

ILLUSTRATED PRESS

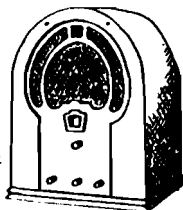
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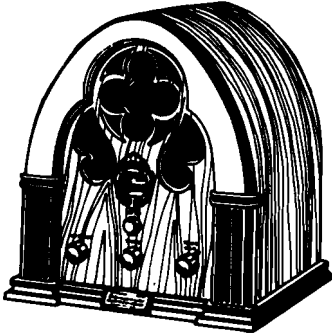


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THE OLD TIME



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 1988 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

Dominic Parisi
38 Ardmore Place
Buffalo, NY 14213
(716) 884-2004

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:

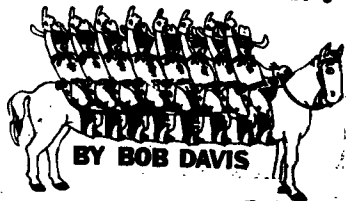
\$50.00 for a full page (ALL ADS MUST \$34.00 for a half page **BE CAMERA READY**)

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

Advertising Deadline - September 1.

SAY!

WHO WAS THAT MASKED MAN?



Howcome, in a hobby dedicated to old time radio, we are always asking what's new?

Well, I'll tell you what's new. It isn't really radio but it's close enough to count.

A phenomenon in the cassette industry is the rather sudden popularity of the story on tape or talking book. These have been around for quite a while as entertainment for the blind but recently have gained favor with those not handicapped. Have you a favorite book, even one that is currently on the best seller lists? Chances are that you can get it on audio cassette and listen to it whenever you want.

Every passing week seems to bring more and more of these gems to the marketplace & they are welcome indeed. These are not kiddie type stories as evidenced by many of the Stephen King tapes. This particular series, excellently done, will make your skin crawl and perhaps induce you to start using a night light.

Among some of the titles available on old time radio for obvious reasons, are The Great Escape, Psycho, Dr. Zhivago, The Day of The Jackal, Where Eagles Dare, Smiley's People, and The Bridge On The River Kwai. There are literally thousands more!!

The production values are these tapes are excellent and, although many of them are readings, are complete with sound effects and music. This enhances the readings greatly and appears to be the oncoming thing.

A large number of the tapes are done radio style and are not readings at all. Dramatic old time radio is not dead, it had only moved

over to audio cassettes!

Another pleasant aspect of this type of listening is that the stories are not condensed to fit into a half hour or hour format. It's not uncommon to see two or three hour long stories offered. One of the Stephen King stories "Night Shift" comes in a package of six cassettes that run over six hours in total length. That's an awful lot of story but you'd be surprised at how fast it goes by.

For you Star Trek fans out there Warner Books/Tapes have put tapes on two new Star Trek stories. The first is "Star Trek- The Voyage Home" and the second is "Star Trek- Strangers From The Sky." Both are done by Leonard Nimoy and George Takei (Spock and Sulu) and are excellent examples of the science fiction genre.

One negative point about these story on tape cassettes and it is a minor one and one that I believe is done intentionally. The stories generally do not run 30, 60, 90, or 120 minutes in length. Instead they will run 35, 65, 95, or 125. Try dubbing that over onto another standard sized cassette. As stated it is a minor point but one that you should be prepared for if you intend to get into trading them.

I started this column by saying that these stories on tape aren't really radio but close enough and I feel that that's true. They shouldn't be considered as competition to OTR but as an additional facet or phase that has become part of our hobby. It's the new kid on the block and I, for one, am glad it's here.

This column is for those of you out there who complain that I never write about radio related subjects. It's also to make up for some of the strangeness that's been coming from this column lately.

The Devil made me do it!!!!!!

SEE YA NEXT TIME.

HEAR THE *World Series* BETTER!

For better radio reception get **RCA's 10-Point Check-Up**

CALL (Phone) **4-3212**

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Scientifically locates any trouble and includes inspecting, cleaning and adjusting.

NOTE: It will bring an authorized RCA Service Dealer to you for the RCA 10-Point Check-Up. For better reception insist on RCA Tubes.

July 10, 1909.

NICK CARTERCOPYRIGHT:
STREET & SMITH**The Mystery of a Hotel Room**CHAPTER VIIINICK CARTER PRETENDS STUPIDITY

"A clue! A clue!" exclaimed Graeme, with scorn and derision in his voice and manner, and also laughing immoderately. "I declare, Carter, you're a regular Sherlock Holmes so you are! I have heard that detectives looked for old buttons, missing fingers, birthmarks and such affairs, in order to run down criminals, but I never expected to be brought into direct contact with the facts. Really, you interest me amazingly. You do, indeed!"

Nick, for reasons of his own, preferred to appear not to understand the rillery of the young man. He only shrugged his shoulders, and replied:

"Interesting, don't you think so?"

"Amazingly interesting, to be sure," laughed his companion.

"Tinker has hobnails in his shoes that would readily have made those marks," pursued the detective.

"How startling."

"It is, therefore, evident that Tinker had been on that roof since the last rain, for if there had been a rain, it would have swelled that old wood of the shingles and ----"

"Wait a moment, Mr Carter. here is a place where I can help you. I saw Tinker on that roof-- yesterday before noon."

Graeme ended this statement with another derisive laugh, which was nothing less than insolent, and Nick feared that if he refused to take cognizance of it, Graeme would suspect that he was being played with. Such a thing would not do at all, for the detective, in order to succeed in the course he had adopted must not appear to be too stupid.

"The thing seems to amuse you, Graeme," he said, with the appearance of having taken offense,

"but your amusement is ill timed, I assure you."

"Oh, you make me tired, Carter you really do," said Graeme, returning to his chair. "What do you suppose Tinker would want to kill Spaulding for, anyhow? Ben was the best friend that the fool had in the whole town. If it had been me, now---"

"Well?"

"If it were I who was lying dead, instead of BEN Spaulding there might be some sense in directing suspicion toward Tinker."

"Why?"

"Because the fool hates me. I horsewhipped him once, long ago, and he has never forgotten it."

"Why did you horsewhip the poor fellow, Graeme?"

"Eh? Oh, because he deserved it, I suppose. I really don't remember, it was so long ago. He tattled something about me; that was it."

"And you horsewhipped him for that?"

"Sure. The fellow is as afraid of a whip as a woman is of a snake. But, I say, Carter?"

"Well?"

"Don't you think you are wasting your time in these queer notions of yours? It strikes me that you would be doing a whole lot better if you should use it in searching for SALLY."

It is impossible, here, to depict the patronizing manner which the young man managed to incorporate in his speech. It was plain that he regarded the detective as a greatly overestimated character. Nick was quite willing, for the present that Graeme should think so.

The detective suddenly adopted another course in his conduct toward Graeme.

"In regard to Sally," he said slowly, not looking at the young man while he made the remark, "has it occurred to you that the death of Spaulding had eliminated him

as a possible factor in the disappearance of Sally Cross?"

"No; it has not," was the blunt and instant reply.

"Eh? Why not?" demanded the detective.

"It hasn't eliminated his as a factor, for the reason that I don't believe he ever was a factor in the matter. You might as well charge me with the abduction."

"I was coming to that," replied the detective.

"What's that? Are you about to charge me with the disappearance of the girl? I thought we settled the question at the parsonage."

"So we did—in fact, I suppose. But the death of Spaulding, which eliminates hi, must direct attention to you as the only person remaining with whom Sally might have eloped."

"Gee, Carter, but you surely are a romancer, for fair! You take my breath away. You really do."

"I am sorry for that," was the quiet reply.

Graeme started to his feet.

"Oh, for goodness' sake, let me out of here," he exclaimed. "I haven't got the time to waste over such fool notions. The next thing you will be doing, will be to arrest me for the murder of Spaulding. Such a course would be in keeping with your present line of investigation. Really, Mr Carter, I---"

"Well, you--what?"

"I thought you a great detective, and I find that you are only a very commonplace individual, after all. Why don't you look the facts in the face, and let it go at that?"

"What are the so-called facts that you would have me look in the face?"

"First, the disappearance of Sally, and the very evident theory that it was voluntary on her part--and therefore the consequent one that she must have never decamped with some person of whom we have never heard; some third person, who does not at present appear. Second, that the death of Den Spaulding was somehow the result of it."

"Eh? The result of Sally's possible elopement with a third person? What do you mean to suggest by that?"

"Ben was in love with Sally, you know that. Well, what is easier to suppose than that he somehow got wind of what was happening---of the fact that Sally was making off with some one else, and in despair, came to this room, and killed himself?"

"But he had given up his room. He had---"

"What of that? He knew that the room unoccupied. He probably had a key that fitted the door. He could enter the hotel by the front entrance, and not see a soul. In a little town like this one, front doors are rarely locked. He knew that."

"But," said the detective, "if the young man had determined to kill himself, why should he come here to do so? Why did he, in that case, first send Tinker for his satchel, and afterward go to great trouble to introduce himself into this room for the purpose of self-destruction?"

"Give it up, Carter. Those are questions for a great detective, like yourself, to answer. I wish you joy with them, and of the rest of the case, also."

With a loud laugh that was not pleasant to hear, Graeme swung on his heel, strode to the door, unlocked it, and threw it open; and then he passed out and closed it after him, none too gently.

And Nick could hear him, for a moment or two, talking in that same derisive tone to those who were waiting outside, and the detective knew that Graeme was recounting all that had taken place.

He did not care about that, however. He waited until he heard the footsteps of Graeme descending the stairs; then he again opened the door.

This time he passed through it himself; leaving the door widely ajar, and, with a sign to Mr Turner that he was to follow, went down the stairs, and passed from the house to the one main street of which the village boasted.

The townspeople were still gathered in knots around the vicinity of the hotel. Westerly had not had so exciting an occurrence in a long time; not since the mysterious visitations of the Midnight Murraders.

The people who were in the street in front of the little hotel, gazed at him curiously, and many bowed to him, for they had known him when he trailed down the murraders; but only one volunteered to come forward and speak, and that was a young farmer, who had left the plow to undertake the duties of a reporter on the little weekly county paper, of which the village boasted.

He stepped briskly to the detective's side, while Turner still brought up the rear.

"Mr. Carter, " he said, "I am James Loring. I think you know my people; they live about a mile out of town."

"Yes," said Nick, in reply . "What can I do for your, Mr. Loring?"

"Our paper comes out the day after tomorrow, and I thought perhaps you would give me an interview about this affair, that I might write up."

The detective regarded the other keenly before he replied, and he was pleased with what he saw, although it was just a young man of quick intelligence and thoughtful manner, who had determined to make something better of himself that a mere farmer's boy.

"walk along beside us, Mr. Loring," he said in reply. "I suppose your paper goes to press about tomorrow afternoon, or evening, doesn't it?"

"Yes sir."

"In that case, we have plenty of time. I am badly in need of some assistance, just now, and I have no doubt that you and Mr. Turner will supply the deficiency. Take us to a secluded spot, where we can talk together. I have some questions which I would be delighted to have you answer, if you can do so."

"Shall we go to the office of the Clarion?" asked Loring. "There is no one there , now."

"Yes. That would do nicely."

"Well, sir?" Loring asked, as soon as they were seated in the small office of the weekly paper. "I cannot imagine what your questions are, but I am quite familiar with everything about the neighborhood, and if I can be of service--"

"Of course. Perhaps one of you can explain to me why Tom Tinker, the village fool, is as much afraid of a whip as a woman is of a snake. Can you?"

Turner and Loring had seated themselves in convenient chairs; Nick was still standing, and now he turned his gaze from one to the other of his companions inquiringly. The question was an unexpected one, and both men stared at the questioner; then they looked at each other.

"It's true," said Loring presently, "but I had forgotten it, hadn't you Turner?"

"Yes."

"Will one you please answer the question?" suggested Nick.

It was Turner who replied.

"We don't know exactly," he said, "although the fact is undeniable. I can't imagine where you heard it, Mr. Carter."

"I doesn't matter, does it?" replied Nick. "But, please tell me

why the village fool has such horror of a whip."

"There are several stories about it," relied Turner slowly, "but the most likely one is that Tinker, before he came here, was from the South, where he had been a prisoner in one of the chain gangs of West Virginia, or Tennessee, or Georgia-- wherever it is that they whip the prisoners for disobedience. The idea is that he was so terribly whipped, for some offense, that it destroyed what little intelligence he may have had before that time. He was little more than a lad when he appeared here, and he has always been as he is now."

"Is he as much of an imbecile as he appears to be?" asked Nick.

"Oh, he is smart enough about some things."

"What is he smart about, for instance."

"Well, as to carrying out particular instructions. One has only to threaten him with a whip, and he----"

"Give me an instance of what you mean Turner."

"I don't know that I can do so, but I will try to make it plain to you."

"If you please," said the detective.

CONTINUED NEXT MONTH.

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.

Wireless Wanderings



JIM SNYDER

Last month I warned you about problems with DAK tape. Since then I have been able to check a little more carefully on the reels I have of this brand of tape. I have almost 300 DAK reels in my collection, and I find that all have deteriorated from a very small amount to the extreme problems that I mentioned last month. I am now in the process of copying those 300 reels onto other tapes, a project that should take me a year or more. The DAK reels that are really in bad shape are being thrown away after I copy them (in one case it took me fifteen hours to copy one six hour tape). But, most of them still seem to be in pretty fair shape, so far. After I copy these tapes, I will be happy to pass those that are still usable on to those of you who might also want to copy them. In most cases the shows themselves are still ok. I could pass them on to those who wrote for the reels I gave away a year ago, but I no longer have any record of who those people are. Anyway, if you want some of these that are still in reasonably good shape, so that you can copy them, drop me a note and I will pass them on to you, at no cost, after I have made my copies over the next year or so. You do need to have a reel to reel stereo tape player. While I have copied the tapes I am sending out without any great problem, I of course will take no responsibility for any problems you might have with them. I have consulted with a tape authority, and he has offered some suggestions, and I will put a copy of those suggestions in with the tapes. By the way, no dealers on this, please. If you want some of these, send your request to me at 314 North Colony Drive #2-D, Saginaw, Michigan 48603.

I enjoyed meeting many of you at the convention in Newark last October. A number of you brought up complaints and concerns about the

the Old Time Radio Club. I intend to discuss those concerns next month.



JAMES LEHNHARD

Some of you might be interested in doing a "good deed" with some of your old radio shows. The Stephanie Joyce Kahn Foundation, Inc., 20 West Park Avenue, Long Beach, New York, 11561, might provide you with a worthwhile opportunity. This organization works much on the order of the "taking books" program of providing recorded materials for the visually impaired. The organization is currently serving 1,700 people who are homebound and in 24 institutions. A part of the materials that they are distributing are tapes of old radio shows. If you would like to donate copies of some of your shows, on either reels or cassettes, please contact them at the above address.



NEWS CHATTER

Linda DeCecco

It is my unfortunate regret that I am retiring as cassette librarian. I am passing the cassette library along to Dominic Parisi. Dom will be taking over as cassette librarian on January 1, 1988. I have enjoyed being cassette librarian for the past 2 years and taking care of the library. Unfortunately it is time to pass on the reins to someone else who will do a better job of it than me. You can send your cassette orders to:

DOMINIC PARISI
38 ARDMORE PLACE
BUFFALO, N.Y. 14213

Good luck Dom with the cassette library.



THE LIBRARY GROWS AND GROWS AND GROWS AND GROWS.

Frank Boncore

Once again the OTRC is in debt to a swell bunch of guys and girls, the "DEALERS" at the annual Friends Of Old Time Radio Convention in Newark. Leading the pack was Thom Salome, Shadow Sounds of The Past, who donated 89 reels and 59 cassettes to the tape library. Thom was in his usual spot this year and he had with him 1000 reels and 1500 cassettes spread over seven tables. Keep an eye on him, because he has coming soon more series available including "Meet Me At Parkies," "ED Wynn, The Texaco Fire Chief," "Meet Corliss Archer", "Command Performance", "G.I. JIVE," "G.I. Journal", and last but not least the "Town Crier." I'll let you know as soon as they are available.

Bob and Debbie Burnham of BRC Productions was also very generous in donating 6 reels, 23 cassettes and 1 video. BRC also has a new flier out listing a sale on cassettes. It also lists several OTR related books and videos. An occasional order will keep you on BRC mailing list.

A very special thanks and a tip of the cowboy hat to Don and Jeanie Aston of Aston's Adventures for donating 5 reels and 6 cassettes.

Thanks to Andy Blatt of Vintage Broadcasts for donating 14 cassettes.

Thanks to Gary and LaDonna Kramer of Great American Radio for donating 10 cassettes.

N.B. In the near future The Dealers Corner will feature both Vintage Broadcasts and Great American Radio.

It was very nice to see Terry Salmonson of Audio Classics this year and I would like to thank him for his generous donation of 20 cassettes. Terry has always been a great supporter of the OTRC in the past. He is the one who donated the run of Escape to the library on reel. Terry had some 1100 Lone Ranger shows in his collection. Terry has coming in his catalog 600 Calavade of America, 15 or 16 Let's Pretend and 39 Jimmy Stewart, Six Shooters.

I would also like to thank Ed Carr for donating 5 reels (including 2 of The Whistler with Signal Oil Commercials--great stuff) and 10 90 minute cassette

Special thanks to Ken Mills of Nostalgia Recordings for donating

6 reels and 8 cassettes. His new catalog (coming soon) lists 60 Eddie Cantor shows.

Last but not least thanks to Gary Dudash of AM Treasures for 8 cassettes.

All of the above totals out to 112 reels, 158 cassettes and 1 video which will be added to our library THANKS TO THE GENEROSITY OF ALL THESE GREAT DEALERS.

Let me also thank my team in helping me get all these shows back to Buffalo and cataloged in the library. Thanks to my "Hentchman" Dick Olday (he was bestowed this title by Debbie Burnham). Thanks to the "Bag Lady, the semi lovely Linda DeCecco for storing this in her room. A very special thanks to our smugglers Dick & Rosemary Simpson for trucking all these shows back to Buffalo (poor Rosemary almost got packed out last year.)

Finally a new TAPE CATALOG Supplement will be out about February 15 listing to reel 670 and to Cassette 848. Thanks to a lot of hard work and generosity of a lot of great people.

THIS WILL BE SENT TO MEMBERS IN GOOD STANDING WHO HAVE THEIR DUES PAID UP.

A Special Service For Club Members Only

WANTED: I am looking for the following OTR programs: (Underwater Adventure), The Phantom Rider (parts 1 & 2) with Tex Ritter. Latitude Zero, Erwin of The Arctic, Martin of The Mists, and The Spider's Web. Can anyone help?

Chuck Juzek
57 Hutton Avenue
Nanuet, NY 10954

WANTED: "We The People" broadcast I-13-50 and any Lum & Abner shows prior to 1941. Willing to trade for any thing in my catalog.

Steve Ferrante
P.O. Box 153
Oakland Mills, Pa
17076

LETTERS



I have been in contact with Virginia DeMasi from the Niagara Frontier Radio Reading Services, a volunteer group that provides services for the blind and the elderly.

The group is looking for original radio scripts of a contemporary setting. The scripts can be single or multiple episodes. The group is also looking for actors and actresses to act in these episodes.

If anyone is interested please call Ms. DeMasi at 881-2146 or write her at the following address:

Ms Virginia DeMasi
740 Lafayette St
Buffalo, NY 14222

First of all, let me say that this is the first time I have written anything about OTR. My name is Chuck Wheeler, I'm 30 years old and have lived in Dayton, Ohio all 30 years. I have been interested in OTR for 3 years.

I am writing this in the Newark Airport returning from my second Friends of Old Time Radio Convention, which was a great success. If you have never attended the convention I highly recommend you do so. Last year I was concerned about going to the convention since Ed Carr was the only person I knew and that was through telephone conversations. At the end of the convention I had made 5 or 6 friends and met someone to room with this year. I also had an interesting conversation with Frank Boncore and Jim Synder at the convention this year. They said that they needed people to contribute articles so I thought I would write one for the newsletter.

At the convention I attended an interesting hour of information on Saturday morning dealing with Fibber McGee and Molly. Charles

Strumpf who is the co-author of Heavenly Days!", led the proceedings. Charles gave every one in attendance a score sheet with 100 spaces. The first questions were true or false, followed by multiple choice and fill in the blank. The results were quite interesting. A lady who I did not know, scored the highest with 57 correct answers. She received a copy of "Heavenly Days!" autographed by Jim Jordon. The man with the second highest score of 53 received a cassette tape of Fibber McGee and Molly. Third place with 51 correct answers was rewarded with a script from one of the shows.

I appreciate the chance to write about OTR. Younger fans are needed to keep this all going. Thanks for reading and see you in Newark in 1988!!

Chuck Wheeler

A SPECIAL SERVICE FOR CLUB MEMBERS ONLY *****CONTINUED

WANTED: Does anyone know whether my favorite voice, Truman Bradley, ever played a part in a radio (or television) program other than as an announcer? For those of you who can't quite place the name, Truman Bradley was best known as the announcer for the Roma Wines commerial on "Suspence," and as the host for TV's "Science Fiction Theater."

Bruce Whitehall
200 Via Colorin
Palos Verdes Estates
CA 90274

WANTED: I am looking for the summer replacement series called "SOMEBODY KNOWS" by writer Jack Johnstone. It was done in the 1950 summer season. I am interested in the entire 8 show run.

Dick Olday
100 Harvey Dr
Lancaster, NY 14080

JUST A REMINDER:: Don't forget to sent your membership dues for the coming year. We don't want you to miss any of the latest news on old time radio .

THE DEALERS CORNER

Frank Boncore

There are several new and uncirculated shows now available to collectors from RADIO'S past, box 153, Oakland Mills, Pa. 17076. Prices are as follows: Reels \$10.00 (6 shows per reel), cassettes \$5.00 for 90 min and \$3.50 for 60 min.

Adventures of Nero Wolf with Sidney Greenstreet 24 new shows from 1950-51

Now Hear This (Navy Adventure) 12 shows

Charles Bouer (comedy) 16 shows

Six Shooter w/ Jimmy Stewart 36 shows

The Chase (suspense, drama) 42 shows

Cloak & Dagger (spy drama) 24 shows

Crime & Peter Chambers 21 shows

Dark Fantasy 1942 (horror/drama) 28 shows, note quality is from very good to disc scratches.

Adventures of The Falcon 60 shows

Private Files of REx Saunders (detective) 12 shows with Rex Harrison

Aldraich Family 6 shows from 1952

Duffy's Tavern 34 shows from 1951

Adventures of Frank Merriwell 36 shows

The Losers (adventure/drama) 12 shows

The Whisperer (crime/drama) 6 shows

The Marriage (soap opera) 24 shows

Top Secret (spy) 24 shows

Whitehall 1212 (detective) 42 shows

The Big Guy (detective like the Fatman) 3 shows

Inspector Thorn w/ Stratts Cottonworth 12 shows

Roy Rogers 48 shows

Ed Wanat's Corner

AS I REMEMBER THEM—XI By Eddie Cantor

Ted Lewis Set the Pattern Of Modern Minstrel Man

IN A REVIEW that appeared recently in a Las Vegas newspaper, I read: "He sings in his own peculiar fashion, he dances, he struts, he is both funny and sentimental. And after an hour and ten minutes, the audience refused to let him get off the stage."

Now wouldn't you imagine they were writing about some fabulous newcomer? Well, it happens to have been a review of Ted Lewis, and he has been at it almost as long as I have, and that's pretty nearly forever.

Ted might have reached the top as a straight musician, without his top hat, cane and patter. His free-riding clarinet was imitated by the young Benny Goodman. His record of "St. Louis Blues" sent hep-cats of the 20s as far out of this world as people got in those days.

BUT TED was too much of a showman to stick to music. It isn't the Lewis clarinet that people come for, but the sleepy smile and twirling cane as he struts and soft-shoes around the dance floor and gives out with such oldies as "When My Baby Smiles at Me" and "Me and My Shadow."

I first saw this high-hatted tragedian of song back in 1917 when I first hit the Ziegfield Follies and he was at New York's famous Rector's Restaurant.

He was inclined to be melodramatic, but always with a tongue-in-cheek twinkle in his eyes that made people laugh with him, rather than at him. He became a master of modern minstrelsy, supplementing the music of his band with a manner that radiated magnetism, color and charm.

Ted and his big heart became a mark for all the panhandlers on Broadway. One night a guy



TED LEWIS

rambled up to him and said, "Hey, Mr. Lewis, slip me ten bucks, will ya?"

TED WAS AMAZED. "Ten dollars," he said. "Say, fellow, ask a fellow for two bits, or half a buck, or a dollar—but ten bucks!"

The panhandler said, "Look you don't have to give it to me, but don't tell me my business."

This handed Lewis such a laugh that he gave the panhandler \$20. "Gee, Mr. Lewis," the man said, "I only asked for 10. Why 20?"

"I threw in the extra ten because I intend to use this story tonight in my nightclub act."

Ted's catchline has been, as long as I can remember, "Is Everybody Happy?"

Most of his contemporaries say, "How do you like that guy? He's got millions of dollars socked away in the bank, in stocks and bonds, and he's asking, 'Is Everybody Happy?'"

As one of his ardent admirers, I can tell Ted everybody will always be happy while he's around doing what he's doing, which is great entertainment with accent on the nostalgia.

Excerpted from "As I Remember Them," Copyright 1964 by Eddie Cantor, Published by Duell, Sloan & Pearce.

NEXT SATURDAY — Eurico Caruso.

"ESCAPE"
10 P.M.

Tonight and every Friday at 10:00, you can escape to the strange world of imagination and high adventure. Here is your passport to excitement and unusual radio drama. Producer is William S. Robson. Be sure to listen!

Shadow in the Spotlight

There's never been any doubt that the Shadow is one of the most popular of all heroes, but in early 1988, The Shadow will become perhaps the only twentieth century hero to appear in comics format from both Marvel and DC at the same time. DC's SHADOW comic book presents the adventures of the famous character in modern times, but Marvel's upcoming SHADOW graphic novel, HITLER'S ASTROLOGER, will focus on the classic 1940's Shadow so fondly remembered by thousands of fans.

Denny O'Neill and Mike Kaluta originally teamed up on Walter Gibson's classic character in the 1970's, when they worked on the shortlived SHADOW comic book for DC. Now, after years apart from the hero who knows what evil lurked in the hearts of men, the two have reunited for a 64 page novel. Joining them is inker Russ Heath, famous in the comics industry for his realistic, polished style.

The publication of this long-awaited SHADOW graphic novel is seen by Marvel as such a major event that, for the first time in the company's history, the graphic novel is being published in hardcover format, complete with dust jacket. The price for this high-quality hardcover graphic novel will be \$12.95, and the book will be available at the end of January, 1988.

"HITLER'S ASTROLOGER" is set in 1941, as the threat of war casts its shadow across the world. The Shadow and his agents are involved in a daring scheme that takes them from Coney Island to Lisbon to Berlin, pitting them against the very core of the Third Reich.

They plan to exploit Hitler's obsession with mysticism and astrology, tricking him into invading Russia immediately, where Nazi forces would meet certain defeat. But first they must overcome the Nazi Bunk in America and rescue an important hostage.

How did the SHADOW end up appearing in books from two different companies? According to Lou Bank of Marvel, "Our SHADOW graphic novel was actually contracted and begun before Howard Chaykin did the SHADOW miniseries for DC; it just took a long time to finish the project. Technically, we only have the single contract for one graphic novel, while DC has the contract for an on-going SHADOW series." As a result, Lou Bank says that Marvel will not be doing anything further with the SHADOW after this graphic novel--at least not as long as DC has the contract rights for the series.

HITLER'S ASTROLOGER isn't the first Shadow graphic novel to be discussed;

several years ago, there was a great deal of talk about a proposed Harlan Ellison/Mike Kaluta Shadow graphic novel that never got beyond the planning stages.

The Shadow, now over a half-century old, began not in comics but in pulp magazines and as a radio character; in recognition of the Shadow's radio roots, Marvel has prepared a special radio commercial script to help advertise the publication of the upcoming Shadow graphic novel. "Since the Shadow began on radio, and many people still identify the character with that medium, we decided to create a special commercial script which will help store owners sell the novel to a large, new audience," Promotion Manager Steve Saffel noted.

The graphic novel is slated for January 26, 1988 shipping; Shadow fans are urged to reserve copies with their comics shops as soon as possible, to make sure that they get a copy.



Irene Hammer Dies; Radio's 'Singing Lady'

WEST PALM BEACH, Fla. (AP) — Irene Wicker Hammer, who became famous as "The Singing Lady" on the first children's radio show, died Tuesday. She was 86. "The Singing Lady," which aired from 1930 to 1975, featured Mrs. Hammer playing the piano, singing songs and telling stories about the young lives of American heroes.

Mrs. Hammer won an Emmy in the 1950s for a series of books and records and was later given a Peabody Award for lifetime achievement.



Five days a week Mary Margaret is gleefully welcomed into a million homes where her word on everything

from turkey stuffing to celebrities is absolute

The Private Life of a Pied Piper

By COLLIE SMALL

With a gay abandon that has won her listeners' undying devotion,

Mary Margaret McBride keeps nobody's secrets

EACH week day at 1 P.M., Monday through Friday, over a million housewives, tingling with anticipation, lay down their dustpans, settle back in their easy chairs and tune in on WNBC, New York. At this same wonderful moment, with women from Maine to South Carolina trembling deliciously on the brink of a plunging waterfall, a plump, apple-cheeked figure skids into her chair in Studio 6-D, waves happily to the 40 or 50 dozing ladies in the studio audience, rearranges her notes, gives her hair a final pat, and sighs contentedly as Vincent Connolly, the announcer, says, "It's one o'clock and here is Mary Margaret McBride."

Thus begins a wondrous odyssey. Amid squeals of delight, including some uttered by Mary Margaret herself in her own unquenchable enthusiasm, McBride's Dustpan Army sets off down the road of life.

With Mary Margaret leading the way, the cheer-

ful flock skips along behind, paying rapt attention to the points of interest indicated by Mary Margaret, relishing the little side excursions into the private lives of an endless variety of guest stars, and pausing dutifully for Mary Margaret's extraordinary commercials, which, whatever else they may be, carry all the authority of a chapter from the New Testament.

The bond between Mary Margaret and her listeners is unique in radio. In the fifteen years that she has been on the air, her listeners' affection for her has built up to the point where it is reminiscent of the passionate devotion that Aimee Semple McPherson commanded at the temple in Los Angeles.

For Mary Margaret's tenth anniversary broadcast a few years ago, 20,000 people jammed Madison Square Garden to pay tribute to her. Her mail has run as high as 250,000 letters a year. Her apartment, a small duplex overlooking New York's Central Park, is crammed with gifts from admiring

housewives, the gifts running toward whole crates of eggs and an oversupply of samplers.

A devotee in New Jersey who died several years ago unfailingly set an extra cup of tea for Mary Margaret. And once, an elderly lady who was being taken to a poorhouse stopped by the studio to give Mary Margaret her last possession—a celery dish which had been a wedding present.

Mary Margaret, sentimental enough under the best of circumstances, was so overcome that she sat down and cried.

The State of Missouri, her home state, recognized Mary Margaret in 1939 by designating November 22d as "Mary Margaret McBride Day." In 1943, the All-American Rose was named after her and was duly listed in the seed catalogues: "Blooming in queenly dignity, Mary Margaret McBride will remain in never-fading glory throughout the hottest summer weather."

Only a few months ago,

King Haakon of Norway, in ceremonies in Oslo, decorated her for her wartime broadcasts in which she praised the resistance of the Norwegians during the German occupation.

The spell Mary Margaret weaves over her vast audience is illustrated by the number of competitors who have modeled programs along the lines of hers. In 1940, Estella Karn, Mary Margaret's manager counted over 300 imitators.

Because of the informality of her program and her unorthodox approach to the commercials, which she writes herself ("They call it jam but I still think they mean preserves but anyway I hope you'll go right out this afternoon and buy some—was that all right, Vincent?"), there is a lamentable tendency to underestimate this bubbling lady.

The fact of the matter is that, from a standpoint of pulling power, Mary Margaret McBride is undoubtedly the number one miracle of modern radio.

Influence of a Woman's Word

Her breathless recommendation of a product is so certain to provoke an overwhelming response that Printer's Ink, a trade magazine with no very great affection for radio, has said reluctantly that her program is "perhaps the most outstanding example of reliance upon the word of a human being in the commercial field."

Several years ago, Mary Margaret casually remarked that a loaf of bread held untold delights for a clever housewife; in no time at all 31,439 persons had written for more details. When she offered free samples of noodle soup, 13,903 families rose to the bait.

Once, when she praised a certain brand of carrots, sales jumped from two to ten carloads a day.

Because Mary Margaret frequently interviews authors on her program, she has been credited with exercising, in radio at least, the greatest influence on book sales since the late Alexander Woolcott.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF A PIED PIPER

Continued from page 23

Before the election Mary Margaret, a Democrat, interviewed Mr. Dewey and came to the conclusion that she would have to vote for him. "I love that man," she said. Hundreds of listeners immediately wrote in to say that under the circumstances they, too, would vote for Dewey and would forgive Mary Margaret for her temporary defection.

Mary Margaret obviously was unable to put Mr. Dewey to the laboratory test, but he is one of the few things she has ever endorsed without first having it tested. For moral reasons, she refuses to endorse alcoholic beverages or cigarettes, and she has rejected any number of other products because they failed to come up to specifications.

Mary Margaret once was offended by a soft-drink manufacturer

who told her that sales were good at a certain picnic. After mentioning it on the air, she visited the picnic and discovered to her horror that virtually nobody was drinking the beverage. The next day, while the sponsor gnashed his teeth, she calmly reported that she had been in error; she had been unable to find more than a handful of people drinking the stuff.

Despite her fussiness, would-be sponsors are constantly clamoring for a spot on her program and there is always a waiting list of several dozen aspirants.

At the moment, she is plugging such diversified items as life insurance, gingerbread, and refrigerators for sixteen sponsors, each of whom pays her \$175 a week for five commercials.

In addition, Mary Margaret recently took on a network television show, sponsored by five firms, each paying \$500 per week.

If a sponsor is imprudent enough to suggest to Mary Margaret that she change a commercial, Mary Margaret is likely to invite him right off her show. Moreover, he is in mortal danger of injury at the hands of Mary Margaret's listeners.

Several years ago, after she had suggested that her followers stuff their Thanksgiving turkeys with a certain brand of toasted bread crumbs, the sponsor complained that she had been a trifle brisk in her delivery of the commercial.

The information that the sponsor was displeased was passed on to her audience the next day. In several hundred spirited letters to the astonished sponsor, listeners from a dozen states reported indignantly that they had, indeed, stuffed their turkeys with his toasted bread crumbs and only because Mary Margaret had asked them to. So there!

Mary Margaret has been on the air since 1934, when she won an audition for the post of "Martha Deane" on a local station in New York. Born in Paris, Missouri, in 1899, she worked her way through college in Columbia, Missouri, toiled with distinction on various newspapers, became a successful magazine writer, went down with the market crash, and bobbed up at the last critical moment as the afore-mentioned "Martha Deane," at \$25 a week for six shows.

As "Martha Deane," Mary Margaret was a success as soon as she took her hands out of the flour and gave up the hopeless job of trying to be radio's homemaker. This occurred on her fourth day when, disgusted with trying to tell mothers what to do with their children, she threw away the script and described a visit to a flea circus instead. The formula was successful from the start and it is still the essence of her program.

Staging Her Broadcast Act

With her heels hooked comfortably over a rung in her chair, Mary Margaret conducts her program from a sheaf of notes which she consistently misplaces in a large pile on the table in front of her. This causes her to mutter into the microphone and snatch impatiently at the slips of paper until she gets straightened out with both herself and her guests. Veteran listeners take these distractions in good humor and, in fact, pride themselves on their indulgence of Mary Margaret's little eccentricities.

As for the guests, Mary Margaret's interviewees run a gamut that could be disastrous in less capable hands. Over the past few years she has interviewed such personages as Sally Rand, who discussed

her childhood in the Ozarks; Jimmy Durante, who had a head cold; the adviser to the Grand Lama of Tibet; the manager of an Alaskan dog team; a young man who helps his mother make brownies; and Eleanor Roosevelt.

It was Mrs. Roosevelt, on one occasion, who was indirectly responsible for one of the few times that Mary Margaret has been late for her broadcast.

Ever helpful, Mary Margaret had gone down to Mrs. Roosevelt's apartment to escort her guest to the broadcast. Returning to the station, a few minutes before one, their taxi was caught in a traffic jam several blocks from the studio. Mrs. Roosevelt sportingly suggested that they get out and run for it, but Mary Margaret vetoed the idea.

"We'll ride," she said firmly, "or we won't go at all."

The two ladies finally careened into the studio, several minutes late, as Vincent was struggling manfully to entertain a million housewives. Mary Margaret, glancing calmly at the clock, sat down at the microphone, motioned Mrs.

Roosevelt into her place, discoursed at some length on the difficulties of getting around New York, and said, "You know what we really need, Vincent? It's a pitcher of that delicious, economical, iced Ehler's tea!"

Only a few months ago, Mary Margaret was late again when she got caught in her corset zipper. It took the combined talents of a doctor and the janitor of her building to disengage her from this predicament; although in considerable pain from assorted lacerations, Mary Margaret hurried to the studio to explain to her worried listeners exactly what had happened.

Mary Margaret's choice of subjects for her program depends largely upon her whims of the moment, but she can be depended upon to refer to the subject of eating nine or ten times during a broadcast. Mary Margaret's preoccupation with her stomach is celebrated in radio. And she is sure to remind her listeners regularly that her favorite meal consists of hot biscuits, mashed potatoes, fried chicken and apple dumplings.

It takes only the slightest jog to turn Mary Margaret's thoughts toward food. Listeners are fond of recalling a broadcast a few years ago in which she said dreamily, while discussing Mont-Saint-Michel, "There is nothing else in the world like its Gothic fortress abbey—so grim and beautiful on its high island. I was thinking about Mother Poularde's omelets..."

For all of that, Mary Margaret is neither a particularly expert nor an especially enthusiastic cook. Once she undertook to bake a cake and bring it to the studio, but it collapsed under the weight of the frosting. The accident was duly reported to her radio listeners, and they in turn hastily rallied with letters to the Swans Down flour people, warning them not to be angry with Mary Margaret. "It could have happened to anybody," the letters explained, in her defense, "Even with Swans Down."

Carelessness Is a Pretense

As a person, Mary Margaret is pretty much as she sounds over the air—lovable, sentimental, and home-loving. Although her program frequently sounds as though it were thrown together a few minutes before she goes on the air—a deliberate affectation—Mary Margaret employs a staff of twelve people to help her with it, and the works far into the night going over the material brought her by her researchers, signing letters handed her by her secretaries, or reading the novel of what's-the-name-of-that-man-I'm-interviewing-tomorrow?

Her week ends are spent almost invariably at Miss Karn's farm in the Catskills. The exact location of the farm is a jealously guarded secret, but a certain number of enthusiasts ferret it out regularly and keep Mary Margaret in a state of continual suspense. One day last summer Mary Margaret was frightened from out of her skin when she awakened from a nap on the porch and looked into the eyes of a half-dozen Peeping Toms who had gathered to inspect her at close range.

Miss Karn is Mary Margaret's closest companion, as well as her manager, and takes roughly a third of Mary Margaret's earnings. She helped propel Mary Margaret into radio, shoved her into television, and even forced her to buy her first fur coat when they went to Missouri for "Mary Margaret McBride Day."

"I don't need a fur coat," Mary Margaret protested.

"Well," Miss Karn said, "I have one and I don't want those people in Missouri to think I'm stealing your money."

"Well, now, that sounds reasonable enough," Mary Margaret said, reminding herself to be sure to tell the people on the next broadcast how Stella made her buy her first fur coat.



Harry Frankel was famous as "Singing Sam, the Barbasol Man" and his deep bass voice introduced one of radio's first singing commercials. The words:

*Barbasol, Barbasol
No brush, no lather, no rub-in,
Wet your face and then begin.
Barbasol, Barbasol. . . .*

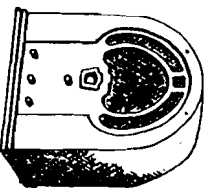
Collier's for December 11, 1948

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY SID GROSSMAN

FIRST CLASS MAIL

THE OLD TIME

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