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# ILLUSTRATED PRESS

ISSUE #149

FEBRUARY, 1989

EST. 1975



**BEN BERNIE**  
"The Old Maestro"

**TUNE IN  
BEN BERNIE'S  
BLUE RIBBON MALT  
ORCHESTRA**



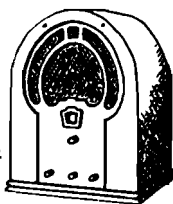
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Every Tuesday  
Night, Over the  
Columbia Broad-  
casting System**

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

NO. 67

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THE OLD TIME



RADIO CLUB

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**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, 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 \$13.00 per year and includes all the benefits of a regular membership. Regular membership dues are as follows: If you join in January-March dues are \$17.50 for the year; April-June, \$14.00; July-September, \$10.00; October-December, \$7. ALL renewals are due by January 2! 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 \$29.75. Publications will be airmailed.

\*\*\*\*\*  
 The Old Time Radio Club meets the **FIRST** Monday of the month (August through June) at 393 George Urban Blvd., Cheektowaga, NY. Anyone interested in the "Golden Age of Radio" is welcome.  
 Meetings start 7:30 pm.  
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**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: Richard Olday; Production: Arlene Olday. Published since 1975. Printed in U.S.A. Cover designed by Eileen Curtin.

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Dominic Parisi  
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**ADVERTISING RATES FOR MEMORIES:**

\$60.00 for a full page (**ALL ADS MUST BE CAMERA READY**)  
 \$40.00 for a half page  
**SPECIAL:** OTR Club members may take **50%** off these rates.  
 Advertising Deadline - September 1

## Wireless Wanderings



### JIM SNYDER

Charles Edward Coughlin was born in Hamilton, Ontario, in 1891 of a Canadian mother and American father. He was to become a pioneer of today's religious broadcasters who view their religion and politics as one.

Coughlin attended Catholic schools throughout his life, and was apparently quite an athlete. After his ordination as a Catholic priest at age 25, his first assignment was to teach at Assumption College in Sandwich, Ontario. When his order changed policy and required their priests to take a vow of poverty, Father Coughlin left the order to become a secular priest in the Detroit diocese. After three years of parish duties in Detroit, he was assigned to go to the Detroit suburb of Royal Oak to start a Catholic church in a community that had only 32 Catholic families. Two weeks after the Shrine of the Little Flower Church opened in Royal Oak, the Ku Klux Klan burned a cross on its lawn with a sign saying, "Move from Royal Oak." It is interesting to note that a later date he actually participated in a Klan funeral procession and helped conduct the service. He started his broadcasts over WJR in Detroit on October 17, 1926, and they became a regular Sunday feature. After only two years, so much money had come in that he planned a new stone church and still another year saw his broadcasts carried on stations in Cincinnati and Chicago. Three thousand letters a week came in, many with money. Initially his sermons were limited to religious subjects but on January 12, 1930, shortly after the stock market crash, he moved into the political area and attacked Communism and socialism. The following week he gave his listeners the "choice" of Christianity or Communism and the following week he attacked Bertrand Russell and a professor from the University of Wisconsin for their socialism.

Father Coughlin continued discussing Communism and predicted a Communist takeover of the United States by 1933. He blamed Henry Ford for this because of his hiring policies and because he contracted to build truck and tractor factories in Russia.

His broadcasts were picked up by CBS in 1930 to run for 25 weeks. On January 4, 1931 he planned a talk denouncing international bankers and repudiating the Treaty of Versailles, which he

considered to be the cause of the Depression. When CBS learned of the planned subjects, they asked him to "tone down the broadcast." He said that rather than do that, he would talk about a different subject entirely, which he did. This broadcast now dealt with how CBS was trying to censor him. CBS received thousands of letters denouncing this policy and so the network executives were silent the following week when he went ahead with the original talk. CBS, however, did refuse to renew his contract when his 25 week run was over. So, he organized his own "network," with 32 stations across the country. He had a loyal following. The St. Paul station that carried his broadcasts asked their listeners if they should continue to carry Father Coughlin. 400 said no, but 137,482 said yes.

He viewed President Herbert Hoover as the cause of the nation's ills, accusing Hoover of "ardent zeal to protect the banking class, the banker's friend, the Holy Ghost of the rich, the protective angel of Wall Street." Coughlin strongly supported Franklin Roosevelt for the presidency in 1932. A grateful Roosevelt invited Coughlin to the White House and the priest gave him a long list of recommendations for the economic recovery of the nation, some of which Roosevelt followed, some of which he didn't, which angered the Detroit priest. Coughlin told Roosevelt that he should name more Catholic ambassadors so Roosevelt told him that he could name the governor-general of the Philippines. Coughlin selected Frank Murphy, who later became the governor of Michigan. Although Roosevelt wanted his support, he didn't like Coughlin very much, and there came a break in their alliance. Coughlin campaigned actively against Roosevelt in the next election. At that time he referred to him as Franklin Double-Crossing Roosevelt.

He tangled with the union movement. Because he disliked the leadership of the CIO he said that Catholics could not be members of that union because "Catholicism was as incompatible with the CIO as Catholicism was incompatible with Muhammadanism." He helped organize a competing union named the Automotive Industrial Workers Association.

He started a new organization called the Christian Front from which Jews were excluded. When the organization was accused of being anti-Semitic he rationalized it away by saying that was just a word used by the Communists. In fact, however, in order to be a member a person had to sign a pledge to buy only from Christians, and to give employment to Christians only. In his writing I find him referring to opponents as "atheist Jews."

In the early stages of World War II he was anti-British and very pro-Nazi. He sometimes repeated speeches by Nazi

Propaganda Minister Josef Goebbels, virtually unchanged, as his own.

By the end of 1940 so many stations had stopped carrying his broadcasts that he left the air. He did continue with his writing and even after our entry into the war he opposed sending food to England "while some Americans are starving."

The FBI seized his records in 1942. The government apparently had a case for trying him for sedition, but instead went to Archbishop Edward Mooney who told Coughlin to quit writing and publishing or to leave the priesthood. Coughlin submitted. He continued to say mass at the Shrine of the Little Flower to gigantic crowds until his retirement in 1966. He died thirteen years later.

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# A Special Service For Club Members Only

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

**WANTED:** Jr. G-Men radio serial. Name your price.

Ken Weigel  
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Van Nuys, CA 91405

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**SHADOW SOUNDS OF THE PAST** - Thom Salome 196 Lawrence Avenue, Brooklyn, NY 11230. Catalog is available for \$6.50 in stamps only - no cash or checks. Also willing to trade with anyone and offers special rates for the handicapped. (certificate required)

Tapespondents is a free service to all members.

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## GUNSMOKE 101 MID-TERM TRIVIA TEST WINTER 1989

1. When did Gunsmoke begin its regular season radio series?
2. When was the 1st regular season broadcast of Gunsmoke?
3. When did Gunsmoke begin on television?
4. When did Gunsmoke end as a regular season television show?
5. What radio show did Gunsmoke replace?
6. What radio show replaced Gunsmoke when it left the air?
7. Name two sponsors of the Gunsmoke radio show.
8. Who was Matt Dillon? Where did he come from? How tall was he? What color was his hair? What did he do special to his gun? What was the name of his horse?
9. Who was Kitty? What was her last name?
10. Who was Chester? What was his complete name? What was his father's name? What was Chester's name on television?
11. Dodge City was located in what State?
12. During what years did the Gunsmoke stories supposedly take place?
13. What railroad serviced Dodge City during the Gunsmoke era?
14. What river flows by Dodge City?
15. What was Doc Adams' real name? Why did he come west?
16. What did Doc Adams buy every Spring?
17. Who was "Big" Kate? What was her relationship with Matt Dillon?
18. How many saloons were in Dodge City? Name them.
19. Where did Matt, Doc, Chester generally take their meals?
20. Who owned the Livery Stable?
21. When ever a prisoner was sentenced to hang, where was he taken?
22. Who was Mr. Hightower and what was his business in Dodge City?
23. Who was Ma Smalley?
24. Who owned the General Store in Dodge City?
25. Where did travelers generally stay in Dodge City?
26. What was the name of the main street in Dodge City?



# THE SHADOW

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STREET & SMITH

DECEMBER 15, 1942

by WALTER GIBSON

## The Money Master

### CHAPTER NINE : THE VANISHED SHADOW

It was Bert Cowder who stated the purpose of the criminal partners, in smooth and persuasive style. Bert told Cassette that they hadn't come to rob him. All they wanted was to make a deal. If Cassette would tell them how to reach the Money Master, they'd see that Cassette's own claim was settled, whatever it's amount might be.

The term "Money Master" was a shot in the dark on Bert's part, but a good one. As he heard the title, Cassette winced. His hand went nervously toward a pocket of the vest he was wearing beneath his dressing gown. Then, with a pronounced headshake, Cassette spoke thickly through his beard.

"The Money Master? I never heard of him."

Shep Ficklin shoved forward. He grabbed Cassette's hand and clutched the refugee's vest. Shep thought that Cassette had a hidden gun, but it proved otherwise. Something crinkled in the vest pocket and Shep brought it out. The object unfolded from a green wad into a crisp note that bore the gold-printed words: "Five Tarka."

"Take a gander, Bert," spoke Shep triumphantly. "How much is this worth?"

"Half a million bucks," returned Bert coolly. "Well, Cassette, it's time you opened up."

"The note is worthless," argued Cassette. "I keep it only as a curiosity--"

"That's fine," interrupted Bert. "We'll take it along as a souvenir. ... Put it away, Shep."

Cassette made a wild snatch as Shep folded the Tarkon note. The refugee's sham was ended. He valued that piece of paper more than anything he owned. Stepping back, Shep flaunted the bill before Cassette's eyes and added to Bert's theme.

"We'll let you cash this," Shep assured. "Get your dough and lam. We'll even cover for you. All we want to do is move

in on the guys who work for the Money Master. Get it?"

He returned the bill to Cassette, who clutched it tightly in his fist. For a moment, his lips wavered in the beard, then tightened. In a defiant tone, Cassette grated:

"There is nothing I can tell you. Never have I heard of the Money Master! This is all a mistake!"

Harshly, Shep voiced to Bert: "This calls for heat, and plenty!"

Like pincers, two guns pressed against Cassette's ribs. Glaring faces were close to his, vicious lips snarling threats of torture that would end in death. All had the reverse effect on Cassette, his very terror rendering him adamant. The Shadow could understand that from his view of Cassette's face, even though Bert and Shep failed to realize it.

Where threats fell short, a deed of rescue might succeed. If relieved from his present plight, Cassette would be apt to loose his frozen tongue through sheer gratitude. This was The Shadow's chance to demonstrate his own persuasive methods. He'd make Bert and Shep talk first; then hear what Cassette had to say.

Low-toned was the chilling laugh that came from the doorway. With it, The Shadow loomed forward, clear beyond the threshold. His whispered mirth brought Shep and Bert full about, freezing them as they came. Though they had guns in hand, their aim stopped short of The Shadow. With a .45 covering each, Bert and Shep hadn't a chance, and knew it. Slowly, they let their revolvers clank the floor.

A grateful gasp came from Cassette's lips as he came up from his chair. The bearded man sprang for his own gun and recovered it. Gesturing toward Bert and Shep, Cassette exclaimed:

"These aren't all! They

have others with them. We shall need all the help that we can summon."

Cassette thrust his hand for the push button on the wall, looking across his shoulder as he did so. The Shadow caught the gleam of those beady eyes a split second too late. Cassette was a hunted creature no longer. He'd turned into something more ferocious than Bert and Shep combined. His push of the button proved it.

The creaky floor dropped beneath The Shadow's feet. It was a simple trapdoor, released by contact with the button. The trick that Cassette had earlier tried on Bert Cowder, without success, worked in The Shadow's case. The difference was that Bert, arriving as an enemy, had expected trickery, whereas The Shadow, openly Cassette's friend, did not.

Guns roared as The Shadow disappeared. Their spurts were upward, for the hinge of the trap was toward Cassette; hence The Shadow was precipitated backward.

There was a clatter as The Shadow grabbed something during his plunge to the basement, two floors below. Then a sudden crash, drowned by the trap's loud click as it snapped upward into place, impelled by heavy springs.

Having thus removed The Shadow from the scene, Cassette went after Bert and Shep. He fired shots at them as they scrambled across the floor. Those shots missed, because Cassette was chiefly anxious to drive his enemies from the guns that they had dropped, a thing in which he succeeded.

Grabbing weapons in the shape of lamps and chairs, the two thugs flung them frantically to disturb Cassette's future aim.

Cassette didn't wait around. Dashing heavily across the creaky floor, he reached the front stairs, remembering that Shep's men preferred the back. Shep grabbed his own gun and went after Cassette, yelling orders that Bert was too late to stop.

"Stop him!" bawled Shep. "He's the guy we want! Don't let him get away!"

They didn't.

A pair of Shep's men were inside the front door, stationed there at their leaders order. Cassette became a bulging target as he flung himself down the front stairs. Two guns ripped repeatedly, turning Cassette into

a tumbling human hulk, dead before he struck the floor below the stairs.

More of Shep's crew were surging in through the back door, expecting to find a host of enemies. From the stair top, Shep was barking oaths at the pair who felled Cassette. Then, on the chance that the man might still be alive, Shep came down to have a look.

Finding Cassette dead, Shep reclaimed the Five Tarka note from the fist that held it, then cursing his men for fools, ignoring their argument that they had acted on his order.

It took Shep at least three minutes to calm down. Then:

"We gotta lam," he told his crew. "Wait until I go up and get Bert. There's something else though" - Shep's hard lips framed a wolfish grin - "another guy that we're going to take along, if he's still alive. He's down in the basement ... The Shadow!"

Mere mention of that name produced the unexpected. Newcomers sprang in sight from the front door and back. They were The Shadow's agents, here to serve their chief. They'd closed in as instructed, but instead of meeting thugs in flight, they were right in the middle of Shep's clan.

Instantly, strife began on a furious scale.

Lights were snapped off as the shooting started. Men met at close range, slugging instead of using triggers. The Shadow's fighters were organized, whereas Shep's weren't, which oddly proved a break for the crooks. Utterly routed, Shep's tribe fled like rats, rather than wait and take what they deserved.

Cutting off the front door, Cliff and Hawkeye drove Shep's whole crew out the back, leaving the house to Clyde and Harry. Shep was running with the pack, yelling for them to stop, when something halted them for him. The something was Jericho Druke.

He blocked the back alley, a giant African whose empty hands were as broad as palm-leaf fans. Jericho couldn't be bothered with ordinary weapons; they cut down his efficiency. Empty-handed, he could deal with four foemen as easily as two, because he grabbed the first pair that came along and hurled them upon the next.

Shep's crew looked like a frothy wave hurled back from a rock, and they took it just as hard. Shep found himself

flattened in a pile-up that the African produced. Crooks were simple prey for Cliff and Hawkeye as they came from the back door of the house.

What interrupted was the clatter of a basement door, opening to the obscure side alley. Swinging that direction, Cliff and Hawkeye were met by a fusillade that, fortunately, came wide and high. They couldn't find cover when they dived for it, so Jericho, who seemed to like darkness quite as much as The Shadow, sprang to their rescue.

The giant plucked Cliff and Hawkeye right up the steps and into the house, suggesting that they go through the front to cut off the crew from the basement.

Cliff and Hawkeye went that way, while Jericho returned out back to find Shep's dazed thugs gone. Their specialty seemed to be getting away from places when the going became too tough. So Jericho went to look for them, and at the same time remove himself from the neighborhood. Unfortunately, Cliff hadn't found time to tell him that The Shadow was among the missing.

A car was getting under way when Cliff and Hawkeye reached the front street. Moe's cab wheeled in from a corner, picked up the agents and took them in chase of the mystery crew.

Usually, Moe could overtake a fugitive car, but this time he had trouble from the outset. Several blocks distant, he had to duck police cars that were coming from the opposite direction; when Moe tried to regain the trail of the other car, he couldn't find it.

Meanwhile, Shep Ficklin was crawling into sight from beneath Cassette's back steps. He hadn't fled with his scattered rat pack, nor had he been foolish enough to tackle Jericho when the giant came out from the house. Two things bothered Shep: the first was how Bert had fared.

Entering the house, Shep went up the back stairs. He heard voices from the side parlor and knew that Bert was in a jam. In fact Bert, at that moment, was parked in the very chair that Cassette had occupied, helpless under two guns. Clyde Burke and Harry Vincent were giving Bert a pointed quiz concerning The Shadow.

"I don't know anything," argued Bert. "You're a fine

reporter, Burke, parading around with a gat."

"I can't say much for your rep," reported Clyde. "As a private dick, you seem to have a lot of friends in the wrong camp. If -"

"Hold it, Clyde."

Harry Vincent provided the interruption. Long in The Shadow's service, Harry was always on guard against surprises. He could hear the stealthy footsteps of Shep Ficklin coming from the back stairs, and he knew just what to do about it. Nudging Clyde, Harry told him to watch Bert Cowder. Swiftly, Harry swung to the door.

Just short of the threshold, Harry caught Shep flat-footed. Harry's gun was leveled, his foe's wasn't. From the doorway, Shep gave an ugly snarl and let his gun fall for the second time tonight. Hearing the thud, Clyde darted a quick look to make sure whose gun had dropped. Having disarmed Bert earlier, Clyde thought the captive detective was helpless. It couldn't hurt to forget Bert for a couple of seconds.

It did hurt, badly.

The interim was just enough for Bert Cowder to press the wall button. Something else dropped as suddenly as Shep's gun. The something was Harry Vincent. He went right through the floor, on a clattering trip to the basement.

Staring at the rising trap, Clyde was frozen in utter amazement when Bert and Shep came lunging for him from opposite directions.

Clyde showed real fight. His shots went high as attackers shoved his arms up; but Clyde wrenched free and slugged. He sent Bert reeling to his chair and swung for Shep, who backed wildly toward the doorway. The trouble was, Clyde hadn't slugged Bert quite hard enough. The traitor pressed the button again.

Shep was just beyond the fatal rug, so it was Clyde who took the plunge when the trap opened. In the middle of a gun swing, the reporter found himself grabbing for a layer of pantry shelves beneath the parlor floor. The shelves stopped Clyde's fall somewhat, but the pantry hadn't any floor. Landing in the basement, Clyde sagged beside Harry's slumped form.

There, Bert and Shep found them, a few minutes later.

Dragging the half-stunned agents to their feet, the crooks looked for an earlier victim, The Shadow. He'd taken a harder plunge than either of his agents, because he'd been in the midst of gunfire when he dropped.

There wasn't any sign of The Shadow.

The black-cloaked victim had vanished as completely as though the cement floor had swallowed him. Baffled, Bert and Shep stared at each other, until the whine of arriving sirens told them that the police were close at hand.

Finding a door from the

basement, the crooks shoved Harry and Clyde through it, keeping the groggy prisoners on their feet.

At least, these two would do as hostages, if they wouldn't talk about their chief. Crime held the upper hand again, despite the setbacks it had met. Still, Bert and Shep hadn't learned the identity of the Money Master. He and his game were still a mystery.

Yet, for the present, the enigma of the Money Master was dwarfed by a more recent riddle: the absolute disappearance of a cloaked fighter called The Shadow.

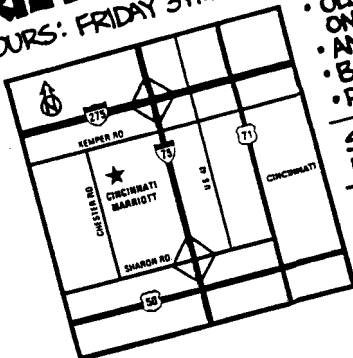
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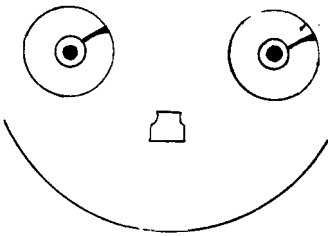
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## REEL-LY SPEAKING

The following tapes are defective:

**C-405**-Tape runs too fast; dialogue indecipherable!

**C-908**-Sound weak, must be turned up very high.

**C-910**-Left side of reel stops turning, risking tape to spew out and tangle heads and pinch roller, unless you're watching the tape, so you can hit your pause or stop button - **FAST**, to prevent possible damage to your recorder! I was able to make a dubbing of the "Vanishing Visa" story, but halfway through the other show, the trouble began. I don't recommend lending this cassette out to other club members!

Apparently, your mention of this situation in the IP didn't sink in! If you know who donated this tape, I'd ask the donor if their personal copy of these shows are on Le-Bo tape. I'll bet they wouldn't dream of recording their shows on this garbage! So why donate shows on these worthless cassettes? If we're going to have a quality cassette library, we need quality tape donated to the club that will stand up to repeated playing.

Who would donate a tape like C-405?? Why didn't someone else bring this tape to your attention so other club members don't waste their time and money, risking damage to their recorders?

Perhaps this problem can be alleviated by spot-checking new donations for decent sound and smooth tape travel (this is being done....Ed.) to prevent members from receiving defective tape or bad sounding shows. Donations should have the name of the donor on the cassette, so they can be replaced, if a problem arises.

Since joining the club, I've received about 30 tapes that were totally useless. I know you've had to throw out many more, some that were only recently donated. I hope this serious problem is addressed in a future IP. **DRIVE THE MESSAGE HOME! NO MORE JUNK CASSETTES DONATED TO THE LIBRARY!**

Let me know if the following cassettes I donated are still in good shape. If not, I'll replace them.

C-708, C-709, C-903, C-904, C-905, C-906

P. R. Johnson

Another selection of new shows added to our cassette library:

C-948-Mr. Keen-"Rented Cottage Case"

"Man who Invented Death"

C-949-Mr. Keen-"Moonless Night" 1/6/44

"Leaping Dog" 4/13/44

C-950-Mr. Keen-"Girl Who Sang To Well" 1/20/44

"Strange Display" 3/16/44

C-951-Mr. Keen-"Mr. Trevor's Secret" 2/17/44

"Woman in Blue" 6/15/44

C-952-Mr. Keen-"Frightened Child" 11/6/44

"Nightmare Murder Case"

12/14/44

C-953-Mr. Keen-"Bloodstained Necklace" 9/15/49

"Yellow Talon" 9/22/49

C-954-Mr. Keen-"Telephone Book Case" 1/26/50

"Jewel Thief" 2/9/50

C-955-Mr. Keen-"The Country Club" 4/20/50

"Skull & Crossbones" 5/25/50

C-956-Mr. Keen-"Broken Window" 6/2/50

"Quicksand Murder Case"

6/9/50

C-957-Mr. Keen-"Star of Death" 6/9/49

"Silver Dagger" 10/13/49

C-958-Mr. Keen-"Silver Candlestick" 3/13/52

"Poisoned Sandwich"

C-959-Mr. Keen-"Mother's Plea Case"

Whatever became of Ezra

Stone--(Henry Aldrich)

Still more to come! Listings will appear in future IPs.

The following cassettes are being **REMOVED** from the library: C-322, 400, 405, 539, 706, 908, 910 915.

Dom Parisi

## HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Last year I would have thought that "reel to reel" had something to do with fishing. Now a good part of my life revolves at 3-3/4.

We now have some thirty new reels to add to our library. I plan to catalog and offer them in the next few months. By then we hopefully will have received **MANY** more donations - that will depend on your support. If you have donations and have any questions about getting them to us please contact me. My address and phone are in the front of the I.P.

Thanks to those who donated the following 8 reels.

**Librarian's PICK.** In 1950 Month Wooley was persuaded to play The Magnificent Montague. The series ran for one season. For those who know Wolley I need only say that the voice and screen image are one and the same. For those who don't know him, I think your in for a treat. This might not be in the front runners of the great radio comedies (ala Benny, Burns & Allen etc). but it's not a bad A- or B+.

**NOTE:** When ordering reels, if you don't give alternate selections and what you want is out, your order will be held

until your first selection(s) come back in.

Thomas Harris

- #723-1811-Strange Wills 1200'  
Miser's Gold  
East of Hudson's Bay  
Knight of the Road (Austr)  
Cyrano De Bergerac (Austr)  
Jane in the Summer (Austr)  
Will of Sebastian Morgan (Austr)  
Crosswind  
Singapore Liz (Fast speed)

- #724-1800'Heres Morgan-Scientist  
Discovers Air

Burns & Allen-Love in a Cottage  
Meet Corliss Archer-Dexters Rival  
Stan Freeberg-First Radio Show (1hr)  
Fibber McGee & Molly-Big Game Hunter  
My Friend Irma-Irma & Astrology  
Bob Hope Show-Bing Crosby Guests  
Aldrich Family-Babysitting  
Town Hall Tonight-May 5, '38 (1hr.)  
Life with Luigi-The Football Game

- #725-1800" Amos & Andy

Life Story  
The Education  
Women's Club Lecture  
Christmas Show  
To the Rear March  
Another Man for Sapphire  
Last 15-min. show

Lone Ranger Clint & Laura Collingwood  
5/8/50  
Dick Norwood 5/17/50  
Dave & Ned Barker 5/19/50  
Joe Fletcher 6/2/50  
Jake Parker 6/16/50  
Blake Carney 7/5/50

- #726-1800' Radio City Playhouse  
The First & The Last 11/15/48  
Temporary Purple 11/29/48  
Five Extra Nooses 12/6/48  
Heritage of Wimpoolle 12/13/48  
Three Men 12/20/48  
Strange Identity 12/27/48  
Correction 1/10/49  
Portrait of Lenore 1/17/49  
The Wisdom of Eve 1/24/49  
Machine 2/7/49  
Elementals 2/14/49  
Blind Vengeance 3/21/49  
\*Crosstalk on some

- #727-1800' Original Big Bands 7-1/2 Speed  
Hal Kemp & Orch. 1934 w/vocals  
Hal Kemp & Orch. 1934 w/vocals  
Russ Morgan & Orch. 1937 & 1938  
Anson Weeks & Orch, 931 w/vocals

- #728-1800' Magnificent Montague  
Edwin Father finds out Edwin is  
in Radio.  
Edwin is offered the lead in Romeo  
& Juliet.  
Edwin must shave his beard if he  
wants the part.  
Edwin is a starring role in a film.

Edwin goes to Hollywood-Tries to  
find film studio.  
Edwin's Screen test (1t. x talk,  
sl. mfd)  
Edwin return to NY forgets important  
Occasion.  
Montague is seen with a nightclub  
cutie.  
Edwin is offered a cross-country  
tour.  
Edwin is run down-takes rest in  
the country.  
Edwin thinks he is going to become  
a  
father.  
Edwin threatens to move.

- #729-1800' Amos & Andy-Kay Kyser, Mystery  
Guest  
Inner Sanctum-Wish to Kill  
Inner Sanctum-Death Dream  
Sam Spade-Prodigal Panda Caper  
Molle Mys. Theatre-The Creeper  
Blonde-Dagwood Fortells the Future  
Gangbusters-Esposito Brothers  
Lone Ranger-Dusty Boots  
Mysterious Traveler-Man Who Knew  
Everything  
Devil & Mr. O "Speed"  
Red Skelton-Hamburger Stand  
Jack Benny-First CBS Show  
\* \* \* \* \*

## Radio flashback

Russ Rennaker, W9CRC

I hunkered down in my chair, pulled up my bib overalls, and clamped my "Brandes" headset over my ears. This was going to be something special.

For weeks I had been listening to Dr. Conrad in Wilkingsburg, Pennsylvania playing records over his Amateur Radio station, 8XK. But tonight was going to be something different. I was an official "listening post" in Indiana for his experiments in "radio broadcasting," and had received a letter from him asking that I be sure and

listen in this night and let him know how the reception was.

The static crackled in my earphones, then I heard a voice. But it was not the familiar voice of Dr. Conrad.

"This is L.H. Rosenberg speaking to you from the radio facilities atop the Westinghouse building in East Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. This is the first broadcast over the newly licensed KDKA. We are going to bring you the election returns of the Harding/Cox Presidential election. Stand by . . ."

I yawned and looked up at my own call sign above the makeshift table,

9CRC. I was 13 years old, the date was November 3, 1920. I reached for the pad I used to write my comments to Dr. Conrad. It was just another experiment to me. I did not realize it would go down as an historical event. (From A Radio Journal by Russ Rennaker, W9CRC)

## L E T T E R S

*The views expressed in the LETTER COLUMN are the opinions of the writers and do not represent the stance of the Old Time Radio Club.*

## A FINAL RESPONSE

I could not let Tom Salome's rebuttal letter which appeared in the November 1988 issue of The Illustrated Press pass without a few observations. In that letter, Salome tried to make three points: (1) that I wrote contradictory letters concerning his materials, (2) that he did not "steal" anything from my home because he was only functioning as a means to get uncirculated materials into circulation, and (3) that I had acquired the materials he got from me, under questionable circumstances.

It is true that I wrote a letter to Jim Snyder on May 5, 1985 at Salome's insistence. Salome called me highly distraught over Snyder's pending review of the quality of materials he had purchased from him. Salome was sure that Snyder's critical review would ruin his chances to "make a killing" at the 1985 Friends of Old Time Radio convention. Salome told me that he had access to over 1,000 Superman shows, hundreds of Challenge of the Yukon, many Green Hornets, Shadows etc., and that all deals of trade with me were off if Snyder's review was printed. He insisted that I use the weight of The North American Radio Archives to counter Jim Snyder. I agreed to write a letter but only as an interested individual not as the archivist of NARA.

At the time I wrote Jim, the only materials I had actually received from Salome were reels of BBC materials he had just received from England and materials he had just brought from various dealers. He had sent these reels to me to copy and return. At no time did Tom make any copies of anything for me. I made my own copies from the materials he sent me. Therefore, the "hundreds" of reels referred to in my May 5, 1985 letter were not reflective of the materials he sells, but of the materials he had received from others.

At that time, by the way, he was also listing the materials in my personal archives as part of his holdings. So when I was referring to the quality of his materials, I was commenting on reels he had received from others and on my own archives. In general, that material was of high quality. The quality of the materials Salome duplicates for others is another matter, and that was what I was discussing in my open letter dated

September 1988. As noted in that letter, Salome has a unique talent for degrading the quality of anything he duplicates.

Salome's statement that he was after a grant from a local oil company is simply not true. The only money he was after was in the pockets of those attending the Friends of Old Time Radio Convention. He also informed me and others that a second reason he did not want Snyder's letter published was his fear that the Internal Revenue Service would read it and discover that we was in business selling tapes but not paying any income or business taxes.

Did Salome steal materials from my home? The answer is definitely yes. I have restricted archives and non restricted archives. Salome had been given permission to duplicate from one but not from the other while he was visiting me. Whenever I was around, he was recording Lux Radio Theater, Johnny Dollar, Jack Benny, etc., which were in my unrestricted archives. These were the reels I saw on my machines and in the boxes. He carefully concealed the restricted material he had copied while I was at work. When I discovered his duplicity, I phoned him and expressed my outrage. At that time and during many other calls he made to my home and office, some of which were monitored, he gave me his "word of honor" that he would not sell or trade the restricted materials. He told me that we were friends and that he valued our friendship more than life itself. I had also sent him a registered letter telling him of legal action I was considering. He called expressing extreme contrition promising that he would contact everyone who had received his list offering my materials for sale rescinding the offer. I now know that this was his way of keeping me from doing anything until after the Convention so that he chances of making a financial killing from my materials would not be jeopardized.

I was able to attend the 1988 convention and witnessed the Salome "guarantee". I was helping to man the NARA table, which was located quite near Salome's tables. Toward the end of the convention, Salome became a carnival huckster. As he reduced his prices as to clear out his remaining materials, he looked at me and announced, "Contrary to rumors you may have heard, all my materials are guaranteed".

That evening as we were filing into the dining area for the evening program, a young man came up to Salome with a defective cassette had had purchased from him earlier. Irritated, Salome took the cassette, examined it, and threw it into a nearby trash can commenting "What do you expect for a dollar?" Shocked, the young man turned and walked away.

Far too often people do not demand

restitution for defective or inferior products, and like this young man, just walk away. Research on consumer advocacy has discovered that many people do not complain when they feel that they have been cheated. Some take it as a learning experience while others simply do not know what recourse they have and so do nothing. Therefore a lack of formal complaints is not necessarily a sign of acceptable quality. As a matter of fact, this is not the case with Salome because I saw stacks of complaints in his office when I was there.

When I first started collecting old time radio shows, if I could understand the show, I thought it was wonderful. I had no idea what quality as available. As many of Salome's customers are new, how are they to judge his sound unless they have the chance to listen top quality sound reproductions? While visiting with several dealers at the Convention, several people brought cassettes they had purchased from Salome that had good volume but were unintelligible. After considerable experimentation on various machines, it was concluded that the cassette had been recorded either on or from machines with very dirty heads. It is quite clear to me that Salome is well aware of the inferior quality of his material by the price he charges and from his actual words, "what do you expect for a dollar?"

In his letter, Salome states that he sells for cost. This statement is far from the truth, as I know that he uses used government surplus reject tape (tape that has been sorted through by other dealers and rejected as defective) for which he pays 10 to 15 cents a reel. His use of this garbage tape enables him to keep his prices low (\$5.00 a reel) and still make a significant profit. This fact could also help explain why there is such a loss in quality from his masters, (reels that he purchased from others) to the copies he makes and sells.

One last observation. None of the restricted materials I recorded was obtained in Salome's words, "under the table". The director of the archives I got them from gave me official permission in writing to make copies for my research. I made three 1,000 mile round trips to the archives in question, spending 160 hours there or in transit. Salome justifies his ripping me off under the humanistic guise of making these materials available to others. Sure---as long as there is some profit in it for Salome.

Salome did insist on sending me a plane ticket to the 1985 OTR convention. I now know that the reason why he did this was to gain access to my archives. Including the materials he stole from my home, his investment has paid off many times.

I would advise anyone who is dealing or contemplating dealing with Salome to be very cautious. He will tell you he is your best friend, he will dangle all kinds of rare materials in front of you, and he will promise you the moon. Watch out!!! Everything he does is designed to benefit himself financially. Does he care about OTR? You bet he does, as long as he can exploit it financially. It is sad when individuals like Salome are in a position to turn people away from the enjoyment of Old Time Radio.

Sincerely,

Harold A. Widdison

Ok folks round three!

I had to debate w/myself whether I should answer this letter or not. But I will anyway.

#1 I buy my tapes from Burlington Audio and they cost me 65¢ a piece w/o a box. Not 15¢ like Hal states. I didn't travel 3000 miles across country to Va. to buy at 15¢ like Hal did. My tapes are right out of the gov't boxes. Nobody has checked them. THEY ARE CALLED AS IS TAPES. YOU TAKE A CHANCE ON WHAT'S IN THE BOXES. I do my own checking instead of paying someone to do it for me, standard practice throughout O.T.R., ANY DEALER THAT SAYS OTHERWISE IS A LIAR, PERIOD.

#2 And I have it on video tape!!! There was Hal manning the N.A.R.A. table right next to my tables (not quite close). and there was Hal telling my customers "Don't buy these reels, this is stolen material". So low that the video barely picked it up. How did I find out?? A customer came over and told me. Hal saw this and stopped manning the table for the rest of the convention. Jack French took over while Hal went around trying to discredit me with other dealers which didn't work. Hal, I have 6 tables for next year too. And all my customers are repeaters each and every year. Also, all the s... that you sent me in return for the BBC material I had to delete because they were mostly muffled reels from you, you idiot!!!! So there is one source who is a constant complaint when it comes to your reels.

If you have never bought from me, how do you know what I send to others?

And, where are the so called names of these customers. SEE FOLKS, 4 LETTERS AND NOT ONE NAME PRINTED. YOU KNOW WHY, BECAUSE THEY DON'T EXIST!!!!

AS FOR THE TWO CASSETTES THAT JACK FRENCH BOUGHT AND YOU CLAIM WERE "RECORDED ON DIRTY HEADS", I WAS NEVER INFORMED AND IT'S PROBABLY NOT TRUE BECAUSE YOU COULD HAVE CONFRONTED ME RIGHT THERE AND YOU AND FRENCH DIDN'T. EVEN WITH MY GUARANTEE PRINTED ON THE CASSETTE. So this makes you look like the a..... you are!!! I am still trading with the biggest names in the hobby as of this date. I just completed two 300 reels

trades. What have you done? Except hoard off of poor donaters to the club. I was there (I saw the reels that said donated to N.A.R.A and they were in your collection at home (Louis Goldstein for One).

#3 This so called kid (he was 28 years old and a good friend at that) was Paul Muni of Brooklyn, who was testing a tape that yes a customer did give me back after I settled with him inside the dealers room. He was returning a bad tape that I didn't want back because I sold out. He didn't want to waste a cassette. I didn't care at that point because where was I going to put a cassette in a dinner jacket. Also Hal, WHAT THE H... WERE YOU DOING LISTENING (PEEPING HAL) TO A PRIVATE CONVERSATION BETWEEN TWO PEOPLE. ANOTHER THING, MY WIFE SHOULD HAVE SLAPPED YOU FOR BRINGING HER AND MY DAUGHTER INTO THIS, FOR ONE OF YOUR PROFESSION, YOU SHOW NO SIGNS OF BRAINS. YOU OFFERED TO PUT US UP JUST LIKE WE DID AND YOU WANT TO KNOW SOMETHING, I WENT TO YOUR HOUSE (3000 MILES) JUST TO COPY YOUR COLLECTION. ALSO, I DIDN'T GET ANY LUX OR JACK BENNY OR JOHNNY DOLLAR FROM YOU. I LEFT YOUR HOUSE WITH TWO BIG BOXES OF TAPES THAT YOU NEVER SAW SUPPOSEDLY. DIDN'T YOU DRIVE US TO THE AIRPORT 150 MILES AWAY. SOMETHING SMELLS ROTTEN IN GOOD OLD N.Y.

FOLKS, IF YOU BELIEVE ANY OF THIS S..., YOU SHOULD HAVE YOUR HEAD CHECKED. WE DROVE 150 MILES AND HE DIDN'T SEE THESE BOXES WITH 60 REELS EACH WHICH CAME FROM HIS HOUSE. HAL, I'M VERY SORRY THIS UPSET YOU SO MUCH, BUT IT ISN'T MY FAULT EVERYONE HAS THE STUFF YOU SUPPOSEDLY WERE THE ONLY ONE WITH. JUSTIFY DAVID SIEGEL HAVING THEM LISTED THE VERY NEXT MONTH THAT I WAS AT YOUR HOUSE OR NOSTALGIA CASSETTE OR RADIO SHOWCASE CASSETTES FOR HAVING THEM. OH, POOR BABY I UPSET YOUR TRADING SCHEME. THERE ISN'T ONE PERSON OUT THERE WHO CAN SAY THEY HAVE BEEN BEAT AND JUSTIFY IT WITH PROOF. ALSO, HOW MANY PEOPLE LET OTHERS COPY MASTER ACROSS THE COUNTRY??? SO THAT IN ITSELF SHOULD TELL MY CUSTOMERS AND TRADERS HOW HONEST I AM.

The only tapes in your house that I saw were in your little patio area and they were never marked restricted!!! Never, and probably still aren't. I suppose Don Aston didn't stop in to copy them either. He was selling them at the convention too! I have his flyer listing them. Also, I didn't sell them at 1987's convention, my friend Steve Ferranti did. Where he got them is a mystery to me!!! As for the IRS, I pay taxes just like the next guy, more so than others, I own real estate and have two other businesses that make me all the money I could ever want. I do not make any money on these reels, all this money goes to a good education for my daughter

which all my customers contribute to with most happy listening from my hobby. As for my carnival antics, some people come just for that!!! I swear to God, they line up and wait for me to go to showtime (as it's been called by others). The only ones that don't like it are BRC Quality Dubs, Gary Kramer and Andy Blatt (who hasn't even returned my masters that I loaned him two years ago.)

As much as they are trying to ban me they can't, period. Because the law is on my side!!! Also, I would never say what do you want for a buck and I'd like to hear from this supposed person!! Also, I'm still looking for those stacks of letters you said you found (looking thru my personal things, Hal the snoop). What constitutes a stack, twenty or thirty letters? For sure I wouldn't be selling if there was that common sense, something I see you lack a lot of for a professor.

As I did last letter, anyone who wants to hear for themselves, I will send a cassette or reel free of charge as long as postage is sent. Also, does Hal support this club or does he just have the privilege of bad mouthing me for free? I support this club more than anyone and am finding it demeaning that I have to be subject to this s...!!! Maybe I should have lawyers look into a slander suit against the club and its bylaws which supposedly is for club members only!! I don't think he is one, so the club is openly letting him say his piece because of Bob Davis!!!

One last thing. Isn't it funny that your so called research found its way into 17 dealers hands, not one of whom I know. If it was research, how come they have them too!!! So, they were still obtained illegally because you have dubbed them and given them to others. If I remember correctly, they were supposedly for an article that you were writing for a thesis, so the b..... should stop here and this should be the end of it. You had your chance at the convention and did nothing, if you were anything of a man, you would bring a lawsuit against me, but what laws govern collecting old time radio. Morons like this I suppose.

Thom Salome

\* \* \* \* \*

**TAPE LIBRARY RATES:** All reels and video cassettes - \$1.25 per month; cassettes and records - \$.50 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 tape \$1.50; 3 or 4 tapes \$1.75. Cassettes: 1 or 2 tapes \$.65; for each additional tape and \$.25.

# Orson Welles echoes

## Legendary shows revived on tape

BY CHARLES CHAMPLIN  
The Los Angeles Times

The past does not always live up to its reputation. Sentimental attachment puts a rosy filter over the aging reality. Old movies become charming for their oldness, not their quality.

Then again, you sometimes discover that the past is as good as legend says it was. Orson Welles' early work in radio is itself the stuff of legend, even though very little of the work has been available. The Mercury Theatre's "War of the Worlds", broadcast 50 years ago this Halloween, has been duly honored as the bizarre phenomenon it was, but what about the other material?

The veteran broadcaster Frank Beacham and a longtime Welles associate, Richard Wilson, have now put together what they promise is the first of a series of cassette packages of Welles' radio work. Called "Theatre of the Imagination: Radio Stories by Orson Welles and The Mercury Theatre," the package is on the Voyager label.

### AUDIO

There are six cassettes, five on various radio shows broadcast between 1938 and 1946, the sixth a memoir of Welles by Wilson himself, the late John Houseman and other Mercury Theatre veterans, and narrated by Leonard Maltin.

Over the years Wilson had safeguarded in his garage a dusty carton of audio tapes Welles himself had had no interest in preserving. The tapes were copies of the original acetate recordings made during the broadcasts. The two producers listened to 160 hours of fast-degenerating information. But fortunately the acetates themselves were preserved in the Lilly Library at the University of Indiana.

The acetates were of indifferent quality to begin with, done as air-checks and full of pops, scratches and surface noise. But, by the use of some near-miraculous state-of-the-art techniques, the acetates were first transferred to digital tape (by Digital Magnetics in Hollywood) and then cleaned up by a new computer process at Sonic Solutions in San Francisco.

The music, most of it by Bernard Herrmann, still suffers most. It is furry and blurry, as if indeed it were being heard on a cheap radio. But the voices and the sound effects are remarkably vibrant, with a they-are-here presence.

The star, inevitably, is Welles the actor. In an hourlong adaptation of

"A Tale of Two Cities" from 1938, he plays both the aged Dr. Manette and Sidney Carton and his reading of Carton's "a far, far better thing that I do" farewell is at least the equal of Ronald Colman's from the film.

The package begins with "Rebecca," broadcast before Alfred Hitchcock did the film. The script, by Welles and Houseman, leaves some ambiguities in the resolution of the plot, but it is a smashing drama, with a contrived but charming interview with author Daphne du Maurier ("by short wave") at the end.

Welles' vaulting ambitions as producer are well-demonstrated. Here is an ingenious half-hour tele-scoping of Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness" from 1945, with Welles narrating the horrors of Mr. Kurtz in Africa. He explains in an afterword that the Conrad was to have been the Mercury's first film, but they did "Citizen Kane" instead.

In a 1942 broadcast from a series sponsored by Lady Esther cosmetics, Welles adapted a John Galsworthy story called "The Apple Tree," with Geraldine Fitzgerald as a country lass too briefly loved by a proper gent from London, played tremulously by Welles as a now middle-aged man remembering what might have been.

Way ahead of "Twilight Zone" was a thriller called "The Hitch Hiker," about a terrifying cross-country trip with a surprising destination.

Welles reads John Donne and Shakespeare and, as a final oddment, there is a local radio show from San Antonio, Texas, in 1940 on which Welles and H.G. Wells met and talked for the first and only time. Not surprisingly, they admired each other.

Welles as producer-host concludes all the shows, signing himself as "Obediently yours" and affirming that radio is a story and he is a storyteller first and last. The cassettes leave no doubt just how confidently and imaginatively he was at home in radio, as he was before and after radio in the theater, and was to be in film.

There is above all in these tapes a breathtaking bravura sureness of attack, the very young and enormously gifted new boy in town, with that uniquely deep, mature and mellifluous voice suggesting, between the utterances, that the wonders would never cease. And, for a long time, they never did.

The Saginaw NEWS  
THURSDAY, JANUARY 5, 1989

### THE DEALER'S CORNER

By F. Boncore

Recently I spoke with Ed Carr and he told me that he had a recorder that malfunctioned causing it to erase one channel on his tapes. So if you recently purchased a tape from him and have a problem, please contact him for a replacement.

BRC and Great American Radio have new fliers out.

Rumors have it that "Cowboy" Don Aston is working on a new catalog. I'll let you know when it is available.

Ron Barnett of Audio Tapes, Inc., Box 9584, Alexandria, VA 22304 now has 1800 ft and 2400 ft reel to reel tapes available as follows:

1800 or 2400 minimum 250 @ 30¢ per reel plus shipping.

1800 or 2400 minimum 500 @ 25¢ per reel plus shipping.

1800 or 2400 minimum 1000 @ 15¢ per reel plus shipping.

1800 or 2400 minimum 2000 @ 10¢ per reel plus shipping.

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## Welles-style radio show sparks panic

LISBON, Portugal (AP) — Some people flocked to the countryside to see if Martians had landed, while others fled in fear after a local radio station broadcast a 50th-anniversary rendition of Orson Welles' "War of the Worlds."

The 90-minute broadcast on Sunday had been advertised in preceding days but nevertheless sparked scores of calls to police and fire services in Braga, a northern city of 63,000 people.

The curious drove to an area outside town where Radio Braga reported aliens from Mars were landing, officials said. The frightened began fleeing in cars, according to news reports.

Lines reportedly formed at some gas stations in Braga, 200 miles north of the capital, Lisbon.

The broadcast was a recreation of Welles' radio dramatization of the H.G. Wells novel "The War of the Worlds."

The broadcast was intended as an homage to Welles and had been well publicized in newspapers and on the radio station itself, said Paulo Sousa, a reporter at the station.

# Hindenburg reporter Herbert Morrison dies

BY BURT A. FOLKART  
The Los Angeles Times

Herbert Morrison, the only broadcaster on hand when the dirigible Hindenburg exploded into a disastrous legacy 52 years ago and whose distraught description of that tragedy continues to reverberate over the decades, died Tuesday.

Morrison, whose emotional "Oh, the humanity" became a symbol of not just the crash itself but of the demise of dirigible travel, was 83 and died in a Morgantown, W.Va., nursing home.

He was 31 and a reporter for a Chicago radio station on May 6, 1937, when the opulent Hindenburg — the pride of Nazi Germany's transatlantic fleet — was coming in for a landing at a naval air station in Lakehurst, N.J.

Within a few seconds, what was to have been a routine landing of the 97 people aboard turned into a devastating scene of fire and death.

"It bursts into flames," his account began as the majestic airship, then the largest flying craft ever built, began its approach at dusk on a humid evening.

"It's on fire and it's crashing," Morrison continued, battling to keep his wits. "It's crashing terrible. ... It's burning, bursting into flames and it's falling on the mooring mast. ... This is one of the worst catastrophes in the world. Oh, the flames going, oh, four to 500 feet into the sky."

And then as the 804-foot airship,

nearly as long as three football fields, literally melted over the nearby farmland:

"It's a terrific crash ... the smoke and the flames now, and the frame is crashing down into the ground, not quite to the mooring mast.

"Oh, the humanity."

Thirty-six of those aboard had been killed.

The Hindenburg was to have been the flagship of what was envisioned as a fleet of dirigibles. At the time of the disaster — the \$3 million airship's 37th crossing of the Atlantic — bigger and more expensive dirigibles were on German drawing boards.

The tragedy was credited with effectively ending lighter-than-air travel and ushering in the modern era of heavier-than-air craft.

Because of Morrison's gripping account (which he and his engineer had decided beforehand to record to test some new equipment) and the newsreel footage that was also taken, the Hindenburg has come to be considered a 20th-Century calamity that ranks with the sinking of the Titanic even though the loss of life was considerably less.

To this day the cause of the grievous wreck has never been explained, although many experts believe that an errant spark ignited the hydrogen that was then used to keep lighter-than-air craft aloft.

Morrison said that after the initial shock, he tried to interview the survivors even though he could not speak German nor they English.

"I saw one man running out," he recalled. "His clothes had been all burned off. He just had his shorts on."

In all, he recorded for 42 minutes on that fateful day.

Later generations became aware of Morrison and the Hindenburg when Edward R. Murrow included the announcer's dramatic account in his recorded history of the 20th Century, "Hear It Now."

Morrison had begun his journalism career in Fairmont, Pa., after graduating from high school in 1923. He then became a radio reporter for stations in Pittsburgh.

Morrison served in the Army Air Corps during World War II and later became the first news director at television station WTAE in Pittsburgh. He retired after developing a radio and television section at West Virginia University.

In 1975, he was sent across the country by Universal Studios to help promote their film "Hindenburg," which starred George C. Scott.

Morrison was admitted to the Sundale Nursing Home in Morgantown in September because of a long-term illness, said Sherry Rice, an administrator at the facility.

The Saginaw **NEWS**

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 11, 1989



Herbert Morrison, in 1987, displays published accounts 50 years after the Hindenburg's fatal explosion in New Jersey.

## Donald Voorhees Dies; Noted Musical Director

CAPE MAY COURTHOUSE, N.J. (AP) — Donald Voorhees, who conducted the "Bell Telephone Hour" orchestra for nearly three decades, died of pneumonia Tuesday at a hospital here. He was 85.

As musical director of one of the most popular radio shows in broadcasting history, Voorhees and his orchestra brought classical and popular music to millions of NBC radio listeners from 1940 to 1959. The network began televising the show in 1959, and it was presented weekly until 1968.

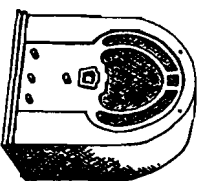
# FIRST CLASS MAIL

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RADIO CLUB

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