
ILLUSTRATED PRESS

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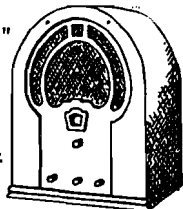
EST. 1975



LES TREMAYNE & HIS "FIRST NIGHTER"

COSTAR, BARBARA LUDDY

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.

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32 Shenandoah Rd.
Buffalo, NY 14220

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

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

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

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393 George Urban Blvd.
Cheektowaga, NY 14225

MEMBERSHIP RENEWALS, CHANGE OF ADDRESS
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1741 Kensington Avenue
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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.

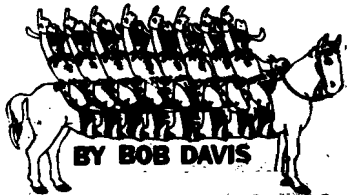
ADVERTISING RATES FOR MEMORIES:
\$50.00 for a full page (ALL ADS MUST
\$34.00 for a half page BE CAMERA READY)

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

Advertising Deadline - September 1.

SAY!

WHO WAS THAT MASKED MAN?



Hey gang it's just my opinion but I feel that if the evolution of radio to television had been reversed we would now be enjoying radio as it was back in the 1940's. TV has grown so predictable and insane that it has lost most of it's charm and attraction. Just think, when was the last time you really looked forward to seeing a particular tv show? And when it aired weren't you somewhat disappointed with it?

I feel that if radio had evolved out of television we would now be at a point where, fed up with tv, we would be searching for an alternate to the tube and radio would be the answer.

For a society that is constantly on the move what could be better than an entertainment form that could move along with it. For years many of us have had tape players in our cars so we could listen to stories as we drove here and there.

The advent of the audio cassette with it's convenience and increasingly improved sound had only made the enjoyment of portable entertainment even more so. I'm not a big fan of cassettes but I do realize that they have a definite place in otr collecting and see more and more collectors switching over to that format.

Wouldn't it be great if we could get entertainment like this on our car radios or walkmans?

Radio is still a pretty strong attraction to the general public even though they might not admit it. When something happens like a blizzard or a disaster what do the people turn to? TV? Nope, not when you have to wait through numerous commercials to find out what you

need to know. You go to the radio and the information is right there.

Again just think. The last time something big happened, where did you turn? Well, I believe that if the radio evolution been different we would be turning to the same place for our entertainment too.

A few months ago Jim Snyder did a column on a screechy tape. I also did one afterward, and I'd like to do a follow up to this increasingly nasty problem. The tape we're talking about has a black or very dark brown flat backing on it and it's this backing that is causing the problems.

In his article Jim mentioned DAK as the prime offender but I've found many other brands that have the same problem. They were usually advertized as being a low noise type of tape. These tapes, with age, turn into virtually unplayable and potentially destructive reels of trouble. The backing "bleeds" a resin-like material that can act like sandpaper on your recorder. The following is absolutely true and I'm not exaggerating one bit.

Without careful redubbing any mateial on these tapes is lost. You might as well just trash it all. The purpose of Jim's and my columns about this is to give you fair waring to check through your collections and weed out these nasty reels of TApe. They might not be acting up now but sooner or later they will. Maybe by then it will be too late to save some of your favorite shows.

Aside from the obvious look og the tape there is another simple test you can make to see if the reel is ok. Unwind about two feet of tape from the reel and lightly grasp it between your thumb and forefinger. Then just slide your fingers down the tape. The screeching will show up even then.

I hope the manufacturers didn't make cassettes out of this same kind of tape. So far I haven't heard of any problems of this sort showing up on cassette. I hope I never do.

It's a disgusting thing to work to build up a good collection of otr shows only to have a good part of it ruined because of, what was once good tape, turning bad.

This ticks me off to no end!!! I guess it shows.

SEE YA NEXT TIME



HY DALEY

The Drivers Education teacher at our school is named Bob Benson and we were talking one day in the faculty lounge about when we were kids.

"You know, Hy, you probably never heard him, but when I was a kid in WARren, Pa., I had a famous name.

Having heard many Bobby Benson radio shows, I just smiled and said, "Yup, Bob, and I supposed you had a horse named Amigo?"

Of course, he knew I had the OTRC group at school so he wasn't that surprised I knew something about Bobby Beson.

Recently browsing through a 1933 copy of Broadcasting at the library of Youngstown University, I came across some more interesting tidbits about Bobby.

"The plot is a fast moving cowboy drama, censored only to the point of making it acceptable for a child audience."

Who knows what was censored in 1933, but the H-Bar O Rangers Club was highly successful.

In the article is a picture of a parade through Buffalo, NY (of all places) of H-BAR O Rangers to announce the new broadcast series over CBS.

For two weeks prior to the opening broadcast on September 26, 1932, CBS gave broad publicity nationwide by having cowboys ride in the vicinity of public schools in every network station city and performing wild west stunts. The cowboys also handed out pamphlets.

There were duplicate shows, one broadcast out of LA via CBS-Don Lee Chain, while the other broadcasts originated in the studios of WGB, Buffalo. The same script was used on both shows with different actors. Both sides on the USA heard the show at five p.m.

Bobby Benson premiums were many. There was a Rang Badge for

two box tips from H-O Oats. You also could get a bandana, rodeo rope, cartridge belt, gun, holster, handcuffs, suprs, hat and chaps (25 box tops).

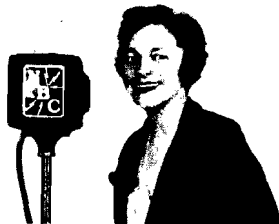
Bobby Benson was one of the earliest serials to use premiums to test audience appeal and oddly enough it has a Buffalo Connection.

MAKE
YOUR PLANS
NOW
TO ATTEND,
CINNINNATI'S



MAY 13, 14
MARK YOUR
CALENDARS

MORE
INFORMATION
LATER



ELSIE JAMES "SWEATHEART OF THE A. E. F." (1928)

July 16, 1909.

NICK CARTERCOPYRIGHT:
STREET & SMITH**The Mystery of a Hotel Room**CHAPTER XTHE DETECTIVE MAKES A CASE

"Wait, Loring," said the detective, when the young man would have risen and left the office. "I don't wish you to ask Tinker that question, just now, but I do wish that, during the day, you would manage to see him for me."

"Well, sir?"

"I want you to tell him to be at the church corner-- the same one where he says he met Spaulding when the latter sent for his satchel-- at half-past nine o'clock to-night. Will you do that, and can you assure me that he will be there, even if you have to threaten him with a whip in order to make him do so?"

"Yes."

"You may lead him to suppose that he is to meet you, if you like. Indeed, you may be present, if you will keep out of sight. You also, Turner."

"But what is the object of it all, Mr. Carter?"

"I will tell you both. I will surprise you in the telling, but I think that my theory will prove eventually to be the correct one. I believe that Benjamin Spaulding died outside of the hotel and was taken there afterward."

"But, my dear sir, how can that be possible?" exclaimed Turner

"I don't know-- yet -- how it is or was possible, but I believe it, none the less. I do not think that the young man killed himself, but I do believe that he was murdered. Just how it was accomplished, does not now appear."

"But how could he have been taken to that room in the hotel after he was murdered, if it is true what you say?" demanded Loring

"The door of the room was locked,

and the key to it was in the office. The---

"He could have been taken there over the roof above the porch--- and I now believe that the village fool, Tom Tinker, took him there."

"You believe that Tom Tinker, killed him? Why, that---

"I did not say so."

"No, but---

"Listen. Once upon a time, long ago, Chauncy Graeme horsewhipped Tinker, and, as a consequence, Tinker not only hates Graeme, but fears him. Both have admitted that much to me in their own characteristic ways."

"What of that? What has that to do with---

"Again I must interrupt you. You attended the reception, Loring; you were one of the company with whom I shook hands."

"Yes."

"Well, I am rather a close observer of small things on an occasion of that kind, and last night, without anticipating anything that has occurred, I still noticed two things which have aided me materially in what I have had to do to-day, and which have forced me into the theory I have since adopted regarding the mysteries we are facing."

"Yes Mr. Carter."

"Those two things were, first, that Graeme believes himself to be passionately in love with Sally, at least to the extent of determining that no one else shall possess her; and second, that Sally had already engaged herself to Spaulding. Have you absorbed those two facts?"

"Yes. Neither one surprises me, however."

"Possibly not; but they are important, just now, so bear them in mind."

"Very well."

"After the company had departed,

both Graeme and Spaulding lingered. Of the two Graeme took his departure first. A little later, Spaulding made his exit. Sally followed him to the gate, and they stood there together for a time, talking. When Sally returned to the piazza, her eyes were sparkling as if she had heard something that was extremely pleasant, and also something that troubled her. and I am convinced that she then had no thought of leaving it before morning."

"That is only conjecture, Mr. Carter."

"It is conjecture which amounts almost to certainty, nevertheless. Now, while I have been going from one thing to another in reference to this case, all day, I have kept in mind those occurrences of last night, which I have just described to you, and now after piecing them, and re-piecing them together, after the manner of picture puzzles, I have at last got the whole thing in shape. I am so sure of it I am going ahead on that theory."

"Please tell it what it is," said Turner.

"First, let me ask this; Do either of you know with whom Graeme plays cards when he comes here, and can you tell me where they play?"

"Yes to both." replied Loring.

"Good. I will come back to that, presently. Now, last night, when those two young men left the rectory, one of two things happened Either Graeme waited somewhere near, until Spaulding and Sally parted, or Spaulding, because of some reason we do not know, sought Graeme, after he parted with Sally at the gate. I am inclined to accept the former theory."

"You suppose, at least, that the two were together, after they had left the rectory," said Turner.

"I feel positive of that.

Now, another thing; While we were seated outside the house, after the company had gone, Graeme was constantly munching sugarcoated almonds when he was not smoking his cigarettes. Twice he passed them to me, and to the others. Sally refused them; so did her father, but I ate two of them, Spaulding ate several, Mrs. Cross ate some."

"Well, what---"

"My friends, I discovered another thing, last night, or rather, this morning early, in regard to Chauncy Graeme, and I will explain what it was by telling you that one of the principal clues

in my chase after the Midnight Marauders, when Sally was abducted that other time, by her insane uncle, James Stedman, was that I found along the route I followed, many stumps of cigarettes which bore the initials, 'C. G.' This morning, I found that Graeme had been smoking others which bore that identical mark, while he was at the rectory."

"That convinced me on the spot, that he was a passive, if not an active, party to the other affair, and might, therefore, be the real party in this one."

"SO much for that. Now, as to another point that is not yet determined. If Graeme is all that I suppose him to be, and I haven't a doubt of it in my own mind, he is a very bad young man, who would hesitate at nothing to attain his ends. Also, he belongs to that type of criminal who dares everything with the utmost coolness, because of a resolution to suffer death at his own hands, rather than be sent to prison--or worse."

"Such criminals invariably carry with them the means of instant self-destruction, and a favorite method is to secrete some where on the person, a frosted glass bead, and to fill the cavity of that bead with prussic acid, or with cyanide. Do you follow me?"

"Yes" said both men, breathlessly.

"If Graeme possessed such a thing as I have described, and if he did wait outside to discover how long after him Spaulding remained, and if he did see the parting at the gate where even I saw a kiss exchanged, and if he were resolved that none other than himself should possess Sally Cross, don't you see that it was an easy matter to put rhw deadly bead among the sugar-coated almonds, and then, quite by accident, while still munching the candies, to encounter Spaulding again? There was no open breach between them, Spaulding would not hesitate to accept several of the candies, after having already eaten some of them; but the moment he put the bead in his mouth and broke it, he was a dead man."

"But," expostulated Turner, "How in the world can you build up such a terrible accusation against a man who had been---"

"Let me interrupt you, Turner. I would not have thought of building such a theory against Graeme, were it not for the cigarette stumps, and the almost absolute knowledge that he was instrumental in that other

abduction. That was my starting point; and then, added to that, was the remarkable effort to establish the theory of suicide, and the one fatal error that was made in that effort."

"What was that?"

"The fact that the people who put the body in the room forgot all about the door that was locked, and the key which was hanging on the rack in the hotel office--and the part about the satchel."

"What about the satchel, Mr.

Carter? Who do you think sent for that?"

"I think that Spaulding sent for it himself, but that when Tinker returned with it, he found Graeme awaiting him. Spaulding was dead by that time, probably concealed among the shrubbery that surrounds the church."

"But where is the satchel now? Who has it?" asked Turner. And the detective replied:

"If my theories will hold water, Mr. Turner, Tom Tinker can answer that question."

CONTINUED NEXT MONTH.



JAMES LEHNHARD

THE second annual OLD TIME RADIO AND NOSTALGIA CONVENTION will be held in Cincinnati, Ohio on May 13 and 14. This is put on by the same people who publish the OLD TIME RADIO DIGEST.. I have no other information, other than the date, at this writing, but you can get full info by writing to the organizers at Royal Promotions, 4114 Montgomery Road, Cincinnati, Ohio 14521, or call at (513) 841-1267 between 9:00a.a. and 5p.m EST.



A Special Service For Club Members Only

WANTED: I AM looking for photographs of the RADIO cast of "GUNSMOKE" for the next issue of "MEMORIES".

Frank C. Boncore
250 Heather Hill Dr.
Buffalo, N.Y. 14224

WANTED: Jack Benny show dated 12/8/46 Jack goes Christmas shopping and buys Don shoelaces.

STEVE Oualline
10214 Black MTN RD. #49
San Diego, Ca 92126

WANTED: Cassette of any of the radio program "Hotel For Pets". Name your price.

Bruce Manschak
6549 N Drake
Lincolnwood, IL
60645

WANTED: I am looking for the Green Hornet show "Underwater Adventure" that aired 9-24-46.

Chuck Juzek
57 Hutton Avenue
Manuet, NY. 10987



Weber and Fields, music hall immortals; were early NBC stars. They participated in the opening network program November 15, 1926.

THE DEALERS CORNER
by Frank C Boncore

Two years ago, at the Friends Of Old Time Radio Convention, I was fortunate enough to meet Ken Mills of Nostalgia REcordings, 907 Maple Ave, Ridgefield, N.J. 07657. Ken has several reels for sale at his table. Among them was a reel of Eddie Cantor which I bought immediately. Later on when I played it at home, I was pleasantly surprised with the excellent quality. When I saw him past year I discovered that he had four more reels of Eddie Cantor and two more reels of Jimmy Durante, which I bought and added to my collection.

Ken has now updated his catalog which lists over 100 more reels including some New Big Band sounds. To get your FREE copy write to

Nostalgia Recordings
Ken Mills
907 Maple Ave
Ridgefield, New Jersey 07657

Don't forget to mention that you read about it in the I.P.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

If you are interested in some excellent BBC Science Fiction, Edward J Carr, 216 Shanor Street, Boyertown, Pa. 19512 has the following shows available on cassette or reel to reel, SOUND CAN DESTROY, ICE (a piece of Antarctica the size of Long Island breaks away and drifts up the Atlantic), THE EMPTY WORLD. Send \$3.00 for his catalog and find out how you can take advantage of his custom cassette service for as low as \$2.25 per hour. By the way if you are a Philip Marlowe fan, Ed has 7 or 8 1200ft reels available for \$6.25 per reel plus postage. (Note this is 3rd generation). Don't forget to mention you read about it in the I.P.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Audio Tapes Inc, Box 9584, Alexandria, Virginia, 22304 has used Ampex 2400ft tape in new boxes available for \$35.00 for 25 reels plus shipping, (\$6.50 east of the Mississippi, \$9.75 west of the Mississippi). Be sure to mention that you read about it in the I.P.



Parker W. Fennelly

**Parker Fennelly Dies;
Radio's 'Titus Moody'**

CORTLAND, N.Y. (AP) — Parker W. Fennelly, an actor whose Broadway and radio careers stretched back to the 1920s, has died at his home after a brief illness. He was 96.

Fennelly, who died Friday, was well-known for his portrayal of Titus Moody on "The Fred Allen Show" during the 1930s and 1940s. The character was the model for the folksy Peppercorn Farm baked goods spokesman, played on radio and television by Fennelly until 1977 when he retired from acting.

Fennelly first appeared on Broadway in 1924 in "Mr. Pitt," and his credits include performances in "Our Town" and "Carousel."

His movie credits include roles in Alfred Hitchcock's "The Trouble With Harry," "It Happened to Jane" with Doris Day and "The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming."

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.

ED WANAT'S CORNER

By Eddie Cantor

AS I REMEMBER THEM—Part IX

Cohan — Blarney on Broadway

ONE of the most talented figures ever known in the American theater was the producer-writer-actor-singer-dancer-and-all-round-wonderful-guy, George M. Cohan.

Show business had Fourth of July fireworks and flag-waving every day when George M. Cohan was around. Cohan loved America so deeply that it was reflected in almost every play and every song he ever wrote.

HE WASN'T satisfied to be known merely as "the first actor of the theater." No, this billing, which is the lifelong ambition of most men in show business, wasn't enough.

The sentimental Irishman with the twinkling eyes and busy brain wrote two hundred song hits, wrote forty plays by himself and forty more in collaboration with others, made ten thousand appearances as an actor, and produced and directed his own shows.

No one in show business ever captured the big street in quite the same way as the Yankee Doodle Boy. He wore Broadway in the buttonhole of his lapel for 25 years — and on him it looked good.

He was one of the softest touches in show business. For many years he sent weekly checks to unemployed actors, disabled wardrobe women, stagehands, and others who, at one time or another, had been associated with him.

ONE AFTERNOON we were having lunch together at the Oak Room in the Plaza Hotel in New York City. George was called to the telephone. He came back chuckling all over the place.

"Eddie," he said, "this is a beaut. There's a guy I've been

giving 50 bucks a week for a couple of years. He just told me on the phone that I got to raise him to \$75. It seems he met a girl and \$75 will impress her more than \$50."

I said, "The nerve of the guy. You're not going to give him \$75, are you?"

Cohan grew serious. "No, of course not. A man who's been getting 50 bucks for two years and wants \$75 just to impress a gal. I should say not. The most he's gonna get from me is \$60."

ONCE AT THE FAMOUS Dinty Moore's restaurant on West 46th St., George M. was dining with his partner, Sam H. Harris. Dinty Moore was sitting at their table, just kibitzing.

The waiter handed the dinner check to Harris. Cohan pointed his finger in the waiter's direction and said, "If Mr. Harris pays this check, I'll never come into this place again." The waiter took the check from Harris and handed it to Cohan.

Mr. Harris said, "You shouldn't have done that. If Cohan pays for this dinner, so help me, I'll never enter Dinty Moore's as long as I live."

This business went back and forth for several minutes until Dinty Moore said, "Waiter, I'll sign for it."

There was a twinkle in George's eye as he said to his partner, "It never fails, does it, Sam?"

The Buffalo News/Monday, January 18, 1988

People in the News



George Burns and Gracie Allen in a 1935 publicity photo. He is writing a reminiscence about her.

Burns Older, Wiser; Not Shy or Retiring

Associated Press

FORT LAUDERDALE, Fla. — Comedian George Burns, who turns 92 Wednesday, has some advice on longevity.

"Don't retire, because you don't enjoy anything when you're retired," Burns told an audience of 3,000 people Saturday night in the Sunrise Musical Theater. "And fall in love with what you're going to do for a living."

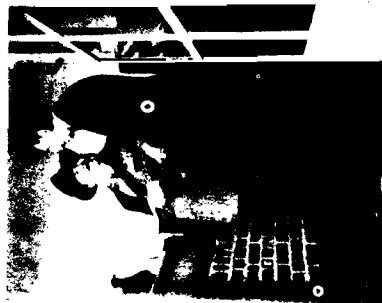
Burns, who clearly loves what he is doing, has been in show business for nearly 85 years. His

latest movie, "18 Again," will be released in April.

He is working on his eighth book, "Gracie," a reminiscence about his late wife, Gracie Allen, and is booked to appear in London's Palladium on his 100th birthday.

As if that weren't enough, he has put together a one-man stage show.

"I tell jokes, sing, dance and smoke cigars," said Burns, adding that he smokes 15 to 20 cigars a day.



CHAPTER XIFIGHTING LIKE A CORNERED RAT

There was a few moments of silence between the three men after that, broken, presently, by the detective, who turned to Loring, and said:

"Now, Mr Loring, whether you accept what I have said, or not, I wish you would do something to help me."

"Willingly, Mr. Carter. I will confess that I am rather stunned by the theories you have put forward. I think, at least, if they cannot be proved, they should be disproved. What is it you wish me to do?"

"I want you to find the men with whom Graeme played cards last night, and until this morning, and to learn from them all that you can about Graeme's presence among them. I want to know what time he arrived, how he played, whether he seemed preoccupied--and, in short, everything that concerned him, after he arrived among them; and lastly, don't forget the other commission I gave you."

"About Tinker."

"Yes"

"I won't forget it. But, before I leave you, will you explain one feature of your theory, which seems to me to be absurd? Pardon me, but it does seem so."

"I think I know to what you refer."

"Nevertheless, let me ask about it."

"Very well."

"Your idea is--is it not--that Graeme followed Spaulding and spoke to him after he had sent Tinker to the hotel after the satchel?"

"Yes."

"And that then he gave him the candy--that is, the poison?"

"Yes."

"How long would Spaulding remain alive after biting that glass bead, if it existed, and it contained the prussic acid?"

"A moment only."

"So, Graeme must have concealed the body in the shubbery, and then waited calmly for the return of Tinker. Is that the idea?"

"Yes."

"Well, will you tell me why Graeme, after receiving the satchel from Tinker, and frightening him into a promise of silence, as he must have done, did not send the fool about his business, and then place the satchel and the empty vial that was found, beside the body, and so leave it to be discovered where it was, instead of going to all the trouble to move it into the hotel room, where it was found?"

"I think he did that very thing, in effect--or thought he did so," replied the detective,

"Possibly he showed Tinker the body, and told the poor fool that Spaulding had killed himself, or had dropped dead. Then, in addition to menacing him with the whip, he frightened Tinker further by threatening to charge him with the murder if he should tell more than he had been instructed to reveal. Then, doubtless, he went about the other business of the night."

"Leaving the body where it was?"

"Yes."

"But, great heavens, man, it was found----"

"Where Tom Tinker later re moved it. Twenty-four hours earlier, or nearly that, Tinker had been on the roof of that porch, fixing one of the blinds at a window of that very room. He knew that the room was vacant; he knew that the window was not locked, or supposed it was not. The mind of a half-witted person, like Tinker, works strangely and wonderfully at times. I think it is only a coincidence that Tinker should have put the hobnails in his shoes that day--yesterday, but you will remember that the roof of the hotel porch is quite steep; eh?"

"Yes"

"Doubtless Tinker slipped upon it, the preceding day with his old shoes. In the afternoon of that day you gave him a pair with good

soles. He might be sent to the roof to mend another blind, so he hobnailed them. Tinker has wonderfully developed arms; have you noticed them, Loring?"

"I should think I had. He must have developed them in that Southern prison."

"Doubtless. Well, now we come to the point. He could carry the body quite easily, but he could not carry the body and the satchel, too, so he was forced to leave that behind. Here, too, was a splendid opportunity for testing his new hobnails. It was already late. there was no one upon the street to see him, or if one should appear, he would manage somehow to dodge. He could take the body to the barn, leave it there till he put the ladder in place, then convey it to the room through the window. After that, the satchel and its contents would be his, and Spaulding would not be lying out there in the open. I have been told that Tinker liked Spaulding."

"There was no doubt of that."

"Graeme would not be fool enough to try to take the body to the room, and even if he had done so, he would have seen to that door, and the key; but he would not have done it all."

"Now, where does the abduction occur, Mr. Carter?"

The detective started to reply to the question--had in fact, parted his lips to speak, when, through the window, which faced the street, he discovered the shambling figure of Tom Tinker.

"There is Tinker now," he exclaimed. "Step into that back room, Loring, and you, Turner. I will call the fellow inside. There is no use deferring till tonight what may as well be accomplished now."

Without waiting to see what disposition the others made of themselves, he stepped to the outer door and, opening it, called to Tinker.

"Come in here, Tom," he said. "I want to talk to you again"; and the half-witted derelict turned obediently and followed the detective into the office. "Those are the shoes that Mr. Loring gave you, aren't they?" he added, when they were both inside.

"Uh huh."

"When did you put the nails in soles, Tom?"

"Yesterday."

"You slipped badly when you went on the roof of the porch to fix

the blind, didn't you."

"Uh huh. Slipped like all get out."

"I thought so. Is that why you put the nails in the soles?"

"Uh huh. Didn't want to slip no more. Might break my neck."

"To be sure."

"Have you tried them since? DO they hang, now, and keep you from slipping?"

"Uh huh; fine."

"When did you try them?"

"Last night, when I ---" He stopped suddenly, and his face assumed the vacant stare which was usually its expression.

"You mean when you took poor Ben Spaulding's body to the room in the hotel, don't you."

The detective asked the question softly, and as if it were a perfectly natural one; and Turner nodded, and replied:

"Uh huh." Then he started, and half straightened, "How'd you know about that?" he asked huskily.

"Never mind that, just now.

Where did you hide the satchel, afterwards?"

But a cunning leer had come into the face of Tinker, and he only grinned in reply. Nick, after waiting a moment, rose and began to search around the room, as if he were looking for something he wanted; at the same time he asked himself in a low tone, but so that Tinker could hear what he said:

"I wonder where I put that whip? A good rawhide whip will make Tinker tell me what I want to know. Where is it? Where is that whip?"

The detective had his back turned toward Tinker during the supposed search for the whip. It did not occur to him that the man might attack him. He had not been warned as to that---that Tinker was dangerous when threatened, unless one held him with the eyes, and overawed him.

He was made aware of it soon enough, however, for, hearing a movement behind him, he half turned--and he was just in time to meet the savage rush of the half-witted man, who like a rat, could fight desperately if driven to a corner.

Tinker's long, apelike arms were thrown forward, and they closed around Nick Carter's body like the embrace of a bear. The talon-like fingers of one hand reached for the detective's throat, and closed around it, and then they fell to the floor together with a crash.

CHAPTER XIII

THE MYSTERIES ARE EXPLAINED

The struggle was short, as of necessity such a struggle must be.

In fact, it was so short, that the two men in hiding and who rushed to Nick Carter's assistance, arrived only in time to see the detective throw his assailant aside almost as if the man had been a child, then leap to his feet, and subdue the fellow, more with his eyes than by the exertion of his own great strength.

And Tom Tinker instantly became as docile as a moment before he had been belligerent.

He could attack a man when the latter had his back turned; that was all.

But it seemed as if sudden recollection of what the detective had been searching for when the attack was made, came to Tinker, and with a half growl, half moan, he slunk backward toward a far corner of the room, where he crouched, and began to plead pitifully.

"Don't whip me! Don't whip me!" he moaned.

Instantly Nick raised his own hands, with the palms outward, and he replied;

"Nobody shall whip you, ever again, Tinker, if you will tell me the truth. But, if you refuse to reply to my questions---" there was a significant pause, and then he added: "You will tell me the truth, won't you, Tinker?"

"Uh huh." WAS THE REPLY.

"Who was it that sent you to the hotel after the satchel? Who gave you the dollar to pay Mr. Pinckney?"

"Ben Spaulding." was the instant reply.

"Was it Spaulding who was waiting for you when you returned with the satchel?"

"No. Chance Graeme."

"What did he say to you?"

"He said he would whip me if I told that I had seen him there. Then he took the satchel, and gave me a quarter. My eyes are as good as a cat's, in the dark, I saw something in the bushes. It was Ben. It scared me. I started to run away, but Chance caught me and held me. He said he'd take me into the woods, and tie me to a tree, and whip me to death if I ever told anybody. You won't let him do that, will you?"

"No; I will not."

"He put the satchel beside Ben, under the bushes, and sent me away. I don't know where he went to."

"Where did you go?"

"The hotel barn; but I couldn't sleep. I kept seeing Ben's face, lying out there in the bushes. Then I remembered that room where I had fixed the blind, and I knew I wouldn't slip and fall now. I thought I'd take him there, and so I went and got him. He was heavy, but I toted him to the hotel, and laid him down while I got the ladder. Then I went up and opened the window. Then I went back after Ben. I carried him up and laid him on the bed. I lighted the lamp, and picked the grass and things off'n Ben's clothes, and then I put out the light and went out again. I put the ladder away and went back to the barn."

"Go on with what you did, Tinker." said the detective, when the man paused.

"I couldn't sleep. I kept thinking uh Ben. Then I remembered the satchel, so I got up again, and went after it. You see, I couldn't carry it when I had Ben to carry."

"Of course not."

"I didn't go back to the barn right away. I sat down under the bushes for a minute, and then I saw Chance Graeme and Pinckney come along the street together. They went past me, and I followed them; I don't know why."

"What did they do? Where did they go?"

"To the parson's house. Chance went behind the house, and came back with a ladder. Then he climbed into the cherry tree, and Pinckney passed the ladder to him. Then he went into the house through the window. I guess Sally hadn't gone to bed, cause I eard Chance say afterward that she'd gone to sleep with all her clothes on, and that her satchel was packed as if she was goin away. He did something to make her sleep sounder, anyhow, and he brought her out, and they took her across the road' and then, while Chance Graeme waited, Pinckney went after a hoss and buggy. I knowed where they was goin'. 'cause I heard 'em say about it, so I followed."

"Did you have the satchel with you all that time?"

"No; i hid it under a pile of rubbish across the road from the parson's. It's there yet. I ain't dared to go after it, since."

"Where did the men take Sally?"

Do you know that?"

"Uh huh. To the old Morehouse place. The house ain't been lived in for more'n a year, but it's all furnished, fine."

"How far is that from here?" asked the detective, turning toward Loring.

"About a mile; no more." was the reply.

"Was anybody at the house when they arrived there with Sally?" asked Nick of Tinker.

"Uh huh; ild nigger Nance; she used to work around the hotel, for Pinckney, till she got so crazy he couldn't keep her no more. She lives in a hut just beyond the Morehouse place, and tells fortunes. She don't tell the truth, though, 'cause she told me once that I---"

"Never mind that. What happened, then?"

"I dunno. I heard Pinckney say that he was afraid I would tell what I knew, and Chance said that if I did, he would tie me to a stump, and whip me to death. I got away, then."

"What did you do, the, Tinker?"

"I went back to the barn."

The detective was silent for a few moments, thinking. Then he addressed Turner.

"I wish you would remain here and keep watch over Tinker, so he won't talk to others." HE said.

"Loring and I will find the sheriff and arrest Pinckney and Graeme at once. Then, we will go after Sally."

But when the detective and his companions arrived at the hotel again, they were told that Pinckney was not there; neither was Chauncy Graeme. The two men had driven away together, half an hour earlier, toward the south.

With the sheriff for company, and authority, Nick Carter and young Loring secured a conveyance, and started, post haste, for the More house place, nor did they spare the horses on their journey there.

It was exactly twelve o'clock in the day when they arrived, and the detective leaped from the carriage before it was stopped, and ran with all speed toward the front door. He did not pause to rap for admittance, but, finding the door locked against him, threw his body against it, and so burst it open--- and the instant he did so he was greeted by a blinding flash and a report, and a bullet whizzed past his head, and imbedded itself in the casing of the doorway.

It was Pinckney who had fired, and a blow from Nick Carter's fist

sent the man reeling into the arms of the sheriff. At the same time they heard a scream from one of the upper rooms, and, closely followed by Loring, the detective dashed up the stairs, burst open a second door at the top of them, and rushed into a room just in time to discover Graeme in the act of escaping through a rear window.

But the fellow was not quick enough. Nick seized him and dragged him back into the room, where he was quickly manacled with the assistance of the sheriff--fastened with his hands behind his back, so that he could not escape.

Loring had gone at once to Sally Cross, who had fainted, and was slowly slipping from a chair to the floor; but she recovered very quickly under the care of the young reporter, and presently, with a shudder, she opened her eyes, and gazed wonderingly about her.

Little by little Nick Carter pieced the facts together after that, until he understood just what had occurred to bring about all that had happened the proceeding night.

When Sally Cross accompanied Spaulding to the front gate, as he was taking his departure, she told him of a threat that Graeme had made against her; a threat, that if she did not at once repudiate the attentions of Ben Spaulding, and consent to an open engagement with Graeme, the latter would not only put Spaulding out of the way forever, but he would find a means to force Sally to become his wife.

And so, there at the gate, it was agreed between Ben and Sally that that he would get his satchel from the hotel, after which he would return for her. He would call to her through the window, which she was to have open for the purpose, and then she was to leave the house and go with him. They were to go to the next town to be married, and then on to New York. They were young and romantic, they both knew that Sally's parents would not object to the match, and so the plan was hastily arranged in order to escape forever, as they thought, the machinations of Chauncy Graeme.

Sally wrote a note to her father explaining it all; then she lay down upon her bed, fully dressed; to await the coming of her lover.

But Graeme came instead, as we know. He found her sleeping, and having administered chloroform, carried her through the window to the ground, and thence away. And he had seen the letter that Sally had prepared for her father, and taken

that, also.

The murder of Spaulding had been the result of impulse, rather than a premeditated act. It was as Nick had said in developing his theory of the case. Graeme had the glass bead, filled with the deadly poison, in his pocket. He had introduced it among the candies, and so given it to Spaulding, while the latter was awaiting the return of Tinker with the satchel. Ben had been anxious to be rid of Graeme, at the time, and had accepted the proffered candy with out question. The consequence we know, Graeme had a small vial, which had contained prussic acid, though now empty, and this he had put into one of Spaulding's pockets to strengthen the theory of suicide. Doubtless it had somehow rolled out of the pocket on the bed when Tinker placed the body there.

Pinckney was merely a tool of Graeme's, in his many illegal schemes, as were also the four men with whom Graeme was supposed to have played cards that night. They were all members of a gang organized by Graeme, and they were about to begin extensive operations in counterfeiting.

Neither Graeme nor Pinckney had counted upon what poor Tom Tinker would do with the body, and the consternation of the latter can be imagined when he discovered that it had been conveyed to the hotel and left there. The irony of fate was in that, possibly.

And so, what seemed in the beginning to be a great and profound mystery, developed into a very ordinary affair after all.

THE END..



With Garry Moore in 1943.

Radiomania

By Joe King



OFF THE RECORD



"Whom shall I say is calling him THAT?"

Lombardo's Innovative Music Withstood Changes in Tastes

By JOHN R. WILSON

N.Y. Times Music Section

NEW YORK — Guy Lombardo's longtime image as "Mr. New Year's Eve" and the fact that his successful career as a band leader continued for more than 40 years after he had ceased to be an innovative tastemaker in popular music have obscured the fact that he brought as fresh and distinctive an approach to popular dance music in the late '20s as Benny Goodman did in the mid '30s.

The smooth, flowing lines of the Lombardo approach to a melody and the sensuous purr of his saxophone section were sharply at variance with the fast, staccato manner in which dance bands in the '20s played everything, including sentimental ballads.

When executives at Columbia Records first heard a sample recording submitted by the band in 1927, they were inclined to turn it down on the ground that it was impossible to dance to the Lombardo music.

THE PACKED dance floor at the Granada Cafe in Chicago, where the Royal Canadians were then playing, provided a mighty refutation of this. Once the band began to be heard on radio and records, it became the popular sensation of the day, primarily with young college audiences.

From the late '20s until the Swing Era arrived in the mid-'30s, the Lombardo style was the dominant influence among dance bands, reflected not only in such outright imitators as Jan Garber, but also as the foundation for the styles developed by Hal Kemp, Kay Kyser, Freddie Martin, Sammy Kaye, and innumerable lesser so-called "Mickey Mouse" bands.

At the same time, Lombardo had an unsurpassed record as a hit-maker; almost every new song that he introduced on his weekly network radio broadcast became a hit.



Guy Lombardo, as most remembered him ... but in his time, a musical pioneer

But the cycle of popular taste made a complete turn-about when the Swing Era arrived. Hard-driving swing bands were in; the silken Lombardo sound was out. And Lombardo suddenly found that the adulation that had been showered on him in the early '30s was turning to ridicule.

Readers of *Down Beat*, the jazz magazine, annually named Lombardo "King of Corn."

But these expressions of scorn came primarily from a new, younger generation of listeners going through the customary rites of rejection of whatever had been accepted before.

They were unaware of the radical changes that Lombardo had brought to American dance music, changes that had been superseded by the changes brought in by Benny Goodman and Artie Shaw and, later, Glenn Miller.

AS THE YEARS passed and tastes continued to change, Lombardo's music remained the same.

It had to, because to offer anything else under the Lombardo label would have amounted to fraud.

Although it often seemed to be an anachronism in the contemporary world of pop music, his simple, direct interpretation of easily comprehended melodies continued to attract huge audiences wherever he played, to fill concert halls where once he filled dance halls.

No other performer in popular music retained this high level of popularity as long and as consistently as Lombardo did — night after night, year in and year out since Nov. 16, 1927, when the band went on the air in Chicago for the first time and literally pulled people in off the streets with its music.

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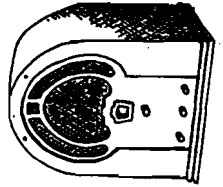
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