

ILLUSTRATED PRESS

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Ben Wein, whose talents recently have been heard on a daily radio program, with Anita Baran, is making it somewhere someplace on records with 78-records under the RCA Victor label with Larry Clinton.

THE LADIES

The Gals of the Radio
Who Make Those
Winter Nights Shorter
and Brighter



This is Eleanor Bennett whose charms you'll be seeing more often as her fame and fortune rise with the Ken Harris Band. Eleanor formerly sang at the Essex House and McAlpin hotels in New York.



Dorothy Lomax, whom we all know, now presides over a variety program, full comedy and ball dramatic, every Thursday night on radio NBC station.

A fascinating singing star is Dawn Dixie, who lends her voice and charms to the Bob Hope Show on Tuesday nights over NBC.



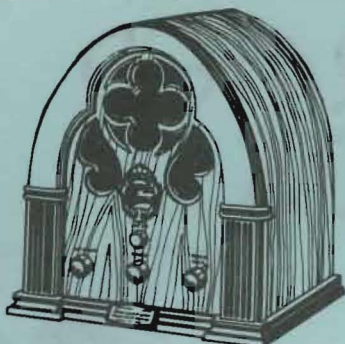
Heloise Skow, tall and blond and in soprano to boot, is featured on the Saturday Night "Fast Milk Show" with new-comer Vic Damone.



THE OLD TIME



RADIO CLUB



THE OLD TIME RADIO CLUB
MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION:

Club dues are \$17.50 per year 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 \$12.00 per year and includes all the benefits of a regular membership. Regular membership dues are as follows: If you join in January dues are \$17.50 for the year; February \$17.50; March \$15.00; April \$14.00; May \$13.00; June \$12.00; July \$10.00; August \$9.00; September \$8.00; October \$7.00; November \$6.00; and December \$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 61985 by the OTRC. All rights are hereby assigned to the contributors. Editor: Richard A. Olday; Assistant Editor: Jerry Collins; Production Assistance: Arlene Olday. Published since 1975. Printed in U.S.A. Cover Design by Eileen Curtin

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

NEW MEMBERSHIP DUES:

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

CHANGE OF ADDRESS,

ILLUSTRATED PRESS (letters, columns, etc.) & OTHER CLUB BUSINESS:

Richard Olday
100 Harvey Dr.
Lancaster, NY 14086
(716) 684-1604

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Pete Bellanca
1620 Ferry Road
Grand Island, NY 14072
(716) 773-2485

TAPE LIBRARY

Francis Edward Bork
7 Heritage Drive
Lancaster, NY 14086
(716) 683-3555

CANADIAN BRANCH:

Richard Simpson
960 - 16 Rd., R.R.3
Ferwick, Ontario L0S1C0

BACK ISSUES: All MEMORIES and I.P.s are \$1.00 each, postpaid. Out of print issues may be borrowed from the reference library.

Dominic Parisi
38 Ardmore Pl.
Buffalo, NY 14213

The Old Time Radio Club meets the FIRST 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 #106 - July 1
#107 - August 5
#108 - September 3

ADVERTISING RATES FOR MEMORIES

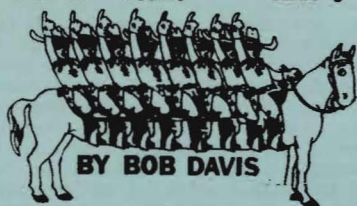
\$30.00 for a full page
\$20.00 for a half page
\$12.00 for a quarter page

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

Advertising Deadline - September 15.

SAY!

WHO WAS THAT MASKED MAN?



BY BOB DAVIS

An open letter to Jim Snyder... Dear Jim, And to think that I always thought you were a good guy! It just goes to show that you never can tell about some people!

In the May, 1985 issue of the I.P. you presented plans to build a razor blade radio. On the surface this seemed like an innocent enough project that would help pass a slow evening. It also looked like it might be fun to do.

The first thing I did was get all the materials together. A couple of the parts were hard to come by so a little substitution and innovation was called for. For the life of me I couldn't find a double-edged razor blade in my house! Did you every try dismantling a Bic throwaway razor? Those things are built to last!

It got so bad that for a brief moment I was seriously eyeing my electric razor, wondering if the blades from that would work. My wife saved the day with the blade from her Lady Gillette. The sonof-a-gun was even double-edged!

Next thing called for was pencil lead. I didn't have any but figured the insert from my ball point pen was close enough. It better be-- I wasn't about to sit there shaving the wood off a pencil! My gosh, the pencil back then had it rough!

The next thing called for was the toughest to find...ground wire! I tried every hardware store around and none of them carried ground wire. Darned if I didn't have to grind it up myself! Jim, next time let's keep the plans a little less complicated. OK?

Well, I worked for hours on this little uncomplicated piece of electronics and after a few false starts, ended up with a razor blade radio. It was at this point that I finally saw through your scheme Jim, and the nastiness of it all has left me totally nonplussed!

This innocent looking unit suddenly lit up and a screen unfolded from underneath the razor blade. On the screen, in tiny letters, was the message...Hello Bob...Let's have a game of Global Thermonuclear War... Defend Yourself!

I was going to pull the plug on it until I realized that there was no plug! Very clever Mr. Snyder, very clever!

Com'on Jim, how do you turn this thing off? Huh buddy? What do you say? Jokes over now Jimmy ol' pal. Let's turn this thing off and then we can have a good laugh over it. Maybe if I just yank out this little antenna wire!

Oh no! A new message is on the screen! You have drawn first blood in the game. My response if forthcoming!...Missles have been fired!

Jim, this happened only minutes ago and I haven't been able to find a way to shut down this razor blade radio of yours. Fun is fun but this is getting serious now. Com'on buddy, let's stop fooling around!

Gee, I would have believed this happening with someone like Gene Bradford, but not you Jim.

The lights in the house are dimming and the small screen has just lit up with one final message. Now I understand everything that is going on. The last message on the screen reads...SPERDVAC FOREVER!

Oh Jim, how could you? See ya next time..(if there is a next time!)

The Buffalo News/Wednesday, June 12, 1985

Obituaries

Jack Armstrong Dies; His Name Became 'All-American' Symbol

Associated Press
LAGUNA NIGUEL, Calif. — Jack Armstrong, a colonel whose name was bestowed on the "All-American boy" radio hero of the 1930s, is dead at age 74.

Armstrong, who died Monday, was a much-decorated officer with a military career worthy of his namesake.

He entered the old Army Air Corps as a second lieutenant in July 1941, and was stationed at Pearl Harbor during the early days of World War II.

After the war, Armstrong was assigned by the Air Force to the newly formed Atomic Energy Commission. Rising to the rank of colonel, he began developing programs that eventually led to the launching of the nation's first atomic-powered satellite.

After his retirement from the Air

Force in 1961, Armstrong worked for Rockwell International and helped develop the powerful engines that later were used in the Apollo and Gemini space programs, his son, James, said.

James Armstrong said General Mills advertising executives decided to develop the hero to represent "all-American virtues ... of courage, a sense of humor and the championing of ideals."

"Sammy Gale, a company executive, had been my father's roommate in college (the University of Minnesota), and he decided to use the name 'Jack Armstrong' because it seemed to convey all that," Armstrong told the Los Angeles Times.

Jim Arneche, who played Jack Armstrong on radio from 1933 to 1938, died in 1963 at the age of 68.

Wireless Wanderings



JIM SNYDER

This past winter and spring I conducted the tenth anniversary contest for the Old Time Radio Club. It started last February with our putting a matching quiz in the ILLUSTRATED PRESS. I felt that this one was easy (one person complained that it was too easy), and I explained carefully that no further knowledge would be needed, that we would use another method for determining winners. We had thirty-six entries, all of which were correct. Several people expressed apprehension about what kind of monster quiz I would come up with for the tie-breaker. It seemed that few believed my assurance that they would need no further knowledge. I didn't realize that I had such a sneaky reputation and that no one would believe me or my assurances.

I was somewhat disappointed in the response of only 36 people. We were prepared to offer up to fifty prizes, if we had that number of entries. Anyway, since we only had thirty-six entries, we wound up with thirty-six prizes. I sent off directions to be followed so that we could determine who would win which prize. Each person had to send me a statement on OTR that was 25 words or longer. Frankly, I was afraid that statement might scare some people off, but they all complied. I thought this would be both interesting for all of the membership to read, and I thought it might encourage some of these people to continue to write something occasionally for future issue of the ILLUSTRATED PRESS. You will be reading these statements over the next several months in the IP. There is really some super stuff here; lots of reminiscing, some suggestions for getting more out of the hobby, some humorous stuff, even some poetry. The second thing they had to do was to send me a boxtop (any boxtop) with their statement. At first I considered really getting into the mood of what we experienced as kids when we sent in for premiums from our favorite radio shows. I considered asking for a cereal boxtop and "one thin dime." But, I was sure my asking for a dime would be

misunderstood by some, and since I was sure that some people, myself included, don't eat cereal, it would be something of an imposition to have them go out and buy a box of something they don't use. So, no dime, and "any" boxtop. 15 of the 36 boxtops were from cereal. The only duplications were two Cheerios tops and two Instant Ralston tops. I fail to see how anyone could choke down the the Instant Ralston just to enter a contest. I had kind of decided in my own mind that if Gene Bradford, the club's expert on Tom Mix, didn't use a Ralston boxtop I would disqualify him, be he did. The remaining 21 boxtops covered a wide assortment, such as from cookies, crackers, macaroni, Excedrin, and even one from a box of envelopes (I would like to know where they get the envelopes because the price marked on them was about half of what I pay for the same brand).

We sent each contestant a prize list and let them indicate their prize preferences. We wanted to avoid any idea that the written statements would be judged, so when all entries were received I had one of my co-workers draw the unopened envelopes to determine the order in which the prizes would be given out. Nineteen of the entries were from the Buffalo area. We had three entries from Canada, and the others ranged from New Jersey to Hawaii. We had three husband/wife teams enter separately. I was somewhat concerned that some of them might each win the same reference book, or some such thing, but that didn't happen. I also noted the winners from previous OTRC contests didn't win any of the top prizes in this contest. That helps spread the "goodies" around a little bit.

Once the drawing was completed I started sending out the prizes, but in reverse order. I had already packaged them to have them ready for mailing, and that resulted in two stacks of prized, each five feet high. Obviously I wasn't going to stagger into my post office with a ten foot pile of packages, so over the next two weeks I simply sent out a few each day, starting with the top of those stacks. That caused the less important prizes to go out first. The longer a person had to wait to get his notification, the better the prize. One interesting item was that the 17th prize on the list was the 6th prize to be selected. That was a copy of TUNE IN YESTERDAY, of the basic reference books of the hobby, and one that is no longer available. It went to Rusty Wolfe

of Chattanooga, Tennessee. Several others put this down as their first choice. I won't attempt to list all the winners, but those receiving some of the better prizes: TV sets went to Jerry Collins from Buffalo and Hank Kropinski from Philadelphia. A package containing a Panasonic cassette player with a dozen cassettes in a carrying case went to Phyllis O'Donnell from New York. Four \$50 certificates for cassettes or reels from OTR dealers were given to Tom Mastel from California, Richard Simpson from Ontario, Chris Wong, from Hawaii, and Mitchell Weisberg from Virginia. Arlene Olday from New York won an AM/FM digital clock radio. Cassette players of one kind or another were won by Jeff Muller from New Jersey, Dom Parisi from New York and Ed Wanat from New York. Rosemary Simpson from Ontario won a Tom Mix watch, and packages of blank cassettes were won by Linda DeCecco and Pete Bellanca, both from New York. The remaining 22 prizes were all assorted reference books.

I really had a lot of fun conducting this contest, and I hope that the thirty-six who entered did also. I do know that you will all enjoy reading the statements they submitted in future issue of the ILLUSTRATED PRESS. Any comments or suggestions that you would like to send in on the format that we used, or the way we handled the contest, would be most welcome.

* * * * *

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

- WANTED: The following audio cassettes (Lux Radio Shows)
- 9/6/48 Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid William Powell
 - 3/14/49 Red River - John Wayne
 - 5/8/49 Paradise Lost-Joseph Cotton
 - 6/13/49 The Bachler and The Bobby Soxer-Cary Grant, Shirley Temple
 - 10/10/49-Mr. Blanding Builds his dream house-Cary Grant, Irene Dunne
 - 4/9/51-The Third Man-Joseph Cotton
 - 12/24/51-Alice inWonderland - Jerry Colona
 - Kent Coscarelly
 - 2173 Willester Ave.
 - San Jose, Calif. 95124

WANTED: CBS Radio Mystery Theatre, "Watchers of the Living". Will buy or trade on cassette or reel to reel.

Duff Campbell
 P O Box 4371
 Panorama City, CA 91412

WANTED: Johnny Dollar radio shows, audio portion of Tonight Show, late Night with David Letterman. Old/new basketball games (any games or teams). Also selling/trading old radio shows. Send want lists.
 Chris Wong
 2667-B Tantalus Dr.
 Honolulu, HI 96813

WOULD like to trade for All Star Western Theatre
 Jessica T. Howie
 Jim Martin
 1525 Maple Avenue
 Haddon Heights, NJ 08035

LOOKING for Zero Hour "Wife of The Red Haired Man" Parts 4 and 5 on cassette.
 Richard Olday
 100 Harvey Drive.
 Lancaster, NY 14086

WANTED: Books, TUNE IN YESTERDAY, by John Dunning. HIS TYPEWRITER GROWS SPURS, by Fran Striker Jr.
 Dave Vopicka
 2905 Espanola NE
 Albuquerque, NM 87110

WANTED: Tape cassettes of all episodes in which Fred Allen appeared on the Jack Benny Show and in which Stuart Canin played The Bee on the Fred Allen Show and one episode of Dennis Day Show and Phil Harris Show. Thank you.
 Jay Wild
 47 Herbert Circle
 Patchogue, NY 11772

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

* * * * *

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.

CANADIAN BRANCH: Rental rates are the same as above, but in Canadian funds. Postage: Reels 1 or 2 tapes \$1.50; 3 or 4 tapes \$1.75. Cassettes - 1 or 2 tapes \$.65; for each additional tape, add 25¢.

* * * * *

**** 25 WORDS OR MORE ****

Take the facts that adolescent girls in the late 1940's were extremely short of spending money, and that they were excessively romantic. To this, add that radio was a very important, if not the major source of entertainment at that time, and you get one reason for the popularity of the RAILROAD HOUR on NBC.

During the brief half hour, we were transported into a time and place far from the humdrum reality of homework, which was the staple of that and every evening. We sighed over handsome Gordon McRae, identified with the numerous heroines, all beautiful, desirable and sought after, and inserted ourselves into the fantasies of love and adventure. Barely was one program over that the impatient wait for the following Monday began. We filled the emptiness with making lists of the shows, sending away for the souvenir guide, and trying to get information on the stars. To miss a program for any reason was devastation.

And the array of talent that we were exposed to--without being fully aware, yet soaking it into one's being so that it helped shape our aesthetic taste in the years to come. There were Vincent Youmans, Noel Coward, Sigmund Romberg, Victor Herbert, George Gershwin, Cole Porter, Rudolf Friml, Jerome Kern, Lerner and Loewe. We rode the "Show Boat" and the "Pinafore," met the "Student Prince," and "Naughty Marietta," enjoyed "Blossom Time," "Lady Be Good," "Anything Goes," and the piece de resistance, by which everything else was judged, the "Desert Song." Counterpointing Gordon McRae, and his frequent guest Kenny Baker, were the voices of such as Margaret Whiting, Patrice Munsel, Eileen Wilson, Jeanette McDonald, Madine Connor, Dorothy Kirsten and Lucille Norman, backed up my Norman Luboff's choir and the orchestra conducted by Carmen Dragon.

It was a lovely, gentle, romantic fantasy world, where one soared in spirit over the ordinariness of the day; a world that cannot be found today, except by seeking out the past. Phyllis Wazenska O'Donnell Cheektowaga, New York

My start in our hobby began when I saw several records of Sherlock Holmes for sale in the Murray Hill catalog. Basil Rathbone has always been Sherlock Holmes to me, along with Nigel Bruce as Dr. Watson. Weeks later I went to the Buffalo library and borrowed some old time radio show records from them. I saw an article in our newspaper about the Old Time Radio Club of Buffalo. Chuck Seely's name was mentioned so I called him. Bingo! The next week after being invited by Chuck to attend a club meeting I became a member. Chuck loaned me boxes of reels to copy. Forty and fifty at a time. He never would accept anything in return. Take all you like he told me. He is truly Mr. Radio Club to me and my wife. I figure I must have borrowed at least 200 reels from Chuck, and copied all of them. I'd like to thank Chuck for all his help with the use of his reels and cassettes. Also thanks to Ed Wanat, our Bing Crosby fan. He made up copies of his Bing collection for me. Pat, my wife, and I have listened to them a dozen times or more. I've been a member six years now, and last year I took over as club librarian. That keeps me quite busy as I'm sure you know. At any rate, of all the hobbies I've had over the years I still think old time radio show collecting, and of course listening, is the best and most enjoyable. I collect the big bands and singers of the thirties, forties, and fifties also.

Frank Bork
Lancaster, New York

TONIGHT!
WIBX—9:30
 "You live each moment of this intensely human story"



FREDRIC MARCH **FLORENCE ELDRIDGE**
 bring you this play about an unselfish doctor and his loyal and loving wife.
"DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE"
THE CAMPBELL PLAYHOUSE
 EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT

The Buffalo News/Sunday, May 12, 1985



Associated Press

Chester Gould in 1981 with some Dick Tracy comic strips from the past, including the first one from 1931 in his left hand.

Cartoonist Chester Gould Dies; Created Dick Tracy Comic Strip

Associated Press

WOODSTOCK, Ill. — Chester Gould, who created the Dick Tracy comic strip from ideas spawned in the crime-filled streets of Depression-era Chicago, died Saturday at the age of 84.

Mr. Gould died at home, said his daughter, Jean O'Connell of Geneva, Ill. He had been ill for some time and had suffered a heart attack in October.

Tracy was born in the days of the Depression, Prohibition and gangsters. In "The Celebrated Cases of Dick Tracy," published in 1980, Mr. Gould was quoted as saying: "I decided that if the police couldn't catch the gangsters, I'd create a fellow who would."

"He was very fascinated with crime and the idea of the strip came from that," Mrs. O'Connell said.

Mr. Gould created the character while a young struggling artist. The Pawnee, Okla., native had worked for five Chicago newspapers and had tried to sell a variety of comic strip ideas since 1921.

In May 1931, he sent drawings of Dick Tracy to a New York publisher, but the strip wasn't published until March 22, 1932. It eventually

appeared in more than 500 newspapers, including The Buffalo News.

Dick Tracy was the first strip to depart from the "funnies" approach, delighting in graphic details such as bullets passing through beads and pools of blood.

Police detective Tracy battled no ordinary villains: "The Blank," a faceless man whose name was Frank Redrum (murder spelled backward); Jerome Trohs, (short spelled backward) a midget who was scalded to death in a shower; the Mole, a miser who lived underground; B.B. Eyes, a World War II bootlegger; Flattop, a killer for hire; Pruneface; Haf-and-Haf; Angeltop and Torch.

"I wanted my villains to stand out definitely so that there would be no mistake who the villain was," Mr. Gould once said.

Tracy's friends were no less remarkable. There was Gravel Gertie, who married B.O. Plenty, who begat Sparkle Plenty; Junior Tracy, the adopted street urchin who became a police artist; Diet Smith, inventor of the two-way wrist TV and the space couple; Moonmaid, the lunar princess who married Junior but was killed by

the bad guys; Vitamin Smith, the pill-popping actor, and Sam Ketchum, Tracy's partner.

Tracy proposed to Tess Truehart in 1932 and married her on Christmas Day 1949. Daughter Bonnie Braids was born two years later and Joseph Flintheart Tracy 24 years after that.

The strip also was on the cutting edge of police technology, featuring such gadgets as the two-way wrist radio and television and anti-gravity air cars.

In print, and later in Saturday matinee movie serials and on the radio, Tracy was the tough cop who could gun down a gangster and then deliver a little sermon:

"Johnny Mintworth paid the price for living a loose, careless life. He made his first mistake when he kept company with a girl who was a perfume thief. He thought she was cute."

Mr. Gould had lived in Woodstock, a town of about 10,000 residents located 40 miles northwest of Chicago, since 1936. He worked on the strip from his home for many years, his daughter said.

He retired in 1977. The strip is now done by Dick Locher and Max Collins.

ED'S WANAT CORNER

Remember back in 1969 when you could pick up a news paper and read about your favorite comedians. We'll return with back to Yesteryear Comedians Talk About Comedy - Part 2. Jack Benny & Fred Allen.

Monday, February 17, 1969

COMEDIANS TALK ABOUT COMEDY—II

By Larry Wilde

Benny's Time-Tested Formula for Success: Know What's Funny, Make Best of It

This is the second in a series of 12 articles excerpted from a new book of interviews in which a group of the funniest people of our time tell what they regard as funny. Jack Benny is being interviewed.

FROM a Jack Benny monologue:

Last week I woke up in the middle of the night with the most wonderful idea for a joke. I couldn't go back to sleep. I worked on it all night. The next day I came to the theater and did four shows . . . and in between each show I worked on that joke. That night, I stayed up all night trying to perfect the joke. And finally, the next day, I got it. I went out on the first show—and it was such a wonderful joke — I started to tell it and right in the middle of the joke . . . I fell asleep.

WILDE: Jack, has what people laughed at changed much through the years?

BENNY: I don't think so. I think they laugh at the same things. Years ago you could do some corny things and be funny. I can look over what I used to do many, many years ago and pick out things to use now.

THE ONLY thing is if you are working on characterizations, things that were funny 30 years ago have to be embellished—have to be smarter, wilder. Like, if I do stinky jokes I can't do an ordinary joke about leaving a guy a nickel tip — that's not funny anymore. Now you have to be more wild. Maybe the waiter leaves me a dime tip, knowing how cheap I am. It would have to be that crazy, you see, in order for it to be funny. Today, it has to be actually funnier.

WILDE: Many comedians earn an excellent living doing club dates, conventions — some as much as twenty-five thousand dollars a year or more — but the world will never hear of them. Some are very content with this anonymity while others are still striving to reach the top. Was it always your goal to become a star?

BENNY: I would think so, and I think nearly every comedian wants to be . . . just like a politician would like to be President of the United States. And I don't care who the politician is



REMEMBER WHEN?—Jack Benny, left, and Fred Allen were buddies in this 1943 photo. The two comedians later developed a long-standing radio feud, as Jack explains in today's installment.

— he might be the mayor of Carson City, but if he's in politics, he would like to end up being President. I think every dramatic actor, every singer, would like to be among the top few. Every concert musician would like to be considered among the top half-dozen. But when I say "would like to be the top" . . . you see, we didn't demand too much in those days. For instance, when I played the Palace in New York, which was the theater every actor was nervous about, and I was a big hit . . . you had the feeling that everybody in the world knew about it and you didn't have to go any further.

AND THE SAME with money. When I got to the point where I was getting four hundred and fifty dollars per week, I thought I was quite a rich man. I started to move in the first-class hotels . . . oh, my goodness, I thought, if I could ever make a thousand dollars a week, brother, then I'm ready to call it a day — this is it.

WILDE: So you really didn't wake up one day and say: "I want to be a great comedian"? It was a step-by-step process?

BENNY: Yeah, but I think everybody does feel that way, because if they don't, it's not good — it's better to feel that way. But mine has been, fortunately so, a step-by-step . . . not only in recognition, but an improvement in what I was doing. If you get up to the top step-by-step, you don't drop so fast.

WILDE: Could you pinpoint the specific steps you've taken to remain a star all these years?

BENNY: I think I have had, through my years of radio and television, almost always a very, very good show. I can't stand bad shows — I get embarrassed. I was the comedian, of course, but I think I was almost a better editor. Most comedians give me credit for being not the best comedian in show business, but the best editor, which is important — as important as being a comedian. It's not that I am such a particularly funny man. It's the things I do in routines. People will say to me: "Did you study the pauses in the tape?" This all comes as you go along, but there is nothing as important as editing.

WILDE: Were you born with this talent for editing or do you feel it came about as a result of years of analyzing yourself and your material?

BENNY: The latter — I don't think I was born with it. It was important to me never to have a superfluous moment in my act or in my radio or television shows.

WILDE: How did all the Jack Benny trademarks come about? Thriftiness, bragging, playing straight to the people you work with, etc.?

BENNY: All these things happened by accident . . . with one show. Now how I probably became a stinky character happened because on one show I did some jokes about my being stinky . . .

WILDE: This was in radio?

BENNY: Yes. Then we did it again and again, until suddenly by accident it became one of my characterizations, and it's the earliest one to get laughs. My feud with Fred Allen was an accident.

FRED SAID something one night I answered him, he answered me. I answered him, and it went on and on. We never got together, and said: "Let's have a feud." If we did, the feud would have happened, because it would have been contrived. We would have worked so hard at it it would have been lousy.

WILDE: Why was Fred Allen considered the comedian's comedian?

BENNY: Because he was a great writer. Fred was a wonderful humorist. He wrote funny letters. He wrote funny books. He wrote great shows. I don't know whether he was altogether a great editor, because sometimes he would have sensational shows and sometimes they wouldn't be at all. They would be far from it. I always blame it on editing.

LET'S TAKE you . . . you are preparing this book, you gotta edit it, right? They say a play is never written, it's rewritten. Well, the same goes for an article in the paper, or a monologue for a show — everything. My four writers and myself sit down and argue and discuss whether the word "but" helps or hurts a joke. That's how important editing is.

WILDE: How did "Love in Bloom" become your theme song?

BENNY: Quite by accident. "Love in Bloom" is not a theme song I particularly like. It has no significance with a comedian. It happened that I was fooling with that number thirty years ago, and before I could do anything about it . . . it wasen avalanche, and it became my theme song.

WILDE: Mr. Benny, eh, Jack . . . You are considered to have the best timing among comedians. What exactly is timing?

BENNY: Sometimes I think I have been given more credit than I merit in that, because every good comedian has to have, right off the reel, good timing, otherwise he can't even appear anywhere. I think the reason other comedians feel this way and maybe the public, who are gradually getting to know about timing, they know the words now . . . because I talk very slowly and I talk like I am talking to you . . . I might hesitate . . . I might think,

Everybody has a feeling, at home watching television or when they come to a theatre, that I am addressing him or her individually. The feel that I am doing it for them, and because I talk slowly . . . I make it a point to talk like I would in a room with fellows, so they think my timing is great for that reason.

OTHER PEOPLE have great timing but they talk very fast. It would be tough for them to talk slowly and it would be tough for me to talk fast.

WILDE: Could you define timing?

BENNY: It's tough to define. **WILDE:** Do words like "rhythm" . . . "pause" . . . help describe it?

BENNY: WELL, my pauses fortunately went over extra in radio, when you couldn't see me. The audience felt the pauses, but pauses make an audience think you are thinking. Sometimes I might do a monologue three or four nights and not change a word and an audience sitting out front will think I am adding a lot of it because I am and how around. But how do you define timing? It's a necessity. It's something everybody has to have.

A GOOD JOKE without timing means nothing and a bad joke without good timing means nothing — except you can help a bad joke with timing where you can't help a good joke with bad timing . . . I don't know how to define it.

WILDE: Is it a question of an easy flow . . . ?

BENNY: That's right — one word or one syllable too much can throw it off completely. I had an experience once . . . I was playing Las Vegas . . . wonderful audience every night and I knew that my very opening line would be a big laugh, and every night it was a big laugh, and I knew just how long that laugh would hold . . . and then I would continue. One night I walked out and the laugh was good but not as long or as big . . . and that performance knocked me off my timing for about two minutes. I couldn't get back into the swing and rhythm. . . .

WILDE: Can anyone learn timing?

BENNY: I think so, but inately he has to have something.

WILDE: Jack, which medium — radio, television, movies, night club, or the stage — do you prefer to work in?

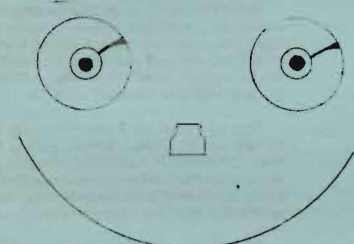
BENNY: The stage and my concerts. They're all charity, you know. I enjoy playing with the big symphony orchestras . . . Carnegie Hall. A concert is the finest background a comedian can have. I'm dressed in tails as though I were the world's greatest violinist. The musicians behind me are ninety or a hundred of the greatest musicians — Leonard Bernstein, George Szell, or William Steinberg, Alfred Wallenstein or Zubin Mehta are conducting for me like they would for Heifetz.

Reprinted from "The Great Comedians: Ten Top Shows Conducted by Larry Wilde." Copyright 1968 by Larry Wilde. Published by Citadel Press Inc.

NEXT — A chat with Joey Bishop.

outside for sand lot baseball till my mom called me for supper. When dad came home from work, we'd all sit down to supper. After supper my sister and I would clear the table and start our homework while dad had that second cup of coffee and a cigarette. When the homework was done either dad or mom would check it to see if it was all done and neatly. They didn't make us do over our error, for they felt if we rushed through our school work the runs would correct and then we would have twice as much homework the next day. I always tried to beat my sister finishing my homework. She was two grades ahead of me and her work was always harder. Who ever got done first got to the radio first and got their choice of radio shows. Dad had bought us a new Zenith radio for Christmas last year and that was our family Christmas present and not much else because money was scarce then. When we got up Christmas morning and saw the radio for the first time and heard its wonderful sound, we didn't mind not getting much else! I heard the King of England give his Christmas message. Wow I really heard a king, even if it was on short wave. I even heard some of the waves too. Anyway, back to after supper early evening radio programs. I thrilled to the tune of the William Tell Overture played before the story and still do. The next day at school I knew all the guys in my class would be talking about the Ranger and his wonderful horse Silver. I don't really remember what shows came next but there was Flashgun Casey, Red Skelton, Ozzie and Harriet and how many of the shows now long forgotten? Remember The Ghost of Benjamin C. Sweet? Wow I brought that out from

CONTINUED ON AGE 15



REEL-LY SPEAKING

Well summer's now upon us. There are no more club meetings now until September but our old time radio listening still goes on. Some of the shows in the club library are really great, they bring back fond memories of days gone by. When we use to rush home from school to listen to them. I can remember myself and a couple of my boyhood friends rushing home after school at St. Mary Magdalian school on Filmore Avenue in Buffalo, our pockets full of baseball cards, marbles, a pocket knife, a real genuine Boy Scout kind, a hand ball, to be hit against the school's brick wall at lunch time. We'd hop, skip and jump over the fire hydrants while running homeward hoping to get there in time for the beginning of Jack Armstrong. (We all knew Jack's school song by heart. We all use to sing along at the introduction of the program. After Jack Armstrong we'd listen to Terry and the Pirates, Dick Tracy, Little Orphan Annie and finally Don Winslow of the Navy. After that it would be

Russell Baker/Observer
Radio taught us to see

11-25-84

New York Times

NEW YORK — Joe DiMaggio is 70. His birthday was Nov. 25. The newspapers made nothing of it and I would not have been aware of it if we hadn't seen him Tuesday night doing his Mister Coffee commercial on television.

"Joe DiMaggio is old," Harry said.

"Joe DiMaggio can never be old," I said. This is true in a very important, unimportant sense. Joe DiMaggio inhabits a world in which I am always 11 years old. In it I always wear corduroy knickers and brown knee-length stockings held up by rubber bands and move around on roller skates. There is a Philco radio in the parlor. Inside is the voice of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

"That hair is gray," Harry said.

"Joe looks terrific, Harry."

He did, too. The commercial he was doing, of course, was in color. That was all wrong. Joe DiMaggio looks truly natural only in black-and-white. This is because when I see him he is always 19 or 20 or some age like that, much older than I on my roller skates, but not nearly as old as Carl Hubbell, say, is old.

Hubbell pitches for the New York Giants. So we are talking, obviously, about the age of

black-and-white. Neither Hubbell, who seems old but is so magically unbeatable with his fabulous screwball, nor DiMaggio, who seems young and gawky, can exist in the age of color.

I see them always where they belong, motionless yet mysteriously and beautifully fluid in grainy black-and-white newspaper pictures on the sports pages of the *Journal-American* and the *Daily Mirror*, the papers built for kids, with plenty of comics, full coverage of the electrocutions at Sing Sing and great action still photos of great achievers, the old great Hubbell, the young great DiMaggio.

"Harry," I said, "Joe DiMaggio cannot be seen authentically on color television. Or on television at all, for that matter. No wonder you think he's old. Did you ever see DiMaggio play on television?"

I most certainly never did. A few times I may have seen him swing the bat in one of the grainy black-and-white newscasts accompanying the double-feature bill at the Capitol or Horn movie theaters. This is probably why I often associate Joe DiMaggio with skating up

to the Horn to see a Charlie Chan and a Laurel-and-Hardy

"Snap out of it," Harry said. "Nobody has



seen a Charlie Chan and a Laurel-and-Hardy on a double bill since Mussolini was in his prime."

"And those were the real Charlie Chans starring Warner Oland," I said, "not the decadent later Charlie Chans with Sidney Toler."

"The truth is," said Harry, "that you, just like me, never saw DiMaggio play anywhere except in a newsreel, so don't give me that malarkey about Joe's gracefulness being too pure to be appreciated by today's ignorant TV audiences."

Harry is a good man, but there is no poetry in him. He is a believer in facts. It has never occurred to him that there might be a wide chasm between fact and truth. The truth of this particular matter is that I can see DiMaggio play whenever the mood is on me.

This is something I owe to radio. By turning on the Philco, besides getting the voice of Franklin D. Roosevelt, I can often get sounds from the Yankee Stadium, sounds with power to create pictures inside my head more spectacular than television can possibly convey.

When I am 11 years old, in corduroy knickers, skimming down Washington Avenue on roller skates, these radio sounds show me Joe DiMaggio loping across a beautiful field of grass in the faraway, exotic Bronx, to haul in the white ball whirling out of the sky. Then I can see Joe stepping into the batter's box, wearing those loose billowing knickers real ballplayers all wore until television spurred

them to vanity and vanity drove them to skin-tight double-knits, like so many cruising sex objects.

"Harry," I said, "I hope Joe retires before television corrupts the baseball uniform. I'd hate to see him prancing around the diamond like some common, run-of-the-mill uniformed sex object."

The conversation had become pointless since Harry had gone home in some disgust, leaving me, as he had said at the door, free to "skate up to the Horn and catch the new Mister Moto movie starring Peter Lorre on a double bill with Randolph Scott driving the cattle to Ahlen."

Aside from having no poetry in him, Harry also has a weakness for ham-handed sarcasm, but I let it pass and, since my lumbago had me almost prostrate, went early to bed. Next morning Harry, the eternal fact man, phoned early.

"I looked it up. DiMaggio turned 70 on Nov. 25," he said. In corduroy knickers, on roller skates, I said, "Harry, do you think we'll ever make enough money to go to the Yankee Stadium sometime and see a game?"

l t t e r s



Dear Jim, I received a copy of your letter to Barbara Watkins dated 5/12/85. Normally I try to ignore all the rumors and gossip surrounding the Archives and the policies I have put forth. However occasionally circumstances arise which must be answered.

First off, I don't know how "We understand that John has resigned from SPERDVAC..." How in the world do "we" understand that? My name still appears in every Radiogram as Archives Chairman. It is true that I am no longer on the Board of Directors; and yes, that was my choice. After serving five or six years, I decided it was time to give my wife and business the attention that they deserve. However, I am still chairman of the Archives Committee and personally oversee all donations and activities relating to it. Where does all this mis-information come from?

Now, in regards to the "widely circulating" letter from Marie Belinsky and my "reply". Again, this is a gross misrepresentation of the facts. In April, I advertised in MOVIE COLLECTORS WORLD to sell my entire collection of Marx Bros. memorabilia. That collection includes master tapes to 80% of the radio series "YOU BET YOUR LIFE." There is absolutely nothing improper about this and does not "fly against any SPERDVAC policy" popular or unpopular, now or in the future.

The facts are these: I was employed from the summer of 1975 to 1977 by Groucho Marx as his personal recording engineer and part time researcher/archivist. I have what Groucho himself called "the worlds largest private collection of Marx Bros. memorabilia." Before the SPERDVAC archives library was ever established I had access to and made master tapes of "You Bet Your Life" directly off the original masters. I was paid by Groucho himself to do this; as his managers were going to re-syndiate the series on radio just as they had done so successfully on television. I have enclosed a copy of one of my payment checks as proof. Please note the date, June 18, 1976, a full two

years before the SPERDVAC Archives was established. Part of my payment included a set of the Master tapes and the right to do anything I so chose with them EXCEPT re-syndicate (which would have been in conflict with Groucho).

When I established the Archives for SPERDVAC in 1978, the very first thing I did was to try to reach an agreement with the HOLLYWOOD MUSEUM COMMITTEE (which held the original masters) to allow SPERDVAC to have access to not only the Groucho series, but everything else contained in their warehouse. After a year of talking, what finally allowed SPERDVAC to have them was the fact that the Museum Committee trusted me and as you call them "SPERDVAC's unpopular policies." The warehouse was then at our disposal and I worked for almost two years with a very dedicated Archives team to transfer as much as we could before the whole HOLLYWOOD MUSEUM COMMITTEE collapsed and the collection was broken up and sent to USC, UCLA, and the Academy of Motion Picture Arts & Sciences where no one has legitimate access to anything.

I will point out to you that SPERDVAC does not have 80% of "You Bet Your Life" in its Archives. Someday it will as I have NEVER withheld anything. The fact that I advertised to sell my personal collection, RIGHTFULLY obtained and RIGHTFULLY available is my own business and perfectly in line with any SPERDVAC policy even though it didn't have to be. You will also note that I did not care to sell the tapes individually and I was not marketing via a catalogue or mass production. I was only offering to sell one set of masters as PART of an overall Marx Bros. collection spanning 50 years.

In the interest of fairness, Jim, I feel that whatever "furor" is being stirred up in the "hinterlands" is a result of you and Miss Belinskys' overreaction to a situation which you knew nothing about. Who is "widely circulating" this letter? For what purpose? To bring down SPERDVAC? Before circulating any rumors of this kind wouldn't it have been fair to ask me directly what was going on, rather than sending letters to Barbara Watkins and who knows who else?

Now, Jim, I offer you a challenge. Will you "widely circulate" this letter to same individuals that are "widely circulating" the other? That would be fair, wouldn't it? And if you have any further rumors, gossip or innuendo would you kindly direct them to me before spreading

them across the land. I don't mind being criticized if the facts are straight, but I am getting very tired of uninformed gossip.

By the way, without SPERDVAC's so called "unpopular policies" your beloved "LUX RADIO THEATER's" would be languishing in exile at Brigham Young University instead of (admittedly slowly) being released through the Archives. Why don't you try and complain about those policies to Mr. DeMille's grandson Peter. It was his faith and belief in those policies that spared the LUX discs from certain oblivion.

Yes, I created 90% of Archives Policy, but without the vision and cooperation of other hardworking, dedicated SPERDVAC Board members, past and present, there would be no Archives. I don't dictate policy to the club. It takes a majority on the Board to do anything.

Here's hoping you'll be fair and "widely circulate" this.

Sincerely, John Tefteller

To The Editor: Mr. Tefteller, in his letter printed in the ILLUSTRATED PRESS, is upset because I am circulating a letter from him. He charges that "this is gross misrepresentation of the facts," and then goes on at great length with his point of view. The letter which I am circulating is complete, and in his own handwriting (I am circulating a photocopy, complete and unedited). If there is misrepresentation in that, then he is guilty of it since he is the one who wrote it. In that letter, Mr. Tefteller (who has taken public anti dealer and anti trading stands personally and through SPERDVACO has offered to sell me "80% of all the YOU YOU BET YOUR LIFE's (radio shows) done from 1949 to 1959." He states in that letter, that "the retail value of the entire collection is over \$38,000.00." He has offered to sell these shows for "40 - 50% of that," which would mean his price is \$15,200 to \$19,000. There is no misrepresentation on my part, nor any mention of SPERDVAC in the copies. The "misrepresentation" is entirely on Mr. Tefteller's part in trying to change those facts into something else. I will be happy to provide photocopies to anyone who wishes to verify what I have said. A stamped, self-addressed envelope would be appreciated.

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

A GREAT SINGER... ✓

MARIAN ANDERSON



A GREAT CONDUCTOR... ✓

DONALD VOORHEES

A GREAT ORCHESTRA ✓

A GREAT PROGRAM... ✓

THE TELEPHONE HOUR

9 P.M. WSYR ✓
TONIGHT

NEW YORK TELEPHONE COMPANY



(Rat-tat-tat of machine gun)

(Police sirens)

(Rat-tat-tat of machine guns)

(Shuffle of prisoners in prison yard)

ANNOUNCER: "Gang Busters!"

This program achieved great popularity in the 1930's. Featuring true stories of crime and punishment, it was notable for its superb use of sound effects. In this 1936 picture a group of actors is clustered around the microphone in a tense scene while sound technicians provide the fireworks.

THE SHADOW

in

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STREET & SMITH

TREASURES of DEATH

Dec. 15, 1933

CHAPTER XX THE SHADOW LEAVES

Doctor Rupert Sayre opened the door of a bedroom in his apartment. He stepped in and looked at the tall figure which lay stretched beneath the covers. A wan face turned in his direction. A slight smile appeared upon the features of Lamont Cranston.

"Feeling better?" questioned Sayre.

"Yes," came Cranston's reply. "Better, but weak."

"You lost a lot of blood, old man," declared Sayre. "That--and the fall you must have taken--were worse than the bullet."

"You have not inquired how it all happened."

There was a challenge in Cranston's tone. Keen eyes were fixed upon Sayre's face. The physician noted the look. He became serious as he seated himself beside the bed.

"Let me mention something," he remarked. "When I was summoned here, I found you unconscious, Mr. Cranston. My first action, of course, was to care for your wounds. I recognized you, Mr. Cranston, because we have met in the past."

"When you recovered from your coma, you began to talk. I questioned you, but received no satisfactory reply. Your temperature had reached a fever point. It was unwise to move you. I brought a nurse here to look out for you while I was absent."

"You informed no one else that I was here?"

"No one."

"Why not?"

"A natural question. It was my duty to inform the police that a man suffering from a bullet wound had come to my office. There was a reason, however, why I shirked my required duty. At certain times, a physician must use his own discretion."

"I have mentioned that you talked to me. Incoherently, indeed; yet there were certain statements that brought vivid recollections to my mind. Once, Mr. Cranston, I went through a most terrible experience. I was a prisoner in the hands of a fiend, who intended to slay me as well as others."

"A miraculous intervention saved my life. Some one--an unknown--being clad in black--stepped

in and brought doom to those who deserved as well as rescue to myself and and those whom the fiend intended as his victims. That weird rescuer, I learned, was a mysterious personage who is called The Shadow."

Burning eyes were fixed upon Doctor Rupert Sayre. The physician did not see them. He was staring at the wall beyond the bed as he continued his reminiscence.

"From then on," declared Sayre, "I knew that I owed an everlasting debt to some one whom I could never find. I retained my gratitude toward The Shadow. When you talked with me, three nights ago, you mentioned facts concerning my past episodes. I knew then you were----"

Sayre paused. His clear eyes met the keen optics that stared from either side of Cranston's hawklike nose. The physician spoke slowly and soberly.

"I knew," he declared, "that you might have been--well, let us say sent here--through the agency of The Shadow. From then on, circumstances did not concern me. It was my duty to see that you gained complete recovery."

"I feel better now," came Cranston's quiet tone. "I suppose that the time has come for me to leave here."

"Not for three days at least!" exclaimed Sayre, warningly, returning to his professional sense. "You must remain in bed. You have just recuperated from a most serious condition. This is the first time that I have found you in a lucid mental state."

Cranston's head dropped wearily upon the pillows.

"Your strength would fail you," explained Sayre. "If there is anything that I can do for you, in addition to my professional services, I shall be glad to----"

"A telephone," interposed Cranston quietly.

Sayre went to the hall. He brought in a telephone on a long extension wire. He retired from the room and closed the door behind him. A pale smile appeared upon Cranston's thin lips.

Calling a number, Cranston waited. His eyes were gleaming; a strange light showed upon his face. He was The Shadow, his mental power fully returned, though his physical form had weakened.

"Burbank speaking," came a voice over the wire.

In a low, whispered voice, The Shadow began to question his contact agent. Burbank's replies came in short, negative monotonous. The Shadow was seeking information. It was totally lacking. There had been no report from Harry Vincent.

The call ended. The telephone clattered to the floor. Doctor Sayre appeared promptly. His face showed alarm; then he noted that Cranston has merely made the gesture to summon him. The millionaire was lying comfortably, his gaze fixed on the wall ahead.

"Anything else?" questioned Sayre.

Cranston's head shook.

"I am going out," informed the physician. "I shall return shortly. Be careful in the meantime. You lack the strength for any effort. I doubt that you could walk a dozen yards."

Sayre left. Cranston remained unmoving for a full five minutes. Then, with suddenness, he raised himself upright in bed, using his left arm as a prop. He gained his feet, wavered unsteadily and crossed the room.

His clothes were lying on the chair. Cranston, using his left hand, managed to slip garments over his pajamas. He staggered from the bedroom and caught himself as he arrived in the living room. Stooping, he reached beneath the couch and brought out the blackened garments that he had left there.

Once the black cloak had obscured Cranston's form; when the black slouch hat had covered his features, Doctor Sayre's emergency patient seemed imbued with a new life. He was The Shadow. His automatics slipped beneath his cloak. Steadily, though slowly, he stalked into the outer hall.

The tall form became obscure. It reached the street. A taxi was standing there. The Shadow flitted close beside it. The door opened; the tall figure entered unseen. The Taxi driver became aware that he had a passenger only when a voice spoke from the rear seat to give a destination.

The cab rolled along. As it stopped near an avenue a mile or more from Sayre's, a bank note floated down upon the driver's lap. The taximan stared into the rear of the car and turned on the light. His mysterious passenger was gone!

A click sounded later. The noise took place in a darkened room. It was The Shadow's sanctum; the polished table showed itself

as the bluish glare appeared above. Hands came into the light. The left, with its sparkling girasol, moved with flashing speed. The right lay practically motionless.

The left hand caught a set of earphones from the wall beyond the table. A tiny light gleamed to indicate a connection. The Shadow's whisper spoke from the gloom. He was talking again to Burbank.

"Message to the Cobalt Club," ordered The Shadow. "Say that you are speaking for Mr. Cranston. Stanley is to have the limousine in readiness."

The earphones dropped back into place. The left hand disappeared; then, from somewhere, it brought a small bottle that contained a purplish liquid. The top of the bottle was a cup that the fingers removed.

Drops trickled into the inverted cap. The pungent odor of a strange elixir filled the sanctum. The left hand removed the little cup and carried it to the unseen lips. When the hand returned, the cup was empty.

The Shadow's laugh sounded softly in the gloom. The left hand took away the closed bottle. Even the right hand was capable of motion now.

A thin, flat box appeared upon the table. Its cover opened.

Articles of make-up lay within the box. These were the items which The Shadow used in effecting a disguise. To-night, there was no reason why he might need his usual facial mask that enable him to pass as Lamont Cranston, millionaire clubman.

The interior of the box had a mirrored surface that reflected the light above. Within were articles of makeup that would have amazed those who thought themselves expert in the art of facial disguise.

The light went out. The Shadow's laugh again sounded, this time in the total darkness of the mysterious room. Uncanny reverberations died as ghoulish echoes. The sanctum was empty.

Stanley, seated in the limousine outside the Cobalt Club, was surprised later on, to hear the voice of Lamont Cranston speaking from the darkness. The chauffeur had not heard his master enter the car.

"Through the Holland Tunnel, Stanley," came Cranston's order. "Then to the town of Houlton, New Jersey. You may take the car home from there. I have an appointment which I must keep."

A soft laugh sounded as Stanley drove the car from the club. The Shadow was anticipating the events which were to come. Wounded and

wakened, he had imbibed the re-
viving fluid of the elixir which he
kept within his sanctum. With its
aid, he was starting forth to reach
the spot where danger stalked.

Yet the whispered mirth was
hollow. In it lay a trace of
weariness. Through dripping rain,
the limousine was carrying a stal-
wart fighter who already was losing
the inspired power for action that
he had so recently regained!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINE

the bottom of my mind. There were
dozens of radio shows we could lis-
ten to, no ratings were necessary
then. All the family could sit and
listen together which my family
usually did. The only shows in
question were the more spookie ones
but then they were on much later in
the evening. In the summer time I
had to be in bed at ten o'clock.
Dad and mom would sit out on the
front porch and talk with our neigh-
bors. I would tune in Dr. Fu Man-
chu with the volume on low so ~~mom~~
and dad couldn't hear. I would tie
a string to the plug so if either
of them would come into the house,
I could pull the string and off the
radio went. When they'd go back out
on the porch. I would sneak back
into the living room and plug the
radio back in. I don't think they
would ever have found out if I
hadn't fallen asleep on the floor
next to my bedroom door and forgotten
to pull the plug. For a while that
ended my after 10 pm radio listening.
A couple of years before my step
father died, we talked of the old
days on Northampton street. He still
remembered my secret radio listening
and when he thought I was too strict
with my children, he would gently
remind me how lenient he had been
with me in my growing years. Well,
alright I'd tell my children, but be
careful next time. Thanks dad they
would say. Don't thank me, I'd tell
them, thank grandpa here. Now that
seems so long ago. Maybe that's why
we all love old time radio so much.
it brings back old memories for us.
Now when I listen to Dr. Fu Manchu,
I think of my dad and his gentle
ways and how I would listen to late
night radio when I was a youngster.

Well I hope I'm not boring the
IP readers with my reminiscing. I
do enjoy reading little stories of
other peoples childhood and I hope
the readers did enjoy this little
tale of my childhood.

I hope all our members and
friends have a safe and enjoyable
summer. I will continue to mail
tapes and reels during the summer

season. A little slower maybe but I
do my best to be prompt.

Till next time, good listening.
Francis Edward Bork
Donations to Club Library: 7 reels
and 8 Cassettes from Jack Mandik.
4 cassettes from Ed Coons.

Editor's DESK



We're late, but rest assured our
new tape library catalog is still
coming out with many, many new list-
ings, both cassette and reel to reel.
The high amount of new material has
taken much longer to assemble than
previously expected but our volunteer
workers are diligently chipping away
at the large volume of listings and
it appears that the catalog will be
mailed out in October with MEMORIES.
We are sorry for the delay, but the
wait will be worthwhile, trust us!



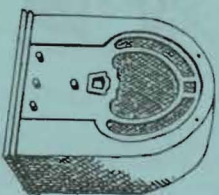
Vaughn Monroe

REFERENCE LIBRARY: A reference lib-
rary exists for members. Members
should have received a library
list of materials with their mem-
bership. 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.

FIRST CLASS MAIL

THE OLD TIME

100 HARVEY DRIVE



RADIO CLUB

LANCASTER, N.Y. 14086