
ILLUSTRATED PRESS

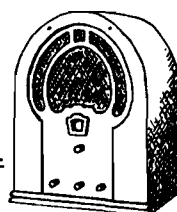
EST. 1975

#116 - JUNE, 1986

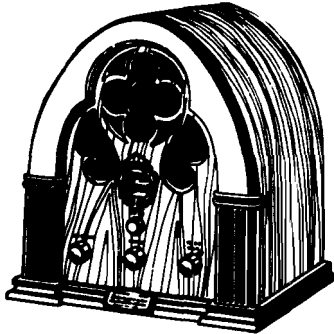


Ed Gardner created the role of Archie in "Duffy's Tavern," a popular show of the 1940's. With him, as Miss Duffy, was Shirley Booth, before she became the great star of stage and screen she is today.

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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SPECIAL: OTR Club members may take 50% off these rates.
Advertising deadline - September 1

NICK CA

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CHAPTER VI
KYLE

For a moment following the crash there was a stunned silence. Pieces of debris shifted where men still crawled from the cellar pit to higher levels. None but Nick and Chick had been caught by the wall. There were a few scratched hands and faces from pieces of flying brick.

Then burst a babble of voices. Windows along the street banged up. People shouted, grew hysterical. A flood of curious and morbid souls gorged out of hallways at the cry that two men were killed. There was a bedlam.

The chief inspector of the Fire Marshall's office took charge. Lines were thrown about the structure, the mounting crowd kept a distance. Men leaped into the pit, began to throw brick off one spot madly. Part of the wall still leaned dangerously. Men gave it one grim look, dove in under its shadow to begin the rescue work.

The chief inspector turned hurriedly to the alarm box on the corner. Within was a Morse Key. His fingers raced. The first taps sped over the wires. 10-135-1. The call for Rescue Company One. Then 4-135-4, the call for chief of battalion Four to box 135. Other signals passed, all headed by the preliminary signals for particular apparatus, all giving box 135 as the call point. The preliminary signals 10-10 for the Police Emergency Squad; 12-12 for the Police Riot Squad; 6-6-6 for Fire Department Ambulance; 5-5-5 for Sappers and Miners, the dynamite crew; other signals.

Before he had finished, there was the whine of sirens. Rescue Company One and Chief of Battalion arrived simultaneously. There was a shouted order to the rescue boys. They knew their work. Diving into the pit with wrecking bars, they began prying a section of wall off the top of the heap. Others were already gathering timers, loosening the fifteen, seventeen and eighteen ton hydraulic jacks from the rescue engine. The ambulance, police rescue and riot squads screamed up. Behind them, bobbing dangerously, came a dilapidated taxi from which news reporters jumped.

The great heavy section of solid brick began to move. There was room for the timbers and jacks. The giant seventy-two horsepower motor of the rescue engine roared. The jacks lifted steadily. Sober-faced men were alert to press wedges and smaller jacks into the gradually widening crevice. Only timbers were used against the cold steel of the jacks. The sound of the metal biting into the

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NICK CARTER

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CHAPTER VI
KYLE

THE NINE O'CLOCK FIRES *May, 1935*

wood made a crackling whine. Steel against steel might slip.

Pries were placed. Other firemen had arrived on signal from the battalion chief. They placed solid timber braces as the section of wall moved upward. It was tedious slow work, the danger of the wall cracking and falling back extreme. Brick, crushed under turning weight, sent up showers of split chips and red, choking dust.

The wall was raised to a severe angle. Sweat poured from the faces of workers. Others had bound the hanging wall overhead. But the work had taken fifteen minutes. Could those beneath the pile be caught in the freak chambers, which so often trapped men amidst falling matter to hold them suffocating and pinned to die slowly, or were they hopelessly crushed?

Suddenly the chief barked an order for quiet. The men stood silent, watching him, wondering for what reason work had been halted. There was a distant, a ghostly muffled sound. Ears strained to listen closer.

"We're okay," a voice announced from beneath the pile of brick. "Can you hear?"

Nick grabbed a wrecking bar, thumped on a solid section of brick. The sound would carry down. The sound of voices from above would never penetrate to that depth. There came back a tattoo of metal being struck. The firemen looked relieved. Some grinned.

"Lay on water," said the distant voice. "The dust is annoying us." The chief barely suppressed a laugh at the tone of the voice. His signaled for a hose with a spray nozzle. "Tell the police lieutenant to surround the block, watch for suspicious figures. And take a look where the wall broke loose for signs of a pry."

The voice came cheerfully enough, but more muffled toward the last. "Dust getting 'em," the chief said.

The hose came up and he superintended the wetting down. The police lieutenant of the emergency squad barked orders. Plain clothes detectives raced through the adjoining building, turned out all inmates with sharp orders.

The assistant chief of the investigation division, working on the job, had let himself over the roof of the building in a rope sling. He began to cover the wall inch by inch, looking for signs of a pry. He found pieces of timber splinters on the coping of the roof of the adjoining tenement, grunted sharply.

Down below him there was a sudden dull crash. A cloud of dust eddied up. The heavy section of solid wall had been jacked upright and thrown over. Men

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hurried to toss brick aside, swiftly excavated a hole. They came to the top of the furnace, paused to yell.

"Hey, boy!" came back Nick Carter's voice, eerily. It came from the direction of the still standing chimney beside them. But something metallic was thumped against the inside of the furnace at their feet. The voice had carried up the flue.

"Get a can of beer," the chief shouted to a fireman. "They'll need it."

He coughed, turned and called after the man, "Get two cans!"

A moment later the furnace doors were cleared. A choking, ash covered and black faced Nick crawled forth followed by Chick. Chick had a sharp jagged cut across his forehead. When Nick had thrown him through the furnace door he had come up hard against the inner wall. His hands were scraped from the rough clinker bars. Nick had a bad leg. Hunks of brick had caught him before he managed to yank that appendage in.

They sluiced themselves, were embarrassedly patched up by the rescue company. They cleared their throats of dust with long washes of light beer. The foam picked up dust grains water would only have washed sticky and flat. Nick looked up at the police detective hanging over the roof of the next building.

"You better come up when you get a chance," the inspector called down.

Smart that, Nick thought. Not a hint to anybody standing in the crowd.

There was a sudden flash as Nick looked back. A news camera man had caught him full on. He was standing midway on a ladder between cellar and street.

"Hey!" Chick yelled as he saw a muscle suddenly tighten in his chief's jaw. "The boss doesn't want pictures!"

"Sorry, Nick," the photographer called. "Orders is orders and news is news!". He started to climb the ladder. Chick's face grew red. Nick avoided publicity, but there was little to be done about this. The photographer had his job and there was no law against snapping photos.

A police rescue squad man standing at the top of the ladder gave a swift look at Nick, caught the situation. He foot moved swiftly. A twelve pound sledge toppled over the edge of a charred beam, smashed through the camera, bounded off brick below.

"Gosh, that's tough," the policeman said with a straight face. "Didn't see it was there."

"Not much!" the photographer swore, climbing down to look at his ruined camera. The expensive lenses might not be broken. But they were. He swore violently for a full minute while police and firemen grinned.

"Well, I got my plate, anyway,"

he announced drawing the exposed plate from his pocket and holding it up to be sure it hadn't been damaged.

There was the startling sound of an abrupt loud S. A stream of water cut the air, picked the plate out of his hand and smashed it into a thousand particles against the cellar wall.

"Hey! Cut off the pressure!" a fireman holding the nozzle of a hose yelled. His face was the picture of innocence. But there was a nozzle control on the hose and a moment before he had been facing the other way.

The photographer gave a yelp of anger, climbed the ladder and rushed off with red eyes. Three weeks pay that camera would cost him! If he had saved the shot, the paper might have stood the loss.

Nick grinned, turned to Chick. "Notice there has been no intentional destruction of property. The sledge and the water were accidents." He laughed. "But order a new camera for the fellow tomorrow and sent it over. Get him one of the new Germans with a long distance, portrait, and night lens."

"That'll cost nine hundred bucks!" Chick gasped. "His was only worth a hundred and ninety."

"It will save the departments a few thousand columns of bad new breaks, too," Nick said. He headed toward the street, hobbled into the next building. A moment later he was being let over the roof coping in a rope sling similar to the inspector's.

The inspector pointed to the timber slivers along the edge of the coping. Eight feet beneath, in direct line on the wall of the unharmed tenement, there was a path of crushed wood fiber extending for a foot. The fiber was from sound wood, had never been burned.

"The wall was loose. The guy stood up on the other roof and drive down a timber pry, I guess. The separation of the two walls got pretty narrow about here and he had to drive the pry. Ought to be able to find it in the brick unless he took it away. Had plenty of time. He simply heaved back and pulled the wall on you, Nick," the inspector was saying as he gestured to various pots.

But Nick was not looking at those spots. His keen eyes were centered on an incident taking place at the end of the police lines up the cross street. A man was getting into a car. As Nick's gaze focused on him, the door banged closed. The car shot down the street out of sight.

Nick had only caught a glimpse of the man's profile. He knew the man only from photos and those mostly sport shots. Furthermore, the man's hat had been pulled down well on his head.

Nick's glance ranged the street

in one swift look. There were plenty of patrol cars, but none with drivers at the wheel nor turned in the right direction. Chick was still down in the pit. The man had a safe getaway if he was speeding.

And Nick was sure he would be.

That man, allowing for some doubt, had been Carlton Kyle!

**CHAPTER VII
ZERO HOUR**

A half hour later, Nick was back in the small office next to the file rooms. He had left Chick at the scene to hunt for a length of unburned timber in the brick pile. Its presence would simply make sure that the loosened section of wall had been intentionally forced over upon them.

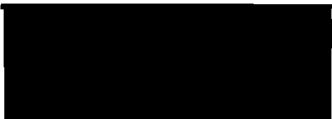
He was not bothering at the moment to check on Kyle's movements that day, or the car license. If the figure had been Kyle, he would have either a rock-ribbed excuse for being in the neighborhood or he would deny everything and would have been smart enough not to use his own car.

Nick glanced hurriedly through the rest of the data on known arsonist. The two who had made a wholesale commercial business of arson were spending life in the penitentiary. There were a number of suspected arsonists at large, but all had been involved in crimes in which their personal gain or hate could have been the motivating force. There were no known arsonists who filled the dark shadow of the man Nick had reconstructed from evidence at the fire.

Nick pushed a button, heard Patsy's answer over the sound system. "Get the private file on Kyle," he said. He sat back sucking his lower lip while waiting. Nick bore no love for men of Kyle's caliber, but somehow Kyle didn't quite fit the dark shadow either. He was unscrupulous enough. But the man was wealthy. Arson was a terrific risk to take for a few thousand dollars.

The thought of the melted piece of counterfeiting die recurred to Nick. He had lost that when the wall had fallen. Kyle in counterfeiting That didn't click either. Counterfeiting was the racket of would-be smart guys, racketeers too dumb to clean up through semi-legal means. Kyle was certainly not dumb.

Nick turned his thoughts to One Time Cook. There was a gangster who might have gone in for counterfeiting--and gotten away with it. Particularly in the prohibition era when millions of dollars of small money was exchanged from country to country through underworld channels. But cook wasn't the type of gangster to go in for arson. Nor was his courage and resourcefulness of the sort which would take the risk of pushing a wall over. That took iron nerves,



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right under, or over, the eyes of a thousand people!

Patsy came in with Kyle's file. Nick skimmed through the report. Born of good family. Began career as heavy gambler. Lost a fortune in Wall Street before 25 when double-crossed by partner. Turned to dealing and living exclusively with gambling friends. Information on some of his many underworld connections whose money he invested. Not much there!

Nick jabbed his pencil down with annoyance, turned back to the man's college record. Suddenly his eyes halted. Kyle had been a brilliant chemical-combustion student! He had taken honors his second year at the third sold patents for a revolutionary explosive idea to a large munitions manufacturer! The fourth year, something had happened to upset his studies.

A glow of freshening interest showed on Nick's face. His voice a beat quicker now, he telephoned a certain big-time gambler who played with Kyle, asked certain questions. A grim smile crossed his face as he listened. Kyle was a nut on chemistry. He had a laboratory in his house and was always talking about it. He kept in perfect physical condition. Although he dressed quietly and looked harmless enough, he was a good wrestler, a hard jabbing boxer and a crack horseman.

"His nerves are iron," the gambler mouthed around the end of an expensive cigar. "He bluffed me on a game of draw one night. Raised my fifty grand bet to a hundred and fifty. I dropped. But I got a squint at his cards as they went into the deck. Ya know what the mug had? A queen high **NOTHIN'**! And me with three jacks!"

Nick pulled forward a character sheet. At the top he placed Kyle's name with a question mark. Beneath it he listed certain facts. The arsonist--Kyle or whoever it was--evidenced definite characteristics.

He was daring, resourceful. His nerve and gall reached to the point of risking a second crime on the scene of the first to eliminate a dangerous sleuth. And that, right under the eyes of fifty police! He had the intelligence to watch how closely his trail was being followed. Either he was unusually careful of details or he had known the fire was being investigated.

Kyle knew that. He knew fires and the way they would act in various types of buildings. The completely gutted buildings in the Fourth Ward were charred proofs of that. He had either had a chemical training or made a deep study of fires. Only a man who knew a great deal about chemicals could successfully have caused an iron dust explosion without overdoing it. A combustion engineer would have that knowledge.

The arsonist knew underworld methods,

how to use back ways, jimmy windows--Nick's hand paused. He had overlooked the point. Why would the owner of a building have to jimmy a window. He would have keys. Nick scratched the back of his neck a moment, the continued.

The man had a thoroughly criminal mind, would stop at nothing to gain his ends--not even murder. He knew the territory and layout of the scenes of his crimes. His build was husky. That bag of iron dust had weighted between two and three hundred pounds. At least, Nick was sure the two last characteristics could be attributed to Kyle.

Nick drew for a similar sheet, blank. On the opposite side of the page from where he had listed Kyle he placed One Time Cook's name. Beneath it he listed known characteristics of the crook's. When he was finished he quickly surveyed both sheets and scowled. This was not conclusive proof, but it did not look as if their team had all of the necessary characteristics.

Kyle lacked criminal experience--at least the sort which taught the use of jimmys and finer points of crashing a man's skull. Cook lacked understanding of explosives. His past was fairly well known. He had never mixed in anything suggestive of combustion. In tougher hoodlum days he had purchased his pineapples from a munitions company. Also, he was not the sort to risk pushing a wall over amidst an army of police.

But the two together just about made up the character of that unknown shadow who had carried the heavy sack of iron dust. Nick shook his head, pushed the files aside with a finished gesture. Cook and kale had been bitter personal enemies since a fight three years before.

There was a flicker of light on the panel board before Nick. Patsy announced Mitchell Dawson, the industrialist, waiting to see Nick downstairs. Nick hurried down, somewhat surprised by the unexpected visit. He did not know Dawson personally, though, Dawson's companies were on Nick's protective list.

An immaculately dressed man, younger than Nick had expected, was waiting in the library, a gleaming top hat on the table beside him, his gloved hands folded over the top of a silver headed stick.

"A, Carter!" Dawson said with a pleasant if somewhat affected voice. "The East Coast has thoroughly terrified me with their latest bulletin to clients. And I'm getting worried on my own account, so I thought I had better come down personally."

"Hasn't our service been up to par, Mr. Dawson?"

"Oh, yes, yes," the dapper man came back. "Nothing wrong with the service."

Only, in view of what is happening, I thought I'd better tell you that things seem a bit wrong at our plant lately. And besides, the East Coast advised more protection than the routine service that we have."

"We can easily arrange for that," Nick told him. He was secretly scrutinizing Dawson, wondering where the man had had his beginning. He was one of Wall Street's mysteries. He had simply appeared there one day with plenty of cash and had forthwith become immensely successful among the highflying financial group. Some of his deals had been doubtful. But he had stayed well within the law. He never mentioned his past. Well, if it hadn't been something to be proud of, he did quite right. At least his immediate past compared well with other men of the money marts.

"What I want is to have you come out there, go through my plants. Your name will mean a lot, and if any one is planning to strike there next, it may make a difference. Possibly if you go out once a week, that will be enough. And I can offer anything you ask for your own time."

Nick considered the time involved, finally agreed. They talked for a few moments over a cup of tea. Evidently the East Coast had acquainted Dawson fairly well with details of the recent fire. He was greatly interested in the possible motive for arson, spoke of various angles.

Nick laughingly told about the falling wall that morning, changing the story only in so far as to have it appear that he accepted it as an accident. The story would be in the papers by night at any rate.

"Well, I feel more secure," Dawson said at length. He arose after arranging final details. As he swung out of the door, Nick's mind was again busy trying to picture the man's history. He had the shoulder of an athlete, the easy carriage from the waist up of a man who had spent much time in the country. But his stride was that of a city man.

Nick shrugged and raced back upstairs. He automatically classed Dawson as a hard, shrewd customer. But he did not get as rich as he was by being soft. As Nick swung through the communication room he thought about the rumor of Dawson's engagement to the aristocratic Marleen Shelton. Then he put the man from his mind as he dove back into the mass of detail surrounding the case.

Once he paused, tapping the table with his pencil. The industrialist's visit had been a little surprising. A telephone would have done as well. Could Dawson possibly be after information--be connected with the fires?

Nick returned to his papers. That was a pretty far cry. He'd check on the man just to be sure. But Dawson couldn't have any motive. And he was not one to act without reason.

It was long past dark when Chick came in, his face black, his clothes shaking forth ashes and brick dust. He noticed the slightly tight expression around the chief's mouth. To others, Nick would have looked as usual. But Chick and Patsy had come to watch for the slightest tell-tales..

"Found the timber," Chick said. "No finger prints, of course. An eighteen foot length and weighing about forty pounds."

Nick gave a slight nod of satisfaction.

"Sifted the debris around the furnace with the fine screen. Couldn't locate that piece of die nor any other pieces with engraving on them" he added. He dashed upstairs to wash and look at the tickers.

It took but a minute to find one thing disturbing Nick. In flaming heads, the news tickers were running a sensational story of the fires. Scar Donnivan's death, and the history of incendiarism. In want of colorful facts, the stories attributed unheard of clues and deductions to the case.

But there had been a leak somewhere. Details of the fire and murder which could only be learned from official quarters were given. While there were no official quotations either from the Fire Marshal or Police Commissioner.

Nick Carter was reported on the job. The leading news fire sleuth drew his own conclusions from official silence, multiplied them by Nick Carter's personal presence at the scene of the fire, and wrote a lurid prophesy of the extent to which the case might develop.

It was a swell front-page yarn. And in the event the fire bug didn't already know Nick Carter was on the case, it told him so in screaming headlines.

Chick hurriedly bathed and raced down to dinner. Nick was waiting, his face sober.

"Tough about the story," Chick said. "The fire bug might have not known who you were. He'll be on the lookout, now."

"That isn't important. He'll expect to outwit us. The point is, this yarn will set off every pyromaniac in the city. There'll be more fires tonight and tomorrow than there've been in years."

"How's that work?" Chick asked. "Gets 'em thinking about it. They think somebody's a better fire setter than they are so they have to go out and show 'em. Every time a fire story breaks they line up a handful of fire nuts next day or so for sentence. But a few poor souls have scorched in the meantime," Nick explained.

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Only, in view of what is happening, I thought I'd better tell you that things seem a bit wrong at our plant lately. And besides, the East Coast advised more protection than the routine service that we have."

"We can easily arrange for that," Nick told him. He was secretly scrutinizing Dawson, wondering where the man had had his beginning. He was one of Wall Street's mysteries. He had simply appeared there one day with plenty of cash and had forthwith become immensely successful among the highflying financial group. Some of his deals had been doubtful. But he had stayed well within the law. He never mentioned his past. Well, if it hadn't been something to be proud of, he did quite right. At least his immediate past compared well with other men of the money marts.

"What I want is to have you come out there, go through my plants. Your name will mean a lot, and if any one is planning to strike there next, it may make a difference. Possibly if you go out once a week, that will be enough. And I can offer anything you ask for your own time."

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"Anything else in the wind?" "Plenty. Kyle's raised the roof up at the East Coast office. He's made formal demand of the company if they consider him in any way responsible. They've got to answer him one way or the other or lose a big slice of business. Whatever they answer, he'll haul it up in court sooner or later."

"So?" Chick remarked. Kyle was certainly not losing any time in presenting his claims. He could be a dangerous enemy, too. If the East Coast gave immediate satisfaction of claims he would have a strong paper in his favor in event of arson proceedings later.

"So the company's up a tree," Nick said, pouring a cup of strong-brewed tea. He regarded the swirling dark liquid for a moment in silence. When he lifted his head his eyes were hard.

"Big Shot Oles, the political boss, telephoned," he announced.

"That mud eel! Did his conversation bend your ear crooked?" Chick asked.

"Nearly. He was as slippery as a greased pig. The idea he wanted to get across was that the One Time Cook mob aren't interested in arson. But they are very interested in not being investigated. Such an investigation, Mr. Oles implied, might be decidedly unhealthy. And would turn up no useful data about the arson cases."

"Didn't take them long to figure the case would involve them. Almost looks like they got the idea before the news of the investigation broke, doesn't it?"

"It was exactly sixteen minutes after the reports came over the news ticker that Oles called," Nick said. "Of course, he's their political protection. But the fat skunk is such a double crosser he may be trying to work up a little suspicion against the mob. Roxy's getting a line-up on him. He's rumored not to be very friendly with Cook at the moment. Something to do with a cut-on on a combination blackmail-glass job. The fuller sapphires, I imagine."

Chick gave a surprised whistle "So they're going into blackmail! That gang are going to get strung up right one of these days. They're slipping when they try that."

Nick nodded agreement. "Well, Oles is in this somewhere. Either cook's mob pulled the job and Oles is covering for them. Or he's trying to plant it on them and knows who did it. He's a teammate of Kyle's."

"We ought to crack the case in a week," Chick thought. "We've got to do more than that, fellow. This fire bug is up to something. It's my guess it's something pretty darned important. We've got to find out what,

and we've got to get the right guy. It's liable to be easy to catch the wrong one in this mess."

"Where do we take off?" Chick asked. "With the fire telegraph. Get out your boots, rubber coat and helmet and hang your pants so you can jump into 'em. And don't wear socks beneath your boots, you'll blister your hoofs".

Chick's eyes lit up. Nick caught the expression.

"There's one standing order," he announced sternly. "The superior officer on all fires is absolute authority. No matter what I tell you, or what you see or think, when he orders his men, you hop with 'em."

"You're on duty here. I'm running down to battalion headquarters for the night. If there's a Fourth Ward alarm after you turn in, grab the chief's car that Brody sent up and pick me up at the alarm. It's in the garage downstairs." Nick turned and walked out with unusual swiftness.

Chick turned upstairs to keep watch on a switchboard and tickers, run over the information Nick had studied that day.

The clock ground out the hour of nine. It was eerie, ominous, tonight. But the pyromaniac could not be so insane as to attempt another fire on a night when every paper and radio screeched for his blood. Throughout the city thousands of trained eyes would be watching for dark shadows, flashes of light in places they should not be. No, the criminal would let things quiet down, wait a week, perhaps a month or more.

Then, on the stroke of the half hour, the blue light on the switchboard glowed. Chick plugged in the telegraph, leaned forward tensely. Nine-thirty, the hour played up by every newspaper in the city. The hour every crazed pyromaniac would feel insane desires gnawing at his chest. The hour of five past fires.

Tonight, the zero hour!
CONTINUED NEXT MONTH

TAPESPENDENTS: Send in your wants and we'll run them here for at least 2 months.

WANTED: 1 reel of Sears Radio Theatre, 1 reel of Danger with Granger episodes. Any shows of Sears or Granger okay. Will trade equal time from my catalog of over 700 reels. Cassettes considered but prefer reels.

Ed Cole
P O Box 3509
LakeLand, FL 33802

WANTED: Any of the "Three Sheets to the Wind" shows with John Wayne (1943), "Horatio Hornblower" and the "Six Shooter" Series. Please send list of shows to:

Mike O'Donnell
9904 Greenview Lane
Manassas, VA 22110



NEWS CHATTER

In this column I would like to ask for your help. In our cassette library we have a listing C255--"The Great Gildersleeve". The shows are **BRONCO DISAPPEARS and THE WEDDING DAY**. As it turns out the cassette is completely blank on both sides. If anyone out there has an extra copy and would donate it to the club or could make us a copy we would be most grateful. Or if someone has a copy whether its a cassette or record and would loan the copy to the club so we could make a copy that would be helpful as well.

If anyone has a problem with any of the tapes in the library let us know about it so we can correct it. Only with your help can we keep the tapes in good shape for everyone's enjoyment.

If anyone wishes to donate any kind of material that pertains to old time radio whether its old radio shows or scripts or even articles, we would be happy to add it to the club's library at any time. So don't be bashful about it folks. We here at the club would love to hear from you. It may take a little longer now that summer has finally arrived to answer your letters, but we will answer them nonetheless.

Can you believe its that time of the year again when we can kick off our shoes, sit back and relax with a pitcher of cold lemonade and imagine ourselves at the ball park with Abbott & Costello team of "WHO'S ON FIRST". Have a safe summer everyone.
Linda DeCecco

ALVIN CHILDRESS, 76, the actor who portrayed the philosophical Amos on the "Amos 'n' Andy" television comedy series in the 1950s, died Saturday at a suburban Los Angeles sanitarium.



"Amos 'n' Andy" was brought to television in 1951 after a long run as one of radio's most popular programs. The show about the antics of friends in Harlem had been created in an era when the nation had different racial sensitivities. Despite its good ratings, CBS withdrew the show when black groups complained that it perpetuated racial stereotypes.

"I didn't feel it harmed the Negro at all," Mr. Childress once said of those accusations. "Actually, the series had many episodes that showed the Negro with professions and businesses like attorneys, store owners and so on, which they never had in TV or movies before."

Deaths

ST. LOUIS
POST DISPATCHER
4/22/86



Marvin Miller

Letters



In my column in the May 1985 issue of THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS I gave the directions for making a working radio from a razor blade and a piece of pencil lead. Although I didn't hear from any of you collectors, I did hear from a junior high science teacher. He decided to assign the building of this "radio" to his students as individual class projects. After the kids followed the directions they discovered that the radios didn't work, none of them. A parent told him what the problem was. It seems the kids went to their neighborhood grocery or drug store and purchased the little packets of razor blades that we all see on display in those stores. Apparently those packages contain stainless steel blades, and for some reason they won't work with the pencil lead. The teacher went to his neighborhood hardware store and asked if they had regular steel blades, rather than the stainless steel variety. They did and he purchased a large supply which he distributed to his students. Those worked just fine and he soon had 120 razor blade radios going in his classroom. So, if you decide at some future time to give this thing a try, please go back and make that one little additional note in the directions.

Jim Snyder
517 North Hamilton Street
Saginaw, MI 48602

NOW ON WEDNESDAY with Granger TONIGHT

FREE! A 1936 Plymouth is Given Away Each Week

EXTRA! Granger McNamee joins Plymouth's big radio show with Leslie Hayton's Orchestra, the King's Merry Men and Eight Lovin' Rhythm Girls.

TONIGHT! NOTE CHANGE

ON



PREMIER TONIGHT

BROAD

