
**ILLUSTRATED
PRESS**

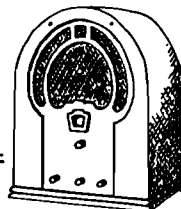
EST. 1975

#124 - FEBRUARY, 1987

**DICK
TRACY**



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, due 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.

THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS is a monthly newsletter of **THE OLD TIME RADIO CLUB** headquartered in Buffalo, N.Y. Contents except where noted, are copyright 1986 by the OTRC. All rights are hereby assigned to the contributors. Editor: Richard A. Olday; Assistant Editor: Jerry Collins; Production Assistance: Arlene Olday. Published since 1975. Printed in U.S.A. Cover Design by Eileen Curtin.

CLUB ADDRESSES: Please use the correct address for the business you have in mind. Return library materials to the library addresses.

NEW MEMBERSHIP DUES:
Jerry Collins
56 Christen Ct.
Lancaster, NY 14086
(716) 683-6199

ILLUSTRATED PRESS (letters, columns, etc.) & **OTHER CLUB BUSINESS:**
Richard A. Olday
100 Harvey Drive
Lancaster, NY 14086
(716) 684-1604

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Cheektowaga, NY 14225

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Buffalo, NY 14220
(716) 822-4661

CANADIAN BRANCH:
Richard Simpson
960 - 16 Rd., R.R.3
Fenwick, Ontario L0S 1C0

BACK ISSUES: All **MEMORIES** AND **I.P.s** are \$1.25 each, postpaid. Out of print issues may be borrowed from the reference library.

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 Blvd., Cheektowaga, NY. Anyone interested in the "Golden Age of Radio" is welcome to attend and observe or participate. Meetings start at 7:30 p.m.

DEADLINE FOR IP#126 - March 2
#127 - April 6
#128 - May 4

ADVERTISING RATES FOR MEMORIES:
\$50.00 for a full page (ALL ADS MUST BE CAMERA READY)
\$34.00 for a half page

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

NICK CAR

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STREET & SMITH THE NINE O'CL

CHAPTER XVI THE NET FALLS BACK

With a screech of rubber against curb, a stench of burning brakes, Nick jammed to the curb before his house, dashed up steps and through the door. Upstairs he glanced hurriedly at the fire reports. Four fires in the past two hours were in buildings used by the Cook mob at the present time. The fire bug was racing against time.

Nick clicked in connection to Commissioner Updyke. He needed every piece of known property used or belonging to Kyle, Cook and Oles watched. He gave orders to comb every hospital and doctor's office for Dawson, but he doubted if it would do much good.

Dawson had made a clean getaway, gotten a long start with no chance of being tailed. And for evidence, he had left the corpse of a man who would be blamed for being the fire bug! All that he had told Nick, plus the actual circumstantial evidence, would simply involve Kyle or his dead employee before the eyes of the public. Nick's theory, the method of getting at the heart of the case, wouldn't be worth a tinker's dam in court.

Nick glanced at the time. Twenty after three. A little more than an hour and a half of daylight left. That might help police watchfulness. But Dawson was smart. He knew how to elude vigilance and he had the daring to take long shot chances.

Nick glanced hurriedly through his card file. Cook was known to be in the box racket for the wholesale groceries which he had built into a protective racket. He owned perfume plants, beer breweries, liquor cutting and distilling plants, among other things. But his rackets were well covered. Not more than half of his operating centers were known. Dawson would have good opportunity to work until dark without detection. Already the fire signals were coming with the rapidity of a man traveling quickly around town.

Suddenly there was a buzz on the switchboard, Patsy came onto the phone. He had tailed Kyle, been seen and lost the man in the subway shuttle.

"Stay in the shuttle," Nick ordered. "And watch for any of the four suspects."

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NICK CARTER

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THE NINE O'CLOCK FIRES May, 1935

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"Stay in the shuttle," Nick ordered. "And watch for any of the four suspects." Oles had been trailed to the Bronx, according to the next report; then lost. Roxy called moments later. She reported Cook in his private office at

the Fly High Club, but a great deal of activity. Members of Cooks mobs were streaming in and out with great haste and stealth. Nick ordered her to stick at her post.

He sat back with a puzzled expression as he switched Roxy off. Was his hunch completely wrong? He had figured Dawson definitely the arsonist even before the fire at Dawson's plant. Was Dawson simply a man with a past who had become meshed in the arson case and hand nothing otherwise to do with it?

The Commissioner's office called with the information that Dawson had been located. It was at the large sanitarium of a Doctor Blake, badly burned around the face and chest and hands. An inspector had seen his bandaged body.

Nick scrawled on a pad before him. That left him up a tree. It was impossible to force an injured man out of his bandages for identification purposes. Yet Blake was a doubtful doctor, one who made a great deal of money by catering to the underworld and society folk who had something to hide. He had great political pull, the best lawyers, and offered clients full protection.

He did have important clients and had performed miracles of surgery. But he was absolutely unscrupulous. For enough money, he would murder a sick man or change the face of a corpse. It would take Nick days to find out if the man in his charge was really Dawson or not.

Well, if it was not Dawson, then Dawson would sooner or later be getting around to the Westside Garage. And if it was Dawson, the others would still be on tap that night. Nick allowed himself one hour's sleep for the ordeal head.

At four thirty, Nick awakened. Chick was up and about. Excepting for slight weakness and the burn on his arm, he appeared recovered. Nick looked him over carefully, gave him the latest details of the case and ordered him on duty. Together they went over a list of the afternoon's fires. Nick checked seven, all in the time Dawson might have been in the city. Four were on Kyle property, the other three known spots belonging to Cook.

"That about cleans Kyle and Cook out," Chick commented. "Kyle has a small hotel, a lumber yard, two lofts and three apartment houses left. Cook only has the big perfume plant, the Fly High and his interest in the Westside with Oles."

The fire alarm telegraph ticked out a signal. A map came to view on the wall of the communication room. "That's likely to be the perfume plant," Nick said. The box was in the same block.

"Orders?" Chick asked hopefully. "Have to put you to work fellow. But you ought to be in bed. I've framed a meeting to take place at the Westside Garage tonight. You know the place. It's a hideout and fence owned by Oles and Cook. There's probably an underground room or two used to hide hot cars. We'll have to get in there early and wait to see what happens. Wear your guns and use 'em if you have to. But don't shoot to kill. We need a detailed confession."

"I take it we're working separately?" Chick asked. Nick nodded. "What's the setup and how do I act?" Chick said excitedly.

"One of these babes is going to have a showdown with the others about something. Unless I miss my guess, he'll start a fire after he gets what he wants. Act accordingly. But find out who's the fire bug and what's behind the fires first. I'll be in there somewhere. Let fly a couple of shots as soon as any fire starts. We're taking a chance with the load of gas and oil on hand there."

Nick left the house first. He was going to make his way in early, wait to see who arrived and what happened. Chick was to follow a half hour behind, dressed as Nick and being quite open about his behavior. Nick himself was dressed like any in-the-dough hoodlum. He loaded some pieces of fire equipment into his car, a pair of safety tongs--the long insulated adjustable tongs used by smoke eaters to handle live electric wires--and a pair of rubber gloves in his pocket.

He jerked to a halt across from the garage. In front of him was the low number license of Oles' car. He raced across to the garage office. Subconsciously he had grabbed the safety tongs, had them in hand.

"Where's Oles--make it snappy!" he spit. His free hand was ready to spring to his gun if necessary.

A checker-shirted man pushed a hat further back on his head, blew a ring of smoke over feet cocked on a desk. "What's your hurry, guy? I don't know you," he said out of the corner of his mouth.

"You damned quick will!" Nick said, voice low but hard edged. He was playing the part of a hoodlum in a rush. "Where's the boss? I got to see him fast. Get that? FAST!"

The man looked steadily back at Nick while he swiveled a cigar to the other corner of his mouth. "Oles ain't been here," he announced.

"That's hot! He's down below!" Nick roared. "I left him at the door myself."

The man studied him a moment longer. The cigar flipped up and down once. "Okay, mug, if you come with him. It's long stairs to come back up."

He leaned forward pressed a button beneath the desk. There was a whir and sliding noise behind Nick. He spun around. A show case was moving out, showed a dim lit, narrow stair landing. He leaped across the room, went through. The hidden door whistled shut behind.

In front of Nick was a long flight of narrow walled steps. They ran down sixty feet beneath the upper level. There must be an entrance for cars and trucks too, a secret ramp or elevator.

Nick went down. Was there a signal of some sort on that desk? A gun might be ready to blaze at the foot.

He ran down, eyes alert. One hand still clenched the safety tongs. The other held his gun. No sound came to him. The basement was flooded with light. He reached the bottom of the steps, looked sharply around. A giant air duct met his gaze. The whitewashed room was empty.

Across the dirt floor was a heavy wooden door into another room. To his left was an iron door. It was set in a wall directly in line with the wall of the building, must lead to some passage beneath other houses.

Nick carefully edged it open. A light came on in the passage. Alert, he watched and waited. There was no sound. He passed on in, saw the automatic switch which worked on the door.

The passage rambled. There were other iron doors in the wall of the passage, but all were locked. He came to another door directly before him. As he opened it, the lights behind flashed out, lights came on ahead. He must be halfway beneath the block by now. With the metal hook of the fire tongs he shorted the circuit, put the lights in the passage out, then swiftly made his way in the dark. The walls were moist, cold and clammy.

The passage gradually pushed upward, came out in deep cluttered cellars. Nick used his pencil flash, made his way quietly around. He must be somewhere beneath the Fly High club. Precious minutes were speeding by, but he wanted to know where the passage ended.

Doors and traps from the cellar were barred. Then his flash picked out a stout wooden panel in the cellar wall. He examined it closely, found it a spring door operating from a ring.

Working it softly open, he passed into another passage, made his way up creaky wooden stairs. The air had been cool and damp. Suddenly it grew warm and comfortable. Far away he could hear

a vague murmur. He traced it, found it came from a pipe in which water was running. Keen fingers told him the murmur varied--and it was not the sound of running water.

Nick pulled a small instrument which looked something like a stethoscope. It was sometimes used to locate noise in telephony. He placed the rubber cylinder against the pipe, the receiver flat against his ear. Running water would pick up and amplify sound. He hoped the water above wouldn't be shut off.

Voices came over his secret listening post, indistinct, but understandable. His ears became attuned, could eliminate the gurgle of the water.

"Now you get me?" a tough voice was demanding. The voice of Cook! "Any one come out of that garage at all, you pick 'em up and take 'em to the brewery in Brooklyn. The rest of you mugs do just as I told you. If you see Carter get him, but don't muss him up. I want him to see this before somebody bumps him." There was a hard laugh.

"How about down below?" another voice said.

"I'll take care of that with Gus and Abe. You mugs do just like I said. And watch yourself. The district's burning with cops and shadows. Now get going. I'm heading over below."

There as a distant roar, like the scrape of chairs. Then the water was shut off and Nick heard no more. He was debating whether to push up or turn back when there was a sound of feet far above. Turning, he sped back through the cellars and passage.

For a full hour he stayed hidden the narrow cramping confines of the air shaft in the room beneath the garage. He heard sound from time to time, but none in the cellar. He grew tried and suspicious. One of those locked doors in the passage might lead into another section of the cellar. He stepped out, made his way to the door across the dirt floor. Beyond he could hear movement.

He edged the door open. He was in a vast storeroom filled with stolen cars, crates of stolen merchandise. His eyes picked out a number of gleaming tins in one swift glance. Probably stolen alcohol. There was a tinkle over his head. Nick jumped, squatted behind a car, looked back. A signal bell was fixed over the door to ring when the door closed. The sounds of motion stopped abruptly.

Silently, he bellied under a car, made his way toward a corner where he had caught sight of an elevator shaft. What a flue it would make for a fire!

There was a sudden rending snap. Instantly the air smelled scorched. Nick slithered forward the space of three cars, peered out at a semi clearing.

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Before him were piles of cases of every size, many bearing the names of prominent stores, factories and companies. At the end of the space was another air duct. Nick had seem ducts like those before. They were connected with cyclone fans. Sometimes they had ladders inside.

Cook must be in there somewhere if he meant trouble. He had had time enough.

There was another snap behind the packing cases. It extended into an irregular buzz.

Nick's eyes suddenly took in two sights at once. The high wall had suddenly turned blue, reflected a blue light. And the wall seemed to have shut just over the packing cases.

Then chaos tore loose. The air duct suddenly burst air into the room. Somewhere above, Nick heard the roar of the cyclone fans. The crackling noise swelled and burst, leaving him momentarily deaf. The wall turned from blue to orange.

Nick leaped clear of the car, tore around the packing cases. A burst of flame swept out, almost choked him. A spreading pool was lapping toward his feet. A hundred-gallon barrel of gasoline was gashed, cascading the inflammable liquid into a spreading lake of flame.

Behind the pool a gigantic arc of blue fire shot. Nick glanced along the wall, saw a high tension wire far up. It had been hauled down, a short circuit caused. Its flame leaped out, blackening and igniting packing boxes. The spread of the fire would be fast without that flame. Lightning with it.

Behind the arc, a row of white painted iron rungs were set in the wall. They ran up about twelve feet, ended abruptly. The high voltage arc snapped from the steps. An iron ring was set in the wall above. To its left the whitewashed bricks were broken by a dirty line making an upright oblong, the lines of a brick door.

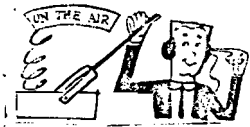
Nick saw the plot now. He was trapped! Behind him, he would bet that door that had tinkled the signal was solid, not to be pushed open. The elevator was not at the lower level. He could not go up the air ducts against those blasting winds even if there were steps. The only other visible outlet was the door--behind that electric arc and spreading pool of flame!

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

ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

MARION HUTTON SCROEN, 67, former lead vocalist for the Glenn Miller Orchestra, died Saturday at her home in Kirkland, Wash.

Ms. Schoen joined Miller's band in 1930 and performed with him until he joined the Army Air Forces. She went on to record for Armed Forces Radio and MGM Records and appeared in Universal Studios movies with Abbott and Costello, Donald O'Connor and the Marx Brothers.



James Lehnhand

A couple of months ago I spoke about Bob Burnham's new book, *LISTENING GUIDE TO CLASSIC RADIO PROGRAMS*. I stated that the price of the book was \$10. Well, I was in error on the price. The cost is really \$14.95 postpaid. It can still be ordered from BRC Productions, P O Box 39522, Redford, MI 48239. BRC is also selling the newly reprinted book by Charles Stumpf, *MA PERKINS, LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE AND HEIGH YO, SILVER*. This book was first printed in hardcover in 1971. This new 1986 version is in paperback. While the text is the same as the original book, a gigantic collection of pictures has been added. In fact, there is a picture on every other page. Price is \$12.98 postpaid.

I have also mentioned BRC Productions as a source of video tapes of some of the TV shows that were based on earlier radio shows. Another source is M & M Enterprises, 708 Springbrook, Allen, TX 75002. Write them for a price list of what they have available. Still another source of this material is Metro Golden Memories, 5425 West Addison, Chicago, IL 60641. Send them a long self addressed stamped envelope for their price list.

There is another new book available. This is *THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MICROPHONE* by Owens Pomeroy. Price is \$7.95 postpaid. Checks should be made out to: Golden Radio Buffs of Maryland, and orders should be sent to Old Time Radio Book, 3613 Chestnut Avenue, Baltimore, MD. 21211.

Finally, Jay Hickerson, Box 4321, Hamden, CT 06514, has a new revision of his *SUSPENSE LOG*. This has both chronological and alphabetical listings of the shows in this popular series. Copies may be ordered for \$8.00

The Movie Scene



Richard Arlen, Ida Lupino, Jack Benny, and Gail Patrick in Artists and Models, Hollywood's latest gag and gal glorifier.



NEWS CHATTER

It sure doesn't seem like its been an entire year since I took over as cassette librarian from our elderly librarian. I guess being club librarian has gotten to be too much for poor, old Frank. I hear he's one step away from the old folks home. What a pity?

Just when I think that I'm all caught up with putting the new cassettes into the tape library from the convention, good old Jim Snyder unloads 32 more cassettes on me for the library. 23 of those cassettes are Jack Armstrong. Thanks Jim (I think).

As of this writing we have 700 cassettes in the club library and still going strong. It seems like more people are using our cassette library as the winter goes along. Even the dealers are using more cassettes these days. And that's quite evident since Frank Boncore was only able to secure a very few reels at the convention last October the reel library.

At least that will be less work for Frank Bork and Company. We can't be over burdening our fine senior states men, just yet anyways. We'll leave the over burden to the government. They're so good at it.

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 - \$.25 per month. Postage must be included with all orders and here are the rates: For the U.S.A. and APO, \$.60 for one 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.

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.

Wireless Wanderings



JIM SNYDER

Some time ago there was a series called "25 Words or More" running in the IP. In several of these articles people spoke of their favorite shows. I found these interesting, so I thought I would tell you about some of my favorites. While I seldom listen to shows that I am taping for someone else, I always listen to these when someone requests them on a trade. I am not attempting a critical analysis here. I simply find these shows particularly enjoyable, and perhaps you might also.

Strangely enough, one of my real favorites is from *WILD BILL HICKOCK*. While I don't generally care much for shows in this series, this one is really outstanding. I received it many years ago, and it is one that is seldom requested by others, although I have given copies to several people. I can't really do much in the way of identification for it carries no title and is not dated, but it is obviously from radio and not TV. I have titled it "Wagon Train" in my catalog, and it is completely out of character for what we usually think this show to be. This one is a musical. Believe me, you haven't heard anything until you have heard Jingles (Andy Devine) sing. I think this one episode is far better than most of the so called musical shows. It is highly unusual and I thoroughly enjoy it.

Another favorite is the annual Christmas show of *AMOS AND ANDY*. I love the series, but think this show is particularly outstanding. It has it all. It is funny, it has an important message that is inspiring, and the music is great.

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NEWS CHATTER

It sure doesn't seem like its been an entire year since I took over as cassette librarian from our elderly librarian. I guess being club librarian has gotten to be too much for poor, old Frank. I hear he's one step away from the old folks home. What a pity?

Just when I think that I'm all caught up with putting the new cassettes into the tape library from the convention, good old Jim Snyder unloads 32 more cassettes on me for the library. 23 of those cassettes are Jack Armstrong. Thanks Jim (I think).

As of this writing we have 700 cassettes in the club library and still going strong. It seems like more people are using our cassette library as the winter goes along. Even the dealers are using more cassettes these days. And that's quite evident since Frank Boncore was only able to secure a very few reels at the convention last October the reel library.

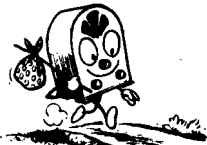
At least that will be less work for Frank Bork and Company. We can't be over burdening our fine senior states men, just yet anyways. We'll leave the over burden to the government. They're so good at it.

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 U.S.A. and APO, \$.60 for one 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.

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.

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more, which sends him back to the plastic, and so on until Mel finally attempts, and bungles, a try at suicide. This is vintage Benny, and while I am not overly fond of most shows from the series, these are classics.

There is one item I find of particular interest from FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY. Once again I am not really all that fond of the series, and this isn't a particularly good show itself, but I have available an extremely interesting comparison. You see, I have two different versions of the same show. The first is from June

5, 1945 from NBC, and is titled "Cleaning the Hall Closet". The other, given to me by Chuck Seeley, is from South African radio, and is titled "Cleaning the Hall Cupboard". Each of these shows used the same script, and even has the same sponsor (Johnson's Wax), but there the similarity ends. The South African show is obviously aimed at a juvenile audience while ours was supposed to be adult comedy (I think the South Africans were right). The audience reaction from South Africa is obviously the laughter of children. The comparison between these two, with different actors, is an interesting one.

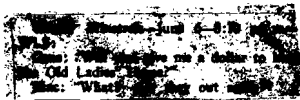
The next favorite appeared twice on SUSPENSE and three times on ESCAPE. I love both series, although I think I actually prefer ESCAPE. This is probably because it seems to me that ESCAPE used my favorite radio actors (William Conrad and John Dehner) a little more often. Anyway, the show which I particularly enjoy is "A Shipment of Mute Fate". This is about a deadly bushmaster snake that gets loose on a ship at sea. I only recently learned that there really is a bushmaster snake, and that he is indeed deadly. Several times I have tried to use OTR programs in inner city classrooms, really without a great deal of success. "A Shipment of Mute Fate" was the great exception. The kids really seemed to like this one, almost as much as I do.

There are some who may be surprised that so far my list does not include any shows from the LUX RADIO THEATER. In spite of one person who always refers to this series as "Snyder's beloved Lux," the series is not my favorite. Even though I am actively in pursuit of new shows, the series itself isn't even high up in my likes. In fact, it would be quite a ways down on my list. I much prefer, for example, ROMANCE, which I think started as a summer replacement for LUX. However, I do have a favorite here. This is "Miracle of the Bells" from May 31, 1948. I really don't know why I like this particular show. The basic theme centers on Hollywood and religion, both subjects that leave me

absolutely cold. One of the stars is Frank Sinatra, who I absolutely hate. The acting is really not particularly good in the episode. I haven't the faintest idea why this show appeals to me. There is nothing I can put my finger on, but there is something about it that really "grabs" me.

In talking about "favorites", I have noticed that some of my favorite stories are not among my favorite radio shows. For example, a short story that I absolutely love is "The Most Dangerous Game". I have a number of radio versions of this story and hate them all. They have not done justice to a very good story line. Perhaps my liking the story so much makes me super critical of the interpretation given it by radio.

There is some risk in talking about favorites. When others have done so, I have tried out their choices, often with less than an enthusiastic response on my part. Shortly after I started my collection, Roger Hill, a gentleman who I greatly respect, wrote about how he loved the GOON SHOW. I immediately got a reel because of that recommendation, and like most British humor I found it overly slapstick and completely lacking in any subtlety. I didn't like it at all. Someone else wrote about a show called "The Coffin in Studio B". I forget what series it was from, but since they were so enthusiastic I tried it out. I could find nothing at all that I liked about it. I guess it just proves what a personal thing our likes and dislikes are. But anyway, these are some of my favorites. You might want to try some of them out and see what you think.



Personalities...



Back in health despite that doctor's bill, W. C. Dukerfield and his dummy antagonist have set a nation roaring with laughter.

Tie Lines News

DECEMBER 1986

NEW YORK STATE ELECTRIC & GAS CORPORATION

The NYSEG Book of Records



"Return with us now..."

...to those thrilling days of yesteryear. Riding the range with the Lone Ranger and battling crime with the Green Hornet is Lancaster senior commercial representative Richard Olday who has one of the most unusual collections. Ask him for an episode of Amos 'n' Andy and he'll dig one out of the 7,500 old time radio programs he has amassed.

SAY!

WHO WAS THAT MASKED MAN?



BY BOB DAVIS

Random Thoughts While Soaking in a Tub.

Where the heck are the "new" Suspense shows? It's been a long time since any have shown up. Com'on fellas, break loose with a few for those of us that are starving for more. The same goes for "Escape".

I get a real kick out of those collectors that consider old time radio as the greatest thing since peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. Now don't get me wrong, I love OTR and am happy to be involved with the collecting and preservation of these shows, but some of these guys area really off the deep end when it come to OTR.

I'm talking about the collector that will mortgage the farm to get a genuine, honest-to-gosh, eye hole from the mask of the Green Hornet that was actually worn during one of the broadcasts! Be serious guys, OTR is to be enjoyed and share with others. It is not a religion unto itself. Sit back, relax, and enjoy!

The OTR Club Library is growing by leaps and bounds thanks to Frank Boncore and Dick Simpson's aggressive work during the OTR Convention last October. The listings, which you might or might not have by now, are already out of date. Check 'em out and you're sure to find some real goodies. Thanks to all that donated and to those that are still donating.

I must admit that during one point at the last convention I felt like a poor relative visiting a rich uncle. It was at dinner and we were sitting there eating a dish of "something over rice" and begging the waitress for a pot of coffee. A few tables over, set more or less off by themselves, was a group that was having fried chicken and wine. I'll tell you, I was positively salivating. Boy, those SPERDVAC people really know how to live. It must be all that sunshine and earthquakes!

A few weeks ago I was over at Frank

Boncore's column works a time. A his colu He actu before in his co in As on the driving good en in my ca What and Kean missed a could b columns An up from Radio an stuff. does fit a real s OTR. Adm your cup a try. might li Well around and Keep See * * * *

Ed D

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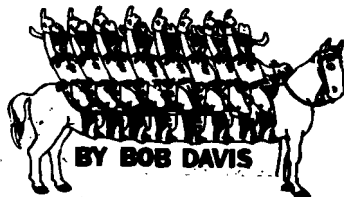
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A few weeks ago I was over at Frank

Boncore's house and spotted this month's column partially done already. He really works at it and it shows most of the time. Another guy that takes pains with his columns is Jim "Rocky Winner" Snyder. He actually does three or four drafts before turning them in for printing. in his case also...it shows.

As for me, I usually scribble mine on the back of an envelope while I'm driving to the meeting. Hey, if it was good enough for Lincoln...Unfortunately, in my case, it also shows!

What ever happened to Chuck Seeley, and Kean Crowe? Their columns are sorely missed and it sure would be nice if they could be persuaded to start producing columns again, (HINT, HINT, HINT)

An awful lot of material is showing up from the BBC, the CBC and South African Radio and it is, for the most part, A#1 stuff. It is not vintage material but does fit in with our hobby unless you're a real stickler and a purest in collecting OTR.

Admittedly, not all of it will be your cup of tea but you should give it a try. You never can tell, you just might like it. I do.

Well, that's about it for this time around except to say Have a good year and Keep collection.

See ya next time.

Editor's DESK



Good News, bad news time. First the good news. In December, Arlene was promoted to secretary to the president. Unfortunately, the bad news is that she is no longer able to do any of the I.P. during working hours and has had to spend several hours working late these past 2 months typing the I.P. I do not think this is fair to ask her to spend this much time on our hobby (not hers), so it is with considerable reluctance that I must announce that the May issue will be our last.

I have received considerable support from our members over the past few years and I hope you will support our new editor as much in the future. I will work with the new editor to make the transition as painless as possible.

If you are interested in becoming the editor of the ILLUSTRATED PRESS, please write or call (716) 684-1604 after 5 P.M. or on weekends.

JUST THE FACTS MA'AM
By: Frank C. Boncore

The the recent issue of Chuck Shaden's Nostalgia Digest, Metro Golden memories of 5425 W Addison, Chicago, IL 60641 was an ad for HOLY MACKERELL! by Bart Andrews and Ahrigus Juillard. This was advertised as the Amos 'n' Andy Story, telling the phenomenal success of the radio show and the successful, controversial transition to television. This is available in hard cover for \$15.95 plus \$2 shipping and handling.

Being a fan of Amos 'n' Andy I immediately sent a check. If you have ever dealt with Metro Golden Memories, you would be pleased with the amazing speed in which they answered their mail order. My copy arrived within a week, as did everything else that I had ever ordered from them.

On the front and rear covers were photographs of Tim Moore, Spencer Williams Jr, and Alvin Childress, respectfully Kingfish, Andy, and Amos of the TV version of Amos 'n' Andy. In the mid-section there was an additional sixteen pages of photos of both the radio and the TV versions of Amos 'n' Andy from the Correll family collection and other sources. An interesting one included Freeman Gosden, Charles Correll and their television counterparts on the set of the exterior for the lodge hall. There was also a photo of Jonnie Lee (Algonquin J. Calhoun) and Nick Stewart (TV's Lighting).

The first sections told how Gosden and Correll worked so hard to develop the Amos 'n' Andy characters from Sam 'n' Henry. It also told of how the Fresh Air Taxi Comp'ny Incorporated was born, the development of the Kingfish and the growth of the program to a full scale national craze which had more than 40 million listeners tuned in nightly by 1931. This was quite a feat when you consider the entire population of the U.S. was 123 million at that time.

Another section included the transition to television and the introduction of Tim Moore as the Kingfish. An interesting fact is that Moore had retired in 1946 at the age of 58 when he received a letter from CBS asking him to audition.

Although he appeared not to be too bright on TV, Spencer Williams (Andy), born in 1891, was an Army intelligence sergeant in World War I. After his army stint, he moved to Hollywood and began a long theatrical career in which he was a writer, producer, sound director and star.

Alvin Childress, Amos, enrolled in college as a pre med student in 1927. During the next four years his extracurricular activities centered around campus dramatics. In 1931, he graduated with a B.A.

Moving on, this book also contains a television log of the CBS TV Network broadcasts including a brief synopsis of all 78 episodes.

There were three chapters in the book which completely turned me off. Somehow, the authors managed to take us "down on de ole plantation, in de cotton fields of New York and Hollywood". They tried to relate every black actor (fro Bill Cosby in the 60's, Michelle Nichols (LT Uhura of Star Trek to non Trekkies), Sherman Hemsley of the Jeffersons, and every other black actor of the times) to Amos 'n' Andy.

A neat thing about going to the Newark convention is that one meets a lot of interesting people; people like Joe Webb. At the last convention, we had discussed him at our table and wondered what happened to him. I made reference to that fact in my December '86 column. Recently I received a response to my question.

Dear Frank: Thank you for your kind words in the latest IP. I didn't know I had a fan club.

The convention has always been close to my heart. With all the responsibilities at work, finishing up my dissertation, and trying to lead a normal home life, something had to give. So when Nostalgia Warehouse went out the window, so did my convention activities. The idea of trying to please all the attendees and guests at the same time is rewarding but the process is aggravating and stressful. I don't know how Jay puts up with everything. He's either a saint or he like novacaine. (I think he's a saint).

So I'm off the committee by my own choice. Oh well, at least I can be a normal collector again!

Joe Webb

10/19/38

THE BIG TENT'S UP!
and
MY-T-FINE DESSERTS
present
"THE MIGHTY SHOW"

WIBX
Monday through Friday
5-45

**CIRCUS SPEED AND SKILL!
LAUGHS AND THRILLS!
ROMANCE AND ADVENTURE!**



LETTERS



It was refreshing to see something written in defense of the dealers in the November-December issue of the Old Time Radio Digest. I have just completed an article for the Illustrated Press in which I explained my policies and practises as a dealer. I hope that since I defended the reel-to-reel format the reader won't get the idea that I am strictly against the cassette format. I AM NOT. For a long time now I have offered any shows that I have on any of my reels (now about 1,000 reels of old time radio including many complete runs in excellent sound) on cassettes. My approach is to let the customer "custom design" his own old time radio cassette from the thousands of possibilities in my catalog. I have done this for years and it has prevented my having the huge expense of making up hundreds of pre-made cassettes of which many will never sell anyway. I do own an excellent high speed duplicator (which, by the way, costs over \$1,000--- another reason why dealers never really make any money as they put whatever small profits there are right back into equipment), but I do not use it for custom cassettes since they are copied from shows on reels. For the customer that really likes "real-time" cassettes with excellent audio, you can get them from me anyway you like them! And here's the best part. The price is now just \$6.00 for any two shows up to one hour each put on cassette! I now have an excellent BBC collection and am getting more all the time. In recent months I have strived to get the more rare old time radio shows. The day has passed since I collect anything and everything. I think it is very important for the buyer of these shows to get the best quality copies that he can, especially if he is fussy about audio as I am. Making such buying decisions is not always easy because one can make only general statements about a certain dealers quality. Some of his offerings may be the cleanness and best copies in existence, while others may not be. Anyone collecting and trading over the years will collect a certain number of duplicate shows. That is the time to determine which copy is the best

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and use it--discarding all others so as not to cause confusion. While many old time radio shows are in surprising sound for their age, there are many which are not and do not exist in good sound. Usually if you see these in my catalog it is because of their scarcity. Such shows are noted so that the customer will know ahead of time about any defects and not be expecting a "studio quality sound".

I do have 70 pre-made cassettes which are available on high quality C-62 cassettes for the collector on a budget. These are high speed duplicated but in excellent sound and good consistent modulation levels. Because they are pre-made and high-speed duplicated, they are available for the special price of \$3.00 each for two complete 30 minute shows. And in large quantity the price drops down to \$2.40 each. There is NO handling charge and I pay all shipping on any orders, whether it be reels or cassettes.

Send just \$2.00 for my extensive catalog of old time radio. The \$2.00 is refundable on your first order.

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

My best to all the troops, not just the New York guys mentioned on the front, Humm. I'm getting sexist. That's "guys and dolls".

Here's a note of interest. Last week, on THE GOLDEN AGE OF RADIO, I played the Amos and Andy Christmas show of 1944 and had quite a reaction. And to top it off, my production man was Black, although a college professor of broadcasting at Dillard University. He was informed of the show 2 weeks before, with no reaction. He even wanted to record the show for his classes. I introduced the show at the beginning and we started the disc. My board man opened his eyes widely, saying "Hey, those are the white guys, playing black guys." I said, "Yes, you knew it before." He said, "I thought it was the TV audio. We can't play that." I said, "This is the Golden Age of Radio." I knew that if he took it off, I'd just leave the station never to return. We went to see the program director. He protested, but we agreed to open the telephones afterward, after the show, for generally this is a talk radio station. 75% of the phone calls were against me and the Amos and Andy show. I was very much taken aback. It seems that some people think that they're being insulted by the A&A shows. I may just never have another on WSMB. I had a funny thought. I lent the same show to another station WWIW to be broadcast at Christmas 2 years

ago. No reaction Hummmh.

My second story. I'd like to protest my abuse from Paul Anderson and Thomas R. Salome. After an ad appeared, I believe, in Jay Hickerson fanzine, that advertised a subscription to THE SOUNDS OF YESTERDAY plus a catalog and some recordings from Mr. Salome, I sent Mr. Anderson a check. I received copies of THE SOUND OF YESTERDAY from Mr. Anderson. But nothing from Mr. Salome. So I protested to both gentlemen. Twice. I received an insulting postcard from Thomas Salome, calling me names and telling me that he had personally mailed them to me, and, because I was firm in my requests, he no longer wanted to mail anything to me and that he didn't want to do business with me. I wrote a firm letter back. I received another postcard that insinuated that he could destroy my reputation with the old time radio community. May I suggest that, until Mr. Anderson finishes his subscription with me and Mr. Salome ships his catalog and cassettes to me, no one should do business with him, because of his terrible attitude, both business and personal. When I am shipped my promised materials, I will inform the club.

John A. Barber
Box 70711
New Orleans, LA 70172

The Old Time Radio Club is no longer a local entity. Sure, the movers and shakers in the club are those of you that live in the New York state area, but because you are a superior product you have to think bigger. To spend club money on a VERY local radio station is not in the best interest of all club members.

The interest in old radio is growing, but aside from a few pockets of avid fans, the following it too spotty to reap a worthwhile return from a small time local ad campaign.

You've built the club to a point where a larger perspective must be taken. I can't see where I will realize any benefit from a local Buffalo advertising. I live in the boonies, out here in Seattle, and geographically about as far from you as possible while still being in the U.S. The few people you can contact by the proposed ad campaign will not, in my opinion, offset the expense. Spend the money on upgrading service (already excellent) or on other mutually beneficial club activities.

Don't think regionally, think nationally.

Bill Brooks
3061 NE 92
Seattle, WA 98115

Dear Dick: I address this letter to you, as I do not know Bob Davis, so I hope what I have done is O.K. I would respond to the question of sponsorship, by the Old Time Radio Club, or an old time radio show on one of your local stations. As a member of your club although one from out of town, I hope I am not presumptuous in responding to this question.

I agree with Bob to the extent that taking funds from the club treasury for a local event, is an action which must be taken with caution. Even though the analogy may NOT BE APPROPRIATE in this case, it does cause me to think of a story I heard about SPERDVAC use of club funds for private dinners in restaurants for the board of directors which supposedly happened awhile back. Having said all that, I MUST STATE THAT ANY THING WHICH BRINGS THE CASE OF OLD TIME RADIO TO THE PUBLIC ANYTIME OR ANYWHERE IS WORTHWHILE!

The delight which has been given to me by radio must be repaid by my efforts to preserve this wonderful pastime.

While I resist the use of club funds for this endeavor, there is nothing wrong with financing this sponsorship in the club's name by private donations. It would not take many, so I am enclosing \$10.00 for this activity.

Michael O'Donnell
9904 Greenvlew Lane
Manassas, VA 22110

Dear Dick: I read with interest yours and Bob Davis' columns on whether or not to take ads out on a local OTR show. There are of course arguments on both sides, and since you asked, I'll throw my two cents in.

Any of the "national" OTR clubs, except for NARA, really aren't and probably should be. There's too much work to be done without having a strong local contingent to champion the OTR cause. Local activities are necessary to build the teamwork that make clubs work on a national level. So I have no problem with support of local activities so long as they don't deplete club funds to the point that they affect services.

It is also important to support OTR rebroadcasting. Small stations have a tough time if listeners claim support of a particular program while at the same time the station can't sell its time. Keeping OTR on the air is an important function of clubs!

Perhaps you can align yourself with a dealer or two or some other clubs and have them help underwrite the ads in return for sharing some of the names of people who respond.

Overall, I'm for advertising. If you can get enough members to cover half of the cost, you're ahead of the game. Then again, I don't know the station, the time the show is on, etc.

Do the syndicators have lists of other stations carrying the programs? Perhaps a few clubs can get together and share ad cost and ad response.

Keep up the good work on IP. I enjoy it every month. Sometimes I miss doing a newsletter, but after a few minutes I remember how difficult it is, which makes me appreciate IP even more.

Joe Webb
Box 268
Glen Cove, NY 11542

TO: Bob Davis, Dick Olday
Regarding your request for input on whether to advertise on a Buffalo radio station, I find both of your statements a little confusing. For example, Dick says,

"We are NOT planning to proceed with an advertising program." If that is so, what is the argument all about?

As you are both aware, several years ago I questioned the use of club funds for strictly local events. At that time there was a heated debate in Buffalo and the present policy against doing so was adopted. I must point out, by the way, that I have raised this same issue with two other OTR clubs and they both decided to keep using national funds for purely local projects. That monetary responsibility is one of the strengths of the OTRC. Now, I am rather unsure of just what the purpose of this radio advertising is. Is it really to get new members, or is the basic purpose to provide financial support for a station that is broadcasting old time radio? If it is the latter, than I am firmly opposed to it. There are many stations doing this, mainly NPR stations, around the country, and to provide money to a Buffalo station and not others, is I think, showing a lack of responsibility to your out of town members who must pay the bill.

If the basic purpose is to try to get new members, then you people in Buffalo will have to decide where the money will get the best results. Since the OTRC is a completely nonprofit organization, I am surprised the station wouldn't provide free publicity as a part of their OTR programming. WJR in Detroit, one of the country's largest stations with, I believe, listeners in 38 states, has provided such a free mention of the OTRC on a least two occasions that I have heard. Certainly if such a radio giant can do it, I really fail to understand why a smaller Buffalo station would be unwilling to do the same.

Finally, is the best membership pitch for the money in a radio station

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at all? One of the OTR dealers tells me that he gets his largest response, by far, from his ads in the SATURDAY EVENING POST. This is a magazine that seems to appeal to the type of people in OTR. Several years ago I took out an ad for the club, in the POST. I don't know what the response was, but Chuck Seeley can fill you in on that. In any event, such a publication covers the entire country, including Buffalo, probably for the same price, or less, as you are talking about. If you are after people in Buffalo, I would think that an ad in the Buffalo paper would probably draw a better response.

I guess my opinion boils down to a question of whether or not this project is simply to provide money for a Buffalo station. If so, the money should not be spent. If the true reason for it is to get new members, then you people will have to decide how much money you can really afford, and then through what medium that amount of money will get the greatest response.

Jim Snyder
517 North Hamilton Street
Saginaw, MI 48602

A rebuttal to Bob's Column: Mr. Davis, me being a member of this club find that you abuse your column like every body else sooner or later. I'm referring to your article of issue #122. You moan and groan in public and sit back and think you are doing this hobby a service. Like Jim Snyder you are draining the hobby of the people who help it most, without caring about the other hobbyists who keep it alive. You state in your column that you bought several reels from my table at the convention and they were defective on the left tracks and that "I didn't give a damn".

Well, first I will answer that paragraph. I was only selling 6 shows per reel on some reels. The labels were put in at the last moment due to printing delays, so instead of listing the 6 shows on it, it listed 12. Well you payed \$4.00 or less for the reels to begin with. It was a human error not mechanical or laziness like you stated. I had to label 300 reels in 72 hours. Sure Don Aston has better sound on some material but most of my collection comes from his library anyway sooner or later. And he charges \$10 per reel for 6 shows at the convention, not \$4. Yes, most of the reels I was selling had 12 shows but not all. On top of all this, I made good on the reels by sending the missing tracks listed without even checking your tapes to see if it was true. You didn't state that, did you?

As for your comment about "outright laziness", "burned by someone that couldn't care less". Mr. Davis, in two years

THE DEALERS CORNER

of dealing with the general public I have: Sold 4000 reels, 7500 cassettes, given away 750 reels, 1500 cassettes. Several friends (dealers) have had trouble in keeping the hobby alive due to health or financial problems. I have donated blank tapes as well as record tapes to help them along. Sent newsletters to clubs, helped new members by donating tapes with my membership, personally brought new people into the hobby in New York, plus thru the mail and the club by selling at affordable levels. All the recording time it takes to make these orders up and mailed out, typing catalogs letters, etc. Even given your club 150 reels...your members get discounts galore...ask Frank Boncore. Customers who are not well off (usually the younger ones...) I always give extra. The handicap get free material. Some people have access to my private collection so they can copy.

So Mr. Davis, after all your B.S. about me, what have you done for this hobby? Now think of this. I sold 3500 cassettes at the convention starting at \$2 and selling out at 35¢. 35¢ for three shows on a cassette, \$4 a reel with 6 or 12 shows in it. Out of all this so far only 37 cassettes have been returned, 2 reels (your two, which you didn't send anyway).

After all the expenses I made \$1,200 which went to my daughters education fund. During the year I received 11 reels back from customers and 25-35 cassettes. So my customers actually donated their money to my daughter's future. As my customers know already, my time is free. Their money is a donation in actual preservation of this hobby and its future. As my daughter will inherit my collection when she is old enough to understand what its about.

We all know what is behind an operation of my size and scale, money and labor, time and machines. Other dealers may have better sound, but none have more customers or friends in the hobby like I have, in the same period of time. Money means nothing to me. I lose money on most orders.

None have more circulation of material to the general public like I do. At the current rate I will have 1000 different paying customers by the end of 1987. I have 250 regular buying customers. #15 private club members, hundreds of people who send money to buy material if I needed it. This hobby loses ground every day to the video collector, who was or is a OTR collector. You have a great column and are a good friend. Why berate somebody like me, because you had a small problem which was corrected immediately.

Your club is the best around, it has no rival. Why bring it down in class

(like J. Snyder does anyway) anymore. Think of the hours of enjoyment I gave up to prepare all these reels and cassettes so all of these collectors can enjoy by themselves, with family and friends. So if I don't give a damn I guess all these people out there aren't enjoying my tapes. By the way, Bob, when was the last time you bought anything at \$10 and \$14 instead of copying donated material to the club.

Thank for the ear.
 Thom Salome
 196 Lawrence Avenue
 Brooklyn, NY 11230
 P.S. I'm the only dealer with a guarantee in black and white.

Do you have an opinion? Advertise: YES or NO. If yes, how and where. Send your comments to the I.P. This is YOUR club, let us know your opinion.
 * * * * *

TAPESPENDENTS: Send in your wants and we'll run them here for at least 2 months.
WANTED: John Wayne Material. Books, Posters etc.
 John O'Mara
 20 E. Union St.
 Holley, NY 14470
 (716) 638-6221

WANTED: Extended runs of adventure serials on cassette (Hop Harrigan, Terry & the Pirates, etc.) Also articles about Fred Allen.

Ken Weigel
 7011 Lennox Ave. #126
 Van Nuys, CA 91405

WANTED: Radio shows with Veronica Lake. I am especially interest in the 4 following.

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Fred Bantin
 743 43rd Avenue
 Greeley, CO 80634

Tapespondents is a free service to all members.
 * * * * *



BRC PRODUCTIONS, P O BOX 39522, Redford, MI 48239-0522, now has their new Winter catalog available. This edition contains a number of special cassettes for \$2.50 each when you buy a minimum of 10.

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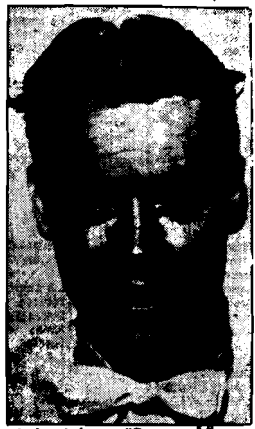
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The Buffalo News/Saturday, January 10, 1987

Arthur Lake Dies; Played 'Dagwood' in Films, on Air

Los Angeles Times

Arthur Lake, who portrayed Dagwood Bumstead in more than two dozen "Blondie" films between 1939 and 1950, died Friday after a heart attack at his home in Indian Wells, Calif., where he had been living in quiet retirement. He was 81.



Arthur Lake as "Dagwood."

Lake reportedly suffered the fatal seizure early Friday afternoon while at home with his wife, Patricia.

Lake, who was born Arthur Silvestro, became famous throughout the world as the bumbling, dumb husband of Blondie, as played by Fanny Bragdon in the successful string of Columbia Pictures films based on the Chic Young comic strip characters.

The studio was struggling financially when it cast Lake and Bragdon in the first "Blondie" film it made for a mere \$25,000. The picture grossed \$9 million and led to the string of sequels that included "Blondie Meets the Boss," "Blondie Brings Up Baby" and all the other features of interest to no one but the movie-going public.

Don Miller, a filmologist, called the signing of Lake as Dagwood "the greatest piece of casting in the history of movies." Lake, said Miller, "made Dagwood a bit more dumb than he was in the funnies and etched the characterization more broadly. He was Dagwood Bumstead." More than 20 years after the series ended, "Dagwood" was still getting fan mail from around the world.

Lake and Bragdon also played the parts for the first seven years that "Blondie" ran on the radio.

In the 1930s and the 1940s, attempts were made to bring "Blondie" to television — first in a series starring Lake and Pamela Britton, then with two other actors in the roles. Neither effort was successful.

His films had included "Indiscreet" (1951) with Gloria Swanson; "Silver Street" (1954); "Orchids to

Yes," (1965) and "Topper," (1967). But when he heard that Columbia was looking for someone to play Dagwood Bumstead, he was determined to get the part. He had become friendly with the sons of publisher William Randolph Hearst, whose newspapers ran the Blondie strip.

"I had a couple of people rooting for me named Marion Davies and William Randolph Hearst," Lake recalled later. He got the part. He also married Patricia Van Cleave, the niece of Marion Davies, whom he met at Davies' beach house.

He and his wife co-starred in a television series, "Meet the Family," during the 1950s. Lake was known to be a careful investor and was able to live well with his family after the "Blondie" films ended. He and his wife had a son, Arthur Jr., and a daughter, Marion.



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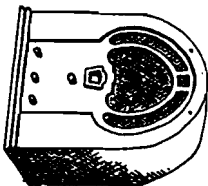
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FIRST CLASS MAIL

THE OLD TIME

100 HARVEY DRIVE



RADIO CLUB

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