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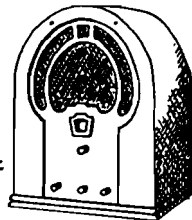
ORSON WELLES (1915 - 1985)



THE SHADOW

THE WAR OF THE WORLDS

THE OLD TIME



RADIO CLUB



THE OLD TIME RADIO CLUB
MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION:

Club dues are \$17.50 per year from Jan. 1 through Dec. 31. Members receive a tape listing, library lists, a monthly newsletter (The Illustrated Press), an annual magazine (Memories), and various special items. Additional family members living in the same household as a regular member may join the club for \$5.00 per year. These members have all the privileges of 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 \$12.00 per year and includes all the benefits of a regular membership. Regular membership dues are as follows: If you join in January dues are \$17.50 for the year; February \$17.50; March \$15.00; April \$14.00; May \$13.00; June \$12.00; July \$10.00; August \$9.00; September \$8.00; October \$7.00; November \$6.00; and December \$5.00. 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.

OVERSEAS MEMBERSHIPS are now available. Annual dues are \$29.50. Publications will be air mailed.

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56 Christen Ct.
Lancaster, NY 14086
(716) 683-6199

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Dominic Parisi
38 Ardmore Pl.
Buffalo, NY 14213

The Old Time Radio Club meets the FIRST 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.

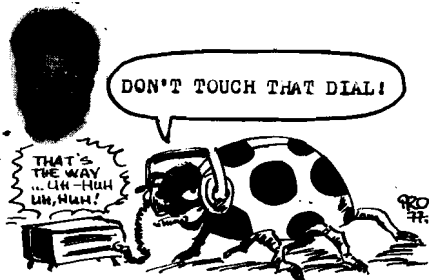
DEADLINE FOR IP #110 - November 4
#111 - December 2
#112 - January 6

ADVERTISING RATES FOR MEMORIES

\$30.00 for a full page
\$20.00 for a half page
\$12.00 for a quarter page

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

Advertising Deadline - September 15.



JERRY COLLINS

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

In an earlier article I told of my interest in some of the lesser known comedy shows. My concluding part will be devoted to adventure, mystery and detective stories.

Radio produced such classic shows as THE ADVENTURES OF SAM SPADE, RICHARD DIAMOND PRIVATE DETECTIVE, MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY, I LOVE A MYSTER, THE SHADOW, THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR, SUSPENSE, ESCAPE, DAVID HARDING COUNTERSPY, THE FATMAN AND MR. KEEN TRACER OF LOST PERSONS.

As a collector I will always enjoy these famous shows. Still I will always gain enjoyment from some of these less famous shows.

BOX 13 featured Alan Ladd as Dan Holiday, a former newsman turned mystery writer. Stories are based on letters sent to Box 13.

Frank Lovejoy played Randy Stone, a top reporter for the CHICAGO STAR in NIGHTBEAT. Lovejoy traveled the streets of Chicago investigating stories of crime as well as many excellent human interest stories.

BOLD VENTURE featured Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall in the roles of Slate Shannon and Sailor Duval. Most of the show originated in Shannon's run down Cuban hotel and continued on his boat the BOLD VENTURE. All three were polished productions starring some of Hollywoods finest.

When you think of realistic police shows, DRAGNET always comes to mind. I have always enjoyed the LINEUP better. Bill Johnstone played Lieutenant Ben Guthrie while Sergeant Matt Grebb was played by Wally Maher. All of the shows revolved around the gimmick of a police lineup.

Bob Bailey played George Valentine in LET GEORGE DO IT. George received all of his cases through an ad in the personal column. Bailey

went on to greater fame in YOURS TRULY JOHNNY DOLLAR, but I still enjoy this show.

For all of us in the hobby Dick Powell will always be remembered as Richard Diamond. Four years earlier Powell created the role of Richard Rogue in ROGUE'S GALLERY. Peter Leeds played Eugor an imaginary friend of detective Rogue.

These shows might not have represented radio's best but they certainly can provide an enjoyable evening.

Until next month "Goodnight all."

Zany comedian Robert Q. Lewis presided over one of radio's last live comedy shows five nights a week during 1957.



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

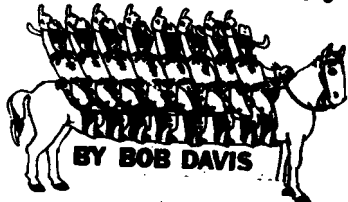
WANTED: I will trade for any Sherlock Holmes, Bulldog Drummond, Horatio Horn Blower, Tom Mix or anything rare or unusual.

H. Edgar Cole II
Broadcast Engineering
P. O. Box 3509
Lakeland, FL 33802

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

SAY!

WHO WAS THAT MASKED MAN?



I hate working on my catalog. I always did and I always will. Some people can make them up with no problem at all and they are neat, concise, and a real pleasure to read. Mine look like something that has to be deciphered by a code report.

The problem, of course, is that I always put off doing it until it becomes absolutely necessary. By then it has turned into a real chore that I hate doing. I envy those of you that keep right up to date on your cataloging. It must be nice to be that kind of person that is right on top of things and able to take care of business as it comes along. I tend to put cataloging right at the bottom of my priority list, right behind straightening the tines on my lawn rake.

Cataloging is a necessary part of the hobby but why oh why does it have to be such a tedious job?

It's depressing when I match my catalog up against some of the others that I've gotten in. Theirs is neat, mine looks like a placemat for Henry the 8th. Theirs has all the pertinent information compactly down with a minimum wasting of space, mine rambles one, and on, and on! Where they use one line it takes me two or three. (Just call me motormouth!)

My feeling about catalogs are, to say the least, ambivalent. I hate doing my own but love reading other peoples. Isn't it a great feeling when you get in a catalog that is chock full of shows you've been looking for? And doesn't it give you a good feeling when you see shows that you've sent this person listed in there as having VG or EX sound? It shows that you have given as good as you'd like to get. How can it not feel good?

I love Old Time Radio BUT really could do without the cataloging that goes along with the hobby.

Aren't untitled shows a pain in the neck? Programs like GUNSMOKE and HAVE GUN/WILL TRAVEL are enough to drive the average collector right up the wall when he's trying to order ones he doesn't already have. It was a common practice not to title episodes when they were broadcast and that practice has come back to haunt many of us.

The date of broadcast, when available, is a definite plus when cataloging these shows but unfortunately many times the dates aren't available. When this is the case it is up to the collector to come up with a title. The problem is that not everyone comes up with the same title. Therein lies the real headache. In my collection are many, many duplicates of episodes gotten from different people, of the exact same show, and each has a completely different title.

Hopefully, as the hobby gets bigger and bigger, standard titles will come into being. The problem, of course, is who will set these titles and how many people will go along with them.

There are times when even having a title is mis-leading. Suspense once broadcast a show titled THE WHOLE TOWN'S SLEEPING, a new series called Bradbury 13 aired THE RAVINE and a CBC series called BRADBURY TIMES FIVE presented THE LONELY ONE. Yep, you guessed it. They're all the same story!!!

A point of interest to those that know this story. There is a sequel to it in circulation..., Suspense aired it on 7/15/48. It's titled SUMMER NIGHT and stars Ida Lupino. Try it..it's a goodie!

It Themes To Me I've Heard That Song Before...

Radio, in it's own way, introduced many of us to music that we wouldn't have been caught dead listening to. As a youngster I thought classical music was for the birds and the only people that liked it were long-hair, stuffed-shirt types that had something wrong with them.

For someone to actually sit down and listen to something like the William Tell Overture was totally beyond my understanding. I'd rather listen to the Lone Ranger any day! And who would want to listen to some dreary classical piece about a Firebird or a Bumblebee when The Green Hornet was so available? A musical piece about a Spinning Wheel? They must be kidding! Give me The Shadow anytime!

As time went by I heard some of these aforementioned musical pieces

and realized that I had known them for years. Without knowing it I had picked up on them from the radio shows and, to this day, I cannot hear them without the old shows springing to mind.

I understand the reasoning behind using classical music on the old shows. It concerned royalties and public domain and was a way of keeping production costs down. A clever move that probably worked even better than they had planned, the classical work often becoming as one with the show it was used on.

It also served as a painless introduction to "good" music for a couple of generations of Americans. Ain't nothing wrong with that!!!

See ya next time.

Trapped in Conversation

By HOWARD ROSENBERG

Los Angeles Times

A FEW MINUTES with Bob and Ray ... Those gentle — but relentlessly hilarious — satirists Bob Elliott and Ray Goulding were in Los Angeles the other day to promote "The New and Improved Bob and Ray Book." Like their other books, this one contains samples of their fanciful sketches that have charmed radio audiences for nearly 40 years. Their radio commercials also are a smash, and they've been in movies, done a Broadway show, hit the college circuit and have appeared numerous times on "The Tonight Show."

Bob and Ray can reach a riotous level of absurdity by attaching detailed significance to such trifles as the making of a bologna sandwich. Their droll characters spoof journalists and politicians and they've created outlandish soap operas to satirize such diverse subjects as "Dynasty" and the Army-McCarthy hearings of years gone by.

Bob and Ray are now in their early 60s. Bob is shorter and thinner, Ray taller and fatter. They are an institution, their comedy association so strong that I can start laughing just thinking about them. I think of Bob and Ray and instantly see Ray interviewing Bob as Harlowe P. Whitcomb, president of the Slow Talkers of America.

Ray: Where are you from?

Whitcomb: From ... Glens ... Falls.

Ray: New York?

Whitcomb: New ... York.

And so on and so on. By the time the agonizing interview is finished, Ray is so exasperated that he is completing the slow-talking Whitcomb's sentences for him. It was one of hundreds and hundreds of inspired pieces by Bob and Ray.

No wonder, then, that I immediately agreed when offered the chance to interview these two incredibly funny men when they came to town. I laughed practically all the way to their hotel.

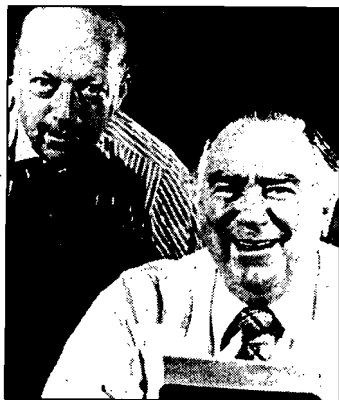
I picked up the house phone and called Bob's room. But there was no answer. I called Ray's room, and Ray answered. "Am I too early?" I asked. "Naw, oh, well, I ..." he replied. "Where's Bob?" I asked. "Oh, I dunno," he replied. We agreed to meet in the lobby by the escalator. I turned around and saw Bob standing nearby. I introduced myself. "Hello," Bob said.

We sat down and waited for Ray.

I asked Bob where he and Ray lived. "We

live on Long Island, I live in the city (Manhattan)," he said. "Oh," I said. "He goes up to Cape Cod in the summer and I go up to Maine," he said. "Oh," I said.

With Bob and Ray



Bob Elliott, left, and Ray Goulding:
two Harlowe P. Whitcombs.

In setting up the interview, the publicist for their publisher had mentioned that Bob and Ray were going to do a TV special on PBS. I asked Bob about it. "Oh, that's sort of up in the air right now," he said. "But you and Bob are still on NPR (National Public Radio), aren't you?" I asked. "No, we just ended that run," Bob said.

I asked Bob which medium he and Ray preferred to work in. "Oh, I dunno," he replied. "Radio, I guess."

Ray arrived.

"Has your comedy changed much over the years?" I asked Ray. "Is that a new building out there?" Ray asked, looking out the window. "Our comedy's about the same," Bob said.

"How would you define your comedy?" I asked. "Oh, I dunno," Ray replied. "Anti-pomposity," Bob said. "Keep it simple," Ray said.

I asked where they got their material. "Everyday happenings," Ray said.

"Do you two spend much time together?" I asked. "No," said Bob. "Except for a trip like this," said Ray. "He lives on the island and I live in the city," Bob said.

"I wonder how they clean the outside windows on that building," Ray said. "Maybe they don't clean them at all," Bob said.

I asked Bob and Ray if they had any favorite routines. Bob shook his head. "Naw, I don't have any favorites," Ray said. "We've done so many, you know."

"Are there any of your routines you'd like to burn?" I asked. "No," said Bob. "No," said Ray.

There was a long pause while Ray looked out the window at the building and squinted. Bob smiled. "I just can't understand it," Ray said.

"I hope you won't take this the wrong way, because I'm your biggest fan," I said to Bob and Ray. "But I don't think I've ever met two more talented people who were so dull in person."

Bob nodded. "People are always saying that," Ray said. "It beats me."

Then Ray said nothing. And Bob said nothing. And I said nothing. There was nothing more to say. After an interview that lasted approximately 10 minutes, we shook hands and I excused myself, feeling that I somehow had been trapped inside a Bob and Ray routine with two Harlowe P. Whitcombs, as if this were "The Twilight Zone."

That same night, Bob and Ray appeared on "The Tonight Show" with Johnny Carson. Not surprisingly, they were hilarious.

Wireless Wanderings



JIM SNYDER

Back in August my column dealt with purchases of OTR programs I had made from five dealers. I mentioned that there was a 6th dealer we would have to wait until November to discuss. We are now ready to go ahead with that final report.

Thomas Salome, 354 22nd Street, Brooklyn, NY 11215, took about a week to answer my request for information. He did not have a catalog available (it was "at the printers") but sent a two page flyer of reels available. The catalog was to be available shortly for \$1.80 in stamps; but at this writing, after eight months, I still haven't received it. His price is \$5.00 for a six hour reel, plus a shipping charge. While that is a super price, he refuses to accept personal checks or cash. He will only accept money orders which adds a small amount to the cost, and a great deal to the inconvenience. The flyer listed about 50 reels, and included a statement that at least 85% would be in "very good or better sound," and that most were from "master reels." I ordered four reels which included some material that isn't widely circulated. He enclosed a fifth, a bonus reel. The order took a full month to arrive, and after two or three weeks he sent a postcard apologizing for the delay. I don't believe that any of the thing I received were from "master reels." On all of them I encountered a certain amount of muffled sound and distortion (this ranged from two shows on one reel to almost the entire reel in another case). This sounded like it was caused by being too far removed from the original source. On two of the reels the tracks were reversed from the listing with the tape, and there was considerable cross-talk on three of the five reels. While there was a variety of sound on most of the reels the worst was "good minus" for one entire reel and the best was "very good" for an entire reel. A few shows were "excellent" and nothing was lower than "good minus."

The tape was the "used Ampex" type that is currently so popular. While it must be obvious that I encountered some problems here, the price still makes these a real bargain, since you could throw away an awful lot that you don't want and still have a "good buy" when you compare the prices with those of most other dealers.

While I am at it, there are a couple of other dealers that I would also like to mention, but these people DO NOT sell OTR shows. Instead they are providing a service to us through the sale of other related materials. One of them is John Wallace, 3724 Souchak Drive, Hope Mills, North Carolina 28348. I first met John at the New Jersey convention a couple of years ago. He had a used reel to reel machine for sale, that was of interest to me. I felt that I couldn't buy it, however, because it was so large and there was no way that I could carry it home on the plane. I asked John if he would ship it for me, and since he hadn't done any such thing with machines before, he seemed rather reluctant to accept my request. I finally talked him into it, and so he carried it back to North Carolina to ship to me in Michigan. When it arrived, he had packaged it up in so much foam rubber that I think I could have bounced it off the top of the Empire State Building without hurting it. Handling this sale for me apparently convinced John that there was a market in mail order sales, and since he had solved the shipping problem it was something he wanted to get into. I recently purchased another "deck" from him, and it arrived exactly seven days after I put my check in the mail. That is fast service. John deals with used equipment: reel to reel and cassette decks, speakers, turntables, receivers, all that sort of stuff, and also some new equipment. His prices are competitive and he issues a guarantee, something that you will not get if you purchase a used machine through your newspaper want ads. John is reputable and gives you an alternative to buying new equipment, which of course saves you some money.

The other dealer is the Rocky Mountain Tape Company, P.O. Box 1733, San Leandro, California 94577. The Owner is Ron Bowser who I met at last year's convention. He was selling decorative and practical labeling materials for tape boxes, both reel to reel and cassette. A year ago, when I was looking for a particular used reel to reel machine, I contacted John Wallace and he referred me to Ron (Rocky Mountain Tape Company), who had the machine I wanted at the price I wanted, and so I ordered from

him. In addition to the used equipment, similar to John's operation, Ron also sells the labeling materials I mentioned. In addition to all that he also is a source of the used government tape that so many of us are now using. On this, I find his price about the best there is since he includes tape boxes and shipping in his price, as well as a guarantee against defective reels.

Anyway, I have found both John and Ron to be honest, and I base that on major purchases I have made from each. If you are looking for used equipment write them a note about what you are looking for. In the case of the tapes or labeling materials send Ron a stamped self-addressed envelope for a list of what is available and current price information.

One final item: the long awaited "Lone Ranger Log" is finally out and available from Terry Salomonson, P.O. Box 1135, St. Charles, Missouri 63302-1135. Terry has been working on this thing for many years, and at great expense, in an effort to come up with a complete and accurate listing for all the shows from this popular series. He has interviewed cast members, gone through extensive newspaper files, hunted through the files of the Library of Congress in Washington, and the family of Fran Striker (the author of the series) even opened Striker's personal files to Terry. The result of all this is a 106 page log listing all of the 3,534 shows from the first one on January 31, 1933 to the last broadcast on August 31, 1955. You can obtain a copy of the log directly from Terry for \$19.95 plus \$2.50 shipping.

Letters



Boy, was I glad when I read that there was, indeed, an organization dedicated to encouragement and promotion of theatre on radio, here in the 1980's.

When I went to the University of Alabama in the 1950's. I studied TV-Radio Arts and we did one heck of a lot of radio drama. We had two series of programs, ALABAMA EPIC

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Letters



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When I went to the University of Alabama in the 1950's. I studied TV-Radio Arts and we did one heck of a lot of radio drama. We had two series of programs, ALABAMA EPIC

and CRIMSON THEATRE, both of which were distributed over a tape network for collegiate radio stations. I had great fun, doing radio drama and documentary. This was my first adventure in acting, and I'll never forget that part of my life.

I have often wondered why radio stations, networks and syndication companies have foregone this unique form of entertainment and instruction. Yes, even, use the word "education". I often wonder how many sightless and visually handicapped persons there are who miss great drama and comedy because no one has the vision to broadcast it. I'll bet not too many sightless have access to OTR cassettes I say "cassettes" because reels are too cumbersome for the blind.

I would like to yell to all the old time radio troops to use their collective influence to promote the art of radio again. Let's support this organization Friends of Radio Drama and let's see if we can bring back this exciting form of theatre.

Might I suggest that we collect OTR scripts, as we do the old programs on tape, and form groups to put them on tape, with sound effects and music. And then cajole local radio stations to broadcast them. There's got to be tons of persuasive forms. Huh? If there are thousands of non-profit theatre groups, why shouldn't we bring radio back to the forefront in the same enthusiasm? Why shouldn't these same theatre groups form radio auxiliaries to promote radio? Let's go get it, gang.

Let's hope radio is not a forgotten art form.

John A. Barber
1807 1/2 Burgundy Street
New Orleans, LA 70016

REFERENCE LIBRARY: A reference library exists for members. Members should have received a library list of materials with their membership. Only two items can be borrowed at one time, for a one month period. Please use the proper designations for materials to be borrowed. When ordering books include \$2.00 to cover rental, postage, and packaging. Please include \$1.00 for other items. If you wish to contribute to the library the OTRC will copy materials and return the originals to you. See address on page 2.

"TWENTY-FIVE WORDS OR MORE"

Besides being a communications medium, radio is an art form. What we call "oldtime" radio is old time in the sense that current radio broadcasters no longer practice the art.

The artistic side of radio draws from the printed word and from the stage performance. This is not to say that radio is between books and stage plays. Radio art is unique. Fortunately, many of these radio performances have been recorded and can be enjoyed again and again. In addition, these programs can be propagated to new audiences who otherwise would possibly have no knowledge of radio art.

It is not surprising that some younger listeners to current radio have "discovered" radio art through the rebroadcast of old time radio programs. Radio listeners can still set their own stages and still have that one-on-one rapport with the radio actor.

Some people will tell you that today's audience has lost its imagination. This is not necessarily so. People today tend to do things in groups, and radio is most enjoyed while listening alone. The listener becomes part of the story.

I know that whenever I hear a "Truth or Consequences" program, I "become" the contestant and all those tricks that Ralph Edwards plays happen to me.

I'm Leinengen in the jungle escaping from the ants. That's me in the lighthouse with the rats, and I pilot Buzz Corey's spaceship.

When I listen to Jack Benny or Amos and Andy, it is not exactly the same. I don't "become" the principle character. It's more like being with Andy as the Kingfish victimizes him. I can smell the moat as Jack opens the vault, but Jack turn the combination himself.

As I talk to younger OTR listeners, those who never heard these programs "live," I find that the same thing happens to them. Yes, imagination still lives, but a person needs the proper situation to practice imagination.

So, how do we OTR collectors propagate this art form? It's nice to have a good collection, but what good does it do unless we make it available to others who can appreciate it?

We don't have audio "art galleries" that are open to the public. Radio re-broadcasting of OTR is limited and never seems to reach the public at large.

Recently, I've seen a lot of

people wearing a "walkman," listening to music (I presume). This is one-on-one, the very thing that is essential to true radio enjoyment. If radio cassettes were available in the form of a lending library for walkman wearers, a larger audience would discover radio. Then, in time, maybe public demand would re-generate a need for artistic radio to return.

In the meantime, I've been thinking of a little booth at each commuter railroad station, where a commuter could rent a C-60 of OTR for 25¢ a day. I visualize a train full of walkman wearers, each in his own radio-world, enjoying the art of radio.

Ken Piletic
Streamwood, Illinois

My own interest in OTR would have long since faded were it not for the friends I have found through the hobby. It is my fellow collectors that have kept me interested and in touch. This has led me to the enjoyment of shows I might never have come across otherwise -- the modern examples of OTR such as BBC productions, Star Wars adaptations, and South African Avengers recreations. The Shows are of secondary importance, the friends are the best part of it all.

Kean Crowe
West Seneca, New York

Marie Wilson



CIRCUIT
CIRCUIT
WRITERS
WRITERS

This installment of my series of articles will briefly discuss the meanings of the terms found in the operating manual that came with your reel-to-reel deck. This article will be a prelude to the next which will discuss actual dubbing techniques.

Frequency response is the audio frequency range to which the machine and associated tape will respond. The term "hertz" (Hz) replaced the previous term "cycles per second". To better understand what these numbers mean, you should know that the entire range of human hearing is about 20 Hz to 15,000 Hz. That will vary from person to person. As a person grows older he will generally experience a loss of hearing the high frequencies, but the process is usually so slow as to be unnoticeable. 20 Hz would represent the lowest "bass" that we can hear, and 15,000 Hz would represent the highest "treble" that we can hear. Without being too technical, the human ear does not hear the entire audio spectrum with equal volume, so frequencies in the midrange (500 to 2500 Hz) will always seem louder than frequencies at the extreme ends of this spectrum. This is the reason that amplifiers have bass, midrange and treble controls on them, so that you can adjust the sound to your taste. Amplifiers will also contain a "loudness" switch, and when this is activated the extremes of the audio spectrum are amplified more so as to better approximate and tailor the sound to compensate for our hearing "loss" at these extremes. When the loudness is switched in the amplifier is amplifying extreme frequencies in accordance with the Fletcher-Munson compensation curves. The frequency response of a tape recorder and the tape used with it will always be greater at the higher speeds. So for high fidelity music 7 1/2 inches per second is recommended, although many modern machines will do surprisingly well at 3 3/4 inches per second if good recording tape is used. You will always, however, notice a re-

duction of the high frequencies at the slower speeds, even though the bass response will not vary significantly.

Signal-to-noise ratio refers to the program level of the recorded material in relation to noise or tape hiss. It is expressed in db (decibels) and this figure is arrived at by feeding a pure tone (sine-wave) into the machine and recording it at "0" level, or 100% modulation. This "0" level is the maximum level at which any material should be recorded. REcording above this level will result in distortion. However, the recording level must be held as near to this 100% level as possible. The sine-wave is then removed and the remaining signal voltage is the noise level. It should be at least -55 db below the peak recording level. A better figure would be -60 db. Notice the VU (volume units) meter on your tape deck. You will notice that it has two scales. The bottom scale expresses the record (or play-back) level as a percentage of maximum, while the top scale expresses it in terms of decibels or sound units. If you record the same sine-wave as we did above, but do so at we'll say at only 50% of the maximum record level, you'll notice that corresponds to a reading of -6 db. Theoretically, then, when measured, the signal to noise ratio that was -60 db will be only -54 db. The noise or tape hiss has increased. This is a theoretical figure. In practice the noise becomes much worse. So to keep signal-to-noise ratios as high as possible it is necessary to keep the recording level as high as possible while keeping it out of the "red" on the meter except on occasional short peaks. Prolonged recording in the red will result in distortion products that are directly related to such things as recording headroom in the machine used and the type of tape used, etc. This also gets into bias but we will not discuss that yet. One more thing to watch: the signal-to-noise ratio may also be measured referenced to the 3rd harmonic distortion point. If this is done, the figures will improve even if it is done on the same machine. Also remember that in my last article I mentioned the necessity of periodic demagnetization of all the tape heads. Magnetized heads will significantly reduce the signal-to-noise ratio. Reel to reel decks tend to need this done more frequently than cassette decks.

The total harmonic distortion figure represents the deck's departure from reproducing the original material with perfect fidelity. It is expressed

as a percentage, and the lower the figure, the better. This area begins to get very technical so I won't discuss it here. Suffice it to say that you will experience it if you over-record with your meters in the red area.

My next article for the I.P. will deal with actual dubbing techniques. I hope you are finding this information useful.

Ed Cole
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Lakeland, FL 33801

NOTICE

All memberships *expire at midnight 12/31/85. Please send your 1986 dues to Pete Bellanca, 1620 Perry Rd., Grand Island, NY 14072. We are pleased to announce that our 1986 dues will remain at \$17.50 for U.S. and Canadian memberships.

*If you renewed your membership at the Old Time Radio Convention in Newark or if you have joined as part of our Early Bird Special since 10/1/85, please disregard this notice.

★ TONIGHT ★

ROSALIND
RUSSELL
SPENCER
TRACY

ROGER PRYOR
M. C.

OSCAR BRADLEY
OSCAL

AT 7:30 WCHS

GULF SCREEN
GUILD THEATER



Freeman Gosden (left) and Charles Correll/ Radio's Amos 'n' Andy.

Wayne King Dies; Big-Band Leader

PHOENIX (UPI) — Big-band leader Wayne King, called the "waltz king" of the late 1920s and early 1930s, died Tuesday night. He was 84.

The alto saxophonist, a longtime Phoenix-area resident, developed his fondness for the waltz during his dance group's regular engagement at the Aragon Ballroom in Chicago. His theme became "The Waltz You Saved for Me."

In the early '30s, King's sound

became widely associated with a cosmetics line.

"The Lady Esther Serenade" became one of the most popular shows on radio. Sales figures for the cosmetic line soared, and King was paid \$15,000 a week.

The show was the most popular with matrons, who used makeup generously and responded with swoons to King's lushly romantic music, interspersed with poetry reading. Among the singers who ap-

peared with King's band were Bob Eberly and Buddy Clark.

King's orchestra performed on television during the late 1940s and early 1950s, and he recorded many albums of romantic dance music.

Even during the 1950s, when young people turned to rhythm and blues and rock 'n' roll, he continued to send bands on the road for one-night stands, playing such hits as "Melody of Love," "Josephine" and "Goshus."

MOTHER GOOSE & GRIMM



NICK CARTER

IN

THE NINE O'CLOCK FIRES

May, 1935

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CHAPTER I ON THE HOUR

Restlessly, Nick Carter stalked the heavy rug in the library of his brownstone house on fashionable lower Fifth Avenue, New York. At each turn of his stride he raised most ordinary slategray eyes, flicked them toward the molding bordering the top of the wall over the book-cases.

Nothing but shadow was discernible.

The heavy oak table before which he passed was cluttered with sheafs of criminal reports, identifications, details of world crime which he studied dailey. But tonight the reports had not received undivided attention. Beside them a sheet of paper on which were scribbled rambling designs and assortments of random squares, circles and figures showed the unrest of Nick Carter's mind.

In the hallway, a grandfather's clock bonged forth the hour of ninety-three with a dolorous tone. Its voice was deep and weary, fatalistic; the clank of a convict's chains as he lags, frightened and stripped of bravado, toward the gallows in the cold gray light of stern rocked prison walls at dawn.

Nick clicked his teeth with annoyance as the half hour struck. Abruptly pausing in his stride, he shot out a hand in a swift movement, rested fingers on two spanned bits of carving in the border of the table, pressed.

A barely discernible pinpoint of brown light broke the shadows of the molding. So dim was the glow a person not watching for it with sharply focused eyes would not have noticed its presence.

"Reports," Nick said into the air. His voice was clear, but undistinctive, toneless. It was a voice not easily identified or remembered. Like Nick himself, it hid all character behind the utmost mediocrity. There were thousands of voices which might have been confused with that one throughout the city. He continued his stride. Yet no mechanism nor speaking device was visible.

"Standing by. No reports from the Fourth Ward. Police radio indicator open. Firm alarm telegraph and official teletypes operating as ordered. Wind springing up a few

points," a voice similar to Nick's announced.

It was the voice of Chick Carter, Nick's adopted son and the first assistant. He was on duty in the communication room upstairs. The messages were interchanged clearly over the house sound system, a hook-up of hidden microphones and speakers so acute that the drop of a pin on wood in one room of the house could be heard over the sound system in any other.

"Report any activity in the Fourth Ward and any two-alarm fires. That is all," Nick ordered.

Chick answered the usual "X-2" which signified message received and understood, disconnected the library circuit. The light in the molding immediately blinked out.

Nick sank into a deep-piled chair, sat making curlicues, faces, odd figures at random on pieces of paper. He was somewhat annoyed. If criminals must exist, they might at least add an element of promptness to their evil lives. He had expected action before this. Had his deduction--his hunch--been wrong, as both Police Commissioner Updyke and the East Coast Insurance Company, his clients thought?

Nick ran back over the case. Each point his filelike mind had probed and put away convinced him there could be no error in his deductions. On three consecutive nights fires of unknown or spontaneous combustion origin had taken place in the Fourth Ward. All fires had completely consumed the buildings. Oddly, all three had been reported between nine and nine-thirty at night.

There were admittedly some rather interesting and peculiar circumstances surround the fires. But the Fire Marshal's office and the insurance adjusters had found nothing pointing toward arson--excepting Nick. He was convinced that some proof, at least circumstantial evidence, must exist.

But he would not even visit the scenes of the fire--at least, not yet. It was an iron bound rule of his never to hop on a case until officially ordered either by a client or the government. He had warned the East Coast, the underwriters of the burned property, and had mentioned the matter passingly to Commissioner Updyke. Both had shown skepticism. The Commissioner, in fact, had laughed.

Yet in spite of these expressed doubts, Nick had expected another fire in the Fourth Ward slums at the same time tonight. And this fire, too, he had expected would be officially designated "cause unknown or spontaneous combustion."

Noisily, each swing of its pendulum like the gasping death rattle of a man's throat, the clock ticked seconds into minutes. With a nerve jangling winding rasp, it bonged out the quarter hour. Nick glanced toward it through the library door. It was a horrible old clock. But he kept it for sentiment.

Of prison chains it had been fashioned. In his last hours of life, a bitter murderer had made and sent it to Nick Carter, his captor. With mirthless sardonic humor, he had penned a note that it might serve to remind the manhunter of the passing of life and friendships. He had given it its sepulchral tone and grotesquely satirical face with malice.

Nick, that long past day as the sun crawled up over the horizon, had stood pale and grim and studied the clock. He had thought then that its monstrous dragging tick would mark off the years of his life, be a constant reminder of a changing time which breeds new crime and punished old. Serve, too, as a reminder that duty knows no barriers.

That man, that murderer who had fashioned the clock and was even then preparing to swing from the gibbet, had long been Nick Carter's friend. But fate had made of him a criminal. And of Nick a relentless, unswerving sleuth.

The clock finished announcing the quarter hour. Nick lighted one of his heavy-fumed, fat Turkish cigarettes, blew a cloud of blue smoke toward the molding of the wall. The little signal lights remained dark.

He touched the carving of the table again. The brown light flickered.

"Give the switchboard to Patsy and come down here," Nick ordered.

Patsy was his solid and phlegmatic second assistant. To him fell most of the routine research and laboratory work of Nick's busy business life. He was thorough, excitable as a dry fish, and unhurried as fate. Yet on occasion he evidenced remarkable speed as well as accuracy. A moment later, Chick hurried in.

"Did you go over the files on pyromaniacs?" Nicked asked.

"I know every firebug's history by heart!" Chick nodded. His

brow furrowed. "But I don't get the lay on this case. You don't know anything excepting what's come in on reports and general data, do you?"

"No. As a matter of fact, it begins to look like I may have guessed wrong. But I don't think so," Nick said. He fastened his young assistant with a penetrating glance. "Give me a report on the case as you see it."

Chick heaved himself into a chair and rapidly sketched the facts as he knew them. On the night of the first fire an old one-story factory, unused for five years, had gone up in smoke before the fire department STRETCHED IN and got hoses STAMPESED--the fireman's expressions for arrived at a fire and joining two hoses together.

The next night, at the same time and in the same section, an old stable used for eight years for nothing but a graveyard for dilapidated wagons, had been razed by fire. Last night an old unused warehouse had crumpled up in a blazing ball of smoke eaters HIT THE FIRE--streamed water on the flames.

Oddly there were no electric wires nor chimneys of other buildings in close proximity to the burned structures. No bonfires had been lighted in the streets near by on the particular nights in question. No lights had been noticed in the buildings, nor had any suspicious characters been seen hanging about.

The most suspicious circumstances had been that all of the buildings were owned by Carlton Kyle and insured by the East Coast. The peculiar points were that no cause of fire origin could be established; all three fires had taken place in the same general neighborhood at the same time on succeeding evenings; and all were long unused buildings.

"Your facts are correct enough," Nick nodded. "Now the only causes of fire are Ignorance, Carelessness and Intent. Where would you begin your deductions?"

"With the first," Chick said. "Ignorance is eliminated. There were no people working or living in or about the properties. All properties were heavily locked and shuttered. The chances are that no tramps broke in. No evidence of that sort was found and both the insurance inspectors and Fire Marshall's office investigated. That just about eliminates Carelessness.

"Then for Intent, there's got to be some motive. The insurance in all three cases doesn't add up to more than twenty-eight hundred dollars. Kyle is wealthy, besides being smart. He wouldn't risk a forty-year prison term for that chicken feed! There wouldn't be much sense in anybody

firing those old shacks out of spite for him or the insurance company."

"You can skip Kyle and the East Coast for the moment," Nick cut in. "He owns about half the property in that section and the East Coast insures almost all of that part of town. What do you think about a lunatic--a fire bug?"

"I can't see it," Chick said. "Maybe one building. But if a guy's so nuts he has to have a fire a night to make him happy, why pick on unimportant, unspectacular buildings when he could light up something that would call out a five-alarm?"

"That's good reasoning. Do you know the history of the buildings?" Nick shot.

"Yes. They're all old dumps that were fine buildings back in the '90s. All part of the Van Bleeker estate once. Kyle bought 'em on speculation around 1918. He made money with 'em during prohibition by renting them to high-jackers and bootleggers. 'One Time' Cook, the racketeer, was among the notorious who rented the places at times. But all buildings have been absolutely vacant for five years or longer. Recently, the buildings were listed in the group to be bought by the city, razed, and modern tenements built on the sites. But the plan was turned down."

Chick paused with a puzzled expression. Then added. "There isn't much to go on. The buildings couldn't be hideouts and the fires part of an underworld war. They're examined by the insurance company too often. I still don't get the lay-out and I don't see how you figured arson after the second fire."

"There's something up," Nick said. "I don't get the complete picture myself, Chick. But there's going to be a whole string of these fires unless we spot the criminal. This man, whether sane or insane, is more dangerous than a gunman. He's endangering hundreds of innocent lives."

Nick lighted a fresh cigarette, inhaled deeply.

"On the night of the first fire" he went on, "a police patrol reported an open door banging in an empty shop on the back side of the block from the fire. It had been padlocked. The lock was broken, had disappeared entirely. There was nothing in the store to steal."

Chick nodded. "Entrance and exit for criminal. I thought of that. But it might have been coincidence."

"Perhaps it was. But that fire occurred in a building cleaned thoroughly for insurance inspection

less than three months previous. No electrical wires, chimneys nor any possible means of fire getting into that building existed. Do you begin to come to?"

"Some," Chick admitted, reddening. "No cause for spontaneous combustion in a clean building."

"All right. Now fire number two. One hour previous to alarm a hysterical woman phoned police headquarters a masked man had run past her window and disappeared up the fire escape. The building she lived in was about fifty yards from the fired structure and directly connected by roofs and open balconies."

"The police patrol found her somewhat the worse for too much wine," Chick reminded. "She might have been seeing things. That's what the cops figured."

"Rubbish!" Nick scoffed. "You see what you may expect at times like those. She saw a MASKED man doing trapeze work on fire escapes in a neighborhood where no MASKED men have ever been heard of. Mind, no flats or lofts were broken into that night. That section's loaded with crooks and footpads, but they don't wear masks in their own section and they don't go prowling around the fire escapes of neighbors. They might get plugged by some racketeer with a nervous finger."

"Now, next night, the same time, same locality, same type of fire without any cause. Get the time. See any significance?" Nick finished.

"Just when people are coming home from the early shows in that section of town, but late enough for it to be completely dark and the streets not crowded with loafers", Chick said, his face lighting as he began to see the drift of circumstances. "And twenty minutes after the fire last night a substantial local tradesman was knocked out by an unknown assailant in his own dark hallway. He wasn't robbed or touched after he was laid out. He didn't recognize the man, barely got a glimpse of him before the fellow socked him and dashed on."

"That's better," Nick nodded with approval. "Now you see why it's a good chance arson is at the bottom of this." Nick blew a heavy cloud of smoke about his head. "But there's something fishy about it, Chick. We've got to get underneath that, find the thread this crime follows."

Nick signaled Chick he was finished. The younger man ran back to his post in the communication room. Nick continued to pace the floor restlessly wondering if, after all, the fire had been coincidences and

there would be no more.

With a grinding roar, the hall clock wound to bong out ten strokes. As the last stroke of the clock shimmered eerily through the the house, a small mirror, no larger than a dime, vibrated in one corner of the switchboard before Chick. That was a "wake-up" signal that a police call was coming over the shortwave radio. Its sharp wavering reflection sent an attention-compelling beam of piercing light into the eyes of Chick Carter.

Chick's hand shot out, touched a button on the panel. The mirror stopped shaking. The voice of the police dispatcher droned clearly from one of the seven small speaker grilles lining the upper part of the switchboard.

Chick leaned forward tensely as the calm clear voice broadcast its message. "Calling cars 23 and 24.." the voice said, and repeated the numbers. Chick's brain raced ahead. Cars 23 and 24 were in the Fourth Ward. The voice droned on. "Fire reported in empty loft building corner of ..."

A blue light flickered in the opposite end of the switchboard. Chick's fingers jumped faster than the eye, touched the police short-wave button again, pressed one beside it simultaneously. The voice broke off sharply. The sharp notes of a fire gong, tuned down, struck out the signal beat 5-7 116 20.

Another fire in the Fourth Ward!

***** CONTINUED NEXT MONTH *****

Editor's DESK



Our club is looking for more video tapes to add to our library. If you have an old time radio related cassette (movie or TV show) that you would like to donate, please send it (them) to Frank Bork. Please send ONLY old time radio related cassettes - thank you!

Arlene and I have just returned from the 10th old time radio convention in Newark. We always enjoy meeting old friends and making new friends at the convention. Jay Hickerson and his numerous assistants are to be commended for another great convention. Program recreations, workshops, dealer tables and even hotel reservations were expertly handled. Only the food served at the banquets left something to be desired. Jay, how about some different food choices for next year and a faster way to serve them.

For anyone planning to attend next years convention for the first time, if you do not like being first in line for your food, sit at Jim Snyder's table. Jim's table is always served last.

See next month's columns for further details on this year's convention.

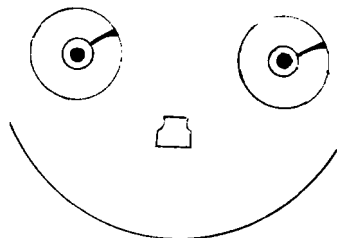
AMOS 'N' ANDY
GOT THEIR FAITHFUL IMPRESSIONS OF NEGRO LIFE BY TRAMPING THE STREETS OF HARLEM.

JEAN SARGENT
OVERCAME STAGEFRIGHT IN HER FIRST PLAY BY WEARING A MASK.

TED WEEMS
RADIO'S POPULAR BAND LEADER, WAS AN ACCOMPLISHED VIOLINIST AT THE TENDER AGE OF 6.

TAPE LIBRARY RATES: 2400' reel - \$1.50 per month; 1800' reel - \$1.25 per month; 1200' reel - \$1.00 per month; cassette and records - \$.50 per month; video cassette - \$1.25 per month. Postage must be included with all orders and here are the rates: For the USA and APO - \$.60 for one reel, 35¢ for each additional reel; 35¢ for each cassette and record; 75¢ for each video tape.

CANADIAN BRANCH: Rental rates are the same as above, but in Canadian funds. Postage: Reels 1 or 2 tapes \$1.50; 3 or 4 tapes \$1.75. Cassettes - 1 or 2 tapes \$.65; for each additional tape, add 25¢.



REEL-LY SPEAKING

Gripe time - The Devil Made Me Do It. The last time I complained about the club library, I received several letters stating I was coming on too strong in my complaints. Well even at the risk of receiving more letters, here I go again. First of all the rental period is for one month, not three, four and five months as some members seem to think. I can understand there are always good reasons for this some time but not every time reels and cassettes are borrowed. Just think about how many times you have received an alternate, or worse, nothing at all because some un-thinking club member just sat on his order. My suggestion is to copy the reels and cassettes as soon as you receive them. With your own copy you can then weed out the programs you don't want. Reels and cassettes are reasonable to buy and when you are finished you can erase the reels and cassettes and use them again and again. Next send me a list of alternates along with your orders. By our club rules, you may borrow four reels or six cassettes at one time. Please list 8 or 10 alternates, we're getting big now and I'm sending out 6 and 8 orders a week now. Postage. The postage must be paid for by the borrower so don't forget to send it along with your order. The rates are printed in every copy of the I.P. You might note the rates have not changed in 8 years. I try, when time permits, to answer questions asked in your letters but if I don't, please overlook my forgetfulness. Thanks. Its very difficult to keep track of my short shipments, another reason for a large alternate list. If you ordered more reels and cassettes than the limit, I will only send four reels and six cassettes. On your next order, please remind me the club owes you one or two reels or cassettes. I'll send them. You have already paid so don't pay a second time. Don't forget the postage. Now comes my real gripe.

THE CONDITION OF THE REELS AND BOXES.

Please don't swipe the reels and send back some junk in its place. That's darn cheap to do. Don't you agree? Well it happens. Next time it happens don't bother to order anything else from the club because I won't send it! As you all know, the paste board boxes are expensive so please handle them with a little care. Thanks. Most reel orders are shipped in boxes made of wood plainly marked "Bottom-do not open here." I have arrows pointing to the top of the box. Why then do some members take a screw driver and force open the box from either the top or side. Some people must be dense. What else? The club just bought one hundred new paste board boxes. Now some come back torn ripped, hinges torn loose (tape) Is this the way you take care of your own collection? I don't think so. Please take care of the club reels and cassettes as if they were your very own. If you are careless with your own collection, then at least take proper care of the clubs. A little care will help keep our club collection in good condition for years to come. Well I think I've said my piece for now. How about it gang, gonna help? Most of Old Time Radio fans are great people otherwise how could we enjoy radio like we do. If you have a complaint, write, I'll read it and try to answer your letter.

Till next time, good listening.

Francis Edward Bork

10-6-85

Deaths Elsewhere

KENNY BAKER, 71, a singer, actor and comedian who preceded Dennis Day as Jack Benny's foil on Benny's radio show in the 1930s, has died — apparently of a heart attack.

Mr. Baker, a lyric tenor, died Aug. 10 in Solvang, Calif. The death went unreported until Friday.

Mr. Baker appeared with Benny from 1935 to 1939, succeeding Frank Parker in the role of a daffy youth with bumbling logic and whose musical skills provided a pleasant interlude. After leaving Benny, Mr. Baker worked on the Fred Allen radio show and starred in his own show, called "Sincerely, Kenny Baker."

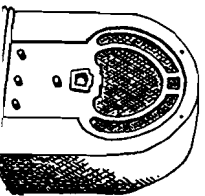
He made his Broadway debut in 1943 as Rodney Hatch in the musical "One Touch of Venus" starring Mary Martin. His signature song was "A Wandering Minstrel," from the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta "The Mikado."

ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

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RADIO CLUB

LANCASTER, N.Y. 14086