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# ILLUSTRATED PRESS

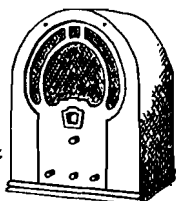
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FIBBER MCGEE and MOLLY

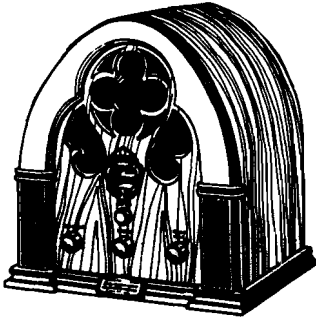
THE OLD TIME



RADIO CLUB

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**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 ILLUSTRATED PRESS is the monthly newsletter of The Old Time Radio Club headquartered in Buffalo, N.Y. Contents except where noted, are copyright © 1983 by the OTRC. All rights are hereby assigned to the contributors. Editor: Richard A. Olday; Assistant Editor: Jerry Collins; Production Assistance: Arlene Olday; Production Manager: Millie Durworth; Published since 1975. Printed in U.S.A.

CLUB ADDRESSES: Please use the correct address for the business you have in mind. Return library materials to the library addresses.

CLUB DUES:  
 Don Parisi  
 38 Ardmore Place  
 Buffalo, N.Y. 14213  
 (716) 884-2004

ILLUSTRATED PRESS (letters, columns, etc.) & OTHER CLUB BUSINESS:  
 Richard Olday  
 100 Harvey Drive  
 Lancaster, N.Y. 14086  
 (716) 684-1604

REFERENCE LIBRARY:  
 Pete Bellanca  
 1620 Ferry Road  
 Grand Island, N.Y. 14072  
 (716) 773-2485

TAPE LIBRARY  
 Frank Bork  
 7 Heritage Drive  
 Lancaster, N.Y. 14086  
 (716) 683-3555

BACK ISSUES: All MEMORIES and IPs are \$1.00 each, postpaid. Out of print issues may be borrowed from the reference library.  
 Chuck Seeley  
 294 Victoria Blvd.  
 Kenmore, N.Y. 14217

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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.

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DEADLINE FOR IP #82 - June 13  
 #83 - July 11  
 #84 - August 15

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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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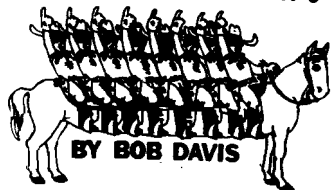
PLEASE NOTE CHANGE IN NAME AND ADDRESS FOR THE TAPE LIBRARY AND BACK ISSUES DEPARTMENT.

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Cover Design by Eileen Curtin

# SAY!

WHO WAS THAT MASKED MAN?



BY BOB DAVIS

Has anyone out there heard the radio version of the hit movie "The Empire Strikes Back"? If you've been missing it or have decided to pass it up you're missing something r-e-a-l-l-y g-o-o-d. Next time you get a chance, give it a listen. Try it. You'll like it!!! It almost makes me wish that I had seen the movie. Yes Virginia, there are a few of us who haven't seem "Empire". In fact, I haven't see "E.T.", I'm waiting for the radio series.

Promises, Promises... Finishing touches are being put on "Memories" and, in the not-too-distant future, it'll be in your hot little hands. To get it just mail in two Ovaltine lid liners to Checkerboard Square, Battle Creek, Michigan. I think thats where Checkerboard Square is.. isn't it??? Anyway I'm only fooling. If you are a club member then you're on the mailing list and your copy is reserved. Look for it.

Gee, Battle Creek, Michigan. That name conjures up memories from a long distant past. I used to save up a dime or quarter and send it to Battle Creek to get some of the most fondly remembered radio premiums that anyone could ever want. Rings, decoder badges, pedometers, etc. They would always be an important part of the stories that I listened to and, naturally, would want one when the offers were made.

For some strange reason the one I remember most was an indian arrowhead that was offered on the Tom Mix Show. This was no ordinary run of the mill arrowhead. This one had everything that any self-respecting kid would want. It had a secret hidden compartment to keep messages safely stashed away and a genuine plastic magnifying glass that enabled you to read your hidden messages. Sonofagun if there wasn't yet a second line that, when used with the magnifying glass, would turn the whole thing into a microscope so you could find those really

small clues. On the outside of the arrowhead was Tom's own special decoder and on the other side Tom's TM brand. Wow!!! Attached to the arrowhead was a key chain and to top off the whole thing the entire piece glowed in the dark. This thing was fantastic and I wish I still had one or two of them. I know a certain guy in Detroit that would probably trade off his car to get one.

Tom used to use his arrowhead almost every day to help solve some mystery or another and I still remember one stirring scene in which a villian took a shot at ol' Tom and missed him but got his arrowhead instead. Well Tom was non-plussed to say the least and he soundly thrashed the bad guy saying "I took a particular likin' to that arrowhead and now I'm gonna have to make another one". Double WOW!!! Ol' Tom made them himself. How could any kid resist.

Tom also offered another premium but this one didn't hold a candle to the arrowhead. This one was a ring that had a flat "stone" set in it that had the TM brand etched on it. You could lift the "stone" and sure enough there was the ever present hidden compartment. The rings setting was the main gimmick. On the sides of the setting were tiny mirrors that enabled you, when you held the ring almost into your eye, to see behind you and see if you are being followed. Of course it looked like you were punching yourself in the eye but that really didn't matter. It wasn't bad as premiums went, but it sure wasn't an arrowhead.

If you're into collecting these old radio premiums I suggest that you get hold of Jim Harmon's Nostalgia Catalogue. It's been out for about ten years now but should still be available.

OOPS, almost forgot. Tom's arrowhead also had a compass. Is there no end???

See ya next time.

\*\*\*\*\*  
**TAPESPONDENTS**-Send in your wants and we'll run them here for at least two months.

**WANTED**-CBS Radio Mystery Theatre; "The Twelfth Juror" 11/11/82

Duff Campbell  
 Box 4371  
 Panorama, Ca. 91412

**New member** wants to get in touch with Toronto area OTR fans.

Mel Belenson  
 140 Sunset Beach Rd.  
 P.O. Box 1046  
 Oak Ridges, Ont. L0G1P0  
 Canada

**New member** looking for tapes of Kate Smith Shows.

Mitchell Weisberg  
620 Greenbrier Court  
Fredericksburg, Va. 22401

New member wants OTR premiums and Pep cereal buttons. I will answer all letters.

Tom Lord  
1595 Unionport Rd.  
Bronx, N.Y. 10462

New member wants to trade or have contact with others who have material on the following: Radio shows associated with Old Country Music Shows-Grand Ole Opry, WLS Barn Dance type, etc.--Frank Sinatra, Nat King Cole---and any documentary type shows of personalities. Have catalog of material and will trade, contact:

Larry Adamson  
14 Busher Place  
Clinton, N.J. 08809

Out of Town member wishes to correspond with other members of OLD TIME RADIO CLUB Contact:

Henry Hinkel  
254 Florida Avenue  
Amsterdam, N.Y. 12010

**WANTED**-on cassette-Soap Operas-consecutive episodes with commercials if possible.

Hazel Newton  
150 Erie Street  
Lancaster, N.Y. 14086

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

\* \* \* \* \*

### RETURN WITH US TO...

# Paul Whiteman



THE KING OF JAZZ SECURED HIS FUTURE PLACE IN THE RADIO HALL OF FAME WITH FREQUENT APPEARANCES ON A WIDE RANGE OF PROGRAMS... DANCE REMOTES, VARIETY SHOWS SUCH AS *BURNS AND ALLEN* AND HIS OWN MUSICAL SERIES FOR OLD GOLD.

PAUL WHITEMAN ALSO DISPLAYED HIS ACTING TALENTS IN THE ROLE OF A DOOR-TO-DOOR SALESMAN ON THE *ETHEL AND ALBERT* RADIO PROGRAM.

HE WAS A PROMINENT INTERPRETER OF THE MUSIC OF GEORGE GERSHWIN. WHITEMAN'S COUNTLESS RECORDS, CONCERTS AND RADIO APPEARANCES MADE HIM BY FAR THE BEST-KNOWN CONDUCTOR OF HIS ERA.

BILL GOODWIN WAS THE ANNOUNCER FOR PAUL WHITEMAN PRESENTS, A 1943 SUMMER REPLACEMENT FOR EDGAR BERGEN.



SUCH OLD WHITEMAN ASSOCIATES AS JOHNNY MERCER APPEARED ON THE WEEKLY SHOW.



OF COURSE THE THEME WAS "RHAPSODY IN BLUE"



John Brown

"Digger O'Dell"—Life Of Riley  
"Mr. Jenkins"—Marlin Hurt & Baulch  
"Mr. Foster"—Date With Judy  
"John Hammond"—Gay Mrs. Featherstone



Jerry Macey

"Ed Norton"—Right To Happiness  
"Mr. Berkeley"—Leave It To Mike



Jim Boles

"The Deputy"—Tennessee Jed  
"The Professor"—Two On A Clue  
The Fish & Hunt Club  
"Leads"—Best Sellers

# NICK CARTER

in

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STREET & SMITH

## gold & guns

Oct. 1933

### CHAPTER VIII CHASED TO COVER

Three men entered the room. Nick Carter could tell from the way they carried their feet, from the mingled sounds of coughing and clearing their throats.

"I guess he ain't here, yet," one of them said. "Eh, Salami?"

The man who answered was evidently the leader. "We'll wait," he said. "The guy that gave me the tip-off said there was more than three hundred grand in gold."

"Maybe he'll have it with him," the third man said. Nick could hear the sound of lips being licked. "That came out in--"

But Nick could hear no more. Evidently the leader, the man named Salami, had clapped a hand over his henchman's mouth.

There was no use waiting any longer. Nick knew now that the gangsters had not taken the gold, and that they were too cautious to disclose the hiding place of Iris Gravesend.

Nick slipped a gun out of his shoulder holster into his right hand. With the toe of his boot he kicked open the door of the closet and stepped out.

In the half light all three men turned. Guns went into their hands.

Nick grinned, tossed his own gun up into the air, caught it, shoved it back into his shoulder holster. The three men stared at him sheepishly. Then slowly they put up their own guns.

"You see I'm on time," Nick Carter said. "A little bit ahead of time."

The man in the center, the tallest of the three, was the one who had been driving the sedan that morning.

"I'm Salami Mulligan," he said. "You're the guy that came with the big cheese, the wise gin, Nick Carter."

Nick nodded. He didn't much care whether these men took him for himself or for Chick.

"When do we get the dough?" the leader said.

Nick measured the big man carefully. "I don't know, Salami," he told him.

At the sound of his own nickname, the leader jumped a little, but quickly covered his confusion. He said:

"There's no use crackin' wise. When do we get the dough?" There was menace, in every word of the sentence.

"Listen," Nick Carter said.

"Listen to me carefully. The gold was stolen before you guys got there. Thomas Gravesend's down to his last ten thousand dollars. He told me to tell you boys you could have the ten grand, if you'd send his daughter back. And if you want my advice, you'll take it, and take it on the lam."

"Salami" Mulligan snorted. "When do we get the gold?" he asked again of Nick Carter.

Nick turned on his heel, headed for the front door of the house.

"I didn't come here to listen to a phonograph record," he said. "You've heard my story. You can take it or leave it."

As Nick was nearly at the door, Salami called him back.

"Listen, guy," Mulligan called after Nick Carter. "We'll kill the dame--get that?"

Nick laughed, as coolly as he could, stepped through the front door, and onto the rickety porch of the house. He walked slowly down the stairs onto the sidewalk.

It was dark now. The nearest street lamp was a hundred yards away. In front of the house was parked a phaeton.

Nick turned to the left, went past this. Some mangy looking bushes grew in front of the house next to No. 18. Nick walked down to the pavement, his heels clicking clearly. When he saw plainly that he was out of sight of the house, he suddenly leaped into the air, sprang over the bushes, and hid behind them.

Five minutes went by. Then the three men deployed out of the house. Nick could see guns shining dully in their hands. They were taking no chance on walking into an ambush.

The men had not believed his story, Nick could see. Iris Gravesend was still in danger.

Well he had done the best he could.

Mulligan slid in behind the wheel of the car, one of the other men got in next to him, the third climbed in the back. The phaeton started slowly down the street.

Nick darted out of his place of concealment, caught hold of the rear tire rack, and rode along. None of the three men looked back. None of them knew that Nick Carter was riding their car.

He hung on to that spare tire for three blocks and for as many corners. Then, suddenly, he saw a

taxicab cruising down a street at right angles to the path they were now following. He dropped off the tire, lightly, agilely. The phaeton went ahead without him.

But the taxi was nearly on him now. Nick Carter leaped in. He flashed his credentials in the driver's face, ordered him to follow the car.

Nick made himself as small as possible on the floor of the taxicab. But he was able, with the aid of a mirror, to see ahead, see that the phaeton was always in view.

The crooks' car turned many corners, darted through a couple of alleys that looked as though they were blind. Every time Nick outwitted them, told his driver where he could pick them up again.

But then he saw the phaeton pass an unobtrusive green coupe. As soon as the crooks' car had passed the coupe, the two men sitting in the little bus started it going.

Nick squeezed lower on the floor of his taxicab, put his mirror up to see.

Yes, the green coupe was following Nick's taxi, Nick's taxi was following the crooks' car. That could mean only one thing. Salami Mulligan had left a lookout to keep on his trail, to trap anybody who tried to shadow him. It was a clever ruse.

Nick Carter spoke in a husky whisper to his driver. "Slow up," he said. "Let that green coupe behind you get past us. But listen--don't do it till you see another cab behind that I can hop into."

The driver grunted something. Nick fished around in his pocket, pulled out a five-dollar bill. He handed this up, carefully, to the driver. It fluttered over into the driver's compartment, and Nick, in his mirror, could see the chauffeur pick it up.

Then a taxicab appeared, cruising along slowly, very slowly, behind the coupe. There was no chance of its being one of the cars that Salami Mulligan had planted to cover his get-away.

"Now!" Nick Carter muttered. His driver started to let up on the accelerator. The green coupe drifted by, and the two men in it looked into Nick's cab. They could see no one.

When Nick's cab had fallen all the way back, so that it was running along side the unoccupied taxicab in the rear, Nick quickly pulled the door open. He leaped across from the running board of his cab to the running board of the other cab, pulled open the door of that, got inside.

The cab he had left was a dark red in color, this one that he had now was a light orange and white pattern. There could be no mistaking the two taxicabs.

Again Nick hid on the floor of the cab, again he told his driver to get up between the green coupe and the phaeton. It was a clever move, because, at the next corner, the green coupe suddenly shot off at an angle, and disappeared.

Nick knew that this was in case anybody tried to follow Mulligan's rear guard. The rear guard would lead him down a side track, and Mulligan and his two henchmen would make their get-away that way.

But Nick's taxicab kept on the trail. Suddenly the phaeton skidded around a corner, put on speed, ran down a dark street. Nick's taxicab went after it, with Nick cautioning the driver to go slowly, so as not to alarm the men ahead.

Ahead of them the phaeton suddenly turned a corner. Now they were all alone on the street.

"Give her the gas!" Nick snapped at his driver.

The driver's foot came down on the accelerator, the taxicab shot ahead,

They went around the corner after Mulligan's car. The phaeton stood at the curb, empty!

Some time in the very small fraction of a minute that it had taken his cab to get down the long street, Mulligan had switched cars.

"Go ahead!" Nick snapped. "Pick up that green coupe some place. Cruise in a circle as fast as you can."

The driver went one block ahead, one block to the left, and then back again. A minute later they were passing the phaeton.

As they got past the phaeton, suddenly it came to life. It started going straight ahead. Nick had almost been fooled by one of his own ruses. The men in the phaeton had hidden on the floor, thinking that anybody who was trailing them would use just those tactics.

Another taxi was coming down a side street toward them. Nick ordered his own cab up to the curb, allowed the cruising cab to get close. Then, suddenly, he snapped at his own driver: "Go ahead again!" If the men in the phaeton were to look back, they would think that Nick had switched cabs.

But they didn't. Evidently they thought they had thrown off all pursuit. They ran straight out into the open country now, not going fast enough to attract attention.

Nick's taxicab followed them. They hit a straightaway, a dirt road, well up into the hills. A half mile ahead of them the tail lamp of the phaeton winked along.

Then, suddenly, it turned off the road, and Nick could see it climbing a hill.

"This is far enough," he told his taxi driver.

The taxi stopped. Nick paid off the man, and went ahead on foot.

When he reached the point in the dirt road where the phaeton had turned off, he found a narrow path, hardly wide enough for a car, leading up on the hill. Nick turned to the right, and started to climb.

Except for two ruts, one on each side of the path, the road was grass-covered, seldom used. Nick climbed for about twenty minutes, the grade getting ever steeper.

Then, suddenly, the road curved and flattened out, and Nick figured that he was on the brow of the hill.

He was right. Ahead of him was a dim farmyard. The gloomy outlines of some farm buildings, some barns, shone up through the dark.

Nick crouched very low, and made his footsteps as light as possible. He crept across the ground toward the nearest building. It turned out to be a barn.

Nick skirted this cautiously, and then ahead of him was the phaeton. It was parked with all its lights out.

Behind it was another building, lower than the barn, longer--evidently the farmhouse. No lights shone from this, but as Nick crept closer and closer, he smelled burning kerosene. He knew that there were lamps inside, but the windows must be shuttered up so well that no light peered out.

Closer and closer Nick crept. Then he started circling the house, like an Indian closing in on a camp fire of white men. In the rear he found a little woodshed connected to the farm building by a long, clapboard covered tunnel.

It was the work of an instant for Nick Carter to clamber up on top of the woodshed. He was far enough away from the house so that any noise he made climbing up could not be heard through the tightly shuttered windows.

He crept along the top of the tunnel now, being careful not to kick any loose clapboards. Then he was at the low-hanging eaves of a lean-to kitchen. Softly, carefully, Nick Carter put his hands up on its eaves. It was shingled, but the shingles were loose and wiggly.

Nick backed off. He pulled off his shoes, knotted the laces together, put them around his neck. In his

stocking feet, Nick ran back along the tunnel then ran forward again, making no noise.

He leaped into the air, landed on his feet on the shingled roof of the lean-to kitchen. Softly as a cat he crawled up this roof. There were some windows along there, and Nick Carter tried them. They were all locked.

But on one of them, as he pushed, the glass swayed inward a little. Nick felt it. The putty had nearly all rotted off this window.

He felt around in his pocket. A package of cigarettes, a pipe--what was the pipe doing there? Then Nick Carter grinned. He had on Chick's clothes, and Chick was a pipe-smoker.

They would have to do. Nick moistened the bowl of this pipe with saliva, pressed the rim of it against the glass. Then he let out all his breath, sucked in on the pipe. The suction held the glass against the pipe, and swiftly Nick Carter's fingers went around, picking putty off the edge. His chest heaved and strained. He had held his breath too long.

But suddenly he felt that by moving his head back the glass came with it a little. Nick tried this. The glass came out about an inch.

Instantly the detective's two hands had grasped the window by its edge. He let his breath out with a grateful sigh, continued to hold the pipe between his teeth. Carefully he looked at the glass, laid it down on the lean-to roof.

He put one stockinged foot up on the window sill, then the other, peered around in the room like a beast of prey about to leap. He saw nothing, and jumped to the floor.

He prowled across the floor, felt around on the wall until he felt the knob of the room door. This he pulled open, and up the stairs came the deep tones of Salami Mulligan's voice.

\* \* CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE \* \*

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

OTR CONTEST

Congratulations to the following winners of Jim Snyder's OTR contest:

- First - Joe O'Donnell
  - Second - Bob Davis
  - Third - Bruce Deas
  - Fourth - Ken Piletic
  - Fifth - Gene Bradford
- (This is all in fun - Hope you enjoy it.)

Entering the Old Time Radio Club contest, I told My Good Wife that, because we were Rookies, this contest would be Just Entertainment and Fun For All. But, You Bet Your Life I wanted to win! When the Good News came, I assumed it would be Winner Take All, since I Hit the Jackpot, but those were only Pipe Dreams, for I was only one of the eight correct answers, and now was facing an Encore performance. My time for Fame and Fortune was not yet!

So, Let Yourself Go while I tell you My True Story of the tie - breaker. However, Stop Me If You've Heard This One!

My Stepmother suggested I Let George Do It when she was the quiz. Since I am no Dr. IQ or one of the Quiz Kids, she thought I was having Moon Dreams. However, my Helpmeet responded that "It Sounds Interesting". Yet, When A Girl Marries, and expects to be treated as Queen for a Day, she let me know, in no uncertain terms that "It's Up to You", and that it would have to be a Lone Journey. It Takes a Woman to motivate a man, so I offered to do it "Just For You".

So, On a Sunday Afternoon, I began this Bold Venture, trying to Guess Where the answers were. Just Fancy, at first I thought this quiz was Just Easy. I proudly showed my nearly completed sheet to that Valiant Lady, and demanded "How'm I Doing?"

But then, the Nightmare began. Although I Love a Mystery, I now needed Information, Please, but it eluded me. Faced with How To Get Results, Inc., it was now Strictly Business and I had to Think Fast. Night Time found me going round and round a Squirrel Cage in frustration while this Fat Man faded away to The Shadow. Did Mother Know Best after all? But I was convinced it can be Done. "I'll Find My Way," I said. "It Happens Every Day." But Time Flies as well.

So the Story Goes. I knew that Somebody Knows the answers. I must make a Confession. Only Yesterday, in desperation, I had to Ask Eleanor Nash. What Would You Have Done? but, she didn't know and suggested I call the Aldrich Family. I thought, "That's a Good Idea" so quick as a Flash - because of the March of Time -

I did. "One Minute, Please," the father temporized as he shouted, "Quiet, Please" but he couldn't help either. My friends brushed me off as one of the Crazy People, while my associate, Jeff Regan, Investigator, was on Foreign Assignment. Today, I called the Lady Next Door. "Let me think Just a Minute," she said, but then concluded she was just Too Young. So I was on my own again.

Great Gunns! Was I going to have to guess the rest of the answers? I felt as though I were in Uncle Walter's Dog House. Although it had been my Heart's Desire to win, I could see there would be no Pot of Gold for me. All I could do now was my best. It's now over, and I'm enjoying The Contented Hour. I plan to Meet the Missus and collect my dog, Raffles and have Breakfast with Dorothy and Dick. This Day is Ours. Best of All, we were assured there's always a chance to win, and any prizes will be Keepsakes of my experience.

This may not be The Greatest Story Every Told, but because We Care, I wanted to share my experience with you. Any Questions?

O'Donnells

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RETURN WITH US TO...

by Billboard #15 Award

# AL JOLSON

"GOLDS, YOU AIN'T HEARD NOTHING YET!"

AL JOLSON HAD TWO SEPARATE AND DISTINCT CAREERS IN RADIO... FIRST AS HOST OF SHELL CATERAU, A POPULAR VARIETY PROGRAM OF THE 1930'S. AFTER A MOVIE ON HIS LIFE WAS RELEASED A WHOLE NEW GENERATION DISCOVERED THE GREAT BLACKFACE SINGER... HE SUCCEEDED BING CROSBY AS THE STAR OF THE GREAT MUSIC HALL FROM 1946-48.

JOLSON IS IDENTIFIED WITH MANY SONGS INCLUDING...

"CALIFORNIA, HERE I COME!"

"MAMMY..."

"CLIMB UPON MY KNEE, SONNY BOY..."

"THESE ARE SHOWERS, MAY COME YOUR WAY..."

AL JOLSON, BY EVERY SHOW, BUSINESS STANDARD, RANKS AS ONE OF THE GREATEST ENTERTAINERS IN HISTORY.



## Letters



The March issue of the I.P. arrived yesterday, and as usual, I read it over and over again throughout the day. I'm really impressed with your publications, and look forward to my first issue of MEMORIES. I would like to thank you, also, for printing my letter in your 'editorial.' I'm enclosing a few items that you might want to use in your publications:

First is a short article I wrote a couple of years back, titled "Yesterdays' Heroes", which I originally wrote under my byline of FADING SHADOWS, for issue #8 of the DOC SAVAGE QUARTERLY. You may use this if you wish. No problem with copyright, as I retain all copyrights on any of my material and can have it printed anywhere, any time. Most of my writing has been for newspapers and magazines under the FADING SHADOWS columns. If possible, though, I would rather you use the words ECHOES for any column I write for the OTR. When I wrote this article I deliberately made several mistakes in order to get feed-back from nostalgia buffs; this way I made contact with several knowledgeable folks on old radio, etc. It worked! If you write a good article, then no one will notice. But if you include a mistake somewhere, you will get all kinds of response. And you find out who knows what about certain subjects. Anyway, there are only a couple of goofs, and I think the article will be alright as is. (The article I mentioned on Harold Sherman I am not sending this time around, as I do want to rewrite the piece with more of a slant on his radio program, "Your Key to Happiness". When this is done I will send it along, with a photo of Mr. Sherman, if you are interested.)

As promised, I have also been in contact with Rex E. Ward, and you have his full permission to run the enclosed two articles by him. First is "Two Gems From Quiet, Please", and the second is "The Voice on Sunday Afternoon". No problem (again) on copyright, except that you might mention the articles will (or has) appeared in ECHOES. Also, the poem in "The Voice on Sunday Afternoon"

was originally published in a book of poetry by Mr. Ward, and you should include the copyright date with the article (as it is in the original mss. I'm sending.) One other minor detail would be a complimentary copy of the I.P. for Mr. Ward when his material is printed. If you do not send complimentary copies, then I will be glad to buy that issue and send to him myself. No problem. I will not need a complimentary copy for any of my own material, as I receive the I.P. anyway. As for my printing schedule, I have the "Two Gems From Quiet, Please" scheduled for the June Issue of ECHOES. The second article is scheduled for August. But you may print either piece when you wish. You do not have to wait until I have ran the articles in ECHOES. Use them when you want.

By now you should have received the first 6 issue of ECHOES. I hope you enjoyed the material. I still hope I can get some 'old time radio' articles from your own members. Our publications can only benefit from fresh material from the fans; as with the letter from Mitchell Weisberg, in the latest issue of I.P., "Collector's opinions as what's going on in our hobby is of much more interest to me than xerox copies of old articles from old magazines." In a way I agree with him, though I do enjoy the reprints of old articles, etc., in the I.P. I like to see the xerox reprints, as well as new material.

Guess I'd better close for now. Again, thanks for the latest issue of the I.P. I am enjoying being a member of the OTR, and wish you long success with the club. Please write when you have time. Best,

Tom Johnson  
Rt. 1, Box 169

Knox City, Texas 79529

((Aside to Gene Bradford, Tom is our first new contributor to the I.P., so please forward his Tom Mix button to the above address)))

## ECHOES

### YESTERDAYS' HEROES

By: Tom Johnson

Remember when Radio was King? When every member of the family sat around their radio in the evenings, and thrilled to the sounds of their favorite programs? We could close our eyes and visualize, mentally, the actions of our heroes in their latest adventures, or laugh at the comic antics of Amos & Andy. There was no 'picture tube' in our radios, but this did not matter, for our imagination supplied the visual effects and Superman did not need ropes to aid him to fly, nor special

effects to make Lamont Cranston turn invisible and become The Shadow.

Remember when mother, while cleaning the house, would listen to Stella Dallas, Hill Top House, Just Plain Bill, or Our Gal Sunday? These were programs sponsored by soap companies, and gave rise to the present day 'Soap Operas'. As a kid we would rush home from school to listen to 'our' afternoon serials; like Jack Armstrong, the All-American Boy, or Captain Midnight. In the evenings we never missed such programs as Mr. Keane--the Tracer of Lost Persons, Gangbusters, Inner Sanctum, Sam Spade, Mr. District Attorney, and Yours' Truly--Johnny Dollar. On Saturday morning we listened to Let's Pretend, or Sergeant Preston and Yukon King, his wonder dog. There were hundreds of programs, for the old and young alike, and we often had to give up one to listen to another. But we had our favorites and would listen to them religiously.

Radio was real, and so were our heroes. On October 30th, 1938, the Columbia Broadcasting System aired The Mercury Theater, with Orson Welles' broadcast of "War of the Worlds". Within 30 minutes half the world was destroyed by Martians... and the radio! While outside, in the real world, panic gripped the nation as the people believed the world was at end. Church services were dismissed immediately, people knelt in prayer, there were suicides, monsters from Mars were seen everywhere, farms became armed camps, and the panic-stricken citizens of the city took up any weapon they could find, to defend their nation and families from the dread invasion from Mars. It was all too real! Though meant as a Halloween Special, it ended in tragedy, and has become known as the 'Panic Broadcast'.

We also had our paper heroes. Remember when novels cost a dime? In 1896 Publisher Frank Munsey (Argosy) began using pulpwood paper for his magazines. Pulpwood paper was cheap and reproduced easily, so Mr. Munsey was able to publish complete novels (or serials) along with several short stories, and sell his magazines for a mere ten cents each. Other publishers quickly got on the band-wagon and, using pulpwood paper, turned out stories of adventure, mystery, science fiction, westerns, romance, and heroes. The magazines were approximately 7 x 10 inches in size, and a quarter inch thick, displaying gawdy covers of bloody fights between our hero and gangdom, or sexy, half nude young damsels in distress. The 1930's and 1940's were the hey-day for the

pulp magazines; they were called the 'Bloody Pulps' by many, due to their gawdy covers, and many parents forbade their children to buy them. But our heroes were there, in the pages of the pulp magazines, and some how, some way, we picked up copies and read them in secret, or in the privacy of our bed-room at night.

Before James Bond, we had America's Secret Service Ace, Operator #5, which ran in the pulps from 1934 thru 1939. There was Secret Agent X, the spy with no name, no identity, which also ran from 1934 thru 1939. We had Doc Savage (1933-1949), the adventurer who travelled around the world fighting evil-doers and righting wrongs; The Phantom Detective (1934-1953), who was a master of disguise; The Spider (1933-1943), who believed in fighting fire with fire and challenged crookdom with blazing automatics; there was Captain Future (1940-1951), The Doc Savage of outer-space; over enemy skies of WW1, we had G-8 and his Battle Aces (1933-1944), who saved many a day for the allies; while closer to home the greatest of all the crime-fighters, The Shadow (yes, the same character from the radio), fought for humanity and decency. The longest running of the pulp heroes, The Shadow ran from 1931 thru 1949, and appeared in 325 novels. He was the same Lamont Cranston of the radio, though he didn't 'cloud the minds of men' and turn invisible. He wore black and blended into the shadows. He fought crimedom with a pair of .45 automatics, and a weird laugh which turned cold the blood of criminals. But, alas, time must go on, and the advent of television, and the popularity of comics put an end to the master of the darkness, and the rest of the pulp heroes.

Remember when, as a kid, we could go to the theater on Saturday morning for nine cents, and see a double feature? We had our heroes there, also; Roy Rogers, Gene Autry, The Durango Kid, Hopalong Cassidy, Tom Mix, and Hoot Gibson...all rode the plains and saved us from the out-laws. Or, if we were lucky, one of the features might be the Bowery Boys, or Bud Abbott & Lou Costello. Oh, there were others, too numerous to mention, but they each thrilled us youngsters every Saturday morning. In Seymour, Texas, during the early 1940's, when I was but a small lad, there were two theaters which vied for my dime, offering the heroes of a small kids' dream on the silver screen. We could travel to the Jungle with Tarzan, or fight the crooks of

New York with The Shadow...yes, he was in the movies too.

Saturday morning at the theater also offered us another form of entertainment. Remember those fantastic 15 minute serials, which ended on a 'cliff-hanger' with either the hero, or heroine about to be killed in some insidious trap? To be continued...until next week, next Saturday morning. And we were always back. We couldn't let our heroes down. We had to find out how they escaped from the death trap which had been conceived by some terrible evil-doer.

Do you remember any of them? There was the Phantom, Buck Rogers, Flash Gordon, Zorro, and Superman to name just a few. The serials were around from the beginning for movie-goers, but it was not until after sound had been added to the film that they became more popular. "The Ace of Scotland Yard" was billed as the 'first talking serial', in 1929, from Universal. Universal quickly followed this one up with "Tarzan the Tiger", also in 1929. Both serials contained 10 episodes, which means it lasted for ten weeks, an episode a week, approximately 15 minutes per episode. FrankMerrill was cast as Tarzan, and Jane was played by Natalie Kingston. The serials lasted until 1956, before their gradual decline in popularity brought an end to them. But they were fantastic! They brought us youngsters excitement, adventure, thrills, and back to the theater each Saturday morning. There was a Bat Man serial. Two Superman serials, which featured Kirk Alyn as the 'Man of Steel'. There was The Green Hornet, Rocket Man and, my favorite, The Shadow (yes, even in the serials), which featured Victor Jory, as the Master of Darkness.

Ah, what a thrill it was to be a kid during the 1940's. How exciting it is for me today, when I replay an old tape of a radio program featuring Orson Welles as The Shadow. Or take down a musty old pulp, yellowed with age, and again read about Secret Agent X, Operator #5, or The Shadow. What memories they fill this much older kid with now, as we enter the 1980's. But gone now are those wonderful days of Saturday morning serials, those fantastic radio programs, and those beautiful, gawdy covers of the pulp magazines. They remain now as only memories of long ago, except for the very few who, like myself, have preserved a collection of Bloody Pulp, or have been lucky enough to tape the radio programs of yesterday.

Today, as I turn on the radio, I hear disco music or a 'jive' disk-jockey talking about the latest Acid-Rock hit that's sweeping the nation. And movies like Grease, The Deer Hunter, and Carnel Knowledge are still showing at the theaters. What will the children of today remember tomorrow? Disco? Porno movies and the magazines? Or will they even remember these, as they pass from child to adult? But wait! Don't despair! The movie rights have just been sold to...you guessed it... The Shadow! Maybe in 20 years, during the year 2000, some young adults will be talking together, and one will say to the other: "Remember when they played disco music on the radio, and The Shadow was a T.V. series....?"

\*\*\*\*\*

**NEW SHOW!**

**CONTINENTAL CELEBRITY CLUB**

Host, **JOHN DALY**

Comedian, **JACKIE KELK**

**MARGARET WHITING**

with

**RAY BLOCH and BAND**

**TUNE IN WIBX 10:15**

*Every Saturday Night*

Presented by

**CONTINENTAL CAN COMPANY**

Members of METAL CONTAINERS • FIBRE DRUMS  
 PAPER CONTAINERS AND CUPS • PLASTIC PRODUCTS  
 • CROWN CAPS AND COOK PRODUCTS

115/46

# Tom Mix Straight

GRIT - APRIL 10, 1983

## Shooters Resurrected

By **CHUCK YORKS**  
Grit Staff Writer

Tom Mix, an American cowboy who was a model for the children of the United States during the heyday of Western films and radio serials, is still an important figure to his legion of fans and to the company which sponsored his highly popular radio show for many years.

This year marks the 50th anniversary of the radio show's appearance on the American scene, and the Ralston-Purina Company of St. Louis, Mo., has resurrected the Tom Mix Straight Shooters Club.

Old members there were more than 5 million of them between 1933 and 1950 can rejoin and new members are being welcomed.

Original club members were offered premiums which they could not refuse and were reminded to keep the ideals of Tom Mix—to be patriotic and sturdy body.

Keeping that feeling back to the club was on the 50th anniversary of the Tom Mix radio show is the job of Steve Kendall, of Ralston-Purina, sponsor of the radio show and

a big part of the Straight Shooters' regimen.

In looking through files in recent years, Kendall said he noted a lot of letters from people still interested in Tom Mix and the company's relationship with him and with the Straight Shooters Club.

"Fortunately," Kendall said, "there are people out there who make a hobby of collecting those items (Tom Mix premiums). People have been writing to us and calling in for years about Tom Mix (he died in a car crash in Arizona in 1946). We decided to listen to them."

As a result, Kendall and the company once again have become involved with Tom Mix memorabilia. Memberships in the Tom Mix Straight Shooters Club have been reopened and such premiums as decorative cowboy belts, comic books and record albums are again being offered.

Mix was also a star of 250 motion pictures, 240 of the silent variety. However, he never did appear on the radio program which was the basis for the Straight Shooters. His voice didn't sound as strong as folks wanted.

One of Tom Mix's radio voices was that of Joe "Curly" Bradley (1943-1950). Bradley, now 70 and living at Norwalk, Calif., began his association with the show playing Pecos Williams who was "just crazy about kids and couldn't stand to see them hurt."

The role of Mix was "a choice plum," Bradley remembers. "I was quite surprised when I got the part." He recalled that when the Pecos

Williams' fan mail began to outweigh the mail of Tom Mix, he was asked to become the voice of Mix.

"I walked around in a dream for about three days," Bradley recalled after landing the Mix role.

"The kids today are looking for heroes and they don't find many outside the athletic

world. At that time, I guess Tom was about the best known of any of the movie stars. I guess he just appealed to children. I know he did to me."

For more information, write to Tom Mix Straight Shooters Club, P.O. Box 15553, Belleville, Ill. 62224.



Straight Shooter Tom Mix

## Peter Potter Is Dead at 78

RANCHO MIRAGE, Calif. (UPI) — Peter Potter, a two-time Emmy Award winner and creator of the popular radio and television series "Flatter Parade" and "Jukebox Jury," died Sunday of a heart attack, a family spokesman said. He was 78.

Mr. Potter, whose real name was William Moore, had a career that spanned four decades and won him Best Entertainment Emmys in 1953 and 1955. He appeared on all three major radio and TV networks and his guests on the 1969 edition of "Jukebox Jury" included Ronald and Nancy Reagan.

The Buffalo News/

Monday, April 18, 1983

The Ralston Purina Company has formed what they call the "Ralston Straight Shooters Club", to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the Tom Mix/Ralston Purina connection. Membership is free, although you might want to enclose a 20¢ stamp (do not enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope as directed by one of the other OTR publications). I wrote to them and received a free membership card and patch. They indicate that only the first thousand people to write will get the patch, and I was number 906. They say that there will be newsletters and premium offers in the future. Enclosed with my material was an order blank for several "premium offers" which ranged from a Tom Mix photo for \$1.00 to a Tom Mix watch for \$19.33 (plus Hot Ralston box tops of course). Write to: Ralston Straight Shooter Club, P.O. Box 15553, Belleville, Illinois 62224.

THEN --



Horace Heidt became so popular on radio that during the late thirties he was heard on both the Red and the Blue networks of NBC.

Horace Heidt

The popular bandleader of the thirties and forties was born in Alameda, California, on May 21, 1901. For the first thirty years of his life nearly everything went wrong. His mother bought him a piano, but he hated to practice. While a student at the Culver Military Acad-

emy, he finally became interested in a musical career. He attempted to join the Culver Jazz Band but was rejected. (The late "Red" Nichols also auditioned, and made it..)

While at the University of California, he fractured his back during a football game and was told he could never again play that sport. While recuperating, Horace heard Guy Lombardo on the radio and decided to form a group of his own.

Horace Heidt and his Musical Knights played one-night stands at theatres and hotels up and down the West Coast. Between engagements Heidt worked in a real estate office and as a service station attendant. There were many "Knights" during those years, since the orchestra had to be disbanded over and over due to a lack of bookings. Finally, they got a national tour for the Fanchon Marco circuit of theatres.

By 1930 Heidt and his men had arrived at the legendary Palace Theatre in Manhattan. The emcee was Ken Murray, and although they were second to last on the bill, just playing the Palace was a big boost to Heidt's career. Next they went to Paris and the Riviera and rested on past laurels. When they returned the following year they had rehearsed so little that their second Palace engagement was a complete flop.

But Heidt hit his stride in radio. His first success in the medium came in 1932 with *Answers by the Dancers*, a show of dance music mixed with informal interviews from the Drake Hotel in Chicago. Two years later he came up with *Treasure Chest*, one of the first giveaway programs, in which couples from the audience who were celebrating their wedding anniversary competed for prizes. In 1935 he changed the format to include couples who were about to be married and brides and grooms fresh from the altar. The title was changed to *Anniversary Night with Horace Heidt*, and the show was so popular that the

National Broadcasting Company carried it on both Red and Blue Networks on Saturday nights. His Pot o' Gold show, which began in 1938, was the first to give away large amounts of money and was an overnight sensation. The Musical Knights supplied the music and there were big-name guests, but the real appeal was the long-distance call to someone somewhere in the United States who just might win the pot o' gold. The gimmick worked so well that movie theatre attendance dropped sharply and many theatre owners were forced to offer \$1000 to anyone whose home was called while he was at the movies. United Artists bought the title and made a feature with it in 1941, starring Paulette Goddard (widowed and living in Manhattan) and James Stewart. Everyone thought it would go on forever, but the Federal Communications Commission declared it to be in violation of its rules and eventually forced it off the air.

Heidt started many successful careers. A few who admit their association with Heidt boosted them professionally are Art Carney; Dick Contino (living in Las Vegas and married to Leigh Snowden); the King Sisters; Al Hirt; Frankie Carle; and Fred Lowery (the blind whistler) who is living in Johnsonville, Texas.

Heidt utilized his knack for discovery of talent on radio, television, and on the road in his Youth Opportunity Program. Boys and girls with no experience whatever were given a chance not only to perform before an audience, but to act as stage manager, publicist, or advance person. Many of the top people in the entertainment industry today acknowledge the training they got as part of the company that toured the nation from 1948 to 1953.

In 1953 Horace Heidt decided to devote all of his time to the real estate holdings he had been acquiring in Southern California during his lucrative years in show business. He is the resident landlord of a 170-unit apartment complex in Van Nuys. (Roberta Sherwood is

one of his tenants.) Adjacent to it is the former home of Oliver Hardy, which Heidt also owns. Horace Heidt Manor features several waterfalls, a large collection of exotic birds, and a recreation hall that houses memorabilia of his career. Some of the items on display are the original wheel that was spun every week on the Pot o' Gold program, a huge hand-carved ivory eagle, and the personal golf clubs of Hermann Goering.

Heidt is a widower. One of his sons is the president of the United Bank of California. Another is in the construction business. The youngest is studying law. His daughter owns and operates a gold mine.

## AND NOW



John Oker

At age eighty-one Horace Heidt says, "I never felt better in my life."

### Guide to Radio Programs for Sunday, Oct. 9, '55

	WHEC CBS 1460	WHAM NBC 1130	WSAY 1370	WRNY 488	WBBF CBS 750	WVET ABC 1290
8:30	News	Monitor	News: Organ	Morning Serenade	Sunday Services	Radio Bible Class
9:00	Worldly Prelude	N. W. Monitor	News: Favorites	Morning Serenade	Sunday Services	Radio Bible Class
9:30	Prize: Weather	Monitor	Monty Keever	Morning Serenade	Family Worship Pt.	Life: Life Hour
10:00	Central Church Bible in Action	Children's Worship	1955 Vignettes	Radio Chapel	Wings of Healing	Chorus: Prayer
10:30	Christian Program	Art of Living	News: Concert	Radio Chapel	Back to God Hour	Shower of Blessings
11:00	Education: Learning	Leinhardt Selects	Jewish Hour	Sunday Concert	Radio Bible Class	Match of Truth
11:30	Reading Question	Leinhardt Selects	Jewish Hour	Sunday Concert	Radio Bible Class	Match of Truth
12:00	Church of the Air	Lake Ave. Baptist	Jewish Hour	Italian Echoes	Gospel Tabernacle	Italian Music
12:30	Time to Worship	Lake Ave. Baptist	News: Italian Music	Italian Echoes	Gospel Tabernacle	Italian Music
1:00	Time to Worship	Lake Ave. Baptist	Italian Music	Italian Echoes	Gospel Tabernacle	Italian Music
1:30	World: Wash. Wk.	News: Torrey	Italian Music	Mid-Day Concert	News	Italian Music
2:00	World Affairs	Freedom Decision	Italian Music	Mid-Day Concert	Sunday Show	Italian Music
2:30	Salt Lake Choir	Freedom Decision	Italian Music	Mid-Day Concert	Sunday Show	Italian Music
3:00	New in Music	Citizen's in Action	Cordero's Melodies	Boston Post	Sunday Show	Herald of Truth
3:30	New in Music	Speakers of Health	News: Boston Post	Boston Post	Sunday Show	Herald of Truth
4:00	New in Music	Monitor	Ukrainian Melodies	Boston Post	Sunday Show	Pilgrimage
4:30	Symposium	Catholic Hour	News: Melodies	Sunday Show	Sunday Show	Musical Program
5:00	World Music Fest.	Monitor	News: Polish Music	News: Warsaw	Sunday Show	Wings of Healing
5:30	World Music Fest.	Monitor	Variety Review	Nelson Eddy	Sunday Show	Dr. Barnhouse
6:00	World Music Fest.	Monitor	Variety Review	Nelson Eddy	Sunday Show	Dr. Barnhouse
6:30	World Music Fest.	Monitor	Variety Review	Nelson Eddy	Sunday Show	Dr. Barnhouse
7:00	News: Silver, Gold	Monitor	Fed. of Churches	Portrait in Music	Public Prosecutor	Revel Hour
7:30	News: Silver, Gold	Monitor	News: Churches	Portrait in Music	Public Prosecutor	Revel Hour
8:00	News: Silver, Gold	Monitor	News: Bands	Portrait in Music	Public Prosecutor	Revel Hour
8:30	News: Silver, Gold	Monitor	News: Bands	Portrait in Music	Public Prosecutor	Revel Hour
9:00	News: Sunday Aff.	Your Radio Theater	Preview Parade	Park Pavilion	Waltz Bill Hickok	Church in the Home
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7:00	News: Sunday Aff.	Your Radio Theater	Preview Parade	Park Pavilion	Waltz Bill Hickok	Church in the Home
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12:30	News: Sunday Aff.	Your Radio Theater	Preview Parade	Park Pavilion	Waltz Bill Hickok	Church in the Home
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# Editor's DESK



Our club has ordered a copy of WYXIE Wonderland by Dick Osgood and is available from our reference library. This book is highly recommended. According to Hello Again, Jerry Reed is forming a new OTR club in the Binghamton, N.Y. area. Write to Jerry at 3709 River Rd. Endwell, N.Y. 13760. Also, John Barber plans to start a club in the NYC area. Write to John c/o OTI Services, 575 Madison Ave., NYC, N.Y. 10022. Don't forget The Lone Ranger Convention in Arcade, N.Y. on June 24-26, 1983. Write Fran Stricker, Jr., Box 832, Lansdale, Pa. 19446 for details. See you in Arcade.

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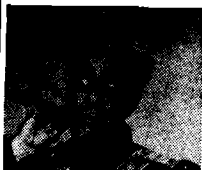


Alice Faye, Alice, Jr., 6, Phyllis, 4, and daddy Phil Harris are one of Hollywood's happiest families.

Ruffs & Television Desk—May 1980

**REFERENCE LIBRARY:** A reference library exists for members. Members should have received a library list of materials with their membership. Only two items can be borrowed at one time, for a one month period. Please use the proper designations for materials to be borrowed. When ordering books include \$2.00 to cover rental, postage, and packaging. Please include \$1.00 for other items. If you wish to contribute to the library the OTRC will copy materials and return the originals to you. See address on page 2.

**WGR**  
**BLUE**  
**NETWORK**  
**550 ON YOUR DIAL**

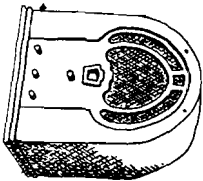


- Ed Wynn** ★  
**7:00 P. M.** America's master of comedy extends a cordial invitation to the WGR listeners to join the residents of "Happy Island" for a half hour of fun and music.
- Ralph Hubbell** ★  
**6:15 P. M.** Follow the changing fortunes of the nation's top baseball teams and gather pointers for the coming football season.
- Meet Your Navy** ★  
**8:30 P. M.** Hear the dramatization of one of the most fantastic tales to come out of World War II... the story of Ensign Donald Brandt.
- Gang Busters** ★  
**9:00 P. M.** Follow the spectacular jail break of a group of New England Play-boy bandits who terrorized the countryside.

# FIRST CLASS MAIL

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