



ILLUSTRATED PRESS

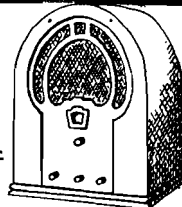
EST. 1975

128 JUNE, 1987

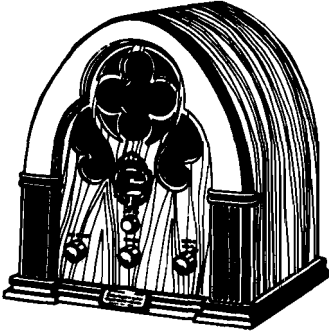
ED WYNN



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 list, 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.

THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS is a monthly newsletter of **THE OLD TIME RADIO CLUB** headquartered in Buffalo, NY. Contents except where noted, are copyright 1987 by the OTRC. All rights are hereby assigned to the contributors. Editor: Linda DeCecco; Assistant Editor: Richard Olday; Published since 1975. Printed in U.S.A. Cover designed 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

REFERENCE LIBRARY:
Ed Wanat
393 George Urban Blvd.
Cheektowaga, NY 14225

MEMBERSHIP RENEWALS, CHANGE OF ADDRESS
Pete Bellanca
1620 Ferry Road
Grand Island, NY 14072
(716) 773-2485

TAPE LIBRARIES: REELS
James R. Steg
1741 Kensington Avenue
Cheektowaga, NY 14215

CASSETTES-VIDEO & AUDIO, RECORDS
Linda DeCecco
32 Shenandoah Rd.
Buffalo, NY 14220
(716) 822-4661

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

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

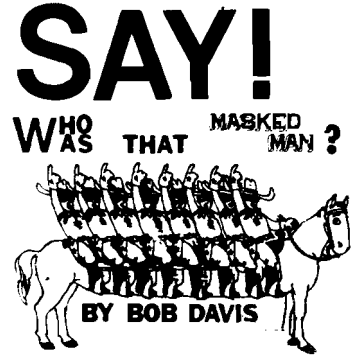
Dominic Parisi
38 Ardmore Pl.
Buffalo, NY 14213

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 7:30 p.m.

DEADLINE FOR IP: 10th of each month prior to the month of publication.

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

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



Didjaknow that 1987 marks A real milestone for one of radio's all-time favorite couples? This year Phil Harris and Alice Faye will celebrate their 46th wedding anniversary!!!

Although I've never met them I feel as if they're old friends because their old radio series is a real prize in my collection.

Many of the "Golden Age" comedy series have become terribly dated and now serve only as an interesting example of the way radio comedy was way back then. This is not the case with the Harris/Faye shows.

With very few exceptions (references to Petrillo or Harry Truman) the Harris/Faye shows remain fresh and funny and up to date. They are, for the most part, an absolute howl.

If you don't have any in your collection I strongly recommend that you try a couple and see what you've been missing. Congratulations to Alice and Phil on their anniversary and many thanks for their wonderful shows.

Speaking of the Harris/Faye shows maybe somewhere out there some body can tell me what the story was about the Frankie Remley/Elliott Lewis character.

For a number of years Phil's confidant and sidekick was a character named Frankie Remley, a left-handed guitarist in Phil's band. Anytime Phil got into a mess Frankie was usually right in it with him urging and helping(?) him ever deeper.

Their child-like personalities complimented each other perfectly and if one thought a deed was just too outrageous or off the wall the other would convince him that it wasn't. It was terrific radio comedy.

Well, somewhere around the 1950 season, Frankie disappeared without explanation and was replaced in toto by Elliott Lewis who had played Frankie all the previous seasons. Elliott was Frankie with just a name change- the

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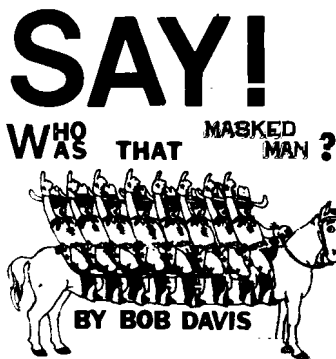
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same character exactly and as far as I know, no explanation was ever made about the change.

Anybody out there know what happened??? If so please drop a line to the I.P. We sure would like to know.

More and more excellent material showing up thanks to NPR, the BBC, and the CBS. Recently four Phillip Marlowe, 90 minute shows have come out that are just fine. One (The Big Sleep) has been around for a while but the others (Little Sister, Lady In The Lake The High Window) are new to me. They are great be warned-- There is some strong language in them that would have never aired in the old days.

The shows star Ed Biship as Marlowe and were produced by the BBC in London but capture the flavor of the late 30's early 40's California just beautifully. You might want to contact your local NPR station about airing them. I hope more are on the way. A question from a reader... Were there ever any radio versions of the old Jimmy Steward movie "Mr. Smith Goes To Washington" made?

I honestly do not know. Checking through the Lux Radio Theater log I couldn't find any listing for it but that doesn't mean that someone else didn't do it. How about it? Can any one help this reader out? If so, drop me a line and I'll give the info in a future column

One last thing before I go. NPR is broadcasting, in certain areas, the adventures of the greatest adventure hero of them all. Batten down your hatches and gather your children for The Adventures Of Doc Savage!!!

See Ya Next Time.

BEAT IT, LADY-- WE'RE LISTENING TO PETER DONALD ON BORDEN'S COUNTY FAIR!

SOMETHING NEW IN RADIO SHOWS
Laughs! Prizes for Listeners!
SATURDAY! WIBX 1:30 P. M.

JUST THE FACTS MA'AM
By: Frank Boncore

For various reasons several celebrities chose to change their names. Match the birthnames in Column A with the stage name in column B.

COLUMN A

- 1 BORGE ROSEBAUM
- 2 JOHN SULLIVAN
- 3 EUNICE QUEDENS
- 4 BETTY JOAN PERSKE
- 5 BENJAMIN KUBELSKY
- 6 FANNY BORACH
- 7 NATHAN BIRNBAUM
- 8 WILLIAM CLAUDE DURKENDEL
- 9 AELENE KAZANJIAN
- 10 FRANCES GUMM
- 11 WILLIAM HENRY PLATT
- 12 LAZIO LOWENSTEIN
- 13 THOMAS GARRISON MORFIT
- 14 HARRIETTE LAKE
- 15 LEONARD SLYE
- 16 ARTHUR JEFFERSON
- 17 ASA YOELSON
- 18 LOUIS FRANCIS CRISTELLO
- 19 EDWARD ISRAEL ISKOWITZ
- 20 HAROLD JOSE PEREIRA de FARIA
- 21 HENRY LERNER VON OST JR.
- 22 SADIE MARKS
- 23 LOUIS FINKELSTEIN
- 24 TED BERGMAN
- 25 JOE PINTER
- 26 JULIA ETTA
- 27 JOSEPH LEVITCH
- 28 DINO CROCETTI
- 29 ALVIN MORRIS
- 30 SARAH OPHELIA CANNON
- 31 FREDERICK BICKEL
- 32 EDDIE ANDERSON
- 33 JOAN DEHAVILLAND
- 34 JULIUS MARX
- 35 ARTHUR MARX
- 36 LEONARD MAR

COLUMN B

- A ALAN REED
- B TONY MARTIN
- C JUDY GARLAND
- D JUDY CANOVA
- E AL JOLSON
- F MINNIE PEARL
- G ROY ROGERS
- H HAL PERRY
- I JOAN FONTAINE
- J ANN SOUTHERN
- K FREDERICK MARCH
- L LOU CLAYTON
- M FRED ALLEN
- N ARLENE FRANCIS
- O HARPO MARX
- P JOE PENNER
- Q JACK BENNY
- R JERRY LEWIS

- S GARRY MOORE
- T ROCHESTER
- U GROUCHO MARX
- V EVE ARDEN
- W PETER LORRE
- X VICTOR BORGE
- Y GEORGE BURNS
- Z MARY LIVINGSTONE
- AA CHICO MARX
- BB W.C. FIELDS
- CC BORIS KARLOFF
- DD EDDIE CANTOR
- EE HENRY MORGAN
- FF STAN LAUEL
- GG LAUREN BACALL
- HH LOU COSTELLO
- II DEAN MARTIN
- JJ FANNIE BRICE

29b,30f,31k,32t,33i,34u,35o,36aa.
 20h,21e,22z,23l,24a,25p,26d,27k,28ll,
 11cc,12w,13s,14j,15g,16i,17e,18h,19dd,
 10c,
 KEY: 1x,2m,3v,4g,5b,6j,7y,8bd,9n,10c,



NEWS CHATTER

LINDA DeCECCO

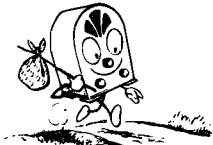
Well it seems like summer is definitely on the way and everyone will be moving out of doors with the warmer weather. The nice thing about OTR on cassette is that it can go with you to the beach or to the picnic or even while you mow the lawn.

As new editor I hope to continue the cheery openness to publish different points of view as my predecessor did. In the months to come I hope to add a new column to the I.P. The column will list cassettes and reels that are not in very good condition with the hope that someone will donate a better quality tape to the libraries as a replacement to the ones we already have.

Just a note for everyone who is thinking about the upcoming convention in Newark, NJ. The cost for Friday is \$27 for the entire day and banquet and Saturday is \$36 for the day and banquet. Rooms are still \$55 & \$60. For more information contact Jay Hickerson, Box 4321, Hamden, CT 06514.



Wireless Wanderings



JIM SNYDER

After six and a half years, the Olddays have given up as the editors of the ILLUSTRATED PRESS. I received that news, along with the rest of you, last February with mixed feelings. The first feeling was one of regret. They have done so much for the club ans in trying to improve the IP, that adequate thanks cannot be expressed. On the other hand, there was the feeling of gratitude that they did stick it out for all those years. I know of no other club edito who has been able to stick it out for such a long period of time. In a position like theirs, I am sure that they heard about every single item that someone didn't like or didn't approve it. At the same time, we all tended to ignore and forget about the many things that we did like. I can't imagine what it is that gets people to serve as our editors. Thank goodness there are those who are willing to take on the task. The Olddays certainly deserve to leave the editorship after such a long tenure, and our great gratitude goes to them for all that they have done.

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are no more or less vaid than your own, and I certainly don't require anyone to agree with me. I am pleased that Thom has shared his viewpoint, of my viewpoint, with you. Contrary to what some seem to expect, it does not anger me in any way. Thom and I still speak to each other when we see each other. I have no personal vendetta with him, and in no way feel that he has one against me. He is merely expressing his feeling, as I do. I do have one regret about what Thom wrote in February. In his correspondence and phone calls to me, he has made it very clear what he disapproves of in my writing. I wish hw had done so a little more specific basis with you so that you would know a little more clearly what he feels that I am doing that is harmful to the hobby. Anyway, keep it up Thom. I appreciate your your comments, whether in private correspondence or open letters. The latter do help to make the IP far more interesting to read.

Another item that I have been asked about repeatedly is my reaction to the SPERDVAC meeting at last October's convention in Newark. As you recall, this meeting was called for a sharing of ideas and/or complaints between the SPERDVAC board of directors and the organization's membership in the East. While it was my intention to write about that meeting, even before attending it, I have intentionally held off doing so. I not only wanted to discuss what went on at that meeting, but also what final actions would be taken after it. I am now in the process of putting all of that together, and tentatively plan to express my views in my October column, which will be exactly twelve months after that meeting in Newark.

Finallt, I found a real "gem" in the April IP. If you missed it, I hope you will go back and read it. That was the article by Lomar Gantz, "What is an OTR Collector?" I found this to be one of the most amusing and interesting OTR articles I have seen in a very long time. You will really enjoy it.



TURBO
 "The Ghostly Rival"
 A pale, nervous young man, lying in a hospital bed, tries to explain to a psychiatrist why he caused the death of his pregnant wife.
MONDAY-SUNDAY
11:30 PM **WBEN 930**



James Lehnhard

There are several old time radio conventions coming up. You might want to plan on attending one or more of these:

DENVER, COLORADO - On September 12 the Radio Historical Association of Colorado will hold their 3rd convention. Write R.H.A.A., P.O. Box 1908, Englewood Colorado 80150 for information.

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY - the 12th Annual Friends of Old Time Radio Convention will be held on October 23 and 24 at the Holiday Inn North, at Newark Airport. Information can be obtained from Jay Hickerson, Box 4321, Hamden, Connecticut 06514.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA-- SPERDVAC will hold its 4th OTR convention on November 13 and 14 at the Viscount Hotel, near the Los Angeles International Airport. For information, contact SPERDVAC P.O. Box 1587, Hollywood, California 90078.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN-- Detroit area collector, dealer, and radio personality, Bob Burnham is in the initial stages if trying to determine interest in a Detroit area convention. He would like to hear from you if you are interested or have suggestions. Write Bob Burnham, P.O. Box 39522, Redford, Michigan 48239-0522.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS- NARA (North American Radio Archives) is in the planning stages for a Chicago convention in 1988 or 1989. Further information on this as it becomes available.

WANTED: Serious inquiries from collectors interested in dubbing selected shows from my reels onto your cassettes for me in exchange for keeping the reel. For further information, please contact Duff Cambell Box 4371 Panorama, Ca. 91412

Detroit Free Press The Back Page



Judd Arnett

We Could Watch Radio, But We Can't Talk Dog

Notes & Comment . . .

IT HAS BEEN SAID that you should not trust memory any farther than you can drop-kick the Blarney Stone, and the recent fluffing of a commercial which was rampant during the heyday of radio illustrates the truth of the assertion.

There was recollection of the "smile of beauty" and Pepsodent was given credit for creating it. Forthwith there came a parade of constituents to contest the error, with the Hon. Dave Hess of 650 Black Bass Road, Holland, in the forefront. He sets the record straight by quoting the advertising slogan in full: "Ipana for the smile of beauty; Sal-Hepatica for the smile of health!" Of course. That is precisely how it went. And now stay tuned for Eddie Cantor, Jack Benny, Amos 'n' Andy, Walter Winchell, Al Jolson and an entire galaxy of glittering stars . . .

The rather numbing thought occurs that perhaps 50 percent of this audience had no relationship with radio during its glory years. One does not intend to cast aspersions on the likes of I.P. McCarthy, who does his level best to regale us these blustery autumn mornings, and one hopes there is some consolation in the observation that what we have left is much better than nothing. But the fact remains that radio used to be "different," with a magic all of its own. The stations provided the sound and you added the imagination, and the result was dream-like in that each listener was an island, creating scenery and surroundings to fit the individual mood. You had to "work" at radio in the sense that each program required the in-pout of illusions of your own making, and from it came a satisfaction which some of us cherish to this day.



THERE IS STILL gratitude in this corner for what radio meant during the years of the Great Depression, when money for entertainment was exceedingly scarce. We would sit there thrilled, perhaps munching on popcorn, as the magnificent entertainers of the era chased away the economic blues.

On the more serious side, radio provided the perfect link binding Franklin D. Roosevelt to his troubled constituency. There has never been a "fireside chat" via television which matched the effectiveness of those performances, and there probably never will be, for pictures can be distracting as well as illuminating. His voice was enough, although some people (mostly Republicans!) chuckled when he said "beah" for "beer," or eluded to "mah deah friends." He was remote in person and yet positive in illusion, a sensitive arrangement which might have been destroyed by television, which provokes the contempt common to familiarity. Today, politicians seem to wear out their welcomes in a hurry, an affliction also suffered by those entertainers who come to us on a regular basis.

A few weeks ago the Free Press had trouble finding five families willing to kick the television habit for a month for five hundred dollars each. Would avid radio listeners have been so difficult to influence during the Great Depression?

Man, for that kind of money the average family would have given the Free Press the loan of the house and lot and a couple of kids. But, then, there was a different type of desperation afoot in those days.

A thrilling encore of radio's yesteryear

This article was submitted to us by Lee Allman (Miss Case, of THE GREEN HORNET.)



Playwright Annette La Penna (left) and Susanne Knupp

20-C Tuesday, Nov. 15, '77 DETROIT FREE PRESS

Detroit Free Press The Back Page



Judd Arnett

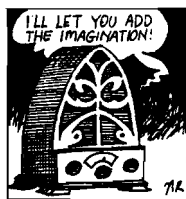
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island, creating scenery and surroundings to fit the individual mood. You had to "work" at radio in the sense that each program required the in-out of illusions of your own making, and from it came a satisfaction which some of us cherish to this day.

THERE IS STILL gratitude in this corner for what radio meant during the years of the Great Depression, when money for entertainment was exceedingly scarce. We would sit there thrilled, perhaps munching on popcorn, as the magnificent entertainers of the era chased away the economic blues. On the more serious side, radio provided the perfect link binding Franklin D. Roosevelt to his troubled constituency. There has never been a "fireside chat" via television which matched the effectiveness of those performances, and there probably never will be, for pictures can be distracting as well as illuminating. His voice was enough, although some people (mostly Republicans!) chuckled when he said "beah" for "beer," or eluded to "mah deah frtends." He was remote in person and yet positive in illusion, a sensitive arrangement which might have been destroyed by television, which provokes the contempt common to familiarity. Today, politicians seem to wear out their welcomes in a hurry, an affliction also suffered by those entertainers who come to us on a regular basis.

A few weeks ago the Free Press had trouble finding five families willing to kick the television habit for a month for five hundred dollars each. Would avid radio listeners have been so difficult to influence during the Great Depression?

Man, for that kind of money the average family would have given the Free Press the loan of the house and lot and a couple of kids. But, then, there was a different type of desperation afoot in those days.

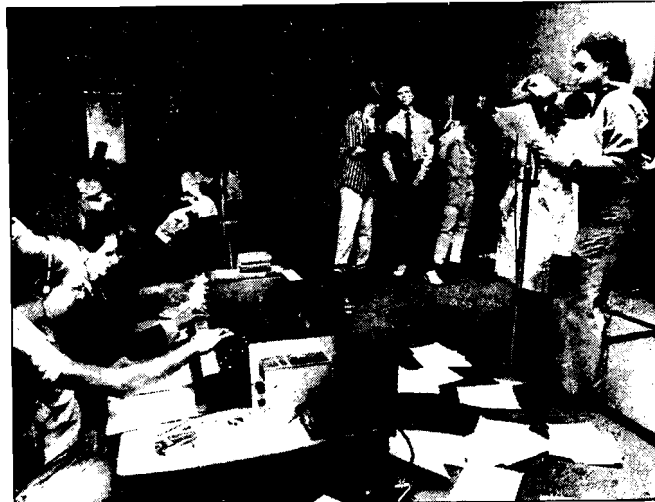
8-D Thursday, April 23, 1987 The Philadelphia Inquirer

A thrilling encore of radio's yesteryear

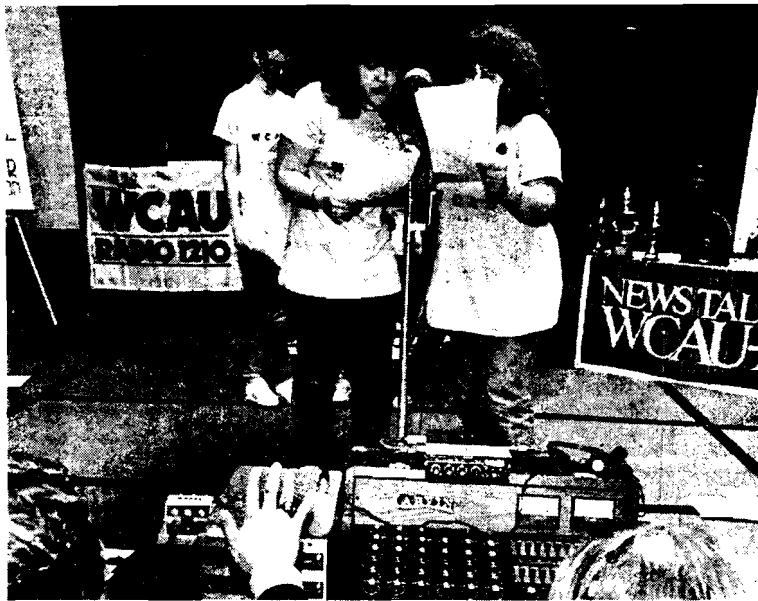


At left, Annette La Penna (left) and Chris Wright in their winning drama; below, Igor Synak as the evil Dr. Brown.

This article was submitted to us by Lee Allman (Miss Case, of THE GREEN HORNET.)



The Philadelphia Inquirer / RON TARVER



The Philadelphia Inquirer / RON TARVER

Playwright Annette La Penna (left) and Susanne Knupp perform in "Mom, It's a Long Story."

Students vie for cash in a drama contest.

By David O'Reilly
Illustrator: Staff Writer

The make-believe was about to begin. In a moment it would all become real — a little too real, maybe. (Sounds of chattering teeth are heard.) After months of rehearsal and jokes and kidding (sounds of teenagers laughing in background) these kids were going to perform their own radio plays live. (Organ trills urgently.) *On the air!* (Another trill.) If they messed up this time they were going to mess up on thousands of real radios, in front of thousands of real listeners. (Sound of studio audience clapping.)

Hello and welcome, everyone, to WCAU-AM's third annual Radio Classic Theater competition, brought to you live from the Dunfey Hotel on City Avenue. And what a show we have in store for you tonight. We've got three — that's right — three original radio plays, written and performed by local high school students.

Return with us now to those thrilling days of yesteryear, to the golden age of radio when Americans used to gather around their Atwater (See RADIO on B-D)

Old-time radio has an encore

RADIO, from 1-D

Kents and Philcos and just... listen. With just a few lines of dialogue and a gurgle of water, radio plays of the 1930s and '40s could transport listeners to a yacht, or a lifeboat or a moonlit lake.

And on Tuesday night — in this, the era of rock videos and Max Headroom — radio did it again. Three dozen teenagers stood in front of a solitary microphone, scripts in hand, and transported listeners to the Cotton Club of the 1920s, to a murder trial in a Los Angeles courtroom and to a car wreck on a desolate road.

Door opens and closes. Sounds of two pairs of footsteps splashing on wet pavement, then on grass. One stops abruptly.

Jill: "There's a woman in there. She looks all messed up..."

Angie: (Distant) "Who's there? Help me, please..."

The anticipation of performing live had the principal actors chewing their fingernails as 8 p.m. approached. "I just want this over with," said Dave Dorn, 17, a junior at George Washington Carver School of Engineering and Science. He was about to play the role of a ghost in "The Swindlers," a tale of 1920s psychic who cons widows out of their savings — and is avenged by ghostly forces "from beyond."

But his classmate, sound-effects man Dave Hunt, 17, was cool and calm. It was his job to knock on a box when the widows were at the door and make a kiss sound — *smaack* — when two lovers met at the Cotton Club.

Pride was on the line for the young actors and playwrights. Money was, too. Listening at a radio in another room would be 10 judges, who would rate the plays for originality, entertainment value and quality of writing. First prize would be \$1,500 for best play, to be divided equally between the author and cast. The two runner-up plays would each get \$500.

Such honor and riches had lured 65 high school juniors and seniors to submit their plays to WCAU, which broadcasts *Radio Classics*, weeknights from 8 to 10 p.m.

Officials at the station, which broadcasts episodes of classic radio series such as *The Shadow* and *The Green Hornet* and *The Lone Ranger*, say they were pleased by the response. "The first year [in 1985] we got 10 scripts. Last year we got about 35," said Gary Hodgson, the host of *Radio Classics*.

Deadline for the scripts was Jan. 31. The three finalists were announced in mid-February, and the casts, drawn from the authors' schoolmates, had been rehearsing ever since.

But it was not until Monday that most of them were introduced to the arcane techniques of radio acting into a microphone — an art form unlike any other.

"You have to move into the mike," said Eric Gerstein, WCAU's production director, to the cast of Mitchell Adelman's "The Swindlers."

The play, which has 14 actors, is about a Dr. Brown, a swindler, and his girlfriend, Gina. Using a "voice synthesizer," Gina is able to trick

widows by imitating the voices of their departed husbands. The widows willingly turn over vast sums of money to the pair, who at the close of the play are about to flee to Venezuela when the ghost of one of the departed husbands appears and takes them and their ill-gotten money "into the beyond."

"If you know you're going to be on in 15 seconds, get into position," Gerstein said at the rehearsal. "If someone's in your way, don't say anything. Just give them a friendly nudge and they'll move out of the way. And don't run. If you run you will fall, and then everyone will fall, and the audience will laugh."

"OK," Gerstein called out from the control room. "Are you ready?" And as eerie opening music drifted out of a speaker, Ian Shuman stepped up to the mike and began the opening narration: "There's something about the supernatural that intrigues us... We may be inherently frightened of the unknown, but at the same time, solving its mysteries is equally compelling..."

When kids stepped too far from the mike, Gerstein would holler. "Closer! You're fading. Closer!" From the control room. And when they got too close and the microphone made popping noises, he rolled his eyes and laughed. "I'm gonna have that mike sanitized when we get done," he joked.

"OK, for the club scene, we need chatter, people. It doesn't sound like a club, it sounds like a library. So anybody who doesn't have a speaking part, I want you talking and laughing background..." Gina, you've got to enunciate..." And so it went.

The play's author, Mitchell Adelman, 17, said he was surprised when WCAU called his home in February and told his parents he was a finalist.

"They didn't even know I had entered," he said. But Adelman, whose hearing is impaired, said the joy of having his play produced was mixed with some disappointment. "It upsets me that I can't hear them," said Adelman.

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The 15-member cast of "Trial and Error," a murder-trial play by Camille Livingston, 16, a junior at Engineering and Science, also spent two hours rehearsing Monday night with Gerstein.

The play is about a widow charged with the murder of her husband, whose decapitated body had been found several years before. The widow is unable to defend herself against the charges until her shrewd defense attorney discovers that her husband had a twin brother; she then proves that it was he who killed his brother for his inheritance.

"Who's watching the script?" Gerstein asked at one point, when one boy had missed his lines. "Huh?" asked a half-dozen voices. "I want somebody following the script, and if somebody loses their place, then point it out..."

"I want to feel your parts. I want to hear the energy... Are you playing the bartender?" Gerstein asked Richard Daniels, who nodded. "OK, not so dramatic. Just play it straight... Girls, don't wear heels tomorrow night. They make too much noise. And keep it clean in the crowd scenes."

The five-member cast of Annette La Penna's "Mom, It's a Long Story," had rehearsed with Gerstein the previous week. Her play is about a teenage couple who discover a dying woman trapped in a car wreck. The woman, Anne, laments that she has never reconciled with her young daughter who had left home years before to see the world. At age 17, La Penna already is a relative veteran of radio plays; she was a finalist in WCAU's competition last year.

"Yes, I am nervous," she said minutes before the show began Tuesday night. A crowd of about 250 was seated on chairs in the darkened ballroom. "We put a lot of time and practice into this, two and three times a week," said La Penna, who plans to major in journalism at Tem-

ple University next year.

"The Swindlers" went first, and the cast's apparent nervousness disappeared quickly. Nobody muffed a line, the crowd at the Cotton Club muttered and chattered at just the right volume and the tape-recorded sound effects and the door knocks came right on cue. "After a while it was like no one was there," Dave Dorn said later. "It was just us and the mike."

The cast of "Mom, It's a Long Story" had a far more emotional and dramatic script to work with, and they played visually to the live audience as well as to the radio audience; they couldn't see La Penna, who played teenage Jill and Susanne Knupp, 17, who played Anne, the woman trapped in the car, gestured and grimaced as they engaged in a long dialogue about youth and unrealized dreams.

Downstairs, as the 10 judges — journalists, publicists and educators — sat silently at tables listening to Livingston's "Trial and Error," they scribbled notes and doodled pensively on their ballots.

And at its conclusion they silently marked their ballots and turned them over to WCAU staffers, who tallied them and announced the winner: La Penna, for "Mom, It's a Long Story." And as she whooped with joy and hugged her parents, and members of her cast, the cast of the other plays sat stunned and disappointed.

Daniels, a junior at Engineering and Science who had played roles in both the other plays, gaped openmouthed. "I am totally speechless," he said to a friend, who hugged him.

"If I'd known we were going to lose, I would have gone to my karate match. I wouldn't have lost that."

But the judges were not nearly so harsh. "They were all valiant efforts, and it's very apparent how hard they worked," said John Farrell, who teaches English at Drexel University. "And what I find remarkable is how well they were able to do in a medium they don't know... I mean — radio plays?"

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RETURN WITH US TO...

CHARLES LINDBERGH

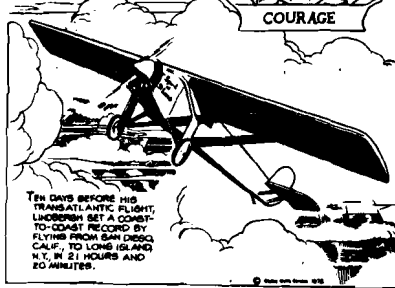
LINDBERGH DOES IT! TO PARIS IN 33 1/2 HOURS; FLIES 1,000 MILES THROUGH SNOW AND SLEET; CHEERING FRENCH CARRY HIM OFF FIELD... FRONT PAGE OF THE NEW YORK TIMES SUNDAY, MAY 22, 1927.

THE LONE EAGLE

TODAY JET AIRLINERS SKIM THROUGH THE SKY AT SPEEDS ABOVE THAT OF THE SHY AT SPEEDS ABOVE THAT OF THE SHY. YOUNG MAN SOLID IN HIS SMALL SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS FROM NEW YORK TO PARIS, 3,600 MILES IN 33 1/2 HOURS. CHARLES LINDBERGH PIONEERED AIR ROUTES TO LATIN AMERICA, AFRICA AND EUROPE. HE HAD BEEN A STUNT FLYER, A MAIL PILOT AND A MILITARY AVIATOR. FLYING WAS EVERYTHING TO THE LONE EAGLE.



COURAGE



TEN DAYS BEFORE HIS TRANSATLANTIC FLIGHT, LINDBERGH SET A COURSE TO COAST RECORD BY FLYING FROM SAN DIEGO, CALIF., TO LONG ISLAND N.Y. IN 21 HOURS AND 40 MINUTES.

OTTO WATT

By BARRIE PAYNE



WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A RADIO AMATEUR (BTE) AND A RADIO EXPERT?



THE RADIO AMATEUR MONKEYS BLINDLY WITH THE DOJIGGERS, THINGKINGS AND WHATUCALLUMS AND GETS LONDOON — THE RADIO EXPERT CAREFULLY ADJUSTS THE ELIMINATOR, RHEOSTATS AND VARIABLE CONDENSERS AND GETS STATIC!

July 10, 1909.

NICK CARTER

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STREET & SMITH

The Mystery of a Hotel Room

CHAPTER I

A NEW CASE FOR NICK CARTER

The Midnight Marauders, who had during many months, infested the neighborhood of the town of Weterly, in Michigan, burning buildings, slaughtering sheep, butchering cattle, murdering innocent horses, robbing farmers, pillaging houses, and otherwise committing outrages upon the community, were no more.

The mystery of their activities had been solved by Nick Carter, who was called to Weterly by a committee of citizens appointed for that purpose; self-appointed, to be sure, because they numbered the twenty-seven subscribers to a local telephone system over the wires of which, in a strangely mysterious way, information was invariably sent to the latest victim of what had been done to him.

Those outrages, and the perpetrators of them, had proved to be mysterious in more ways than one, and the indignities they committed had finally resulted in a sort of reign of terror throughout that locality.

No one could understand why the subscribers to the telephone system were alone made victims of the marauders, and so, after every other expedient had been tried and found wanting, Nick Carter was sent for, and, after a time spent in investigation, had brought the leader of the marauders to such justice as could be metered out to him, and had arrested three of his followers, two men and a woman.

The last indignity committed by them had been the abduction of Sally Cross, the daughter of the local preacher, and, as it turned out, the niece of the man who perpetrated all these outrages.

Investigation proved that he was a lunatic; that several years before he had been committed to an asylum, from which ultimately he had escaped, and he had long since been supposed to be dead.

But the insane mind had cherished a bitter hatred and feeling of animosity against all the members of that community of which he had once been a respected resident, and this hatred and insane desire for vengeance against them had been directed more particularly against those who belonged to the telephone association, probably because James Stedman, for that was his name, had been the originator of it.

It was established after his capture that all his acts were the results of his unsound reasoning and his insane desire

for vengeance against persons who had never wronged him in the slightest degree.

The abduction of his niece had been the culmination act of his career. It had stirred the community as nothing else had ever done. But Stedman had had with him two men whose habits of smoking cigars and cigarettes, respectively, had supplied a clue to the detective, which, upon being followed industriously by him and by Chick, had resulted in the speedy capture of Stedman and the recovery of Sally Cross.

It was developed, after the capture, that James Stedman, in organizing the telephone association before he became insane, had studied deeply into the subject, and had himself become an expert lineman and electrician; and it had been his habit when he committed the outrages against his former neighbors to climb to the top of a pole located along the party line where the wrong had been done and from it, with a lineman's instrument, to notify in that mysterious way the victim of the outrage.

The close of the case might almost have been said to amount to a fiasco since the supposed criminal was really a luntic and his associates were two men and a woman, who was the wife of one of them, who were strangers to that locality.

The arrest had taken place on what might be termed an island in a marsh, for, although it was not surrounded by water, it was enveloped by low and swampy land, to such an extent that it could be approached from only one direction, and that from a sort of causeway built sixty years before the happening of these events, and in utter disuse during the last forty years.

The relief and joy expressed by Reuben Cross, the minister, when Nick Carter restored his daughter to him, may be better be imagined than described, although she asserted that at no time had she been in actual peril.

It was remembered that when she was a little child this crazed uncle of hers had been exceedingly fond of her, and, although no information on the subject could be drawn from him, it was supposed that in stealing her away from her home this madman had achieved a double purpose; that is, he had satisfied his desire for vengeance against his sister and her husband, who were Sally's parents, and had also pleased his own fancy by obtaining possessions of the child he had once loved so dearly, now grown to womanhood.

Stedman was arraigned before a committee appointed by a judge of the supreme court, was pronounced insane, and recommitted to an asylum. His associates, the two men and the woman before mentioned, were sent to jail, charged with various felonies, and were left there awaiting the time when indictments should be found against them.

Nick Carter, who had established a secret telephone exchange at a hut in the middle of a forest, returned to it, stripped it of its contents, and prepared to take leave of the many friends he had made in and about Weterly.

Begged by the minister and other citizens to remain yet a few days longer among them, he sent his two assistants East, and consented to remain a guest of Reuben Cross, until the following Sunday evening, when he would take his departure.

That would be three days hence. Throughout all that region there were unmistakable evidence of joy over the happy ending of their troubles so involved in mystery until Nick Carter had come.

Naturally he was looked upon as the lion of the hour, and the day following the arrest of the wrongdoers had been one of reception on his part, for a stream of callers had come and gone from the parsonage from morning until evening.

Sunday, the evening of the third day after the arrest as before described, the detective attended church twice, and so listened to two sermons preached by Reuben Cross, both of which were devoted to a recapitulation of the events of the last six months which might be drawn from that experience.

After church there was an informal reception of the members of the congregation, at the parsonage, and Nick Carter found himself again the centre of an eager and admiring group.

Many of them at this time were young people of the parish; young men and women; friends and associates of Sally Cross, and she took it upon herself to present them singly and in person to Nick Carter. and the detective, having laughingly consented to an imitation of a state function, stood in the middle of the parlor at the rectory while these young people filed past him, being introduced by Sally shaking hands with him each in turn, and offering some expression of their admiration for him.

It was all a humorous affair, and was so intended. The room rang with laughter of the company, and never had there been a Sunday night when so much joy had been rampant at the rectory as then.

Nick Carter was interested in these young people. He was always interested in the youth of any community; in the development of the young.

He scanned each face as it passed him, interested in the various expressions of character he could read among them.

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CARTER of a Hotel Room

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It was all a humorous affair, and was so intended. The room rang with laughter of the company, and never had there been a Sunday night when so much joy had been rampant at the rectory as then.

Nick Carter was interested in these young people. He was always interested in the youth of any community; in the development of the young.

He scanned each face as it passed him, interested in the various expressions of character he could read among them.

Twice during the ceremony his attention and interest was attracted by incidents that happened between Sally Cross, who was doing the introducing, and two young men who appeared before him to be presented, one when the procession first began to file past and the other just about as the mock ceremony was brought to a close.

On the first occasion the detective noticed a flush of pleasure, and detected an accent of pride in Sally's face and voice when she said:

"Good evening, Ben. I am very glad you came. I particularly wanted you to meet Mr. Carter. I was very anxious to have him know you. Mr. Carter, this is my friend, Benjamin Spaulding. He lives some distance from here, and I was not sure that he would come, although I wrote to him."

"And I take it that Mr Spaulding is a very dear friend, indeed," replied the detective, smiling upon them both, for he thought he could read evidence of more than mere friendly affection between these two.

A few other words were exchanged between them, and then Spaulding passed on to join the group of those who had already been presented, and Sally resumed the duties of hostess.

The procession kept on for a long time after that, and then came the other incident which attracted the detective's attention and interest.

He saw Sally stiffen in her attitude; he saw another flush suffuse her face, and realized that her eyes darkened and widened, although this time it was not with pleasure, but rather with distaste and aversion.

He half turned his head to notice that a tall, dark-skinned, but handsome, youth of twenty years, or thereabouts, was approaching him, near the end of the line, and he knew that it was recognition of that particular young man that had given Sally the thrill of displeasure.

Presently, the young man stood before the detective. Tall, straight as an Indian, liothe as a panther, with large and flashing eyes, and handsome face, with the grace of a leopard and something of the sleekness of that animal, too, with white and gleaming teeth, and altogether an attractive apperance, he did not impress one as a person who would impart displeasure or distaste to a young woman by the mere fact of his presence.

And yet when Sally spoke to him there was unmistakable dislike and aversion in her tone, and manner.

"I did not know that you were here, Chauncy," she said coldly.

"You didn't suppose that I would consent to be left out of a function of this kind, did you, Sally?" the young man replied easily, and in a tone of voice that was entirely in keeping with his appearance.

"I hardly expected you," she responded as coldly as she had spoken before; and then she made the presentation.

"Mr. Carter," she said, with an assumption of dignity that she had not manifested before during the entire evening. "Allow me to present to you my cousin, Mr. Chauncy Graeme. He is a resident of our village, but does not spend much time at home."

"Delighted to meet you, Mr. Carter," said Graeme, with an inimitable smile which showed his gleaming teeth, and which lighted up his handsome face wonderfully. "As Sally says, I am not much at home. I only arrived in town late last night, and I am leaving again to-morrow. Nevertheless, I am glad to know one who has done so much for this neighborhood as you have."

Nick thanked him courteously, and marveled at the half-patronizing air of the youth, who seemed wonderfully self-possessed and sophisticated beyond his years.

When Graeme had passed on, Nick turned to Sally, and he said to her in a low tone: "I am afraid, Miss Sally, that you are not particularly fond of your cousin, Chauncy."

"No," she replied, and changed the subject.

The function as described continued so long a time, and proved to be so interesting, that Nick Carter consented, at the earnest solicitation of Reuben Cross to remain over until the following day before taking his departure for New York.

When the ceremonious part of the reception was past, the detective, with several others, was seated upon the piazza to enjoy a cigar.

Benjamin Spaulding was seated at his right, Sally Cross was at his left, and Chauncy Graeme had taken a position on the edge of the piazza, with his back against a post.

The detective had offered him a cigar, using the expression, "Do you smoke, Mr Graeme?" and the later had replied: "Yes, thank you, but I prefer cigarettes," and had lighted one which he took from a silver case, bearing a monogram which Nick could not read in the imperfect light which shone through the window upon the piazza. Spaulding had replied to the same friendly offer made by Nick that he did not smoke at all.

After that the three chatted together upon indifferent subjects until presently, having smoked and thrown away the remains of his second cigarette, Graeme rose to take his leave.

"I must bid you good night, and also good-by," he said. "I leave by an early train in the morning," and he extended his hand toward Nick Carter, which the latter

received in the spirit in which it was offered.

Spaulding also shook hands with the young man, but when he approached Sally to bid her good-night, she pretended not to see the hand extended toward her, busing her own in some manner to avoid taking his, and replying coldly and distantly to his expressed regret at leaving.

Nick saw a half smile darked, rather than light up, the face of the handsome young man, who shrugged his shoulders, turned away, and, having bade the others good night, sauntered through the gate, and went out of sight along the street, whistling.

A few moments later Spaulding also said good night, and Sally walked to the front gate with him, where the two lingered for a few moments in a confidential conversation. When she returned, Nick noticed that her cheeks bore a heightened color; that her eyes were sparkling with unusual brightness, but also that she seemed strangely silent and disturbed.

She lingered only a few moments after that, then said good night and went to her room; the same room from which she had once been forcibly abducted by her crazed uncle, James Stedman.

"Just how is Graeme related to you, Mr. Cross?" Nick asked the minister, when they two were alone on the piazza together, and were on the point of retiring.

"He is only distantly related," was the reply, "but we call his cousin; Sally has been taught to so regard him all her life. His father and my wife were second cousins. His parents are dead. The young man inherited quite a fortune some time ago, and he has been in possession of it about a year or a little more."

"He is past twenty-one, then?"

"Yes, he is past twenty-two."

"He doesn't look like it," Nick said.

"Sometimes he seems much older than that, Mr. Carter. I have been greatly worried about the boy, and have wished sometimes that he were more nearly related to me, in order that I might have an excuse for interfering in his selected pleasures, at times."

"You don't approve of him?"

"Hardly."

"He seems a very attractive young man."

"That is the greatest trouble about him, Mr. Carter. He is an attractive young man. He is also, if I may use the term, an "immoral" young man. Please notice the distinction I make; I did not say immoral, I said "immoral"."

"I understand you."

"I would like to talk further about him some time, Mr. Carter."

"Gladly, sir, if the opportunity offers."

The two men parted then for the night. Nick going to the room which had been allotted to his use, where he slept soundly until the sun, streaming in through his windows, awakened him.

He was dressed and ready to leave the room, when he was startled by a quick and peremptory rapping upon his door, and it opened to admit Reuben Cross, who seemed strangely perturbed and frightened.

"What is it, Mr Cross?" asked the detective.

"Sally!" exclaimed the stricken man, "She has disappeared again."

"What?" cried the detective, startled more than he would have admitted.

"Sally is gone," said the minister; and he buried his face in his hands and sobbed.

Continued next month.

DIAL WHEC TONIGHT!

The F.B.I.
In Peace and War
8 P. M.

Another thrilling story of G-Men, and the nation's everlasting crusade against the underworld.



DON'T MISS IT - And DON'T MISS...

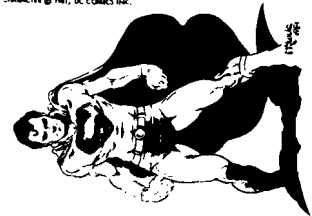


CASEY,
Crime
Photographer
9:30 P. M.

Starring
STAATS COTSWORTH

WHEC ALWAYS OUT IN FRONT IN ROCHESTER!

CHARACTERS © FRI, DC COMICS INC.



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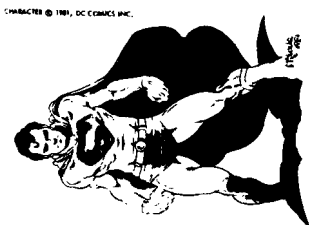


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CASEY,
Crime
Photographer
9:30 P. M.

Starring
STAATS COTSWORTH

WHEC
ALWAYS
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THE BUFFALO EVENING NEWS — TV TOPICS
April 17, 1937—



MURDER PLOT—Carol Teltel is Lady Macbeth and Kevin McCarthy plays Shakespeare's Macbeth in "Murder Most Foul," an adaptation at 11:30 PM Monday on WBEN Radio. It's one of six rewrites of the bard's famous plays.

RETURN WITH US TO...

MILTON BERLE

THE TEMCO STAR THEATRE PREMIERED IN 1945 AND WAS A TV FEATURE UNTIL 1956. IN THOSE DAYS TUESDAY NIGHT WAS UNCLE MILTIE NIGHT UNDOUBTEDLY MILTON BERLE WAS A MAIN REASON FOR THE POPULARITY OF THE NEW MEDIUM.



FRANK GALLOR ARNOLD STANG

THE FRANK WALKERVILLIAN APPEARED IN BIZARRE COSTUMES.

ARNDINGER FRANK GALLOR AND ARNOLD STANG WERE ON THE SHOW.



Charlie McCarthy and Edgar Bergen, partners for 55 years, have made people laugh in all phases of show business, from vaudeville through radio and television to movies and nightclubs. They are now adding appearances with symphony orchestras.

Just Who's Who In This Duo?

(C) 1977, The Los Angeles Times

BEVERLY HILLS, Calif. — The two old troupers, a gentle Swede and a tart-tongued former Chicago newsboy, sit in their Beverly Hills home discussing a third member of their act, a not-too-bright farm lad.

"He's a doll," the ex-newsboy says. "Maybe so," the Swede says, "but he's likable and gets more sympathy than you."

"I don't need it," the companion snaps. "You want the public to love you, don't you?" the Swede persists.

"To hell with the public," the ex-newsboy says. They laugh loudly, together.

The Swede is Edgar Bergen, 74, a soft-spoken international star and American institution whose career has spanned 55 years and every entertainment medium.

His companion is Charlie McCarthy, who is, as Bergen likes to say, "of the distinguished Wisconsin Pines."

Bergen tries very hard to be kindly to Charlie; he rarely refers to him as a dummy. The person who built Charlie back in 1922 was, for instance, "a figure maker." When Bergen ships Charlie as luggage on their flights across the country and around the world, he tells his little friend he is simply flying "economy class."

"He's very sensitive," Bergen whispers.

Charlie, on the other hand, makes no effort to spare the feelings of his companion, although, one suspects, his needling is done in good fun. It is simply his nature to be churlish. An acid wit has been his form of communication since high school days. Bergen is his fool, as is Mortimer Snerd, the farm lad they were discussing earlier.

"Just plain stupid," Charlie says of Snerd, perhaps a bit jealously (part of which might be attributed to the fact that Bergen's license plate says SNERD).

"And Bergen is nothing without me," Charlie adds. "He is dull and you may quote me."

To interview "them" is to converse with two people, and one must strain to bear in mind that they are both Edgar Bergen, ventriloquist. It is easy to forget as they talk that Charlie is made of wood and sits on Bergen's knee and is able to speak or move only at Bergen's will. It seems perfectly natural, for instance, that when Bergen is speaking and Charlie is agreeing with what he's saying that Charlie should nod casually. When Bergen forgets the name of a city or the year they played Akron, why shouldn't Charlie remind him?

"Just last year we did Century Plaza," Charlie will say.

"Oh, yes," Bergen adds, "we were invited to appear with . . ." He frowns, trying to remember.

"Arthur Fiedler," Charlie reminds him.

"Yes, Arthur Fiedler and the Boston Pops. We'll be playing with him again in August — at Saratoga — and we've done symphonies in San Diego and Minneapolis. . ."

"We're up to our . . . in symphonies," Charlie says. They both laugh. Again, together.

Such is the total illusion that Bergen creates with perfection. Even listening to them on tape, it seems their conversations overlap.

The interview alternates between Bergen's home in Beverly Hills, which he shares with his wife of 31 years, Frances, and their 15-year-old son, Kris, and the Bergen office over a Chinese restaurant on Sunset Boulevard. At both places there is memorabilia of his life in show business, from vaudeville through radio and television to movies and nightclubs.

There are innumerable photographs and medals and trophies and scepters and scrolls, on the walls and in cases next to Charlie McCarthy dolls and Charlie McCarthy T-shirts.

Displayed prominently in the study of his home is a color photograph of his daughter, actress Candice Bergen.

"She's making a little money now," Bergen says, smiling and glancing at the picture, "so she's more conservative than she used to be."

"They get that way," Charlie adds.

Bergen was born on the west side of Chicago, the son of Swedish immigrants. He began mimicking in the seventh grade.

"I copied people, animals and birds, and my classmates seemed to enjoy it, so I kept it up. Then one day I tried a distant voice. I was sitting at home with my mother and said 'Hello there,' trying to make it sound as though it was coming from outside.

"She got up from the table and went to the door. I guess that was the beginning."

He sent for books, Bergen says, but ventriloquism was more hobby than dedicated lifetime ambition.

"It came easy," he says, "I just stumbled into it."

"Your lips still move," Charlie observes. "But then, you're not hungry anymore."

Charlie was born when Bergen was in high school and their first show was a high school recital. They began playing fairs and churches and hotels, then went on the old Orpheum Circuit.

Sometimes in those early days, it would be Bergen and Charlie alone on the road and in hotel rooms. They would rehearse together, Bergen says, but he never really counted on Charlie for company.

"It never went quite that far," he says, blue eyes twinkling.

"But I always insisted on separate beds," Charlie adds. Then he whispers to Bergen, "Don't tell him too much."

Is Charlie real? Bergen thinks about that for a moment. "Sometimes," he finally says, "he comes out with things that surprise me."

A Special Service For Club Members Only

TAPESPONDENTS: 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 interested in the 4 following.

LUX RADIO THEATRE: "Sullivan's Travels", November 9, 1942.

LUX RADIO THEATRE: "So Proudly We Hail" November 1, 1943

SCREEN GUILD PLAYERS: "This Gun for Hire", April 2, 1945

THIS IS HOLLYWOOD: "Ramrod", February 21, 1947.

I am also interested in other shows, but please write before sending if you have any shows; so there will be no duplication. In trade for your effort, I will trade 10 blank Sony HF 60 cassette for each tape that I want.

Fred Bantin
743 43rd Avenue
Greeley, CO 80634

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Chuck Wheeler
6210 Shull Road
Huber Heights, OH 45424

WANTED: Reel to Reel deck (or trade for a good cassette deck) and a turntable that plays 16" transcriptions. If any member has one for sale.

Walter M. Keepers, Jr.
6341 Glenlock St.
Philadelphia, PA 19135

FOR SALE: Teac A-2300SX reel decks in almost new condition and one Sony TC-580 in very good shape. \$300 each. I will pay shipping, and provide a 3 month money back guarantee - return for any reason (or no reason as the case may be!).

Jerry Chapman
8707 Village Rd. #4
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WANTED: Part 5 Johnny Dollar "Sea Legs" March 2/3/55. Part 2 Johnny Dollar "Salt City Matter" 4/3/55. NPR Playhouse "The Adv. of Doc Savage" The 1959 Headed Man. Ch. 5 - conclusion (Preferably in stereo). Will trade on cassette only 8000 shows in my catalog.

Dick Olday
100 Harvey Drive
Lancaster, NY 14086

WANTED: Broadcast of "We the People" Jan. 13, 1950 on NBC

Steve Ferrante
R.D. #1 Box 573
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(717) 436-8085

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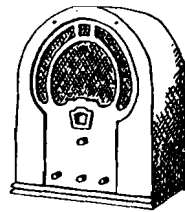
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