
ILLUSTRATED PRESS

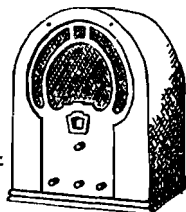
EST. 1975

No. 81 - June 1983

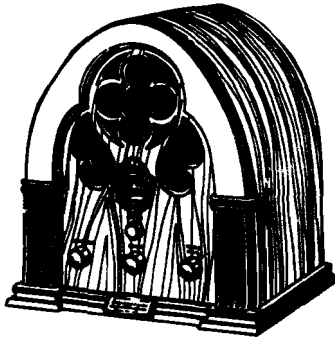


CONNIE HAINES and GROUCHO MARX

THE OLD TIME



RADIO CLUB



THE OLD TIME RADIO CLUB
MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION:

Club dues are \$15.00 per yr. from Jan. 1 through Dec. 31. Members receive a tape listing, library lists, a monthly newsletter (The Illustrated Press), a semi-annual magazine (Memories), and various special items. Additional family members living in the same household as a regular member may join the club for \$3.00 per year. These members have all the privileges of regular members but do not receive the publications. A junior membership is available to persons 15 years of age or younger who do not live in the household of a regular member. This membership is \$7.50 per year and includes all the benefits of a regular membership. Regular membership dues are as follows: if you join in Jan. dues are \$15.00 for the year; Feb., \$14.00; March \$13.00; April \$12.00; May \$11.00; June \$10.00; July \$9.00; Aug., \$8.00; Sept. \$7.00; Oct. \$6.00; Nov. \$5.00; and Dec. \$4.00. The numbers after your name on the address label are the month and year your renewal is due. Reminder notes will be sent. Your renewal should be sent in as soon as possible to avoid missing issues. Please be certain to notify us if you change your address.

OVERSEAS MEMBERSHIPS are now available. Annual dues are \$27.50. Publications will be air mailed.

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 Dunworth; 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:

Jerry Collins
 56 Christen Ct.
 Lancaster, N.Y. 14086
 (716) 683-6199

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

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 #83 - July 11
 #84 - August 8
 #85 - September 12

ADVERTISING RATES FOR MEMORIES

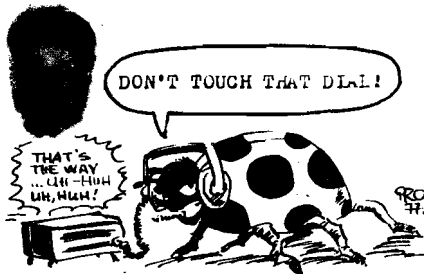
\$25.00 for a full page
 \$15.00 for a half page
 \$ 8.00 for a quarter page

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

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

PLEASE NOTE CHANGE IN NAME AND ADDRESS FOR THE TAPE LIBRARY AND CLUB DUES.

Cover Design by Eileen Curtin



JERRY COLLINS

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

In 1939 George W. Trendle and John H. King purchased WXYZ, a CBS affiliate in Detroit. When Trendle assembled a local group of acting talent and attempted to develop some creative local programming, CBS balked and at this point Trendle and King severed relations with the national network.

After suffering initial losses, Trendle began developing the idea of a single ranger who survived an ambush at the hands of the Cavendish Gang. After being saved by an Indian, the ranger would ride with this same Indian, fighting evil from one corner of the country to another.

Trendle then hired Fran Striker, a young writer from Buffalo, to transfer this lead into prose. Thus was the beginning of the legend of the Lone Ranger and Tonto. The story was heard on January 30, 1933.

The show was an immediate success. Silvercup Bread became its initial sponsor on November 27, 1933. Soon after the show was picked up by WGN Chicago and WOR New York. These 3 stations would form the backbone of the Mutual Network with WOR as its chief station and the LONE RANGER as its biggest attraction.

The Lone Ranger became the most respected champion of justice in the fictional West. He was tough and strong, but he never smoked, drank nor shot to kill. He subscribed to the highest ideals of American life and frequently referred to them on the air.

After early experiments with Jack Deeds and George Seaton, Trendle settled on Earle Graser as the Lone Ranger. John Todd also assumed the role of Tonto soon after the beginning of the show. Close to fifty members of the dramatic staff at WXYZ played on the show at different times. The most famous of these was the gruff voiced Paul Hughes.

In January, 1937, the Don Lee Network introduced the show to the West Coast. In 1939 Bond Bread

replaced Silvercup Bread as the show's sponsor. In 1941 General Foods became the sponsor of the show.

On April 8, 1941 disaster struck when Graser was killed in an automobile accident. Gradually Brace Beemer, the show's announcer, moved into the lead role. In May of the following year THE LONE RANGER moved to the Blue Network.

Directors and producers of the show included James Jewell, Charles Livingstone and Fred Flowerday. Felix Holt, Bob Green and Shelly Stark assisted Fran Striker who remained with the show as its chief writer.

The "William Tell Overture" by Rossini will always be remembered as the theme of the LONE RANGER. Next to Beemer, the most famous announcer on the show was Fred Foy.

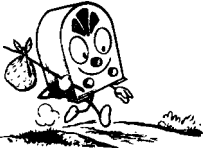
After more than twenty-two years on the air, THE LONG RANGER left the ABC Network on May 27, 1955.

Until Next Month, "Goodnight All.



TAPE LIBRARY RATES: 2400' reel-\$1.50 per month; 1800' reel-\$1.25 per month; 1200' reel-\$1.00 per month; cassette and records-\$.50 per month. Postage must be included with all orders and here are the rates: For the USA and APO-60¢ for one reel, 35¢ for each additional reel; 35¢ for each cassette and record. For Canada: \$1.30 for one reel, 85¢ for each additional reel; 60¢ for each cassette and record. All tapes to Canada are mailed first class.

Wireless Wanderings



JIM SNYDER

In April I made the pilgrimage to the citadel of the Old Time Radio Club, Buffalo. This was very close to impossible since the Canadian government, with the wisdom of all government bodies, apparently doesn't want people driving across Ontario from Michigan to Buffalo. At least the highway routes are anything but direct.

Since I was unable to visit on a regularly scheduled meeting date of the OTRC, that august body moved its meeting up a week to accommodate me. I spent Sunday afternoon and evening at the home of Chuck Seeley. I can certainly recommend this as the best eating place in Buffalo. That Mrs. Seeley is some cook. Kean Crowe apparently already knew this, as he was there to be fed also. Chuck proudly showed me his "inner sanctum" in the basement. He has about twenty book cases, loaded with books, but we could find only two on radio. He did have an extremely interesting art gallery however. He showed me how he was working on the Spring issue of Memories. I use the word "working" in a very loose sense, since there was nothing there but an article I had sent in. Of course, he didn't say Spring of what year. Chuck had a tape that I wanted, so while we were talking he made a copy for me. Now Chuck is the only person I know who can run a patch cord between two recorders, set the controls to have one copy the material from the other, and wind up with a tape of our conversation instead. It was a very pleasant afternoon and evening with old friends.

On Monday, while everyone else was earning a living, I tried to find "Ball's Falls." Couldn't find it. C'mon guys, you're "putting me on" about that place, aren't you? That evening, before the meeting, Chuck, Kean, and Bob Davis consented to have dinner with me. Bob gave me an interesting tape of an interview that he did with Carlton E. Morse. Chuck didn't know just how to get to the meeting from the restaurant, so we would up at Niagara Falls by mistake.

We finally got there, just in the nick of time. I didn't count, but I would guess there were more than twenty people packed into the room. I was indeed pleased to see old friends: the Richard Simpsons (our Canadian connection), the Oldays (ye old editor and his wife - she does all the work), and Jerry Collins (our prez). The rest of the crowd was introduced and I enjoyed meeting people that I have dealt with, or heard of, for years. After all this time one tends to get a mental picture of what these people look like. None of them look like they were supposed to. Apparently Bob Davis and Chuck Seeley had given some rather strange impressions of what I was like, as everyone seemed to expect me to come picking my nose and belching.

The meeting itself was very short and businesslike. I wish other organizations I belong to could get the business out of the way in such an efficient way. The most recent issue of the IP was passed out, so as to save as much on postage costs as possible. We were also able to wind up the trivia contest that we had started way back in January. Ken Piletic and Gene Gradford had already been mailed their prizes, and I was able to give Bruce Deas his prize at the meeting. However, we still had a tie going for first place between Joe O'Donnell and Bob Davis, and so they had each been sent a twenty-five question tie-breaker to bring to the meeting. There was some grumbling on their part. They didn't really see what the Banner Laundry Building and the "goat-gland-surgeon" had to do with radio, and they both thought Marconi was the inventor of the radio. Anyway, Joe came out ahead and I was relieved to have the contest over with.

Following the meeting there was a social hour (or two or three) with lots of eats. I enjoyed meeting and talking to these people in individually. They are a really great group and they know just how to make a stranger feel at home. I certainly recommended a visit for the rest of you "out-of-towners." Thanks, Buffalo, for making me feel so welcome, and for showing me such a fine time.

While I was at the meeting, Dick Olday told me that Gene Bradford was the editor of the Fall issue of Memories. Dick asked me to find out how Gene is coming along with the issue. Now while we are both from Michigan, the only time I ever see Gene is at the annual convention in Newark. Gene lives in St. Clair Shores, which is the ritzy portion of the Detroit area, and I can't get

past the guard gates. So, Gene, I will have to ask you here, how are you coming along with Memories?

Speaking of Gene, at the convention last Fall, he told several of us that he had heard that cross-talk could be removed from tapes by wrapping them in aluminum foil for a couple of weeks. He said that he had tried it and that it had worked. When I got home I got out the two tapes that had the worst cross-talk in my collection. I tried the foil for eight weeks and found absolutely no improvement of any kind in either tape. What am I doing wrong, Gene?

On another issue, one of the things that came out at the last convention was the fact that Chuck Seeley is considering reissuing his long out-of-print booklet, "The Old Time Radio Collector's Handbook." At the same time he indicated he might publish his extremely detailed and researched "Lux Radio Theater Log" that the club issued a number of years ago. This particular log was a masterpiece in that it not only listed the show and stars each week but it also gave detailed information on the movie or other source for the script. For those of you who have not been in the hobby long enough to remember either of these publications, they would be super additions to your library. Unfortunately, Chuck seems to have pushed these two projects back out of the way. Maybe he needs a little encouragement. A few gentle nudges toward the printer might get him moving.

517 North Hamilton St.
Saginaw, Michigan 48602

Letters



Dear Richard: I saw my letter I sent to Jim Snyder in the April I.P. I'd like to say that I finally did receive my reels from Vintage Broadcasts the first week in March--after over 4 months of waiting.

I thought it would be only fair to let the IP readers know that I did get my tapes. A.W.Blatt did apologize and blamed UPS for losing the tapes initially--etc.

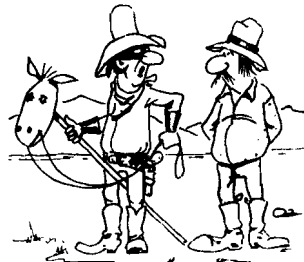
Anyway, thought everyone should know the whole story. Thanks.
Mitchell Weisberg (P.S. The sound

quality of the tapes was very good-- and I did get a free bonus reel.

Richard Simpson, of Fenwick, Ontario, sent me a copy of a new book, SIGNING ON: THE BIRTH OF RADIO IN CANADA by Bill McNeill and Morris Wolfe. Since most of us have not really had a chance to listen to Canadian radio over the years, it might appear that this book would be of little interest. That is definitely not the case. While it is the story of Canadian radio, it is also the story of the development of radio itself, through a series of over a hundred first person accounts by those who started stations and networks. Many of the shows and personalities discussed are those that we are familiar with. The anecdotes, cartoons, and ads of the day, make this most interesting reading. There are many photographs, but rather than just a star standing at the microphone looking at the camera, these are action pictures. The stories are interesting even when you don't the people involved. A highly recommended book of 303 pages, 8 1/2 by 11 in size. Published by Doubleday in 1982, it costs \$19.95 in Canadian funds (I assume that would be a couple dollars less in U.S. currency) for "soft cover" (I think that is what they now call paper backs).

On another subject, in my column on dealers last February, I discussed Lawrence Rao's operation. I have now received a "preview copy" of his new catalog. It is 108 pages long and lists 557 reels. This catalog is notable for its approach, with interesting information on each page beyond the listing of shows. Copies of the catalog are \$4.50 and may be obtained from Lawrence Rao, 1213 East 88 Street, Brooklyn, New York 11236.

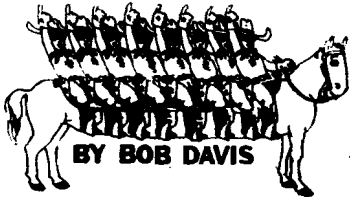
Jim Snyder



"When you use silver bullets you can't afford a horse."

SAY!

WAS THAT MASKED MAN?



It seems that my efforts of late, are falling into the "Close.. but not close enough!" catagory.

I'm talking about Jim "Killer" Snyder's latest contest. Now Jim is a nice enough guy (yawn) but has this awful tendency to come up with the most miserable quizzes possible. I used to think that my quizzes were bad but they weren't even in the same class as Jim's. How many freckles did Arthur Godfrey have on his nose? That's the kind of tough question he would ask, and we poor souls would be expected to know the answer!!! No, Jim didn't really ask THAT question, but look, for it in his next quiz.

Anyway, ol' humble Bob, in his fumbling, bumbling way, decided to give it a try and sonofagun if I didn't get them all right. Terrific! Now I get a letter in the mail saying that I wasn't the only one with all the right answers! There would have to be a tie-breaker! Give-me-a-breaker! Along with the letter was the tie-breaker.

Jim admitted right on the quiz that this one was "rotten". He gave the first name of a minor character on a radio series and wanted us to match the city associated with that first name! He did not give the name of the series! Someday Jim, you'll get yours!

Well, we were able to fake our way through that one and a short while later were told that, while having missed a few, I was in first place again BUT wasn't there alone. Piletic had bit the dust, Bradford had done likewise, so had a few others. My problem now was a guy named Joe O'Donnell. Joe and I were tied for first place, so guess what? Yep! Another tie-breaker. In fact, the tie-breaker to end all tie-breakers! This one was impossible and Jim had reached deep into his bag of surprises and come up with trick questions to make it even worse!

This one I don't even want to talk about. Of the twenty-five questions on the page I had not one answer! Not one lousy answer! Like the Kingfish used to say, I was "resgusted". Out came the research material. By God, at least I'd get some of the answers!

It was now the day of our meeting. Jim had come into town to visit a meeting and the entry was due then. I'd found about fifteen of the answers but those ten blank spaces on the paper looked terrible. O.K., it was guess time. With scientific logic and rule of thumb to help me, I filled in the blanks with answers that should have been right.

At the meeting I turned in my entry and watched as Jim went over it, checking off the incorrect answers. A worried look came over Jim's face as he went down the list. I found out later that he was afraid that Joe and I were going to tie again.

Finally he made the announcement ---Joe had beaten me out by one point. ONE POINT!!! I immediately demanded a recount but it did no good. Joe O'Donnell had come in first, I was second (sob), and Bruce Deas was third. I tried to think of some legal loophole but nobody would buy it. I'd blown it...again!

To Joe all I can say is congratulations (Grrrrr). To Jim, all kidding aside,...it was fun and we all hope that you put together another one in the not to distant future.

Open note to Chuck Seeley.... Where the heck is MEMORIES?

See ya next time.
(P.S. from Chuck Seeley -- Get off my back, Davis, you loser...)'

THE NUMISMATIST
APRIL 1983

The Maryland Amusement Token Collectors Association (C-116178) has issued a token honoring "Old Tyme Radio." Collectors who would like to acquire a pair of tokens should send 25¢ and a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Maryland Amusement Token Collectors Association, P.O. Box 1, Baltimore, MD 21228.

LIBRARY

The reels and cassettes listed below have been donated to the Old Time Radio Club.

Cassettes donated by Jackie Thompson in honor of the 50th Anniversary of The Lone Ranger.

C-129: The Lone Ranger-Ferry & The Trading Post
Bells of Santa Mission

C-130: The Lone Ranger-25 Anniversary
Bluefield Prison Break
Red River Gang

C-132: The Lone Ranger-The Gunpowder
9/17/54
Freightline Scheme 9/20/54
The One Peso Bill 9/22/54

C-133: The Lone Ranger-A Church for
Palemos 9/13/54
Paydirt in Outlaws 9/15/54

C-134: The Lone Ranger-The Thunderbird
Emblem
The Young Prospector 9/27/54
A Land to be Saved 9/29/54

Reels donated by Jim Snyder
(all 1800')

R-145: The Sounds of War
Munich, Poland in Misery, The War Begins, The Phoney War, France in Torment, The Fall of France Part I.

The Fall of France Part II, Climb Mt. Nitaka, The Day They Attached Pearl Harbor, The Battle of Britain, Phillipine Islands, D-Day.

R-146: Freedom USA
Louisiana Purchase, Information Leak, Memorial, Senate Trip, Cloud Seeding, Foreign Relations.

Pentagon Runaround, New Plane, Westpoint Appointment, Soldier Accused of Treason, Home Steading Act, Migrating Workers Bill.

R-147: Alien World - stereo -
The Starsmith Project, The Night Riders of Kalamazoo, Resurrectionists of Letha

R-148: John Steele Adventurer
The Loney One, Long Shot, Trails End, Shadow on the Snow, Dead Ringer, Come Back.

The Darkened Ring, The Circle Road, The First Stone, The Sixth Bullet, One Way Street
Mar hall of Morgan County.

R-149: Chandu The Magician
Black Steps, Village of Thieves, Man With Photo Memory, Brotherhood of Blood Oath, Spell of Demetri, Framed for Smuggling.

Temple of Karnac, Temple Under

EXPAAANDS

The Sun, House of Fear, Voice of Darkness, Ominous Deadly Sahara, Fog of Forgotten Valley.

R-150: The Whistler
Beyond Reasonable Doubt, Dark Future, Whispered Verdict, Bridge on Black Mountain, Death of the Emperor, Sleep My Pretty One.

The Girl Next Door, Curtin Call, The Eleventh Hour, Career Man, Man of Distinction, Case for Mrs. Carrington

R-151: Night Fall Stereo #1
Gerald, Special Service, Teddy, The Thinking Room, Club of Dead Men, In the Eye of the Beholder.

R-152: Night Fall Stereo #2
The Monkeys Paw, Wildcats', A Shortwave Goodbye, The Tell-tale Heart, The Body Snatchers, Where Does the News Come From.

R-153: Night Fall Stereo #3
All Nighter, Carmilla, Late Special, Childs Play, The Fatal Eggs, The Stone Ship.

R-154: Night Fall Stereo #4
The Debt, From My Appointed Place Below, The Old Post Road, Harris and the Mare, The Willoughby Obsession, Deadly Developments.

As Club tape librarian, I would like to thank Jim for the reels donated and Jackie for the cassettes donated. Thank and good listening.
Frank Bork

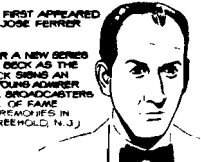
RETURN WITH US * TO * ... * by Bill O'Day

PHILO VANCE

SAVING HIS DETECTIVE HERO FIRST APPEARED ON THE AIRWAVES IN 1945 WITH JOE FERRER IN THE TITLE ROLE...



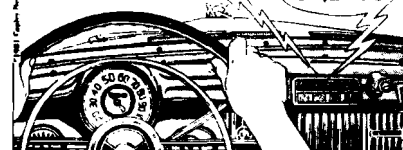
THREE YEARS LATER A NEW SERIES FEATURED JACKSON BEEK AS THE SUPER-SLEUTH. BEEK OWNS AN AUTOGRAPH FOR A YOUNG ADMIRER AT THE 877 NATIONAL BROADCASTERS HALL OF FAME CEREMONIES IN FREEHOLD, N.J.



ACCORDING TO JOHN DUNN'S BOOK TIME IN YESTERDAY, THE FIRST PHIL VANCE RADIO SERES WITH JOE FERRER WAS A SUMMERTIME REPLACEMENT FOR THE BOB BURNS SHOW. THE ACE DETECTIVE AND THE COUSIN WERE BOTH SPONSORED BY LIFEBOY SOAP.

YA CAN'T PROVE NOTHIN' VANCE

WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT AFTER DISTRICT ATTORNEY MARVIN HAS ASKED YOU A FEW QUESTIONS





Quiz Kid Ruthie Duskin (far right) points the finger at guest quizmaster Eddie Cantor. The other Quiz Kids, left to right, Joel Jupperman, Gerard Darrow, Harve Bennett Fischman, Richard Williams.

PICNIC TIME

Once again the Simpsons have arranged for our summer picnic at Balls Falls, Canada. The date will be Sunday, July 24, 1983 @ 1:30 p.m. Bring your lives, girl friends, kids or whatever and enjoy a great day in Canada... located north of Prudhommes (exit Q.E.W. on East side of Prudhommes and head North approximately 10 minutes) Bring refreshments for your group.

CELEBRITY AT SEVEN

by Ruth Duskin Feldman

A little more than three decades ago, when I turned sixteen, I graduated from both high school and the Quiz Kids program. While most other June graduates were donning cap and gown for the first time, those trappings were familiar to me. I had worn them regularly for almost nine years on network broadcasts. I was then the top female Quiz Kid, with 146 radio and 11 television appearances. ----

November 19, 1941. It was starting to rain as I ran home from school. Housewives hurried from the butcher shop with chickens wrapped in brown paper and patiently singed off the feathers over match-lit gas burners.

No one was thinking of dinner in the Duskin household. In just a few hours, I was to become a Quiz Kid.

Punctuality was not one of my mother's virtues. By the time she had us all ready, it was getting late. In those post-Depression days, we--like four out of five Americans--had no car. The elevated train was a long walk from our west side Chicago flat, and we would have to transfer. My father decided to splurge and hail a taxi.

But on that rainy evening, there were none to be had. In a panic, my dad prevailed upon our landlord's son to drive us downtown. The studio audience already had assembled when we finally arrived, shortly before air time.

Two and a half weeks later, the skies rained Japanese bombs. Three days before Pearl Harbor, the first issue of the new Chicago Sun carried a long feature about me, the youngest Quiz Kid and the first little girl. I had been on the program three times and was on my way to becoming a regular. Both the country and I were launched on irreversibly transforming courses.

Of the thousands of Chicago area schoolchildren who paraded through the weekly Quiz Kids auditions, one in twenty was chosen, and most of those lasted only once or twice. Those with the most staying power had a fund of general information plus a specific interest or talent. The classic case was Richard Williams, who could acquit himself well in almost any subject and could work complex math problems in his head -- a feat little Joel Kupperman repeated. Harve Bennett (Fischman) knew oddities about American Presidents, like the fact that William Howard Taft weighed 332 pounds and got stuck in the White House bathtub.

Joan Bishop and Lonny Lunde had perfect pitch; they could identify musical notes or sing them on demand. Claude Brenner knew airplanes. Gerard Darrow knew everything and anything about birds. My specialties were literature and chemistry, the latter interest picked up from my father, a high school chemistry teacher.

At seven, outnumbered four to one by older boys, I "Defended the academic reputation of womanhood," as the radio columnist Don Foster put it, when I identified the final opera in Wagner's Ring cycle as The Dusk of the Gods. Twelve-year-old Richard Banister tried to correct me: "It's Gott-damm...Gott-damm..." as the producers shuddered in consternation, I shot back, "He means the German name, Gotterdammerung, but in English it's what I said."

In a Bible quizdown with five University of Chicago professors who could name only four of Jacob's twelve sons, I supplied the other eight. To the amazement of Scriptural scholars, I discovered an obscure discrepancy in two list of the sons of Saul.

Such "phenomenal" feats were typical among the Quiz Kids' inner circle. Immersed in books, I could remember just about everything I read -- something I wish I still could do.

I soon found myself the lone female in the usual traveling brigade: Richard, Harve, Joel and me. We toured coast-to-coast, raising \$118 million for the war effort.

As we traveled, youngsters far from Chicago got the chance to join our panel as Quiz-Kid-for-a-day. The lucky child would be chosen in a citywide contest; in Los Angeles, 25,000 contended, and the finals were held in the Hollywood Bowl.

On tour, I sat in Queen Elizabeth's chair and Chico Marx's lap. I met Maurice Evans backstage and Henry Ford at his Willow Run plant. On my tenth birthday, Louisiana Governor Jimmie Davis (composer of "You Are My Sunshine") and 15,000 fans sang "Happy Birthday" to me.

Undoubtedly I was not the most brilliant girl who ever tried out for the program. What I had were tenacity and a show-stealing candor. In the British Columbia government house, when our guide pointed out the King's suite at one end and the Queen's at the other, I asked loudly, "Why don't the King and Queen sleep together?"

At thirteen, I became emcee of the Chicago Sun-Times' radio "Quizdown." Each Saturday morning I fed brainteasers to teams of school-children not much younger than I.

That year my first book Chemi the Magician, came out. Max Siegel's book store and Carson's State Street emporium threw autograph parties.

To the kids at school and down the block, I was an oddity, a target for teasing and "can-I-touch-you?" awe. When I went out to play, bullies would chase me, trying to snap my picture. In a culture that prized conformity, I stuck out.

When, at ten, I won a scholarship to the University of Chicago Laboratory School, I stopped going on Quiz Kids tours, wanting desperately to fit in with my new seventh grade classmates. But having skipped, I was two years younger and a foot shorter than everyone, and a Quiz Kid to boot. I was greeted with autograph books. If I signed, I was "stuck-up"; if not, "standoffish." If I answered questions in class, I was a "showoff."

When I took off my cap and gown at sixteen, I put away both the glamor and burden of stardom. Barely turning nineteen, I married and relaxed into the anonymity of a new name. I was no longer little Ruthie Duskin but grown-up Ruth Feldman, and proud of it.

The Quiz Kids business lay shoved out of sight like the shopping bag in my closet, full of crumbling clippings, fan mail, glossy photos and other relics. With three children to raise, volunteer work, and eventually a writing, teaching, and photography career, I had more important things to do than to go through that old stuff.

My elder daughter recalls that "Quiz Kids" was virtually a taboo topic in our home. Afraid the children might feel overshadowed, I kept them in the dark. "Every once in a while," says my son, "some bit of information would slip out that would astound me -- that you'd sung with Bing Crosby, met Judy Garland, traveled all over, been famous, signed autographs. All those stories seemed incoherent in terms of the person you presented yourself as."

When someone would ask what it had been like, being a Quiz Kid, I would shrug, "That was a long time ago." Almost invariably the next questions would be, "Whatever happened to Joel Kupperman (or one of the others)?" After thirty years, I decided to seek out the old bunch and see what directions their lives had taken.

Over a little more than a year, I interviewed about a dozen, as well as their parents, siblings, and acquaintances, and sent questionnaires to as many others as I could locate, receiving about seventy replies.

In part, my urge (and ultimately my satisfaction) was to confront my own Quiz Kid identity, to integrate the separate strands of my past.

The result was my book, "Whatever Happened to the Quiz Kids?" Since writing it, I've had a reprise of the attention I got as "little Ruthie." My book has catapulted me into the pages of People magazine, The New York Times, and the cover of the Chicago Sun-Times Living section. I've been on the Today Show, Donahue, and dozens of others.

How does it feel? Like *deja vu*. I know how fleeting fame can be. My decision to uncork my past was fraught with trepidation. While I secretly hankered after my childhood glory, I didn't want to get stuck as "little Ruthie" again.

Celebrities, as I learned from my childhood exposure, are ordinary mortals; Eddie Cantor blew up at his staff just as my father did at me. Yet our egalitarian society both deifies and devours its standouts. Ogling and envy are often the price of fame.

My qualms about coming out of the closet have proven largely unfounded. Most of my friends and neighbors treat me like the same person with whom they've shared a tennis game, a cup of tea, or a confidence.

Andy Warhol has said that someday soon we'll each have our five minutes on television. I must confess that I'm enjoying mine. Despite some initial rustiness, I find that, like typing, you never quite forget how to do it. And this time I consciously invited fame rather than having it thrust upon me.

That makes a difference.

Adapted from Whatever Happened to the Quiz Kids? - Perils and Profits of Growing Up Gifted (Chicago Review Press, \$12.95 ISBN 0-914091-17-4 213 W. Institute Pl. Chicago, IL 60610 Add \$1.50 for shipping) copyright 1982 Ruth Duskin Feldman, and from the Chicago Sun-Times.

Special thanks to Ruth Duskin Feldman and the Milwaukee Area Radio Enthusiasts (4442 N. 77th St., Milwaukee WI. 53218) for the above article.



NICK CARTER

in

gold & guns

Oct. 1933

COPYRIGHT:
STREET & SMITH

CHAPTER IX IN THE ATTIC

Nick prowled on through the hall. He was sure now that he was in the right house. All that remained was for him to locate the room in which Iris Gravesend was concealed.

He went down the hall carefully, his feet making no noise, his nose sniffing at the doors, his ears alert for the very slightest sound. Twice Nick Carter dropped to the floor, suspended all motion, almost stopped breathing, as he heard boards creak in the stairs that led down to the room in which Salami Mulligan and his gang were talking.

But both times the noises were false alarms. The stairs in the old house were merely creaking by themselves. There was nobody on them.

Nick prowled the whole floor without finding anything. Then he found a flight of stairs leading up.

He started up these, going very softly on his hands and knees. It was pitch dark there in the house. It was hard for Nick Carter to find his way. He did not dare use his flashlight.

Then, suddenly, a phrase overheard in the conversation that rumbled up the stairs brought Nick Carter to a halt. He climbed down the flight of stairs he had been ascending, went along the hall to the top of the stairs leading down to the ground floor.

It was Salami Mulligan talking.

"The guy that thought of snatching the dame certainly got us into trouble," he said.

Nick Carter held his breath in amazement.

Another voice spoke, whining. "Well, you wanted the dough, didn't you, Salami? That was the only way I could think of."

A third voice added itself to the conversation.

"I'm for turning the girl loose. I ain't never been a snatcher yet, and I don't want to start now. Any-way, snatchin' gets you almost as much as murder in this State."

Nick Carter chuckled silently. The gangsters were beginning to argue among themselves. They should be easy for him. But the removal of this gang would not give Nick Carter any clew to where the Gravesend gold had disappeared. It would merely remove one of the obstacles

from the detective's way of getting the money.

Nick turned, went back down the hall again, and then up the stairs. Halfway up his head bumped into something.

He found that the stairs were blocked. There was a door across them. Nick Carter's fingers explored the door. Besides the usual keyhole, which he could manage easily with his master keys, there was a new tumbler lock put on, the kind that opens with a flat key.

Nick felt around on the floor, found shavings there. The lock had been put on that afternoon. That could mean only one thing--that the girl was hidden in the attic, and that the gangsters had put this new lock on to guard her.

Nick pulled out his passe-keys and his little bottle of oil that was always with him. It had served him in good stead in the past--it might open this door now.

The fourth key that he tried opened the lock that had been originally on the door, but none of the detective's keys would manage the new lock, the one that the gangsters had just put on.

Out of his pocket Nick took a thin, flexible knife, which he opened. He started working on the door with this. It would not slide the latch back.

Nick opened another blade on the knife. It was of heavier construction, sharper. With this he started carving at the door.

He worked furiously, finally got the knife through the door, through the soft pine wood. But the lock would not come out.

Nick sawed away. Ten minutes later, he was drenched in sweat from his exertions, and the lock was loose.

Softly Nick Carter moved the door open, went on up the stairs. There was another door at the top of the flight, but it was not locked. Nick pulled it open, and light hit his eyes--light from a single bulb swung from the attic ceiling by a black cord.

Then he saw Iris Gravesend. He had to laugh at the way the gangsters had secured her. Around one of the girl's ankles had been placed a thick bandage of cotton. Over this was clasped a handcuff. Evidently the gangsters had not wanted to make the girl uncomfortable, so they had bandaged her leg

before putting the handcuff on, so that the metal would not rub her skin.

The other end of the handcuff was securely fastened to a heavy chain. This in turn ran to a pillar holding the roof up. It was fastened to the pillar with a padlock.

Iris Gravesend was free to move around the attic. She was not bound in any other way, and there was no bandage over her mouth. Evidently the crooks knew their locality, knew that there was no one around to hear the girl, even if she screamed.

She regarded Nick Carter with wide eyes. Nick grinned at her.

"I heard you coming," she said, whispering, "so I didn't want to scream. I knew from the way you were cutting at that door that you couldn't be one of the gang."

Nick Carter motioned to her for silence. He dropped on his knees next to the girl, started to examine the handcuff that held her ankle.

First he removed the bandages carefully, poking them out. Now the handcuff was loose. There was a good inch between it and the girl's ankle.

Nick pulled a file out of his pocket. There was plenty of room for this to work between the girl's leg and the steel of the handcuff. He started filing there, knowing that the inside of a handcuff is made of softer steel than the outside.

The file refused to catch on the chromium-plated surface of the cuff.

Nick Carter gave it up.

"Have you got a hairpin?" he asked the girl, grinning a little as he whispered the words.

She nodded, felt around in her hair, handed him a hairpin. This he straightened out. Still squatting on the floor, he inserted one end of the hairpin into a hole in the handcuff made for oiling the instrument.

He worked around with this for perhaps five minutes. Then, suddenly, there was a click. Nick pulled on the handcuff, and it loosened up another notch.

"Take off your shoe," he whispered to the girl.

She did so.

Carefully Nick Carter worked the handcuff, until it was across the girl's instep. Then one pull, and it was off.

He went to the single window. It was only two or three feet high, hardly tall enough for a man to crawl through. But below it the slanting roof up which Nick Carter had crawled earlier was only seven feet down.

It was an easy drop for Nick, and once on the roof, he would be able to put his arms up and catch

the girl when she jumped to him. The whole thing seemed very easy to Nick Carter--one of the easiest rescues he had ever effected.

He slid the window open, tried to push his shoulders through. But there was not enough room. He took out his thin knife again, started unscrewing the frame that held the window in place. He would have to take out the sash before he could make it, would have to have the benefit of both the upper and lower halves of the window.

He had three screws out, was nearly ready to pull the window out altogether, when there was a step on the landing outside. Nick turned, but not in time. Salami Mulligan stood there, leveling a gun at Nick Carter.

Slowly the detective's hands came up in the air.

"Keep 'em up, shamus!" Mulligan snapped.

Nick nodded. His hand, up in the air, held the knife with which he had been unscrewing the window frame.

Behind Mulligan crowded the other two gangsters. All three men entered the room. There was cold menace in their eyes. Perhaps they had been intending to release the girl, before Nick Carter arrived. Now there was no doubting their intentions. They were going to hold both Nick and Iris for hostages.

Nick's hand, up in the air, made the tiniest of gestures. The knife flew out of the hand, went across the room, as straight as an arrow. But the knife was not aimed at the chest of Salami Mulligan, it was not destined for either of the two gangsters who crowded behind their leader. Instead, it flew right at the electric-light bulb--the single bulb that lit the room.

It hit it, sharply, before Salami Mulligan and his men knew what was happening. They had hardly seen the little knife travel through the air, had hardly seen Nick Carter's hand move, before the room was plunged into darkness.

Instantly Nick Carter had dived at Iris Gravesend, had thrown an arm around her, pulled her to the floor, in case the gangsters fired.

Nick looked up. The window was covered on the outside by a tree. No light shone through it.

The detective took a big chance. He pulled one of the guns out of his shoulder holster. Holding it by the barrel, he leaped up into the air, crashed the butt end of the revolver into the windowpane, once, twice. The glass fell outside the house, tinkling. It made a good deal of noise.

Nick, still standing near the window, fired three shots through it. Then he leaped back, grabbed the girl again, and started to work around the edge of the room, toward the door.

His ruse worked. Salami Mulligan and his two men dashed straight across the room at the window. As they did so, Nick Carter and Iris passed them in the dark.

Under this protecting arm, Nick could feel the girl's body. She was holding her breath. She was scared stiff, but was making no noise, helping Nick as much as possible.

He swung his other arm out, still holding a gun, and got it under her knees. He picked the girl up, as lightly as he would have a baby.

He was at the door now. He started down the stairs, out of the attic. His head hit into the middle door on the stairs. He had forgotten about that. The gangsters had pulled it shut when they came up after Nick.

His hand had to drop his gun in order to get the door open. Then he was through.

He took the rest of the stairs in one leap, ran down the hall, still carrying the girl. Nick had had to abandon one gun. But he had two left.

He made the ground floor before the gangsters were hardly out of the attic. Nick ran out of the house.

Ahead of them stretched a long, straight street, with no lights. Then, beyond that, was the open country.

Nick Carter set Iris on her feet. Grabbing one of her hands, he ran as fast as he could down the street.

They turned a corner, just as the gangsters piled out of the house, ran for their car. Nick saw them out of the corner of his eye.

He pushed Iris into the deserted area-way of a house, then dive in after her.

Nick stripped off his coat, threw it back, square into the middle of the street which they had just left. Around the corner the crooks' car roared, getting up speed quickly.

It came tearing down the block rounded the corner on two wheels, came diving toward, bucketing toward the place in which Iris and Nick were hiding. The crooks started to pass them in their automobile.

Then some one saw Nick's coat lying in the street. That was sufficiently curious to arouse the crooks' suspicions. In the dull light it might have looked like a body. At any rate, the gangsters pulled up their car.

Salami Mulligan and another man got out to look at the coat. As they did so, Nick turned to Iris.

"Have you got any money?" he asked the girl, his voice still low. She shook her head. Evidently if she had had, the gangsters had taken it away from her.

Nick reached into a pocket, took out his wallet. Out of this he peeled some bills.

"Get home as best you can," he told the girl, and thrust the money into her hand. In the darkness of the street, Nick Carter crept out of the areaway.

He prowled along the wall. Behind him was the girl. Nick was now in a position where he could shoot the gangsters if they discovered the girl's hideout and started toward her. But Nick didn't think they would.

Salami Mulligan picked up Nick's coat. He and his henchmen started to climb back in the car. Evidently they were mystified, but they were going on.

Nick darted across the street. He was directly behind the gangsters' phaeton now. His hand pulled out of his pocket the little rat-tail file which he had used to work on Iris' handcuffs. It had a sharp point on the end of its heavy handle.

Nick plunged this into the gangsters' gas tank. Then he withdrew it immediately, and a smell of gas hit his nostrils.

The car was starting. Nick put his hands on the tire rack, his toe on the bottom of the spare tire. As the car started, the jerk threw Nick Carter upward.

He landed on the automobile roof, flung his two arms wide to hold both edges. He would ride with the gangsters, see what they did. He wanted to know where they had gotten their information about the Gravesend gold hoard.

**** CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE ****

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

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.



The writer at home in later years in the studio where many of the Lone Ranger scripts were created

THE LONE RANGER RIDES AGAIN ON WEBR

Live Broadcast to Recreate the First Script

In 1933, America's laconic western hero, THE LONE RANGER, made his national debut on Detroit radio station WXYZ. That was 50 years ago, and since then the masked man has gone on to make an indelible mark on the consciousness of the country through radio, TV and the movies.

For several years prior to his national debut in Detroit, THE LONE RANGER appeared in various forms on WEBR (which remained a commercial frequency until 1976 and its purchase by the Western New York Public Broadcasting Association).

The creator and only writer of THE LONE RANGER, Fran Striker, worked as a radio dramatist and a studio director at WEBR at the time he was contacted by WXYZ and asked to "... come up with a western." He stayed at the Buffalo station for another two years writ-

ing the programs and rushing the scripts to Detroit for airing. As the character he created and wrote about gained popularity, he decided to move



to the Detroit area, but not before buying a farm in Western New York State that would become the family summer home.

WEBR has been contacted by the writer's son, Fran Striker, Jr., and asked to re-create the very script that his father first submitted to WXYZ as THE LONE RANGER. This, in celebration of the 50th year of the character, is tentatively scheduled to air live on WEBR Saturday, June 25, at 6 p.m. as part of a three-day festival to be held at "Fiction Farm," the Striker family's home in Arcade, N.Y. during the years he wrote THE LONE RANGER.

The drama will be performed before an audience of several hundred Old Time Radio Club members, and will be heard live on its original radio home.



Fran Striker (r.) joins colleagues in an early 1930s' broadcast on WEBR.

The broadcast will take place in the very room which served as Striker's den, and where he wrote all the early episodes. (See photo this page.) At that time the room will be officially designated as a museum of LONE RANGER artifacts.

The performance and broadcast of this original radio script will be produced and directed by the current WEBR program director, Al Wallack, and the cast of characters will be portrayed by broadcasters drawn from Buffalo and New York City.

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.



Perry Como and Jo Stafford, popular singers of third place Supper Club.

Editor's DESK



GOOD NEWS!! Our membership is running approximately 50% ahead of last year at this time. We expect our membership to be at an all time high by July of year. What this means for you is: expansion of our libraries, a special double sized I.P. later this year, and next year, a "special" #100 issue of the I.P. and...well I'm not going to tell everything at this time, but stick around for the "BEST" is yet to come.

Please notice our new address for club dues listed on page 2. Also we now offer overseas memberships for \$27.50. Arlene and I hope to see many of you this summer at the Lone Ranger Convention and at the club picnic at Balls Falls in July.



★ TALENT SCOUTS



Bea Wain & Andre Baruch



SHE was born and raised in New York City. He was born in Paris, came to the U. S. at the age of 12 and also settled in New York City.

She launched her debut at the tender age of six on a WJZ kiddie show presided over by Milton Cross and landed her first big break at 17 as the feature vocalist with Larry Clinton's orchestra. He launched his radio career as studio pianist on a local Brooklyn station. This led to a CBS audition where studio executives noted his piano talents, but quickly signed him as a staff announcer.

Their paths crossed for the first time when she was cast as a novice choir singer and he as the emcee on the Fred Waring Show. Friendship ripened into romance when they worked together on the Kate Smith Show. On May 1, 1938, they became Mr. and Mrs.

They were already established as two of radio's top-flight names when they embarked on a brand new project, making their debut as radio's "Mr. and Mrs." in December, 1946, over New York's WMCA. Today they rate as one of the top jockey shows in radio's fabulous platter land. In addition to interviewing the greats of show business, they dispense witty chatter and spice their sessions with "live" songs by the Mrs.

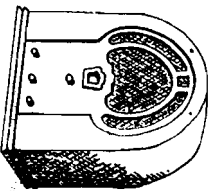
In the trade she is looked upon as an accurate picker of hits and is a favorite song plugger of tunesmiths like Cole Porter, Johnny Mercer, Harold Arlen and Harry Warren.

His, aside from radio, is the voice of Pathe Newsworld and RKO shorts. His voice is heard in over 3000 movies weekly. Away from the mike he spends his infrequent spare moments on the golf course. She is also an expert on the greens. They share another mutual hobby, amateur photography. But, when all's said and done, their greatest mutual pride and joy is their very handsome son, Wayne Edward, who will be three this June.

FIRST CLASS MAIL

THE OLD TIME

100 HARVEY DRIVE



RADIO CLUB

LANCASTER, N.Y. 14086