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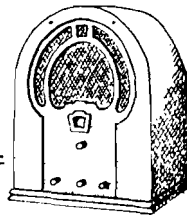


superman 1948 serial

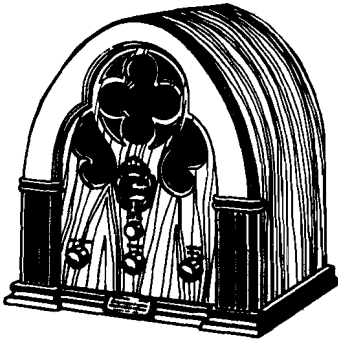
DOUBLE SIZED ISSUE

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THE OLD TIME



RADIO CLUB



THE OLD TIME RADIO CLUB
MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION:

Club dues are \$15.00 per yr. from Jan. 1 through Dec. 31. Members receive a tape listing, 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 \$3.00 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 \$7.50 per year and includes all the benefits of a regular membership. Regular membership dues are as follows: if you join in Jan. dues are \$15.00 for the year; Feb., \$14.00; March \$13.00; April \$12.00; May \$11.00; June \$10.00; July \$9.00; Aug. \$8.00; Sept. \$7.00; Oct. \$6.00; Nov. \$5.00; and Dec. \$4.00. 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. Meeting starts at 7:30 p.m.

 DEADLINE FOR IP #74 Oct. 11
 #75 Nov. 8
 #76 - Dec. 13

ADVERTISING RATES FOR MEMORIES

\$25.00 for a full page
 \$15.00 for a half page
 \$ 8.00 for a quarter page

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

Spring Issue Deadline - March 15th
 Fall Issue Deadline - September 15th

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 * ADDRESS FOR TAPE LIBRARY AND *
 * BACK ISSUES. *

Cover Design by Eileen Curtin



CHARLIE'S FINAGLES

by Chuck Seeley

Two columns back, I began discussing the OTR shows that are my favorites. I've pretty much covered the ones I enjoy most, all that are left are the foreign shows.

I find the current BBC output much superior to the current output of, say, CBS. Remember that the English never lost radio as a dramatic medium, as we colonists did, and I think perhaps this is why the majority of their productions just seem so much classier than ours. Their various adaptations are close enough to perfect as an adaptation will get. For example, the HORN-BLOWER STORY has dialog lifted direct from the books and that will satisfy any C.S. Forester fan. This same technique is evident in their versions of science fiction classics, such as Asimov's Foundation Trilogy, and detective/mystery gems, such as Chandler's The Big Sleep. All of those are favorites of mine, as is THE DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS (its only concession to the radio medium being an added-on framing sequence), and a number of other SF presentations.

I've found much of the Beeb's original stuff pretty good, as well, especially THE HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY, JOURNEY INTO SPACE, and a couple of others.

There are a great many OTR shows that became television shows, but not many at all that went the other way. One of these is, surprisingly, THE AVENGERS. You know, Steed and Emma. The radio series is of South African origin, I believe. It's a good show. The leads are Patrick Macnee and Diana Rigg sound-alikes; each episode is 15 minutes and six or seven of these are strung together to make a complete story.

And then there's the CBC. They do lots of radio drama and comedy, my favorite of the stuff I've heard is THE KRAKEN WAKES, a fine adaptation of John Wyndham's story (Wyndham also wrote the novels that became THE DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS and THE VILLAGE OF THE DAMNED).

*

Has anyone but me noticed the new generation of radio ads for new

books? Stephen King's Cujo received lots of air-play around here, the ad featuring a little voice calling for Cujo and the dog's savage growl answering it. There's something called The Founding, published by Dell, that I first thought was a movie, to judge from the elaborate radio promo. There's music, dialog, sound effects... big stuff for a little paperback.

*

THE CHUCK & BOB SHOW CONTINUED:

Last night, July 11th, Bob Davis and I did our radio trivia thing again. You remember Bob Davis, don't you? Too bad about that, eh? Anyway, last night, for the first time, we received our very own MOVIE PASSES. Finally. And only after many threats and blackmail.

Back in the old days, when Bob and I were both unemployed (I think we've done only one show at a time when both of us were working), I'd end up at his place after the show for coffee, chess, and backgammon. I'd leave when the rest of his family got up for work or school or whatever. (Moral: be careful if you ever invite me over for an evening.) Now that I have these nasty regular work hours, we can't do that good stuff anymore. Just doesn't seem fair.

* * * * *

The following letter has been delayed due to its being sent to former editor Chuck Seeley instead of the correct address. - Ed.

June 26, 1982 Editor, IP: Oh darn, now I've gone and made Jim Snyder mad at me; and, since I consider him a valuable member of the OTR family and (I hope) a friend, I suppose I'll have to ask him to forgive me. In his response to my Collectors Corner article in IP #69, he was afraid that in his remarks he might be guilty of "Dropping to (my) level", so in my answer to him I will try not to offend him further---I will try to rise to his level.

First of all, Jim is quite correct in taking me to task for saying: "I'd have to question the intelligence or sincerity of anyone who claims they can't see the harm done by Amos'N'Andy". I should have said: "I'd have to question the intelligence or sincerity of anyone who claims he can't see the harm done by Amos'N'Andy". An unforgivable blunder for a former English teacher like me. (Actually,

I suspect that my original manuscript has it right, and the editorial gremlins at CC did me in.) As for the meaning of the remark, I do recognize it to be somewhat in-temperate and preachy, but I'm afraid I'll have to stand by it; I'm a little sick and tired of the rampant hypocrisy and denial going on in the face of this virulent, growing cancer of racism that infests our society. Still, I'll admit to Jim that intelligent and insincere remark. So, for his sake, I'm willing to amend the statement as follows: Saying that Amos N' Andy was not racist is a really dumb thing to say.

Jim defines racism as a doctrine that one's own race is superior to others. I'll buy that. Does he seriously believe that this was not the exact doctrine implicit in all the mass media from their inception through, say, the fifties? Let's see him make a list of all movies, or popular fiction, or radio shows, in which black characters appeared, and then let's see him list how many of those characters weren't maids, butlers, valets, or pullman porters, saying silly, childish things in exaggerated stage accents. Is Jim claiming that the American public doesn't and didn't get many of their ideas and values from the mass media?

But, he continues, I cited names of recorded songs, and these don't have anything to do with radio. Well, I think Jim knows that radio in its first years was almost totally dependent on recorded material, much as it is now. These songs were played on the radio, and the recording artists, as now, were in great demand in all the media. In the early years, the KKK had its own recording studio and sent its records to radio stations. No, this won't wash, Jim. The mass media in this country are and always have been in an interdependent, cross-breeding situation. In many cases, the same people were and are responsible for movies, radio, and records.

Jim quotes that peerless and fondly remembered actress Lillian Randolph to the effect that the time during which she played Beulah was that happiest of her life. I have no doubt that starring in their own series made many radio actors very happy. I have often read similar statements from such actors as Stepin Fetchet, Alvin Childress, and Eddie Anderson. These are quite wonderful actors, and they are actors who made a career out of doing and saying what they felt (often correctly) that white people wanted to hear. Compare their careers with that of Paul Robeson, possibly the greatest black talent in the era we are discussing,

and one of the only black performers who refused to say these things. If Jim wants his black people shuffling happily off an Aunt Jemima box, that's his problem. But for heaven's sake, let him ask some older blacks about the emotional cargo they are carrying around as a result of institutionalized mass media racism. Racism, not stereotypes, Jim. Rochester, as you say, was a black stereotype. But not the other Benny characters. Was Mary a stereotype? Of white women? Of May Co. employees? Was Jack a stereotype? Has there ever been another character like Jack Benny? Come, J.S., let's choose our words a bit more carefully and let the language work for us, not against us.

Jim says he never hears me complaining that Sanford & Son (or The Jeffersons, or Good Times, etc., etc.) is racist. This is because I find most sitcoms beneath contempt, for reasons having more to do with lack of talent than lack of tolerance. Actually, Jim never asked me my opinion of shows like these. My opinion is that they are racist, very much so. They were, of course, all spawned by the success of ALL In the Family. In this show, the Archie Bunker character was supposed to highlight the moral bankruptcy of the racist position. What quite predictably happened was that everyone started to love the Archie character and ended up identifying with him. Then, when the inevitable imitations and spinoffs started coming, the racist jokes were retained without the philosophical rationale behind the original. Result: it's suddenly OK to use the most outrageous racist material on TV (and all the other media). Lamentable.

Jim claims that I referred to TV Guide as an anti-semitic publication in print. First of all, to say that writing for NEMO is being in print is to say that the men's room attendant at the Roxie Theater in Billings, Montana is in show business. Secondly, the context in which I made the remark was an ironically humorous one. Jim should have recognized that. I'd have to question the intelligence or sincerity of someone who didn't recognize the...oops, that's how I got in trouble the last time.

Finally, Jim says that it is currently fashionable to find racism in everything. He is about 20 years behind the times---it was fashionable in the 60s. Unfortunately, it is now fashionable to be a right wing, trickle-down, supply-side, let-em-eat-cake, born-again, Bible-beating bigot. And the people who follow this fashion are doing just fine

without even Amos'N'Andy to help them.

David Reznick

TUNE IN

Sundays

St. Catherines, Ont. CKTB-610

Best of The Goons	7:05 p.m.
Doctor in the House	7:30 p.m.
Sherlock Holmes	8:00 p.m.
Price of Fear	8:30 p.m.
With Vincent Price	

Saturdays

New York City, N.Y.
"Golden Age of Radio"

WBAI-fm
8:30 am



Life of Riley

OLD TIME RADIO LIVES AGAIN



THE ORIGINAL NETWORK RADIO SERIES

FIBBER McGEE & MOLLY

WEBR - 970

Buffalo, N.Y.

WEBR brings back the thrill of the great network series. Hear them every night of the week - now through December!

MONDAY

8:00 p.m. Red Skelton Show
8:30 p.m. The Whistler

TUESDAY

8:00 p.m. Abbott and Costello
8:30 p.m. Lone Ranger

WEDNESDAY

8:00 p.m. Flibber McGee and Molly
8:30 Richard Diamond

THURSDAY

8:00 p.m. Life of Riley
8:30 p.m. Have Gun, Will Travel

FRIDAY

8:00 p.m. Our Miss Brooks
8:30 p.m. Inner Sanctum

SATURDAY

6:00 p.m. Red Skelton
6:30 p.m. Richard Diamond

SUNDAY

6:00 p.m. Abbott & Costello
6:30 p.m. Have Gun, Will Travel

NOTE: Saturday, July 3, 1982, OTR programs will follow January - June schedule ("Life of Riley" & "Gangbusters")

DAVE GARROWAY—

Alongside Jerry Lewis. Dave looks downright sedate—like professor and pupil.



He has odd eating habits, a car he loves, and a program called Today



DAVE GARROWAY

He was born July 13, 1913, in Schenectady, N. Y., went to college in St. Louis, then tried to sell piston rings in Boston. He began announcing in Pittsburgh at KDKA, went from there to WMAQ in Chicago. In 1942, he joined the Navy, returning to Chicago at the war's end. It was there he created and conducted a new experiment in TV called *Garroway At Large*—until *Today* was born, at which point NBC moved him to New York and he moved himself into his bachelor penthouse. He also does a daily show called *Dial Dave Garroway*. For a picture, write him: c/o NBC, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York.

BILL CONRAD, better known to CBS radio fans as Matt Dillon of "Gun-smoke," does one thing off the air that's in keeping with his role: he collects antique shootin' irons. Otherwise, Bill, born Sept. 27, 1920 in Louisville, Ky., sought success in the announcer tradition. He took a few years out to fly a fighter plane during World War II, returned to a career of Hollywood adventure parts. Married to June Nelson, he likes to do the cooking and tries out recipes used by the top-ranking prairie chuck wagon chefs.



JIMMY STEWART, who plays Britt Ponset on NBC's "Six Shooter," does not cultivate his lanky 6'3½", 167 pound frame. Ten days of scientific feeding in a hospital made him lose three pounds. The laconic Princeton grad was born the son of a hardware store owner in Indiana, Pa., on May 20, 1908. The store counter today displays Jimmy's Oscar for *Philadelphia Story*. He races his own plane, plays accordion and is married to socialite Gloria McLean, who provided him with twin girls in 1951.

Buffalo Evening News/Thursday, July 22, 1932

Health Problems Tied To Garroway Suicide

By **STEPHEN J. MORGAN**

United Press International

SWARTHMORE, Pa. — Dave Garroway, the original host of the "Today" show who was known for an unflappable manner that mixed wit and warmth, committed suicide because he was depressed about his long-running health problems, friends and family members say.

Garroway, 69, had been in and out of hospitals for the past six months, suffering from complications of open-heart surgery, family members said Wednesday. He left the hospital two weeks ago and for the past week had been under a nurse's part-time care, said the housekeeper who discovered his body.

Garroway, whose second wife also committed suicide, was dressed in bedclothes when he shot himself in the head with a 12-gauge shotgun in a hallway of the single-story ranch house where he lived with his third wife, Sarah Lee Lippincott, an astronomer and director of the Sproul Observatory at Swarthmore College.

"It's suicide," said a coroner's spokesman after an autopsy. He said no note was found despite an extensive police search.

GARROWAY, who wore horn-rimmed glasses and was a voracious reader, was relaxed, witty, warm and erudite, both on and off the air. Time magazine said he had a mind like "spun glass — intricate but clear."

He started NBC's "Today" show along with Frank Blair and Jack Lescault on Jan. 14, 1932, telling viewers it was "a new kind of television." The program is credited with paving the way for network television talk shows that merged news, information and interviews.

Blair said that Garroway was "very, very disappointed that his career kind of came to a halt. He remarked to me once, 'Nobody wants me anymore. I'm old shoe, old hat. Nobody cares for old Dave any more.'"

HE LATER was host of a week-end NBC television program called "Wide, Wide World" and a weekend NBC radio talk show called "Monitor."

Garroway was born the son of a mechanical engineer. He worked as a lab assistant at Harvard University, as a piston-ring salesman and an NBC page before training in Schenectady, for radio at NBC's New York announcing school. He began his career in 1939 at station WMAQ in Chicago, served in the Navy during World War II, then returned to WMAQ and by 1948 was the star of a Chicago television show, "Garroway at Large."

Garroway's first wife was Adele Dwyer and their marriage ended in divorce. His second wife, Pamela Wilde, killed herself with an overdose of sleeping pills and the death was a factor in Garroway's decision to leave the "Today" show in 1961.

Roy Rogers Quick on the Trigger

LOS ANGELES (UPI) — Singing cowboy Roy Rogers, recruited by the National Rifle Association to fight California's handgun initiative, doesn't feel safe without weapons in his home and vows, "they'll have to shoot me first to take my gun."

Rogers, 69, said the 60-and 30-second spots he will film will

be shot in front of a gun case in the Apple Valley, Calif., Western museum he operates with his wife, Dale Evans. She will not appear in the commercial.

Rogers said celebrities often become the targets of threats and he once confronted a crowd of rowdies on his front lawn wielding a shotgun.

TONIGHT AT 9:00



— dial CBS 950 • WIBX
LUX RADIO THEATRE

TONIGHT

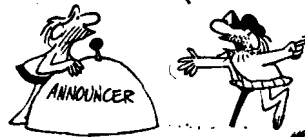


Lauritz
MELCHIOR
SOLOIST
MAX REITER CONDUCTOR
NBC SYMPHONY
Summer Concerts
WHAM-8:30 P.M.
U. S. STEEL HOUR

THERE'S A DRIVE DEEP TO RIGHT FIELD... AND IT'S GOING... GOING....



...THE CLOWN JUST GROUNDED OUT TO SECOND... WHAT ARE YOU DOING ?



MEL ALLEN



B
C

Remember Radio

By PHIL REISMAN
Gannett News Service

Close your eyes and let yourself travel in time. Back, back, back into the past.

You suddenly float earthward into the year 1946. It is almost 5:30 p.m. and you have just finished your homework, still a full hour away from dinner time. You walk into your living room where you find an easy chair and a mysterious oblong box laden with dials and knobs.

It's not a television set. It's certainly not a stereo. That thing is a giant Silvertone radio, the one your dad bought through a Sears Roebuck mail order catalog.

Gosh! Your favorite program is about to come on: "Captain Midnight."

Settling into the chair, you listen to a 15-minute adventure story pitting the hero and his Secret Squadron against the dastardly interna-

tional villain, Ivan Shark. There is no screen, only sound and the boundless limits of your imagination.

In the age of radio, television is nothing but a dream of the future. Your mind creates the image of Captain Midnight and the heroes of your other favorite shows: "Dick Tracy," "Superman," and "Tom Mix."

If you had really been a kid living in the age of radio, you might have sent away for a Secret Squadron message decoder badge. All it cost was 10 cents and the label from an Ovaltine jar.

You might have been one of the thousands of kids who demanded (and succeeded) in bringing back the "Superman" show after it was taken off the air.

And in the age of radio, Saturday mornings were not filled with cartoons. Instead, you might have tuned in to "Let's Pretend," the CBS program dubbed as "Radio's outstanding children's theater."

What's On The Air For Kids Today

By CATHY COX
Gannett News Service

Turn on the radio. Take a seat. Close your eyes and see. Yes, see! Why, there's Luke Skywalker, Hansel and Gretel, even Rapunzel with her long, golden hair.

How are you seeing these people? Through your imagination! That is what's turning some young people back to their radios.

Radio programs for young people are very scarce in the United States, maybe because some station managers believe children are only interested in gluing themselves to a television set for learning and entertainment.

Not so, says Children's Radio Theatre, an organization in Washington D.C. which probably produces the greatest amount of broadcasting for kids in the country.

Children's Radio Theatre calls itself a playground for the imagination, and will soon begin broadcasting a new series of half-hour plays including "Beauty and the Beast," based on the fairy tale, and "Cabbage Soup." You will have to check carefully in the newspaper radio listings to see if a station in your area will carry the shows.

Some of the best plays are written by children. Every year, the "Henny Penny Playwriting Contest" for young people draws entries, and the winners are aired with no additions or corrections.

Last year, Children's Radio Theatre put on a radio-adaptation of "Star Wars," and in early 1983, they will produce "The Empire Strikes Back," with many of the original cast members. "Star Wars" was broken down into 13 half-hour programs and "Empire" will be treated the same.

Imagine that.

Using child actors, this show came on every Saturday at 11 a.m. to tell another fantasy tale from the Arabian Nights, Hans Christian Anderson and the Brothers Grimm.

Radio's heyday lasted from about 1929 and ended in the early 1950's. Adults and children alike flocked to the radio to listen to popular action serials, entertainment programs, and comedy shows. For example, factory shifts were changed and restaurants wouldn't serve food when the Amos n' Andy show came on between 7 and 7:15 p.m.

Although radio shows today aren't what they used to be, figures show that radio as an entertainment medium is still very popular.

Did you know, for example, that there are more radios than people in the whole United States?

And many *nostalgia* buffs still collect recordings of the old shows like "Captain Midnight" and "The Lone Ranger." Mail-order catalogs offer tapes and records of the adventures of "The Shadow" or "Fibber McGee and Molly."

But you don't have to buy anything to enjoy the shows of the past. In some areas, present day radio station play some of the old shows. On station WAMU in Washington D.C., a show called the "The Big Broadcast" comes on every Sunday night at 7:30 p.m.

For the last 18 years, this program has featured tapes of the old shows replayed under the guidance of host, John Hickman.

"There's a tremendous interest in these shows, not necessarily just in the kids shows but in the adult shows as well," says Hickman who at 38, is old enough to remember the tail end of the radio era.

"I get a lot of mail," he adds, "A lot of it is requests from children. They love it."

Nostalgia is remembering the past with affection.



JIMMY WARKLEY, who croons across the nation on CBS' "Rancho Round-up," has never hidden his light under a bushel, but his voice was discovered under an organ—while punting the pedals in church in hometown Beaufort, Okla. In '37 Jim formed a cowboy trio which found a receptive ear in Gene Autry, who put them on his radio show. Solo, he toured with Bob Hope, guested with Berle and Como and was the first cowboy star to get top billing at sophisticated Ciro's. He has a wife, Inez, and 4 kids.

Visit 'the two and only'

Smile if you remember Wally Ballou, inept reporter, Mary Backstayge, noble wife, and the Slow Talkers Association of America.

Chuckle if you remember Captain Wolf Larsen and Dr. Muuhuu, Hawaiian eye (ear, nose and throat) doctor.

And hotfoot it down to the Museum of Broadcasting if you want to relive golden moments from the radio and television shows of their creators, Bob and Ray — the two and only, the great parodists of and on the airwaves.

A Bob (Elliott) and Ray (Goulding) retrospective opens Tuesday for a four-week week run at the museum, 1 East 53 St., New York City. For a \$2 contribution at the glass door, Bob and Ray fans can rest up from job hunting — or recover from a business lunch — in the comfy darkness of the museum's 65-seat theater, viewing highlights of Bob and Ray's 35 years of irresistible low-key comedy.

As they once explained in a hilarious commercial for American Express, nobody is quite sure which is Bob and which is Ray. It is so confusing that a press conference was called last Thursday to straighten out all the Wally Ballou types who, when

sent to cover a breaking story in Times Square, more often than not come back with an interview with a cranberry grower from East Bogsville, Mass. who just happened to be standing there.

Conscious of a duty to get the thing right once and for all, your reporter approached the neatly-suited, average-sized, baldish half of Bob and Ray and asked for his autograph. Quickly changing his expression from the wary look of a celebrity about to be asked an idiot question, he smiled and wrote "Bob Elliott" next to his picture in the museum's Bob and Ray brochure. Then came my question: What, sir, do you find funny these days? Without batting an eyelash (because he hasn't any), Bob remarked, "I think George Steinbrenner is kind of funny."

It was the definitive answer, and your reporter wrote it down in capital letters.

Two feet away, standing in front of a wall of sacred radio artifacts in the form of old-fashioned microphones, was Ray Goulding. He is large, slightly rumpled, bushy-eyebrowed and has the puzzled look of a man who knows somebody is about to trip him up but not who, when or why. Asked how he and

Please see **BOB & RAY**
on C2

Bob managed to invent the greatest roster of misfits that soap opera has ever known, he said, "Our main effort was to amuse ourselves on those early morning shows."

Bob Elliott and Ray Goulding were staff announcers at WHDH in Boston in 1946 when they met and discovered they were on the same slightly skewed wave-length -- that they could be comedians by trying and intentionally failing to be wonderful when less than nothing was going on.

Not for them the socko one-line joke. Not for them the political, ethnic character. It was their private amusement to make fun on their own business; radio, at first, and then television. One of their great triumphs was to put themselves and their characters into a Broadway play, "The Two and Only," which was performed in front of a set that looked like the attic of a mad inventor married to everybody's Aunt Millie.

The Bob and Ray retrospective at the Museum of Broadcasting offers a different program every day, Tuesdays through Saturdays, from noon to 5 p.m. through July 10. (The museum itself is well worth a visit, since it is organized like a library with cross-indexed card files of 16,000 radio and television shows and commercials that anyone can view on the premises without charge.)

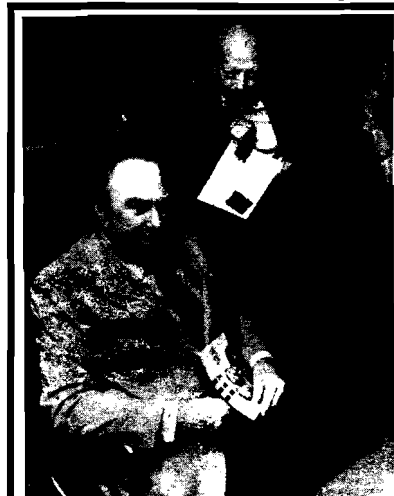
Tomorrow, opening day, the format will be as follows: noon to 1 pm, Canine Psychiatrist, The Office Christmas Party, Sweaters with an "O" and Frandenstein Brothers Clothing, all done in 1951. From 1 to 2, segments from their work on the Ed Sullivan Show, including a parody of news broadcasts with the cast of

"Beyond the Fringe." From 2 to 2:30 pm, their farewell radio show in Boston; from 2:30 to 3 pm, "Test Dive Buddies" and the animated short "Kid Gloves." From 3 to 3:30 pm, guest appearances on "Omnibus" (1956) and the Perry Como Show (1958). From 3:30 to 4 pm, "The Name's the Same," part of a panel show from 1955. From 4 to 5 pm, The Bob and Ray Great Lakes Contest, Mary McGoon Wraps Presents, The Lives and Loves of Linda Lovely and The Gnu Bank.

And so it goes, with each day's program another thankful look at the past.

But what of the future?

National Public Radio and the Radio Foundation of New York City will feature the pair in a special



Gannett/Bob Deutsch

Ray Goulding (left) and Bob Elliott

series of new skits on NPR's "The Sunday Show". The first program, "The Return of Bob and Ray," will be heard Sunday Afternoon, Oct. 3.

Before, during or after that-- who knows when movies are released? Bob and Ray may be seen in the upcoming movie "Author, Author!" with Al Pacino. In it they have small but significant roles as the producers of a Broadway play. Will the play be a hit? Not if Bob and Ray can help it.

Kathie Beals

TAPE LIBRARY RATES: 2400' reel-\$1.50 per month; 1800' reel-\$1.25 per month; 1200' reel-\$1.00 per month; cassette and records-\$.50 per month. 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.

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 \$.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.

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

New member wants to contact others who share his mad craving for science fiction radio shows. Cassette or reel to reel. No trade too small. For catalogue exchanges, contact: Duff Campbell
Box 4371
Panorama City, Cal. 91412

Ye editor would like to trade on cassette for adventure serials - either complete shows such as BBC dramas or long consecutive runs of shows such as Superman, Capt. Midnight etc. Not interested in poor quality shows. Contact:

Dick Olday
100 Harvey Dr.
Lancaster, N.Y. 14086

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THE OLD PHOTO ALBUM



It was March 1, 1929 and Eddie Martin was at his home on Smith St. in Buffalo convalescing after a run-in with an automobile, when who should show up but Tom Mix, who was in town for an appearance at Shea's Buffalo. Eddie, who now lives in Orchard Park, will never forget that day.

ROBERT TAYLOR
in
"Men in White"
presented by
SCHENLEY LABORATORIES
TONIGHT CBS
9:30 WIBX

Actors Row

Ruth Parrott

"Mrs. Mills"—The Younger Generation
"Prudence Rockbottom"—Meet Me At Party's
"Mrs. Van Atwater"—Judy Canova Show



Ethel Wilson

"Mrs. Mills"—The Younger Generation
"Prudence Rockbottom"—Meet Me At Party's
"Mrs. Van Atwater"—Judy Canova Show
"Mrs. Van Atwater"—Judy Canova Show

Jane Morgan

"Title Role"—Aunt Mary



Jan Miner

"Title Role"—Lara Lawton



Len Doyle

"Harrington"—Mr. Ed's Attorney



SYBIL TRENT, has been on CBS's "Let's Pretend" for 16 years. Now 26 years old, she began her radio career at seven when she was mistress of ceremonies on a local station. In three years time she was discovered by the late Nilla Mack, originator of "Let's Pretend," and has been part of the show ever since. New York-born, Sybil made her professional debut at 5 portraying a future chorus girl in Earl Carroll's "Vanities." She has also acted in two movies.



PAT BUTTRAM, featured comic on Gene Autry's CBS show, was a disc jockey in Birmingham, Ala., when for a gag he ran his partner for Congress. The partner was elected; Pat was job-hunting. In Chicago, a radio sidewalk interviewer who took Pat for a real yoke! put him on the program. Pat was so funny he soon had a job, became widely known for his hillbilly humor. Born Maxwell Emmett Buttram in Winston County, Ala., 1915, he's married to Sheila Ryan.

NICK CARTER

in

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STREET & SMITH

gold & guns

Oct. 1933

CHAPTER I MELTING GOLD

It was only twenty minutes past seven, and the car sped along the deserted New Jersey road with furious haste. Occasionally it passed a truck bringing vegetables to the city market. Then again it went along for miles without meeting anything.

The two men who sat in the automobile looked somewhat alike. The man who was driving was younger. His features were a little more determined than those of the man who sat next to him. But he did not have the quiet air of achievement that marked his companion.

The man who sat next to the driver was Nick Carter, possibly the most famous detective in the history of crime. The man who was driving was his assistant, Chick Carter.

They topped a hill, and for the briefest fraction of a second they could see far ahead of them along the winding road into the Jersey hills. An armored car was there, far ahead, twisting around a curve.

They came down off the top of the hill, and the car was gone.

"There's an armored truck ahead," Chick said slowly.

Nick nodded. "Mr. Gravesend didn't have time to call the truck off," he told his assistant.

Chick coughed complainingly. "You know I don't know anything at all about this case," he told his boss. "It's mysterious."

Nick Carter was silent for a few moments, staring ahead of him, across the countryside, off which the early mists of morning had not yet lifted. Then Nick Carter cleared his throat, started talking. There was an air of perplexity about his voice.

"Thomas Gravesend," Nick Carter said, almost as though he were talking to himself, "was a banker. Several years ago the bank of which he was president told him that they didn't need his services any longer. There was some scandal about it."

"Go on," Chick said. "If I'm to work on this case, I ought to know something about it, anyway."

"Yes," Nick agreed. "Gravesend had some doubt as to the future of the country," he went on, "so he drew all the money he had--three hundred and eighteen thousand dollars out of the bank in gold. Possibly he did it to embarrass the bank that had fired him."

"He took it out to his house,

had a vault built in his cellar, put it there. You may have read the papers lately," Nick went on, with mild sarcasm. Suddenly his voice was silenced by a noise that broke the early morning calm.

Several pistol shots, and a louder, deeper explosion, rent the air. Nick Carter swung around in his seat, caught Chick's shoulder with one hand. Instantly, Chick's foot clamped down on the accelerator, the car went ahead with even greater speed.

Nick Carter had had a special motor put in his automobile. As they tore along the road, Nick went on with his story, in hurried monosyllables.

"Gravesend was afraid of being arrested for a hoarder," Nick snapped, "so he called an armored truck company, told them to bring a truck out this morning. He was going to take the gold back to the Federal Reserve Bank, get bank notes for it."

"However, when he went down at quarter of seven this morning to open the safe and see that everything was ready for the armored-truck guards"--again Nick broke off his words, as more pistol shots sounded through the air--"the money was gone," Nick Carter finished.

The car topped another hill. Ahead of them, suddenly, they saw the armored truck again. But it was no longer rolling toward them. Instead, it had pulled up on the side of the road.

It was standing at an angle, drunkenly, as though it had been damaged. Lined up along one side of the road was the uniformed crew of the truck. Pointing pistols at the uniformed guard were a half dozen men.

The had evidently come out of a blue sedan, a huge car, that was also lined up on the road, at an angle. But the angle was not so great but that the car could start off immediately, beat it in the direction of New York City.

Two of the six men who were holding up the truck were fooling with the back door. As they went away from the hill, Nick could see them come back, gesture toward the guards. Evidently they were asking for the keys.

Chick put all he had into the car. But it was another forty-five seconds before Nick Carter and his assistant got their automobile within

a hundred yards of the holdup, on the straightaway.

Chick put on the brakes, the car squealed to a stop, halfway across the road. Nick and his assistant piled out, instantly, their guns in their hands. Nick had extracted two blue steel .45 revolvers from his shoulder holsters. Chick had a gun in one hand, an automatic in the other.

They ran down the road toward the armored truck. At first the holdup men did not see them. Then suddenly, one of them turned, saw Nick and Chick running in their direction.

He swooped down into the body of the big blue sedan, came up cradling something in his arms that looked like a banjo. It was a sub-machine gun.

The bullets from this sprayed across the road at Nick and Chick. The Carters ran back, dove into their own car, tried to take cover along the running board. The machine gun pricked holes in the tires of Nick Carter's car.

Nick and Chick tried to pick off the man with the machine gun, but they were too far away. The holdup went on, right under the noses of the detectives.

The two men whom they had seen trying to get the rear of the truck open before, now had the keys. They worked on the door. It came open, revealing the iron-clad inside of the truck.

The men dove inside, came out again. They gestured at their companions. One of the men, evidently the boss, went back to the truck with them, looked in.

Nick Carter leaped aside from the running board of the car where he was lying, landed in a ditch along the side of the road. There was a thin trickle of water in the bottom of this ditch, but Nick disregarded this.

Moving through the water, which came up and half covered his body, he started sliding down alongside the road, working his way to the scene of the holdup. He could no longer see what was going on.

But Chick, still lying on the running board of Nick's car, could see that the holdup men were surprised by something. They carried nothing away from the truck, put nothing into their own car.

Chick was puzzled. He could not understand what had happened. From what Nick Carter had told him, he understood that the gold that had been in Thomas Gravesend's cellar had been stolen. When he saw the armored truck, and the holdup,

he thought he had the solution of the case. The men driving the armored truck were crooks, disguised as armed guards. They had stolen the gold. The men in the sedan were hijackers, possibly part of the same gang who had been cheated out of their share.

Chick, using his pistol to distract the machine gunner's attention from the ditch through which his boss was wriggling toward the holdup, could not understand why no gold was being transferred from the truck to the sedan.

Halfway between Nick Carter's car and the two automobiles involved in the holdup, a group of tall cattails grew in the marshy ditch through which Nick Carter was crawling. Chick kept his eye on these, as he sent snap shots flying at the machine gunner who was holding Chick at bay.

After a while he saw the cattails move, realized that Nick had gotten that far. The swamp plants did not wave enough to disclose Nick Carter's presence to any one who didn't know that he was already in the ditch.

It was Chick's job to provide distraction for the crooks. He kept at this. As his guns emptied, he slipped a new clip into the automatic, the quickest pistol to reload. That was why he carried it.

Chick Carter had little fighting to himself, under ordinary circumstances. Most of his job was to provide a foil for Nick, to make a big noise, so that people would look at him, while Nick Carter sneaked around and did the actual work.

Chick enjoyed this job. He had the utmost respect for the famous detective's abilities.

No one knew what Chickering Carter's real name was. Nick Carter had taken him from a newsboys' home, when Chick was a very young lad. He had had no last name--simply had been called Chick.

Nick had brought him up in the detective business, had sent him through college, had given him his own last name. And when Chick grew old enough to need more of a first name than Chick, Nick Carter had dubbed him Chickering.

The young man was eternally grateful to Nick Carter. Chickering Carter did not feel fear as he went on, sending useless bullets at the machine gunner. He kept his eye on the swamp. Now that Nick Carter had passed the cattails, there was no way of telling how far the ace detective had gone.

At the armored truck, things, were coming to a head. The gangsters had huddled into a knot, all except

the man who kept the sub-machine gun playing on Chick, where he thought Nick Carter also was. The other men were talking, waving their hands. Evidently they were as mystified as Chick was to see that there was no gold in the truck.

Then, suddenly, they were all running for the blue sedan. They had stripped the guns away from the armored-truck crew. The men stood there, in their uniforms, unable to offer resistance.

Chick wondered about that. He knew how hard it was to hold up an armored truck.

The men reached the sedan, they shouted to the fellow who was using the sub-machine gun.

Chick flexed himself for action. As soon as that sub-machine gun was turned off, the car would come speeding down the road. If it came toward him, he knew that Nick would expect him to stop it.

Chick got his revolver, started to push bullets into the chambers. He would need both his guns now.

Then, suddenly, Nick Carter appeared out of the ditch, like some apparition. His clothes were muddy, his eyes shone through a mask of clay. There was a gun in each of the ace detective's hands.

Chick Carter flung himself off the running board. The machine gunner had turned, was facing Nick. Nick dodged nimbly to one side, sent a bullet flying at the machine gunner.

It hit one of the man's hands. The sub-machine gun clattered to the pavement.

Chick started to run toward the holdup crew. Then suddenly, he saw something that made him cry out, try to warn Nick. But he was too far away.

One of the men who was already in the sedan pulled something out of a side pocket, flung it at Nick Carter. It landed at his feet, and Chick saw that it was a hand grenade—a pineapple—one of the favorite weapons of gangsters.

Even as he watched, the man flung another of his missiles at Chick Carter. Chick dove into the ditch.

The two grenades went off almost simultaneously. Chick had made the ditch. The automobile in which he and Nick Carter had driven out, came flying through the air, landed on the other side of the ditch. Spare parts, bits of glass, flew down on Chick Carter's head.

But he was not thinking of that. He was safe. But Nick Carter, standing out on the road, already out of the ditch unwarned,

must have been killed in the explosion.

Chick felt himself shuddering furiously. A car came roaring across the highway, ten inches above his head. Chick knew that the gangsters were making their get-away.

He jumped to his feet, and tried to climb out of the ditch, but his feet missed their hold in the slimy mud on the bottom. He was flung back by the impetus of his own rush.

Instantly, he was on his feet again. He was almost crying in his rage, in his anxiety to avenge the death of Nick Carter. For Chick was sure that the ace detective had been killed by the hand grenade.

He made the road on his third try, snapped his head to the left, both guns ready. He emptied the guns at the rear of the fleeing sedan, but it was too far away. The bullets fell, useless, to the road.

Chick Carter blindly started running after the sedan. He knew he couldn't catch it, but he was not thinking. All that was on his mind was the necessity of killing these men who had killed his benefactor, his employer, his friend, Nick Carter.

Then suddenly, a voice behind Chick made him stop dead, turn around. It was Nick Carter calling.

"Come on back, Chick!" Nick called. "Let's see if we can get this armored car going."

Miraculously the ace detective must have been able to take cover in the ditch, even while the hand grenade was going off. Nick Carter had been saved—saved by the barest fraction of a second; saved by the remarkable coordination of his muscles and his brain.

CHAPTER II PARADE OF CRIME

Chick ran down the road to the miraculously alive Nick. He slithered to a stop in front of him. Nick had gotten down to his knees, was looking at the armored car.

"There's nothing wrong with this bus," he said, "except two of the rear tires are punctured. You boys"—gesturing at the truck guards—"get over on my car there, and see if you can salvage two tires."

The guards trotted off. Nick got to his feet, looked at Chick.

"We won't get this car fixed up in time to catch them," he said, "unless we have a lot of luck."

Chick nodded. "I wish you'd go on telling me what this is about," he asked.

Nick grinned. "It's very simple," he said. "Gravesend had ordered this truck, and didn't have time to cancel the order. I told you that.

The gold was stolen before the truck ever got there--stolen mysteriously, not robbed. The safe wasn't even cracked, and no one had entered the house feloniously." Nick Carter grinned at the legal term, then again lapsed into silence.

The armored-truck guards were working with furious speed. They had salvaged a tire and a spare from Nick Carter's car, were running these over to the truck, were jacking the truck up. Five minutes later they had the armored truck ready to ride.

Nick Carter leaped into the cab, got at the wheel. The guards and Chick piled into the body of the truck behind him. Nick Carter slid a hand down to his hip as he started the automobile rolling. He pulled out his hip gun, tossed it to one of the armed guards. Chick did the same.

Each of the detectives carried three guns. They only had two hands and the extra guns came in handy now as weapons for their crew.

The crooks' sedan had gone back in the direction of the city, from which Nick and Chick had come. Nick turned the truck in that direction.

When they had gone two miles, Nick Carter suddenly squealed the truck to a stop. Off to one side there was a dirt road, and Nick had seen telltale tire marks in it. He leaped out of the truck, ran across the road, got down on his knees.

A moment later he was back. "Those are the same tires that the sedan was wearing when it went away from us," he snapped. He got into the truck, drove it up the dirt road.

The dirt road was rough, stony. The armored truck was jolted from side to side. The guards and Chick had trouble hanging on. But the ace detective who was driving put all his weight on the accelerator, kept the truck going as fast as it could.

Suddenly, after about fifteen minutes, the dirt road turned, started running downhill again. It had been going through the hills, past old farmhouses, through cow pastures.

As he drove, the ace detective spoke between clenched teeth.

"How come you boys were held up so easily?" he asked. "I didn't think you could hold up an armored car without wrecking it."

One of the guards, evidently the head man, answered. "Orders are not to resist when we got an empty load," he said. "And the way they worked, it was pretty easy. They had a car parked across the road, so we had to stop. That was

all right--if we'd wanted to fight it out, they couldn't have done anything. But then they threw a hand grenade off into the field, and started their pistols cracking to show us how well armed they were.

"When we saw that, we climbed out. No armored truck guy wants a hand grenade going off under his bus."

Nick Carter nodded. "Of course you men had nothing to lose," he said. "There wasn't any cargo aboard."

"That's the way it was," the armed guard answered.

Nick Carter increased his speed, now that they were going downhill, and the motor did not have to do all the work. So for some time there was no chance for conversation. The truck was rumbling around too rapidly, the passengers were being thrown from one side to another too much.

Then, ahead of them, they heard a car. Nick Carter could not get any more speed out of the truck. But he shifted his body in the seat, as though he were trying to push the automobile along with his own muscles.

Then the road straightened out, ceased to be downhill. They went along smoothly for a hundred yards, turned a corner.

Ahead of them was the State highway. But the car they had heard was not the big sedan.

Nick Carter jumped out. He peered around on the tire-tracked surface of the road for a few moments. The crooks had gone off to the left, he decided.

He hopped back into the truck, started it going. None of the men who were riding with him said a thing. They were too worn out from the exertion of hanging on inside the armored truck.

The road turned to the left; twisted. It looked somewhat familiar to Chick. He could not decide where he had seen it before until Nick Carter spoke.

"We're going right back to Gravesend's house," he said. "The crooks must have doubled back through this road. They're going to make another try for the gold."

The speedometer stuck at fifty-five miles an hour. That was all the speed that Nick Carter could get out of the car. Ten minutes of this, and then, on the top of a small hill, Nick Carter pointed, taking one hand dangerously away from the wheel to do so.

"That's Gravesend's house now," he said, pointing to a fine gray stone mansion set on the top of another hill "We go down into the valley here and find his private road."

A minute later, they were in front of the gray stone posts of the

Gravesend mansion. A long macadamized road wound up from the State road to the mansion.

Nick Carter turned the wheel sharply to the left. The car skidded a little, then dove straight at the gate between the two gray stone posts. One of the armored car guards yelled. Nick Carter snapped his head up, looked at the windshield.

He saw the menace, but too late. The thin string hit the windshield, stretched, broke, even as Nick Carter kicked on the brakes, tried to throw the car into reverse.

"Duck!" the ace detective yelled, and Chick and the armed guards threw themselves on the floor of the truck. At the same moment, Nick Carter went over backward in his seat, landed on top of the piling mass of his assistant and the men they had rescued.

There was a dull roar, and a sheet of blinding flame presented itself where the windshield had been. Then instantly, the flame blinked out, and the windshield turned into a cobwebby mass of cracks.

On all sides of the truck, pebbles and other debris rattled. The truck body seemed to leave the ground, turn over. Then it came down heavily again, on one side.

Nick Carter was on top. Underneath him, all was still. The detective turned over, put out a hand, encountered something wet.

In the dim light inside the armored truck, Nick Carter put a hand up to his face. It was bloody. With his heart beating furiously, Nick pulled at the tangled mass of bodies that lay beneath him.

He pulled at Chick's body first. His assistant came out of the pile. Nick's eager fingers explored Chick's body. Chick was not wounded. His heart was still beating. He must have hit his head when the truck ran into the trap that the gang had left for them.

Nick Carter wanted to kick himself for not having thought of that ruse. The gangsters had simply taken a hand grenade, fastened it onto a string at one of the gateposts, then run a string across to the other side. In this way the first car to follow them onto Thomas Gravesend's grounds would trip the trap, would blow off the hand grenade, and destroy itself.

However, the gang had not figured on being pursued in the armored car, and it was only that that had saved Nick Carter. If he had come in an ordinary automobile, he would have been killed.

As he thought all this, Nick had flipped the side door of the armored truck open. This was no longer on the side, but on the top, in the roof

of the truck, as it lay on its side.

Nick climbed up through this, stuck his head out. Instantly machine-gun bullets ripped along the side of the armor-plated car, and Nick Carter dropped down in again, to crouch there futilely as an automobile roared by outside the truck. The gangsters had heard the explosion, were making their getaway, and, as before, were covering themselves with a sub-machine gun.

Nick Carter did not dare come out of the truck while they were still in sight. The machine-gun hail stopped. Nick Carter put his head out cautiously, ready to snatch it back in an instant.

But nothing happened. The detective vaulted out of the truck, ran along the road, back to the State road. He looked down it. The tail of the sedan was just disappearing around a curve.

Nick ran back to the armored truck, looked inside. Chick was just sitting up.

"Take care of these boys!" Nick snapped. Then he ran on up the private road, up toward Gravesend's mansion. There must be a car up there, Nick thought, and maybe the gangsters had forgotten to disable it. He had to have a car to pursue them, hopeless as it seemed.

Despite the beating that he had taken that morning, Nick Carter ran up the driveway with all the speed of a professional cross-country man. He tore by the house without stopping, rounded a curve in the road. Ahead of him suddenly the road widened out, became a concrete platform.

Nick looked. On this platform was a car. To the right was a barn that had been converted into a garage. Evidently the platform covered the old barn pit, for the edifice had been turned around. What had been the rear of the stable was now the front of the garage.

Nick Carter took all this in in a moment. Then he was running toward the aged limousine. He threw himself into the front seat, tried to start the car.

The motor was cold. It wouldn't respond to the starter. It turned over, coughed futilely once or twice.

Some one dashed out of the house, shouted at Nick. He looked around. It was a pig-faced man, with silky white hair. The man was dressed in a dressing gown, trousers, and a shirt. Nick Carter guessed that it was his client, Thomas Gravesend.

But he had no time to speak to the ex-banker, for at that moment the motor caught. Before it had made two revolutions, Nick Carter had thrown in the clutch, slipped the automobile

into low, started it around on the platform, pointed it back toward the road.

He was back on Gravesend's private road now, and around the house. He looked in the mirror, and saw the ex-banker running after him. Nick flipped the car from low into high without stopping in second speed at all.

The motor coughed, then picked up. Nick found that, despite the ancient model of this limousine, it had good speed. It went away at top speed.

Ahead of him Nick Carter saw the armored car still leaning on its side. Chick was standing next to it, reaching down into the side door that had become a trapdoor in the roof of the car. Even as Nick tore down the driveway, he saw his able assistant lift one of the truck guards out.

Nick went on. Out of the corner of his eye he could see Chick going on with the rescue work.

Nick turned to the right of the State highway. To the right were the industrial towns of Jersey, and, beyond them, Newark and New York. To the left would be the agricultural section, and from the technique that these crooks had used, Nick was sure that they were city boys, and would head back for their city lairs. He chose this direction, praying devoutly that it would be the right one.

He gave the car all it had. Besides the accelerator, there was an old-fashioned throttle, and Nick pulled this down to its fullest extent.

He passed the dirt road, but his armored car and the crooks' car that had passed through there once made it impossible for Nick to see if there were any new tire tracks.

He went on the road. Coming toward him suddenly, he saw a small coupe. Nick wondered whether it would be wise to stop, ask this coupe if the sedan he was pursuing had taken that route.

While he was still waiting, the actions of the men in the coupe aroused his suspicions.

* CONTINUED NEXT MONTH *



ALLEN LUDDEN moderates NBC's teen-age panel show, "Mind Your Manners," can boast he's one adult teen-ager's listen to. His candid manner won their respect, plus a dozen awards for his show. Born 33 years ago in Wisconsin, Ludden has an M.A. from the U. of Texas where he taught dramatics. Served under Maurice Evans in the war, was later his advance man. Started in radio over WVIC, Hartford, then joined NBC. He's the father of two.

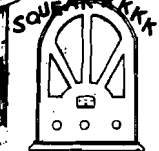
RETURN WITH US TO... by BILL WETZ

INNER SANCTUM



THREE DIFFERENT ACTORS INTRODUCED THE HORROR SERIES OVER THE YEARS. BEST REMEMBERED IS RAYMOND EDWARD JOHNSON.

GOOD FRIENDS, FRIENDS THIS IS RAYMOND JOSEF MOST WELCOME YOU TO THE INNER SANCTUM...



SOUND-EFFECTS SPECIALISTS SUCH AS JACK ARNONE HELPED MAKE THE SHOW ONE OF THE SCARIEST IN ALL RADIO.

ON ONE INNER SANCTUM BROADCAST A MAN WAS SENTENCED TO LIFE IMPROVEMENT AFTER STEALING A SCIENTIFIC FORMULA THAT MADE HIM IMMORTAL!

HUMAN BROWN WAS THE PROGRAM'S IMAGINATIVE PRODUCER-DIRECTOR.

INNER SANCTUM MADE ITS DEBUT ON JANUARY 7, 1941 OVER THE BLUE NET. THE SHOW WAS ORIGINALLY CALLED THE SQUEAKING DOOR. IT WAS ALSO REFERRED TO AS INNER SANCTUM MYSTERIES.



RETURN WITH US TO... by Bill Wetz

Arthur Godfrey

LISTENERS TO WJWS WASHINGTON (LATER WTOP) IN THE EARLY 1930S WERE AMONG THE FIRST TO LEARN THE TALENTS OF RED GODFREY AS HE WAS THEN KNOWN. HE WAS THE FIRST RADIO PERFORMER TO SUCCEED WITH AN INFORMAL STYLE... (CHATTING, SINGING, AND PLAYING THE UKULELE).



GODFREY'S FOLKSY MANNER OF DOING COMMERCIALS JARRED THE ADVERTISING WORLD WHICH HAD PREVIOUSLY RECOGNIZED ONLY TWO STYLES OF SALESMANSHIP... FORMALITY AND HARD-SELL.

DEAR, I THINK WE OUGHT TO TRY THAT NEW GERALD. ARTHUR GODFREY SAYS IT'S REALLY GOOD-TASTING.



HE IS AN ORIGINAL MEMBER OF THE NATIONAL BROADCASTERS HALL OF FAME IN FRIELHOLD, N.J.

HIS THEMES WERE... "SEEMS LIKE OLD TIMES" AND "IN THE BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS OF VIRGINIA"



GODFREY IS ALSO REMEMBERED FOR HIS MOVING DESCRIPTION OF FUR'S FUNERAL IN 1945.



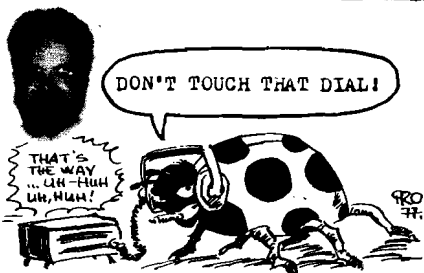
KIRK ALYN PLAYS DUAL ROLE IN 1948 SUPERMAN SERIAL



BOB CRANE is a likeable, chap—even if he does play the drums—as several hundred pieces of mail in a recent "Why I Like Bob Crane" contest will attest. The Connecticut Symphony Orchestra and a few "pop" bands—Louis Primo's for one—would like to sign Crane and his set of drums to a long-term contract, but Bob is busy building a heavy following at WICC, Bridgeport, Conn., as disc jockey and humorist. Born July 13, 1928, at Waterbury, Conn., Bob began to feel an urge to work in radio about the time most kids ask Pop for a new bite. Began as a disc jockey.

WICC, bridgeport, conn.





JERRY COLLINS

In 1938 Action Comics introduced a fictional character who was to become one of America's greatest heroes. Superman very quickly became an important part of the American culture. The original comic book version of Superman was the creation of Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster.

In that same year a syndicated version of Superman reached the air. The version was quite rough and soon left the air.

On February 12, 1940 Mutual Radio returned Superman to the air as a three a week 15 minute sustained serial. The show remained on the air until it was dropped early in 1942. Public outcry led to the return of the show on August 31, 1942 as a five a week show. Kellogg Pep took over the sponsorship of the show in 1943 and remained with the show until 1946. Mutual then sustained the show from 1946-1949. In 1945 Batman and Robin began making their regular appearances on the show.

In 1949 Superman moved to ABC for a 30 minute Saturday show. The sustained version of the show was extended to a twice a week show in 1950. The show finally went off the air in 1951.

Nobody was more closely associated with Superman than Clayton "Bud" Collyer. Using a high pitched voice Collyer was a perfect Clark Kent. Changing to a deep powerful voice he was an ideal Superman.

For six years the producers of Superman were able to keep Bud Collyer out of the limelight. Finally in 1946 the secrecy was removed when a reporter from Time Magazine was permitted an interview with Collyer to promote a Superman campaign against religious and racial prejudice. It was the first radio serial to deal with such a heavy topic.

When Superman moved to ABC in 1949 Michael Fitzmaurice assumed the role of Superman.

To complete the cast Joan Alexander played Lois Lane, Julian Noa was Perry White and Jackie Kelk played

Jimmy Olson. Batman was played at different times by Stacy Harris, Gary Herrill and Matt Crowley. Ronald Lisa played Robin.

Besides Clayton Collyer the most remembered figure on the Adventures of Superman was Jackson Beck the powerful voiced narrator of the show. Both George Lowther and Frank Knight occasionally assumed the role of narrator.

Jack Johnstone and B. P. Freeman did most of the writing on the Adventures of Superman. Robert Maxwell, Jessica Maxwell and George Lowther were the producers and directors on the show.

Even though the radio show left the air in 1951, a successful television show, comic books, comic strips, cartoon shows and two very successful movies have maintained Superman as America's greatest fictional hero. The spirit of Superman is still very much alive.

RETURN WITH US TO...



The NATIONAL BARN DANCE

SATURDAY NIGHT WAS BARN DANCE TIME FOR MILLIONS OF NBC LISTENERS IN THE 1930s. RAY BARRETT AS UNCLE FERRA WAS A LONGTIME FAVORITE ON THE SHOW.

GAVE 'EM A FOOT ON THE DIRT DANCING TOMMY!



HELLO, HELLO, EVERBODY! WE'RE HERE!



THE HOOSIER HOT SHOTS PRODUCED THE BRAND OF MUSIC WITH A SLICE WHISTLE, BULL HORN AND WASHBOARD ALONG WITH REGULAR INSTRUMENTS.



ARE YOU READY, HEEZE!

MOST JOE KELLY USHERED IN THE SHOW BROADCAST FROM CHICAGO'S EIGHTH STREET THEATRE.



CROAKY-VOICED RAY BUTTRAM TOLD TALL TALES AS THE SAGE OF HINSDOWN COUNTY, ALABAMA. HE WENT ON TO MOVIES AND TELEVISION.



GEORGE GOBEL STARTED TO SING ON THE NATIONAL BARN DANCE IN 1932 AT AGE 15.

THE NATIONAL BARN DANCE ORIGINATED IN 1924 ON WLS, THE PRairie Farmer STATION, SETTING THE RECORD AS THE OLDEST CONTINUOUS RADIO PROGRAM.

IN THE 1930s LISTENERS STILL TUNED IN FOR SUCH FAVORITES AS GRACE WILSON, BOB ATCHER, DOLPH HEWITT, ARNOLD THE ARKANSAS WOODCHOPPER, LULU BELLE AND SCOTTY, LOU BROULT, HOMER AND JETHRO AND RED BLANCHARD.



BETTY ROSS SANG PRETTY SONGS



BILL CONRAD is U. S. Marshal Mark Dillon in CBS' thriller, "Gunsmoke." finds his hero role a pleasant switch from the wild-lains he usually plays. Born in Louisville, Ky., Bill was a reporter until he failed to see an accident although standing nearby. His first radio job was in L.A. He's since played practically every top serial on the major networks, made many movies. Competitor for the title of worst-dressed man he and his wife live in Hollywood.



SUPERMAN VS. THE ATOM MAN 1950 SERIAL
WITH KIRK ALYN AND NOEL NEILL

GENE BATHURM, whose NBC early morning radio program became a quick favorite, grew up in Chicago, and quit Knox College to go to New York for a career in the "theatuh," or so he hoped. He made an inauspicious beginning as an NBC page, was admitted to the network's Announcer's School, married, worked at an upstate New York station, then one in Baltimore, then Philadelphia, and eventually returned to New York to co-produce "Rayburn and Finch" for a local station, moving to NBC in '52.



JACK STERLING, now heard on CBS' "Make Up Your Mind," was born in Baltimore 38 years ago, and made his theatrical debut two years later as Little Willie in "East Lynne." Famous vaudevillians, Santon & Cabala, were his parents, so Jack had a slight edge on other seven-year-olds when he developed his own routine at that age. He worked later on stations in Peoria and Quincy, Ill., St. Louis and Chicago before he auditioned for the replacement of Arthur Godfrey's early a.m. show which he took over in '48.



8/2/82---"The Hanging Sheriff"

A sheriff, scheduled to hang a man convicted of murder, schemes to set him free.

CAST: Fred Gwynne, Bernard Grant, Elspeth Eric, Russell Horton

WRITER: Bryce Walton

8/3/82---"Redhead"

When a has-been prize fighter sees red, he's driven to knock out his opponents --innocent redheads he's never met.

CAST: Fred Gwynne, Carole Teitel, Mandel Kramer

WRITER: Sam Dann

8/4/82---"The Ghost of Andersonville"

A Civil War major, just released from the southern prison camp at Andersonville, returns north to confront his former commander only to find himself in shackles again.

CAST: Tony Roberts, Teri Keane, Bob Kaliban, Keir Dullea

WRITER: James Agate, Jr.

8/5/82---"Murder by Decree"

Henry VIII's second wife, Ann Boleyn, cannot give him the son he wants so desperately, leading the King to contrive a plan to do away with his Queen.

CAST: Marian Seldes, Earl Hammond, Bernard Grant, Carole Teitel

WRITER: James Agate, Jr.

8/6/82---"The Last Duel"

An unfinished duel becomes an obsession with a British officer, who is determined to complete it many years later.

CAST: Lee Richardson, Bernard Grant, Russell Horton, Teri Keane

WRITER: James Agate, Jr.

8/9/82---"Guilty as Charged"

A case of mistaken identity threatens to destroy a man's life.

CAST: Michael Tolan, Mandel Kramer, Carole Teitel, Lloyd Battista

WRITER: G. Frederic Lewis

8/10/82---"A Pair of Green Eyes"

A stone with the power to turn a man into a god triggers instead a series of demonic events.

CAST: Teri Keane, Arnold Moss, Bob Kaliban, Russell Horton

WRITER: Arnold Moss

8/11/82---"Dreamers and Killers"

A jilted fiancee finds that her dreams about an ex-lover may be coming true.

CAST: Marian Seldes, Diane Dirkwood, Gordon Gould

WRITER: Sam Dann

8/12/82---"The Man With the X-Ray Eyes"

Personal gain instead of justice blinds a law man from bringing a murderer to the stand.

CAST: Fred Gwynne, Mort Benson, Lloyd Battista

WRITER: Bryce Walton

8/13/82---"The Wedding Present"

A con artist prays upon the vanity of a fake king to gain a small fortune...and the woman he loves.

CAST: Ralph Bell, Earl Hammond, Patricia Elliott

WRITER: Sam Dann

8/16/82---"Tourist Trap"

A vacationing couple get lost on their way to a cabin -- only to find that they're held hostage in a sibylline village.

CAST: Paul Hecht, Earl Hammond, Teri Keane, Evie Juster

WRITER: Douglas Dempsey

8/17/82---"Famous Last Words"

A respected engineer's credibility is questioned when she insists on having seen a dead body on a deserted street.

CAST: Kim Hunter, Mandel Kramer, Bob Dryden

WRITER: Sam Dann

8/18/82---"The Wound That Would Not Heal"

A man is haunted by the voice of his murdered lover -- convincing him that he is the murderer.

CAST: Ralph Bell, Bernie Grant, Cynthia Adler

WRITER: Sidney Slon

8/19/82---"Eleanora"

A secret society persuades a famous actress to become a member and causes her to play the most deadly role of her career.

CAST: Marian Seldes, Earl Hammond, Lloyd Battista, Evie Juster

WRITER: James Agate, Jr.

8/20/82---"The Hills of Arias"

A retired revolutionary is pressed back into service by his 20-year-old godson and the spirit of his dead wife.

CAST: Mandel Kramer, Marian Seldes, Ray Owens, Bob Kaliban

WRITER: Sam Dann

8/23/82---"The Imperfect Crime"

The investigation into a routine hit and run death turns up evidence that the victim may have been the target of an ingeniously calculated murder plot.

CAST: Russell Horton, Carole Teitel, Robert Dryden
WRITER: James Agate, Jr.

8/24/82---"Funeral Without a Corpse"
Ghosts from the past return to haunt a gubernatorial hopeful, putting his career and his marriage in peril.

CAST: Norman Rose, Teri Keane, Ray Owens, Bernard Grant
WRITER: Sidney Slon

8/25/82---"The Brooch"
A young governess is falsely accused of theft when a valuable brooch is discovered missing from her employer's jewel box, in this story adapted from Chekov.

CAST: Paul Hecht, Patricia Elliott, Earl Hammon, Ann Seymour
WRITER: G. Frederic Lewis

8/26/82---"Barn Burner"
There's more to horse racing than training thoroughbreds as two down-and-out equestrians quickly discover.

CAST: Patricia Elliott, Russell Horton, Ralph Bell, Robert Dryden
WRITER: Steve Lehrman

8/27/82---"The 'Different' People"
A young anthropologist believes that he has discovered the secret of an extraordinarily prolonged life.

CAST: Kristoffer Tabori, Jada Rowland, Arnold Moss, Russell Horton
WRITER: Arnold Moss

Benson and the B Bar B riders way my favorite program in the early 50's.

Out of town members please drop me a line letting me know what you think of this issue or anything else. See you next issue.
P.S. By the way, the typewriter has been fixed and is working very well. (but for \$68. it should)



ED and FRANCES FITZGERALD, of ABC radio and TV's "The Fitzgeralds", are among the most uninhibited chatterers of the morning airwaves. They go on the theory that anything that's interesting to the Fitzgeralds is undoubtedly interesting to everyone else. And, do you know, they're pretty close to right. Ed came to radio after being an itinerant newspaper and publicity man. This was after being born in Troy, N. Y. Pegeen comes from Norcatur, Kan., but the family moved to the West Coast in her teens. After college, she got a job in an advertising agency, to become one of its greatest copy-writers. Not a single script in the F. house—but there are five cats.

Editor's DESK



Welcome to our second "bonus-sized" issue of the year. As our club continues to grow, we will plan more surprises for you. We have already started thinking about our 10th anniversary. You can help our club grow by showing your friends our special new membership offer on page 31. With your help, we will continue to offer our members the best bargain in Old Time Radio.

Jim Snyder has responded directly to Mr. Reznick and since both parties had had an opportunity to air their opinions, burther correspondence will be between the people involved and not in these pages.

A special thank you to Lee Allman for contributing a column to our special convention issue. Bobby

RETURN WITH US TO... by BILL OWEN BABY SNOOKS

FANNY BRICE WAS ALREADY A ZEPHYRUS COLLEGE OF THE AIR... PERFORMER WHEN SHE INTRODUCED THE CHARACTER "BABY SNOOKS" TO RADIO AUDIENCES IN 1936. FANNY WAS THEN 44 YEARS OLD.

SNOOKS WAS FIRST HEARD ON THE ZEPHYRUS COLLEGE OF THE AIR... THEN ON GOOD NEWS OF 1938... MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE TIME... AND FINALLY THE BABY SNOOKS SNOW. REMEMBER THE THEME S. "ROCK-A-BYE-BABY"

WHYYYY, DADDY...

FRANK MORGAN WORKED WITH MISS BRICE ON MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE TIME DURING THE EARLY 1940S. THE VETERAN COMIC TOLD TALL TALES TO MATCH THE DADDY-BAITING SPREES OF FANNY BRICE. JOHN CONTE WAS THE SINGING ENCEE.

HANLEY STAFFORD WAS SNOOKS' LONG-SUFFERING "DADDY". HE WAS CONSTANTLY BUGGED BY HIS DAUGHTERS PRANKS, TEASING AND BLACK-MAILING TO GET A QUARTER.

"THE ADVENTURES OF ELLERY QUEEN"

REPRINT FROM RADIO VARIETIES, MARCH, 1940

It's the latest parlor game.

Everyone around the CBS studios is doing it. In the reception room on the 22nd floor of a Sunday evening, people talk in whispers. The receptionist answers her phone with an abstracted air. Actors stare into space, forgetting their scripts. Pageboys walk on tiptoe. An elevator man suddenly pops out of his car, asking "What's happened? Did I miss any clues?"

Several weeks ago, a CBS station was suddenly forced off the air through operating difficulties just as super-sleuth Ellery Queen was about to solve the Mother Goose murders. It phoned New York frantically. "Send us a copy of the Ellery Queen script immediately. Listeners are jamming the station with phone calls, and we'll have to close up business if we can't give them the solution soon."

On the air just a little over four months, "The Adventures of Ellery Queen" has been presenting each week a brand-new hour long murder mystery, complete with clues, corpse and culprit. And each week, when all the facts in the case have been presented, Ellery Queen challenges the audience--both the four arm-chair detectives gathered in the studio with him, and the millions of radio detectives all over the country --to make the proper deductions from the clues presented and solve the murder.

Idea for "The Adventures of Ellery Queen" came from George Zachary of Columbia's program department, who produces the program. For years Zachary's pet project has been an hour-long mystery show, with the whole radio audience in on the sleuthing. Night after night, Zachary would sit up until the early hours of the morning, reading mystery author after mystery author, looking for the one perfect writer who could turn out a complete detective story every week, make it puzzling enough to intrigue the radio audience, and yet fair enough so that they could solve it if they marshalled all the facts correctly.

Finally, after reading some 200 odd stories, Zachary found the writer--and stumbled upon the first of the mysteries connected with Ellery Queen. For the Queen mystery novels are really written by two cousins. Manfred Lee and Fred Dannay, who have been keeping their real identities a secret for years. To add to the confusion, Lee and Dannay have also written murder stories under the pseudonym of Barnaby Ross.

Lee and Dannay have run into all sorts of crazy situations with their two fictional sleuths. Several years ago they decided to take advantage of all the offers for lecture tours for Queen and Ross. So, tongues in cheeks, they each donned black domino masks, and tramped across the country, with Lee posing as Ellery Queen and Dannay as Barnaby Ross. Hundreds of rumors sprang up about the two masked men. One society matron in East Orange, New Jersey was very disappointed because she's heard they were really Alexander Woolcott and S.S. Van Dine. Others said they were a prominent New York district attorney who didn't want his real name revealed. Lee and Dannay just smiled thru their masks, and kept mum.

But the mystery of the two authors isn't the only puzzler in "The Adventures of Ellery Queen." The program is shot with mystery. For one thing, not even the actors on the show know the murder's solution--that is, until the last few moments of rehearsal. When they are handed their scripts for the first rehearsal, the last section, in which the murderer is revealed, is always left blank. That's because it was discovered early in the series that if the actors knew how the story would turn out, they would act as if they knew it. The culprit would try so hard not to act guilty that he'd end by over-acting.

So the actors have as much fun playing the game of "who-dun-it" as the listening audience -- with an added twist. For any one of them may well be the guilty party. They've set up a weekly Ellery Queen pool to see who can guess the solution. Best detective so far is Ted (Sergeant Velie) de Corsia, with a score of three murders correct.

Runner-up is Robert (Doc Prouty) Strauss, who several weeks ago was playing the part of a pleasant, quiet-mannered hotel manager. He turned out to be the killer!

Even producer George Zachary has had to turn into a sleuth for the Ellery Queen program. It's his job to double-check the clues in each story on which the action hinges. In "The Adventure of the Gum-Chewing Millionaire," a too realistic clue almost caused tragedy. Authors Lee and Dannay had based their story of a baseball game the Washington Senators and St. Louis Browns were playing on a Sunday afternoon. The fact that the murderer had a scorecard of the game gave him away, since he'd said he was in New York at the time.

Zachary was making a routine check the afternoon of the broadcast, and discovered that rain in Washington had cancelled the game--and ruined the main clue in the night's program. Luckily, after a frantic phone call to Washington, Zachary discovered that several thousand fans had gone to the stadium before the game was called off--and so the murderer might have had a scorecard.



ELLERY QUEEN AND NIKKI

That's the way Zachary's week usually goes. One day he'll have to find out if arsenic will kill a rabbit; another, whether Massachusetts put a tax on cigarettes; or if someone who is colorblind can distinguish between creme de menthe and red cherry cordial. Once he had to ask his mystified secretary to bring him a needle and a straw and then devoted the afternoon to sitting at his desk and blowing the needle through the straw.

All the craziness of this behind-the-scenes sleuthing is matched only by the reactions of the four harassed armchair detectives gathered in the studio each week. So far only two of all the guest who have appeared on the program have gotten the answer absolutely correct--playwright Lillian Hellman and film writer Harry Kurnitz.

But other guests have made valiant tries and provided many moments of lively comedy. Ed Gardner, producer of the Texaco Star Theatre, and Deems Taylor appeared on the same broadcast. When it was Gardner's turn to give his opinion, he came out with the triumphant conclusion that Taylor had committed the crime, because he had the same initials as the murderer--D.T. Mark (Hit Parade) Warnow said it was his guess that Ellery Queen was the culprit, and took five minutes proving his point, Nila Mack, who directs CBS' "Let's Pretend," was so confused by the succession of baffling crime she witnessed that all she could say was that she was "an Ellery fan Queen."

* * * * *

ACCENT ON THE UNUSUAL

REPRINT from TUNE IN MAGAZINE, July, 1946

IN CBS' WORKSHOP THE COMMONPLACE IS ELIMINATED

Hope is offered by CBS Workshop to writers who knock in vain at the tightly-closed portals of big-time radio. There, at least, the tyro can get his foot in the door--will know that his script will be given consideration.

The plugging, undiscovered radio writer has found radio-writing to be pretty much of a closed shop. He gets little encouragement for his scripts at either network script departments or at radio agencies. He discovers that the writing assignments are handed to established authors who know the medium.

But at the Workshop his script will be read. It won't provide the "Open Sesame" to the lucrative field of radiowriting unless the script is highly meritorious--and unusual. But if it is, it will be heard by not only network audiences, but also by talent scouts and radio officials looking for talented writers. No trouble or expense will be spared in presenting the script. Every prop and setting requested will be freely granted.

One Workshop show required a prize fight scene, one of the most difficult for radio to stage. The solution was not a sound effects rendition--but an actual fight. Workshop mikes were moved to an armory where a ring was constructed and a fight staged. The job was so realistic that many listeners thought a professional fight had been broadcast.

There are no rules to bind the artist in Workshop. Any story with dramatic possibilities will be accepted. Freedom from the need to conform to any set pattern develops widely varied types of plot and stage.

Norman Corwin and Orson Welles got their first radio chance in the Workshop, as did Director Irving Reis. Behind them, crowding for place, come new workers. John H. Lovelace, bus boy at Essex House, presented "Slim," a radio drama, and Gladys Milliner, a New Orleans visitor to New York, wrote "The Gift of Laughter," a free-verse musical about American humor.

Workshop's experiments started in July 1936, ran until April 1941, and was resumed on February 2, 1946,

under Robert Landry. Landry, appropriately enough, had as unusual a start in radio as is the requirement for Workshop scripts. He came from a family of actors, but turned to the writing field. As radio editor of Variety, "the Bible of show business", he used radio programs as targets for his editorial barbs. He found fault with the dialogues and scripts, but instead of resting on his criticisms, he made suggestions for improvements.

Four years ago William S. Paley, then CBS head, noticed the Landry blasts, and what's more saw the cold truth in them. Paley sent for Landry and instead of a row, a business conference took place. The result: Variety lost an editor, and CBS gained a supervisor for its entire program-writing division.

The Workshop is one of Landry's major jobs at the network. He picks, with his assistants, every show and attends to the production. Casting and handling of the show itself is left to the director--a different one each week--whom Landry usually chooses.

"Choice of a director", says Landry, "is an important matter. We must get a director to suit each show. Varying the directors keeps the programs for getting too much of one style."

He goes on to explain that actors are eager to get Workshop parts. Because each program is carefully produced, it is artistically satisfying to the actor. Art Carney, the only salaried staff actor at CBS, if not in all of radio, often plays Workshop parts. "It is a pleasure to work this program" he says. "It gives an actor a mental lift."

For the writer, the Workshop presents manifold benefits. Though the price of script brings (usually about \$100) is not considered top pay, the prestige is tremendous. A Workshop sale makes a great impression for the author with the commercial men, who are always looking for original, imaginative writers--a mandatory quality for Workshop script-writing. Further, it is invaluable publicity for the writer. The network sends out press releases on its authors and the writer is given prominent billing on the broadcast.

The chief characteristic of the Workshop is its attempt to get off the beaten path. Each script is experimental--there is no program format. But definite flavor runs through the program's scripts, and strangely enough, many professional writers can't master Workshop style.

Some Workshop shows are adaptations. Recently, the Landry staff put into script form some of the works of Franz Kafka, an obscure Czech writer, who died in 1924. Kafka had an uncanny knack for predicting the downfall of Europe. In his articles and stories he invented the Nazis--ten years before Hitler was anything but a paperhanger!

In seeking new writers, the Workshop has encountered a problem; rejected scripts often discourage potentially good writers from submitting more material. A rejection may not mean that the author's idea wasn't good--a rewrite might make it presentable. Or perhaps a new twist to an old theme would sell it.

Take for example, the theme of the returning veteran. This idea has been done for magazines, for stage, screen and radio. It is hard to find a new treatment for it. But Lt. Bruce Stauderman did.

Stauderman wrote a piece entitled "Thanks for the Memories", portraying a returned combat veteran happily remembering some of his overseas experiences. You ask how could war experiences be happy ones? They can't but Stauderman's nostalgia stems not from combat, but from the pleasant associations he had with some warm-hearted Europeans. Europeans who helped him forget the horrors of battle and opened their hearts and homes to him.

The girl-on-the-hunt-for-a-job routine, done countless times, was given an unusual psychological angle by Bryna Ivens and sold to the Workshop. Telling the kiddies bedtime stories is old stuff too, yet J. V. Melick, a CBS auditor, found something different in his fairy tales. Some of them would not fill a type-written page, but their cleverness makes them adaptable to Workshop standards. Typical Melick fantasy is a piece about a worn-out automobile which becomes a beautiful fire-engine.

It isn't always an unknown who writes the Workshop script. The late Stephen Vincent Benet wrote an elaborate and unusual program about Paul Revere. Joseph Ruscoll, a free lancer who achieved fame as a CBS writer, has done several Workshop shows. The directors at CBS explain that they don't care where a script comes from.

All this leads to the question: Does the Workshop, with programs of so many diverse topics and styles, have a large listening audience? Do they have a high Hooper & Crossley rating? The answer is "No" to both. Recently Bob Landry received two postal cards from listeners regarding

a Workshop fantasy. One praised the program and asked for more; the other read something like this, "I thought Saturday's show was rotten. Can't you stick to realism?" The Workshop doesn't cater to a mass audience and has no program policy other than to demand the unusual, well done.

CBS executives feel that the Workshop is more than just a medium of entertainment. The expertness of production gains prestige, not only for CBS, but for radio in general. Known as a source of new ideas, it is tuned in by a critical audience made up of producers, executives, advertisers, and people interested in artistic perfection. This often results in success for a Workshop writer, actor or director.

Says Landry, "It is a thought-provoking program; it encourages audience discussion; it invites talent which might be lost in a mass of rejected scripts."

One thing you may be sure of: The Workshop will bring you radio programs that are new, unusual, and a challenge to adventuring, stick-to-the-formula radio.

Also through Workshop you may hear a vehicle that is providing the first mile on the career of another Orson Welles or a Norman Corwin.

RETURN WITH US TO...

by **Bill Lovell**
Dedicated

FRED WARING



FRED WARING AND HIS PENNSYLVANIANS STARTED ON RADIO FOR THREE DECADES FOR VARIOUS SPONSORS INCLUDING CHESTERFIELD, OLD GOLD, BROWN QUINNE AND FORD.

WARING, ALWAYS THE PERFECTIONIST, ONCE STARTLED HIS MUSICIANS, HIS LISTENERS AND THE ENTIRE NETWORK BY TELLING HIS SINGERS ON THE AIR THAT THEY SOUNDED TERRIBLE. HE MADE THEM RE-START THE OPENING THEME!

EACH BROADCAST OPENED WITH "I HEAR MUSIC" AND CLOSED WITH "BLEEP."

THE FRED WARING SHOW APPEARED AT VARIOUS TIME PERIODS IN DIFFERENT FORMATS.

AMONG FRED WARING'S STAR PERFORMERS...

- HONEY AND THE BEES
- JOANNE WHEATLEY
- MAC FERRON
- STELLA AND THE FELLAS
- MORLEY AND GEARHART
- LES PAUL
- LUMPY BRANNUM
- THE THREE GIRL FRIENDS
- POLEY MCCLINTOCK
- DON CRAIG
- JANE WILSON
- RUTH GOTTINGHAM

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GENE AUTRY, who was probably the country's first singing cowboy, has been CBS' top Western star since 1940. He was a railroad telegrapher in Chelsea, Oklahoma, when Will Rogers chanced in one day, heard Gene accompanying himself on the guitar and advised him to make music his career. In 23 years, Autry has written 200 songs, sold 30 million records, and made dozens of movies. Autry, who makes his home in Hollywood with his wife, Ina Mae, spends as much as 7 months a year on tour. He was born in Tioga, Texas.

ANNOUNCERS



Larry Elliot
 Currently Announcing:
 The Alan Young Show
 The Chrysler Show
 Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Missing Persons
 Boston Blackie
 Romance of Evelyn Winters
 Barry Cameron
 Eye Witness News
 Universal Film Shorts



Dwight Weist
 "Narrator"—This Is America
 "Narrator"—Big Town
 "Announcer"—Great Moments In Music
 "Announcer"—The Aldrich Family



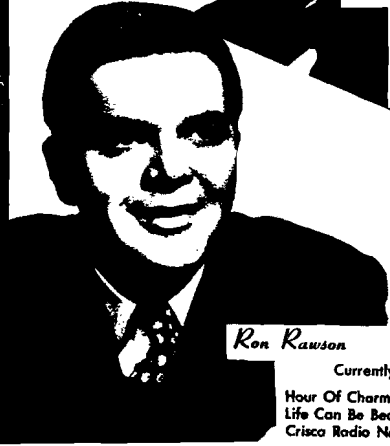
Tom Carr
 "Commercial Announcer"
 on
 Kate Smith Speaks
 Glamor Manor
 Portia Faces Life
 & Others



Frank Gallop
 Currently Announcing:
 Prudential Family Hour
 An Evening With Romberg
 The Helen Hayes Show
 Quick As A Flash



James Wallington
 Philco Hall Of Fame
 The Jack Kirkwood Show
 "West Coast Announcer"—Blind Date
 The Doctor Fights—This Is My Best
 Texaco Star Theatre—Sincerely, Kenny Baker



Ron Rawson
 Currently Announcing:
 Hour Of Charm—Adventures Of The Thin Man
 Life Can Be Beautiful—Right To Happiness
 Crisca Radio Newspaper

LOVELLA PARSONS, of CBS radio's "Lovella Parsons Show," has been telling the world about the movies, practically ever since they started in motion. She was script editor for "Esanoy" in Chicago when she got a job on the "Herold" as the nation's first movie columnist. When Mr. Hearst took over the "Herold," Lolly went on to Hollywood to cover the movie capital for all the Hearst papers and then some. She's originally from Freeport, Ill., was married to the late Dr. Harry Martin, is mother of Harriet Parsons.



FAYE EMERSON reversed Horace Greeley's direction to become really well known. She'd been in about 30 films before TV and radio in the East really spread her picture and voice around. Foye was born in Elizabeth, La., but grew up in Texas and Southern California. She made her acting debut in Carmel, Cal., and that led to the films. The films, unfortunately, led practically nowhere. She's now Mrs. Skitch Henderson, was formerly Mrs. Elliot Roosevelt, has a son from a still earlier marriage, 13-year-old "Scoop."





I have been working on researching antique automobiles for the past couple of years. A renowned automobile historian, Keith Marvin of Menands, N.Y. who has been helping to uncover some of the really obscure old cars is an old radio buff too. One of the most interesting things about Keith is his fantastic memory. You will agree with me, I think, when you read what he wrote about radio's golden age as he remembers it from early boyhood:

"Radio made a great impression on me in them dear old days, as I can recall fighting with my mother back in 1935 or 1936 about going to dancing school one day because of an especially interesting chapter of Bobby Benson and the H-Bar O Ranch (courtesy Force Toasted Wheat Flakes). I can recall most of the characters thereon: Bobby Benson (apparently a child who'd inherited this ranch); Tex, his overseer; Windy, the funny man cowhand; Miguel, who must have blown over the border; Sunny Jim, Bobby's guardian and, incidentally, the logo for the Force Toasted Wheat Flakes box, and Harka, the friendly Apache Indian on the ranch. They all respectfully called Bobby, "Little Boss." Bobby and his pals were always having lots of trouble with the two evil characters, the Little Snake and the Scorpion who, who in those days of diplomatic ignorance, were branded as renegade "Mexicans."

I don't just remember WHY that episode was so important and by gosh, I WASN'T going to dancing school that day. No siree! I thought I'd presented a good argument to mother, but something got into the works, and twenty minutes later I was doing the fox trot with Nancy Paine and Marjorie Goldstein. Sic transit gloria!

Almost as exciting was Jack Armstrong the All American Boy (courtesy of Wheaties) Jack was the perennial high school student (stupid or what - I never found out). But he was a fine scholar at Hudson High where he matriculated for twenty

years or more.

He had his nice little coterie including Billy Fairfield, a classmate; Billy's sister, Betty (sex angle?), and their Uncle Jim who was always whisking them off to Tannu Tuva or Tierra del Fuego for an "adventure". In the back of my mind in those days, I always wondered how they worked out these vacations with the sachems of Hudson High, but they did. Perhaps they were just plain, bright kids. They had their problems, too, especially with the evil couple from Webster High, Monty Duval, and his sister Gwen.

I recall along about 1935, they swung some kind of a deal with the Harris Stamp Company over in Massachusetts to send for approvals and make philatelists of their radio audience in this clever way. All one had to do was to send a couple of Wheaties boxtops to a box number and presto, approval stamps would be forthcoming from the Harris people, plus the two or three freebies which they included to seduce the hardline listeners.

They were clever in working stamp collecting into the plot too. I recall one of the rare Mauritius 1847 "Post Office" issues was in one plot and somehow the theft of this was noted by Jack and Billy who saw it stolen and got a glimpse of the thief - "an Oriental" seen thru the back window of Monty Duval's car. The thief got away, but eventually Jack and Billy recovered the stamp. The thieves weren't far behind but just as they were about to catch up with our heroes, Billy said something like, "Gee, Jack, what are we going to do?" to which Jack replied, "It's okay, Billy, I just put the stamp into an envelope addressed to the Harris Stamp Company and mailed it in that mailbox. Even thieves can't tamper with the U.S. mails." (Pause here for the raising of Old Glory and perhaps a chorus or two of "The Stars and Stripes Forever!")

Jack ran from 5:30 p.m. and then it was time for Little Orphan Annie.

Annie was, of course, brought to good boys and girls by the Wander Company, manufacturers (or brewers) of Ovaltine "in the friendly orange can." Annie was okay too, so long as "Daddy" warbucks was around, but he wasn't around very often and if any kid could slide into trouble, it was Annie. I can almost remember the words to her theme song. I'll never forget the tune:

"Who's the little chatterbox?
The one with pretty auburn locks?
Whom do you see? It's Little
Orphan Annie.

She and Sandy make a pair. They



WARREN HULL IN "THE GREEN HORNET STRIKES AGAIN" 1940 SERIAL

never seem to have a care.

Cute little she. This little Orphan Annie.

Mite-sized cheeks of golden glow; there's a store of healthiness handy -- ???? -- always on the go. If you want to know. "ARF" says Sandy.

Always with the sunny smile. Now wouldn't it be worth the while?

If you could be - like Little Orphan Annie?!"

I sent for the simple give-aways like the celluloid shakeup for making Ovaltine milkshakes. These always leaded and after about ten uses of piping hot Ovaltine, the

celluloid warped. The hell with that one.

The decoder pins were better. Observing little boys and girls could get a bit of advance on tomorrow's episode by whipping out their decoders and taking the message which the announcer gave - like this:

"All right, boys and girls, now WHAT is Daddy Warbucks up to? Take out your decoders and let's see. Ready? Okay, here we go: Z - A - 665 - K - 77B'" Got it, and now YCC know. Tune in again tomorrow night for another exciting quarter hour with Annie and her friends....."

The trouble was, I wasn't ever up to date. After an especially fetching adventure, I took out my pin, Tallied the hidden message and came up with something like "Ickle-ickle-blip." Come to find out, I hadn't sent for my 1936 pin and the 1935 one was an anachronism.

Earlier - back around 1932 or so, I used to like to listen to Chief Wolfpaw and the Lone Wolf Tribe: brought to you by Wrigleys Gum. Remember that one? See what happens when I get off on Nostalgia Lane?"



GABRIEL HEATTER, popular commentator for the Mutual network, has been broadcasting for 20 years. Heatter, who was born in New York in 1890, achieved sudden fame in 1936 for his ad-libbed report on the execution of Bruno Hauptmann. He was a newspaperman and a foreign correspondent before becoming a radio commentator.



DREW PEARSON, whose amazingly accurate predictions make his ABC listeners suspect he has a crystal ball, is an inveterate globe-trotter. He's worked for newspapers all over the world, been everything from college professor to seaman before settling in Washington, where he also writes a daily column. He was born in Evanston, Illinois, in 1897.



ED GARDNER had an idea for a show built around a high-class joint whose manager was a 'big, well-meaning dope who spouted malapropisms right and left. But it wasn't until 1938 that he was able to sell the idea and produce the show, the now famous "Duffy's Tavern." Born Eddie Poggenburg on Long Island, N. Y., in 1904, he sneaked away to a saloon piano-playing job when he was 14—until his mother found out about it. After finishing his education, Ed worked at various radio and theatrical jobs until his idea sold. But when he tried to find the right actor for the "Archie" role, he was stymied, until he finally demonstrated the character himself. There hasn't been another Archie since. The cautious expression of pleasure, the querulous tone Archie assumes when his "good advice" is questioned, are uniquely Ed's.

CHARLES CANTOR, veteran NBC character actor and dialectician, was born in Worcester, Mass., in 1898 and was a newsboy there during his grammar school days. Playing on "Duffy's Tavern" now, Cantor worked his way through New York University by plugging songs, and began his career as a blackface comedian in vaudeville. After years of work in all phases of entertainment (he also made one abortive try at a routine business venture), he finally hit upon his métier, radio. He's one of NBC's top actors.

JUDY CANOVA, NBC radio star of her own show, was once a Cincinnati Conservatory of Music student, training for an operatic career. Born in Jacksonville, Fla., during World War I, Judy possesses a tremendously flexible voice, able to project music written for opera and concerts, as well as the raucous hill-billy numbers she enjoys so much. Appearing on the "Rudy Vallee Show" in 1934, and featured in "The Ziegfeld Follies of 1937," Judy has been a radio and movie entertainer of star rank ever since.



HERB SHELDON, star of NBC's "The Herb Sheldon Show," is the Brooklyn-born son of a vaudeville acrobat. He "carried a spear" in Broadway productions while a drama major of New York U., but married and tried to settle down to a grocery-praising job, writing for radio after work. Herb was cast in a comedy on a local station, and decided to make one more try at the entertainment business. After several jobs on local stations, and several years as an NBC staff announcer, he's finally hit his stride.

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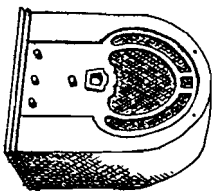
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