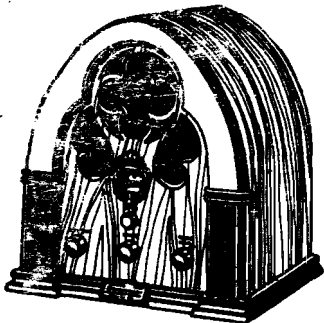


**A CLANDESTINE RADIO STATION**



NICK CARTER CONTEST  
SEE PAGE 15



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# NICK CARTER

## THE CRYSTAL MISTERY



NICK CARTER AND THE MAGIC EYE

### CHAPTER X

#### THE SCENE AT THE WALDORF

The modus operandi in this case was precisely the same as in the previous one.

The woman returned to the point where she had first met the Hindu, and encountered him at the exact spot.

The tripod was opened for her, the crystal was displayed, and before she could notice the fact that the bag she had carried in her hand was no longer there--or possibly her not noticing it was a part of the hypnotic plan--she turned away, and entered the great store; and the Hindu lost no time in making himself scarce around that neighborhood.

To Chick, the detective spoke rapidly.

"Go after the woman," he said. "Tell her she has been robbed, and to say nothing about it. Assure her that her property will be recovered. Then get her address. We have got two good witnesses now to support our stories."

"You bet."

"When you have done that, follow me up. I shall keep the Hindu in sight, and I will make chalk arrows whenever he turns a corner or crosses a street."

"The fellow has a perfect sin-ecure," was Nick Carter's thought as he again started after the man with the crystal. "There is nothing to prevent him from carrying on his trade directly in the open, and that without attracting the least attention; and there is positively no way in which one of his victims could encounter him again."

The thief was now evidently bent upon playing for even higher game, for he made his way directly

toward Fifth Avenue, along Thirty-fourth Street, and, to Nick Carter's surprise, he walked boldly into the Waldorf-Astoria, at the entrance which is down near Astor Court.

Nick followed him inside.

The Hindu strolled through the corridor until he was near the desk, and the detective saw that now he was witness to the adoption of a slight change in the plan of procedure.

The man dropped upon one of the seats along the corridor, and sat there with his burning eyes--magic eyes, Nick called them in his mind--glancing incessantly from face to face, as men shuffled either way along that interior thoroughfare.

The tripod, wrapped in its green case, was laid across his knees; but resting upon it, half-concealed by the Hindu's hands, and wholly wrapped in a dark cloth, was a round object, which Nick knew to be the crystal.

Presently a pompous individual, of the "I've-got-money-and-want-you-to-know-it" type, approached him along the corridor, and Nick saw the greedy eyes of the man with the crystal as they watched him eagerly.

It was really a spectacle, this gloating over the coming misfortunes of a prospective victim. It suggested the serpent that is preparing to charm the unwary mouse or rabbit that is destined for its food.

The man approached nearer. He was walking slowly, and glancing from side to side, not with the appearance of seeking any person in particular, but with the air of one who wished that all others near him should see and acknowledge his grandeur.

He was not the sort of man that

one can be very sorry for when he is robbed, for he invites that sort of thing. He was of the species that is a walking temptation and invitation to all thieves--and there are many such on the streets of New York every day of the year.

He carried a large gold-headed cane. The diamond in his tie was four karats at least. The watch-chain across his waistcoat was large and heavy, and suggested that the watch attached to it was a valuable one.

A diamond, even larger than the one in his tie, glistened from his hand, and there was evidently an exceedingly plethoric pocketbook somewhere about his person. He was the sort that would carry a pocketbook in order to make a display when it became necessary to open it.

Nick watched the Hindu as the man approached him.

He saw the eager eyes glisten with avarice. He could see the fingers that grasped the crystal on his lap tremble with impatience when the man paused for an instant to speak to a person who was passing him.

Then the "great" man strode onward again, and presently came within a few feet of the man with the crystal.

Instantly the black covering fell away from it.

Instantly its glittering facets were exposed to view, and as instantly they attracted the gaze of the prospective victim.

He stopped so abruptly that it seemed almost as if some one had halted him.

He turned his eyes toward the crystal, then stepped forward and bent toward it.

But not more than one second of time.

The strange and magic jewel was as instantly covered; the Hindu seemed to whisper only one or two words to the pompous man; then he rose and strolled through the corridor, while the pompous individual turned and followed him.

They went together to the same exit where the Hindu had entered the hotel, and there the Hindu waited until the other had approached quite near.

Nick could see then that the fellow spoke several long sentences in the big man's ear, and having done so, he turned away and passed again among the crowd in the corridors.

The victim? He stood where he was for a moment, then turned slowly about and also retraced his steps.

But this time he did not look either to the right or the left. This time he was not seeking admiration.

He plodded forward with all thought of pride lost in the forgetfulness that had sway over him.

The detective followed, and saw him pass out of the hotel at the Thirty-third Street exit, and after that he turned toward Fifth Avenue, crossed it, kept on through Thirty-third Street across Madison, turned toward Thirty-fourth Street through Madison Avenue, and there, midway along the block, met face to face with the Hindu again, who turned and walked along at this side.

Nick drew a trifle nearer to them.

He could see that, as they walked, the pompous individual was busily engaged in passing articles into the hands of the man beside him, each of which the Hindu put in his pockets as fast as he received them.

The detective could not see what those articles were, only he had no doubt about the matter at all.

He knew that they would include all the money the man had about him, both the diamonds that had been so plainly in evidence, the watch and heavy chain, and possibly many other valuables that might not have been so ostentatiously in sight as the others were.

They continued to walk along in this manner as far as Thirty-fifth Street, and there, at the corner, they came to a stop.

Nick could see that the Hindu was talking rapidly to the man, and then they parted.

The man who had been robbed continued on his way, passing through Thirty-fifth Street toward Fifth Avenue and the hotel, and the Hindu came straight down Madison Avenue and turned through Thirty-fourth Street toward the hotel.

Nick, as he had done in the preceding cases, followed after the victim--and in that way received one of the surprises of his life.

The victim went directly to the hotel.

He entered it and passed along the corridor to the exact spot where he had encountered the man with the crystal, stopped there, and then seemed to look in stupefied amazement at the man who now occupied the chair where the Hindu had been seated--only now the Hindu was not in evidence. He was nowhere to be seen.

The pompous individual stared at the stranger in the chair for a moment, while Nick Carter drew nearer in order to hear what was said.

After a moment the victim of the robbery spoke.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, "but did you not just now have

a wonderful crystal on your knees?  
I was sure I saw one here."

The man in the chair stared.

"No, sir," he replied, "I did not."

"Extraordinary! Very extraordinary! I could have sworn, sir, that I stopped here and turned half-about to look at a crystal I saw on your knees."

"I reckon, old chap, that you've taken about three too many this morning, haven't you?" asked the stranger in the chair.

"Sir," do you mean to insinuate that I'm drunk?" demanded the pompous man.

"Not at all; not at all, sir.

Only the strangeness of your question made me think that possibly you might have been in that condition last night, and had taken too many bracers this morning."

"Humph!" the man snorted. Then he turned away.

As he did so, he felt for his watch, no doubt a habit of his, and he stopped short in his tracks.

He searched in both waistcoat pockets; he clapped his hand against his trousers pocket where undoubtedly he was in the habit of carrying his wallet. He held up one hand and gazed upon the naked finger where the diamond ring had been. He raised the other hand to his tie, where the diamond pin had been--and then he let out a yell that rang through the corridor of the hotel, startling everybody who heard it.

"I've been robbed! Robbed!" he yelled.

And as he shouted the information so that everybody might hear it, he turned again and pounced upon the man in the chair, with whom he had been talking, seizing him by the shoulders and crying out with all the strength of his lungs:

"Thief! Thief! Thief!"

One can imagine the confusion without its being described here.

The man who was charged with the theft leaped to his feet, drew back his fist, and planted it firmly and strongly straight between the eyes of the pompous individual, who staggered backward, but without losing his feet.

In the meantime the hotel detectives and other attendants about the place had rushed forward, and now they seized upon the robbed and the supposed robber and bore them away toward the private office.

It was right here that Nick Carter put in a word.

He happened to see one of the assistant managers of the hotel, whom he knew, approaching the spot, and stopped him.

"Hello, Nick," said the assistant manager, "What's doing here?"

The old party with the waistcoat has been robbed," said Nick rapidly. "I saw it all, and I happen to know that the man whom he has charged with the theft knows nothing about it. Go and see if you can set matters straight for him, and also tell the old party that he will get his things back all right. Does he stop here?"

"Yes."

"I will want him as a witness. I can't stop longer now. Will you look out for the poor chap who is called a thief, and isn't'?"

"Sure. What time will you be back?"

"As soon as possible. I can't exactly say."

He hurried toward the exit then, realizing that the Hindu had stolen a march on him, and had doubtless disappeared for the rest of the day.

#### CHAPTER XI

##### NICK CARTER APPLIES THE TEST

As the detective hurried toward the exit, to make his way out of the hotel, he heard his own name called loudly by one of the hall-boys, who was at that instant starting away from his desk with a message.

"Here!" he called to him; and was handed a hastily scrawled note in the handwriting of Chick.

Opening it, he read:

"Come to the Holland House.  
C."

He lost no time in complying, you may be sure.

He realized all in an instant that Chick had followed his chalk arrows made on the pavement, as far as the Waldorf, and having lost them there, had searched about for some indication of Nick's presence there, or for the Hindu.

Doubtless he had encountered the Hindu somewhere outside, after he had robbed the pompous party, and had trailed him to the Holland, where no doubt the man would enact about the same sort of thing that has already happened at the Waldorf.

When he arrived at the Holland, he went at once to the café, and there, seated where he was not attracting much attention, was the Hindu, awaiting another victim.

His position and his attitude were exactly the same as those he had adopted at the Waldorf, and Nick knew that it would not be long before he would select another victim for his arts and wiles.

Chick was near the door, and Nick spoke to him.

"I'm going to disappear long

enough to make some alterations in my appearance," he said. "I'll come back in a moment in my own proper person, but with enough jewels on me to attract even the eyes of that thief. Keep watch while I'm gone."

He was absent only a few minutes but even when he returned, Chick was already moving toward the outer door after a gentleman who was leaving the place. The Hindu was nowhere to be seen.

"By Jove," thought the detective, as he followed quickly after Nick, "the fellow is losing no time this morning. I shouldn't wonder at all if he intends this to be his last day, and is making as big a haul as possible preparatory to leaving the city for other pastures to work out. That is about the size of it."

"Well?" he asked as he overtook his assistant.

"He has snared his bird," was the laconic response. "Shall we let him work this one out, or shall we arrest him?"

"We'll wait a little longer. I'll see about it."

"It strikes me that we have got about all the evidence we want, haven't we?"

"Yes, and no. There is one other bit of evidence I want, and very badly."

"What is that?"

"I want him to rob me. I want to catch him in the act."

"Do you think it can be done?"

"I am sure of it."

All right. What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to see this thing out. You watch the victim this time, and after he has given up his valuables, find out who he is."

"All right."

"I will stick to the Hindu."

"Anything more?"

"Yes. I don't want you to lose sight of us if you can help it; if you can find out who that victim is, after he is robbed, and do it quickly enough so that you can keep me in your sight."

"I'll try it."

"I think I know how to fool him and his hypnotism. At any rate, I shall try."

"Good."

"I want you to watch everything that happens between us, when he selects me. I will walk away and go to meet him, just as the others have done, that we have watched."

"Yes."

"And I will give up to him, just the same. I will pass over to him everything that I have got about me that is valuable--and then, when he has accepted them and stowed them

away in his pockets, I shall grab him."

"I'm on."

"If I don't grab him, you will know that I am actually hypnotised myself, and it will be your cue to rush in and do the grabbing, then and there."

"And if you do grab him--"

"Well, you might rush in anyhow. I imagine the fellow is slippery, and he might make a very good effort at getting away. We have got him now where we want him, if we work the rest of it out right."

"That's so, Nick."

They had been following the prospective victim all this time they were talking, but now Nick dropped back to the rear where he could keep out of sight when the victim and the thief should meet.

Meet they did a few moments later, and again the same operations were gone through with that Nick had already witnessed three separate times that day.

The man met the thief, stopped and talked with him, gave up his valuables, and hurried onward, as if in a great haste.

For a moment after that the Hindu stood gazing after him with a strange smile on his face and in his wonderful eyes, and then he turned abruptly around and walked down the avenue--it was Madison--toward the Square.

Nick, toward whom he did not glance, remained where he was until the Hindu was more than a block ahead of him, and then, after making a chalk arrow on the pavement, he followed.

The Hindu did not haste. He evidently believed that he had oceans of time for what he still wished to do, and Nick found no difficulty in keeping him plainly in sight.

The fellow turned across the square toward the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and Nick made another chalk mark, pointing that way.

A few moments later they both entered the Fifth Avenue by the Broadway entrance, and the Hindu, following out his previous plans, seated himself for a moment on one of the red plush seats near the door.

But he waited a long time without seeing anybody who looked as if he might be a victim.

Nick was purposely waiting until Chick would have a chance to arrive there, after following the last victim back to the Holland.

Suddenly the Hindu left his seat--just as Chick entered at the front door, it happened--and made his way toward the café Nick following.

In the café, the thief chose a seat that was near the door through which most of the patrons passed in and out of the place, and Nick dropped down at a table near him.

Then, ostentatiously, the detective called a waiter to him and ordered a cigar; and, as he did so, displayed a huge roll of money that he took from his pocket.

He was glancing furtively toward the Hindu as he did so, and he saw the man start at the size of the roll, and knew that he was already satisfied as to who his next victim should be.

That was precisely what the detective wanted.

Now he could take his time, for the Hindu would not devote his attentions to any other person until he had "accumulated" that particular roll.

It was a very pretty game indeed that the detective was playing-- if only it could be made to succeed.

But Nick knew that Chick was within a few feet of him, watching, and that even if he should fall under the influence of the hypnotic power, Chick would not do so, and the arrest would happen just the same.

But Nick did not believe that he could be made a victim of hypnotism, under the circumstances.

Being thoroughly posted and forewarned of what was intended to happen, he could combat it, and by bearing in mind the advice given him by Doctor Hackenbush, he would resolutely keep his eyes away from the magic crystal.

Once he glanced around to discover if Chick was in his place near him, and seeing that he was, Nick lighted the cigar that had been brought to him, stretched himself and yawned, and then he slowly rose to his feet, facing the Hindu, but not glancing at him.

Still, he saw as he rose, a movement of the Hindu's arms and fingers.

He knew that the fellow was in the act of removing the black covering from the crystal already on his knees in front of him, and he decided that the time had come for the experiment.

He kept his eyes resolutely six inches above the crystal, and then, fearing that the Hindu might discover that they were not directed exactly right, he dropped them to a point a foot below it, and turned suddenly facing the fellow, and stopped.

Instantly he heard the soft tones of the Hindu murmuring:

"You are to obey everything I tell you to do."

There was a slight pause as if to give weight to the words, and then the soft tones continued:

"Pass out of the hotel by the Twenty-fourth Street exit. Walk slowly toward Sixth Avenue. As you go, after you are outside of the hotel, wrap that money you have in your handkerchief, put your watch and all your jewelry with it, tie the corners together, and when you meet a man who says, 'It is well, my friend,' give him the handkerchief you have tied together. Go."

Nick turned about obediently, as he had seen other victims do before that day, and made his way toward the Twenty-third Street entrance.

He had successfully stood the test to which he had applied himself, although even so, he could not deny that he had felt strangely influenced by the words and near presence of the man.

He realized that without the warning and the directions he had received from Doctor Hackenbush, he too must have fallen a victim to the hypnotic influence, so strange and terrible a power did it exert.

But the moment he was away from the hypnotist, the feeling left him, and he was as powerfully in possession of his senses as he ever had been.

He realized that the case was practically won now. That it was only a question of a few minutes before he would seize upon the thief and hold him, and the mysterious robberies would all be explained.

In that moment he thought, with a smile, of Doctor Parsons, to whom there would now be proof that he had been hypnotized; and he thought again of the two kinds of cranks that the other doctor had described, deciding that he believed in Hackenbush's sort rather than the other, as typified by Parsons.

As soon as he was on the street, he obediently set to work arranging his valuables and money as the Hindu had directed him to do, walking onward the while, and conscious that the man of the crystal could not be far away.

Presently, as he approached Sixth Avenue, he saw the Hindu coming but he made no sign that he did so, of course.

He realized that now the crucial moment had arrived, and that the dénouement was near.

And so they drew nearer and nearer together, with Chick somewhere about, closely observant of everything.

CHAPTER XII  
THE CAPTURE

When he came face to face with the Hindu he stopped exactly as he had seen other victims do, and instantly, when the words were uttered that the Hindu had told him about, he passed over the handkerchief he had prepared.

It was his duty to turn away at once then, and to go in the opposite direction, for so the thief told him to do.

But he did not do any such thing.

Instead, he stood perfectly still for an instant, and then as the Hindu, seemingly astonished, repeated the order, Nick shot his fist out, caught the man, who dodged quickly, a glancing blow at the side of the head, and sent him whirling backward.

But the man did not fall.

He seemed wonderfully agile, and he evidently realized on the instant that he had played his game of stealing once too often.

As he staggered backward he turned, and instantly broke into a run down the street toward Sixth Avenue.

He ran like a deer, too, with Nick and Chick in full pursuit.

It is not, however, always the longest legs that can run the fastest; in fact, it is rarely so, and Nick Carter was a sprinter of the first order at that time, as he is now.

The Hindu leaped across Sixth Avenue in a few bounds, and, strangely enough, instead of turning and darting through the throngs of people on the avenue, kept on past Koster & Bial's, down the street, toward Seventh Avenue.

Nick determined then that the fellow was making for some house on that street, through which or into which he hoped to escape.

Once he thought of taking a snap shot at him and bringing him down with a bullet in his leg; but he disliked to do that if the fellow could be caught without it.

Half-way between Sixth and Seventh Avenues, the Hindu suddenly turned across the street, and, darting into an areaway, disappeared into the basement of a house, where the door was evidently opened as he approached it, for he gave out a strange warning cry as he ran.

But by this time the detective was only a few feet in the rear, and he threw himself against the door bodily, almost as soon as the thief had passed through. There had not been time evidently for those inside to lock the door before the detective

reached it, and it flew open when he threw himself against it.

Already there were the disappearing figures up the stairway toward the parlor floor, and Nick rushed forward.

As he reached the stairs, there was a flash and a loud report from the top of them, and a bullet whizzed past the detective's head, but without touching him.

A second report followed, and Nick felt the sting of the bullet as it grazed his arm.

But unmindful of these things, he dashed on up the stairway toward the top, and reached it in time to see the front door of the house open, and his man, followed by another who had evidently been waiting in the house, dash out through the doorway, upon the front steps.

Nick leaped after them.

As he dashed outside, he saw Chick running toward them, but still fifty yards, at least, in the distance.

The two Hindus turned now toward Seventh Avenue, but neither of them could run as fast as the detective, and the man who had been waiting inside the house was not as good a runner as the hypnotic thief.

Nick Carter overtook this man rapidly, and as soon as he was within arm's length of him, he struck out again with that terrible fist of his, and sent him rolling into the gutter.

The detective did not even turn his head to see what the other results of the blow had been, but dashed onward, gaining upon the thief with every stride.

He watched him narrowly all the time to see that he did not throw away his booty; but evidently the thief had no such thought as that, for he did not attempt it.

They reached Seventh Avenue and crossed it with Nick Carter only about twenty paces in the rear.

But there, on the other side of the avenue, just after they had passed the corner, the Hindu stopped and turned at bay; and as he did so, he drew from some place of concealment a weapon the sight of which the detective knew only too well.

It was a "strangler's cord"--a terrible weapon indeed in the hands of a man who knows how to use it.

As Nick ran on, the strangler leaped toward him.

Nick made an effort to strike the man with his fist, but the Hindu dodged it, and the very next instant Nick felt the pressure of the terrible cord against his throat.

Realizing that it was with him a case of instant action or none at all, Nick reached up his own hands and seized the man by the throat,



shutting down the terrible grip of his fingers with all his great strength, and driving the breath back into the lungs of the man.

They were thus, one with a cord around his throat, and the other with Nick Carter's fingers gripping his, when Chick arrived on the scene.

He came up on the run, and as he reached the spot, his fist shot out with a terrible blow, catching the Hindu directly under the ear, and sending him reeling backward, so that he loosened his hold on the cord, and dropped it.

Before he could recover from the effects of that blow, he received a second one from the same hand, and this one sent him sprawling.

But the man was possessed of wonderful vitality as well as agility and strength.

He bounded to his feet almost as soon as he touched the pavement, and turned again to run.

A third blow from Chick's fist caught him and sent him staggering again, and then Nick Carter leaped forward and sent in one of his own master strokes.

His caught the thief on the point of the chin.

It lifted him clear of the pavement, and sent him hurling backward as if he had been shot out of a gun, and he landed on his back on the sidewalk and lay there, quivering like a bullock struck by an ax.

"Go back for the other one, Chick," ordered the detective, and he bent forward to examine his captive. After one glance upon him, the detective smiled, and shook his head.

"I would never have suspected that," he mused; though just what it was that he had discovered did not at the moment appear.

He motioned to a policeman who had been attracted by the disturbance, told him who he was, and directed that a patrol-wagon be sent for at once.

"This prisoner, with all due respect to your captain, must go directly to headquarters," he said.

"As soon as you have ordered the patrol-wagon, call up headquarters and ask them to tell the commissioner that I have got the Crystal thief, and am taking him down there at once. Will you do all that?"

"Yes, sir."

Nick snapped the handcuffs upon his prisoner, who was still unconscious; then he felt in his pockets, and discovered that they were filled to almost overflowing with the plunder he had gathered in that morning.

"It's a good catch; we've got plenty of witnesses, and he is caught

with the goods on him, all right," was his mental comment.

At that moment Chick came up leading the other prisoner, who was still dazed.

"You laid him out all right, Nick," he said to his chief. "He was just coming around when I got back there after him. A crowd had collected, and he was trying to explain to them, believing that we had gone on without him. I don't suppose we want him much, anyway, do we?"

"Only as an accomplice. Have you looked closely at him?"

"No."

"Do so, and see if you recognize him. These chaps are not Hindus. They are only made up to represent them. The Hindu business is a disguise. Take a look at the thief himself."

Chick did so, and then turned to Nick with an expression of amazement.

"Why," he said, "it's that Prince Danton, who has been cutting so much ice in society here in New York lately."

"Correct," replied the detective. "And this is his manner of providing himself with funds for his splurge."

"He stops at the Mammoth. Has a suite of rooms there."

"Correct again. I fancy that the commissioner will be astonished."

"So do I."

"Here is the patrol, Chick. Help me to get this fellow into it."

At police headquarters, a little later, the commissioner and Nick sat along.

"We have exposed one more bogus lord, only this time it is a 'prince,'" said the detective. "He has been doing quite a stunt in society here, and this is how he got the cash to do it with; eh?"

"Exactly."

"And I think I have heard that he is about to marry the daughter of Vanderdyken. Is that right?"

"I have heard so."

"Poor little Marguerite. It will be a hard blow for her."

"Yes; but fancy what it would have been had she married him."

"Well, anyhow, the mystery of the magic eye and the wonderful crystal is solved. Say, but that fellow must be a remarkable hypnotist."

"He certainly is. That's so."

THE END

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**NEXT MONTH!**  
**THE SHADOW!**

# The CRYSTAL EGG



## MY DALEY

This is a continuation of my series of articles featuring radio shows and their rating. I rate shows 1 to 4 as to their entertainment value and interest to collectors.

**ADAM CAIN** -2- Have heard one show: "Dressed to Kill" average detective fare.

**CALIFORNIA MELODIES** -1- So-so Musical entry VIA AFRS

**CALL THE POLICE** -2- Three shows from 1947-48 are of average interest in this "real-life" police show.

**CALLING ALL CARS** -2- One of the first true life police shows. Mae West's jewel robbery was even featured. Poor acting hurt this show.

**CAMEL CARAVAN** -2- One play heard-- "After the Wedding" 7/31/42

**CAMPBELL'S PLAYHOUSE** -4- When the Mercury Theater got a sponsor it became The Campbell's Playhouse. Titles in this series include: Huck Finn (Orsen Welles, Jackie Cooper), Beau Geste (Lawrence Olivier), Count of Monte Cristo (Welles), and The Magnificent Ambersons (Walter Huston). Top radio drama.

**CAN YOU TOP THIS?** -3- A quiz show that really wasn't a quiz show-- which makes it appealing. Comedians try to outdo a listener's joke. Sometimes they don't!

**CANDID MICROPHONE** -2- If you like Allen Funt, I guess you'd like him on radio.

**JUDY CANOVA** -3- The same innocent humor of TV's Hee Haw runs rampant on this hayseed spoof. If you like that type of humor, you'll like Judy. If you don't, well.....

**EDDIE CANTOR SHOW** -3- Ole banjo eyes was a better singer than comedian, but he was an institution. The Ziv series of the 50's was a poor excuse for his banner years, however.

**CAPTAIN COURAGE** -2- 1937 Adventure series sounding vaguely like a Fran Striker plot.

**CAREER OF ALICE BLAIR** -1- Can be found on that All-day tape of 9/21/39 circulating.

**DALE CARNAGIE** -2- Beside writing books, Mr. Carnagie did an interesting series of shows giving biogra-

phies of well known 1930 radio stars. **CARE FREE CARNICAL** -2- The premiere of this show (1935) exists-- "You Are My Lucky Star." Where the series went is your guess.

**JACK CARSON** -2- Jack's gone, but he's left a fine group of shows.

**NICK CARTER** -4- A totally listenable group of detective programs that can be listened to enmass and also over and over.

**CHICK CARTER** -2- Have heard three shows from this Saturday kid show. Juvenile fare indeed.

**CARTHAY CIRCLE THEATER** -2- A strange show featuring premiere's of movies. The Life of Emile Zola (1937) is the only one I've heard. The M.C. was George Tessel.

**THE CASE OF MR. ACE** -2- The gruff voice of George Raft is featured on this weak 15 minute chasem.

**CASEY, CRIME PHOTOGRAPHER** -2- The most memorable feature of this show is its commercials--Anchor-Hocking Glass. A few good titles--Demon Miner, Duke of Skid Row, Vascilating scripts.

**HOPALONG CASSIDY** -2- Not as good as his movies. And Clyde is a visual comedian and not a radio humorist. So-so plots.

**CAVALCADE OF AMERICA** -4- First class radio featuring every radio and movie star imaginable. True story of little known and some famous Americans are portrayed. Paid for Dupont. Worthwhile.

**CBS IS THERE** -2- Prior to "You Are There," this was its infant title.

**CBS RADIO WORKSHOP** -3- This show will not interest all collectors. It has some high moments. Space Merchant, Brave New Worlds, Pride of Carrots. It also had some clunkers.

**CECIL & SALLY** -1- 1930's serial.Tripe

**CELEBRITY ROOM** -2- Ona Munson's 15

minute name dropping series.

**CERTIFIED MAGIC CARPET** -1- 1930's Kid show.

**CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LOWER BASIN STREET** -2- I've heard one show

(5/19/41) VIA disc. OK for those who like this type of music.

**CHARLIE CHAN** -3- Interesting dramatization of Chan's antics. The half hour shows were superior to the 1936 serial.

**CHANDU THE MAGICIAN** -4- Superior near Eastern series with the gifted Tom Collins as Chandu.

**CHANGES IN HARMONY** -2- Two 1947 shows heard--So-So.

**CHECKERBOARD TIME** -2- Chick Martin brings on the country music thick & heavy.

**CHESTERFIELD MUSIC SHOP** -1- One show heard from 9/7/44.

**CHESTERFIELD SUPPER CLUB** -2- Star Perry Como featured. Such guests as Kirk Douglas and Fred Waring.

**CHICAGO THEATER OF THE AIR** -3- Well done series with "biggy" titles, H.M.S. Pina For, Wizard of Oz and the Desert Song.

**CHICKLETS PRESENTS** -1- Nothing you can sink your teeth into. Music.

**CINMARON TAVERN** -2- Serial from 1945

**CINNAMON BEAR** -2- Supposedly entertaining Xmas. special.

**THE CIRCLE** -3- Engrossing hour show with such stars as Ronald Coleman and Marx Brothers. Include dramatic sections. Died early. Unfortunately.

**CISCO KID** -4- Best of the Kid's western shows. One of the few shows showing a Chicano with any brains, but still includes stereotype Pancho.

**CITY HOSPITAL** -2- Nothing new here, blind kids, dying patients, sob-sob.

**CLARA, LU & EM** -1- Terrible show of three matrons who talk-talk-talk.

**BUDDY CLARK SHOW** -3- Buddy's at his best with usual female guest.

**COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO** -2- Welles series

**COUNTRY CHURCH OF HOLLYWOOD** -1-

**COUNTRY MUSIC TIME** -2- A fine C&W syndicated series with the C&W greats of the 50's.

**COUPLE NEXT DOOR** -1-

**COURT IS IN SESSION** -2- Weak scripts.

**VIC CRANE'S STORY BOOK** -2- Late 30's entry into kid's radio.

**CREAKING DOOR** -1- Ghastly imposter.

**CREEPS BY NIGHT** -2- Typical horror stuff. Boris Karloff starts in some shows.

**CRESTA BLANCA HOLLYWOOD PLAYERS** -2- Only heard one show of series-- "All Through The House" Xmas show of 1946.

**CRIME FILES OF FLAMOND** -2- Weak detective show.

**CRIME CLASSICS** -2-

**CRIME CLUB** -2- Uninspired crime stories.

**CRIME DOCTOR** -1-

**CRIME FIGHTERS** -2- 50's detective show.

**BING CROSBY** -3- For Bing fans and anyone who enjoys well balanced variety.

**CROUPIER** -2- Promising detective sort with Vincent Price. Only one show heard--The Roman.

**CRUISE OF THE POL PARROT** -2- Kid's show.

**BRENDA CURTIS** -1- Late 30's Soaper.

**CURTAIN TIME** -2- 2nd string NBC anthology show. Couple of scripts by Arch Obler. Light stuff.

**THE CLOCK** -3- Underated drama series. Usually with shock ending.

**CLUB MODERNE** -2- Rudy Vallee is the MC. on the one show I've heard.

**COAST TO COAST ON A BUS** -2- Kid's show from 30's.

**COKE CLUB** -2- 15 minute show featuring Morton Downey.

**DICK COLE** -1- Really terrible series attempting to match Frank Merriwell.

**COLUMBIA WORKSHOP** -2- Interesting show with scripts such as "The Day Baseball Died" with Art Carney.

**COMIC WEEKLY MAN** -2- If you couldn't

afford a newspaper, you could hear the comics read to you.

**COMMAND PERFORMANCE** -3- All the stars do their things for the boys over there.

**COMEDY CARAVAN** -3- Durante & Moore and a host of others entertain.

**COMEDY WRITER'S SHOW** -1- 1948 weak quasi-quiz show.

**TOM CORBETT, SPACE CADET** -2- Over rated radio show of young astronauts. Actually better on TV (Hush my Mouth!)

**TOBY CORNTUSSEL** -1- Forgettable CBS 1930's series.

**NORMAN CORWIN PRESENTS** -3- Some good stuff here, but you have to like Corwin.

**FATHER COUGHLIN** -2- Of historical interest, but Tedious.

**COULD THIS BE YOU?** -1- I wish it wasn't!!

((Welcome back, Hy! Many people have been asking for your return and we are all glad you have returned to our pages. While we may not agree on all of your program ratings, it should be a valuable guide to our new members. Dick))

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## Wireless Wanderings



**JIM SNYDER**

With the current, ongoing invasion of Afghanistan by Russian troops, and the current nervousness over a possible Russian invasion of Poland, we are reminded of the Soviet action in Czechoslovakia a little over a decade ago.

In August of 1968, Russian troops, accompanied by troops from other Warsaw Pact countries, invaded Czechoslovakia. On a visit to Moscow, a few months after this event, I was "provided" with the book **ON EVENTS IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA**, published by the "Press Group of Soviet Journalists." This was published in Moscow in 1968, almost before the invasion was over. In the book, the Russians tried to explain away their invasion by blaming the entire problem on the American CIA and the "Nazi hoodlums" from West Germany. The book speaks of the role of radio during this event in history, and while terribly slanted, I think it is interesting, and does show a part of the role played by radio. I want to point out strongly that what I have

here is directly from the Soviet government, and so must be viewed in that propaganda light. Secondly, when the "allies" are mentioned, that means the Soviet troops and the other Warsaw Pact troops who aided them. The "counter revolutionaries" are the Czechoslovaks who opposed this invasion of their country. Finally, all that follows, except for the final paragraph, are direct quotations, so I have avoided the use of quotation marks, except those found in the source. The underlining (for emphasis) is mine, and the statements in (parenthesis) are mine, and are intended as explanation.

#### FROM THE BOOK:

One of the most convincing testimonies of the existence in Czechoslovakia of an organized counter-revolutionary underground is the fact that by 8:00 a.m. on August 21, (1968) that is several hours after the introduction of allied troops into the country, there began to function throughout Czechoslovakia over a dozen underground radio stations which styled themselves "the free legal Czechoslovak broadcasting service." Underground radio stations were also mounted beforehand in cars, trains, air-defence dug-outs, attics, private apartments and public buildings. On some days 30-35 radio stations would be in operation. It is beyond all doubt that this network had been built up over a long period of time, and long before August 21.

In its first broadcast one of the most active stations, the so called "Free legal radio station Praha," (Prague) urges its listeners not to switch off their radio sets and to await "further important announcements." What were these important announcements? Along with misinformation and attempts to fan an anti-Soviet psychosis and hysteria, the underground radio transmitters were carrying out another and probably more important function. They served as the main medium for the swiftest possible transmission of coded and open messages coordinating the actions of the counter-revolutionary underground as well as communicating to the West coded intelligence information. For example: "We are listing the license number of cars about which public security organs should be notified as soon as they are seen ABA-4000 and ABA-7119."

"The aim justifies the means." This old tried and tested slogan of the Jesuits was without a shade of doubt embraced by the counter-revolution in Czechoslovakia. It incited, blackmailed, and provoked, resorting to the most blatant lies. Lies,

shameless and abominable lies, at times the most incredible. The hate-consuming counter-revolutionaries have set themselves one goal which was to defame socialism. For example, there was the counter-revolutionary broadcast in the town of Brno on August 26 that Soviet soldiers were allegedly going to loot food shops. That night one shop was indeed looted. Four Soviet army privates apprehended the looters. They proved to be two local criminals from among those who were spreading anti-Soviet slander on the instructions of the counter-revolutionary gang.

On August 26 Radio North Slovakia announced the arrest of intellectuals. This is what the Pravda correspondents had to say on this score on September 2 "This morning we telephoned the office of the Czechoslovak Ministry for Internal Affairs (NOTE: this is the Secret Police, which would have been the arresting agency, and hardly likely to admit it if they had done so). We were told: 'We know nothing of any arrests.' We are convinced that these are spiteful fabrications."

The underground radio stations transmitted reports aimed at provoking armed clashes between the population and units of the allied forces. Examples: "Citizens, sabotage troop movements. Misinform Them. Don't give occupation troops any information, material or provisions and do not establish any contact with them."

One of the final provocative broadcasts from the counter-revolutionary underground said, "The Russians are searching every house. We can no longer broadcast. Evidently this is our last message. Grim times are beginning. Please think about us and do all you can to help us through the UN. Please help us through your press. We are heartily grateful. Unfortunately we have no more time. We are in danger..." This provocative statement once again confirms before the eyes of the entire world the truth that counter-revolution had been hatched in advance.

All of the above are direct quotations from the book, except for the parenthesis and underlining, which is mine. While not very definitive, and while clearly a most biased and warped propaganda statement, I think it is interesting to see what they say about the part of that radio played in the resistance to the Russian invasion. Totally missing is any statement of how the Russians used the existing government controlled stations. I find most depressing one of the concluding statements in the book, that the Russian invasion is "once again

demonstrating to the world that nobody will ever be allowed to revise the postwar frontiers established as a result of the just and self-sacrificing struggle waged by the sons of many nations against facism." The warning to Poland is clear in this. Undoubtedly the books explaining an invasion of Poland, should it occur, have already been mapped out.

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**TAPE LIBRARY RATES:** 2400' reel-\$1.25 per month; 1800' reel-\$1.00 per month; 1200' reel-\$0.75 per month; cassette and records-\$0.50 per month. Postage must be included with all orders and here are the rates: For the USA and APO-60¢ for one reel, 35¢ for each additional reel; 35¢ for each cassette and record. For Canada: \$1.35 for one reel, 85¢ for each additional reel; 85¢ for each cassette and record. All tapes to Canada are mailed first class.

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**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 \$1.00 to cover rental, postage, and packaging. Please include \$0.50 for other items. If you wish to contribute to the library the OTRC will copy materials and return the originals to you. See address on page 2.

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**HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE A FIELD REPORTER**

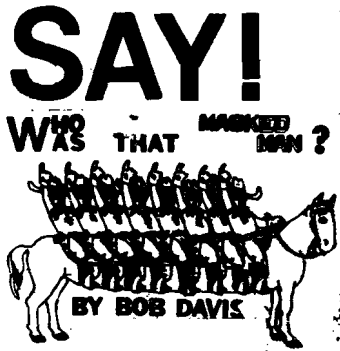
You can! Just write an article on a place, event, show, etc., dealing with old time radio that you think others would like to read. The article must be typewritten. Include a black and white photograph (no color, please).

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

Jeff Muller, 439 Faltoute Avenue, Roselle Park, N.J. 07204--I'm looking for tapes of Mutual Radio Theatre or Sears Radio Theatre. I will trade 5 old radio shows for 1 Mutual or Sears Radio Theatre. I have a lot of shows. Please send list of your shows and I will send my list. I will reimburse you for postage.

Tapespondents is a free service to all **MEMBERS**. Please send your ads in to the Illustrated Press.

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At the end of last months try at the Pulitzer Prize, I mentioned that this time around we would, due to some requests, reprise our grand and glorious trivia quiz.(yea) Also mentioned were prizes for the correct answers. Deep in the dark, cobwebby recesses of my mind I came up with the perfect prizes which I was going to call "THE BOBBY AWARDS" or the "Bobbys" for short.

The "Bobby" award consisted of a standard size, gold colored, honest to gosh bobby pin (mailed out in a plain brown wrapper). Well, I mentioned this wonderful idea to a couple of my friends and got generally the same comment. "That has got to be the cheapest thing I ever heard of". I thought over these comments and disagreed completely but I did decide against the "Bobby" awards. Instead I will steal a bit from Marvel Comics and award a Sterling Silver, Brand New, No-Prize which will look just spiffy sitting on the dashboard of your car with its head bobbing up and down...And they thought I was a cheapskate with the "Bobbys"!!!

On to the quiz...Answers will be elsewhere in this issues I.P.

- 1...What half-hour dramatic series always had at least two full length musical numbers performed each show?
- 2...Who was the comedy relief on the Andrews Sisters Show (Eight to the Bar Ranch)?
- 3...Jack Benny had two theme songs besides "Love in Bloom". They appeared on all of his later shows. Name them.
- 4...What was Captain Midnights real name? (character name not actors name)
- 5...In what city did Sam Spade have most of his adventures set?
- 6...Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll had three comedy series. Name them. (Hint-one was a cartoon TV series)
- 7...What was the lead characters name on "Broadways My Beat"?
- 8...Name the quizmaster on "The Quiz Kids".
- 9...What were the first and last names of "The Great Gildersleeves" girlfriend?
- 10...What was the name of "Our Miss Brooks" landlady?

As you can see some of them were dead easy, some were not. Score yourself ten points for each correct answer and of course zero for wrong answers. Passing grade is 70 and there is an automatic deduction of 30 points for using reference material in getting your answers. No cheating now, or I'll be forced to send Chuck Seeley over to your house. They don't call him The Enforcer for nothing.

\* \* \* \* \*



- 5/11/81---"End of a Queen"  
The trial and sentencing of Marie Antoinette are brought to life in this dramatization.  
CAST: Tammy Grimes, Norman Rose, Bob Kaliban, Russell Horton  
WRITER: James Agate, Jr.
- 5/12/81---"Maiden Ladies"  
The determined aunt of a murdered teenager decides to do some sleuthing.  
CAST: Teri Keane, Michael Tolan, Russell Horton, Janet Rouse  
WRITER: Sam Dann
- 5/13/81---Diogenes, Inc."

Two former circus performers set up shop as private detectives, in a story adapted from Jacques Futrelle.

CAST: Jack Grimes, Evie Juster, Ray Owens, Court Benson  
WRITER: James Agate, Jr.

5/14/81---"Pretty Polly"

A quiet financial wizard falls in love with a telephone voice.  
CAST: Tony Roberts, Paul Hecht, Evie Juster, Marian Seldes  
WRITER: Sam Dann

5/15/81---"Cold Comfort"

A 60-year-old optometrist tries to retire from a spy ring.  
CAST: Robert Dryden, Carole Teitel, Earl Hammond  
WRITER: Sam Dann

5/18/81---"A Shocking Affair"

A young couple unwittingly comes between an assassin and his target.  
CAST: Joe Silver, Ian Martin, Patricia Elliot, Michael Wager  
WRITER: Ian Martin

5/19/81---"The Million Dollar Scam"

A fledgling con artist runs into trouble on her first big scam.  
CAST: Jennifer Harmon, Joan Shea, Mandel Kramer, Ray Owens  
WRITER: G. Frederic Lewis

5/20/81---"Insomnia"

A lonely woman finds insomnia is driving her to the edge of insanity.  
CAST: Teri Keane, Russell Horton, Carole Teitel  
WRITER: Elspeth Eric

5/21/81---"The First Day of Eternity"

A powerful businessman tries to buy himself eternal life.  
CAST: Norman Rose, Robert Dryden, Earl Hammond, Tracey Ellis  
WRITER: Sam Dann

5/22/81---"The Headhunters"

A future society develops sophisticated technology to change personalities.  
CAST: Len Cariou, Tracey Ellis, Earl Hammond, Paul Tripp  
WRITER: Sam Dann

5/25/81---"The Innocent Face"

A naive young woman discovers her face could be her fortune--or downfall.  
CAST: Roberta Maxwell, Paul Hecht, Ian Martin, Evie Juster  
WRITER: Victoria Dann

5/26/81---"The Ghost-Grey Bat"

A couple's dream vacation in Austria turns into a nightmare.  
CAST: Don Scardino, Jennifer Harman, Joan Shea, Robert Dryden  
WRITER: Ian Martin

5/27/81---"Little Richard"

A timid, small-time crook outwits the government of a turn-of-the-century town in Central Europe.

CAST: Kristoffer Tabori, Joan Shea, Robert Dryden, Bernie Grant  
WRITER: Sam Dann

5/28/81---"Did I Say Murder?"

The story of Henry II's tragic friendship with Thomas Beckett is retold from the perspective of Henry's wife, Eleanor of Aquitaine.  
CAST: Tammy Grimes, Michael Wager, Norman Rose, Lloyd Battista  
WRITER: Sam Dann, based on English history.

5/29/81---"Out of the Past"

An artist is obsessed with a face from his past.

CAST: Paul Hecht, Evie Juster, Mandel Kramer, Russell Horton  
WRITER: Ian Martin

6/1/81---

France's greatest general is held captive inside Germany's infamous Konigstein prison during World War II.

CAST: Norman Rose, Tudi Wiggins, Earl Hammond, Ian Martin  
WRITER: G. Frederic Lewis

6/2/81---"The Dead Come Alive"

A man who claims he can raise the dead makes a believer out of at least one resident of a small town in turn-of-the-century America.

CAST: Ralph Bell, Marian Seldes, Ray Owens, Earl Hammond  
WRITER: Murray Bennett

6/3/81---"The Cat;s Paw"

A famous scientist is impersonated in order to catch a double agent.

CAST: Larry Haines, Bob Kaliban, Marian Seldes, Joan Shea  
WRITER: Roy Winsor

6/4/81---"Down the Garden Path"

Niccolo Machiavelli is called on to save his native Florence from political disaster.

CAST: Gordon Gould, Mandel Kramer, Russell Horton, Joyce Gordon  
WRITER: Sam Dann

6/5/81---"Matched Pair for Murder"

A judge becomes convinced a guilty man has gone free.

CAST: Arnold Moss, Kristoffer Tabori, Bernie Grant, Evie Juster  
WRITER: Sam Dann

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#### ANSWERS TO BOB DAVIS'S QUIZ

1. Pete Kellys Blues
2. George "Gabby" Hayes
3. I'm A Yankee Doodle Dandy & Hooray For Hollywood

4. Captain "Red" Albright
5. San Francisco
6. Sam & Henry...Amos & Andy...  
Clavin & The Colonel (TV)
7. Detective Danny Clover
8. Joe Kelly
9. Leila Ransom
10. Mrs. Davis..(Gee, I like that name)

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## Radio Freed From Rigid Curbs

The Federal Communications Commission used to rule with an iron hand over the program content of radio stations, making sure that certain amounts of time were allotted to news and public-affairs programming and that commercials did not take up too much time. The FCC freed the nation's 8,800 radio stations from several such regulations in January, arguing that radio broadcasting had now become so diverse that there was less need for regulation. The U.S. Supreme Court has now upheld the FCC's decision.

When radio was in its infancy, there was a need for regulations to protect the public interest, since there were only a limited number of radio outlets. Now there are so many that competition will assure that we are not flooded with too many commercials or denied important information from the airwaves. Most listeners are able to obtain any kind of programming they want. Broadcasters will still be licensed, however, and subject to rules of fairness and equal-time standards.

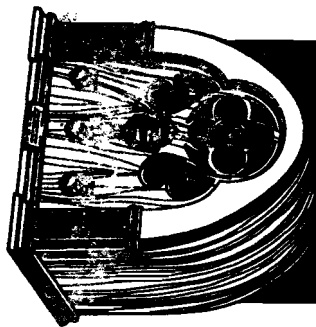
Critics of the change argue that listeners in areas with only a few radio outlets may not be adequately served under the eased regulations. If there are any parts of the country without a proper choice of radio programming, then exceptions could be made in those cases. But the FCC has moved in the right direction in leaving the matter of program content to the free competition of the marketplace in the airwaves.

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## CONTEST

In the Nick Carter story that concluded this issue, there is an error in the story (in addition to typos & punctuation) that we left as found in the original printing. The first person to mail me the information on the error including the issue number and page number on which the mistake appeared, will receive a 60 minute TDK cassette of two Nick Carter radio programs. The decision of the judges is final. Until next issue, "Peace".

R.A.O.



**OTRC**



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100 HARVEY DRIVE  
LANCASTER, N. Y. 14086

**Illustrated Press**



**FIRST CLASS MAIL**

