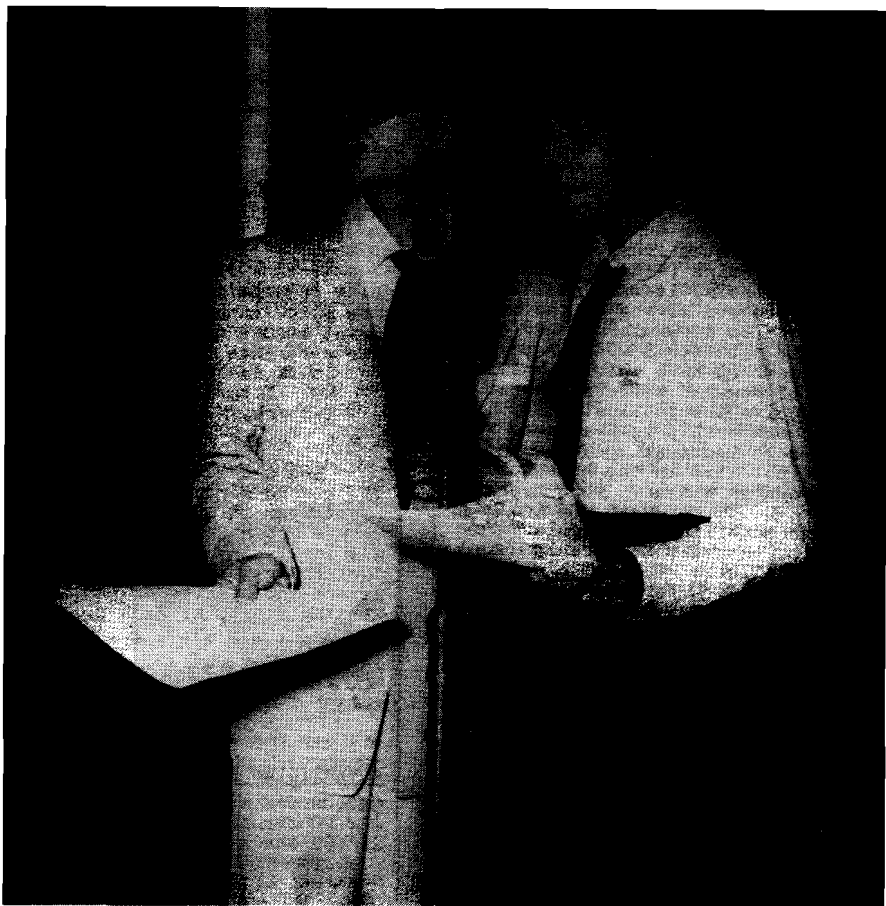


---

# ILLUSTRATED PRESS

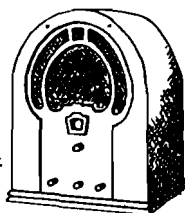
EST. 1975

NO. 93 - JUNE 1984



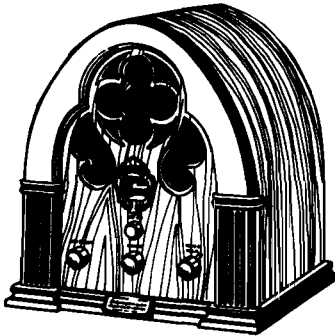
**MARTIN and LEWIS**

**THE OLD TIME**



**RADIO CLUB**

---



THE OLD TIME RADIO CLUB  
MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION:

Club dues are \$17.50 per yr. from Jan. 1 through Dec. 31. Members receive a tape listing, library lists, a monthly newsletter (The Illustrated Press), an annual magazine (Memories), and various special items. Additional family members living in the same household as a regular member may join the club for \$5.00 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 \$10.00 per year and includes all the benefits of a regular membership. Regular membership dues are as follows: if you join in Jan. dues are \$17.50 for the year; Feb., \$17.50; March \$15.00; April \$14.00; May \$13.00; June \$12.00; July \$11.00; Aug., \$9.00; Sept. \$8.00; Oct. \$7.00; Nov. \$6.00; and Dec. \$5.00. 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 \$29.50. 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  
 Francis Edward 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 #94 - June 11  
 #95 - July 19  
 #96 - August 13

\*\*\*\*\*

ADVERTISING RATES FOR MEMORIES  
 \$30.00 for a full page  
 \$20.00 for a half page  
 \$12.00 for a quarter page

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

Advertising Deadline - September 15th

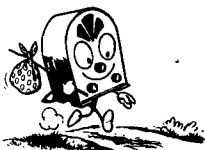
\*\*\*\*\*

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

\*\*\*\*\*

Cover Design by Eileen Curtin

## Wireless Wanderings



### JIM SNYDER

This month I have a whole bunch of totally unrelated items. I do apologize for the complete lack of organization. At least it clears a lot of notes off my desk.

In October of 1982 (IP #73) I mentioned that Akai had a new quarter track reel to reel machine (Akai GX-4000-D) that was relatively inexpensive. I followed that up in October 1983 (IP #85) with the information that my machine had burned out a motor, and that for seven months Akai had been unable to provide replacement parts. At that time I promised to keep you informed of further developments. At just about the time that column came out, Akai finally came through with the parts. My repair shop installed them and tried the machine out. The new motor immediately overheated, in the shop. They requested another replacement, and Akai took another three months to provide it. That too immediately overheated as soon as it was installed. Akai insists that it has had no other complaints about this problem. That is simply untrue. As I pointed out last October, others have had the same problem, but Akai is giving them the same run-around. As you read this, my machine has been in the shop for over fifteen months. Akai has done nothing to help. I discussed my problem with others at the OTR convention in New Jersey last fall, and found widespread dissatisfaction with Akai and its products. I recently purchased a new deck, but it sure wasn't an Akai. The dealers around here seem to be pushing this brand, but I now refuse to even look at them. If there are any new developments on this in the future, I will report to you, but at this stage it looks like my machine is down the drain after only six months use, and that Akai doesn't care in the least.

On another subject, my collection of OTR materials has grown to gigantic proportions: now over fifteen thousand shows, a four drawer file cabinet full of papers and publications, and a copule of shelves of reference books. When relatives come to visit they always ask what is going to become of all this stuff when I shuffle off to the happy hunting ground. They do not want to inherit any of it, other than my machines. Well, I have found the

answer. During the summer of 1982 I received a letter from the "Division of Rare Books and Special Collections" at the University of Wyoming, asking me to donate my collection to them. Chuck Seeley received a similar letter, and perhaps some of the rest of you did too. I procrastinated in giving them a reply, and set their letter aside. Nine months later they followed up with a special delivery letter again asking me for my collection. While I am not willing to give up the collection at this time, it does seem to be a good way to unload it when I am finally finished with it. So, I have a new will, and put into it that all OTR stuff is to go to the University of Wyoming. On their donation list my name comes just in front of Olan Soule, and six names in front of Barbara Stanwyck. That's not bad company. Anyway, I am pleased that my material will go to such an institution. If you would like information this this program, I will be glad to put you in touch with the right people.

Since I seem to be dealing with personal items this month, let me tell you of one of my experiences that I was reminded about during the November convention. As many of you know, I am a rather fanatical collector of the Lux Ratio Theater. Several years ago I ran ads in the IP, NATIONAL RADIO TRADER, and other publications, offering to trade two Lux shows for each new one that people might have. That offer still stands, by the way. One evening I received a collect phone call from someone I had never heard of. The operator asked him for further identifying information and he mumbled something about a magazine ad. Although I wasn't overly thrilled that someone would call collect (after all, he could have written), I did agree to accept the charges. When the Operator got off the line he started in with the most obscene questions I ever heard. Gee, my very own obscene phone call. Anyway, it finally turned out that one of my co-workers had obtained some sor of magazine that has ads for thos interested in wife swapping. He answered one of those ads in my name, as a joke, and of course, I received the reply. Worst of all, I wound up paying the phone charges.

Switching to still another subject (boy, this column is a real mess); in his column last November, Bob Davis raised a number of interesting questions about some of the old radio shows. He overlooked one that I wonder about everytime I hear one of the episodes; namely "Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons." I have been puzzled about the use of the hero's name on this show. Apparently our detective's first name is "Mister" since even killers call him MR. Keen, even when they are about to attack

him. Never any epithets, just "MR. Keen." On Mike Hammer, for example, the killer says, "OK Hammer, you're going to get it," or "Stick em up, Gumshoe." But the killers all treat Keen with great respect. On the same show Mike Clancy bills himself as Mr. Keen's partner, but when talking to his partner to always calls him "boss." Why is that, Bob Davis?'

On still another subject --- No, I guess I will save that for next time.

Jim Snyder  
517 North Hamilton St.  
Saginaw, Michigan 48602

\*\*\*\*\*

(CONT'D FROM PAGE NINE)

Monday 6/18/84 8-10 pm  
THE WHISTLER, OUR MISS BROOKS

Saturday 6/23/84 8-10 pm  
DUFF'S TAVERN, ESCAPE, THE LONE RANGER, GREAT GILDERSLEEVE, GROUCHO MARX

Sunday, 6/24/84 8-10 pm  
THE SHADOW, GANGBUSTERS, SCREEN DIRECTOR'S PLAYHOUSE

Saturday, 6/30/84 8-10 pm  
NBC SHORT STORY, GROUCHO MARX

\*\*\*\*\*

WED. MAY 2, 1984

**OBITUARY**

**JOHN L. BARRETT**

Buffalo (AP)—John L. Barrett, 71, who played the Lone Ranger when that radio drama began in Buffalo in the early 1930s, died yesterday.

Barrett played the role of the masked criminal when the series began here as "Covered Wagon Days".

**TONIGHT JACK OAKIE RETURNS TO KEN MURRAY'S RADIO SHOW**

*By Popular Request*

I'M GLAD TO BE YOUR GUEST STAR AGAIN TONIGHT KEN — BEFORE I START BACK TO HOLLYWOOD



WELL, FOLKS — I KNEW YOU'D LIKE JACK. DON'T MISS HIM TONIGHT — HE'S GOT LOTS OF NEW GAGS

**TONIGHT AT 8:30 — KEN MURRAY PHIL REGAN — RUSS MORGAN** and his LIFEBOYS  
*In Sensational New Rince-Lifebuoy Radio Program*

**TUNE IN TONIGHT AT 8:30 (E. S. T.)**

COLUMBIA NETWORK — STATION WOR **4/7/36**



The Edgar Bergens and Charlie McCarthy with "Candy" in 1948.

**W A R C**

**A NEW TIME "MAIZIE" 8:30 TONIGHT**

The delightful scatterbrain of the air and movies at a new time. Starring Ann Sothern. You'll find entertainment and a chuckle in every minute of Maizie.

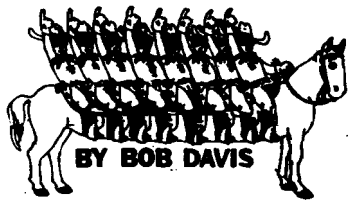
**24-HOUR ENTERTAINMENT EVERY DAY**

**W A R C 950**

**Charlie McCarthy's 'Sister'**

# SAY!

WHO WAS THAT MASKED MAN?



BY BOB DAVIS

STOP THE PRESSES....At 11:15 am on May the 13th I became a grandpa. Yes, I know it's hard to believe that I could be that old, but sunofagun, I am! Now I don't want to sound biased but this has got to be the greatest little kid in the world. He's also going to be a trivia expert. He has to be because he already looks exactly like Edward G. Robinson: Yikes!!:

I was leafing through an issue of TV Guide the other day and spotted a movie title "Black Eye". It was an exploitation movie that never got anywhere but what caught my eye was the listing of supporting actors. There, among such stalwarts as Fred Williamson and Theresa Graves, cast as a porno movie maker, was the name Bret Morrison. The movie wasn't the greatest, and Bret probably did it just for the money, but how was that for anti-type casting! From "The Shadow" to a porno purveyor. Sheesh!

Anyway, it got me thinking about other radio people that millions knew by voice alone, ~~tr~~ing their hands in the visual medium. I've come up with a few although I realize that there must be many, many more.

The first that comes to my mind was Paul Frees. This announcer/actor for many years was a mainstay on "Suspense" and "Escape". If you pay close attention to the original version of the movie "The Thing" you'll recognize Paul as one of the scientists. In the George Pal production of "The War of the Worlds" he plays the radio commentator wandering around with a tape recorder. You might not know the face, but the voice is unmistakable!

Another "Suspense" regular was Joseph Kearns. He was "The Man in Black" and frequently acted in the stories. Next time you watch a TV rerun of "Dennis the Menace" look for Kearns. He played the next door neighbor, Mr. Wilson.

Speaking of the original version of "The Thing", look for announcer George Fenneman as one of the scientists. Grouch's sidekick ends up as fodder for the rampaging "thing."

Alan Reed went from being a denizen of "Allen's Alley" (Falstaff, the poet) to Pasquale, the nemesis of Luigi Bosco, on "Life with Luigi". He made quite a few movies but never did hit it big. You can't see what he looked like but you can still hear his voice when you watch "The Flintstones." He was the voice of Fred Flinstone.

A lot of people came out of radio and hit it really big. He went from radio here (Front Page Farrell) to movie villain in record time with films such as the Kiss of Death and Road House.

Ira Grossell was a journeyman radio actor that seemed to come into his own as soon as he changed his name to Jeff Chandler. He played, Mr. Boynton on the "Our Miss Brooks" shows and was also "Michael Shayne". He had, quite possibly, the best radio voice of them all. The name change and the radio successes opened the Hollywood doors for him and he went into the movies. The rest was history.

Lucille Ball had been in the movies for a while before she went into radio but had never reached the superstar status. Her radio show "My Favorite Husband" made her a star. When "I Love Lucy" came along it made her a superstar. Did you know that the early Lucy shows were also played as a radio series? Well they were!

Others that started out in radio and attained great success in the visual mediums were Lorne Greene, Jack Webb, Harry Morgan, Milton Berle, Arnold Stang, William Conrad, Charles McGraw, John Garfield, Alan Ladd, and many more too numerous to mention.

There was no definite pattern. Some that were really big in radio just couldn't hack it in the other mediums. Others that were minor stars only on radio, became overnight sensations on the big or little screens. Fred Allen is a good example of the former. A major star on radio, Allen never did hit it big in the tv or movies.

The shows themselves also fell prey to this kind of occurrence. "Gun-smoke" was a successful radio series that had an even more successful run on tv. "Suspense", after a twenty year run on radio, lasted only briefly on TV. The same goes for "Fibber McGee and Molly."

"Our Miss Brooks", a fair hit on radio, went to tv and became a tremendous hit. Who could figure it? Stars and shows that America loved for years were suddenly shunned as they hit tv. Others that were borderline radio shows were instantly big hits as soon as the public was actually able to see them. "Dragnet" for example. It went from a middle range cop show on radio to a top ten tv series. The same actios, style, music and storylines ther were only so-so on radio at the time, became the standard for tv cop shows for quite a while.

Assoc:

Well, that's about it for now. I'm sure I left out a heck of a lot in mentioning these stars and shows and you can probably come up with a list that surpasses mine, but isn't that what this hobby is all about? The dredging up of old memories and the discovery of new "stuff" that will become the memories of later years. Old Time Radio..I love it!

\*\*\*\*\*

## Letters



Most of you, by now, have taken advantage of our tape library. In the past few months our library has grown considerably due to generous donations from our membership and a purchase of some tapes from someone selling his collection. Hopefully our library will continue to grow. However, members please note that we also have a reference library. Our latest addition is WHO IS THAT? by Warren B. Meyers and is a Late, Late Viewer's Pictorial Guide to the Old, Old Movie Players donated by Jim Snyder (Thanks again, Jim). Also in our reference library is WXYZIE WONDERLAND by Dick Osgood, tracing the history of Detroit's famous radio station which was the home of the Lone Ranger, Sgt. Preston, The Green Hornet and others. So, if you are not into sports (Olympics) or politics, these could be your answer to this summer's entertainment gaps.

Members and dealers, NOW is the time to send in your ads for this fall's issue of MEMORIES. Please remember that all ads must be camera ready and that a full page is 8 1/2 x 11. Ad rates are noted on page 2 and members may advertise for 1/2 price. Please send to MEMORIES, 100 Harvey Drive, Lancaster, N.Y. 14086. Joe O'Donnell will be editing MEMORIES this year so it promises to be a great issue.

See you next month.

\*\*\*\*\*

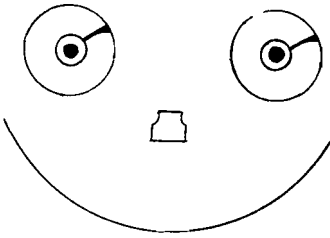
**REFERENCE LIBRARY:** A reference library exists for members. Members should have received a library list of materials with their membership. Only two items can be borrowed at one time, for a one month period. Please use the proper designations for materials to be borrowed. When ordering books include \$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.



*Everett Godfrey*



DAN DAILEY AND HOST GENE AUTRY EXCHANGE "LIDS" DURING A BIT OF HORSEPLAY ON WEEKLY SHOW.



**REEL-LY SPEAKING**

BY: Francis Edward Bork

Well another month has gone by and here I am still asking our club members to return the club tapes on time.

The rental fee is for one month only. Once again, this morning I shipped out three packages of tape short because the tapes requested are still out. To those club members please re-order. Always send an alternate list for me to fill, in case your first choice has not been returned.

A note to new members, please include postage with your order. You will find the rate on inside front cover of tape library catalog. Here again, please send me a list of your second choice tapes. Club rental is for one month from date shipped. We do allow, five or six days leeway so don't panick if you're a day or two late.

To you club members who donate tapes either reels or cassettes, no postage is required when requesting reels or cassettes for the tapes you have donated. You must of course, pay for return postage. Thanks to Jim Snyder for 12 cassettes and 4 reels, Terry Salomonsan for donating 6 reels, Tom Monroe 10 reels and Hy Daley 2 reels. Our tape library has increased by 18 reels this month. I have listened to several of the new tapes. They are really great, my entire family enjoyed them. Once again thanks to the thoughtful club members who have donated reels and cassettes to our club library. Its guys and gals like you who make our hobby the best, in friendship and good family entertainment.

Listed below are more of the tapes our fellow members have donated. We can't list them all at this printing so just hang in there gang, and we'll get to them all.

R-194 Stereo 1200' 7 1/2 IPS  
Green Guild Players-So Evil My love  
13 Jan. 49 AFRS-Ray Milland-Deborah Kerr

The March of Time - 29 July 1937

R-195 1200' Stereo  
The Hermits Cave-1940 Castle by the sea  
Burn & Allen Show 15 Feb 44 CBS - Fred Astaire

R-196 1800' Your Truly Johnny Dollar  
3/14 The 85 Little Minks  
3/21/50 The Stuart Palmer Matter  
3/28/50 The Missing Masterpiece  
4/4/50 Big Red School House  
4/11/50 The Dead First Helpers  
4/18/50 Story of Ten O'Eight  
4/25/50 Policy Hold-Pearl Carasa  
5/2/50 The Abel Tick Matter  
5/9/50 The Harold Trandem Matter  
5/16/50 The Sidney Rykoff Matter  
5/23/50 The Earl Chadwick Matter  
5/30/50 The Port Au Prince Matter

R-197 1800' Yours Truly Johnny Dollar  
Dr. Otto Shmedlick  
Witness, Witness, Whose got the Witness  
The Little Man Who Wasn't all There  
South Sea Island  
Melanie Carter  
The Skull Canyon Mine  
Bodyguard to Ann Connolly  
The Circus Animal Show  
The Haiti Adventure  
Department Store Swindle  
The Loyal B Martin Matter  
The SS Makay Trader

R-198 1800' Suspense  
Fountain Plays - Edmund Owenn  
King's Birthday  
Red Clud Mesa - Joseph Cotten  
The Girl in the Powder Blue Jag  
In a Lonely Place  
Mission Completed - James Stewart  
Analytical Hour - Jack Carson  
Sold to Satan - Kermit Murdock  
The Luck of Tiger Eye  
Friday  
Over the Bounding Main  
This Will Kill You

R-199 1800' Suspense  
Stand in for Murder  
With Murder in Mind  
The Sin Eater  
The Next Murder  
Weekend at Geebes  
Golden Years  
At the Point of a Needle  
Devil Stone (Last Show)  
Rave Notice  
Sight Unseen  
After the Movies  
Report on Jolly Deat Riders  
Public Defender

R-200 1800' The Shadow  
Prelude to Terror  
Spider Boy  
Night Without End  
Voodoo  
A gift of Murder  
The Isle of the Living Dead  
The Terrible Legend of Crowshield Castle  
The House of Horror  
Death Prowls at Night  
Death on the Rails  
Murder Underground  
The Ghost Walks Again

R-201 1800' Romance  
Winds of June  
Golden Face  
Ladies Day at Medicine Hat  
St. Grasshopper  
One-way Trip  
Richer by Christmas  
Way to the Castle

Loup Garu  
 Old Army Buddy  
 Julia  
 San Francisco Incident  
 Enchanted Voyage  
 R-202 1800' Frontier Gentleman-  
 Luke Slaughter  
 The Preacher  
 The Rainmaker  
 Nasty People  
 Holiday  
 Random Notes (Last Show)  
 Duel on the Trail  
 Track's Out of Tombstone  
 Yancy's Pride  
 Page's Progress  
 The Homesteaders  
 Wagon Train  
 The Henry Fell Story  
 R-203 1200' Luke Slaughter of  
 Tombstone  
 Death Watch  
 Worth it's Salt  
 Heritage  
 Drive to Fort Huachuca  
 Outlaw Kid  
 Cattle Drive  
 Big Business  
 June Bride (Last Show)  
 R-204 Globe Theater 1800'  
 Turnips Blood  
 Greater Love  
 Daddy Long Legs  
 The Returning  
 Boy Meets Girl  
 Fortune Hunter  
 My Little Boy  
 Col. Paxton & The Haunted House  
 Love is Where You Find It  
 The Great McGinty  
 Coffee with Dorothy  
 To the Ladies  
 R-205 President Harry S. Truman  
 State of the Union 1/4/50  
 Dedication of Geo. Washington  
 Statue 2/22/50  
 Whistle Stop in Galesburg, Ill.  
 5/8/50  
 Democratic Party rally in Chicago  
 5/15/50  
 UN Report on the Korean War 6/27/50  
 Speech at Washington to Newspaper  
 Guild 6/28/50  
 Speech on Korea 7/19/59  
 Speech on Economic Program 9/9/50  
 Speech following meet with Gen.  
 MacArthur 10/1/50  
 Mobilization speech on Korea 12/19/50  
 Death of Harry Truman 12/26/72  
 Tribute to Harry S. Truman follow-  
 ing his death 12/26/72  
 R-206 1200' Adolph Hitler  
 Adolph Hitler Speaking before the  
 Reichstag 1 Sept. 1939  
 R-207 1800' Frontier Gentleman  
 The Shelton Brothers  
 Charlie Meeker  
 The Honkytonkers  
 Kendall's last Stand  
 The Lost Mine  
 Claimjumpers  
 Big Sam for Governor  
 The Actress

Gentle Virtue  
 Powder River Kid  
 The Trial  
 Aces and Eights  
 R-208 1800' Frontier Gentleman  
 Random Notes  
 Daddy Buckbucks  
 The Cannibal  
 Advice to the Lovelorn  
 The Cowboy  
 School Days  
 Belljoy's Prisoner  
 The Well  
 Gamblin' Lady  
 Education of Kid Yancy  
 Justice of the Peace  
 Mighty Mouse  
 R-209 1800' Frontier Gentleman  
 Mighty Tired  
 Nebraska Jack  
 The Cat Man  
 The Wonder Boy  
 Belle Siddon Encore  
 Belle Siddon Strikes Back  
 Last of Belle Siddon  
 A Horse for Kendell  
 Indian Lover  
 The Gold Digger  
 The Librarian  
 Aces & Eights  
 R-210 1800' The Shadow  
 The Silent Avenger  
 The White Legion  
 Hypnotic Death  
 Friend of Darkness  
 Horror in Wax  
 Sabotage by Air  
 Murder Incorporated  
 The Stockings were Hung  
 The Cat that Illed  
 Murder in the Death  
 Death on the Bridge  
 The Laughing Corpse  
 R-211 Suspense 1800'  
 Vidocq's Final Case  
 The Diary of Dr. Pritchard  
 How Long the Night  
 The Man with Two Faces  
 Melody in Dreams  
 The Spencer Brothers  
 Death at Spikerod Pond  
 The Outer Limit  
 Murder by Jury  
 The Big Helst  
 Circumstantial Terror  
 The Girl in Car 32

\*\*\*\*\*

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



## Program Notes

The present old time radio schedule on WEBR am, 970 KHz, Buffalo, New York, will continue in effect until 6/30/84, Mondays thru Fridays at 8 pm and Saturdays and Sundays at 6 pm.

The Big Bandstand, temporarily off the air for special programming, has returned to WEBR am, Sundays at 7 pm.

The following information has been made available to us by Dick Olday:

The KOZY Radio Theater, with Jack Benny, Fibber McGee and Molly, Suspense Theater, and many others can be heard Mondays thru Fridays at 6 pm and 11 pm on WKYZ am, 770 KHz, serving Southwest Florida.

Music from the Big Band era to the present, aptly titled "Unforgettable", can be heard daily from 6 am to midnight in WINK am 1240 KHz, also serving Southwest Florida.

Also available from Dick is information from Jay Hickerson's Newsletter, which can be obtained at Box C, Orange, Connecticut 06477 (tel. 203-248-2887 or 795-6261) for \$6.00.

Don Richardson and Walt Mitchell present a variety of old time radio and 78 records on WRVO fm, 89.9 MHz, Oswego - Syracuse, New York, on Fridays 7:30 thru 10:00 pm.

This same program, apparently, also appears on WWSC am, 1450 KHz, Glens Falls, New York, Sundays 8:00 thru 10:30 pm.

Matt Bishop presents old time radio variety on WRVO FM, 89.9 MHz, Mondays thru Thursdays, 7:30 to 10:00 pm, Sundays 7:30 to 9:00 pm, and 11:00 pm to signoff.

Another variety program appears Mondays thru Fridays, 11:00 pm to 12:00 am on WXYZ am, 1270 KHz, Detroit, Michigan.

Still another variety, available on Sundays between 6:00 and 7:00 pm appears on KZUU dm, 90.7 MHz, Pullman, Washington.

When I spoke with Chuck Schaden by phone on 5/10/84, approval of the sale of WCFL was imminent since it was thought to be on the FCC docket that day. Chuck commented that it was difficult to program the WCFL Radio Theater, not knowing if the next show were even to be on the air. Generally scheduling has been done only a week in advance, with the schedule given on the air. However, there are discussions with other stations in the Chicago area for a similar type of evening program. Chuck has been on the air, doing old time radio programming for over 14 years. And speaking of "On the Air", his themesong, this was originally popularized by Vincent Lopez during the golden age of radio.

On 5/11/84 Chuck Schaden announced on the air that the sale of WCFL was approved by the FCC, and the new

owners were expected to take over full operation of the station by the following week. WCFL Radio Theater will be part of "old time radio" by the time you read this. His show on WNIB fm, 97, Chicago, Saturdays 1 to 5 pm will continue.

A good source of old time radio (and other nostalgia) information can be found in his NOSTALGIA DIGEST, which continues publication. It is \$10. annually from the Hall Closet, Box 421, Morton Grove, Illinois 60053.

The WCAU's Radio Classics schedule, which I mentioned in the last issue of IP, has arrived for the month of May. To get your own current copy send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to WCAU radio, City Avenue and Monument Road, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19131.

A new drama series, Sound Stage Drama, can now be heard on WBFO fm, 88.7 MHz, Buffalo, New York, Wednesdays at 11:00 am. Also an WBFO are Bob and Ray, Mondays at 8:30 pm, with a repeat performance on Sundays at 6:00 pm. For a free picture of Bob and Ray, listen to the show for details.

Want to go on a cruise? How about the Golden Age Cruise in the Caribbean on September 23, 1984? This is your chance to get together with others interested in old time radio. Listen to the Golden Age of Radio Theater, heard over 400 stations for details. Locally, these are WBTA, 1490 KHz, Batavia and WHAM, 1180 KHz, Rochester.

It is rare that video is mentioned here, but two programs, both on WNED TV, Channel 17, Buffalo, are of interest. Sundays at 1:00 pm is Over 50, with Chuck Healy and Friends. Quite often there are guests who were involved in radio in Western New York, and always a nostalgia quiz. And for Jack Benny buffs is his old TV series, of good quality, on Sundays at 12:30 pm.

T- t- t- that's all Folks! Have a good summer and we'll see you in the Fall.

If you have information on any OTR programming that might be of interest to other members, let me know at 206 Lydia Lane, Cheektowaga, New York 14225

Joe O'Donnell

\*\*\*\*\*

CLASSIC RADIO  
1210 WCAU-AM  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Wednesday 6/13/84 8-10 pm  
THE SHADOW, THE LONE RANGER

Thursday 6/14/84 8-10 pm  
MAN CALLED X, DRAGNET

Friday, 6/15/84 810 pm  
CHARLIE MCCARTHY, GANGBUSTERS

Saturday 6/16/84 8-10 pm  
BURNS AND ALLEN, JACK BENNY, GREEN HORNET, NBC SHORT STORY, GROUCHO MARX

Sunday 6/17/84 8-10 pm  
THE ALDRICH FAMILY, THE SHADOW,  
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY (cont. page 4)

# THE SHADOW

COPYRIGHT:  
STREET & SMITH

## TREASURES of DEATH

Dec. 15, 1933

Bright lights cast a strange glow throughout a remarkable room. Glistening reflections came from polished walls. The place was a laboratory, yet it differed from any other in existence.

Instead of white-tiled fittings, this room was furnished entirely in black. Walls, ceiling, and floor, like tables, benches and other equipment, were all of sable hue. It was a fitting atmosphere for the strange being who occupied it.

The Shadow was in his laboratory. Clad in his cloak and hat of somber black, he was practically invisible as he worked. His garb did not reflect the light as did the walls. Hence The Shadow formed a weird, incongruous shape as he moved about.

Black against black: absorbing surface against that which reflected. Such was The Shadow's presence. Long arms and gloved hands were like shadows of The Shadow!

One spot of whiteness was present. It was no more than a tiny speck. The capsule which The Shadow had brought from a dead man's bedroom showed between gloved thumb and forefinger.

With test tubes and bottles, The Shadow began his analysis. The capsules opened; its whitish powder poured upon a small black patch of paper. The test continued. Its completion brought a soft murmur of mockery from the hidden lips of the Shadow.

The laboratory lights went out. A cloak swished in darkness. A short while later, another light appeared in a second somber room. A switch clicked; a bluish glare was focused downward upon the polished surface of a table.

White hands appeared beneath the lights. On a finger of the left glittered a shimmering gem. This was The Shadow's girasol--the rare fire opal which was The Shadow's single gem. Its hue was black at times; yet always, from it depths, gleamed sparks of fire that shone with the intensity of a Promethean eye.

The Shadow was in his sanctum. Here, enshrouded in total darkness, he was invisible--all except his hands, which moved like living creatures detached from the body beyond them. The Shadow was about to summarize the findings of his visit to the home of Shattuck Barliss and the analysis which had succeeded that visit.

Fingers clutched a pen. They inscribed brief notations upon a sheet of paper which the other hand produced:

Capsule--harmless powder--drug present.  
Number remaining--eighteen  
Lacking--thirty-two.  
Four Days.

The written words began to vanish. They faded from the sheet of paper like passing thoughts. Yet their purport remained. The Shadow had made an important discovery.

Some one had substituted harmless capsules for the prescribed pills. No jury could ever convict the culprit for homicidal intent. Nevertheless, the placing of such capsules had been a death warrant for Shattuck Barliss.

Thirty-two capsules had been used from the box. For at least four days, Shattuck Barliss had been living without the necessary medicinal stimulus which the physician had prescribed. The old man's ability to stand a sudden shock had been steadily diminishing ever since the substitution had been made!

The purpose? The Shadow's soft laugh indicated it. Some one had wanted Shattuck Barliss to die before his nephew arrived in New York. The capsules had evidently been changed about the time when Rodney Glasgow had summoned Terry Barliss East.

Had Shattuck Barliss succumbed to a sudden shock before the arrival of Terry, no one would have learned the story of the famous Villon manuscript. Had it been uncovered after the old man's death, there could have been no speculation concerning it.

Artful murder--murder that relied upon natural reaction--such had been the cause of death to Shattuck Barliss. The motive of the subtle deed had been to cover previous theft!

New notations were coming from The Shadow's pen. Nothing had escaped The Shadow's notice; no words that he had heard passed unremembered:

Library--renovations.

Wall--safe--untouched.

Expert opinion--forged manuscript.

These written remarks faded.

They had brought out important points. The only indication that any one could have recently been located in the old house was found in the new decorations of the library off the bedroom. The condition of the wall safe proved that no one had made forcible entry there. Terry's remark to Cardona--the statement that some expert had pronounced the Villon manuscript spurious--was the final point of value:

Inquiries.

This single word was the last that the Shadow wrote. It remained after the others had faded; then it, too, passed to oblivion.

The Shadow knew that Terry Barliss

even though his cause might be futile, would at least make some effort to find out what had happened in his uncle's home prior to his own arrival from California.

It was unnecessary for The Shadow to write the obvious: that the old brown-stone house would be the starting point for any investigation that might lead to the missing manuscript. It was unnecessary also for The Shadow to speculate upon where the trail might lead until after it had begun.

The Shadow had discovered important indications. He wanted specific facts. He was considering the way to gain them. Well did the Shadow know that hidden crime was invariably of greater consequence than that which appeared in full view.

In his ceaseless warfare against the hordes of evil, The Shadow went beneath unruffled surfaces. The discovery of one subtle crime was usually the prelude to the detection of a chain of evil circumstances. Those crude at crime belonged to the police. It was The shadow's self-appointed task to ferret out the wiles of supermines.

The Shadow was one who dealt in terms of powerful action, yet there were times when he played a masterful game of deliberation. He was facing a perfect crime--a theft of a valuable manuscript that could not be identified even if discovered; a murder that had required purely negative work on the part of the man who had performed it.

Somewhere behind lay the master mind. The villain's position was impregnable. Even The Shadow could accomplish nothing at this hour. The game was in its preliminary stage. The first encounter between right and wrong lay purely in the future.

The laugh that rippled through the sanctum was a hollow burst of mockery that denoted The Shadow's mood. It was the sign that The Shadow, alone, knew what the future might hold; that he, master though he was, realized that the only present strategy lay in lack of immediate action.

The Shadow was depending upon Terry Barliss. He knew that the disappointed heir would seek facts. He knew also that such facts would mean nothing to Terry. But the young man's findings might prove of value to The Shadow. To make them gain their full worth, direct contact between The Shadow and Terry Barliss was essential.

Paper and pen appeared. The Shadow wrote again. This time, however, he was not inscribing mental comments. His rapid writing took the form of a coded message. When completed, The Shadow folded the sheet of paper before the drying ink had opportunity to disappear.

The message went within an

envelope. With another pen, The Shadow wrote an address: the name of Rutledge Mann, the address a suite of offices in the Badger Building, New York City. The inscription on the envelope was in ordinary ink. It remained after it had dried,

A hand drew the envelope from the table. The bluish light flicker off. The sanctum was in darkness. Within enshrouding gloom, a weird laugh sounded. Echoes came as a ghoulis response. When the sounds had died, complete silence remained.

In his sanctum, The Shadow had planned the first step in his endeavor to learn the source of hidden crime. He was counting on the lapse of time to pave the way to successful combat. With his coded letter as the first step, The Shadow had departed from his sanctum.

#### CHAPTER IV THE FIRST STEP

Day had dawned in Manhattan. A young man, attired in a dressing gown, was standing by a window high in the huge Metrolite Hotel. He was a husky chap, with a firm, frank face. He seemed well contented with life as he viewed the city beneath.

A telephone bell began to ring. Reluctantly ending his study of the great metropolis, the young man turned back into the room and answered the call. A slow, methodical voice greeted his ear.

"Is this Mr. Harry Vincent?"

"Yes," replied the young man.

"This is the Climax Chemical Corporation," came the slow tones. "We have been waiting to discuss a new transaction with you. How soon could you keep an appointment with our man?"

"Within an hour," returned Harry Vincent.

"Very well," was the phoned decision.

The moment that he had ended the call, Harry Vincent became active. He dressed hurriedly, in preparation to leave the hotel. His speed indicated that he must have some important business on his mind.

This was true; yet Harry's business did not concern either the purchase or sale of chemicals. There were two words in the morning message that had roused him to all haste. Those were the final words that had come over the wire: the words "our man."

A simple, natural statement, but to Harry those words were a key to what lay ahead. "Our man" meant R. Mann. The enunciation was the same. R. Mann was Rutledge Mann, an investment broker in the Badger Building.

Within a half hour after he had received the call, Harry was entering the Badger Building. He knew that he was on the trail of adventure. For Harry Vincent, who posed as a gentleman of leisure at the Metrolite Hotel, was the active agent of The Shadow.

When Harry was needed, the

Shadow summoned him. Frequently the call came through Rutledge Mann, who served as a contact worker in The Shadow's service. It was natural for a man of Harry's prosperous appearance to make occasional calls to an investment broker's office.

Suite 2121 was Harry's objective. When he reached this office on the twenty-first floor, he opened the door and entered. A stenographer arose, recognized the visitor and tapped at the door of an inner office.

A few moments later, Harry Vincent was talking with a quiet, full-faced individual who sat lazily at a flat-topped desk. This was Rutledge Mann. A sheet of black paper lay beside the investment broker's hand. Harry knew that Mann had received a coded message from The Shadow.

"Vincent," began Mann, "I have an unusual appointment arranged for you. I would suggest you you keep it shortly before noon. You know where the Drury Theater is located."

Harry nodded.

"Three buildings past the old theater," resumed Mann, "is a small antiquated office building. On the fourth floor, you will find the office of Hawthorne Crayle, a man who deals in curios. You are to visit Crayle."

"For what purpose?" inquired Harry.

"That will be decided later," stated Mann. "Simply call on Crayle, state that you are interested in curios and make friends with him. Should he request a service of you, perform it. Follow that line of action, wherever it may lead."

Harry Vincent nodded as he arose to leave the office. He knew the location of the Drury Theater, near Times Square. He knew that he would have no difficulty finding the curio dealer's office. He realized that he was taking up some mission for The Shadow's service; like all such projects, this one would surely show surprising consequences.

Also, Harry realized that Rutledge Mann was probably in total ignorance of what lay ahead. Mann had received an order from the Shadow. He had passed the word to Harry. Mann's part of the job was ended.

It was not yet ten o'clock. Harry left the Badger Building and strolled along Broadway. He was timing himself to reach Crayle's office shortly before noon.

Meanwhile, an event was already taking place at the old building where Crayle's office was located. A tall, obscure figure was ascending a pair of dilapidated stairs. Arrived at the fourth floor, this shape stopped in front of a dingy door.

In the gloom of the hallway, where little daylight penetrated, it was difficult to distinguish objects. Yet there was something

an indication which betokened his identity. The Shadow had come to the office of Hawthorne Crayle.

The figure moved away. Where it had been, a patch of yellow remained-- an object the size of an envelope. The Shadow had gone from sight, hidden in a door across the way.

Twenty minutes passed. Tapping footsteps came from the stairway. An old man arrived in view. He picked his way through the gloomy hall and thrust a key into the lock of the old door. A flood of daylight reached the hallway as the door opened.

It was then that the old man noted the yellow object on the door. He removed it with shaky hands.

This man was Hawthorne Crayle. In the light of his office, the curio dealer appeared as a tall, stoop-shouldered old fellow, the very that one would have expected to find in so dingy a surrounding. Crayle's face was wizened, his whole bearing was that of the recluse.

The object which Hawthorne Crayle had taken from the door was a yellow envelope. The old man opened it and fished out a telegram. He scanned the lines and uttered a gleeful chuckle.

Crayle dragged out a dilapidated suitcase and opened it. He fumbled with the combination of a safe, opened the metal door and brought out two small Buddhas of gold. He packed them in the suitcase, closed the door of the safe and left the office, taking the grip with him.

As soon as Crayle's footsteps had ceased to echo from the stairway, The Shadow again appeared. His firm hand applied a metal instrument to the door. The spring lock gave. The Shadow entered Crayle's office.

The light that came from the window revealed a most amazing sight. The Shadow, vague though he had been in the hallway, was not cloaked in his garb of black. He was wearing a tawdry overcoat and battered hat, both of a dark color; his countenance was in plain view.

Yet no one who had seen that face could possibly have gained a key to The Shadow's true identity. In every feature, The Shadow's visage was the exact counterpart of Hawthorne Crayle, the old curio dealer who had so recently left the office.

Removing his hat and coat, this duplicate of Hawthorne Crayle began to busy himself about the office. He was familiar with the place, and in every action he was characteristic of the old curio dealer.

The yellow telegram was lying where Crayle had left it. The false Crayle picked it up and chuckled in the old man's fashion as he read the message. The telegram was from a wealthy man in Cincinnati, asking Crayle to come at once and bring along the two valuable Buddhas which he owned.

Hawthorne Crayle would never know what had inspired that sale. The Cincinnati collector had received a wire describing the gold Buddhas. The message had been sent him by The Shadow, under a special name. The collector had acted as The Shadow had expected.

There was a telephone in Crayle's office. The false Crayle picked it up and dialed a number. He chuckled as he waited for the reply. When it came, the false Crayle talked in a crackly voice:

"Mr. Terry Barliss?" he questioned. "this is Hawthorne Crayle.. I once knew your uncle ... Yes, yes, I am very sorry to have learned of his death. I saw the obituary in the newspaper."

A pause while the pretended Crayle listened. Then, in loquacious fashion, he began again:

"I am calling, Mr. Barliss, because of something your uncle once told me. I am a curio dealer... Yes...Your uncle had a manuscript... Yes, that was it... A collection of original ballads by Francois Villon...What? You think that it is spurious?...Certainly. I should be glad to give you my opinion...This is surprising, Mr. Barliss...Yes... At your home...I shall come there this afternoon."

More chuckles as the pretended Crayle hung up the receiver. Time drifted by while he waited. Noon was approaching. Listening behind the little counter where he stood, The Shadow heard the sound of footsteps on the stairs.

The approaching person was coming to the curio dealer's office. The visitor turned out to be Harry Vincent. The Shadow, playing the part of Hawthorne Crayle, looked inquisitively toward this man whom he did not seem to recognize.

"My name is Vincent," announced Harry, in an affable tone. "I am somewhat interested in curios. I thought that I would drop in to see your place."

"You are welcome," returned the old man, "but you have arrived just before I am leaving. I have an important appointment to keep; all that I lack is the required transportation."

"I have my car," responded Harry, remembering that Mann had instructed him to perform any service which Hawthorne Crayle might ask of him.

"Ah!" exclaimed the old man. "That would indeed be useful. I should not care, however, to impose upon you, Mr. Vincent."

"No trouble at all," interposed Harry.

"I have nothing to do this afternoon. If I can be of service to you...."

"You can," came the crackly reply. "What is more, Mr. Vincent, if you are interested in unusual items that attract collectors, I may

be able to show you one where I am going. An original manuscript of Francois Villon--at least that is what it was supposed to be. Now, I am informed it may be spurious."

Harry Vincent caught the gleam of sharp eyes. Harry feigned interest. He nodded to indicate that there was nothing he would like to see so much as a Villon manuscript. "Let us go," decided the pretended Hawthorne Crayle. "I have promised Mr. Barliss that I will be there early this afternoon. There is no time like the present. He is living uptown. I am glad that you have a car; I do not care for taxicabs."

"We will have to take a cab to the garage."

"is it far?"

"Only a few blocks."

"We can walk them."

The false Hawthorne Crayle donned hat and overcoat. He pointed to the telegram that lay upon his counter and chuckled as he did so.

"A man in Cincinnati wants to buy my gold Buddhas," he remarked. "I must start there today--after I have called on Mr. Barliss. Let us go, Mr. Vincent"--shaky hands were rubbing together--"because this is a very, very busy day for me."

Harry Vincent was perplexed as he accompanied the old man down the dingy stairs. He heard the crackly voice of Hawthorne Crayle continuing in loquacious fashion. The old man was talking about his golden Buddhas, about curios in general and particularly about the Villon manuscript.

It occurred to Harry that Hawthorne Crayle must know people in many walks of life. As they went along the street toward the garage, Harry became more puzzled.

Did the Shadow know that Crayle had intended to go to Cincinnati? Did The Shadow know that Crayle had an appointment to call on a man named Barliss?

Whatever the answer, Harry was at least performing his appointed duty. As an agent of The Shadow is was his policy to obey every order from his mysterious chief. He had been told, through Rutledge Mann, to play in with any wish of Crayle's. Harry was following instructions.

They reached the garage. Harry obtained his coupe. He and his companion entered the car. As they swung out to the avenue, a had gripped Harry's arm and a crackly voice requested him not to drive too fast.

Harry Vincent nodded. He smiled as he shot a glance at the withered face of his curious companion. He drove the car at an easy pace, wondering if he were traveling to an important destination or merely following a blind lead.

Hawthorne Crayle continued his crackly conversation. The smile still remained on Harry Vincent's lips. It would have changed to a look of

amazement had Harry known the true identity of his talkative companion.

Not for one instant did the Shadow's agent suspect that the rider beside him was The Shadow himself!

\* \* \* \* \*

# Editor's DESK



Recently I have acquired some very fine copies of radio programs which (as always) have brought back some memories of times gone by.

Like most people in the fifties, I had become very much affected by television; I watched the world series when baseball was still a great game, saw McCarthyism at its best or worse depending on your point of view and watched Kefauver ruin comic books among other things. In the late fifties, however, I had the dubious distinction of being drafted into the Army by my friends and neighbors. This was a traumatic experience for a sensitive fellow such as myself, but even worse, my television was left at home and about the only chance I had to see the tube was in a crowded noisy "day room" which was full of pool tables and soldiers of every variety. This I soon found was not for me and television was lost as an entertainment source.

After nearly ten years of ignoring my trusty radio, I began turning the dial as often as possible. By that time the equipment had shrunk to a size that could truly be called personal; unlike the large sets I had known as a youngster, you could now carry a radio in your pocket or put it under your pillow. Wow, this was great!

The shows really hadn't changed that much although there were fewer than before. There was, of course, my old standby SUSPENSE which surprisingly enough to me was still on the air and I loved every minute of it. I have long since collected almost all of these shows. However, CBS was on a cowboy binge at that time and I recall listening to Gunsmoke regularly. This was a great show with a terrific cast. Like most collectors I have picked up as many of these as I can find and it seems there are some newer ones making the rounds. The shows I am talking about here, however, are FRONTIER GENTLEMEN, LUKE SLAUGHTER, PORT LARAMIE AND HAVE GUN, WILL TRAVEL. These were so-so shows; not classics but entertaining. Most of them only lasted a

short time. But gosh, as I listen to these shows now I can almost smell the odor of my Army barracks. Well, I didn't say there were good memories. But the shows are the best memories of a time when I was feeling mighty low. It seems like only yesterday.

As a postscript, I will report that the home of the Lone Ranger is in trouble. WXYZ in Detroit is suffering from rating problems and labor problems. As a result, ABC has made it known that they have been thinking of selling. Anybody got a few million? We could start broadcasting the Ranger, Hornet and Preston again. Anybody interested? Keep Listening.

Gene Bradford  
19706 Elizabeth  
St. Clair Shores, Mich. 48080

\* \* \* \* \*

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

**RADIO PREMIUMS**-Sky King Spy Detecto Writer, Tom Mix Brass Compass and Magnifier, Lone Ranger 6-Gun ring, Captain Midnight Secret Compartment Ring, Plus many more rings, badges, decoders, Pep Pings. Send for free sales list.

F. E. Gabryelski  
61 Lincoln Avenue  
Clifton, N.J. 07011  
(201) 772-3254

**WANTED** - Jack Armstrong shows from 1930's starring Jim Ameche.  
Mr. J. Sekeres  
9902 Rosehill  
Cleveland, Ohio 44104

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

\* \* \* \* \*

## Edgar Wallace Mysteries Featured by Eno



EDGAR WALLACE

Edgar Wallace, who has long refused to allow his stories to be used for radio presentation, has at last been signed up by the Crime Club. Each Wallace story presented in two episodes, the first on Tuesdays and the final on Wednesdays so the listeners will not have to wait more than twenty-four hours to discover the murderer or thief.

Edgar Wallace is probably the world's most prolific mystery writer. Called the "Henry Ford of Literature", his books sell by the millions every year. Last year in addition to his books he wrote six successful plays which he also produced.



In 1949 the "Lum and Abner" radio series was still a very popular show. Starring in the program were Chet Lauck, as Lum, and Norris Goff, as Abner. (Left) Before the mike with comedienne ZaSu Pitts. (Right) Made up for their rustic roles.



RETURN WITH US TO...

by Bill Owen, Don Lisk, and [unclear]

# BUCK JONES



BUCK JONES GREW UP ON A RANCH IN OKLAHOMA INDIAN COUNTRY. HE BECAME A COWBOY RIDER AND TRICK ROPER BEFORE HE RODE INTO HOLLYWOOD TO STAR IN MOVIES DURING THE THIRTIES. HE ALSO RODE OVER THE AIRWAVES IN RADIO'S *MOONBEATS*, STARRING BUCK JONES.

ASTRIDE HIS FAMOUS MOVIE HORSE, SILVER, THE POPULAR PERFORMER ENTERTAINED THOUSANDS OF BOYS AND GIRLS AT SATURDAY MATINEES. BUCK JONES' PICTURES WERE FULL OF GALLOPING EXCITEMENT AND ACTION THAT NEVER LET UP. HE WAS AN EXPERT A STUNTMAN AS TOM MIX. JONES LOATHED THE SINGING COWBOYS AND CONSIDERED THAT ONLY HE, MIX AND HOOT GIBSON WERE "GENUINE HANDS." THE UNKOWNING KING OF THE B WESTERNS DIED A HERO IN 1942 AT THE AGE OF 58. HE WAS FATALLY BURNED WHILE HELPING OTHERS FLEE THE DISASTROUS FIRE AT BOSTON'S COCONUT GROVE.



Above, the Nelsons with their former radio family. Henry Blair and Tommy Bernard impersonated Ricky and David on the show for several years. The four boys played together, became good friends.



FILM STAR CLAUDE RAINS IN A TENSE MOMENT DURING "SUSPECT" BROADCAST.



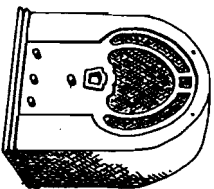
EMCEE GARRY MOORE PICKS A NAME FROM THE GOLDFISH BOWL ON "TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT" SHOW.

# FIRST CLASS MAIL

---

THE OLD TIME

100 HARVEY DRIVE



RADIO CLUB

LANCASTER, N.Y. 14086