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# ILLUSTRATED PRESS

EST. 1975

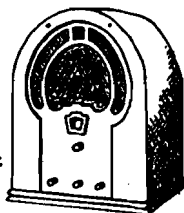
#114 - APRIL, 1986



(1908- ). A stage and screen actress who will always be remembered for the years she spent on television's *What's My Line?*, Arlene Francis was a busy actress and all-round personality on radio from the Thirties onward. Aside from brief periods on *Betty and Bob* (NBC) and *The Hour of Charm* (CBS), Miss Francis was a regular on *What's My Name?* (Mutual, NBC and ABC, 1938-1949), *Blind Date* (NBC, 1943-1945) and *The Affairs of Ann Scotland* (ABC, 1946-1947).

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THE OLD TIME



RADIO CLUB

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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.

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Lancaster, NY 14086  
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BACK ISSUES: All MEMORIES and I.P.s are \$1.25 each, postpaid. Out of print issues may be borrowed from the reference library.

Dominic Parisi  
38 Ardmore Pl.  
Buffalo, NY 14213

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

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DEADLINE FOR IP #115 - April 7  
#116 - May 5  
#117 - June 2

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ADVERTISING RATES FOR MEMORIES  
\$40.00 for a full page (ALL ADS MUST BE CAMPPRA  
\$30.00 for a half page  
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SPECIAL: OTR Club members may take 50% off these rates.  
Advertising deadline - September 1

# NICK CARTER

IN

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STREET & SMITH

## THE NINE O'CLOCK FIRES

May, 1935

### CHAPTER IV. DYING CLUE

Nick leaped through the cluttered doorway. A blast of smoke gusted into his face, tortured his lungs, clouded his sight. Dropping down, they followed the hose line.

Upward he pushed his way. He passed the firemen on the third floor. They were retiring from the building, stopping only to clear debris so that the fire would not burn hotter than necessary against the wall of the next house. He sneaked by in a cloud of smoke. On a fire, the senior officer on any section is the final authority. He would order Nick from the building if he saw him, and Nick did not have time to make explanations.

The fourth floor was a seething mass of flame. A tongue licked out as he passed along, seared one hand. Seconds now and the halls and stair would leap into flame. The third flight was already crackling from beneath.

Through the smoke, Nick crawled. Flames roared beside him, the drafts taking them over his heap up the stairwell. There was a sound like the thud of swiftly running feet going toward the roof. Nick pushed on. If another being could stand the heat and flame of that house, so could he.

Then his heart sank. He found why the firemen were retiring. He could see nothing, excepting heavy, lurid blasts of flame as they flashed wild and breathing through dense clouds of smoke. His hand went forward to find the next step--and passed into air. A flame licked up from beneath, seared him again. There was no way he could get across that space of burned-through stairway. The banisters were not even hanging.

Behind him there was a sudden roar. A sheet of shrieking flame tore up the staircase. Crawling low beneath the roaring blast, Nick turned back, his mouth set grimly. As he came to the bottom of the first flight, part of the second stairway fell through; showered his coat and helmet with sparks. He raced out of the doorway, a column of choking smoke enveloping him.

Nick might be able to catch the escaping man on the roof tops. The man might be picked up by the police cordon, now disorganized and pressed into rescue service. But the other chance was better.

The man had probably not stopped to finish the woman, but had released her as soon as she dropped unconscious. That woman, if she could be saved in time, might be the key to the fires.

Nick dashed into the open. Killbrook, the aide, pressed him into service in charge of three ladder men. Their officer and the rest of the company had been dis-

abled. It suited Nick's plans. He shouted something about a woman on the sixth floor and Killbrook nodded.

Debris had cluttered the street before the burning tenement. They could not get the truck close enough to run the aerial ladder beyond the fifth story. The house was not a raging mass of flames, but by a fire freak, the seventh floor was not yet entirely afire. Flames burst out of the sixth floor windows, driving, crested with black smoke, wild power, leaping and tumbling like huge combers ripping over the top of a storm-tossed fiery sea. The flames would roar, lick, then flick back inside as if for fresh power.

They ran the aerial as close and high as it would go. Nick climbed up, a scaling ladder over one shoulder. Behind him, a man brought another. The other two fire eaters were busy snaking a hose line. They would follow with the nozzle.

Nick stood on the next to the top rung, dug the scaling ladder into the sixth floor. The smoke eater passed him the other. It went into the seventh. Nick started up, dodging the lapping flames, clinging tight against the wall. Flames gouged out below and wrapped around his legs.

The air currents shook the ladder wildly. He gained the second ladder. There was an upward blast of wind around him. It belled out his coat, almost swept him from his swinging perch. It was followed by a roar and cry.

He looked down. A section of wall had given away outward, fallen heavily upon the aerial ladder, snapped it midway. The fireman had leaped fire, was clinging to the last rungs of the lower scaling ladder. He pulled up, hand over hand, as Nick looked.

The two of them were left swinging against the wall on the side of the blazing building. Fire and smoke belched out where the wall had fallen, lapped up with a hungry roar. Above, wild flames lapped ever the edge of the cornice. On each side of them was a blazing building. It would be impossible to swing across from window to window by the two scaling ladders. They would not go down. And up was a fiery roof.

Behind Nick the fireman came up bring he lower ladder. He handed it on to Nick. Nick extended it horizontally, hooked it fast in the corner of a distant window. The fireman passed up a hose strap. Nick made it fast around the other end of the ladder and part of the window frame. Running across the fronts of two buildings just beneath the seventh story was a thin,

three-inch ledge. The ladder would be their only balance across that ledge.

Nick glanced swiftly along the thin wooden strip. Would it hold their weights? It was barely an inch thick, weather beaten, dried, perhaps half rotted and loosened from the wall. As he looked a burst of flame curled over its edge, left it crackling with fire. There was not even time to test it.

A blast of flame licked out the woman's window. Nick ducked, heard its shriek overhead. It receded. He followed it into the flat. On the floor near the window was the woman. Her heart was still beating. Her skin was burned and blistered, her face a hideous thing from the flames which had whipped overhead. Beneath her, the floor was afire from the other side, scorching hot and smoldering. Her clothes had burned away, and her burned flesh stuck to the boards.

The woman was large. Her center of balance was for outside of the three inch ledge. Nick slung her arms around his neck, made them fast beneath his chin. By keeping his chin down, he could keep the woman's heavy arms from choking him.

Nick had barely cleared the window when another roar of flame tore out. Inside there was a crash. The inner wall had fallen. Inch by inch he made his way across the ledge. It groaned, dipped once under their weights. Ahead of them, behind them beneath and above was fire.

Nick could not see the fireman. But he knew that he would follow as soon as he could. To add his additional weight to the ledge now would be to endanger the three of them.

Behind, the smoke eater came across somehow managing to bring the other ladder. From the end of the last one, they ran that across to another window. It almost reached the first building not on fire. Fire fighters were already stationed in those windows, would be there to help. A ladder had been run up. but had been snapped by an intense blast of flame.

Nick's teeth were set. He had to pause to shake tears from his eyes. A solid sheet of smoke broke up from down beneath. Then the ledge trembled under foot. A rift in the smoke pall showed the ledge ahead in the wavering light of a flame. **ITS OWN FLAME!** The ledge had caught on fire!

There could be no turning back now. A roaring red flash belched out of windows ahead and behind. The ledge trembled again, gave an inch under foot this time. A bare twenty feet more. Would death cheat them this near the goal?

Nick glanced overhead. The coping was a mass of blaze, of peeling tin sheathing and melted running tar and metal. A scalding stream of pitch bubbled over

the edge, cascaded onto Nick's helmet. Some of the drops splashed onto his hand, searing the skin to the bone.

Beneath the cornice was a steel runner. It was old and rusty, worn thin in places. Its shackle bolts were loose. But it was on only hope.

Reaching up, Nick caught the rested metal. A second later his legs flashed back, cradled the woman's legs and weight behind him. He began to edge along the runner. Flame and smoke churned up beneath him. The wall of the house caught at this coat and body, slowed his progress. The runner was burning hot. He felt grooves being burned in the palm of his hands.

With a heart breaking slowness they worked along. Firemen in the next building could have tossed him a line by then. But he did not dare trust his double weight to the support of one burned hand. Blood ran down his sleeves. The muscles of his arms seemed reft of strength. He was not sure he could hold on much longer even with two hands. Slower and slower the progress got. Longer and longer the pauses for breath.

And now a torrent of melted tar streamed over the edge of the roof, spattering the wall beside him. There was a shiver along the runner. suddenly it dropped and twisted. A bolt had come loose. The drop was not far. But it took the last strained strength out of Nick's arms.

He hung desperately. A cloud of dense blackness slipped over his mind. Vaguely he knew that men were shouting and the bar was slowly bending downward. He could not understand the shouts. His hands began to slip. Grimly he clutched a new grasp and hung.

There was a sudden swish through the air. blindly he felt something pass through beside him. A hot gust of wind caught his check. The coping of the roof must be tearing loose.

The next second something hard, desperately heavy, reached out and clamped around his middle. It tugged. He clung with every ounce of strength against the pulling weight. Then he was being hurtled through the air. Flames breathed hot against his face. Things knocked against his nose.

He could not see. The black cloud had covered his whole mind by now. But he knew what was happening. The entire coping had fallen. He was being carried down amidst the ruins. He and the precious burden on his back, the clue to the arson cases.

A hot fiery liquid was being forced between his lips. Nick opened his eyes, looked up into the face or Killbrook. The aide grunted "You might let go of that iron runner about any time now," he said. "The fire's about over. You've been holding onto it for dear life for

over an hour."

"The woman?" Nick managed to gasp.

"Can't tell. Third degree burn and suffocation. She's at Bellevue But you need fixing up. You took a feed to monoxide gas and your hands are badly burned. It's home or the hospital for you, Nick T'hell with the fire bug for now. Those are orders from the chief."

"Okay," Nick said.

There were points beyond which the human body wouldn't go. No sense in trying to go on without strength. When the time came that he needed strength he wouldn't have it.

"But first get a Fire Marshal's man to sit by that girl and take down every word she babbles. And check who she is. And tell Updyke that the fire bug was in that building just before I went in. He'd better double check everybody in the cordon and fire lines."

In the background, flames still burst from the tenements. But streams of water had brought the fire under full control. There were no more shrieks. A low wave of moaning came from the rescued gathered in a white-faced knot some distance away.

Six **LITTLE SYRINGES**, the deck pipes of engines, and two **BIG SYRINGES**, the tall water towers, blasted high pressure deflecting into the fire. At least fifteen fronts of the buildings. From time to time there was a smothered rumble as flooring or roofing let go.

There was little to do now but wait to wash down the ruins, check up and roll back to quarters. Nick sat on the tail of an engineer and listened to details of the fire.

A pair of firemen, swinging on the end of a scaling ladder, had swooped across the surface of the building as Nick's consciousness left him. They had been yelling to him for half a minute, but he had not heard. Hanging to the cross pieces of the ladder they had swung above him, taken aim, clamped both him and his rescue in a double leg lock as they swung back. He had held so firmly to the steel runner he had nearly jerked the ladder out of it's hold. At last the weight had torn him loose, but he had carried a section of runner with him. His number one man had been carried to safety the same way.

"How many hurt?" Nick asked.

"About three torches, four stretchers, nine too a feed and maybe twenty have to be fixed up on the side," grizzled smoke eater said. "Not more'n four third degree cases among civies, but there were two snuff-outs and one baked. Haven't heard the count on uniforms yet."

Nick nodded. Translated, three people had been carried out of the fire with flaming clothes, four had been stretcher bases for one cause or another, nine had inhaled monoxide or smoke, and

possibly twenty would need hospital attention.

There weren't more than four third degree burn cases among civilians, but there were two dead from inhaling flame or gas and one baked to death by heat. The casualties among firemen hadn't been check yet.

Nick's lips became a grim line, he thought that this night's suffering could be scored against the count of the pyromaniac--scored against the account of a man he felt sure he had seen in the window.

He rolled back to the barns with Chief Foley some time later. It had been a hard fire. The chief was tired, heated about the fire hazard prevalent throughout the city in spite of all the department could do, bitter about the loss of life and suffering on one of his calls.

Behind them, engines clanged back to quarters. The last in companies had been the first to take up, shut down water, place hose and gear on apparatus and return to quarters. Foley had had to stay to see the fire washed down, establish watch lines of hoses to keep guard over the smoldering ashes.

As they rolled into quarters and tapped in, notified the Fire Alarm Headquarters dispatcher by Morse key that the companies were back in service, the incoming platoons began to straggle in. The watch man gave Nick a list of the alarms since they had rolled out more than three hours before. More than thirty had come over that preliminary circuit.

"And the night's young!" spit Foley. He was thinking about eleven of his own boys who would not be fixed up for a week at least. Possibly one of them was even then listening to the Last Call.

As Nick was getting ready to return home and get fixed up a telephone call come from the Fire Marshal's man at the hospital.

"The girl just passed on," he said. "She didn't return to consciousness and her throat was swollen. But she kept babbling something about not knowing where something was and screamed a stream of invectives at somebody she thought was there. Seemed to be the fire bug she was thinking about, but I couldn't catch much of what she said.

"Catch any names?" Nick asked.

"She had two names on her mind, but I only got one. That was Cooky."

Nick hung up with a soft bang which sent pain through his mutilated hand. "Cooky" was the familiar name of "One Time" cook.

\*\*\*\*\* CONTINUED NEXT MONTH\*\*\*\*\*

The Vintage Broadcast Association has now gone out of operation. This was the "national" OTR club that was based in New York City. It was organized two and a half years ago, and apparently failed to gather enough support to make it viable. The departure of the VBA leaves only four OTR clubs (the OTRC is one) that consider themselves to be national in scope, as far as I know. All four of those have been successfully operating for over ten years.

There are some OTR books and publications that you might be interested in. One is the 1976 hardcover book **VIC AND SADE** BY Mary Frances Rhymur. This 238 page book is a collection of thirty scripts from the Vic and Sade radio programs.

It is now out of print, but Metro Golden Memories, 5941 West Irving Park Road, Chicago, Illinois 60634 has a few copies left at a reduced price of \$8.95 plus \$1.00 shipping.

Another hardcover book, with 161 pages, is **RADIO SOUNDTRACKS: A REFERENCE GUIDE** by Michael R. J. This was also published in 1976 and is a compilation of old radio shows available through dealer's catalogs. It doesn't list the dealers, but gives a brief amount of information on each of the series the author found available, back ten years ago. Entries list the series title, network, dates of broadcast, length of each show, stars, and a little information on what seemed to be available for purchase. While such an old listing of what was then available will be completely out of date in 1986, you may well find some reference information to aid you in checking out some of these shows. This book can be ordered for \$10.00 post-paid from The Scarecrow Press, P O Box 656, Metuchen, New Jersey 08840.

A brand new publication, of a similar nature, but up-to-date, is **WHAT YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT CIRCULATING OLD-TIME RADIO SHOWS** by Jay Hickerson, Box C, Orange, Connecticut 06477. This 46 page book lists 2,200 radio shows that are currently moving through trading and selling circles. It lists the series title, the dates that it was broadcast, and the number of separate episodes that are believed to be available. To obtain a copy, send \$17.50 directly to Jay.

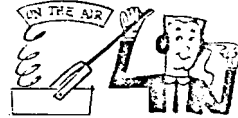
Speaking of Jay, there has been a major change in his newsletter, **HELLO AGAIN**. This is his sixteen year old publication that comes out six times a year. He has retired his mimeograph machine and each issue is now professionally printed. The subscription price is \$10. a year and can be obtained from Jay at the above address.

There is another OTR magazine that has been published for a little less than a year. This is **THE SOUNDS OF YESTERDAY**, and is published three times a year. Each issue runs over fifty pages. A subscription is \$8.00 a year, and a

sample copy can be obtained for \$3.00 from the Sounds of Yesterday, P O Box 749, Laramie, Wyoming. 82090.

If you are one of those people who has been trying to find copies of **THE BIG BROADCAST or TUNE IN YESTERDAY**. I hope to have information for you next month on how you can get them.

James Lehnhard



*Norma Jean Ross, whose face sparkles the way her voice does, is a busy NBC actress.*

**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; video cassette - \$1.25 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; 75¢ for each video tape.

**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¢.

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**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.

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### Wireless Wanderings



### JIM SNYDER

In addition to OTR, one of my other hobbies is coin collecting. One of the problems with that hobby is correctly "grading" the coins. In the numismatic publications there are constant letters to the editor about dealers "ripping off" the collector by the way in which they do their grading which in turn can affect prices by thousands of dollars. In old time radio we don't have that kind of money riding on some specific show that we collect, but we do have sound ratings, or OTR "grading", if you will. Those of you who have read my annual dealers column over the years know that I frequently chide dealers for not using sound ratings, and they usually come back with some statement about how inaccurate ratings are, and that "sound is in the ear of the listener," or some such thing. There is, in coin collecting, a grading system called the "Sheldon System," named after the man (Dr. William H. Sheldon) who dreamed it up. Well, I have come up with what I think is a sure fire "Sound grading system" for old radio shows that removes all the guesswork from this area of our hobby. No longer will there be any comments about "the ear of the beholder." Naturally my new system will be called the "Snyder Sound Rating System."

I have just received a new reel of shows from Bob Davis and in order to illustrate, I have used the "Snyder System" in grading one of those shows, a Nick Carter episode. That particular show grades out as:

(G)P(S)+++3/4(N)F

Since the above gives an absolutely dead accurate rating of the quality of this particular show, I am sure you will be interested in knowing how the system works.

Let me begin with THE basic premise of the entire grading system. That is course with and mxzpk! I am sure you can see how absolutely critical that statement is to the idea that we are presenting. With that clarified, we are now ready to explain the sound rating that I gave that one "Nick Carter" show that I received from Bob Davis.

You will note that there are three letters in the parenthesis() in that formula, "(G), (S), and (N)." Those

three letters denote the three basic ingredients of this rating system. (G) is generation, (S) is sound, and (N) is network. Let us take each separately.

(G) GENERATION: There are a number of collectors who are primarily concerned with what generation a recording is. By generation we mean how far it is removed from its original source, or the "disc." A first generation show is copied directly from the disc, a second generation would be copied from a first generation, etc. Now there are some in the hobby who simply refuse to accept any show that is further removed from the source than third generation. To these people it doesn't matter in the least how good or bad the show sounds, the only important thing is its "generation." So, since "generation" is the only thing that counts for those people, we must include that as a part of our sound rating. Since these people consider only the first three generations to be acceptable, it seems reasonable to use that number in assigning grades. So, for the "(G)," a show would have to the 1st, 2nd or 3rd generation to be rated as "E" (excellent), 4th, 5th, or 6th generation to be "VG" (Very good), the next three generations to be "G" (good), and 10th through 12th generation to be "F" (fair). 13th generation or lower, or where the generation is unknown, would result in a "P" (poor) rating. You will note that I rated the show from Bob Davis as "(G)P." I had to rate it poor since Bob didn't tell me what generation it was. Shame on you, Bob. How could you do that to me?

That brings us to the second factor, (S) SOUND: Just exactly how do you decide if the sound is "very good" or just "Good?" With the "Snyder System" it is an EXACT science; there is no guess work at all. We use the same five point scale (excellent, very good, good, fair, poor)

to which we add pluses and minuses. We start listening to the show, and start it with an "E" (excellent) rating, and then every time there is one single problem in the show we lower that, starting with with the minuses. If, after starting, there is a crackle, no matter how small, we add a minus and the show becomes "E-." The next flaw adds another and we have "E--," and so on until we reach five minuses (E-----), and then we start on the VG (very good) scale with pluses. The next flaw of any kind would give us "VG++++," and the next would be down to four pluses, etc. This would let you know just exactly how many problems there are in a show. Of course if your show was off speed, and the problem lasted for some amount of time,

you would drop a minus or plus for every ten or fifteen seconds it was off speed. Now, you will note that for (S) I rated Bob's "Nick Carter" as "G+++3/4." I have to explain that "3.4". Every time you play a disc or tape there is wear on the record or tape, so that the next time you play it the sound will be somewhat less than the time before; simple wear and tear on the recording. With the disc (record), this wear will be rather heavy, so each time you play the disc you will have to drop the rating by one plus or minus to indicate the lessened sound quality. The wear with tape is much less, so we shouldn't drop the rating by a full plus or minus until it has been played four times, so thus the need for fractions to indicate just how much wear there has been. With the recording I received from Bob, there was one volume flux, one drop out, two scratches, one record skip, and one little extra "beep" that came in from somewhere. That is six problems so that would drop the show to "G+++." But in finding all that out I had to pay the tape, so that lowers the rating by another quarter step, thus my "(S)G+++3/4" final rating.

**NOTE TO READER:**

Pay attention, your mind is starting to wander.

Finally, we have the (N) **NETWORK**: Once again there are purists in the hobby who are very fussy on this issue of networks. Obviously most of us do prefer a complete show from the original network, and so one that fits that category would be rated "E" (excellent). From there on it becomes a little difficult, but going with the writing of one "authority" in another club, the second most desirable category would be "network edited," that is, the network identification is there, but the commercials are removed. This qualifies as a "very good". A "good", according to this expert, would be for syndicated shows; either they were originally put out in syndication, or network shows that have later been put in syndication with the subsequent changes that requires. "Fair" would be for what that writer considers the absolute "pits."

That would be all AFRS shows. When he feels these are worse than syndicated shows is beyond me, but far be it from me to argue with an "expert" of his stature. That would leave the poor rating for those shows that have been edited so that everything, probably even including the series name, has been removed.

As you can see, the "Snyder System" is complete and covers all the bases. We are now going to have Frank Bork adopt this system for our club's tape lending library. There is one little tiny hitch to that, however. After Frank makes up the new catalog with these ratings, they would have to be lowered every single time someone plays one of the tapes.

It would obviously be financially impossible for Frank to issue a new catalog, with a changed sound rating, every time someone borrows a tape. So, when he puts out the next new catalog you will no longer be permitted to borrow tapes. This is necessary so that the ratings will remain accurate. At least this way you can be happy in the knowledge that the sound ratings are completely accurate on the shows you can't listen to.

# Editor's DESK



**HELP!!!!** Is there an organization out there similar to Ghost Busters that can chase away gremlins. In the last 4 months, the I.P. had some issues mailed out with a couple of blank pages, someone or something in the U.S. Mail decided to "EAT" part of some of our issues and some members who had renewed their membership for 1986 were inadvertently dropped from our club. Seriously folks, we will endeavor to eliminate or at least greatly reduce these problems. However, we know that from time to time something is going to slip by us. Please notify us promptly of any problems, for while we can't promise an end to all problems, we can and will promise to try to rectify any and all problems quickly. Thanks your your understanding.

**BACK ISSUE DEPARTMENT** Due to increasing postal prices, we are raising the cost of back issue to \$1.25 postpaid effective 4/1/86. We do **NOT** plan any other price changes in the foreseeable future!!!

**TONIGHT AT 9:30**

—dial CBS 950 • WIBX  
**TRUTH OR CONSEQUENCES**



# Letters



Bob Davis made a statement in the December 1985 edition of **ILLUSTRATED PRESS** which caught my attention. Bob claimed that Art Carney "appeared as the Roosevelt-like character" in the Orson Welles play "**MAR OF THE WORLDS**". This statement interested me so much that I shared this with some of my friends. Two days ago, however, I noticed in the obituary section of the **BRITANNICA WORLD DATA** of 1985 that Kenny Delmar (1911-1984) "touched off a nationwide panic in 1938 when posing as the U.S. Secretary of the Interior and speaking in a voice that sounded like Pres. Franklin D. Roosevelt's, he announced that Martians were invading and destroying the Earth in the famous **MAR OF THE WORLDS** radio broadcast..." I hope this may be of interest to the readers of **THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS**.

Wm. N. Herold  
2131 San Lu Rae Dr. S.E.  
E. Grand Rapids, MI. 49506

I would like to take this opportunity to publicly thank Jim Snyder and the Old Time Radio Club for the fine article on dealers in the February 1986 **Illustrated Press**.

Also, a big thanks to Frank Boncore for the favorable review of my **Technical Guide** to collecting OTR. I was very touched and honored to read it.

The Old Time Radio Club has always been supportive of what I've done to try to make the hobby more enjoyable, and for that matter, supportive of me as a dealer in general. I just wanted the club to know that if there is **EVER** anything I can do to help the club grow, prosper or otherwise, I am at your service. The outstanding work done by the Old days with the **Illustrated Press**, and the many columnists and central members are doing more of a service for the hobby than most people will ever realize. Thanks again, folks. Keep the hobby alive.

Bob Burnham  
P O Box 39522  
Redford, MI 48239

I believe Marian Jordan was born April 5, 1897.

1. Here's a toast to Molly McGee.  
A sweeter wife could never be.  
Just ask old Fibber,  
That famous ad-libber.  
He Sez no one's luckier than he.

2. There once was a McGee named Molly.  
Whose husband was full of folly.  
He opened that closet door,  
and vowed "nevermore!"  
She just smiled wisely and looked jolly.  
"At Christmas, we'll just give up the holly."

John Barber  
1807½ Burgundy  
New Orleans LA 70116

I believe I have an offer you can't refuse. In case you haven't heard, there is a new Old Time Radio Publication out for all to enjoy called **THE SOUNDS OF YESTERDAY**.

**THE SOUNDS OF YESTERDAY** was started in July 1985, where it was released at the Radio Historical Association of Colorado's Annual Old Time Radio Convention, and it was very well received. It was my intention and goad when I started **THE SOUNDS OF YESTERDAY** to make it one of the best, most enjoyable and entertaining publications to ever appear in our wonderful hobby of Old Time Radio collecting. To do this, I need your help. Let me explain.

As all publications, **THE SOUNDS OF YESTERDAY** NEEDS SUPPORT OF OTR enthusiasts to survive. This isn't my publication, it is yours. For it is only through your subscriptions and contributions that I can keep **THE SOUNDS OF YESTERDAY** going. Please if you have not already done so, subscribe.

**THE SOUNDS OF YESTERDAY** is published three times a year (April, August and December). A subscription is only \$8.00 for one year of great Old Time Radio entertainment and knowledge, and you will be guaranteed to enjoy it or I will give you your eight dollars back, and you can keep the first issue in your subscription. yes, I believe in **THE SOUNDS OF YESTERDAY** that much, and I know you will too! I hate to sound like an old radio evangelist, but I'm excited about this publication and I want it to survive, not for money, but for the love of Old Time Radio and what I am doing! And only with your help can it survive.

**SPECIAL BONUS:** Mention the Old Time Radio Club and receive free 2 back issues when you subscribe for 1 year for \$12.00 if you respond by 5/1/86.

Finally, if you can contribute of your talents in some way such as writing an article or drawing an illustration or cartoon, please do so. **THE SOUNDS OF YESTERDAY** is open to all.

Please subscribe today, and with your support I promise to make **THE SOUNDS OF YESTERDAY** entertaining, informative, interesting and well worth your time.

Paul F. Anderson, Editor  
P O Box 749  
Laramie, WY 82070

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# The CRYSTAL EGG



## HY DALEY

A few months ago a real friend of OTR passed away - Ed Blakeslee.

I know that name doesn't mean much to most of you, but you dealers may find him on your mailing lists because he purchased a lot of OTR even though I supplied him with many reels.

He dubbed many of my masters for other collectors when my machines were down. Many of the **BOSTON BLACKIES**, **CISCO KIDS** and many many other reels to circulation originally came through his machines.

He was a fellow English teacher. He went home sick from school on a Tuesday recently, went in for an emergency operation Wednesday and passed away during surgery Thursday.

Another friend of OTR is gone.

It is depressing reading the obits in **THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS** and those in **THE BIG REEL** of entertainment people connected with radio and TV passing and passing.

Recently I had my students in Broadcasting take short stories and adapt them to radio. I got many fine scripts from **THE TELL-TALE HEART** to several **TWILIGHT ZONE** stories.

Hey, radio is alive at CAHS!!!

Recently I listened to the **LOVE RANGER** reel I got from one of my trading pals. What a tape.

Includes: **A SAME TIME, SAME STATION**, 1 hour special, a history of the show plus several shows from the 1938/1938 season.

I also listened to an intriguing **COLUMBIA WORKSHOP** show from 1942 called **PLAY BALL** which showed the importance of a softball game to a smalltown. It seemed as though the lives of the people of the town depended on the outcome of the game. Some of the ideas seemed like today's rather than those of 40 years ago. Or maybe people in little towns never change---I also relistened to the **HITCHHIKER** from a Mercury Theater presentation starring Orsen Welles.

Personally, I like this Welles show better than many of his more famous roles. Welles plays a character on a cross country road trip who keeps seeing the same seedy stranger with his thumb out. After while he's fleeing from the grotesque figure rather than driving across the States. If you haven't heard this story, get it in your collection.

Another super story is the Screen Director's version of **THE HUMAN COMEDY** with Mickey Rooney. Although the radio presentation is very short it does capture Saroyan's characters and the human story during wartime.

\*\*\*\*\*

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

**WANTED:** Cape Cod Radio Mystery Shows (N.P.R.) on reel or cassettes. Will buy or will trade equal time from my catalog. VG+ or E only please.

H. Edgar Cole II  
P O Box 3509  
Lakeland, FL 33802

**WANTED:ON CASSETTE-** The following CBS Tarzan shows.

- Cathedral in theCongo, 10/11/52
- City of Sleep, 10/18/52
- Small Packages 11/1/52
- Adventures on the Road to Timbuctu 11/8/52
- Strange Island 11/15/52
- Hunter's Gury 11/29/52
- Congo Christmas 12/20/52
- Siemba Hodari 2/28/53
- Volcano of the Sun 3/14/53

Also, the following Tarzan not broadcast on CBS.

Contraband, Congo Magic, First Prize - Death.

Richard Olday  
100 Harvey Drive  
Lancaster, NY 14086

**WANTED:** Radio theatre fans interested in forming a local club in the San Francisco Bay Area. WRite

Ray Faraday Nelson  
333 Ramona Avenue  
El Cerrito, CA 94530

**FOR SALE:** Subscriptions now available for new, bi-monthly, hero-pulp fanzine **GOLDEN PERIS**. Depts. in each issue will include a Radio Roundup column (consisting of a review of 1 episode of an OTR series), a Dark Shadows column, & much, much more. Issues #1 & 2 are out.

Issue #3 in January. \$3.00/sample copy. \$18. for 6 issues. Make chuck out to Howard Hopkins, editor.

Chuck Juzek  
57 Hutton Avenue  
Nanet, NY 10954

**WANTED:** Looking to borrow any Fibber McGee and Molly's, Dragnets and/or Jack Bennys you may have; I will also lend to you any I may have.

Michael Varbanov  
179 Abington  
Kenmore, NY 14223

(716) 832-9578

Tapespondents is a free service to all members. Please send your ads to the **ILLUSTRATED PRESS**.

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## AN INTRODUCTION TO AM TREASURES

Why would one want to meet AM Treasure? For quality reels at \$1.00 per hour; for quality cassettes at \$2.00 per hour; for an excellently produced catalog (reel to reel \$1.25; or cassette free). Do you collect posters: Gary Dudash of AM Treasures has an excellent Shadow poster with the likeness of Orson Welles, Bill Johnstone and Bret Morrison. Be sure to look into the Humor of Digby Odell of the Life of Riley or the Humor of Raymond of Inner Sanctum two of several interesting cassettes produced by Gary of AM Treasures.

Just browsing through the AM Treasures reel catalog, I would like to point out some of the unusual reels available, reels 251-257 Space Patrol, reels 258-263 the Lives of Harry Lime, from the thirties the Frankenstein serial, the Last of the Mohicans Serial, The Deer Slayer Serial, reels 271-273 Tom Corbett, Space Cadet, reel 327 Archie Andrews, reels 340 to 342 Bill Sterns Sports Reels, for Music Lovers reels 348-370 with such favorites as Liberace, Singin Sam, Kate Smith, Fred Waring, Your Hit Parade, Big Band Remotes, Nation Barn Dance, Grand Ole Opry, Roy Acuff, Bob Willis & The Texas Playboys, Hawaii Calls and much much more. Reels 855 & 856 Tarzan, Lord of the Jungle. From South Africa, reels 893 High Adventure, 904 & 905 SF-68. From BBC 906 & 907 Foundation Trilogy and finally from Australia, Challenge of Space.

These are just some of the reasons why one would want to meet Gary Dudash, to contact him for catalogs and more information please write to:

AM Treasures  
P O Box 192  
Babylon, NY 11702

Next month we will meet H. Edgar Cole, a write for the IP and also an OTR dealer.

In future months we will meet with Audio Classics, Stuart Jay Weiss and several other OTR dealers.

As a service to our readers, I would like to hear from the OTR dealers in our club, all of them. So, Mr. Dealer, please contact me, tell me about yourself, tell my why our readers would like to meet you and we will publish it in future issues of the IP. Please contact me

Frank Boncore  
38-15th Street  
Buffalo, NY 14213

\*\*\*\*\*  
**A LITTLE BIT OF THIS AND  
A LITTLE BIT OF THAT**

Chuck Schaden's **RADIO CLASSICS** can now be heard on WBBM-AM, 780 on the dial, Monday through Friday at 9:00 to 10:00 PM EST. WBBM's 50,000 watt clear signal allows reception in 41 states and several

Canadian Provinces. Per the chart listed in Chuck Schaden's Nostalgia Digest WBBM's evening signal can be heard from Nevada to New York and from Florida up to Canada. Some of the programs to be played include the Third Man, Gangbusters, Dagnet, Gunsmoke, Sherlock Holmes, Jack Benny and many many more.

Chuck's bi monthly publication **NOSTALGIA DIGEST AND RADIO GUIDE** is available by subscription for \$10.00 a year or \$18.00 for two years. It contains articles on OTR stars and a complete schedule of his broadcasts. Chuck also has available on cassette conversations with several OTR stars. For a complete list SASE to him. Chuck's address is

Nostalgia Digest  
Box 421  
Morton Grove, IL 60053

**THE SHADOW IS BACK!** and God help the guilty. A limited edition (4 issues) of the Shadow is now available in an "R" rated comic book form. For a \$1.50 an issue (a 4 part story published once a month for the next 4 months) this DC publication contains a new "different" Shadow story written by Howard Chaykin.

The 44th World Science Fiction Convention will be held in Atlanta, Georgia on August 28 - September 1, 1986. The guest of honor will be Ray Bradbury. For further details please write to:

Confederation  
Suite 1986, 1500 North Atlanta  
St.  
Smyrna, Georgia 30080

**REPRINT FROM THE BUFFALO NEWS  
FEBRUARY 23, 1986**

**QUESTION:** Are Jim and Marian Jordan who played "Fibber McGee and Molly" on radio so long still living? What are they doing?

**ANSWER:** Marion Driscoll Jordan, Molly to husband Jim's Fibber for 22 years on radio died in 1961, three years after the show went off the air. Jordan who was 89 last November 16, lives in retirement in Los Angeles. He remarried in 1962. In 1984 he attended the dedication of a "Fibber McGee and Molly" star on Hollywood Blvd's Walk of Fame.

**ADVENTURES IN TIME AND SPACE  
ON NBC RADIO'S DIMENSION X  
AND X MINUS ONE**

A fascinating thing about our hobby is that one can have several favorite types of OTR shows. One of my favorites is Science Fiction. I was first introduced to X Minus One by WEB radio several years ago. Later on, Joe O'Donnell introduced me to Dimension X. A few years ago, I came across **ADVENTURE'S IN TIME AND SPACE ON NBC RADIO** by Bill

Sabis at the Newark Convention.

If you are a Science Fiction fan this book is a must. A soft cover book, about 124 pages in length, it is packed with several interesting facts about both NBC series. One may call it a log, however the author put several hours into research when he created this. For example it has the original date of each broadcast, the title of each episode, the actors who starred in it, the author of the story, whether it was on original broadcast, a remake of another broadcast, or a rebroadcast. We are even told who the announcer was. Also included is a brief synopsis of each show. The author even went so far as to break down each show's openings into different categories. Through the book, there are included several of the original network promos for various show episodes. The logs of both shows are chronologically and alphabetically. Included in this book is a section on the writer of the shows and the men who adapted the shows to radio.

Another section touches briefly on the Science Fiction shows such as 2000+, Beyond Tomorrow, Tales of Tomorrow, Exploring Tomorrow, SF 68 and Future Tense.

This book was extremely well written by Bill Sabis, a Professional Civil Engineer-Land Developer, born October 1939 in Syracuse, New York. Bill also does an OTR show on WUFT-FM, an NPR station in Gainesville, Florida, entitled **THEATRE OF THE MIND**.

Recently I spoke to Bill and he informed me that he was approximately six copies left for sale. To obtain a copy, please send him \$6.50 + \$1.00 for postage to:

Bill Sabis  
5715 N.W. 4th Place  
Gainesville, FL 32607

I would suggest that you do it very soon because it won't last long.

Frank C. Boncore.

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*It might be food, but it's more likely gags that Jimmy Durante and Garry Moore are cooking up for their Friday night CBS show.*



*As though CBS' Aldrich Family hasn't troubles enough already, Jackie Kelk and Dick Jones, who play Homer and Henry, sing, too!*



*Basil Rathbone, armed with hat and pipe, ventures forth on one of Holmes' Adventures, on Mutual.*



*The cigarette shortage problem is attacked by George "Gabby" Hayes and Dewey "Alamo" Markham, of the Andrews Sisters Blue show.*

25 WORDS OR MORE

The other day Roy Holmes sent six reels to the club library. Among them was Lux Theater with PRIDE OF THE MARINES listed. I decided to listen to it. It sure brought back some memories for me. When I was 16 I was working for a company called Welder Photostat. After school a couple of hours and all day Saturday delivering and picking up photo print work. On one day I had to pick up some copy from the Great Lakes Theater in downtown Buffalo. Pride of the Marines was playing in the early fall of 1945. I devised a plan to get back into the theater free since I only had carfare home with me. When I got back to the Company I took a large brown envelope typed "Great Lakes Theater" on it, took some scrap photo paper and sealed it in the envelope. At six when the Company closed I went back to the theater. I told the ticket taker I had to deliver the envelope to the switchboard girl upstairs in the office. He seemed a little unsure of me but because he was busy he let me go up. Come right down don't go into the theater he shouted after me. I won't I assured him. I went right into the theater to see the movie. A year later when I complete my boot camp training at Parris Island, Al Schmid presented the first place Gudeon to my Platoon.

As I sat and listened to the story with John Garfield playing Al, I wondered if he ever did regain his sight. I whispered a silent prayer for him. One Marine to another Simper Fi.

Francis Edward Bork

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**Harold W. Arlin Dead;  
An Early Radio Figure**

MANSFIELD, Ohio, March 17 (AP) — Harold W. Arlin, the world's first full-time radio announcer, died Friday at his home in Bakersfield, Calif., after having suffered a heart attack on March 2. He was 90 years old.

In 1921, Mr. Arlin became the first full-time announcer at KDKA, a Pittsburgh outlet that was America's first radio station. That same year, he became the first to announce a major-league baseball game and a college football game — the Pirates-Phillies baseball game, on Aug. 21, 1921, and the Pittsburgh-West Virginia football game on Oct. 8, 1921.

He interviewed many celebrities on the air, including Babe Ruth, Will Rogers, Lillian Gish and William Jennings Bryan. He spent five years at KDKA, where he was nicknamed "the Voice of America." Listeners on several continents could hear KDKA, and The London Times called him "the best known American voice in Europe."

Mr. Arlin said curiosity had led him to apply for the station announcer's job. Previously, he had been a rate foreman for Westinghouse in Pittsburgh.

He and his third wife, Ida Lee Dean Arlin, had lived in Norwalk, Ohio, and in Bakersfield since 1963. He is also survived by a daughter, Dorothy Hershey of Norwalk; two sons, Ralph Arlin of Lima and Edward Arlin of Norwalk; 11 grandchildren, and 14 great-grandchildren.



Gordon MacRae

were divorced. In the 1960s, the whole family occasionally worked together in a nightclub act, and Meredith MacRae appeared on the television shows "Peticoat Junction" and "My Three Sons."

Mr. MacRae married Elizabeth Lambert Schrafft in 1967; their daughter, Amanda, was born in 1968.

The couple adopted Lincoln as their summer home in 1971, saying that neither New York nor Los Angeles was a proper place to raise a baby.

Sat., Jan. 25, 1986

ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

N.Y. TIMES

2/10/86

**Gordon MacRae, 64; Singer, Actor**

Compiled From News Services

LINCOLN, Neb. — Actor-singer Gordon MacRae, who starred in the 1950s musicals "Oklahoma!" and "Carousel," died here Friday. He was 64.

Edwin Shafer, a spokesman for Bryan Memorial Hospital, said Mr. MacRae had died at 2:15 a.m. He had been hospitalized since Nov. 27 for treatment of cancer of the mouth and jaw. Shafer said the death was "related to cancer."

A memorial service was scheduled for 11:30 a.m. Monday at Sheridan Lutheran Church in Lincoln. A private burial is planned.

The family asked that memorials be sent to the National Council on Alcoholism. Since undergoing treatment for alcoholism in 1978, Mr. MacRae had spoken out on the disease and was honorary chairman of the National Council of Alcoholism.

Mr. MacRae made good in every field he entered, becoming one of the entertainment industry's rare "five-letter men" by enjoying success in movies, radio, television, recording and nightclubs.

His long career reached its peak on the screen in the mid-1950s with the musicals "Oklahoma!" in which he played the cowboy, Curly, and "Carousel," in which he played the roustabout, Billy.

Mr. MacRae fought a long battle against alcoholism. He once said that he had been so drunk during a concert in Greenville, S.C., that he couldn't remember any song lyrics.

"I think I'll always have a special place in my heart for Greenville, because it was there that I finally came to my senses when I hit rock bottom," Mr. MacRae said when he returned to the city in 1963 for a concert sponsored by the North Greenville Alcoholism Treatment Program.

In the last year, cancer prevented him from performing, his second wife, Elizabeth, said in a telephone interview Friday. "His last days were really spent trying to overcome this," she said. "Gordon was a very religious man, and he spent most of his time in prayer."

Mr. MacRae was born March 21, 1921, in East Orange, N.J. After childhood roles on radio, he joined the Millpond Playhouse in Roslyn, N.Y., where he met actress Shellen Stephens, who played Alice Kravden in later episodes of television's "The Honeyymooners." They were married in 1941.

He left the playhouse to work as a page with the National Broadcasting Co. in New York. Horace Heidt heard the young baritone one day in 1941 and offered him a job as a vocalist in his orchestra.

Mr. MacRae got a role as Tommy Arluckie in the Broadway play "Jun-jun Miss." At the same time, he was a singer in a radio chorus and worked on another radio program until June 1943, when he was drafted into the Army.

After wartime service as a navigator in the Army Air Forces, Mr. MacRae returned to radio and finally won a commercial show as star of the NBC "Teentimers" program. He was host of "The Railroad Hour" on radio from 1948 to 1954.

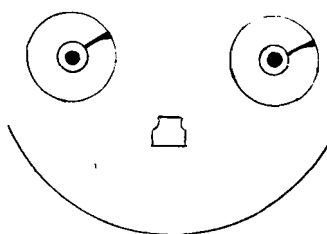
His career took off when he was signed to a contract by William Orr, a talent scout for Warner Bros.

His movie credits include, "The Big Punch," 1948; "Look for the Silver Lining," 1949; "Backfire," 1949, and "Return of the Frontiersman," 1950.

His bigger roles included "Ten for Two," 1950; "West Point Story," 1951; "Oklahoma!" 1955; "Carousel," 1956; and "The Best Things in Life are Free," 1956.

In the late 1950s, he moved into television as host of the "Colgate Comedy Hour" and the "Lux Television Theater." He also had a recording contract with Capitol Records.

Mr. MacRae and his first wife had four children — Meredith, Heather, W. Gordon and Bruce — before they



### REEL-LY SPEAKING

Our Club Library continues to grow because of the few members who donate their reels and also cassettes to the library. I try to list the names of the members who donate to our club but sometimes I either forget, (old age you know) or like last month, the wind took some papers from me. I thought I had them all but I guess not because I missed a couple of names of guys who made donations to the club. Sorry guys, careless of me but don't think we don't want your future donations, we do. If your name has not appeared in the IP for your reels or cassettes, please write me and I will correct that error. This past month I received three cassettes from R. Doty, good shows too. Last week Roy Holmes sent 6 reels, 2 of which I have already copied. One with some LUX Theater on it and another all Gunsmoke, both were excellent reels. thanks R. Doty and R. Holmes.

No action from Prof. Boncore or his evil trio. Poor Prof. was sick with the flu for a week. I mean right down in bed. Now that I don't understand because his look alike doll I stuck with pins were supposed to give his pains somewhere else. Something went wrong because when he stopped at my store to give me copies of the catalog, he sat down in my chair. I had to stand. Only one char in the place. Maybe the pins weren't long enough. Do any of our members know anything about voodoo. I'm really glad Frank is over the flu. Gotta try my pins again.

Additional reels and cassettes donated Jim Snyder, 8 reels and 4 cassettes; Andy Blatt, 10 cassettes; Jack Mandik, 25 cassettes and 1 reel; Ralph Doty, 2 cassettes. It took a lot of searching but I finally found the rest of my list.

Till next time, good listening  
Francis Edward Bork

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Is Joan Davis giving Harry the cold shoulder? Is it because she's just been elected Queen of Comedy by 600 Radio Editors? Or is it because Royal Joanie has eyes only for troubadour, Andy Russell? Could her jealous Jester, Harry Von Zell, possibly win Joanie's favor tonight? Tune in for a "mirthful, chuckleful half-hour . . . THE JOAN DAVIS SHOW presented by Swan Soap. Tonight and every Monday Night . . . WIBX . . . 8:30 P. M. . . . (Just before the Lux Radio Theatre.)

☆ *LILY PONS* ☆  
WILL SING FOR YOU

TONIGHT!



LISTEN!

TELEPHONE HOUR

9 PM WGY  
WSYR

Tune in every Monday evening  
NEW YORK TELEPHONE COMPANY



"We won it on that wonderful new  
Detect and Collect Program!"

They're giving away every every thing on Old Gold's historic  
new show! Contestants who detect the clues given by glib  
masters Fred Uhl and Wendy Barrie can win anything  
... from a protocol to a passport ... from a lollipop to a  
Boscovine! Tune in—tonight—and every Wednesday night!

LISTEN TONIGHT!  
9:30  
WIBX

PRESENTED BY **OLD GOLD** CIGARETTES

|  |  |                      |                     |                     |
|--|--|----------------------|---------------------|---------------------|
|  | <p>THE EDGE OF<br/>"The Edge of<br/>the Scarp!"</p> <p>A lady husband's life is almost at<br/>the end in the sixth hour of the<br/>series. A new, a new mystery.</p> | <p>MONDAY—SUNDAY</p> | <p>11:30<br/>PM</p> | <p>WBEN<br/>930</p> |
|  | <p>CBS RADIO<br/>Mystery<br/>Theater</p>   |                      |                     |                     |

# WBAL to fill the air with 60 years

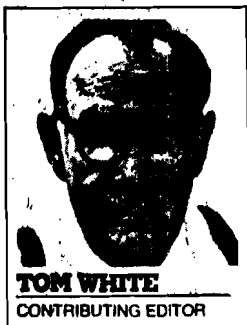
**N**ext Monday radio station WBAL will dedicate its entire broadcasting day to a theme of "Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow," in actuality celebrating the 60 years the station has been on the air.

Old-timers will remember that in its early days WBAL was owned by the Gas & Electric Co. It pumped out a diet of strictly classical music, which made it nice to listen to but a lemon as far as making a profit. My father changed all that in 1934.

In what he described as the best deal he ever made for the Hearst organization, my father (he was general manager for Hearst at the time) bought the station for \$400,000.

The Gas & Electric Co. had been asking \$1 million, which it wanted paid up front.

Dad worked out a deal whereby the \$400,000 would be paid over a 10-year span, with WBAL allowed to operate rent-free in the Gas & Electric's studios until the note was paid off.



**TOM WHITE**  
CONTRIBUTING EDITOR

It was at the end of the 10 years that the station moved to studios at Charles and 28th streets.

Speaking of Hearst, it should be recalled that when Baltimore obtained the franchise for the Orioles, WBAL threw a big party at its studios the opening day of the baseball season.

Among the guests was William

Randolph Hearst Jr., who at one point asked WBAL employee Wall Matthews where the men's room was.

Matthews looked at him and said, "You ought to know. You own it."

In July of 1941, the station went on the air full time with 50,000 watts. In September of that year it joined what was known as NBC's "Red" network, and the station boasted network names and programs such as the following:

Jack Benny, Bob Hope, "Fibber McGee and Molly," Rudy Vallee, Eddie Cantor, Charlie McCarthy, Bing Crosby, Kay Kyser, Frank Fay, Fred Waring.

"One Man's Family," "Sherlock Holmes," "Dr. I.Q.," "The Thin Man," "Mr. District Attorney," "Information Please," "The Aldrich Family," "Battle of the Sexes," "Band Wagon," "Truth or Consequences," "Knickerbocker Playhouse."

That's just a small sample of the roster and, no doubt, you'll be treated to some memories of those shows on Monday.

BY TOM WHITE, The News American, Friday, November 1, 1985-7A

## of radio memories

In the late 1940s, when Al Ross was WBAL's popular morning disk jockey, Teddy McKeldin was between political jobs and the station manager, Harold Burke, conceived the idea of having him replace Ross.

Negotiations started. When McKeldin realized that selecting records, playing them and reading commercials was a full-time job, he balked and suggested alternatives.

By the time he was finished, he worked out a deal whereby he would be paid \$100 a week to broadcast a five-minute segment every morning with the right to say whatever he wanted.

Naturally Teddy used the segments to push himself for political office.

Nice. Like paying a kid to go to a store and buy himself candy.

In the late 1940s when I first started broadcasting on WBAL, there were some great names on the local shows.

Mel Quinn and Tom O'Connor were staff announcers, along with Jay Grayson. Gale Fromme was the key newsmen, with Joe

Croghan handling sports. Archdale J. Jones was tracing missing persons from midnight until 6 a.m. Conway Robinson was the farm editor, and some kind of character.

WBAL gave Conway his first broadcasting job and, in addition to having him do farming news, they gave him a program doing news from the Maryland counties.

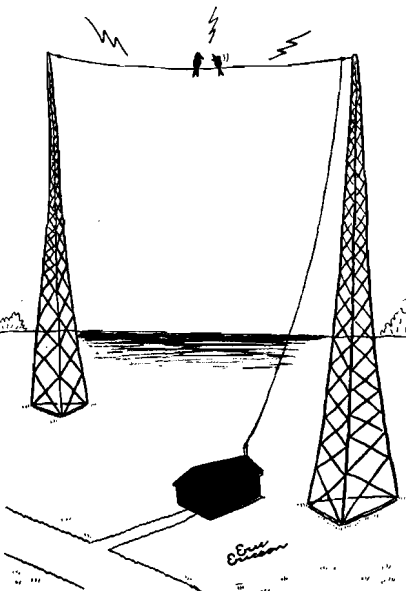
Conway had heard about sound effects, and so when he started doing county news he tried to make things more dramatic.

There was the day he reported a fatal automobile accident in Salisbury and in the background he played a record of screeching brakes and the horrible noise of two cars colliding.

Lawyers for the families involved called the station demanding what they thought were tapes of the actual accident. From then on, there were no more sound effects on the station.

Well, I'm just reminiscing about a few years out of the marvelous 60 that radio station has under its belt.

Tune in Monday and you'll get a whale of a lot more.



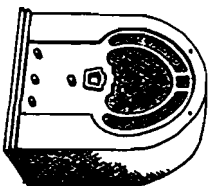
"Boy—feel that rhythm!"

# FIRST CLASS MAIL

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