If the police interfere, my life will be forfeited. Confirm this rendezvous by inserting another advertisement. All my love, Warren." "Send the girl there, Chief," said Harrington. "I'll move in with a squad and grab him quick." "No, Harrington, we can't do that. Don't forget the blackout. You'd never find Verona. Besides that, Miss Miller tells me that the girl is in no condition to keep the appointment."

"How about me going there, Chief?" Miss Miller volunteered. The D. A. looked at his secretary with appreciation. "It's too dangerous," he said. "You'd be risking your life. Remember, Verona is a killer. He thinks he's safe and wants to stay that way." "I can handle it, Chief. I know I can." "Well," the D. A. said reluctantly after some thought, "I suppose it's the only way. You'll have to go through with it just as it was laid out in the note. The ransom money will be paid and we'll make things easy for Mr. Verona. But we'll set a trap. I've got a plan and I think it'll work—it'll work if Mr. Verona's ego is what I think it is."

The following night Miss Miller, wearing a corsage of violets, walked slowly up and down the four hundred block on West Street. Although she looked, she saw nothing suspicious. The street, with its tall apartment buildings, seemed perfectly normal except for the air of excitement due to the coming blackout. Air-raid wardens, with white bands on their sleeves, and police patrolled the block. Everything was in readiness when the dismal whine of the sirens started. Seconds later the street was plunged in stygian darkness, more blinding because of its contrast with the brilliant lighting of a few moments before.

Miss Miller continued to walk slowly down the street. Suddenly she felt the presence of someone near her on the sidewalk. She heard breathing in the darkness and, with a thrill of excitement, she knew she was walking with the killer. "All right, sister," came a low, hoarse voice out of the night. "Step in this doorway." Miss Miller felt a hand on her arm and went willingly with her guide. "Did ya bring the dough?" he whispered. "Yes," she replied. "It's in my purse." Carefully she followed the D. A.'s instructions. There was a slight pause, then a click, like the sound of purse snaps being opened. She pushed the roll of bills out into the darkness and felt the searching fingers of the stranger in the dark. He took the money. "Your boy friend'll be released," the voice whispered, "as soon as I get away clean." Miss Miller couldn't tell exactly when he left, but she knew

again when she was alone. She stood there in the doorway of the apartment building, waiting in trembling excitement for the lights to come back on. Had the D. A.'s plan worked? Had they trapped Boss Verona?

The next day told the story, but it did not start auspiciously. The police called the D. A. and told him that a crook by the name of Monk Mullins, whom the released Wheatley identified as his kidnaper, had been killed up at the mountain shack near Centerville the night before. Verona again had slain the only man who could testify against him. That's why the D. A. was not surprised when Boss Verona swaggered into his office about noon. His ego, as the D. A. had predicted, had brought him in to boast.

"I understand that you been lookin' for me," Verona said with a sneer. "Been lookin' almost two years now, ain't it? Well, I'm a little late, but anyhow I made it." "I appreciate your coming," the D. A. said softly. "My secretary has some interesting pictures to show you."

The D. A. pushed the button on his desk and Miss Miller came into the room. She winked at the D. A. as she handed him an envelope and stood back to wait developments. The D. A. casually opened the envelope and spread the pictures on his desk. "Don't tell me you've got some etchings, Mr. D. A.?" said Verona sarcastically. "No," the D. A. replied grimly. "These are pictures of you—excellent ones—taken in that hallway just as you received the ransom money. Take a look at them, Verona; they link you with Monk Mullins and the kidnaping. It looks like we've got you for murder as well as for kidnaping."

"What is this?" Verona roared. "What are you tryin' to pull on me? How could you frame pictures of me this way there in the dark? The thing's impossible. It's just a trick." The D. A. grinned. "You should keep abreast of science, Verona," he said. "Suppose I let Miss Miller tell you how it was done." "Thank you, Chief," said the girl. "But the credit belongs to you. The idea was yours. I merely carried it out. You see, when I opened my pocketbook to give Verona the money, I also took out a tiny camera that I carried which was equipped with special film and an infra-red flashbulb. These bulbs don't give off any visible light and yet they enable a person to take a perfect picture in the dark. So I got a picture of Verona with the ransom bills.

"And," added Harrington, "if it hadn't been for those pictures, Miss Miller, we never would have had a thing on Verona." "But we have them," said the D. A. looking

sternly at the white-faced crook, "and, Verona, they are your death warrant. You're as good as in the chair right now."

This thrilling story was adapted from a dramatization on the famous radio show "Mr. District Attorney," written by Jerry Devine, under the sponsorship of Bristol-Myers Co. for Vitalis and Ingram's Shaving Cream.

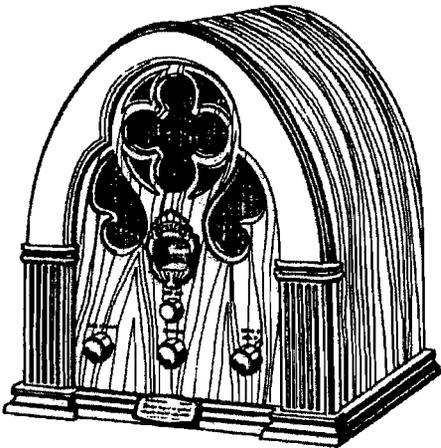


Award of Merit to Bob Hope and his 1940 comedy finds: Cobina and Brenda

On Bob Hope's variety show Corbina and Brenda play many different roles, deal with as many different situations, but opening their act and echoing their exit there is one raucous refrain, "I Want a Man, I Want a Man!" Upon that not uncommon wail, two young character actresses have based the act which rates them 1940's comedy finds. Elvia Allman (Cobina) is an old hand at histrionic manhunts, and like Brenda is a veteran of stage, screen, radio. Blance Stewart (Brenda) is best known to listeners for her six years on Jack Benny's show as Gladys Zybisco. But they are essentially Bob Hope's discoveries. Because his show has maintained a uniformly hilarious brand of comedy, of course, but more specifically because he has consistently given listeners the laugh sensation of 1940. (*Radio Guide*)

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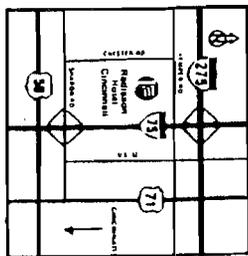
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