

ILLUSTRATED PRESS

EST. 1975

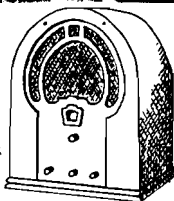
No. 75 - Dec. 1982



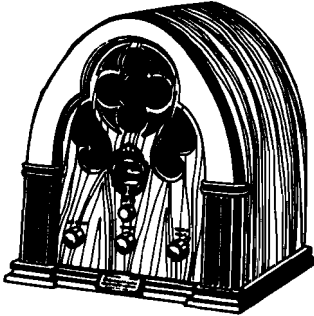
Betty White

Pat Murphy

THE OLD TIME



RADIO CLUB



THE OLD TIME RADIO CLUB
MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION:

Club dues are \$15.00 per yr. from Jan. 1 through Dec. 31. Members receive a tape listing, library lists, a monthly newsletter (The Illustrated Press), a semi-annual magazine (Memories), and various special items. Additional family members living in the same household as a regular member may join the club for \$3.00 per year. These members have all the privileges of regular members but do not receive the publications. A junior membership is available to persons 15 years of age or younger who do not live in the household of a regular member. This membership is \$7.50 per year and includes all the benefits of a regular membership. Regular membership dues are as follows: if you join in Jan. dues are \$15.00 for the year; Feb., \$14.00; March \$13.00; April \$12.00; May \$11.00; June \$10.00; July \$9.00; Aug. \$8.00; Sept. \$7.00; Oct. \$6.00; Nov. \$5.00; and Dec. \$4.00. The numbers after your name on the address label are the month and year your renewal is due. Reminder notes will be sent. Your renewal should be sent in as soon as possible to avoid missing issues. Please be certain to notify us if you change your address.

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BACK ISSUES: All MEMORIES and IPs are \$1.00 each, postpaid. Out of print issues may be borrowed from the reference library.

The Old Time Radio Club meets the second Monday of the month (September through June) at 393 George Urban Boulevard, Cheektowaga, New York. Anyone interested in the "Golden Age of Radio" is welcome to attend and observe or participate. Meeting starts at 7:30 p.m.

 DEADLINE FOR IP #77 - Jan. 10
 #78 - Feb. 14
 #79 - Mar. 14

ADVERTISING RATES FOR MEMORIES

\$25.00 for a full page
 \$15.00 for a half page
 \$ 8.00 for a quarter page

SPECIAL: OTR Club members may take 50% off these rates.

Spring Issue Deadline - March 15th
 Fall Issue Deadline - September 15th

 * PLEASE NOTE CHANGE IN NAME AND *
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Cover Design by Eileen Curtin

Wireless Wanderings



JIM SNYDER

I recognize that every year, following the "Friends of Old Time Radio" convention, there are a number of accounts written on that event, and so I have refrained from doing so myself. But, this year I think I will join the pack, since it is such a memorable event for those of us who do attend. One of the things that makes it so great is renewing old friendships and making new ones in this OTR fraternity, so for the most part my remarks will deal with some of the "notables" of the Old Time Radio Club who attended this year.

Roger Smith left his car here at my house and rode down to the Detroit airport with me. Now Roger is really a great guy and a terrific conversationalist so he made that two plus hour drive zip by. While most of you don't know Roger, you may remember his massively researched article on Fibber McGee and Molly that appeared in both the IP and the newsletter of the Colorado club several years ago. He is truly an authority on that subject and much of his research is being used in a forthcoming book on Marian and Jim Jordan.

At the Detroit airport we found Gene Bradford, rather frequent nasty letter writer to the IP, and his son Andrew waiting for the same plane. I did note that as soon as we got to Newark, Gene changed his return flight reservations so that he wouldn't have to return with us. For each of the last two conventions Gene has provided each club member in attendance with a very distinctive membership pin, at some expense to Gene. These pins are greatly sought after and at least two people I know of have coughed up the \$15. membership fee just so they could have one of the pins. Andrew was a very personable young man who we really enjoyed having around.

We found the Holiday Inn, scene of this years festivities, to be located with the Newark city dump on three sides of the building. Really attractive.

As soon as we walked in the door we were accosted by "Chucky-poo" Seeley, Kean Crowe, and Bob Davis. What a scroungy looking group! We were surprised to find Bob there since just

the day before I had received the October IP and he had promised not to attend this year. Another broken promise. It appears that Chuck and Bob had just sold a book they had written and were able to throw money around like water. I was beginning to get an inferiority complex being around all these authors: Chuck, Bob, and Roger.

In the evening we had a rather lengthy trivia contest that was much too difficult. While Chuck and Bob fumbled their way through a bunch to wrong answers, the rest of us at the table merely yawned, since we had no idea of what was going on. There was also a presentation on tape decks with a gentleman from TEAC. He answered one of the questions I raised in my October column, namely that a deck should normally be demagnetized every two weeks. Speaking of that column, OTRC member John Furman was displeased with the way I spoke about the bad advice he gave me on cotton swabs in that column. He now wanted to recommend another type of cotton swab, but I have taken all the advice I am going to from John, so I didn't even listen.

The last event in the Friday program was a live radio broadcast by Chuck, Bob, and Kean (also known as Reid Carleton, famous radio personality) back to the Buffalo area.

Saturday started with the usual dealer tables. John Furman sold me another deck. That is four decks, one at each of the four conventions I have attended. I really don't see how I fall for his sales pitch year in and year out. I have tried everything I can to stay away from him, but he always gets me. I then began to wonder about Roger Smith. He bought a bottle of after shave lotion, from John, that was in a bottle shaped like a microphone. He then went around interviewing everyone in sight and asking them to talk to his bottle. This club does have some strange people. No wonder Gene wouldn't fly back with us.

I attended the session on OTR clubs and arrived just in time to hear editor Dick Olday give a really great presentation on the Old Time Radio Club. Then he blew it! He mentioned that annual picnic, the one held at "Ball's Falls." Since no place could really be named "Ball's Falls," they decided his entire presentation was a phony. (((Thanks a lot...Ed.)))

The next misery of the convention was a presentation on the Lux Radio Theater put on by myself. Now the group ahead of me started twenty minutes late and ran forty minutes overtime, so I found myself starting ten minutes after I was supposed to

be finished, and then before I had said a word the next group to use that room asked if I was finished yet. So, I cut as much as I possibly could from my talk to speed things up. There were two disconcerting things that happened during my talk. Every time I would say that I guessed that there was something that I could cut out, Bob Davis would stand up and applaud. Then, Chuck Seeley had purchased a little electronic baseball game from John Furman (Furman again!!!!) and he and Kean Crowe sat in the back playing with that all through my talk. Now that was bad enough, but everytime one of them scored a run the little thing would start beeping. Instead of paying attention to what I was supposed to be talking about, I kept finding myself trying to figure out what the score was from all the beeps. I finally managed to stumble my way through my talk and sneak out of the room.

I was truly impressed with the work that Dick Olday put into selling the club during the convention. He was constantly passing out copies of the IP and trying to recruit members, and he spoke to innumerable radio stars in an attempt to get some of them to write something for the IP. I sure hope he was successful with that, because the articles that Lee Allman writes are always so interesting and I do hope others will share their experiences. Dick's wife, Arlene, was a monument of patience. Every time I saw her, she was holding Dick's notebooks while he was pawing at length through stacks of cassettes at John Furman's (who else) table, or holding his drink while he was talking to stars or collecting dues money, or something. Poor woman had to serve as a valet through the entire convention.

You may recall an exchange earlier in the year between Dave Reznick and myself regarding racism and OTR. I really wish Dave had been there. The presentation of the Al Jolson Society was made by a black, and I would have been very interested in hearing Dave tell that guy that he was simply "shuffling off an Aunt Jemima box," especially since the man was so much bigger than Dave.

We were all pleased to see OTR member Lee Allman in two presentations at the convention. She appeared on a panel of former WXYZ members, and told some very funny stories. Then in the evening there was a re-creation of the Green Hornet radio show in which she played the role of Miss Chase, just as she did on the original show from 1936 to 1952.

This obviously has not been a comprehensive discussion of the convent convention, but I hope in some way I have been able to get across how much fun we all had. The next convention has already been set for November 10 and 11, 1983, at the same location: Holiday Inn North, Newark International Airport, New Jersey. I hope that many of you who have not yet attended will consider it next year. Full information will be given all year long through Jay Hickerson's publication, Hello Again which can be obtained by sending \$6.00 for a one year subscription to Jay at Box C, Orange, Connecticut 06477.



Earle Ross

"Judge Hooker"—The Great Gildersleeve

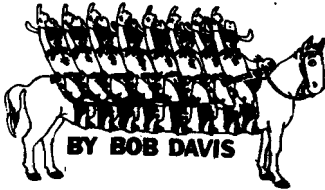
TUNE IN

- WJR Detroit, Mich. - 760 AM
- Saturdays, 6:30 p.m.-OTR Show
- WMCA-AM Mon.-Fri. Eve. 2 hours of OTR
- CHUM-FM Toronto, Ont. 104.5
- Bold Venture 11:00 p.m.
- WCMU-FM Mt. Pleasant, Mich. 89.5FM
- WCML-FM Alpena, Mich. 91.7 FM
- Mon.-10:30 p.m. Star Wars
- Tues.-10:30 p.m. Earplay Theater
- Thurs.-10:30 p.m. Earplay Theater
- Fri. 10:30 p.m. Nightfall
- CHRISTMAS SPECIAL -
- WEER-AM Buffalo, N.Y. 970 AM 12/18/82
- Repeated 12/25 at different times
- 9:00 a.m. Jack Benny
- 9:35 a.m. Ozzie & Harriet
- 10:10 a.m. Mysterious Traveler
- 10:40 a.m. Miracle on 34th Street
- 11:20 a.m. The Great Gildersleeve
- 12 noon Bing Crosby
- 12:30 p.m. Our Miss Brooks
- 1:05 p.m. Hallmark Playhouse
- 1:40 p.m. Abbott & Costello
- 2:15 p.m. Dragnet
- 2:45 p.m. Dennis Day

CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVEN

SAY!

WHO WAS THAT MASKED MAN?



BY BOB DAVIS

Awright awready. Peace and pax and all that stuff. Last columns quiz answers, to me, were dead easy and I still think they are but to some people they didn't add up. I'll explain the two explanations that seemed to give people trouble. The clue was "The shows title is a lazy mans saying" . . . When someone is goofing off or just feeling lazy and unwilling to to a particular job he might say "Let George Do It". The shows title: The other clue, "If the job's too tough, you've got a job for me", is from the opening of every show. Nuff said?...Sheesh!

Through the grace of one of our local TV stations I was able to make it to the OTR Con in Newark. Up to a few days before the Con I wasn't going to be able to make it but then, almost at the last minute, the station (Bless'em) came through, and I was able to go.

I was particularly glad to make it because I wanted to see Ol'Chuck collect his "Rocky" and I also wanted to grab up another Trivia Trophy. First the Trivia Trophy...Jay Hickerson asked 62 of the hardest questions that I've ever heard in my life. The winner, (Dave Siegal) won with a total of 24 right. 24!!! Com'on Jay, give us a break. I came in tied for second with 21. Well, at least I was close. Now for Chuck and the "Rocky"...He lost and I quit. Hmhmhm, I wonder if Jim Snyder or Gene Bradford would like to try for it. I'm available, and cheap.

Not too much about the Con this time around because I imagine everyone will be writing about it and so I'll wait for it to die down a bit. I would like to say one thing though. This Con has to rand right up there with the best. Friendly people, pretty ladies, terrific stars, and plenty of free coffee. What more could you ask for?

More the next time....

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

New member wants OTR premiums and Pep cereal buttons. I will answer all letters.

Tom Lord
1595 Unionport Rd.
Bronx, N. Y. 10462

New member wants to trade or have contact with others who have material on the following: Radio shows associated with Old Country Music Shows-Grand Ole Opry, WLS Barn Dance type, etc.--Frank Sinatra-Nat King Cole---and any documentary type shows of personalities. Have catalog of material and will trade, contact:

Larry Adamson
14 Busher Place
Clinton, N. J. 08809

Tapespondents is a free service to all members. Please send your ads in to the Illustrated Press.

RETURN WITH US TO...




DICK TRACY

on Radio

DICK TRACY, PROTECTOR OF LAW AND ORDER, CAME TO RADIO ON SEPTEMBER 30, 1935. THE SHOW, BASED ON CHESTER GOULD'S COMIC STRIP MOVED FROM MUTUAL TO NBC IN 1937. IT WENT OFF THE AIR IN 1939.

IN 1943 THE SQUARE-JAWED DETECTIVE RETURNED TO RADIO OVER ABC. THIS RUN WAS UNTIL 1948. IN 1946, TRACY WAS BROUGHT INTO A SATURDAY EVENING FORMAT, WHILE THE SERIAL WAS RUNNING DURING THE WEEK.

NED WEVER, MATT CROWLEY AND BARRY THOMPSON PLAYED DICK TRACY.



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The CRYSTAL EGG



HY DALEY

Well, School's about to start at good ole CAHS again. Another great year of the OTR Club. I've added an Announcers Club too. We have our own show on WWCB here in Corry every Saturday morning. Most of the club members eventually earn steady jobs on the station because they become pretty good announcers and they work cheap. Radio stations seem to like that combination of talents.

This column will finish up "H" and go on to "I" and "J" in my steady surge through radioland's best and worst.

HORATIO HORNBLLOWER--3 Michael Redgrave's is a class actor and his portrayal of the literary seas captain is full of saltwater and cannon smoke.

HOT COPY --2 Only heard one of these print shop dramas--Death on the Assembly Line, area 1943. Average.

HOOR OF CHARM--2 Phil Spitalny All Girl Band should have been seen to be appreciated.

THE HOUSE OF MYSTERY--4 A super stuff for kids--here's some titles: "The Ghost Who Forgot Halloween", "Monster in the Lake", "BatBoy".

HOUSE PARTY--2 Art Linkletter's daytime bonanza for the weary housewife.

HOWARD & SHELTON--1 These 5 minute shows for Royal Crown Cola were at most time fillers.

HOWDY DOODY--3 Just as good on Radio.

THE HUMAN ADVENTURE--2 An AFRS show showing the tragedies and adventures of the greats and unknowns.

HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME--2 An Australian made serial. Not particularly great.

TED HUSING SPORTS SHOW--2 Machine gun reporting gives baseball all the excitement of PLO evacuation.

I DEVISE & BEQUETH--2 Routine dramas, one title--Woman Prisoner

I FLY ANYTHING--2 Odd little adventure series starring Dick Haymes!!

I LOVE ADVENTURE--3 Carlton E. Morse's renewal of the Jack, Doc and Reggie series. Good listening.

I LOVE LUCY--3 Yes, it was on radio too!

I LOVE A MYSTERY--3 Good serial with Jack, Doc and Reggie searching strange lands for odd and sometimes unbelievable mysteries.

I WAS A COMMUNIST FOR THE FBI--3

This was a 50's reaction to the Communist scare that was wrecking its way through the USA and broadcasting.

IN THE AIR WITH ROGER GALE--2 Another kids serial of the Capt. Midnight, Hap Harrigan, Jimmy Allen gender.

IN THE NAME OF THE LAW--2 Average crime fare with some neat titles: "I Dreamt Mother was Poisoned," and "We Bumped off Hubby"

INCREDIBLE BUT TRUE--2 Take off of Ripley's Show

INDICITMENT--2 Only one listened to was a 15 minute show called "The Swindle"

INFORMATION PLEASE --3 Interesting quiz show with some very interesting guests like Oscar Levant, Christopher Murley, Wendell Wilkie and assorted Rhodes Scholars.

INHERITANCE--2 AFRS presentation.

Heard one--Liberty Bell Story

INNER SANCTUM--3 Some good. Some stinko! Artificial plots like the one in "Death Rides a Riptide" and great plots like "The Wailing Wall" and "The Listener" make this show hard to rate.

INSIDE TRACK--2 Sports interview show with such big names as Roy Campanella, Ford Frick, Al Rosen, Hoyt Wilhelm, and Don Little.

INTERPOOL CONFIDENTIAL --2 Foreign intrigue. One title heard --"File on a Teddy Bear"

INVITATION TO LEARNING--1 Sunday afternoon educational experience.

IT'S A CRIME, MR. COLLINS--1 A dreadful study of Greg Collins who lurked the streets of San Francisco.

IT PAYS TO BE IGNORANT--3 My students love this show. I guess it agrees with some of their philosophies.

ITS SHOW TIME FROM HOLLYWOOD--3

If you like Freddy Martin's big band, this is for you. Another ZIV syndication.

BURL IVES--2 The Ole southern blue-tail flicker strums out those baleful ballads.

JACK AND JILL--1 1949 kids show.

HARRY JAMES--3 His syndicated shows were enjoyable.

JERRY AT FAIR OAKS--1 Pretty dull kid's adventure shows.

GEORGE JESSEL'S 30 MINUTES IN HOLLYWOOD--3 In 1937-38 Jessel had a delightful half hour variety show featuring such guests as Weber & Fields, Judy Garland, Polly Moran, Buster Crabb, Guss Edwards and some other rare radio appearances.

JOE & MABLE--2 1941 daytime drama
JOHN'S OTHER WIFE--2 Only heard one of these gems

JOLLY BILL & JANE--1 Pre-schooler show--this one was situated in Turtle Town (not far from Sesame Street, I expect)

JERRY OF THE CIRCUS--1 This was Jerry before he decided to go to Fair Oaks.

ALLAN JONES SHOW--2 Nice songs and Woody Herman's big band

BUCK JONES--2 In 1937 this must have been a thrill for kids.

LORENZO JONES--2 His wife Belle loved him but I didn't

SPIKE JONES--4 Always funny. This is a series you'll never tire of. His wacky music and wackier orchestra members convened for 30 minutes of pure sophisticated chaos.

NED JORDAN, SECRET AGENT--2 Title say it all.

ROCKY JORDON--3 This one depends on which series you listen to. The 1949-50 was pretty good with Near East intrigue. The 1951-52 series with George Rapt fares badly. Some 1949 titles: "Gum Queen", "Pattern for Revenge". 1951 Title: "Lady from Tangiers"

JOY BOYS--2 Songs and patter

JUBILEE--2 AFRS musical show featuring Leadbelly, Tiny Bradshaw, Johnny Mercer.

JUMBO--3 Jimmy Durante starred in this 1935 circus multimedia sensation. The large audience was told politely to shut up while the show progressed. Can you imagine that?

JUNGLE JIM--4 My favorite all time kids serial. Lots of copies of many, many chapters in circulation, start at the beginning and catch it all!

JUNIOR MISS--2 Strictly for the acne set, this featured a teenager named Judy, not a date with Judy but a close fadimile.

JUST BETWEEN YOU AND ME--1 Heard two shows from 1944. Just between you and me, forget this one.

JUST ENTERTAINMENT--2 The show I heard starred Pat Butrum who could be a very entertaining sidekick.

JUST 5 LINES--2 Show from 1942 heard.

JUST PLAIN BILL--2 I've heard three shows that run the gambit--1939, 1946, 1949. Said to be the first soap opera, J.P.B. set the standard for tons of script to follow.

JUVENILE JURY--2 If you like smart kids, you'll love this one. If you like intelligent kids, listen to Quiz kid.



Cameron Prud'Homme
"Title Role"—David Horum

TAPE LIBRARY RATES: 2400' reel-\$1.50 per month; 1800' reel-\$1.25 per month; 1200' reel-\$1.00 per month; cassette and records-\$0.50 per month. Postage must be included with all orders and here are the rates: For the USA and AP0-60¢ for one reel, 35¢ for each additional reel; 35¢ for each cassette and record. For Canada: \$1.35 for one reel, 85¢ for each additional reel; 85¢ for each cassette and record. All tapes to Canada are mailed first class.

TUNE IN (Continued)

- 3:25 p.m. Burns & Allen
- 4:00 p.m. Richard Diamond
- 4:30 p.m. Charlie McCarthy
- 5:05 p.m. Suspense
- 5:35 p.m. Red Skelton
- 6:10 p.m. Gunsmoke
- 6:40 p.m. Fibber McGee & Molly
- 7:20 p.m. Duffy's Tavern





JERRY COLLINS

JIM SNYDER WINS SERVICE AWARD

He has never attended a meeting of the Old Time Radio Club. He probably has never been in Buffalo. Nevertheless it was no surprise when Jim Snyder received a plaque and a honorary life membership in the Old Time Radio Club. Dick Olday made the presentation at the Friends of Old Time Radio Convention held in Newark, New Jersey on October 20.

The inscription on the plaque read, "For Your Continuous Contributions to the Success of Our Club." Jim Snyder has been a regular contributor to the Illustrated Press for years. He has made numerous contributions to our tape library. He has also sponsored most of our trivia contests. He has never failed to promote our club in his travels throughout the United States. When the Old Time Radio Club was suffering through some difficult times Jim Snyder was always there with moral support, financial aid and usually some strong and persuasive advice. Jim, the plaque is only a small token of our appreciation for all that you have done for the Old Time Radio Club.

Once again it's time to delve into the days of radio past.

Over the past few years our readers have viewed the pictures of such radio stars as Groucho Marx, Joan Davis, Agnes Morehead, Elliot Lewis, Red Skelton, Ed Wynn, the Shadow and the Lone Ranger on the front cover of the Illustrated Press. Where would radio have been without these legendary figures? On the other hand, where would radio have been without those lesser known actors and actresses who played all those bit parts, those people who played some of the lead roles and many of the supporting roles in those thousands of mysteries, soap operas, dramas and situation comedies.

Two of those performers, Betty Winkler and Pat Murphy are on this month's front cover. Betty Winkler

played Rosemary Levy in Abie's Irish Rose, Joyce Jordan in Joyce Jordan Girl Interne, Evelyn Waring in The Man I Married, Peggy O'Neill Kayden in The O'Neills, Rosemary in Rosemary Dawson and Nita Bennett in Lone Journey. She also played in Attorney-at-law, Betty and Bob, Chicago Theater of the Air, Curtain Time, Girl Alone, Grand Hotel, Lights Out, This Life is Mine and Welcome Valley.

Pat Murphy played Dr. Reginald Travers in The Romance of Helen Trent. He also played with Miss Winkler in Girl Alone as well as playing in Silver Eagle Mountie and Midstream.
Until next month, "Goodnight All."



11/1/82---"Formula Z - The Protector"

Formula Z - a new wonder paint - stirs up a batch of murder suspects in this tale of international intrigue.

CAST: Patricia Elliot, Mandel Kramer, Ray Owen, Evie Juster

WRITER: Sam Dann

11/2/82---"The Sensible Thing"

A second marriage, an old pet dog and imaginary late-night conversations all contribute to the awakening of a stalwart yet unfeeling businessman.

CAST: Lee Richardson, Teri Kean, Ralph Bell

WRITER: Elspeth Eric

11/3/82---"Yearbook"

Walter Laszlo still lives up to his high school nickname "Ladykiller" --but many be taking it all too seriously.

CAST: Evie Juster, Lloyd Battista, Sam Grey

WRITER: Douglas Dempsey

11/4/82---"The School Mistress"

The intervention of a cantankerous driver obliterates the dreams of a mild-mannered school mistress in this adaptation of a Chekov tale.

CAST: Patricia Elliot, Earl Hammond, Lloyd Battista

WRITER: James Agate, Jr.

11/5/82---"Adolf and Eva"

The final days in the bunker come alive for Eva as she attains all she's wanted for 16 years.

CAST: Roberta Maxwell, Louis Turenne, Robert Dryden

WRITER: Sam Dann

11/8/82---"Mind Over Mind"

A young bank teller is accused of robbery until she becomes hypnotized and discovers that she's the one who's been robbed.

CAST: Jada Rowland, Russell Horton, Bernard Grant, Earl Hammond

WRITER: Elspeth Eric

11/9/82---"Portrait of the Past"

A painting of a beautiful young girl and a unique brooch raise a battery of questions for a visiting nephew.

CAST: Bill Griffis, Bob Kaliban, Bernard Grant, Carole Teitel

WRITER: G. Frederic Lewis

11/10/82---"Redhead"

When a has-been prize fighter sees red, he's driven to knock out his opponents -- innocent red-heads he's never met.

CAST: Fred Gwynne, Carole Teitel, Mandel Kramer

WRITER: Sam Dann

11/11/82---"The Twelfth Juror"

A wealthy businesswoman is forever linked to her lover by a small gold trinket purchased before his death.

CAST: Marian Seldes, Mandel Kramer, Lloyd Battista, Joan Shea

WRITER: Sam Dann

11/12/82---"Murder by Decree"

Henry VIII's second wife, Ann Boleyn, cannot give him the son he wants so desperately, leading the King to contrive a plan to do away with his queen.

CAST: Marian Seldes, Earl Hammond, Bernard Grant, Carole Teitel

WRITER: James Agate, Jr.

11/15/82---"A Pair of Green Eyes"

A stone with the power to turn a man into a god triggers instead a series of demonic events.

CAST: Teri Keane, Arnold Moss, Bob Kaliban, Russell Horton

WRITER: Arnold Moss

11/16/82---"The Magic Dust"

A battle for control revolves around precious--and useful-- metals not always used to achieve constructive ends.

CAST: Tony Roberts, Arnold Moss, Evie Juster

WRITER: Sam Dann

11/17/82---"The Man With the X-Ray Eyes"

Personal gain instead of justice blinds a law man from bringing a murderer to the stand.

CAST: Fred Gwynne, Mort Benson, Lloyd Battista

11/18/82---"Diamond Dotty"

Diamonds are not always a girl's best friend, as members of a western

frontier town quickly discover

CAST: Teri Keane, Carole Teitel, Earl Hammond, Bernard Grant

WRITER: Sam Dann

11/19/82---"Famous Last Words"

A respected engineer's credibility is questioned when she insists on having seen a dead body on a deserted street.

CAST: Kim Hunter, Mandel Kramer, Bob Dryden

WRITER: Sam Dann

11/22/82---"Eleanora"

A secret society persuades a famous actress to become a member and causes her to play the most deadly role of her career.

CAST: Marian Seldes, Earl Hammond, Lloyd Battista, Evie Juster

WRITER: James Agate, Jr.

11/23/82---"The Smile"

A gigantic 'smile' in the sky reunites an estranged couple but quickly torments them at the same time.

CAST: Tony Roberts, Marian Seldes, Fred Gwynne

WRITER: G. Frederic Lewis

11/24/82---"Funeral Without a Corpse"

Ghosts from the past return to haunt a gubernatorial hopeful, putting his career and his marriage in peril.

CAST: Norman Rose, Teri Keane, Bernard Grant, Ray Owens

WRITER: Sidney Slon

11/25/82---"The Reigate Mystery"

Mssrs. Holmes and Watson investigate a seemingly petty housebreaking in this adaptation of the Conan Doyle tale.

CAST: Gordon Gould, William Griffis, Ray Owens, Lloyd Battista

WRITER: Murray Burnett

11/26/82---"Barn Burner"

There's more to horse racing than training thoroughbreds as two down-and-out equestrians quickly discover.

CAST: Patricia Elliott, Russell Horton, Ralph Bell, Robert Dryden

WRITER: Steve Lehrman

11/29/82---"How Do You Like Those Apples?"

An unfaithful husband get his just desserts when a recurring nightmare suddenly becomes true.

CAST: Mandel Kramer, Carole Teitel, Cynthia Adler, Bob Kaliban

WRITER: Sam Dann

11/30/82---"The Goddess of Death"

An acclaimed young artist paints his last work and only the model depicted knows the reason why.

CAST: Diana Kirkwood, Mandel Kramer, Robert Dryden

WRITER: James Agate, Jr.

12/1/82---"The Rim of Eternity"

The solving of a seemingly routine murder drastically changes the life of a down-and-out journalist.

CAST: Larry Haines, Mandel Kramer,

Evie Juster

WRITER: Sam Dann

12/2/82---"The Last Plan"

Eros and Thanatos, the gods of love and hate, are the driving forces behind a woman's deadly plot to gain control of her surroundings.

CAST: Mia Dillion, Paul Hecht,

WRITER: Elspeth Eric

12/3/82---"Scenes from a Murder"

A poor student commits a heinous crime in a far-fetched attempt to better himself only to find he is tormented by self-induced punishment, in this adaptation of Dostoyevsky's "Crime and Punishment".

CAST: Russell Horton, Joan Shea,

Carole Teitel, Earl Hammond

WRITER: G. Frederic Lewis

***CBS has cancelled this fine series as of 12/31/82. Himan Brown hopes to be able to switch to another network or possibly syndicate the show. We wish him the best of luck.

THEN --

Cass Daley



The daffy Cass Daley was called "radio's most popular comedienne" in 1946.

The comedienne who made a career out of buckteeth and a large rear-end was born Katherine Daley on July 17, 1915, in North Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Her father was a streetcar conductor for over forty years. In her early teens she had to drop out of school for all but one day a week so she could help her family by working in various small jobs. The most she made during this period was a \$12 week.

One Saturday night in 1933, friends insisted that Cass perform during an amateur show in Gloucester City, New Jersey. She had quite a reputation for making people laugh and had once lost a job for mimicking the foreman. In her debut she sang "Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone," accompanying herself on the ukulele. Until that moment she had never thought of going into show business. After that, she never thought of doing anything else.

For the next few years Cass went from nightclub hatcheck girl/singer to singer at a Walk-a-thon that was emceed by the then unknown Red Skelton. Next came the vaudeville circuits and presentation houses, where she sang briefly with Ozzie Nelson's band. She replaced Judy Canova (single and living in Hollywood) in the ZIEGFELD FOLLIES of 1936, and then toured the music halls of Great Britain. In 1939 she was back on Broadway with Joe Penner in YOKEL BOY.

By this time Cass had learned to capitalize on a face and figure that would have ruined the life of another woman. In school she had been told her teeth were so big she could eat corn on the cob through a tennis racket, and so in her early act she tried to sing blues without showing her teeth. Now she featured them every time she opened her mouth, and made sure no one missed her generous backside. The audiences convulsed.

Cass signed with Paramount Pictures in 1941, just about the time she began to click on radio on such shows as MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE TIME. She pinch-hit several times for comedienne Joan Davis and even replaced radio's FITCH BANDWAGON with her own show one summer. It was on radio that she popularized the expression "I said it and I'm glad!" She drew very well in presentation houses such as the New York Paramount Theatre. The studio, however, took 50 percent of all of her outside earnings.

Her screen debut, THE FLEET'S IN (1942), was probably her best film, although her favorite was RIDING HIGH (1943) with Glenn

Langan (living in Camarillo, California, with his wife, Adele Jergens). Among her eleven others were CRAZY HOUSE (1943) with Martha O'Driscoll (now Mrs. Arthur Appleton of Chicago) VARIETY GIRL (1947) with Olga San Juan (divorced from Edmund O'Brien and living in Los Angeles), HERE COMES THE GROOM (1951), and then, after a hiatus, THE SPIRIT IS WILLING (1967), followed by NORWOOD (1971) with Joe Namath.

AND NOW



Cass Daley in 1974, the year before she was killed in a fall.

By the time her seven-year Paramount contract had expired Cass had borne a son by Her husband-manager, Frank Kinsella. "We were living in Newport Beach, which is quite a drive from Hollywood," she once explained, "and you know what it's like out here--out of sight, out of mind!" She admitted, too, that she never really tried very hard to find work on TV, which would have been the perfect medium for her visual, broad comedy.

By 1970 Cass and her husband had divorced. She wanted to make a comeback, if only for the income "Frankly, I ran out of money," she admitted in a 1972 interview. In 1971 she did THE MUSIC MAN in St. Louis and 1972 toured in THE BIG SHOW OF 1936 with Beatrice Kay (living in a retirement home in

Hollywood). But casting directors didn't recognize her name. "And when I tell them who I am they don't seem to care," she once said.

The daffy lady, whom millions knew as a raucous, man-starved female, was by her own description "really dullsville" off the screen. She was killed in March 1975, when she fell and hit her head on the edge of a glass coffee table in her small apartment only a few blocks away from Paramount studios.

OTR PUBLICATIONS

There have been some changes in the area of old time radio publications. Collectors Corner/National Radio Trader has ceased publication with its summer issue. It will be replaced with a new publication, The Golden Years of Radio and TV which will be edited by Joe Webb and Bob Burnham. Issues will come out four times a year and will cost \$10 for a one year subscription. Subscriptions can be placed with Mr. & Mrs. Ron S. Downey, The World of Yesterday, Route 3 Box 263H, Waynesville, North Carolina 28786.

There is another new publication, Old Time Radio Digest, scheduled for a February debut. Additional information is not available at this writing, but details can be obtained by writing Bob Burchett, 1971 Madison Road, Cincinnati, Ohio 45208.

Here's a happy, hearty wish for your Christmas cheer

And here's a hope that you may have joy now and in the coming year. To you we send the season's best, and may you all be greatly blessed with friends and fellowship galore, and with good things by the score.

NICK CARTER

in

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gold & guns

Oct. 1933

CHAPTER V GET-AWAY

The moment that Nick Carter's eyes saw the gun, his own hand dipped under this coat, came out, filled with steel. The train chose that moment to go around a curve. The car swayed, and Nick Carter started sliding, perilously, toward the edge.

He had to grip the gun in his teeth, use all his strength, all his facilities, to hand onto the car roof. Faster and faster the train went. Then, suddenly, it stopped. A shiver ran through the whole length of the freight car.

Nick Carter was jolted loose. He slid down another foot. His feet went over the edge.

With a tremendous effort, he threw his body forward until his fingers closed on the edge of the catwalk along the center of the train roof.

For the moment Nick Carter had forgotten the necessity for capturing a prisoner, to question about the theft of Thomas Gravesend's gold. All that Nick was thinking of now was his own safety. If he dropped off the car, the men hiding between the different cars on the train would be able to see him, sprawled on the gravel. A fusillade of lead would pour into him while he lay there defenseless.

Nick Carter pulled, his fingers digging into the soft wood of the walk along the top of the car. He started to jerk his body up again.

A bullet thudded into the car roof. Nick Carter twisted his head, looked down to the front of the train.

One of the gangsters had leaped to the roof of a car. Seeing Nick Carter, he had fired.

Nick rolled over, letting go of the catwalk, and the man's next bullet thudded into the place where Nick had been lying. Nick kept his eye on the man who had shot at him, even while he was scrambling to get another finger hold.

Suddenly the gun left the gangster's fingers, the man crumpled up, both his hands plucking at his collar. Then he sprawled along the car roof.

Mystified, Nick Carter threw him self on his back and watched, oblivious of the fact that the gangster to the rear of him might take this moment to fire. Nick could not understand it. Had there been some

split in the gang--were there two gangs along the car roofs?

He did not know who could have shot at the gangster. Then, suddenly, his mind was cleared.

Whistles blew all around the freight train. The man who had been hiding one car to the rear of Nick Carter leaped up on the car roof, ran directly toward Nick. As he went down the catwalk past Nick Carter, Nick grabbed at his ankles.

The gangster was thrown, went hurtling off the car roof onto the cinders along the track. Nick Carter released his hold on the roof, sprang backward. As he went through the air, he twisted his body, catlike, so that his hands and feet were toward the ground.

He landed directly on top of the gangster. His strong hands seized the crook's shoulders, started turning him over. Nick Carter's right hand went across his hip to his left rear pocket. He tried to get out his handcuffs.

A strong hand grabbed Nick's wrist, pulled it upward in a half nelson. Nick kicked backward, hit somebody's ankles. A man cursed, and Nick's arm was jerked up more sharply, sending excruciating pain up through the muscles into his shoulder.

He stood up, lurched backward, tried to get a hand behind him, to wrestle with his unseen assailant. As he did so, the gangster on whom he had been kneeling leaped to his feet, and ran away, down along the tracks.

For the first time Nick Carter looked around. They were in a railway yard. There were tracks all around them. Trains whistled and bells rang. A switching engine came along the track in front of Nick Carter. The gangster whom Nick had nearly captured darted across the pilot.

He missed death by the barest fraction of an inch.

Nick ducked to the ground, gave his body a peculiar twist that broke the half nelson that was holding his arm. He turned around, sent a hard fist into the stomach of the man who had been holding him.

Then he saw that the man was some one he had never seen before. At first he had thought it was one of the gangsters, one of the four men who had taken cover on the train.

But this man was larger than any of the gang, redder-faced. He sent a big fist flying at Nick Carter's stomach.

Nick side-stepped the blow, ran away after the gangster. A freight train was going along in the wake of the switching engine in front of which the crook had dodged. Nick Carter grabbed one of the ladders of this as the cars went by.

Wriggling furiously, he got around to the side of the freight car, stepped on the coupler, leaped through the aperture between the two moving cars, and landed on the gravel on the other side. The gangster was disappearing down the yard.

Two men were chasing after him. One of them wore the uniform of a railroad policeman. From the speed at which the two men were travelling, and the rapidity at which the crook was running, Nick Carter could see that the railroad cops were not going to catch his prisoner.

He started running after them. His gun was in his hand again. Some time during the mblée he had changed it. But he did not dare fire, for fear of hitting one of the railroad cops who had gotten between him and his prospective prisoner.

Nick was still working on the theory that the gold had been stolen out of Thomas Gravesend's safe by a traitorous member of the gang, somebody who had gotten there before the rest of the crew. Holding this theory, it was imperative that Nick Carter capture as many of the gang as possible, so their stories could be checked up, and the name of the probable robber be found.

So Nick Carter ran along the yard, his feet throwing up showers of cinders. One of the railroad cops heard Nick pursuing them. He turned, and seeing that Nick Carter was not one of his own crew, fired.

The bullet missed Nick, but it showed him that he had better go cautiously. He did not want a gun fight with the railroad cops, could not justify in his own mind the wounding of one of them.

So he stopped, ducked behind a signal tower, and started running in another direction. There was a gate at one side of the railroad yard. Nick saw the man he had almost captured running toward it. Two other men were converging in the same direction. Behind them thudded railroad policemen, and this told Nick Carter that the other two men were part of the same gang

whom he had chased out of the sedan the gang who had attempted to rob the truck in which they believed Thomas Gravesend's gold to be.

Suddenly the two railroad cops whom Nick had turned to avoid appeared around the edge of a water tank. Both of them had given up the chase of the three nimble-footed gangsters. They ran for Nick Carter now.

Since Nick was going in the same direction as the gangsters, the cops were between him and them. He was running straight into their arms.

He transferred his gun to his left hand, shoved the right hand inside his coat, to get his wallet out. He would have to identify himself quickly, in order to keep up the pursuit.

He ran straight into the arms of the railroad policemen. One of them knocked Nick Carter's gun aside. Nick allowed it to drop to his side, still in his hand.

His hand waved the wallet in the men's faces. But they were slow witted, did not see what he meant at first.

"I'm a dick!" Nick Carter shouted.

"I was chasing these guys!"

"Well----" one of the railroad bulls started.

Nick could waste no more time on parleying. He dashed away from the two heavy men, ran after the three crooks. Bullets went over his head. He realized that the railroad policemen, probably acting on orders from their chief, were not trying to hit him, but simply trying to scare him, believing him to be a hobo who had stolen a ride on one of their trains.

That made things safer. Nick Carter put all his speed into his strong legs. He was gaining on the three runaway crooks now.

He saw that the efforts of the railroad policemen to capture them had been merely bluff. It had been the railroad bulls' idea to scare them, so that they would spread the word through hobo land that cars on this railroad were not safe means of transportation for non-paying passengers.

The three men were at the gate now. A watchman stepped out, tried to get in their way. One of the crooks stiff-armed him. The three men scrambled out onto the State road which went by the railroad yard.

Nick Carter was only a hundred yards behind them. A big gray bus, an inter-urban bus, came thundering along. The three crooks got out in the road, almost as Nick Carter got up with them. They waved their guns. The bus slowed down.

Before it had come to a complete stop, all three men had scrambled

aboard, and Nick Carter could see them them waving their guns at the driver. The driver got the idea immediately, and the bus thundered away. Nick Carter stood there on the road, unable to fire for fear of killing or injuring one of the passengers on the bus, and saw his quarry disappearing. There were only three of them. One must have been injured or killed on the train, Nick thought. And then he remembered the man who had been shot when he stood up on the roof of the car and waved his gun at Nick.

A car came rolling along the road. Nick Carter waved his gun, his wallet, at it, and the car stopped gingerly.

"I'm a detective," Nick Carter shouted, jumping on the running board. "Chase that bus ahead!"

The driver nodded, threw his car into gear. Standing on the running board, Nick Carter knew that the crooks had made their get-away now. The yard was on the edge of Newark. If the thieves had any sense--and Nick Carter thought they were smart enough--they would make the driver take them to the subway station in Newark. And once aboard the tube, they would disappear into the chaos of crowds that is New York and its immediate suburbs.

As the wind whipped at his hair, and the car skidded along the crowded pavement, Nick Carter reviewed the case in his mind. Before he had ever consulted with his client, he had spent a busy enough morning to justify a large fee on this case. He had come within an ace of capturing the gang that had at least attempted stealing the gold.

His eyes peering ahead for some sight of the bus, Nick Carter reasoned out what he knew of the theft of Gravesend's gold.

Some gang had had their eye on it; the Federal police had had their eye on it. Gravesend had intended to return it to the Federal Reserve. Again Nick Carter was convinced that the gold had been stolen through some mysterious way by a member of the gang who had tried to get in there before his own crew.

Well, Nick Carter thought, he had taken one prisoner, the wounded man who was now in the hands of the secret-service agent. Perhaps the man who had been shot on the car roof was only wounded, too, and he would be in the hands of the railroad police.

The morning had been spent, Nick Carter grinned to himself, delivering prisoners over to every branch of the law except himself.

And then, suddenly, ahead of him

he saw the back of a big gray bus, thundering through Newark's crowded streets. He tapped on the window of the commandeered car, told his driver to give it more speed. The driver shook his head, and Nick Carter did not blame him. The man was not a policeman, merely a private citizen trying to help a detective out.

Then the traffic lights ahead of them changed to red, the bus stopped. Nick Carter's car stopped behind it, and instantly Nick was off the running board, running to the bus.

He switched over to the right side, ran as fast as he could along the length of the big vehicle. The lights changed, the bus started to move, just as Nick Carter reached the front door.

He rapped on the door with the butt of his pistol, searching through the long length of the bus at the same time with his eyes. He did not see any of the crooks. But at least the driver could tell him where they had gotten off, how they had made their get-away.

The door slid open, the driver's wide-eyed face peered at Nick Carter, and then Nick Carter's heart sank, almost with a thud. For the face that looked at him was not the same face that the driver had worn who had picked up the three gangsters.

"Wrong bus," Nick Carter said. "I was chasing another gray bus, same line as yours. Where'd it go to?"

"That'd be at the Newark tube station by now," the driver said. "Hop in and I'll run you down there."

Nick Carter got aboard, but even as he did so he knew that it was too late, that the men had already made their get-away.

Five minutes later he was talking to the ticket agent at the Newark tube station, and to the driver of the bus that had been commandeered. None of them could give him any help. The gangsters had gotten aboard a crowded train, bound for New York.

Slowly Nick Carter turned, went outside the station, and started dickering with a taxi driver to take him back to Gravesend's house. He would have to pursue another tack in his search for gold.

** CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE **



Editor's DESK



At the OTR Convention in Newark, I had the honor of filling in for Jerry Collins, who was unable to attend this year, on 2 different occasions. First, was representing our club on a panel of OTR clubs. As much as I enjoyed this panel, the second occasion was really the highlight of the convention for me, as I was able to present our first "honorary life membership" to Jim Snyder. Our contingent from Buffalo was concerned that Jim might need some urging to come forward to accept his award so we placed Jim between Bob Davis and Chuck Seeley just in case. However, Jim needed no urging and in fact covered the distance to the podium in 2½ seconds. My thanks to Jay Hickerson & Joe Webb for allowing us a spot on their program for this prestigious presentation. The following is Jim's description of the presentation: "During the Saturday night program at the convention in Newark I was presented with a beautiful plaque awarding me an "honorary life membership" in the Old Time Radio Club. To say that I was flabbergasted is to understate the case. I floated three feet off the floor for the rest of the evening. I am indeed proud and pleased to be so honored. Any contributions that I might have been able to make to the club from time to time are because I truly enjoy what the club has offered me over the years, and I am pleased to participate in some small way in an organization that has given me so much pleasure. I also realize that I am certainly not the most deserving person for this award. The time I have put in is miniscule in comparison to that given by the three editors that the club has had, namely Chuck Seeley, Kean Crowe, and Dick Olday. For those of us not living in Buffalo, the main attraction of the club is its publications, and without the massive effort of these three, most of us "out of towners" would not be members. Much as I appreciate your thoughtful presentation, I must recognize the overwhelming contribution of those three men. Anyway, you surprised me completely and pleased

me greatly. Thanks to all of you for your great kindness. Jim Snyder"

Next year's convention is again scheduled at the Holiday Inn at Newark Airport for Nov. 11 & 12. If you enjoy OTR, join us there for a fun time.

A 50th Anniversary Commemorative Convention for the Long Ranger fans is being planned for January 1983 near Philadelphia, Pa. For information, write to Fran Striker, Jr., P.O. Box 832, Lansdale, Pa. 19446.

Don't forget to renew your membership because early next year, Jim Snyder will be sponsoring another trivia contest. There will be 5 prizes awarded worth almost \$200.00. You must be a member in good standing to qualify for a prize.

Arlene I wish you and yours a very MERRY CHRISTMAS and a joyous HAPPY NEW YEAR!

* * * * *

The man from Mars

ORSON WELLES, who scared the pants off America 44 years ago with a radio show about a Martian invasion, postponed a trip to Paris today because of a virus — but took time to say that the country is "too smart" to panic over a scare broadcast as it did in 1938.

Repeating as he does every year that it was not a Halloween prank, Welles chuckled remembering that New Jersey residents started evacuating their homes to escape the little green men from Mars.

Welles was a bumptious overweight prodigy of 23 then. He's an overweight 67 now, sometimes doing commercials and voice-overs all night.

"Will you be remembered for the Martian program?" I asked.

"Oh, God, I hope not," replied the ex-boy wonder, (on the phone from Hollywood).

"TD BEEN on the cover of Time two years before with things we did with the Mercury Theater. Once I had four shows on Broadway at the same time. I could still have them but for a couple of guys that destroy your work."

ORSON

"The Martian Invasion" was clearly announced as fiction from *The War of the Worlds*, by H.G. Wells, "and there was no reason for the big scare," Orson Welles said.

"It shook up radio. There were commentators in those days whom you listened to as though they were God."

"After that broadcast certain network executives weren't visible for weeks."

WELLES, whose *Citizen Kane* and *68* were no wise before his time" are major works, said TV is a big disappointment: "I can't seem to get my own talk TV show. I wish to God I could."

He doesn't go to movies. "I don't stand in line at my age. I wait for them on cable."

HE PREFERS RADIO. "That had mystery and imagination. Everybody from TV comes into your house and lives with you and you don't give a sleep."

Welles, who married Rita Hayworth after saving her in half in a magic act, has been happily married for 20 years to Paola Mori.

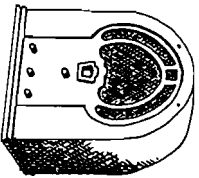
On the way to Paris in the next few days to produce, direct, act and star in a picture *The Dreamers*, he may try to find some chums in New York.

"But I'm afraid most of the chums are horizontal," he said.

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