

ILLUSTRATED PRESS

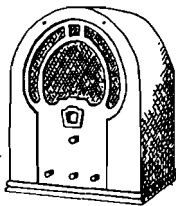
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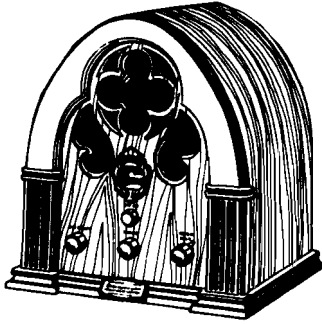
FRANCES LANGFORD

THE OLD TIME



4/2/36

RADIO CLUB



THE OLD TIME RADIO CLUB
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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 #76 - Dec. 13
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Cover Design by Eileen Curtin

NICK CARTER

in

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gold & guns

Oct. 1933

CHAPTER III AID FOR NICK

Nick's heart beat a little warmer, his blood came a little faster, as he saw the glint of blue steel in the hands of one of the men in the coupe that was coming toward him.

At first Nick had taken the men for merely chance passers-by, people whom he could ask as to whether the big sedan had gone that way. But now he thought these men might have been guards left behind by the gang to cover their retreat.

The idea did not seem entirely practical. What degree of loyalty would have to be inspired in two gangsters to make themselves take such a sacrifice, while the rest of the gang made a getaway? Nick shook his head.

But there was no use thinking about it. For the present his task was to elude the two gunmen in their little coupe, and keep on the trail of the sedan.

Closer now, and Nick saw that the coupe had not been moving when he first saw it, had stopped by the side of the road. On that side of the road was a ditch, the same ditch which Nick had crawled through when he tried to capture the gang originally. But on the other side was no ditch. The road ran off evenly into the grass.

The two men were waiting. Now they both had guns out. Nick Carter saw them. Then they left his field of vision, as he swung the nose of his limousine sharply to the right.

The wheels of the car ran over the soft shoulder of the road, hit the grass. The car bumped and swayed, its too high frame threatening to turn it over. But Nick kept his hands on the wheel, guided the car cleverly but speedily over the grass, over some gravel, then around and back on the road again, a hundred yards past the men in the coupe.

One of the men had jumped out of the car. He waved his gun at Nick Carter, shouted for Nick to stop. But the detective drove on. Ahead of him, he was now sure, would be the blue sedan with the majority of the gang in it. That was his goal.

He urged the old car on with all his muscles. He adjusted the spark and gas cleverly, so as to get every possible bit of speed out of the old bus. In the side mirror, Nick could see the coupe keeping on

his trail doggedly. The two men in it had had to take some time to turn it around, and Nick had a good lead.

Ahead of him was nothing, but Nick felt that he could not be too far behind the big sedan. Almost certain, in their own minds, to be free of pursuit, the gangsters would not take a chance on going too fast, and thus attracting the attention of any chance policeman.

On the other hand, Nick Carter was giving his car all the speed it could stand. This should be cutting down their lead.

Suddenly the highway became wider, and Nick Carter realized that he had left a branch behind, was now on the main thoroughfare going into the bustling town of Elizabeth. He did not slow down, although the traffic was beginning to be thick, but twisted his big car dexterously in and out among the early morning drivers.

And then, at a bend in the broad State highway, Nick Carter saw the blue sedan. It was not going more than thirty-five miles an hour, and it was only a quarter of a mile ahead, around the bend.

Nick could not make his limousine go any faster. He looked behind. The coupe had become entangled in a small traffic snarl. It was as far behind him as he was behind the sedan.

Nick knew that at the speed he was going, and the speed the sedan was using, he would reach his quarry very quickly. He hung on, put all his mind on steering.

Clasped between his hand and the steering wheel was one of his revolvers. Nick Carter was ready for action. Two cars had been wrecked under Nick Carter that morning; first his own automobile, then the armored truck. From the speed to which he was subjecting the old bus he had picked up in front of Gravesend's garage, a third car might end up in the ditch too.

Then Nick saw that the blue sedan, only a hundred yards ahead, was clear of the traffic. At the same moment, the men in the sedan saw him. They put on speed.

But it took them time to get going even as fast as Nick Carter was, and in that moment he had almost caught up with them. His gun popped out the edge of the windshield. He fired.

Bullets thudded into the rear of the sedan, but did no damage. The car kept on going.

For a moment Nick had forgotten the two men in the coupe who were following him. Suddenly his eyes sought the mirror. The men were nearly on him.

A bullet whistled through the air, went past Nick's car. He looked around. For the moment there was no one in sight but the sedan, the coupe, and himself. All chance drivers were off the road for that fraction of a second, and the men behind were taking the fullest advantage of this.

Bullets thudded into the rear of the old limousine. The back window crashed out.

Nick Carter turned. The hand that had been pressing the gun against the steering wheel came up, filled with blue steel. Nick pointed of the revolver out the rear window of the sedan, pulled the trigger.

The bullet skidded along the top of the coupe, left a white gash in the smooth leather cover. Then Nick had to turn front again, had to give all his attention to driving.

While he had turned to take that one shot at his pursuers, the old limousine had nearly swayed itself off the road.

More bullets came pouring into the back of the car. Most of them were stopped by the heavy upholstery, and the old-fashioned steel-and-wood framework of the limousine. One or two missed the car altogether, whistled by Nick Carter.

And then Nick Carter felt a shock. A bullet had hit his tire. The car rose up.

Nick tried to throw on the brake—it didn't work. The wheels kept turning over.

Nick Carter flung himself out onto the gravel on the edge of the road. His car hurtled over and over, fell off the road on the other side.

Nick picked himself up. At the time of the accident, he had been only a hundred yards behind the big sedan. If he ran fast, a car might come along before Nick Carter lost sight of the sedan, and Nick might be able to commandeer it, take up the chase.

He ran on. Blood was streaming down his face from the gravel wounds. His clothes were shredded and torn and muddy.

He rounded a bend, saw that the road was straight for nearly a quarter of a mile ahead of him. The blue sedan was careening down this, going as fast as it could.

Nick Carter fell to his knees, pulled out one of his revolvers, laid the muzzle of it carefully across a crooked elbow, prepared to fire.

The range was great, but his guns were good. Perhaps a lucky shot would catch a tire; perhaps it could even penetrate the rear window, and wound or kill the driver.

Nick Carter was desperate now. He saw these gangsters who were running away from him his only clue to the theft of the gold that belonged to Thomas Gravesend. Nick Carter was thoroughly convinced that the gold had been stolen by some defecting member of the gang.

He pulled the trigger. The bullet sped down the road, true, straight.

Nick never saw whether his bullet took effect or not. For at the very moment that it left the gun, another bullet—a bullet not fired by Nick Carter—came through the air, scraped along the gravel surface of the road not ten inches away from Nick Carter's knee.

Instinctively, the detective had flung himself to his feet, dived, for the ditch at the edge of the road, and bullets thudded on the surface of the road harmlessly.

The little coupe that had been following Nick skidded to a halt a hundred yards to the rear. The two men in it piled out, immediately fell flat on the running board. Hidden by the fenders, Nick could not see them. He prepared for a siege, prepared to shoot it out with the men he believed to be crooks.

He fired. His bullet scraped paint off the coupe, but did not hit either of the two men. It only served to keep them covered.

Nick started to work down the ditch, just as he had with the gangsters that morning. Suddenly he chuckled to see how completely his position had been reversed. That morning the and Chick had lain on two running boards, hidden behind two fenders. Now he was attaching two men who were doing the same thing.

This confirmed in Nick Carter's mind the belief that these two men were outposts of the gang. They had seen Nick Carter's method of attack of that morning, and were imitating it.

Even as he thought this, he saw one of the men dive from the car, land in the ditch, the same ditch that Nick was in. Of course, the detective realized, that might be a coincidence. The move was one that any brave man would make.

The road was only slightly curved here, the ditch only slightly curved to follow it. Nick knew that if he continued crawling along the ditch sooner or later he would come hand to hand with the man who was trying to creep up on him.

Nick went along quietly, very,

very slowly. There was mud in the bottom of the ditch, not water, as in the other ditch that morning. But Nick knew that if he slipped in the mud, the man who was creeping to meet him would hear him.

Nick put his gun between his teeth, and held it that way. He moved along.

Then, suddenly, almost ahead of him, a voice cried:

"Come out of there, or I'll shoot!"

Nick got his gun into his hand, crouched there in the ditch, ready.

"This is the law!" the man's voice said again. "Surrender, or we'll have to fire on you!"

Nick looked up over the edge of the ditch cautiously. The man who he thought had been creeping along it had gotten out again. He and his buddy were on the road, guns trained on the spot where Nick Carter would appear. And in the hand of one was a gold shield.

Nick stared at it, his keen eyes intent. He could make out the insignia of the United States government.

His hands appeared over the edge of the ditch. He threw one of his guns--the one that was in his hands--toward the two men. It slid along the macadam, landed at the Federal agent's feet.

Nick kept another gun in a shoulder holster, in case this was a trick. He hopped out of the ditch, ran to the two men.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"Secret-service men!" one of them snapped back. "You're under arrest!"

"Look in my inside coat pocket," Nick Carter said excitedly, reaching them.

Cautiously one of the government men shoved a hand inside Nick's muddy suit. He came out with Nick's wallet.

"Flip that open," Nick Carter told him, "and make it fast. I'm chasing a gang of crooks."

The man flipped it open. Instantly Nick's identification card as a private detective of New York State loomed into the secret-service man's eyes.

"What are you?" the secret-service man started to ask.

"Let it go," Nick Carter said. "Get your car going. I'm chasing some men--gold robbers."

The two secret-service men took Nick Carter at his own word. They piled back into their coupe. Nick got on the running board, the car sprang into motion.

Nick crouched down so that he could get his head near the window.

"Over three hundred thousand dollars worth of gold was stolen from a house out here this morning," he said to the secret-service man near him. "I'm chasing a gang of crooks who may know something about it."

The secret-service man looked over.

"Was that Thomas Gravesend's gold?" he asked.

Nick said "yes", watching the road ahead. The other secret-service man, the one who was driving, had turned on the supercharger with which the car was equipped, had pulled open its siren. Traffic was opening ahead of them, they were making tremendous speed. There was still a chance of catching the big sedan and its carload of crooks.

"We were sent out here," the secret-service man said, "to talk to Gravesend about that gold, to see whether he wanted to be arrested as a hoarder, or whether he wanted to turn it in."

"Well, the gold's gone," Nick Carter said. The wind had whipped his hat away, was tearing through his hair. The mud on his clothes was drying, the gravel wounds on his forehead were closing up. Gun in hand, Nick Carter crouched on the running board of that little car.

The car leaped ahead with the fury of an unchained bloodhound. Nick counted telegraph poles whizzing by, and figured that they were doing seventy-five miles an hour. The siren kept the road clear, the secret-service men kept the car on the road, and Nick Carter kept his eyes on the vista ahead. Soon they ought to see the rear end of the blue sedan, and soon there would be fighting.

Ahead of them people were scurrying to the sidewalks of the city of Elizabeth. The gangsters had run to cover in a city, just as Nick had expected.

CHAPTER IV NICK GOES FOR A RIDE

There was no way for the police who cleared the streets ahead of them to know what car they were pursuing. But there is a certain instinct in these things.

They ran on into the town without passing any crossroad. Then the first crossroad to the right the Federal dick took. He swung the little car around so quickly that only two wheels touched the ground, so quickly that Nick Carter was nearly thrown off.

Nick had had the feeling, too, that the big sedan had gone down this way. There was a long street ahead of them, lined with warehouses

on both sides. They passed the first warehouse, looked right and left.

Only blind alleys that way, alleys that would be used for loading and unloading goods for the warehouse. Straight ahead, then a sharp curve, then a road that went downhill, and ahead of them, the big blue sedan, bucketing along.

They were on the right trail; they had guessed correctly.

The secret-service man sitting between the driver and Nick, pulled out an automatic, checked it over. It was full of bullets. Nick Carter's one hand held his revolver, the other clung to the top of the car.

He crouched down, kneeled, then suddenly flung himself forward, his left arm going around the inside of the mudguard. It was a good firm position. Nick could not be thrown off the car now.

On the other hand, the springs did very little to break the shock of the bumps to Nick Carter. He could see over the top of the fender, see the big blue sedan beating it down that street, tearing toward the railroad tracks.

And then, suddenly, Nick Carter's heart thrilled. For the big white gates at the railroad track were swinging shut, and the sedan still had another hundred yards to go!

Nick's left arm relaxed in its grip on the fender, got another gun out. He was ready now.

Down the railroad track the nose of a locomotive showed, then a long freight train appeared. The blue sedan ahead of them skidded around at right angles, so suddenly dit it have to stop to keep from running into the side of the freight train.

The freight train moved across the end of the street, like a train across a screen, maddeningly slow for the crooks, jubilantly slow for the three detectives who were chasing them. Only two hundred feet separated them from the crooks now.

The secret-service man who was driving pulled a gun with his left hand, shoved it out the window, fired. It was the wrong thing to do. It warned the crooks that this car coming up knew about them, was on their trail.

Instantly all six men piled out of the car. Nick Carter fired, trying to shoot the legs out from under one of the crooks. These men had tried to kill him that morning, and yet he did not want to kill them if it wasn't absolutely necessary.

His fourth bullet clicked. A man fell to the pavement, clapping

both hands to a point on his leg just below his right knee. Blood oozed oozed out between his fingers, and he started crawling away, very slowly, to the side of the street.

Nick Carter let him go, and concentrated on the other five men. They were clustered around behind the car, like rats in a trap.

Then, suddenly, the same idea hit all of them. The freight train was still moving along behind them. They turned, ran. One of them caught hold of the ladder of a freight car going by.

Nick Carter fired, caught the man's hand. The man let go, fell off the ladder, hit the ground, and rolled over three or four times. He lay still, then a horrible scream split the air. The man had been thrown off the train at such a speed that it had cracked his skull open. Slowly blood oozed out through his hair.

There were four gangsters left. Two of them had climbed onto the cars, were disappearing behind the warehouses on either side of the street. A third man kneeled over the one whose leg had been shot, was trying to tug him to his feet.

Nick fired at a piece of fleshy calf that projected out from the man's crouched figure. It was a beautiful shot. The man went over on his knees.

But instantly he was up again, hopping on one foot, hobbling. He reached the train, a ladder came along. He got his hands onto it, and then, with a gargantuan effort, doubled his body up, got his good foot on the ladder, and slowly, as the train disappeared, climbed the ladder.

The fourth man was right after him. Nick Carter fired. The bullet splintered wood out of the side of the freight car.

Nick started to run forward, screaming orders at the secret-service men as he did so.

"Get the wounded man!" he shouted. "Take him to Gravesend's house for questioning!"

Nick galloped down the street, his guns in his hands, his breath pounding in his chest. Muddy, scratched as he was, he ran on. A couple of the scratches on his face started to bleed again. Nick Carter had to shake his head to throw the blood out, to keep it from blinding him.

Ahead of him the moving red wall that was the freight train was sliding slowly across the opening at the end of the street. None of the four men was in sight.

The secret-service men went

after Nick. One of them shouted for Nick to stop. Evidently the detective's actions had aroused their suspicions again.

Nick reached the end of the street, vaulted the white wooden gate between the train and himself. He looked ahead, to the rear. Ahead there must have been thirty cars between him and the engine. Somewhere hidden on them, between them, were the four crooks who had made their get-away.

Behind him were two cars, and then the caboose. Nick Carter's strong hands reached up, caught a ladder, his feet kicked him clear of the ground. He was climbing, climbing up the side of the ladder. He had to hug the train as he went by a telegraph pole set too close to the track.

He reached the top of the ladder, stuck his head over the top of the freight car ahead of him peered anxiously ahead. Instantly a bullet came whistling along the line of the train.

Behind Nick Carter there was a scream, a hurried shout. Nick whirled on the ladder, looked behind him.

On the top of the caboose was one of the secret-service men. In pursuit of Nick and the four crooks, he had climbed on the ladder that went by just after Nick got aboard. It had been an unlucky step for him. He had caught the bullet aimed at Nick Carter.

The man stood upright on the roof of the car, danced around crazily, staggering. Blood streamed down the white shirt front that showed between his coat lapels.

Then, suddenly, he threw his arms above his head. Staggering, still groping blindly, he started to fall.

Nick Carter was on top of the train now. He disregarded the bullets that whistled by him, disregarded the splinters that flew from the catwalk under his feet. The crooks behind were firing at him from their vantage point, he knew. But he galloped on.

He vaulted off the roof of the car, landed on the roof of the caboose, a little bit lower, just as the secret-service man, wounded, blinded, was about to be thrown off the roof of the train. Nick Carter's hands reached out, caught the man's shoulders.

The man's feet went from under him. Only Nick's grip kept him from going off the car completely. Using all his strength, Nick pulled the man's shoulders down to the catwalk, then threw himself down, too.

Bullets thudded into the chimney on top of the caboose. A mesh of white netting flicked over Nick's head. Holding the secret-service man's body in his arms, Nick Carter lay on the catwalk, pressed as close as he could to the top of the caboose.

They went through a tunnel. Had he been standing, Nick Carter would surely have been brushed off. Had he gotten the secret-service man a moment later, the Federal dick would have been killed.

Nick Carter thought rapidly. His duty lay in going forward on the train and capturing the four thieves before the train stopped and gave them a chance to escape. But his duty was equally toward the secret-service officer who lay in his arms, unconscious. Nick could not leave him there, to be swept off the train.

Then, with deft fingers, he ripped the shirt off the secret-service man, laid it into a long bandage. With this he tied the man onto the catwalk, flat on his back. The secret-service man's coat was folded up to make a pillow for its owner.

Nick Carter's hands explored the Federal man's chest. He found only a slight wound, up toward the left shoulder. It would not be fatal and undoubtedly within a very few minutes of the next stop the railroad police or the train crew would find this man's body. It was the best that Nick could do for him.

The detective left his secret-service ally and started moving forward under cover of the darkness of the tunnel. Nick lay flat on the catwalk, creeping forward, inch by inch. His hands hit the iron handle of the hand brake at the end of the car. Holding on to this, the detective swung over the end of the car, got his feet on the ladder, and swung to the next car. Here again he moved cautiously.

Ahead of him was light. The train was coming out of the tunnel. Then the train came out altogether, and Nick was in sunshine that seemed blinding after the long stretch of darkness.

Nick Carter chuckled to himself at the thought of his appearance. In addition to the blood, the mud, the gravel that he had gathered in his adventures of the morning, was now added soot and grime from the railroad smoke inside the tunnel. Nick could feel the fine particles of coal dust down inside his collar.

He started to move forward, wriggling catlike along the top of the next car. Then, suddenly, a bullet came whizzing along the catwalk. If the car had not turned a little at that moment, it would have hit

Nick Carter. It was like shooting down a shooting alley--all you had to do, as long as the train went straight was point the gun along the line of the smooth board planks on top of the train, and it was sure to hit any one on the walk.

Nick Carter rolled over to one side, got off the catwalk, lay on the sloping roof of the train. It was harder to hold his footing here, but safer.

Ahead of him, suddenly, he saw a grinning head bob up, the blue steel barrel of a revolver laid along the catwalk. Nick Carter fired. This was a fight to the death now, he knew. If he did not get these men before they got him, he would surely be killed, would fall off the train roof to death and oblivion.

He missed. But the head disappeared, none the less. Nick could tell from the white clenched fingers on the edge of the roof that the man had not fallen off, had merely jumped to cover.

Then, suddenly, from behind him came another bullet. Nick whirled, wondering if the secret-service man had come to, and, mistaking Nick for a foe, was firing at him.

But the man whom he had bandaged and left on top of the caboose was still lying there. This bullet had come from some other vantage point.

Nick stared and stared, feeling the sweat break out along his back, realizing that in some mysterious way he had allowed himself to get surrounded by the gang. A blue steel glint caught his eye to the rear. It came from between the second and third cars of the train.

It sent a bullet at Nick Carter. But Nick had rolled almost to the edge of the car, where no man could see him, where no one would think of firing.

Nick realized what had happened/ In the darkness of the tunnel he had crawled over the head of one of the hiding gangsters, of a gangster clinging catlike between two cars. Nick sent a bullet, for luck, at the point where the man's hands clung.

The blue steel rang--Nick had hit it by a lucky shot--and the revolver went flying off the train, off the right of way, to hit in the cinders along the track.

Nick started crawling back in that direction. He had disarmed one gangster, and it would be well to get that one man, knock him off the train safely, and jump with him. In that way Nick Carter would have a prisoner whom he could question. Then he could find out the name of

this gang, their location, and any deserting members who might have committed the actual robbery of Gravesend's gold. Trying to round up the whole four men on top of the train would be too dangerous.

Nick crawled back, back. Only one car separated him from the hidden gangster at the rear of the train. Now Nick was within ten feet of that end of the car. Nick could not raise him self, for fear of being shot from the rear, but he knew there was no danger in the direction in which he was going.

When he had nearly reached the gangster, suddenly the man's head appeared, his hands. He had a gun, a reserve gun that Nick had not figured on.



Irene Tedrow
"Mrs. Archer"—Meet Corliss Archer
"Jessie Ward"—Aunt Mary



... ..
... ..
... ..

THEN --



Courtesy of John Tillison Collection

Ed Prentiss posed for this Captain Midnight publicity still in 1942.

"Captain Midnight"

It may have been late afternoon by the clock on the mantel, but, when boys and girls heard the sound of a plane's engine and the toll of a bell striking twelve they were transported to Midnight--the hour when radio's most famous pilot came to the rescue. The Mutual Broadcasting System presented the fictional hero Monday through Friday.

Emanating from WGN in Chicago, CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT was first brought to listeners in 1940, sponsored by Skelly Oil. After the first season Ovaltine dropped their sponsorship of LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE in favor of the adult, masculine character.

The Captain was as popular for his offers as for his exploits. It took the inner seal from a jar of Ovaltine to get a CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT "Code-O-Graph," without which a listener was unable to decipher the "secret message" he gave away at the end of each fifteen-minute episode. He also gave away an assortment of rings and winged badges (one with litmus paper that changed colors). For fifteen cents plus the Ovaltine seal one could obtain an official "Shake-up Mug."

The program was developed by Robert Burt and Wilfred Moore, both of whom had been aviators in World War I. According to the story, Captain Midnight, whose real name was supposed to be Red Albright, had gotten his nickname from his nighttime heroism. His adversary during

his lifetime on radio was the international criminal Ivan Shark, played by Boris Aplon. Then there was the equally dangerous daughter Fury Shark, who was played by both Rene Rodier and Sharon Grainer.

The title role was originated by Ed Prentiss, who left it the second season and was replaced by Bill Bouchee. The third year Prentiss was back. He stayed with the part until the end of the 1948-49 season, when he asked for a raise of \$25 a week. The agency man who turned him down without consulting the sponsor was promptly fired, but by then Prentiss had gone to New York to announce for the DAVE GARROWAY SHOW. Paul Barnes played Captain Midnight for the final season.

The hero's young friends were Chuck Ramsey, who was usually played by Jack Bibens, and Joyce Ryan, who was Mary Lou Newmayer and Angeline Orr. Their trusted but highly eccentric mechanic was Ichabod Mudd, played by Hugh Studeback. Ivan Shark had Gardo, played by Ed Hern and Earl Goerge, to help him menace the good guys.

Kids were not the only one to take the program seriously. In the fall of 1941 the plot concerned an unnamed foreign power that was attempting to sink a ship in order to block Pearl Harbor in preparations for an air attack. Weeks later the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, and the FBI visited the producers for a long and grueling interrogation about the striking coincidence.

AND NOW



Richard Scheffler

Ed Prentiss lives across from Walter Matthau in Pacific Palisades, California.

Ed Prentiss has remained active in radio and TV, playing the part of the banker on the BONANZA series and parts in movies such as THE F.B.I. STORY (1959). HE LIVES IN

Pacific Palisades, across the street from Walter Matthau.

In the early fifties Richard Webb played Captain Midnight on television, but the series was soon cancelled. Such exciting adventures as the Captain had were not believable on TV. But for a full decade on radio the dashing hero of the skies provided the most exciting excuse a boy or girl ever had for postponing homework.

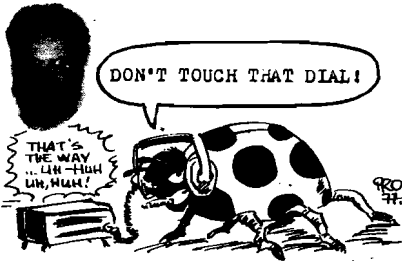
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TUNE IN

SATURDAY - CBC-FM 7:05 p.m.
SUNDAYS - CBC 4:05 p.m.
CBC-FM 7:05 p.m.

Saturday Stereo Theatre
Sunday Matinee
Sunday Stereo Theatre - The Scales of Justice





JERRY COLLINS

Once again it's time to delve into the days of radio past.

Nothing is more commonplace in everyday life than a squabbling married couple. The Bickersons portrayed by Don Ameche and Frances Langford turned this situation into a national institution .

The show began as a skit on the Charlie McCarthy Show in the mid 1940's. The popularity of their skits led to a regular Sunday night show on NBC in 1946. Sponsored by Drene the new show acquired the name Drene Time.

Pinky Lee and Danny Thomas, both young comedians at the beginning of their brilliant careers, were added to the cast to provide more humor to the show. Phil Rapp, the creator of the show, wrote the skits. Carman Dragon's Orchestra provided the music.

The theme of the Bickersons' show was relatively simple. They discussed, argued and fought all the time. The topics of these arguments covered every conceivable topic.

Usually the arguments took place in the Bickersons' bedroom. John loved his sleep and rarely could last even through a good fight. Blanche, on the other hand had a difficult time falling asleep. A good fight kept her up even later. Nothing infuriated Blanche more than John's inability to stay up with her.

In 1947 the show moved to CBS on Friday evenings for Old Gold and lasted only through that season. In 1951 the Bickersons returned as a summer replacement. This later show featured Frances Langford and Lew Parker.

Although the show was only on for two complete seasons it has become somewhat of a classic. Historically it was one of the most famous husband - wife comedy shows during the "Golden Age of Radio."

Until next month, "Goodnight All."

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Ehhh, What's Up

By CATHERINE SMITH

"Can I talk like a pig? Now, that's a fine thing to ask a nice, clean Jewish boy," thought Mel Blanc.

But he could and did talk like a pig — Porky.

Like a bunny — Bugs.

Like a bird — Tweety.

Like a cat — Sylvester.

And like a host of other popular cartoon characters.

More than 400 students crammed a lecture hall at the State University of Buffalo recently, standing to shout, clap, scream and whistle their approval when "voice characterization" expert Mel Blanc stepped up to the lectern, a small figure in a slightly baggy brown plaid suit, blue shirt and bright red tie.

When "ehh, What's Up Doc?" came out of his mouth in perfect Bugs Bunny diction — after all, he IS Bugs, — the students roared their approval.

The stutterings of Porky, the namby-pamby baby cbrlps of Tweety, the growl of the Tasmanian Devil, and the incredibly distinctive voices of other cartoon characters quickly followed. At first it was a little disconcerting to hear Bugs Bunny and see Mr. Blanc, but he soon began discussing his career, mostly in his own voice.

A lecture tour to, thus far, 120 colleges around the country is "like a vacation" for him, the 74-year-old said. He said he's "working harder than ever," doing the voices for the Looney Tunes characters he made famous more than 40 years ago, and creating new voices.

He has been working on voices for a cartoon version of the popular Heathcliff comic strip, and of course he's not only Heathcliff; he's also the deep-voiced bulldog that Heathcliff torments.

SINCE HE is the voice of all the Flintstones cartoon characters, the boss on the Jetsons cartoon, the Road Runner and Wile E. Coyote, to mention just a few, there have been Saturday mornings when he could have listened to himself on all three major networks at once, Mr. Blanc said.

When radio shows were very popular 30 years ago, Mr. Blanc could hear himself on every show from Jack Benny to Burns and Allen to Fibber McGee and Molly. After television came along and usurped radio's place in our cultural life, Mr. Blanc was able to find his place there, too.

He doesn't have a high opinion of the super-hero cartoons being made for television today, Mr. Blanc said, and the students loudly applauded his opinion.

His lecture was arranged by the UB Student Association's speaker's bureau. Before it began, a student in the audience said that twice as many people had come to see Mr. Blanc as came to see the aging revolutionary Abbie Hoffman recently. Only students "into politics" know or care who Hoffman is, the student said, while "everyone knows Mel Blanc" from his screen credits on cartoons shown before campus movies, not to mention Saturday morning TV.

Mr. Blanc was born in San Francisco and raised in Portland, Ore., where he began creating voices.

His classmates and his teachers laughed at his sounds, "but I got lousy grades," Mr. Blanc said. His biggest misadventure happened when he tried out an echoing laugh in a long hallway and ran "straight into the principal" as he was running down the hall to hear his own sounds.

Years later that echoing laugh would go into his Woody Woodpecker voice, a voice he had to give up when he signed an exclusive contract with Looney Tunes and couldn't work for Walter Lantz any more.

"LANE FOUND a woman who could do the voice pretty well, and you know, he married her," Mr. Blanc said. "I always wondered if maybe it was so he wouldn't lose her, too."

Radio commercials gave Mr. Blanc his first work after high school. He had always studied music, and for a while he was music director of the Orpheum

Theater in Portland. He also traveled with road shows before going to Los Angeles to try his luck. Every two weeks for a year and a half he went to Schlesinger Studios and asked to audition.

"The guy would tell me, 'I'm sorry, we have all the voices we need,' but I was persistent. Well, finally that guy died," Mr. Blanc said. The dead man's replacement gave Mr. Blanc an audition, and he was asked to create a voice for a drunken bull. That voice became his first cartoon job. His first famous voice was for Porky Pig.

"I went to a pig farm and hung around for two weeks until I figured out a pig talking would grunt a lot," Mr. Blanc said. When he came back to the studio with his revelation, he was sent home to take a bath, he said, but the grunt that became a stutter made his Porky Pig voice famous.

The most difficult voice he does is Yosemiti Sam — "It rips your throat apart" — and his favorite character is Bugs Bunny because Bugs "has the crust to do all the things people would like to do but don't." Bugs' voice is a blend of the two "toughest" American accents Mr. Blanc knew, the Bronx voice and the Brooklyn voice.

He does not like to imitate the voices others create, but he did take over Elmer Fudd after Fudd voice creator Arthur Q. Bryant died. No one else could "do" the Fudd voice satisfactorily, Mr. Blanc said.

His own son, Noel, has worked with him for years and for a while they ran a voice school. The venture proved overly time consuming, so they closed the school and Noel works with his father on cartoons.

"He can do my voices pretty well; he's the only one who can," Mr. Blanc said. But he said his son also prefers to create, not imitate.

Many distinctive phrases, including "What's Up, Doc?" for Bugs and "Sufferin' Succotash" for Sylvester the cat were Mr. Blanc's own ad libs, he said. He never did any script writing, but the ad libs he contributed generally stayed in cartoons, he said.

Voices are actually done first when a cartoon is created, Mr. Blanc said.

"The artist looks in a mirror and draws his own mouth saying 'eeh' when he's doing Bugs saying 'eh, what's up Doc?'" Mr. Blanc explained.



MEL BLANC

Doc?

Even 45 years ago it took 125 people nine months and cost \$50,000 to do "full animation" on a cartoon, so full animation is hardly used nowadays, Mr. Blanc said. Instead the artists draw fewer pictures and more technical equipment is used to achieve the flow of action.

YOU CAN'T get an Oscar for doing voices, Mr. Blanc said, but a producer who thought Mr. Blanc deserved one willed him an Oscar for "Knighly Knight, Bugs." Mr. Blanc did at least six voices for that cartoon, with characters ranging from Bugs Bunny to the king of the knights at the round table.

Writers on the Jack Benny Show used to try to trap him by writing in such script directions as "Mel Blanc does goldfish voice" or "Mel Blanc does English horse whinny?"

Mr. Blanc said. He showed his audience how both were done, with flopping lips for the goldfish and a rather dignified, upper-crust-sounding whinny for the horse.

Mr. Blanc just finished making a cartoon called "A Thousand and One Nights with Bugs," and he told his audience that he hoped they all would see it when it is released.

As the audience filed out after Mr. Blanc's performance a very young looking student said, "Wow! And he's 74 years old! SEVENTY-FOUR!"

Yes, but Bugs is ageless and Tweety has been a baby bird for 40 years. Mel Blanc may be America's prime candidate for eternal youth.

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"Dimples"—The Blondie Show
"Dolly Snaffler"—Duffy's Tavern
The Whistler—This Is My Best—This Is My Story
Sessence—Bill Gargan's G.I. Lough's Show—12 Players



Ruby
Duffy's Tavern



"Linda"—Pepper Young's Family
"Margie Wigglesworth"—Keeping
Up With The Wigglesworths
"Mrs. Hopkins"—Nory Martin

Ann
Duffy's Tavern



10/11/82---"Tony's Market"

Three people, bent on bettering their lives, meet their death when a sudden and unexpected burst of gunfire disturbs the sanctuary of Tony's Market.

CAST: Earl Hammond, Bob Kaliban, Joan Shea, Carole Teitel, Arnold Moss.

WRITER: Sam Dann

10/12/82---"The Romance of Mary Oates"

The fatal scars of an older woman's first love give new meaning to the refrain "I Only Have Eyes for You".

CAST: Roberta Maxwell, Paul Hecht, Mandel Kramer, Robert Dryden

WRITER: Bob Juhren

10/13/82---"Fly Swatter"

A pickpocketing couple become victims of a bizarre scam themselves when they take jobs as domestics for a nouveau riche family.

CAST: Fred Gwynne, Evie Juster, Bernard Grant

WRITER: Sam Dann

10/14/82---"Code Work; Caprice"

Professional loyalties are suspect when one rig too many is hijacked from right under a company president's nose.

CAST: Lloyd Battista, Bernard Grant, Earl Hammond, Joyce Gordon

WRITER: Roy Windsor

10/15/82---"The Flash Point"

An ousted engineering executive cannot rest until he seeks revenge against the man who caused his demise.

CAST: Paul Hecht, Carole Teitel, Joyce Gordon, Court Benson

WRITER: Sam Dann

10/18/82---"Desert Maiden"

An advertising agency executive travels to the desert to seek out a legend, but discovers the truth about himself instead.

CAST: Mason Adams, Patricia Elliot, Robert Dryden, Joan Shea

WRITER: Sam Dann

10/19/82---"The Hand of Amnesia"

A poor cook's quick marriage to a wealthy matron makes him the prime suspect in this tale of disappearance and murder.

CAST: Ralph Bell, Marian Seldes, Carole Teitel, Lloyd Battista

WRITER: G. Frederic Lewis

10/20/82---"Last Days of a Dictator"

In the final horrifying days, Benito Mussolini thought his ally Adolf Hitler had rescued him from an unkind end, only to find that Hitler had plans of his own for 'Il Duce'.

CAST: Bernard Grant, Earl Hammond, Bill Griffis, Louis Turrenne, Marian Seldes

WRITER: G. Frederick Lewis

10/21/82---"Come Back Next Week"

Money, the root of all evil, wraps itself around an entire philanthropic enclave, choking more than one of its members.

CAST: Teri Keane, Fred Gwynne, Evie Juster, Sam Gray

WRITER: Sam Dann

10/22/82---"Three Fireflies in a Bottle"

A small boy alienates his friend from his outer space, triggering a series of dramatic events in an attempt to win him back.

CAST: Russell Horton, Evie Juster, Cynthia Adler, Lloyd Battista

WRITER: Nancy Moore

10/25/82---"Resident Killer"

The timeless traits of aggression and forcefulness overcome a peaceful futuristic society, disrupting the lives of its most humane members.

CAST: Mason Adams, Carole Teitel, Russell Horton

WRITER: Sam Dann

10/26/82---"The Innocent Murderer"

Travelling the world cannot assuage the guilt of the sole Lincoln conspirator to escape capture. For now.

CAST: Tony Roberts, Gordon Gould, Robert Dryden, Bob Kaliban

WRITER: James Agate, Jr.

10/27/82---"The Voice That Wouldn't Die"

An abandoned house on a Scottish moor still houses spirits that hauntingly beckon to the new family in town.

CAST: Norman Rose, Mia Dillion, Bernard Grant, Earl Hammond

WRITER: G. Frederic Lewis

10/28/82---"The Great Catherine"

The Hamlet plot springs to life when son and heir Paul discovers some ruthless dealings in the life of Catherine the Great.

CAST: Tammy Grimes, Russell Horton, Bernard Grant, Earl Hammond,

WRITER: G. Frederic Lewis

10/29/82---"I Hate Harold"

A meek and mild-mannered jeweler's assistant, jealous of a brash new sales manager, sets out to catch him in the act of stealing the company's prize collection.

CAST: Larry Haines, Paul Hecht, Robert Dryden, Diana Kirkwood

WRITER: Henry Slesar

MR. & MRS. NORTH



Joseph Cortin as "Jerry North"



Alice Frost as "Pamela North"



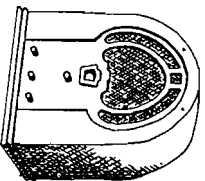
Walter Kinsella as "Sergeant Mullins"

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