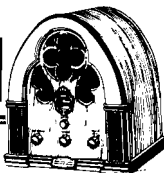


Illustrated Press

NUMBER 57-May, 1981

THE OLD TIME RADIO CLUB

SINCE 1975



Burns and Allen in 1934



In 1938



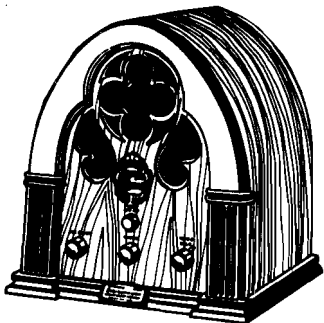
In 1936



In the 1940's, with daughter Sandra and son Ronnie, Ronnie has since achieved great popularity through his appearances on the Burns and Allen television show.



BEGINNING THIS ISSUE: LEE ALLMAN



THE OLD TIME RADIO CLUB

MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION:

Club dues are \$13.00 per yr. from Jan. 1 through Dec. 31. Members receive a membership card, library lists, a monthly newsletter (The Illustrated Press), a semi-annual magazine (Memories), and various special items. Additional family members living in the same household as a regular member may join the club for \$2.00 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 \$6.00 per year and includes all the benefits of a regular membership. Regular membership dues are as follows: if you join in Jan. dues are \$13.00 for the year; Feb., \$12.00; March \$11.00; April \$10.00; May \$9.00; June \$8.00; July \$7.00; Aug., \$6.00; Sept., \$5.00; Oct., \$4.00; Nov., \$3.00; and Dec., \$2.00. The numbers after your name on the address label are the month and year your renewal is due. Reminder notes will be sent. Your renewal should be sent in as soon as possible to avoid missing issues. Please be certain to notify us if you change your address.

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The Old Time Radio Club meets the second Monday of the month (September through June) at 393 George Urban Boulevard, Cheektowaga, New York. Anyone interested in the "Golden Age of Radio" is welcome to attend and observe or participate.

DEADLINE FOR IP #58 - May 11th
FOR IP #59 - June 8th
FOR IP #60 - July 13th

BACK ISSUES: All are \$1.00 each, postpaid, except where noted. Out-of-print issues can be borrowed from the Reference Library.

MEMORIES: Vol. 1 #1 (\$2.00), #3, #4,
#5; Vol. 2 #1, #4 (\$2.00);
Vol. 4 #1, #2

IP: #3 (with SHADOW script), #5A (RH AC/OTRC Special #1), #8 (50¢), #10 (with part one of LUX RADIO THEATER Log), #14 (50¢), #15 (50¢), #16, #17, #18, RHAC/OTRC Special #2, #19, #20, #21, #23, #24, #25, #26, #27, #28, (RHAC/OTRC Special #3), #29, #30, #31, #32, (\$2.00), #33, #34, #37, #38, #39, #40, #41, #42, #42, #44, #45, #46, #47, #48, #49, #50, #51, #52 #53, #54, #55, #56, #57,

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

The Illustrated Press is very pleased to announce the addition of Lenore Allman to our staff of columnists.

Lee Allman's most important role on radio was that of Lenore Case (Miss. Case to Britt Reid and Casey to Michael Axford) on the Green Hornet show. She could also be heard frequently on both the Lone Ranger as well as Sgt. Preston of the Yukon. According to Lee her most unusual role was that of a toothless Eskimo on Sgt. Preston.

Lee Allman's brother, James Jewell, was an early producer, director and writer on the Lone Ranger show. Lee played an important part in selecting some of the early actors on the show including Earle Graser.

Lee was one of the many hard working actors and actresses that made Station WXYZ in Detroit one of the most important radio stations in the country in the 1930's and 1940's and the flagship station of the Mutual Network.

Today Lee Allman and her marvelous husband Emerson live in retirement in New Jersey. A frequent guest of Jay Hickerson's "Friends of Old Time Radio Convention, Lee never tires of answering questions and relating stories about her days in the "Golden Days of Radio."

Welcome to our pages, Lee. We sincerely hope that this is only the first of a long series of columns under your "byline":

Dick and Jerry



ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A MAGIC BOX CALLED RADIO

I saw it for the first time when I was nine years old. My brother Jim, who was eleven, came into the kitchen one evening and said, "Hey, kid, wanna see a magic box?"

"Sure," I answered, "where is it?"

"Here." He said and he held out a wooden box about the size of a kitchen match box. It looked like a

very ordinary box to me.

"What's magic about that?"

"Well, look at it."

I took it in my hand. All I could see was a small box with something mounted on it and a fine wire attached to it. "What's magic about that?"

"Well look," he said, "see this?" He pointed to the fine wire.

"Sure I see it--what is it?"

"It's a cat's whisker. And this is called galena." He pointed to what was mounted on the box.

"Why is it called a cat's whisker?"

"I don't know. Quit asking so many silly questions. Here, put on these ear phones."

I put on the ear phones while he fiddled with the wire, touching it to what he called the galena.

"Hear anything?"

"Nope."

"Now?"

"Nope."

"Nuts!" He kept moving the wire around. "Now?"

Suddenly I heard a woman's voice singing.. "Hello, hello, this is Thelma Bow" then silence. The wire had slipped. He touched the spot again...the same voice came back, still singing.

I was really surprised. "How did you do that?"

"I told you it was magic. I just invented it." I looked at him and he was grinning.

"Come on", I said, "how did you do it?"

"It's a radio," he said.

"Well, where is the music coming from? And don't tell me it's in the box."

"It's coming from downtown. Thelma Bow is singing downtown at a studio and you're hearing her."

I guess I must have felt like Dave Sarnoff did when he heard the sounds from the Titanic...I didn't believe what I was hearing.

"It's gotta be a trick." I said.

"It is not a trick. It's real, honestly it is." Then he tried to explain to me the mechanics of the miracle I'd just experienced...wave lengths, frequencies, etc. All I knew was that there was magic involved somewhere.

"Do it again." I said. As I listened I still couldn't believe what was happening. Someone was singing at least ten miles away and her voice was coming right through the walls of our house! I remember asking my brother, "Can anybody talk or sing on the radio and be heard here through that little box?"

"Well, almost I guess." he said,

"As long as they're not too far away."

"Even me? When I grow up could I recite a poem or be in a play, or maybe even sing on the radio so that you could hear me right in this room?" I still couldn't believe it.

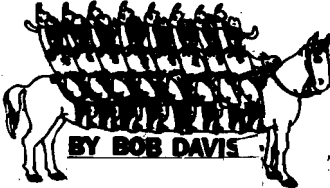
"That's right" he answered... "now give me the earphones, OK?"

I forgot that incident until a few years later. I was sixteen and a senior in high school. I had won a city-wide contest offered to high school seniors interested in theatre and speech work. As the winner I received a year's scholarship at a Detroit theatre school. Because of that I was invited by the Detroit Free Press Radio Station to read "The Night Before Christmas" at their studio on Christmas Eve. Needless to say I was nervous about doing it because I'd never even seen a real microphone before, but suddenly, as I sat waiting for the starting cue, the memory of a small box with a piece of galena and a cat's whisker attached to it came flooding back... all I could think of was that my voice was being heard through the very walls of that old kitchen where my mother was sitting, listening to my voice "on the radio". Just like Thelma Bow's. And I thought--It's happening...just like Jimmy said it would. It's really happening!!

Yes, I missed the cue. But, it was Christmas Eve, so they threw me another.

SAY!

WHO WAS THAT MARKED MAN?



"There's a Moral There Somewhere"

A few years ago when my children were very young, my boys kindergarten teacher asked if I could send over a kiddie type show that she could play for her class. Now children that small are notorious for being squirmy and fidgety and having a point of interest that changes every few minutes so I decided on

Lets Pretend as the show that would most fill the bill. I sent the show over and the teacher arranged the children in a circle and then played the show for them.

She told me afterwards that the results were amazing. These squirmy, fidgety kids sat there entranced with the story and it kept their attention for the entire half hour--Remember, these were TV kids that had probably never heard a radio story in their lives. The teacher then questioned the kids about different parts of the show, and got correct answers right down the line. As far as I know, she still uses that story even today.

I had the unfortunate occasion to have to go into the hospital for some minor surgery. (I had my foot removed from my mouth some say). Well, being the Boy Scout that I am I went prepared bringing along my tape player and a whole bunch of stories on cassettes. They put me in a room with an old man who was there with some sort of internal problem. If this old man was not the champion grouch of all time he was at least the leading contender for a shot at the title. He'd complain about the room, the doctors, the nurses, the food, just everything...and all the while there was a scowl on his face that just wouldn't quit. He would ignore me and I would ignore him and thats the way it was for a couple of days.

I got to feeling better and thought I'd play one of my shows so I set my player on very low and put on an old Burns and Allen show. The old man sat up in his bed and asked if I would make it a little louder so he could hear too. As I turned the sound up the old man got out of bed and went over to a lounge type chair that was in the room. Then the old man, listening all the while, sat down...laid back...and smiled.

A word about last months column

If you thought that those jokes were lousy you should have seen the ones I didn't use. You don't know how lucky you are.

A word about next months column

Due to popular (ha ha) demand and mostly because I promised a couple of guys from Michigan, there will be a brief trip into the past when Big, Bashful Bob again boggles your brains with a bountiful bagful of...(you guessed it) TRIVIA QUESTIONS and I might even be able to give out appropriate prizes. More on that next month.



LIBRARY NEWS

One More Time!

Yes, once more there are additions to the OTRC library, two to be exact. Both were donated by Ken Krug who gets my reel thanks.

Reel #115-"The Great Gildersleeve"-
ALL - 1800'

- "Interior Decorating"
- "Leroy Buys a Gift for Miss Tuttle"
- "Gildy Mistaken for Wilbur Cosgrove"
- "Leroy to Raise Bees"
- "Gildy Missing All Day and Night"
- "Paula Winthrop's daughter Sabotages Dates"
- "Marjorie and Bronco Need \$2,000 for House"
- "Gildy takes up Gardening"
- "Grace Tuttle's Brother Sidney"

Reel #116-1800'-ALL-"The Misadventures of Si and Elmer"
Early 1930's radio show--
Episodes 1 through 26 (Minus #5 and 6)

CLEARING THE AIRWAYS

For a long time I've been meaning to join your O.T.R. Club. At last I'm going to do it. Your current ad in (-----) did it.

Your publications have to be an improvement over (-----) which has deteriorated over the years to (-----).

Since your club has been going for several years, I'll take a chance on it. I've been burned on several other publications over the years which turned out to fly-by-night type operations. I suppose we've all been taken by some of them at one time or another. However, I'm always looking for good publications dealing with our favorite hobby.

You'll find my check for \$10. enclosed. I hope we'll have a long and happy relationship.

Best wishes
Ellen Robinson

((Welcome to our club, Ellen. I believe you'll find our club a "big" bargain compared to the other O.T.R. clubs. In any event, please write and let me know your feelings. Also, we can always use contributions for the I.P. Please forgive my editing of your letter, I hope you understand why it was necessary. R.A.O.))

To the Editor:
Having corresponded with Monte

Wilson for several years, and last summer having visited him in his home in Oregon, I was very pleased to see that he finally wrote an article for the IP on his work with junior high students, in providing them with access to OTR materials. I did want to comment on his article, since I found him being a little overly modest. While he has had his radio club in operation for only a couple of years, he has, for quite a number of years, provided OTR materials for the kids and parents of his school. Perhaps he will do another article on what he did in his English classes. Parents have shown an active interest in what he is doing with OTR, and he is assisting several community libraries, in his part of the state, in setting up OTR sections in their libraries. His efforts are having a wide ranging "ripple" effect, and he is responsible for introducing this hobby of ours, to many people who have never heard of him. He has a wide variety of interesting printed materials for his radio club, and I would like to see him send copies to the OTRC publications library, so that other teachers can see what he has done.

While I am at it, let me also say that I have particularly enjoyed the articles by Gene Bradford. Along with having an interesting sense of humor, he does provide us with something to think about. His articles are thought provoking. I particularly enjoyed his recent one on Tom Mix.

Sure glad that Bob Davis is also writing now, although I have to confess that I am jealous of his ability to write. He has a terrific sense of humor which comes through even when making a serious point.

Finally, what ever happened to Hy Daley. He started the first of a series back in the November issue, and he hasn't had a word in the IP since. I know, from listening to people talk at the last two Bridgeport conventions, that he is the most popular writer in any OTR publication, so I am not the only one who misses his regular column.

Jim Snyder
(((Hy...Hy...Hy are you out there? Please come back, we all miss your column. Ed)))

Our special membership campaign will be drawing to an end when you read this but there still is time to spread the word so please help. Membership rolls jumped 25% in the first month of our offer.

Reminder; Set aside the weekend of October 16 and 17, 1961 for the sixth Friends of Old Time Radio Convention. Lon Clark and Charlotte

Manson are tentatively coming and a Nick Carter radio show is planned. The convention is held in Bridgeport, Connecticut and is The Event of the Year for old time radio fans. For additional information write Jay Hickerson, Box C, Orange, Connecticut 06477.

According to Hello Again, Heart-beat theater is marking its 25th anniversary and Jed Dolnick's program "The Sounds of Yesterday" will start its 8th year in April. It is heard Wed. & Sun. evenings on WYMS-FM (89) Milwaukee.

North of the Border: For those of you fortunate enough to be able to pick up Canadian stations, try CBC Radio on Friday nights at 7:30 for the horror series Nightfall and on Sunday afternoons at 1:05 for the satire and comedy series Royal Canadian Air Farce which is also on CBC stereo on Saturday mornings at 10:35.

Our present Nick Carter story has 12 chapters and it will be finished in the next couple of issues and then we will begin a special story starring...No, I can't tell you who just yet, but next issue I'll give you a clue as to who this special someone is and he is a "Big" name detective star.

Although the Buffalo area no longer receives CBS Mystery Theater, due to an unbelievable decision by the local affiliate to expand a syndicated sports talk show from 5 to 6 hours, we will begin a CBS Mystery Theater checklist this issue thanks to CBS Press Information resuming their releases to us and as our tribute to the fine contribution this program continues to make to outstanding radio drama. Until next issue, "Peace"

R.A.O.

* * * * *

Radio Quiz Program

Wisconsin U. at Eau Claire to meet Vanderbilt on CBS radio in "College Bowl" national championship play week of Apr. 27.

Midwestern regional winner Wisconsin U. at Eau Claire will face Vanderbilt in a first-round COLLEGE BOWL National Championship match to be broadcast the week of April 27 on the CBS Radio Network.

Wisconsin Eau Claire is captained by Bill Osterndorf, a senior pursuing a dual economics/history major. His team members include seniors Jeffrey Skochil and John Klingler, both history majors, and Randy Rumm, following a pre-med program.

The opposition from Vanderbilt is comprised of team captain Rex Wright, a junior with a math/physics

double major; sophomore Scott Lucas, a public policy and English major; Michael Montemarann, a second-year law student, and senior Steven McKnight, a political communication major.

Teams participating in the COLLEGE BOWL National Championship Tournament compete not only for the 1981 title, but scholarships as well. College Bowl, Inc., has provided a total of \$14,100 for the 24 teams, with grants of \$300 given to first-round teams; \$500 for the second-round; \$750 for the third, \$1,000 for making the semi-finals, and \$2,000 for the tournament winner.

Art Fleming is COLLEGE BOWL moderator, and announcer for the games is Wendell L. Craig.

* * * * *



4/27/81---"Big Momma"

An unassuming small-town official unwittingly becomes a cog in a corporate big brother.

CAST: Paul Hecht, Joan Shea, Earl Hammond, Evie Juster
WRITER: Sam Dann

4/28/81---"Heads You Love, Tails You Die"

An adopted countess vows revenge for the murder of her real father.

CAST: Court Benson, Russell Horton, Marian Seldes, Evie Juster
WRITER: Sam Dann

4/29/81---"The Man of Two Centuries"

A Canadian historian has a chance to study his subject firsthand.

CAST: Len Cariou, Diana Krikwood, Lloyd Battista, Robert Dryden
WRITER: James Agate, Jr.

4/30/81---"Murder on the Space Shuttle"

The methods may change, but the crime is still murder, in this story adapted from Jacques Futrelle and set in the distant future.

CAST: Gordon Heath, Gilbert Mack, Paul Hecht, Valeka Gray
WRITER: G. Frederic Lewis

5/1/81---"The Voices"

A young woman harboring an

American Spy in occupied France may be a modern Joan of Arc.

CAST: Amanda Plummer, Norman Rose, Earl Hammond

WRITER: G. Frederic Lewis

5/4/81--"Garden of the Moon"

A cosmetics executive is fascinated by a strange new line of health and beauty products.

CAST: Kim Hunter, Evie Juster, Paul Hecht, Ralph Bell

WRITER: Bob Juhren

5/5/81--"Last Act"

A man may have died for a crime he didn't commit, in turn-of-the-century England

CAST: Court Benson, Robert Dryden, Earl Hammond, Carole Teitel

WRITER: Elspeth Eric

5/6/81--"The Apparition"

A young prisoner is obsessed with the notion he'll never see his father again.

CAST: Kristoffer Tabori, Marian Seldes, Robert Dryden, Lloyd Battista.

WRITER: Elspeth Eric

5/7/81--"The Heel of Achilles"

A self-made millionaire discovers his fatal flaw too late.

CAST: Arnold Moss, Earl Hammond, Joyce Gordon, Joan Shea,

WRITER: Sam Dann

5/8/81--"Is The Doctor In?"

A dermatologist is called on at gunpoint to perform a surgery on a wounded mobster.

CAST: Tony Roberts, Joyce Gordon, Ray Owens

MEMBERSHIP DRIVE

Last Chance! SPECIAL OFFER
Join The Old Time Radio Club for only \$10.00 for the 1981 calendar year and receive the following benefits:

The Illustrated Press-Monthly. Memories Magazine-Biannual in 1981.

Access to our Reference Library.

Access to our improved and expanded Sound Library.

BONUS-Special OTR related gift to all new members.

SPECIAL NOTE-All existing members who bring in a new member will also qualify for the free OTR related gift!

Special Offer expires Midnight, May 31, 1981.

RETURN WITH US TO...

THE GREEN HORNET

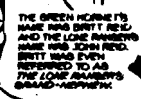
THE GREEN HORNET WAS CREATED BY GEORGE TRUMBULL AND FRANK STRYKER AND WERE BROADCAST FROM DETROIT.



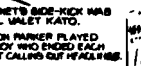
DEPARTED AS THE GREEN HORNET'S BROTHER... HE WAS CALLED BLACK BEAUTY.



THE GREEN HORNET'S SIDE-KICK WAS HIS CRISTAL VALLEY KATO.



ALICE BROWN PRINCE PLAYED THE NERDWHOY WHO EXCITED EACH BROADCAST CALLING OUT HEADLINES.



SPECIAL EXTRA! MAKE US FOR ONE CITY BASED FROM ABOUT 17! GREEN HORNET WILL AT LAST! SPECIAL EXTRA! SPECIAL!

THE GREEN HORNET WAS PLAYED BY... AL HICKEY (1936-43) EDWARD GAGNER (1943-48) BOB HALL (1948-49) JACK MCCARTHY (1949-50)

IN MEMORY.....

RETURN WITH US TO...

JOE LOUIS



A LIVING LEGEND IS THE MAN WHO... THE HIGHLIGHTS FROM HIS CAREER FROM 1917 TO 1949.

JOE LOUIS... HE ACCURSED JOE... WITH HIS STRAIGHT SWIFT, THROTTLE ATTACKS.

CLEAN LIVING

BROTHERHOOD



YOU'RE A GREAT INSPIRATION TO YOUR COUNTRY... JOE LOUIS.

THE CHAMP HAS BORN IN LEXINGTON, ALA. IN 1914. IF YOU'D BE THAT... JOE LOUIS FOLLOWED HIS BROTHER CHAMP... LIFE TODAY SPELL OUT... CHAMPION!

NICK CARTER

THE CRYSTAL MYSTERY

OR

NICK CARTER AND THE MAGIC EYE

CHAPTER VIII

A MASTERFUL ROBBER OF MEN

Nick Carter's next act was to call Mrs. Van Skoyt over the telephone and ask her if she would lend the footman Martin to him for a day or two.

"I have a very important use for him," he told her. "He is the only person I have been able to find who knows by sight the man I am after. I'll send my own Joseph to you to take his place, if you will spare him," he added.

"Oh, I can spare him without depriving you of your man, Mr. Carter," she laughed back at him over the phone. "When do you want him?"

"Right away, if you please. I don't want him in livery."

"Of course not."

"Tell him that he will find me in the cafe at the Holland House, and to come immediately. I will be very greatly obliged."

All that remained of that afternoon and evening, the detective spent in wandering with Martin at his side through the streets of that particular district where the man with the crystal had been seen oftenest.

They even kept it up till late in the evening, but with no results, and at last the detective directed his steps toward home, telling Martin to accompany him, and that he would house him for the night.

"You are doing detective work now, Martin," he said, "and as such you must stick to the task. Sometimes I work forty-eight or even seventy-two hours at a stretch without rest or sleep--but we won't have to do that in this case. All I desire of you is to help me to recognize that man."

It was nearly ten o'clock when he entered the house, and Chick was awaiting him, looking very crest-fallen indeed.

"What's the matter, Chick?" the detective asked. "What has happened to you?"

"I have been made a fool of, that's all," was the reply.

"How did it happen? Eh?"

"I wish I knew--but I don't."

"At least you can tell me about it, can't you?"

"I don't know whether I can or not, Nick. You know what you told me to do? You didn't give me very many particulars, and I went ahead on just what you had said."

"Yes."

"Well, I hadn't been out of the house half an hour before I ran across his nibs directly in front of Wanamaker's store. He was just folding up his tripod and making ready to flit when I saw him, and I didn't see the crystal then; but I had a good idea that it was my man, so I followed him around the corner of Tenth Street and through it to Fourth Avenue."

"Well?"

"He kept on across the avenue to the east side of it, and presently I saw him meet a man, who handed him a little package and some other things that he took out of his pockets. I was too far away to see what they were or to tell what it was all about"

"Go on. This is very interesting."

"I'm glad you find it so."

"I do, decidedly. I'll tell you why in a moment."

"The two parted almost at once, and then the dark-skinned fellow hurried back to the very spot where

he was standing when I first spotted him, I following along; and he hadn't been there more than a minute when the very chap that gave him the package around on the avenue came up again and bent over to look at something on the tripod. I was working my way forward as fast as I could, but the man turned away before I got there, and then I caught a glimpse of the crystal."

"Oh, you did, eh?"

"Yes. He was for putting it away, and had it in his hand as I approached, and I called out to him: 'Here, I want to have a look at that.'"

"Well, what did he say to that?"

"He smiled, and replied in perfect English, although I'd swear he is a Hindu: 'Certainly, sir,' and he replaced it on the tripod. Well, here is where the funny part of it comes in."

"Tell me about it."

"I bent over to look at it and stood there for about a minute, I should say. Then I straightened up again--and if you'll believe me, the man and the tripod and the crystal, the whole shooting-match, in fact, had disappeared; evaporated. And that was the last I saw of him. I came home."

"Chick," said the detective, "you saw a robbery committed and you didn't know it."

"Saw a robbery committed?"

"Yes. The man who gave the package and the things out of his pockets to the Hindu was being robbed. He was under hypnotic influence, and in that state he went around the store to Fourth Avenue, met the Hindu, delivered his valuables, then returned to the place where they first met, assumed the same attitude he had been in when he was hypnotized, was restored to his proper condition, and he went away without knowing that he had been robbed, or that he had moved from that spot. That is the whole story."

"Was I hypnotized, too?"

"Assuredly; only you were not robbed--were you?"

"No."

"You see, the Hindu knew that you had seen him accepting the things from the other man. He did not wish to rob you, fearing that it would render you suspicious of the whole affair. He only hypnotized you enough to let him get away, and then he went. While you were bending over looking at that crystal, you only thought you were looking at it. The crystal and the man who uses it so expertly were getting out of your sight about that time."

"Well, he got out of sight, all right. There is no denying that."

"Chick, you had a good chance to get a look at the fellow. Do you think you could recognize him again?"

"Sure. I'd know him, all right!"

"Then to-morrow morning get into some disguise. Keep moving all day, and spot him, if you can. When you do, and somehow I think you will, keep him in sight, but don't let him see you. I want to trail him down, if possible."

"So do I, confound him! I don't relish being taken in in that fashion."

In the morning before he left the house the detective called up police headquarters and asked the commissioner if he had heard of another robbery by the man with the crystal.

"No," was the reply. "Why, has there been one?"

"I think so; in the vicinity of Wanamaker's store. I think you will hear about it some time during the day."

"Probably."

Nick set Martin to roaming about the streets in search of the Hindu, and Patsy, who arrived home that morning from the West, was also pressed into the service, being given a description of the fellow, and warned not to get too near his hypnotic power.

But Patsy, like Doctor Parsons, scouted the idea that any one could hypnotize him.

The detective thought this a good opportunity to interview the authority on hypnotism, Doctor Hackenbush, and accordingly went to his office.

"I want to be sure of my premises," he told the doctor, after he had explained the case, "and the principal thing I wish to know is this: Is such a circumstance as I have described possible?"

"Certainly it is possible. Why not?"

"Doctor Parsons denies that it is."

"Aw, Parsons. He is a crank."

"That is precisely what he said about you."

"I have no doubt of it. But I am a progressive crank and he is a stand-still crank. Which do you think is the better way?"

"Yours, I should say."

"Certainly. Now, let me tell you something. You say this man you suspect is undoubtedly a Hindu?"

"Yes."

"The Hindus knew about hypnotism before we ever heard of it. They have been practising it over there for centuries. Their great

medium in producing the hypnotic state quickly and easily is a crystal, and the brighter it is the better it serves their purposes. There is something about the lights in the pure crystal that concentrates the gaze and ties the eyes down, to use a homely expression. The minute they are tied down, their owner is that instant at the mercy of the expert hypnotist. He comes instantly under the influence, and will obey any suggestion that is made to him if it is made properly."

"That is what has happened in these cases."

"Precisely."

"Parsons insisted that a man could not go into and come out of the state of hypnotism, or rather the condition, without some knowledge of the fact before or after it."

"That is nonsense. Utter nonsense. If the hypnotist is an expert, and knows his business thoroughly, the subject need have no knowledge of it whatever."

"Do you suppose he could influence me in the same manner, if I should run afoul of him?"

"Undoubtedly--if you looked into the crystal when his eyes were upon you."

"Is there any way in which I could avoid his power?"

"Only one."

"What is that?"

"By keeping your eyes resolutely away from the crystal, although pretending to look at it and by keeping your mind up to a point of resistance every instant."

"Could I fool him in that way?"

"I think so."

"That is what I want to do, if I get the chance."

"That is how I understand you. I would like to meet that man myself."

"I will give you an opportunity, doctor, after I have caught him."

"Do you think you will catch him?"

"I am bound to do it."

"If I could assist you in any way--"

"I can think of no way unless you can make further suggestions for my benefit, and protection."

"No; I think of none. If you follow the directions I have already given you, I am certain you will succeed, all right."

"Thank you."

"But remember, don't look at the crystal itself while his eyes are upon you. If you do, you are a goner."

"I will remember, all right. I am very much obliged to you."

"Oh, that's all right. Don't

forget your promise to let me have a chance to see him, after you have caught him"

"I won't."

"Anyhow," thought the detective, "I think I have now got a fairly good idea of the case, and Mr. Hindu won't be much longer at liberty to pursue his trade in the streets of New York. Hello! There is Patsy. Well, my lad, what is there new? Eh?"

"New?" replied Patsy, with supreme disgust. "I'll tell you. I found your Hindu, all right, and he found me, too. He didn't do a thing but pinch everything I've got."

And there was nothing for Nick Carter to do but laugh.

CHAPTER IX

THE HINDU FINDS TWO VICTIMS

It was ten o'clock the following morning when Martin, who had started out early in his search, called over the telephone to say that he had located the Hindu--the man with the crystal, and that he was now working around the vicinity of the Siegel-Cooper store, at Sixth Avenue and Eighteenth Street.

The detective was already prepared for just such an event, and it was not two minutes after he received the message before he was hurrying toward the designated place with all speed.

He had to stroll around the neighborhood for some time, however, before he found Martin; and then, almost at the same instant that he saw Martin, he also saw and recognized the man of the crystal, directly across the street.

We use the word recognized advisedly, because Nick realized the instant he did see the man that he would have recognized him at one from the descriptions given.

Just at that moment the fellow was strolling slowly, and with apparent aimlessness, along the street. There was a round roll of something carried under one of his arms, and Nick had no doubt it was the tripod and the other things that went with it.

The detective occupied a few moments in studying the man, and then, just as he was about to cross the street to throw himself in the hypnotist's way, he saw that a victim was already at hand.

He decided then and there that he would wait and watch; that he would permit one victim at least to be robbed, in order that he might post himself thoroughly about the exact methods employed.

It was an interesting thing to

watch the maneuvers of the Hindu, whose manner suggested a serpent that is about to charm its victim.

Nick could see the eyes of the man glisten strangely; then his hands quickly removed the green wrapping from the package he carried. The next instant that tripod was open, and to Nick's astonishment, the velvet holder for the collar-buttons and other stuff of the kind, was already fastened to the tripod as were the collar-buttons to the velvet, showing that it was an arrangement carefully made to be handled quickly, and that in reality there was not an article there that could be removed from its place.

The next move the Hindu made was to thrust a hand into his pocket and draw forth another article, this time, Nick had no doubt, the magic crystal.

By that time he had arrived at the corner of the avenue and street and was in such a position that his intended victim was only a few yards from him and still approaching.

The Hindu stopped just in the street off the avenue, and as he did so he flashed the big crystal in the sun so that it sent a ray of light directly into the face of the man he had determined to rob.

The effect was immediate; instantaneous, in fact.

The gentleman whose fate it was to be robbed that morning turned his head, attracted by that flash of light--and saw the crystal.

Like others who had seen its wonderful facets before him, he fell.

Nick saw him stop stock-still, hesitate an instant, and then turn aside and approach the crystal wonderingly.

The detective saw him bend over it, and then, before three seconds could have passed, he straightened up again and started down Eighteenth Street toward Seventh Avenue at a rapid walk.

And instantly the Hindu closed his "shop," or folded his "tent"--anything you please to the arrangements he had at hand--and after waiting a moment, so that there would be no appearance of haste, he leisurely started down Sixth Avenue again.

This was rather a surprise to the detective for a moment; but then it occurred to him that the hypnotist-robber had instructed his victim to meet him somewhere, pursuing this course instead of following directly after the man.

The detective elected to follow the intended victim rather than the thief, and did so, telling Martin that he could keep somewhere in sight

if he chose to do so.

The man who had been selected to be robbed was a tall and portly individual who looked as if he might have come to New York from one of the smaller cities of the State. He looked, too, as if he were well supplied with money, and it was doubtless this air of prosperity he carried about with him that induced the Hindu to select him almost without a second glance.

The man seemed to walk along with a perfectly natural air. In other words, there was nothing about him or his manner to indicate to an observer that he was not entirely rational, and yet Nick was positive that he was going as one asleep, and that afterward he would have no recollection whatever of where he had been.

The intended victim led the way rapidly to Seventh Avenue, and as he approached it Nick could see that he began to search his own pockets, drawing from them article after article which he deposited one by one in the folds of a handkerchief.

The detective did not care to get too close to him, lest the Hindu, when he appeared on the scene, should be made suspicious; but, nevertheless, he could see that the man deposited first a roll of money, then his watch, and other articles, in the folds of the handkerchief, which he afterward tied by the four corners, thus making a compact package of it.

The victim reached the corner of Seventh Avenue and turned southward.

Two-thirds of the way to Seventeenth Street he met the Hindu.

For a moment--just a little bit of a moment it was, too--they stopped, facing each other, and Nick saw the folded and tied handkerchief pass from the stranger to the thief.

Then, apparently without a word, unless indeed the Hindu gave some added suggestions to his victim, they parted.

The man who had been robbed continued on in the direction he had been pursuing, and the thief who had robbed him continued on HIS way to Eighteenth Street, and turned toward Sixth Avenue, heading for the spot where he had been standing when the stranger had first approached him.

The detective let him pass on.

It was his game to watch the man who had been robbed.

He wished to see exactly how it was done, how it was accomplished, and precisely what the victim did from the instant he fell under the influence of the hypnotist until he was released from it.

As soon as the Hindu had passed him, Nick hurried on ahead, and presently, almost running in order to do so, he overtook the victim of the robbery, and walked along by his side for a little distance.

The man seemed not to notice him at all; not to be aware that he was there; and after a moment Nick spoke to him very gently.

"Good morning, sir," he said.

The man did not reply; did not even turn his head; he was apparently oblivious to everything that was going on around him.

"What time is it?" asked the detective, in the same low voice, hoping that the man would make some sign; but he did not, and Nick dropped back again to his former position.

The stranger led the way to Sixth Avenue, and then along it toward Eighteenth Street, to the point where he had first encountered the man with the crystal; and there he was, waiting at the exact spot, although his tripod was not yet open in front of him.

But as the victim approached, the Hindu made ready to receive him.

At the precise moment when the stranger arrived directly in front of the fakir, the tripod was opened, the crystal was placed upon it, and the man who had been robbed leaned forward as if to inspect it.

Then--it could not have been longer than a second of time--the stranger straightened up, smiled toward the man with the crystal, and turned abruptly away.

Nick signaled to Patsy, who was across the opposite side of the avenue to follow the man; and he said to Martin:

"You may go along with Patsy now. I shall not need you."

Already the Hindu was making tracks for another quarter of the city, and Nick did not intend that he should get out of his sight again that day; not once.

Before leaving the house he had directed Chick and Patsy both to remain near him, ready to carry out any directions he would give, and now as he followed along after the Hindu, he knew that Chick was not far away.

The thief seemed to have a definite idea as to where he was going.

He walked rapidly up Sixth Avenue, and did not slacken his pace until he was almost in front of the Macy store, at Thirty-fourth Street.

There he began to move along more slowly, and Nick could see that he was glancing eagerly from

side to side and ahead of him, peering into faces that were approaching, and evidently in search of another victim.

He seemed to do this "hunting" at long range, too.

That is, he paid no attention to those who were too near him, but looked far ahead, so that, in the event of his selecting one, there would be sufficient time to get his tripod and his crystal into business before the prospective victim could get too close.

There was not a long time to wait for this other victim, either.

The Hindu had not been in the neighborhood more than a quarter of an hour before he made his selection, and this time it was a flashily dressed woman, evidently out for a morning's shopping.

But she had the appearance of one who carried money with her; and not only cash, but she wore diamonds openly, and many of them.

The little bag she carried in her hand bore initials in gold, and looked as if it might contain as well as money articles of value which would be worth the while of the man with the crystal.

Again he maneuvered so that he would meet her in a place exactly suited to his purposes, and this time it was up close to one of the windows of the building, where she had stopped for a moment to look in at the display.

The Hindu approached her, unfolding his tripod as he did so, and presently when she turned to move on toward the entrance of the store, she found herself directly facing it.

Her eyes of course lit upon the blazing crystal, for it did appear to be blazing almost in the sharp rays of the morning sun.

Nick saw that she stopped abruptly; that her eyes fell upon the crystal; that she leaned a trifle forward as if to inspect it more closely.

But it was only for an instant that she did so.

As the other victim had done before her, she straightened up, turned her back, and started away, while instantly the Hindu folded his apparatus and walked as rapidly in the opposite direction.

The woman went toward Thirty-fourth Street, the Hindu toward Thirty-third, and as he had done in the other case, Nick followed the prospective victim.

She walked rapidly, and Nick could see that she opened and closed her little bag several times, as if she were depositing articles within it; articles that the Hindu

had given her "suggestions" about before they parted.

As in the other case, this victim walked through to Seventh Avenue and turned south; and she met the Hindu exactly between the two corners.

There they stopped facing each other for a moment, when the woman passed the bag over to the Hindu, and, turning, retraced her steps by the way she had come.

It was a slight change in the former program, but it was the same to all intents and purposes, nevertheless.

* * CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE * *

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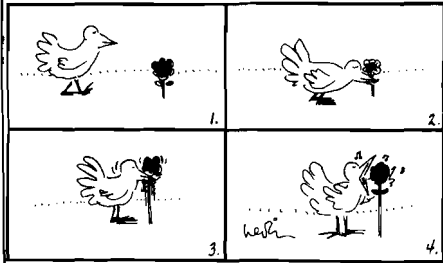
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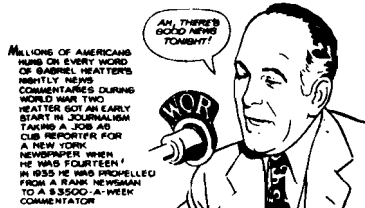
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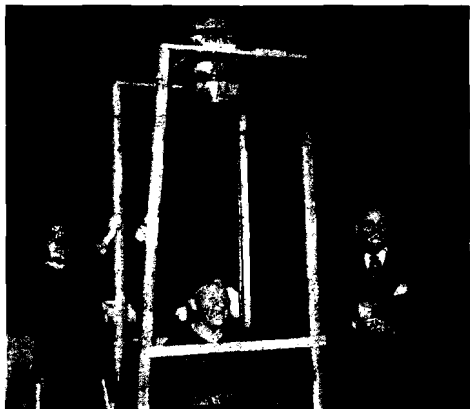
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N.Y. KALTEBORN

Redbook Magazine June 1947

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Harold Votaw (center) was in for a good dousing if his wife (below) didn't guess right for Ralph Edwards.

The Stunt that Backfired

Ralph Edwards of "Truth and Consequences" radio fame sometimes takes the consequences himself. He had Mr. and Mrs. Harold Votaw as contestants for a stunt; Mrs. Votaw was allowed to pick any three cities in the United States which the program would call immediately. If it was raining in the first city, she would receive \$1,000; if rain didn't appear until the second call, \$500 was hers; if not until the last call, she'd win only \$100. And if all her guesses

were wrong, Mr. Votaw, in a Gay Nineties bathing-suit, would get dugged from a barrel.

First choice, Indianapolis, "no rain"; same in Tampa, second choice; but Portland, Oregon, reported rain and she collected \$100 and Mr. Votaw went home dry and happy. Then things happened; Indianapolis listeners phoned that it was raining. Ralph found they were right and sent Mrs. Votaw an additional \$900. Some rainfall!



3/11/42

Transformation!



Chester Lauck, better known for his famous characterization of "Lum" of Lum and Abner of radio and screen fame, doesn't look much like his well-known character in real life, but a few minutes with the makeup men changes all that. His transformation is here shown taking place between scenes of the current Lum and Abner picture, "Bashful Bachelor."



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