

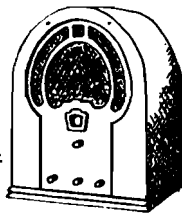
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THE OLD TIME



RADIO CLUB



THE OLD TIME RADIO CLUB MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION

Club dues are \$17.50 per year from Jan. 1 through Dec. 31. Members receive a tape listing, library list, 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.

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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 38 Ardmore Place
 Buffalo, NY 14213
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BACK ISSUES: All **MEMORIES** and **I.P.s** are \$1.50 each, postpaid. Out of print issues may be borrowed from the reference library.

Dominic Parisi
 38 Ardmore Pl.
 Buffalo, NY 14213

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

THE SHADOW

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DECEMBER 15, 1942

by WALTER GIBSON

The Money Master

Chapter Eleven: Three Ways of Rescue

Crouching in the darkness of a cellar entry, Cliff Marsland felt Hawkeye tug at his sleeve. The little spotter whispered:

"This is it."

They'd been looking for "it" a long while. The search had started just after Cliff and Hawkeye had finished their futile chase of Dulaine's car. Returning to Cassette's house, they'd seen the police arrive and leave, taking away the refugee's body. Entering the place, Cliff and Hawkeye had found everyone missing but themselves.

It seemed obvious that The Shadow had been captured by Shep Ficklin and that Harry and Clyde had met the same fate. The why and wherefore of the thing was difficult to answer, but there was one thing to do about it. That was to find Shep's pet hide-away, wherever it might be.

So Cliff and Hawkeye had probed every place they could in any way connect with members of Shep's crew, and after a diminishing search had uncovered this basement under a cigar store on the wrong side of town. Hawkeye had remembered it as an old horse parlor, where Wip Jandle had worked as a tout right after he'd been barred from the track.

The place looked closed, but Hawkeye had seen a light through the door crack. Voices were an index to the occupants. One hard tone that Hawkeye heard sounded very much like Shep's. So Cliff agreed that an invasion was the proper course. Since time was an important item when prisoners were held by crooks of Shep's type, Cliff decided on a bold course.

Cliff went right to the basement door and knocked. He gave three quick raps, halted, then repeated them. It was a system he'd heard Shep's man use at their former hideaway. It

worked in this case.

The door opened just a crack, an eye gave Cliff the once-over, a voice gruffed for Cliff to wait.

At length, the man returned and put the question that Cliff expected:

"Who sent you?"

Cliff had the answer for that one. He replied: "Wip Jandle." The door opened and Cliff entered, with Hawkeye right behind him.

They found Shep in the old betting room, putting the third degree on Harry and Clyde in real headquarters style. Slumped on a bench, both agents looked the worse for wear. Propped against a blackboard, they were sagging one way, then the other, only to be punched upright by a pair of Shep's followers.

Shep's men were holding lengths of rubber hose, but they hadn't begun to use them as a form of treatment. Blinking into two strong lights that were glaring into their eyes, the prisoners saw Cliff but couldn't recognize him because of the glare. As for Cliff, he simply gave the pair a contemptuous glance and asked:

"Who are these lugs, Shep?"

It happened that Shep and Cliff were fairly well acquainted, both being recognized as uppercrust of the underworld. It was partly on that account that Cliff had staged his bluff. In his turn, Shep seemed more than anxious to obtain Cliff's favor.

"A couple of dopes who worked for The Shadow," informed Shep. "Glad you came along, Cliff. Maybe you can make them sing. They look kind of delicate, so I don't want to handle them too rough or they'll pass out and be no good."

Cliff pushed forward into the light. Coming with him, Shep added:

"Guess you knew Wip when he was a tip-slinger in this joint, didn't you?"

Cliff nodded.

"When did he tell you I was using the dump for a hide-away?" continued Shep.

"A couple of nights before Bert Cowder croaked him," returned Cliff. "I'd like to meet up with that dirty dick! So would Hawkeye. He was pals with Wip, too."

It was neat, Cliff's reference to Bert, since he wasn't supposed to know that the treacherous detective had teamed with Shep. Particularly neat, considering that Cliff had first looked around to make sure that Bert wasn't on hand. But it didn't react with Shep the way that Cliff expected.

The net result was a muzzle of a gun pressed hard against Cliff's ribs by Shep. Another of his crew covered Hawkeye with the end of a revolver. Their own guns yanked from their pockets, Cliff and Hawkeye found themselves flung to another bench, beside Harry and Clyde.

"So Wip said I'd find you here," sneered Shep. "He couldn't have, because he didn't know the dump was mine. I'd been wondering how The Shadow mooched in on whatever I was doing, and now I know. You guys were keeping tabs on Wip Jandle!"

Thus did the attempt at rescue result in a complete surprise for the rescuers. Caught utterly offguard, Cliff and Hawkeye were in the same plight as their fellow agents; even worse.

Shep decided to beat them with the hose as a preliminary treatment; partly to prove they weren't so tough, partly to let the other prisoners view the effect of a treatment with which they might not be familiar.

In that fateful moment, Cliff and Hawkeye shared the regret that they hadn't notified Burbank regarding this hide-out. Having figured The Shadow as a prisoner, they'd decided it was useless. Now the absence of their chief convinced them that they'd omitted a most important duty.

Unless rescue arrived shortly, it wouldn't be of any use. It was just as good to be dead as be rendered permanently whackey by the misuse of a rubber hose.

The first blows came. The

room reeled suddenly for Cliff as a crook belted him across the forehead. He could tell from Hawkeye's expression that his side-kick was feeling the same. Cliff tried to reach his feet, but hands hauled him back. When Harry started up from a bench, he was punched back by another of Shep's henchmen.

The Shadow's agents were taking it in wholesale style. Taking it the hard way, to the jeers of Shep's tribe, who numbered eight in all. Above those jeers came Shep's rasped tone:

"So you guys thought you could dish it out. You and who else? Bring on the rest of your bunch and see what happens!"

The prisoners didn't have to bring anybody on. The next act on the bill supplied its own introduction, using one of Shep's men for a prologue. The door to the betting room came slashing open so hard that it tilted from its hinges.

What knocked the door loose was Shep's lookout, the fellow who had admitted Cliff and Hawkeye. He came through catapulted by some unseen force, that he had tried to stem without success.

Shep and his men swung from the prisoners and were drawing guns when the human catapult appeared, in the person of Jericho Druke. Cliff panted for the other agents to grab Shep's men, but they all reeled as they came to their feet.

They hadn't a chance to stop any of those guns from aiming Jericho's way. Nor could the African use his favorite trick of using crooks as missiles against one another. There were too many of Shep's men. They'd have to be handled all at once.

So Jericho handled them.

The Shadow's agents had taken it wholesale, so the turn belonged to Shep's crew. Never at loss for a suitable weapon, Jericho grabbed the handiest bludgeon available. He had it right in his hands, before a single gun could cover him.

Jericho's weapon was the door. Having knocked it from its hinges when he chucked the lookout against it, the African didn't have to waste a moment. In fact, the door was flopping right at him when he took it.

Catching the door by adjacent corners, Jericho swung it like a baseball bat, with a tremendous follow through. He

was swinging in the center of the room and the length of the door, coupled to that of Jericho's arms, gave him about a ten-foot radius, enough to cover the entire room. In fact, Jericho could have made a clean sweep if he'd tried.

Around came the door, smashing crooks from its path, hurling them headlong to the walls, gaining momentum as Jericho hit his mighty stride. Guns were flying from the hands of men who hadn't a chance to escape the mammoth cudgel that Jericho handled like a table-tennis racket. The swish of the whirling door was punctuated by intermittent thuds, with an occasional report from a gun that hooked a trigger finger as it flew away.

As he completed the circuit, Jericho pulled his swing near the wall that had the blackboard. He'd come short of The Shadow's agents when he began his mighty swipe, but he had to be more careful on his second round, because the agents were charging blindly forward, trying to grab gunners who were no longer at hand.

Then Jericho saw the one foe man that he hadn't flattened: Shep Ficklin.

Rising behind The Shadow's agents, Shep was getting a fresh grip on his gun. The door had met Shep the first time around, but he'd been diving when it hit him. Unlike his badly muddled followers, Shep still could fight. Savagely, he aimed his gun among The Shadow's agents, intending to blast a path to Jericho.

Shep didn't see how Jericho could use the door while the agents blocked the way. He simply forgot that a door had edges as well as sides; but Jericho didn't forget it. He launched the door end first, straight toward Shep, who made a mad dodge beyond the blackboard. The door missed him by a scant three inches.

A sudden break came Shep's way. A section of the blackboard gave and he swung into a back room behind it. Jericho was lunging after him, blocking off Shep's fire from the others. Whether Jericho could have reached Shep before he fired, was a question that remained undecided.

Blackness loomed from the opposite door. With it came a challenging laugh. The Shadow

had arrived, attired in a fresh cloak, a big gun aiming from his fist. He fired a shot past Jericho, but in order to avoid the giant, he had to place the bullet wide of Shep.

Nevertheless, the shot told. Shep went flying through the rear room, to reach a window on the other side.

The Shadow followed, gesturing to Jericho as he passed. Forgetting Shep, Jericho gathered the groggy agents together and piloted them out by the usual route, leaving Shep's crowd where they lay.

Matters explained themselves by the time The Shadow was through the window. Outside, Shep Ficklin was dashing for the street, firing madly at three policemen who were returning his shots.

Having stopped at his club as Cranston, The Shadow had learned that police had marked Shep Ficklin as the killer they wanted, thanks to a wallet that he dropped at Cassette's while putting away the Five Tarka note.

Locating a stool pigeon who once worked for Shep, Inspector Cardona had learned about the old betting parlor. Switching back to his black guise, The Shadow had reached the hide-away first to rescue his agents, only to find that Jericho had already done the job.

Once more rescue was due.

As Shep Ficklin fled down the street, carrying a suitcase that he had snatched from the back room, a man jumped from a car and motioned him into it. The man was Bert Cowder; Cardona had phoned him at the hotel.

Springing to the wheel, Bert drove Shep off to safety, followed by a flurry of shots from police revolvers.

The cops didn't score enough hits to matter. As for The Shadow, the car was out of range when he reached the entrance of the alley. His contribution was a parting laugh that made the police turn and stare. Reaching the ears of fleeing crooks, it told them that old scores were not forgotten. They could still expect a settlement from The Shadow.

By then, The Shadow's agents were away in another direction. Police invading the racing parlor were finding Shep's staggered followers and rounding them up without resistance. Turning back into the alley, The Shadow swallowed himself in darkness.

He was gone when police flickered their flashlights between the building walls.

From now on, The Shadow's quest would not concern such lesser crooks as Shep and Bert,

except as they might cross his path. His search would concentrate upon a supercriminal of international scope:

Eric Zorva, the Money Master!



A CLAGHORN COMMUNIQUE

Suh: Claghorn's the name! Senator Claghorn, that is—Sen. Beauvegard Claghorn. Ah'm from the South, ah said. Why ah punched the cash register for the Louisiana Purchase. Where ah live we call people from Alabama Yankees, dummyknocks, that is.

Ah'm pickin' up my pen to tell you that that new magazine PIC of yours has some of my constituents riled—riled, that is. You see, some of the kids down home are veterans too—they're from Dixie, and ah don't mean one of them paper cups—no truer sons of the South ever pointed a musket Northward with Lee and Jackson.

Well, the boys have been trading how you tell about enjoying a heap of livin'—livin', ah say—and you got 'em hotter'n a coon dog in a full moon. All the talk and pictures of singin', dancin', dressin'—well, new cars, new houses, huntin' and fishin'—have got their bones itchin'—itchin', that is. They want it all at once, right now! My desk is so piled up with letters it looks like a cotton field in full bloom, and when ah say cotton I don't mean movie actor.

They want action on all this housin' shortage and job problem. Ah keep telling them the housin' shortage is so bad if you go into a restaurant you can't even get a cottage puddin'—cottage puddin', son, that's a joke, a joke, son! Don't just sit there readin' words—spell it out, they're goin' over your head!

My answer to them is close up the OPA and there'll be millions of dollin's left over—put four walls under the ceilin's and you gotta house—a house, I say! That's the Claghorn solution.

Long live the Confederacy—Confederacy, that is.
Senator E. Beauvegard Claghorn

"Ah'm from the South . . . I won't be seen in a room without a southern exposure . . . The only train I ride is the Chattanooga Choo-Choo."

NEW ADDITIONS TO CASSETTE LIBRARY

- C-971 Danger Dr. Danfield -
"Bird in a Gilded Cage"
"Money in the Basket"
- C-972 Adv. Of Harry Nile -
"West for my Health"
- C-973 The Hermits Cave -
"Author of Murder"
"House with a Past"
- C-974 Inner Sanctum
"Flame of Death" 2/21/49
"Death Rides a Carousel 9/5/49
- C-975 Inner Sanctum
"Honeymoon with Death 9/19/49
"Image of Death 10/17/49
- C-976 Hall of Fantasy
"Golden Bracelets of Amon Iris
"Jewels of Kali" 6/15/53
- C-977 Theatre Five
"The Delinquents"
"Congratulations Mr. Mayor"
- C-978 Ozzie & Harriet
"Buy a Crystall Ball"
Jack Benny Show -
"Jack's Birthday"
- C-979 The Hardy Family -
"Night Watchman", Jr. Executive
- C-980 Playhouse 90 (So. Africa)
The Cassius Touch"
- C-981 Obsession -
Train Ride in Car B-92 w/Vincent
Price; "Surrender & Farewell
- C-982 Obsession -
A Question of Personality w/Don
DeFore; "Summer Evening w/
Peter Van Eyck
- C-983 Jack Carson Show -
"Tugwell Graduates" 6/18/47
"Leaves on Vacation" 6/25/47
- C-984 Jack Carson Show -
"Buys Radio Station 5/27/48
Smile Time w/Steve Allen 11/46
"Perry Mason Serial 1945
- C-985 Squad Cars (So. Africa)
"Safecrackers"
Consider Your Verdict -
Ronald Dankworth

The following cassettes are no longer available:
C-29, 164, 166, 355, 386, 531

In addition, listed below are cassettes that were lost in the mail. Thus, these are no longer available.
C-33, 141, 491, 634, 636, 751, 795, 827, 812, 857.

Don't forget radio fans, if anyone can replace lost or damaged cassettes, we welcome your help.

Dom Parisi

* * * * *

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.

ARTICLE FROM REEL LIBRARIANS
AND

LIST OF NEW REELS FROM THOMAS HARRIS AND BILL WEBER

With your help we would like to work on improving the reel library. We have three goals in mind, First, and most important, is to upgrade the overall quality of the collection, this is discussed below. Secondly, to work toward a more balanced collection. Specific recommendations of programs that we would like to see added will be made next month. Lastly, to see the collection grow. A large healthy library not only will benefit current members but should help attract new ones.

GOAL ONE: UPGRADING COLLECTION

Many reels in the early part of the collection are either lost or their condition is too poor to keep. Our best source on quality is you.

Please tell us about the quality of tapes you borrow. Also, bibliographical information and personal comments are appreciated. If anyone has a good copy of any of the following, and is willing to make a copy, we would greatly appreciate hearing from you. We are willing to supply blank tapes, free rentals, and postage. If you know that any "bad" tape might be the best possible recording available, please let us know.

This list, sorry to say, is just the start. Many more reels are being double checked before being listed. We will list deletions after we see what response we get for replacements.

LOST: 8, 24, 26, 32, 84, 87, 90, 91, 108, 143, 158, 175, 192, 215, 307, 422, 503, 635, 664, 674, 675, 700.

POOR CONDITION: 14, 173, 269, 286, 309, 372, 424, 447, 463, 520.

The following reels are being Added:

- 738 - All Nightfall 1800'
Love and the Lonely One
Body Snatchers
Willoughby Obsession
Repossession
Windchill
Last Visit
Deadly Developments
Where Does the News Come From
Welcome to Homerville
Guest of Honor
Angel's Kiss

- 739 - All Nightfall 1800'
The Hit
Walter's Dog
Safe in the Arms of Jesus
The Wedding
Hypnotized
After Sunset
Servants of Cerberus

- 739 -(Cont'd.)
 Waters Under The Bridge
 A Fall of Moondust Part 1
 A fall of Moondust Part 2
 A Fall of Moondust Part 3
 Stone Ship
- 740 - 1800'
 Computers
 Halls of Ivy
 Halls of Ivy
 Kids Cowboy Shows
- 740 - 746 ALL FRIENDS OF OLD TIME
 RADIO 1987 CONVENTION
- 741 - 1200'
 Fibber McGee & Molly Quiz
 Women in Radio
- 742 - 1800'
 I love a Mystery
 Gateway to Hollywood Panel
 Gateway to Hollywood Rehearsal
 Gateway to Hollywood Recreation
- 743 - 1800'
 Thin Man Recreation
 Guest Panel
 Guest Panel
- 744 - 1800'
 Sound Effect Panel
 Dimension x Recreation
 Detective Panel
- 745 - 1800'
 Detective Panel (cont.)
 Quick as a Flash Recreation
 Quick as a Flash (wrap up)
 Young Widder Brown Recreation
 Big Town Recreation
- 746 - 1800
 No Notes

* * * * *

LET'S FACE IT



starring Bob Hope with Betty Hutton.



FINISHING SCHOOL FOR ACTORS

—that's what you might well call Nila Mack's "Let's Pretend" program, heard over CBS on Saturday mornings. For such famous actors as Billy Halop, the "Dead End Kid," and Patricia Peardon of "Junior Miss" got their starts with Miss Mack—as well as countless other young entertainers.

For the true story of Nila Mack and a glimpse behind the scenes of her program read the October issue of SUPERSNIPE, 10c a copy at all newsstands. And don't forget to listen in every Saturday morning at 11:05 EWT to "Let's Pretend," most popular children's program on the air. Nila Mack's "Let's Pretend" is heard over Columbia.



JUST THE FACTS MA'AM
BY: Frank Boncore

It appears that I have inadvertently place a burr under the saddle of "cowboy" Don Aston of Aston's Adventures. After a showdown on Front Street, Don pointed out that he did not receive proper credit for the "GUNSMOKE TRIVIA QUIZ" that he had generously sent me and allowed the OTRC to print in the "Illustrated Press".

To avoid a "range war" I now wish to set the record straight.

It was Don Aston who made up the quiz and first used it at the Newark Convention last October. It was also Don Aston who allowed us to publish it.

In the past, Don has done several good things for the OTRC. Our Gunsmoke "MEMORIES" last October could not have been done without Don's help. Don sent us the script that we used. He also sent us the photographs (from his personal collection) and allowed us to print them. Do has also donated several quality tapes & cassettes to our library. If you're a Gunsmoke fan like I am, you can thank Don. Since he spent 10 years in search for episodes to put the series on tape for us to enjoy.

Don will soon have a "NEW" flier out which I will tell about in the next issue. By the way, Don is also working on a new catalog which will be out in the future.

So once again, my apologies for a break in the telegraph line and a tip of the cowboy hat to Don Aston!

**A Special Service
For
Club Members Only**

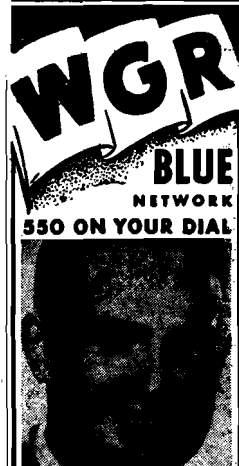
TAPESONDENTS: Send in your wants and we'll run them here for at least 2 months.

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)

WANTED: Trying to locate tapes or recordings of the "Let's Pretend" radio shows. Can you help?

Howard E. Deutch
1513 Auburn Avenue
Rockville, MD 20850

Tapesondents is a free service to all members.



WGR
BLUE
NETWORK
550 ON YOUR DIAL

Fred Waring ★
7:00 P. M. FRED WAR-
ING and His Pennsylvanians have their premieres tonight in a delightful program, blending large groups of voices and instruments.

News ★ **2:00 P. M.**
Every afternoon, Monday through Friday, Allan Lewis brings you up to date on the latest happenings at home and abroad.

Terry and the Pirates
5:00 P. M. Another exciting and entertaining episode in the lives of Terry Lee, Col. Flip Corkin, Burma and Pat Ryan. Ted de Corsin plays the role of Col. Corkin.

Jimmy Dorsey ★
9:30 P. M. Famed Dorsey orchestra is "VICTORY PARADE OF SPOTLIGHT BANDS" guest.

Joe E. Brown ★
10:30 P. M. "STOP and GO" with America's popular comedian of stage, screen and radio, is an invitation none will want to miss.

FRIDAY
My True Story - **10:00 A. M.** Excellent cast presents "Eight Heavenly Days," the story of how a memory can be much more wonderful than the actuality.

SPERDVAC notes with sadness, the passing of:

Rad Robinson who sang with Ken Darby and the Kingsmen; **Herb Morison** who described the crash of the Hindenberg; **Donald Vorhees**, musical conductor on The Bell Telephone Hour; **Art Rush**, long-time producer and friend of Roy Rogers; **Frank Hurstley**, line radio writer of Suspense plus other dramatic shows. (Frank and wife Doris Hurstley wrote many of the *That's Rich* which starred Stan Freberg.); **Mandel Kramer**, outstanding radio actor and voice man who worked on almost every show done from New York including the starring role as *Johnny Dollar*.

Wireless Wanderings



JIM SNYDER

Bob Davis' December column has caused me to do a great deal of thinking in regard to my own role in the OTR hobby. That was the one where Bob talked about "burn out" in general, and in himself in particular.

First, let me say that while Bob and I take frequent "pot-shots" at each other in these pages, Bob is one of the two people who have meant the most to me, and have had the greatest influence on me, in the hobby. The other was Chuck Seeley, who we would have to consider a burn out as he now maintains only a very peripheral interest in what is going on in OTR. I greatly admire Bob as a truly fine human being, and I hope a great friend. I consider him to be the best of all the OTR writers to be found in any of the various publications (yes, I even like "TheAnswer Man"). I have also traded tapes with Bob on an on-and-off sort of basis for several years.

In his December column Bob mentioned that he seems to be on his way to becoming a "total burnout," and in a phone conversation since that was written he stated his feelings on a rather stronger level.

I have been involved with his hobby to one extent or another for nineteen years and I have been writing this column on a regular basis for over twelve years. I have noted that I have experienced burn-out every single fall for the last six or seven years. It almost always starts just about the first of September and usually fades away sometime in November, although this last fall it lasted well into December. During that period of time I really do lose all interest in the hobby. I want to stop trading, writing this column becomes a big pain, and in general I don't seem to want to bother with OTR. I have no idea why I have gone through this every year, and why it occurs in the fall and only lasts a few months. It used to concern me as Bob was concerned in December, but now I

just sort of accept it as a "natural state of affairs."

OTR has never been my number one hobby or outside interest, but it has been a very enjoyable one. My job causes many problems and great tension, and OTR does completely remove me from any of that, for at least short periods of time. All of the people that I traded with when I was starting in the hobby have dropped out. They experienced burnout and have completely given up on the hobby. I had any awful lot of fun with those people as we explored the world of OTR together. Each and every exchange of tapes was accompanied by a two or three page letter. The last trader I have had this kind of an exchange with is Bob Davis, and it now sounds like he is dropping out. I am now only trading with two other people, and am having difficulty finding new material that is of interest in the catalog of one of those. As Bob mentioned, trading does become a bother at times. There is no longer the excitement of the new discovery. I have about 20,000 shows in my collection. It is interesting to me to note that whenever I just want to sit down and listen to a show for enjoyment I always go back to something in my first one hundred reels or so. I almost never listen to anything more recent than that. People that I trade with, however, never pick anything back in those early reels. They make their selections from the last three or four hundred reels of the 1600 or so in my collection. It appears obvious to me that I got the stuff that really appeals to me in the beginning of my activity in the hobby. The rest has mainly been just to add to my already adequate collection. I don't think I am ready to give up on the hobby, as Bob may be doing, but my interest in it has certainly changed. I am sure that I will discontinue all trading in the not too distant future, and limit my listening to what I already have. After having attended nine of the Newark conventions I had truly lost interest in them so decided not to go last fall. I really expected to miss the thing so much that my interest would be recharge in going back in the future. That didn't happen. I found that I didn't miss it in the least. In fact I only thought about the convention once during the four days that I would normally be there. That was when I had to rake the lawn that Saturday morning and found myself thinking, "I wouldn't have to be doing this now if I

had gone to the convention." I guess this is a form of the burnout Bob was talking about. At least at this point I have no interest in returning to the convention in the near future.

Now all of this sounds like I am also experiencing a complete burnout. And yet, I am still interested in the hobby. I continue to enjoy listening to some of my favorite shows. I very much enjoy reading about the hobby. I currently subscribe to all the major hobby publications and belong to all the national clubs. But I am going to discontinue several of those that frankly aren't worth the money. There are those that say we should support all of these in order to promote the hobby, but I see no reason for going on with something that doesn't give some sort of return for the money I send them.

Am I also experiencing the burnout? I don't think so. While my interests, as far as the hobby is concerned, have changed greatly, I still do enjoy many aspects of it and I really think that I will continue to do so for many more years, although I also suspect that my days of "active" participation are numbered.

"The hum is gone," announced Malcolm S. Forbes Jr., chairman of the Board for Overseas Broadcasting, which directs the \$200 million-a-year U.S. broadcasting effort based in Europe.

Future programming aimed at the services' estimated 55 million listeners could now include more music, fewer repeated programs and such new features as call-in talk shows.

Forbes said radio engineers who had developed sophisticated techniques for overriding the jamming were surprised by the development, although there had been some subtle signs of change during a recent visit by U.S. broadcast executives to Moscow in September.

Soviets end jamming of broadcasts

WASHINGTON (AP) — After 38 years of continuous Soviet jamming of Radio Free Europe and Radio Liberty, millions of people in Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union are now getting "loud and clear" news programming from the West.

Word that the more than 2,000 jamming transmitters in Russia, other Soviet states and Afghanistan had shut down spread through Europe on Wednesday as shortwave radio operators discovered the annoying, raspy hum of Soviet interference was no longer heard over U.S., West German, Israeli or other broadcasts.

Jess Oppenheimer, 'Lucy' Creator, Dies

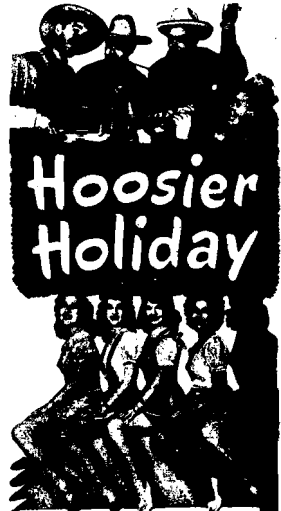
LOS ANGELES (AP) — Television producer Jess Oppenheimer, the co-creator of "I Love Lucy" and for 153 episodes of the TV sitcom's head writer, has died of a heart ailment at age 75.

Oppenheimer got his start in show business in radio, working with Fred Astaire, Jack Benny, Edgar Bergen and Lucille Ball. He spent five years with "I Love Lucy," which debuted in 1951, then produced "Get Smart" and network variety specials.

BIG PICTURE

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Your network favorites
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The greatest galaxy of radio topnotchers ever gathered together in one grand entertainment! It's a screenful of talent, laughter and music!



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RADIO'S POPULAR ENTERTAINERS

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THE MUSIC MAIDS

GEORGE D. RAY as "THE COLEMAN OLD JUDGE"

ISABEL BERNHOLZ as "MISS OPPORTON"
Carney of "Water Water and Holy"

GEORGE "BING" FRISER

LILLIAN BERNHOLZ as "BESSIE"
Carney of "The Great Outdoors"

Featuring
DALE EVANS
GEORGE BYRON
EMMA DUNN
THURSTON HALL



By The People and Songs

REPUBLIC PICTURES

LETTERS



Just received my membership package from your organization. As an Old Time Radio fan of many years I was very interested in learning of your organization. I have been collection shows for nearly 20 years, plus I grew up in the 30's when most of the shows were being broadcast. So, when I learned of your organization I joined immediately. I mention all of this because although I am a new member I do have some background in OTR.

However, the first thing I read from your organization contains two letters (letters column of the February issue of ILLUSTRATED PRESS) which upset me. As a new member I am not familiar with either of the people (Widison and Salome) who wrote the letters, and don't know who is right or wrong. However I got a terrible impression of your entire organization by reading those letters. I can think of nothing which would turn people away from your organization and OTR than such attitudes as those letters express.

I realize there are people who make money from OTR. I have done business with many of them. Since this is not a perfect world, people are always going to have disagreements. However, I do not think it is the place of your magazine to air these personal disputes. Unless I missed something and this dispute affects your organization personally I do not think these letters should have been published.

If anyone was offering unsatisfactory or illegal recordings for sale at any of your functions, you would have the right to advise the membership. Otherwise this dispute should have been left to the persons involved to resolve as they saw fit. After reading the two letters I would not do business with either of them! I just can't figure out what they are going to accomplish with these letters, besides burning people off from OTR.

Other than the letters I enjoyed the magazine. I sincerely hope my first impression of your organization was wrong, and I can have a long and interesting relationship with your organization.

Jack L. Palmer
145 North 21st Street
Battle Creek MI 49015

Editor's Reply:

I'm sorry that you didn't appreciate the letters in the February I.P., but I had several members who wanted to see the letters printed. Both parties were able to present their views and I do NOT censor or omit letters from the I.P. (other than omitting profanity). Also, I believe our members should be aware of situations regarding our hobby. By presenting various viewpoints in our letters column, I feel our members will be better prepared to make intelligent decisions regarding our hobby. The letters printed in the I.P. represent the opinions of the writers and do not necessarily reflect the views of our club.

More letters --

Although I cannot participate actively, I really do enjoy receiving my Illustrated Press each month, it keeps me up to date on everything.

Just received the January 1989 issue, and I think this is a really excellent one, just the right thing needed to help entice more members and to inform those just getting into the hobby just what a great hobby old radio is.

Larry Partridge
21 Maynard Avenue, Suite 211
Toronto, Canada M6K 2Z8

Hi, I DEFINITELY want to renew my membership in OTRC! Here's a check for my 1989 dues. I enjoyed this special January 89 issue on the nuts and bolts of OTR collection - I've been in the hobby for several years now, but there's so much that I'm unaware of. The issue helped me out, and it'd be perfect for someone brand new to the field.

I think that occasional articles/issues like this will help the club bring in new blood!

Thanks again - this is a great club!

Mr. Jan Willis
621 Allen Street
Tupelo, MS 38801

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 material and return the originals to you. See address on page 2.



"That's a joke, son—a Birmingham bellybuster, that is! Announcer Kenny Delmar. (left) doubles as Fred Allen's Senator Claghorn.

Allen's Alley

You've Surely Heard These Sunday Night Radio Favorites—Now You Can See How They Look in Action



Ambling down Allen's Alley has long since been a familiar experience to most radio listeners. But last fall over NBC, when Fred and Portland struck off down the lane for Tenderleaf Tea and Blue Bonnet Margarine, their very first stop made radio history: Senator Claghorn was at home that night as he has been every Sunday since.

By now, of course, Claghornisms are a part of the national patter, the Senator has har-rumped his way to a bigger following than

most of his Washington "colleagues," and Kenny Delmar has scored sensationally as the explosive solon. But, while a newcomer to the Alley, the 34-year-old Delmar has been banging around in radio for the past 10 years without any particular recognition, at various times working on *The Columbia Workshop*, *March of Time*, *The Mercury Theatre*, and *Cavalcade of America*. Right now his string includes the Eddie Cantor show, the Ginny Simms stanza and *Your Hit Parade*. Every Sunday afternoon he co-stars with Deems Taylor on the RCA-Victor program in which he defends jive as against classical music, then tees off the Jack Benny stint from New York, winds up the day by panting over to Allen's Alley. And he also has the Average Listener spot in the Danny Kaye show over CBS.

Parker Fennelly who, as Titus Moody, is always the next stop on the street, also joined the Alley last year. Gray-haired, spare, and disconsolate-looking, Fennelly fits the Moody role exactly, regularly gets his laugh with some



PORTLAND MOFFA, Mrs. Allen in private life, is named in honor of her birthplace in Oregon.

ALLEN'S ALLEY—Continued

dry remark, then subsides glumly. Such ex- perience, naturally, is the result of a long train- ing. Fennelly, now 55, has been in the theatre since 1915, entered radio in 1929. Before the Moody bit, Fennelly worked in such shows as Snow Village Sketches, the Stebbins Boys, Big Ben Dressed, Dressed and the inevitable soap operas.

The next visit is as eagerly awaited today as it was in 1933 when Minerva Pious became an instant favorite as Mrs. Numbbaum. Trim, five feet tall and 90 pounds, Mrs. Numbbaum once caused the sensa- tion on the Alley with her marked dialect routines as, more recently, have the Sena- tor's oratorical outbursts. Miss Pious, how- ever, with no theatrical background, broke into radio with the Allen show.

Barrel-chested Alan Reed completes the quartet with one of his Falstaff Openhaw epics. Reed, 39, is built like a wrestler and, actually, was a champ in the sport at Columbia, occa- sionally has grabbed professionally in the off- season. An old hand in all phases of the thea- tre, Reed sidestepped the dry goods business for the stage, has played character and comic roles in everything from stock to vaudeville.

The great Fred Allen, who has been airing his gravel-voiced gags since 1933, usually rates the tag of the Mark Twain of the medium. His wife, Portland Hoffa, has been giving him that sing-song salute on the show since it started and was in show business with him before he tied up with the microphone. Named for her Oregon birthplace, she was one of four chil- dren. A sister is called Lebanon after a town in Pennsylvania. Fortunately, none of them was concerned in any way with Ypsilanti.



MRS. NUMBBAUM . . . "Hu? You are expecting maybe Ingrown Bergman?" Her real name is Minerva Pious. Russian-born, she's credited with first discover- ing Debus's acting technique.



FALSTAFF OPENHAW, the sagacious rhymester of Allen's Alley, is Alan Reed. Master of 23 dialects, he joined the network show back in '39.



"HOWDY, MR. . . ." That's the familiar greeting of Titus Moody (Parker Fennelly) when the Allens pay their regular Sunday night visit.

LON CLARK AS RADIO'S NICK CARTER



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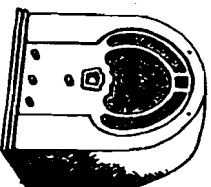
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