
ILLUSTRATED PRESS

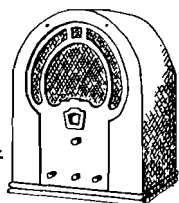
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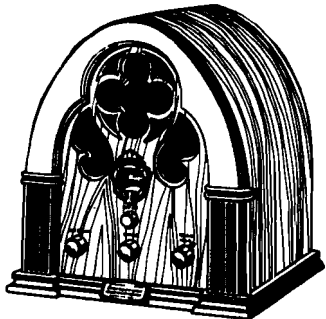


AMOS AND ANDY

THE OLD TIME



RADIO CLUB



THE OLD TIME RADIO CLUB

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The Old Time Radio Club meets the second Monday of the month (September through June) at 393 George Urban Boulevard, Cheektowaga, New York. Anyone interested in the "Golden Age of Radio" is welcome to attend and observe or participate. Meeting starts at 7:30 p.m.

DEADLINE FOR IP #92 - April 9
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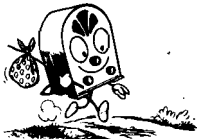
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Cover Design by Eileen Curtin

Wireless Wanderings



JIM SNYDER

Although Jack Benny was not particularly interested in politics, he was interested in politicians and enjoyed performing with them, and for them, whenever he could. There were some funny incidents in this regard that were not really in the area of performances.

On one occasion he was invited to the White House for an affair put on by President Truman for a group of photographers and reporters. Knowing that he would undoubtedly be asked to perform, he took his violin in hopes that he could get the President to join him in a duet of "The Missouri Waltz" (the President did agree to do so). When Jack drove up to the White House gate he was not only recognized, but his name was on the guest list. The guard, however, was required by security procedures to ask Jack his name, to which Jack responded. The guard then pointed at Jack's violin case and asked, "What do you have in there?" Trying to live up to his reputation as a comedian, Jack replied, "I have a machine gun in there." To which the guard replied, "Thank goodness! I was afraid it was your violin." Over the years this story has become so exaggerated that many doubt its truthfulness. But it really did happen, pretty much as I have explained it here.

At a White House dinner, Jack was seated with Adlai Stevenson, Averell Harriman, and the Sargent Shriver. When President Lyndon Johnson joined them for a few minutes he repeatedly referred to Jack as "Mr. Benny." After he had moved on, Jack told his tablemates, "I wish he'd call me Jack instead of Mr. Benny. Every President I've known has called me Jack." Mrs. Shriver (Eunice Kennedy) asked, "And what did President Lincoln call you?" Before Jack could come up with an answer Adlai Stevenson quipped, "Lincoln called him Kubelsky because Jack hadn't changed his name yet."

In 1963 Jack was to be one of the masters of ceremonies for a big birthday gala at Madison Square Garden, honoring President Kennedy.

For many years Jack had been giving out a gold money clip which had an engraved caricature of Benny, as a gift to his friends. For his gift to Kennedy, Jack found a caricature of the President in a newspaper, and had this engraved on the other side of the money clip. It was much too hectic at the big event to give the President the gift, but there was to be a private party for about 60 people to be given immediately afterward, and Jack was invited, so he decided to hand over his gift there. When he went up to the President to offer his congratulations, he reached in his pocket only to discover that he had left his gift in his hotel room. Jack made a tape recording telling what happened then: The next day Peter Lawford came up to my suite to have a drink, and I said to him, "You know, Peter, I did this stupid thing. I brought a gift for the President last night, but I forgot to bring it with me to the party," and Peter said, "Wait a minute. His father is in the New York Hospital and Jack is there with him now. Give it to me. I'm going over there and I'll see him." So I did. I gave Peter the clip. But I wrote a little note and put a dollar in the clip. The note said, "Dear Mr. President, Happy Birthday. If you don't need this, send it back. The dollar, I mean, not the clip." And then I got this letter, written by hand, on dirty hospital stationery. "Dear Jack," it read, "I appreciate your sending me the money guard. Would you believe what Peter Lawford did? I know you must have put at least \$500 or more in that money guard, but when it arrived it was only \$1."

On Jack's show of May 10, 1953, one of his guests was Lieutenant Governor Goodwin Knight, who would later become the governor of California. Near the end of the usual fifteen minute warmup prior to the start of the broadcast, Jack introduced his special guest who acknowledged his applause and then sat down on the stage to wait for the start of the broadcast. Just two minutes before air time, secretary Jeanette Eymann, who was in the booth with eight or ten other people, let out a gasp. She had just noticed that the fly on Goodwin Knight's pants was wide open. They wanted to warn him before he stood up in front of the audience during the broadcast, although that would surely bring them a great laugh. But just exactly how do you tell the governor his fly is open. They sure couldn't use the intercom system, which the audience

could hear, to say, "Hey guv, your barn door is open." They tried to catch the eye of one of the cast members, but they were all busy looking over their scripts one last time. So, they took a page from the script and wrote on the back, "Dear Sir, you fly is open, but we'll still vote for you." But then they thought that might make him get flustered or think it was a joke, so they tore off the bottom half of the page and sent only the first six words. The note was folded and given to an usher who took it to the state and handed it to the governor less than one minute before air time. He read the note and acted just like it was a note from a friend waiting to greet him off stage. Knight smiled, stood up, turned his back on the audience, and waved a friendly greeting to a non-existent friend with one hand, while the other pulled up the zipper. He then seated himself as though he had done nothing other than wave to an old buddy. No one on the stage was aware of the problem at all, until the broadcast was over and Knight told the cast what had happened. He then cracked them up by saying, "You know, Jack, I could have ruined both of our careers if I stood up with my pants open as the orchestra started the opening bars of your theme song, 'Can it be the breeze that fills the trees? Oh no, it isn't the breeze, it's love in bloom.'"

In my 1979 "dealers" column, I reviewed an outfit called "Reels Only" from Hawthorne, California. At that Time I commented on the extremely high quality programming available from this source. All material was second or third generation. Well, Reels Only has gone out of business, and its ner, Bill Snook wants to sell off his entire set of master reels (12,000 shows). Each reel contains three hours of programming and he proposes to sell these for \$1.50 per reel, plus postage and insurance. If you would like more information on this, write to Bill Snook, P.O. Box 149, Orofino, Idaho 83544.

James L. Snyder
517 North Hamilton Street
Saginaw, MI 48602



W. C. Fields' frequent appearances on the "Chase and Sanborn Hour" were always memorable for his exchanges of vituperation with dummy Charlie McCarthy. Although this was supposed to be one of radio's familiar "feuds," friends of Fields claim that his dislike for the dummy was very genuine. Here are Fields, McCarthy and Edgar Bergen. Dorothy Lamour stands between the adversaries.



"Bah, humbug!" Although Lionel Barrymore appeared frequently on radio, and even had a series of his own called "Mayor of the Town," it is for his yearly portrayal of Ebenezer Scrooge in Dickens' "A Christmas Carol" that he is most fondly remembered.

THE BORN LOSER by Art Sanson



NICK CARTER

in

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gold & guns

Oct. 1933

CHAPTER XX THE END OF A GANG

For half an hour, Nick Carter and the secret-service man lay on the edge of the woods, watching the gunmen at work. At the end of that time, the guard was changed.

The two men who had been posted at the front of the house handed over their machine guns to the two men who had been using the shovels and they started digging.

Nick wondered what had happened to Geoff Pritchard. The young man, he was sure, was working some place in the woods near by, and yet he hadn't shown up.

Nick had hoped, from observing the actions of the various members of the drama, to decide who really knew where the gold was. These men must be the last members of the Mulligan gang--or, at least, some gang allied with the Mulligans.

And yet they certainly did not seem to know where the gold was. They had ripped up most of the yard now. Of course, they hadn't dug very deep but Nick figured that it was almost impossible for the gold to be very far underground.

Meanwhile, Thomas Gravesend leaned against the wall. The crooks had allowed him to put his hands down. The ex-banker wore an air of anxiety and worry. No doubt, Nick Carter thought, that the banker was expecting the crooks to find the gold at any minute.

And yet Nick Carter knew from where they were digging, that they could not be getting near the gold. All they could be doing was getting about to break in to the secret corridor that Nick Carter had already inspected carefully.

It was past noon now. It was hot, the crooks held a hurried conference. Then evidently they decided to knock off, use more brains and less muscle in digging for the gold. For they all retired to the concrete platform in front of the garage, which was now in the shade.

They squatted down, started to talk. One of them produced a package of cigarettes, and passed it around.

Nick Carter started to inch forward. He wanted to hear what the crooks said. Behind him, Connors wriggled along like a snake.

Nick was holding his gun between his teeth. On the other side of the yard, Gravesend still squatted

against the wall.

Nick crept alone in the shadow of the barn. He got one hand on the concrete platform, got his head far enough out so that he could hear what the gangsters were talking about.

One of them was advocating torturing Gravesend. "There's no use in us breaking our backs," this crook was saying, "trying to locate the mazuma, when that old bozo over there knows about it all the time."

"Aw, he don't know about it," another one said. "I think Paulsen sold us out. I think he told some other mob before he told Salami about takin' this stuff out."

Paulson was the man in the armored truck company who had tipped off the Mulligan gang about holding up the armored truck.

Idly one of the gangsters picked up a stone, tossed it away from him, with a loose wrist motion. There was a noise of breaking glass. It made Nick Carter jump a little. He had not expected it.

He peered out cautiously. The stone had gone through the glass cover of the cucumber frame. The gangsters looked over the sudden noise. One of them had jumped to his feet, grabbed up his sub-machine gun. Now he relaxed again, set down the gun, started to sit down.

Suddenly a rifle spoke. The gangster clapped his hands to his stomach, fell over backward.

The five other men snatched at the machine guns. There were four guns. One man pulled revolvers. They all started running in the direction from which the shot had come, past the cucumber frame.

In the excitement none of the gangsters noticed Thomas Gravesend. The old banker had dashed across the yard at the sound of the shot, had snatched up a shovel. As the gangsters ran toward the place from which the rifle sound had come, Gravesend got behind one of them, swung the shovel over his head with all his might.

The gangster took the blow squarely on the top of his head, crumpled. Instantly, Gravesend had picked up the gun, was trying to cover the rest of the gang.

Nick Carter dashed out from cover. Connors was close behind him. The two detectives started to run across the field, after the crooks. Gravesend stood there, fumbling with the sub-machine gun, trying to get it into action.

Nick ran toward Gravesend, meaning to take the Tommy gun away from him, use it himself. When he was only five feet from Gravesend, the rifle spoke again, off in the woods.

Gravesend dropped the gun, whirled around, fell back. A spot of red was growing on his shoulder.

Nick Carter's eyebrows rose. Whoever the man in the woods was--and Nick had thought at first that it was Pritchard--he was not only killing gangsters, but he had gone blood-thirsty, was shooting at anyone. There was no possibility, Nick thought, of mistaking Gravesend for one of the gang of crooks.

Nick snatched up the sub-machine gun. As he did so, a rain of machine-gun bullets bit the dust at his feet.

Instantly Nick had thrown himself back. He got behind one edge of the concrete platform, rested the muzzle of his Tommy gun on that. He got ready to rake the path from the woods when the first gangster appeared.

On the other edge of the platform, suddenly, a round, ugly snout stuck itself up. Nick Carter saw it, but a second too late. As his own sub-machine gun spat into action, so did the one at the other edge of the platform.

Both Nick and the gangster were too well hidden to be touched by each other's machine-gun bullets. The ugly hunks of lead bit at the concrete, throwing flakes of cement against each other's gun muzzle, into each other's hair. But neither man was injured.

Suddenly, behind the gangster across the platform, another man came rushing. He, too, carried a sub-machine gun.

For the barest fraction of a minute, Nick Carter raised the muzzle of his weapon, cut the gangster who was running, down. This was no time for mercy. Nick knew that this was a battle to the death.

Somehow or other, some action of some one's had started this maelstrom of murder going. Nick jumped to his feet in order to get the other gangster into enfilade. But as he did so, the man retreated, rolling over simply, to get behind the garage.

Connors was behind Nick, using his pistol. The gangster whom Gravesend had felled suddenly got to his feet. He had only been stunned. He staggered around the yard once or twice.

A bullet from the rifle hidden in the woods cut him down, wounded him in the leg. The man crawled feebly away.

Nick Carter thought of Gravesend, exposed out there in the middle

of the yard. The ex-banker was the keynote of the whole situation.

Nick started crawling across the field after the man. He left his sub-machine gun for Connors. He hoped that the secret-service agent would be able to cover his perilous trip.

Nick had not progressed five feet from his hiding place behind the concrete platform when bullets started tearing at him. The detective rolled over, to take advantage of a little hummock of grass. He flattened himself behind this.

If he crawled to rapidly toward Gravesend, he would, far from rescuing the man, attract fire to him. Nick squeezed his body as close to the ground as he could. The bullets couldn't quite get at him there. They missed him, though, by only inches. Nick Carter appreciated how irregular any surface is.

He saw all around him hills that, in his normal state of mind, he would not even have considered roughness of ground. He got his muscles flexed, dove from his one little hummock to another. Again the bullets tore at him.

This little valley in which he hid was perhaps a quarter of an inch shallower than the last one. A man came out of the woods, running toward Nick Carter. He sent a bullet flying at the spot at which the detective was covered.

The bullet came close to Nick Carter, tore cloth across his shoulders. Then Connor's sub-machine spoke. The man stopped dead, his legs cut out from under him.

Nick got to his feet and ran. Bullets spat at him, cut the air all around him, sent dust flying up along his legs, as they hit the ground. But miraculously the detective got through alive.

He flung himself down on the ground beside Gravesend. The rifle had spat on and off all during Nick's dash. Now Nick wondered how many gangsters were left in the woods. He had completely lost count.

Nick got his arms around Gravesend's unconscious body. The ex-banker was not badly wounded, Nick Carter saw. One tendon of his shoulder was broken, however.

When Nick had a firm grip on the banker's form, he suddenly put his knees under him, sprang to his feet, tried to run for the cellar floor. A sudden stinging feeling came through Nick Carter's calf. He ran on.

Suddenly he realized that he was limping, that blood must be streaming down his leg. A bullet had passed through the fleshy part of his leg.

Nick Carter had hardly realized it.

He was only two feet from the cellar now. Suddenly sub-machine gun bullets started to play all round Nick Carter's feet, to climb up the wall of the house.

Nick turned, still supporting Gravesend's unconscious body with one arm. His other hand ducked inside his coat, got a pistol out. He took careful aim, the machine-gun bullets hitting all around him, almost plucking at Gravesend's clothing but not quite hitting him.

He fired.

The machine gun was silenced.

Nick dove down into the cellar. Outside, Connor's sub-machine gun one of the gangsters' sub-machine guns, and the rifle in the woods, all spoke, indicating that the battle was not over yet.

Nick Carter stuck his head out of the cellar stairs, like a man coming out of a dugout in a trench. The way to end this, Nick Carter thought, was by a sudden dash. The gangsters must be nearly disarmed.

Nick tried a ruse he had seen worked in the War. He turned his body as though he were going to run toward the opening of the woods just past the cellar door. But instead, with this body twisted sidewise, he ran directly for the garage door.

The gunners in the woods completely mistook Nick Carter's location, his direction. The bullets went wide of him. He hit the garage floor, sliding. Then he turned around and, creeping, crawling, started to work his way along the wall of the garage.

As long as he stayed there, Nick knew, he was safe from fire, could not be hit by any bullet coming from the woods. It was only when he reached the end of the garage building that they would be able to get him.

Nick's fingers were ready on his pistol. Connors, he knew, was cut off behind him, could do no good. Perhaps the secret-service man was trying to work around the garage going the other way.

All was silence for a few moments. Then Nick Carter put out his hand, found that it could reach around the end of the garage. He was nearly there.

The detective got to his knees. Hugging the garage wall so closely as he could, Nick edged up to the very end of it. Then, suddenly, he flung himself around the corner.

Instantly a sub-machine gun came to life. Nick dropped into a little trench. His pistol spoke as he did so.

He could not see the man who was operating the machine gun. But

he could tell, vaguely, in what direction the gun lay.

Nick had landed in a trough cut in the ground by Pritchard in his gardening activities. It made good cover. The detective had never realized before into what a small space he could squeeze his body.

He lay very quietly, did not use his gun at all, but allowed the sub-machine gun to put bullets into the line of dirt that covered Nick Carter's face, to cut twigs from the trees over Nick Carter's head. Nick was spattered with dirt, with bits of bark, with little twigs, covered with dirt from head to foot. But still he lay there, scanning the woods anxiously, trying to discern the figure of the man who was running the machine gun.

Then he saw him. Nick Carter put up his gun, pulled the trigger, fired. The gun boomed.

But the machine-gun bullets did not lessen. If the man was wounded, he was not giving in.

Nick fired again. Again the bullets kept on coming. Nick pulled the trigger a third time. The gun clicked empty.

Nick felt for his other gun, realized that he was completely disarmed now, had left one gun back there when he snapped up the sub-machine gun.

There was only one thing to do. The sub-machine gun up there in the woods was still spitting death at Nick Carter. Sooner or later it would eat away the little hill of dirt in front of Nick's face, would uncover the detective and put him in a bad spot.

Nick decided to rush his unseen assailant. He got to his feet suddenly, tore through the woods. As he saw the grinning white face of the machine gunner sending bullets into the trees all around Nick Carter, Nick took off, almost flew through the air.

A bullet cut through his thigh, another one ripped cloth off the side of his coat, a third one plugged into his shoulder.

And then Nick landed.

His fingers caught at the machine gunner's throat. They tightened. Nick felt a muscle in his shoulder give, knew that the bullet had parted something there. But still, by sheer strength of will, he made his hands keep on squeezing.

The machine gunner had been turned around by the force of the rush. The bullets were spraying helplessly into the woods. Suddenly the gangster dropped the gun, and then all was silence.

Nick Carter relaxed his grip.

The gangster dropped down, unconscious.

CHAPTER XXI
THE THIEF UNMASKED

Nick stood up, staggered down into the back yard again. He collapsed on the corner of the concrete platform in front of the garage.

Connors, the secret-service man, started combing the woods with a pistol. Nick watched him, idly.

The detective was bleeding from two or three wounds, was covered with dirt, was exhausted. He realized that he had not yet completely recovered from his horrible experience of being locked in the safe that morning.

Ten minutes later, Nick Carter opened his eyes to see that Connors had lined up a group of prisoners, a group of wounded. Some of the gangsters were dead.

Thomas Gravesend was there, and Geoff Pritchard. Iris Gravesend had come from out of the house, where she had been taking care of Chick Carter. Chick's bedroom was on the other side of the house, and she had not heard the firing until it was too late to get out.

Connors turned to Nick Carter, seeing that the world-famous detective was awake again.

"This still doesn't get us any place," he said. "We still haven't got the gold."

Nick Carter grinned. "Yes, we have," he said. "As soon as I find out one thing. Pritchard, you were the man in the woods with the rifle, weren't you--the one who shot the first gangster and started the fight?"

Geoff Pritchard nodded.

"O.K." Nick said. He got to his feet with some of his old jauntiness. "Now tell me, "Geoff"--the detective's voice was soft, caressing--"why did you have a rifle down there?"

Geoff Pritchard grinned, "I keep one in my tool shed," he said. "There've been rabbits annoying me."

"All right," Nick told him.

"Now you, Gravesend. Why did you go up to the spring house before? Mr. Connors here and I were following you."

Gravesend shrugged. "I had an idea, a sudden hunch, that if any one had stolen the gold, that was the easiest place to hide it. You see, the ground up there is very soft. The old spring pipes are removed, and the dirt of the floor of the old stone house is always damp."

"That settles that," Nick Carter said decisively. He turned to Connors. "Go into the house and phone the police," he told the

secret-service man. "We might as well get these men off our hands," Connors nodded, and limped off. Nick sat down on the stone platform again.

He had solved the crime, but, weakened from his wounds, battered by his experiences of the day, he wondered if he dared make the arrest himself. The detective's spirit was glaffing. Nick had taken too much of a beating for any man to stand.

Connors reappeared around the house, and, suddenly, Nick jumped up. He had solved this case--he had started it, and he would finish it.

"One of the gangsters," he said to Geoff Pritchard, "fell over into your cucumber frame when you shot him. Would you mind helping me lift the frame and see if the cucumbers are damaged?"

Gravesend spoke up impatiently. "What difference do a few cucumbers make?" he asked.

Nick Carter disregarded the ex-banker's advice. "Will you?" he asked Pritchard.

Pritchard paled, then suddenly the young man turned, darted into the woods. Nick Carter's hand went for a gun. But it was slow. Pritchard had disappeared before Nick had his pistol out.

Nick started walking after the young man. He tried to break into a run, but couldn't make it. His leg was badly wounded, his shoulder stiff.

At the edge of the woods, Nick Carter peered ahead of him. Far up the hill, Geoff Pritchard's form was disappearing. The sun shone on something, and Nick knew that the young man had snatched his rifle as he went.

Nick started trudging after him. The detective had hardly gone ten feet when a bullet dipped a branch off close beside Nick Carter's ear.

Nick pulled his pistol out, pointed it at a fleeing shape. He fired, but did not fire to kill. He wanted to take Pritchard alive, wanted to turn him over to justice.

The detective moved on. Ahead of him the young man's figure was going fast. Nick could not make very good speed. His leg hurt him horribly, his breath was coming in short pants. Still Nick Carter forged ahead.

The cloth of Geoff Pritchard's overall shone through the trees again, and again Nick Carter fired. Blood appeared on the overalls, something crashed through the underbrush. Nick had hit Pritchard's shoulder--a perfect bull's-eye. That had been his target.

The detective broke into a half amble, moving a little faster now.

He was closing in on his quarry.

But ahead of him Pritchard turned, brought his rifle up. Supporting it with one arm, he fired point-blank at the detective.

The shot tore through the top of Nick Carter's hair. But Nick kept on moving. Behind him he could hear underbrush breaking as Connors took up the trail. Farther behind, a siren shrieked, and Nick knew that the police whom Connors had sent for were getting there.

The detective looked around. He was forcing Pritchard into a circle, making the young man go around in such a way that he would circle back into the back yard of the house.

The detective increased his pace as much as he could. The wound on his leg started to bleed again. The warm blood dripped down, got into Nick Carter's shoe. Every step he took there was a faint squelching noise, like that of a man who has been walking in a heavy rain. But Nick knew that it was not water making that noise, but blood. He kept on.

Ahead he sighted Pritchard through the underbrush. He brought his pistol up. Before he could fire, Pritchard had raised his rifle, shot at the detective.

Nick Carter had to fling himself to one side. A branch tore at his face, nearly scratched his eye out.

Nick held his fire, kept on trudging. The men behind him would catch up with him pretty soon, he would have help. All he had to do was keep Geoff Pritchard in sight. But some dogged stubborn streak, made him want to make the capture himself. This was his case. He was going to finish it.

He tried to move faster. The faster Nick Carter went, the faster the wound on his leg bled. The detective didn't know it, but his face was pale, almost deathlike, from the loss of blood.

Then ahead of him he saw the shine of steel before he was Pritchard's clothing this time. The detective drew all his muscles together, called on his nerve to carry him when his body had failed. He ran, unbelievably, but he ran.

He was just in time. Geoff Pritchard was kneeling in a little clearing in the woods. His rifle was propped up on the ground in front of him. The young man held its muzzle in his mouth.

Pritchard's one good hand was resting around the grip of the rifle. He was going to pull the trigger and commit suicide.

Nick Carter pulled his gun up, aimed it. He fired.

There was, it seemed to Nick Carter, a full second between the time when the bullet left his gun and the time when it hit the barrel of the rifle. The rifle went flying away.

It exploded as it went, and a bullet shot harmlessly into the branches. Geoff Pritchard, blood streaming out of his mouth, fell back on the ground. The shock of the rifle barrel had torn teeth out of his mouth, had ripped open the roof of his palate. But he was alive, captured.

Nick Carter fell upon the boy, dragged him to his feet. Weakened as he was, Nick Carter made an attempt to carry Pritchard back toward the garage.

They were still staggering through the woods, the detective supporting most of his prisoner's weight, when Connors and the policemen caught up with them. They grabbed the bleeding Pritchard from Nick Carter's arms, picked him up, carried him back to the house.

Connors offered Nick Carter aid, but the detective waved him aside. He walked alone, concealing his limp as best he could, his pride carrying him when his strength, his mind, has almost left him.

They reached the clearing. Thomas Gravesend was still leaning against the wall of the house, looking startled. Iris Gravesend was there, too, and Nick Carter watched her narrowly to see her first reaction to the sight of Geoff Pritchard.

The girl turned pale. But she did not rush forward, did not fling her arms around the prisoner's neck, and Nick Carter heaved a sigh of relief.

He was glad that Iris Gravesend did not really love Geoff Pritchard, for the news that he would have to tell every one in a few minutes would have broken her heart, had she been truly in love with the young man who had hoped to marry her.

Connors's dry voice brought Nick Carter back from his reverie.

"Where is the gold?" the secret-service man asked. "We still haven't solved this case."

Nick singled out two husky policemen. "Lift up that cucumber frame for me, will you?" he asked.

One of the policemen looked at his superior officer. The officer looked at Connors, and Connors nodded.

The two husky cops stepped forward. They got hold of one edge of the cold frame, raised it into the air, threw the whole frame aside.

Nick Carter walked forward. His shoulders were squared jauntily, despite the fact there there was no

feeling in one of them, from the bullet that had lodged there. His legs were held stiffly, carried him along nimbly, although the calf of one leg was pierced with a bullet hole.

He got into the cucumber bed, started to look around. Off to one side, Nick Carter saw a spot in which no plants grew. He dropped to his knees, and, like a terrier digging at a rat, started throwing dirt behind him.

He had only shoveled aside two handfuls of dirt when he came to a piece of burlap laid on the ground. This he picked up, threw away. Underneath it were boards.

Nick Carter lifted one of the boards. A yawning hole met his gaze. The cops stepped up, lifted the rest of the boards aside.

Nick Carter dropped his body into into the hole they disclosed. He disappeared from view.

In the clearing between the house and the garage all was silent. The bluecoated cops, the downcast Pritchard, the rounded-up gangsters, and Gravesend and Iris Gravesend, and finally Connors, the secret-service man, all waited for Nick Carter to reappear.

He did so, five minutes later. The detective's already soiled clothing was dirtier now, was covered with mud. In his hands he held something that looked like a bag of flour. But it was heavier than that.

Nobody knew what effort it had cost Nick Carter to carry a bag of gold from out of its underground hiding place. But his pride had made him do it.

He threw the bag on the concrete platform in front of the garage, and it clinked with a mellow note of gold coins. Gravesend jumped to his feet, ran over.

He and Connors ripped open the bag. The gold shone brilliantly in the sun, warmly. It gave an impression of its evil lure that had caused the death, the wounding, the imprisonment of so many men in the past few days.

Pritchard showed no interest. "Where was the gold hidden?" Gravesend asked. "I suppose Pritchard took it, but where was it hidden?"

Nick Carter grinned. "Here's the story," he said.

"I noticed that Pritchard knew Philip Baldwin, the safe-maker. Baldwin told me that Pritchard had been around the day he had but the safe in. So I figured out that Geoff Pritchard had the combination to the safe, even if you didn't know it."

"I didn't know it," Gravesend said.

Nick nodded. "To go on, then. I was scared of arresting Pritchard. As you know, you can't try a man twice for the same offense. Supposing we'd gotten a conviction on him. He'd have gone to prison, served a few years, come back and had the gold, and we couldn't have laid a finger on him."

"That's right," Connors said.

"So I had to watch him. Anyway, I wasn't sure," Nick told the assembled crowd. "I couldn't figure out where he had put the gold. I knew it wasn't in the secret passageway. I knew it couldn't be in the vegetable field, or even in the cucumber frame, because the police had searched that. It would be the first thing they'd look at when the came to get the gold."

"I still had an idea the Mulligans might have taken it and hidden it, especially when they made their third attempt today. But I noticed that Pritchard, off there in the woods, took no part in the fight until something happened to his precious cucumber frame."

"And then I had the key to the whole thing. Pritchard was perfectly willing for me to be killed off, for Gravesend to be killed off. It simply made his chance of escaping better."

"Of course, he was the man who shuts us up in the safe. That's attempted murder, Pritchard," Nick Carter said, turning his head toward the young man.

Pritchard's eyes did not show that he even heard the detective's words. Nick grinned again.

"You see this platform here," he told Connors. "It covers an old barn pit. I knew that, but I could see that the concrete hadn't been disturbed. Pritchard dug a tunnel between the cucumber frame and the empty space down under there."

The detective hit his good heel against the concrete, and again it rang hollowly. "Then he carried the gold out, bag by bag. It never would have been noticed if it hadn't been for the antihoarding act, that made Gravesend go down to look for his money."

Nick gestured toward the cops. "Take him away," he said.

Geoff Pritchard made his final desperate effort. As the two cops closed in on him, casually, feeling that he would put up no fight, the young man made a dive for the waist of one of the blue-coated officers.

The blood from his mouth splattered brilliantly over the blue serge. Pritchard's hands fumbled with the pistol in the officer's holster. He got it out, had raised it to his head before Nick Carter dived.

All his stiffened muscles

But the detective jumped a good seven feet.

His hard left hand caught Pritchard square on the jaw. The young man went over backward, unconscious.

Nick reached down, and with the same left hand plucked the gun from Pritchard's hand. He restored it to the officer's holster.

Nobody knew that Nick Carter could not use his right hand. The detective didn't tell them.

He watched until Pritchard was bundled into a police car. Then he turned away. As he passed Iris Gravesend, the detective patted her on the shoulder.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I know you were going to marry him."

The girl shook her head. "it was all father's idea," she told Nick.

Nick smiled a little. He hobbled into the house, hobbled upstairs. Before he had reached the door of Chick Carter's room, he had most of his clothes off.

He fumbled for a pair of pajamas in Chick's traveling bag pulled them on.

"Move over, Chick," he said; "the boss is going to bed."

When the doctor came to take the bullet out of Nick Carter's shoulder, the world-famous detective was sound asleep.

** THE END **

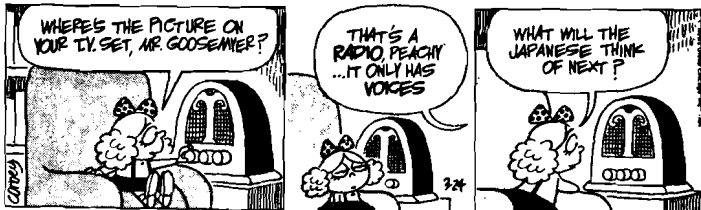
TAPE LIBRARY RATES: 2400' reel-\$1.50 per month; 1800' reel-\$1.25 per month; 1200' reel-\$1.00 per month; cassette and records-.50 per month. Postage must be included with all orders and here are the rates: For the USA and APO-60¢ for one reel, 35¢ for each additional reel; 35¢ for each cassette and record. For Canada: \$1.35 for one reel, 85¢ for each additional reel; 85¢ for each cassette and record. All tapes to Canada are mailed first class.

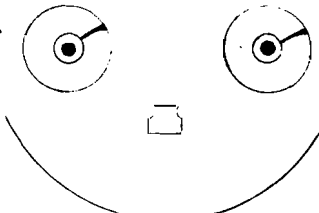


Baby Rose Marie, the "five-year-old child wonder," as her press agent called her, was radio's first child star.

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.

GOOSEMYER





REEL-LY SPEAKING

Well another month has gone by and there are tapes and reels still out from two months ago! I waited until yesterday to fill the reel and cassette orders of loans from the club library. I sent out 5 requests for club tapes. Three were short tapes that the club members requested. Sorry guys and gals. In 2 cases I sent out one reel and one cassette to fill a request from 2 or 3 months back. Come on gang, there's really no reason for this. It's costing the club extra postage, \$8.19 this time. To you club members who received your request short a reel or tape, please order it again the next time you send in a request. I won't be keeping a record of non filled requests any more. Too darn much work lately. After discussing this problem with Jerry Collins and several other club officers, the decision was made that:

- 1) The offending member be charged for a second month for overdue tapes and reels.
- 2) No reels or cassettes will be sent to club members owing rental fees or back dues.
- 3) When and only when rental fees and/or back dues are paid will this club librarian fill requests.

Sounds bad doesn't it? Please, lets keep the club friendly the way it always has been, return those reels and cassettes on time.

Now on the good side. Tom Monroe strikes again...with more reels donated to the club library. Another dozen or was that a bakers dozen, Tom?? It's good members like Tom who are building up the club library. How many reels are there Tom, I've lost track, but it's either twenty five or thirty these past 6 months? The ones I've listened to were good, really enjoyable. Thanks Tom. Francis Edward Bork

Listed below are ten of them.

R-177 NERO WOLFE
 Disguise for Murder
 Before I Die
 Counterfeit for Murder
 The Cop Killer
 R-178 1200' NERO WOLFE
 Emy Meeny Murder Me
 The Squirt & The Monkey
 The Next Witness
 Death of a Physicist

R-179 1800' RUDY VALLE HOUR
 Thomas Mitchell-Tommy Riggs &
 Betty Lou
 Col Stoopnagel - Graham McNamee -
 Irving
 Ethel Barrymore - Tommy Riggs &
 Betty Lou
 Maurice Evans - Vincent Price -
 Tommy Riggs
 Willy Howard - Gertrude Lawrence &
 Ezra Stone
 Ethel Merman - Erice Blore - Frank
 Craven
 R-180 1800' THE LONE RANGER
 Bat Masterson
 Al Jennings
 Mine of the Silver Bullets
 Railroad Surey
 The Mission Bells - Christmas
 Fort Laramie Incident
 Frontier Day Race
 Timberland'
 Picture Proof
 The Thousand Mile Flight
 Three Christmas Trees
 Shadow of Death
 R-181 1800' GUNSMOKE
 Roundup
 Meshogah
 Trojan War
 Absalom
 Cyclone
 Pussycats
 Quarter Horse
 Jayhawkers
 Gonif
 Bum's Rush
 The Soldier
 Tacetta
 R-182 1200' THE LONE RANGER
 Divide & Conquer
 Border Smugglers
 The Boss of the Tarantulas
 The Magic Belt
 Buffalo Bill
 Bat Masterson
 Calamity Jane
 Sam Bass
 R-183 1800' THE LINEUP
 Eddie Gaylor Framed
 Joyce Ronson & Frankie Moore
 Louis Black Bobms Homes
 Carl Young & Muggings
 The Cigar Box Bandit
 Cully Price Confesses
 Guthrie Kidnapped by Tony M.
 Homes Bombed
 Dr. Simpson Killed
 Holsterter Brothers Robbery
 60 Year Old Woman Strangled
 The Silk Socling Bandit
 R-184 1800' THE LONE RANGER
 Sam Belmore
 Change for the Bittes
 Gold Shipment
 Turnabout
 The Rookie Ranger
 Tom Filmore's Claim
 A conference With Gen. Lee
 The Cigar Band
 Vizdilantes

Loyal Betrayor
 On the Trail
 Inky's Adventure
 R-185 1800' RARE DETECTIVE SHOWS
 The Man Who Confessed - Pursuit
 Pursuit - The Ladies of Farthing
 Street
 Raffles - Murder Signs Its Name
 Johnny Fletcher Mystery - The Navy
 Colt
 Deadline Mystery - Steve Dunn
 Adventures of the Abbotts - Yellow
 Sack
 Files of Rex Saunders - 200,000 in
 Diamonds
 Mr. Keen - Rushville Murder
 The Saint - Fld Silver Mine
 The Saint - Pusher from Ship
 The Saint - Murder
 The Saint - Fancy Dan
 Hercule Poirot - Roving Corpse
 R-186 1800' GUNSMOKE
 Texas Cowboys
 The Queue
 Matt for Murder
 Born to Hang
 Reward for Matt
 Potato Road
 Robber Bridegroom
 The Lair from Blackhawk
 Young Love
 Jealousy
 Trust
 Army Trail



Program Notes

If you enjoy the music of the big bands, there is good news! Ed Furland's program of big band music, SWINGING SHOWCASE, has been extended from one to two full hours. It can be heard on WHAM, 1180 Khz, Rochester, N.Y. Mondays through Fridays 8:07 pm to 10:00 pm. This is the result of cards and letters received by the station. It shows you can make a difference!

WCAU-AM, 1210 Khz, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania continues to offer its RADIO CLASSICS program with present host, Gary Hudson, nightly at 8:00 pm. A schedule of the April and May OTR programming is available free for the writing. All that is requested is a stamped, self addressed envelope. Write to:

WCAU RADIO CLASSICS
 CITY AVENUE & MONUMENT ROAD
 PHILADELPHIA, PENN 19131

If you like comedy, WCAU offers THE COMEDY SHOW, Sundays at 6:00 am repeated at 10:00 pm

See you all next month!
 Joe O'Donnell
 206 Lydia Lane
 Cheektowaga, N.Y. 14225

The Buffalo News/Tuesday, March 20, 1984

**CBS Hit by Suit
 Over Rights to
 'Amos 'n' Andy'**

Associated Press

NEW YORK — A writer who is waiting in the wings with a proposed musical based on the "Amos 'n' Andy" radio characters has filed suit to clear away copyright objections posed by CBS, which ran a 1950s television series about the twosome.

Stephen V. Silverman, who wrote the book for a musical to be called "Amos 'n' Andy Go to the Movies," said Monday that he has been unable to raise production money because investors are concerned about CBS' claim to the characters.

His suit said he has been trying to raise \$5 million to \$7 million to mount a production first in London and then on Broadway.

Silverman, an entertainment reporter for the New York Post, filed the suit against CBS last Friday at U.S. District Court in Manhattan.

He is asking for a court order declaring that CBS has no rights to the "Amos 'n' Andy" characters created by Freeman F. Gosden and Charles J. Correll in the 1920s. They assigned their rights to the "Amos 'n' Andy" property to CBS in 1948 and the network later produced a television show about the characters.

The suit asserts the transfer of rights was invalid and that in any event, CBS has abandoned any trademark it might have held by ignoring it. According to the suit, CBS stopped syndicating the television program in 1968.

A representative of CBS was quoted in the suit as saying the network has not allowed others to resurrect the "Amos 'n' Andy" characters in the past because CBS "always felt it should not let itself in for problems with the black community over the controversial nature of the comedy."



JERRY COLLINS

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

The year was 1933. Franklin D. Roosevelt had just been elected President. Herbert Hoover had only two months left in his term in office. The United States had reached the lowest depth in the worst depression in its history.

Close to 1/3 of the labor force was out of work. In the three previous years, eighty-six thousand businesses had failed. Nine million bank accounts had been wiped out. Wages had fallen by sixty percent. Driven from their homes, many families were now living in vacant railroad cars, abandoned buildings, Hooverville and even in caves. Suicides, mental breakdowns and ruined lives were all part of this tragic Depression.

With its vast audience of listeners, it was up to radio to put a smile back on America's face, to restore laughter to the American family.

Most of the radio comedy shows of the 1930's were extensions of the vaudeville careers of their stars. The large casts that would be such an important part of their shows would not be added until the 1940's. The conversion to situation comedy would also wait till the next decade. Regardless of this, comedy helped us forget our problems as well as allowing us the opportunity to even laugh at our problems.

I will focus my attention on the great comedy stars of the 1930's Amos and Andy, Jack Benny, George Burns and Gracie Allen, Fred Allen and Fibber McGee and Molly.

On August 19, 1929, two months before the "Great Crash," Amos and Andy went on the NBC Red Network for Pepsodent. Amos Jones and Andy Brown were the owners of the Fresh Air Taxi Cab Company. George "Kingfish" Stevens were early addition to the show. Bill Hay was the announcer on the show for more than a decade.

Experts tell us that Amos and Andy might have been the most popu-

lar program in the history of radio. Movies as well as most everything else came to a halt when the show went on the air.

John Dunning sums it all up in his book TUNE IN YESTERDAY. "The Depression had settled into America's gut, leaving a sour taste. For a little while each night, the bitterness was relieved by the plight of two commonest of common men. We were all in this together. Amos Jones and Andy Brown epitomized the men with no money, no job and no future."

The next three shows all debuted in 1932. On February 15, 1932 the GEORGE BURNS AND GRACIE ALLEN SHOW arrived on the air. Sponsored by Robert Burns Cigars, it originated mainly as a gag show.

On May 2, 1932 the JACK BENNY SHOW premiered on the NBC Blue Network. Chevrolet was the initial sponsor, but Jello took over in 1934. Mary Livingston, Don Wilson, Phil Harris and Eddie "Rochester" Anderson were all part of the show in the 1930's.

On October 23, 1932 Fred Allen went on the air. This master of the ad-lib was joined on his radio show by his wife, Portland Hoffa. As the sponsor changed, so did the title of the show; THE LINIT SHOW, SALAD BOWL REVUE (Hellman's Mayonnaise), SAL HEPATICA REVUE, HOUR OF SMILES and the TOWN HALL TONIGHT. One of the early highlights of the show was the Jack Benny - Fred Allen feud that began in 1937.

The final show, FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY, went on the air on April 6, 1935. Johnson Wax began its long association with Fibber McGee and Molly as its initial sponsor. The show started on the NBC Blue Network and originated from Chicago.

Along with Eddie Cantor, George Jessel, Jack Pearl, Ed Wynn, Bob Hope, Fannie Brice, Bob Burns and Jimmy Durante, these comedians did something very special for us during the Depression. Nobody could end the Depression, but these men temporarily took our attention away from our problems. They also taught us again the benefits of laughter.

Until next month "Goodnight all."

Editor's DESK



We have received numerous requests over the past couple of years to print a membership list so that our members may trade tapes. However, several members have indicated that they do not want their names and addresses published for various reasons. Therefore, we will publish a TRADER'S COLUMN in our July issue. If you want to be included in this listing, send your name, address and type of tape you want to trade (cassette or reel to reel) to: Trader's Corner, 100 Harvey Drive Lancaster, NY 14086. The deadline for this column is JUNE 1, 1984 since it will appear in our July issue.

Arlene and I wish you all A VERY HAPPY EASTER!

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

WANTED-Reel-to-reel tape player that will operate in a car. It must take four-track seven inch reels recorded at 3 3/4 inches per second. Also would like a copy of SPERDVAC magazine #3 even a reproduced copy would be appreciated.

Tom Mastel
1547 Arbutus Drive
San Jose, CA 95118

WANTED: The original recordings of the Liberty Magazine Hour broadcast in the 1930's.

Robert Whiteman, President
Liberty Library Corp.
8 East 77th Street
New York, NY 10021

I am looking for recordings of some early programs to copy, including: Uncle Ezra, Hobby Lobby, Guy Hedlund Theatre, Ben Bernie, Ringfro Valley Barn Dance, Bobby Benson, National Barndance.

Ed. F. Lawlor
5 Pauline Street
Carteret, NJ 07008

I will trade for any sports material I don't have on an equal basis. Thousands to choose from. Free Catalog supplied.

John S. Furman
Box 132
Ballston Lake, NY 12019

Have one 2nd generation reel of Duffy's Taven, Ozzie & Harriet, Red Skelton, Life of Riley shows. Desire to trade it to new collector only.


Hy Daley
437 So. Center
Corry, PA 16407

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H. Whitten
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Philadelphia PA 19107

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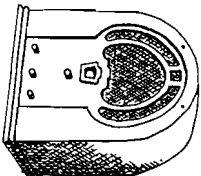


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