
ILLUSTRATED PRESS

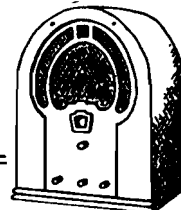
EST. 1975

#119 - SEPTEMBER, 1986

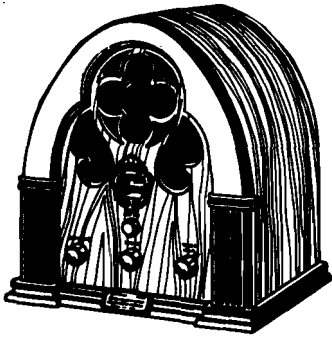


Joan Davis (1912-1961). A leading, cracked-voice comedienne of radio, television and films, Joan Davis entered show business at the age of seven as a child comic in vaudeville. She came to radio with Rudy Vallee in the summer of 1941, and between 1943 and 1945 was the star of NBC's *The Sealtest Village Store*. Miss Davis' other radio series include *Jeanie's Tea Room* (1945-1947) and *Leave It to Joan* (1949), both CBS. Joan Davis climbed to even greater heights of popularity on television with her *I Married Joan* series on NBC from 1952 through 1955. Between 1942 and 1946, the comedienne was voted Queen of Comedy by the Radio Editors of America.

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, due 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 a monthly newsletter of **THE OLD TIME RADIO CLUB** headquartered in Buffalo, N.Y. Contents except where noted, are copyright 1986 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.

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NEW MEMBERSHIP DUES:

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

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

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

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32 Shenandoah Rd.
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(716) 822-4661

CANADIAN BRANCH:

Richard Simpson
960 - 16 Rd., R.R.3
Fenwick, Ontario LOS 1C0

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

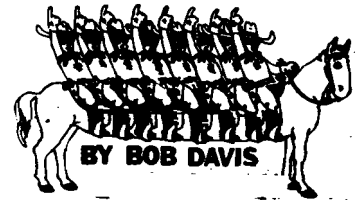
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DEADLINE FOR IP #121 - October 6
#122 - November 3
#123 - December 2

ADVERTISING RATES FOR MEMORIES:
\$50.00 for a full page (ALL ADS MUST
\$34.00 for a half page **BE CAMERA
READY**)

SPECIAL: OTR Club members may take 50% off these rates.
Advertising Deadline - September 1

SAY! WHO WAS THAT MASKED MAN?



WOULDN'T IT BE NICE

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Wouldn't it be nice if there were no such thing as static, hum, bassiness, or sibilance? We could throw our equalizers away and just enjoy the shows as recorded. Every show would be VG-EX and we could drop the sound listings from our catalogs. Maybe somewhere in the mystical land of Oz this might be possible but back in Kansas such a thing is just a dream.

Wouldn't it be nice if some of these unthinking or uncaring C.B.er's would straighten out their act and start broadcasting within regulations so their signals would not interfere with others. It's happened to me and others I've talked with.. I'll be dubbing a show and listening to it as it records. Suddenly, in the background, I'll be hearing things that aren't on the tape..."Breaker, breaker. This is King of the Airwaves... etc...etc...etc..."

Understand now that these "witty" remarks are coming through a tape recorder, not a radio. I've also had this happen with a record player. The nasty part about this is that the unwanted signal gets blended in with the show that's being recorded and the dub has to be done over. The problem has lessened as the popularity of C.B. radio has flagged. It would be awfully nice if the problem would go away once for all.

Wouldn't it be nice if the popularity of open reel recorders would have a resurgence in the eyes of manufacturers. With each passing year the number and variety of these recorders are getting less and less and more expensive. I think if I were starting out today I would avoid the open reel mode entirely and go the cassette route. This, of

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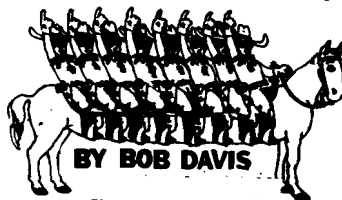
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course, is fine but it really limits one's trading possibilities by ruling out many sources.

Wouldn't it be nice if the old commercials were left in the old time shows? Personally I kind of enjoy hearing ads about the "new" 1947 DeSoto Automobile. Like 'em or not they are a part of the history of old radio and they have their place.

Wouldn't it be nice if National Public Radio got the attention and funding that it deserves. True, many of the programs that they put on might not be your cup of tea but many others you will find to be terrific and well worth taping and adding to your collections. A good portion of this programming is in stereo which adds that little something extra. NPR also likes to experiment with some of their presentations much like the revered Columbia Workshop used to.

The next time you tune in NPR and hear one of their "begging for dollars" drives remember the good stuff they broadcast and give accordingly. It'll keep these good programs coming AND keep NPR alive and well.

Wouldn't it be nice if The Old Time Radio Club would grow bigger and better? We're in great shape right now and the outlook looks rosy. Believe me the support of our members is appreciated and if you think we're doing something right...tell others. If you think we're messing everything up...tell us. This is your club and if you're not happy then we're not either.

Wouldn't it be nice if Davis would stop writing "wouldn't it be nice" columns? **WARNING...**The Answer Man has been spotted in the area. Details when we get them.

See ya next time.

TONIGHT AT 8:30



—dial CBS, 950 • WIBX
MR. & MRS. NORTH



NICK CARTER

IN

COPYRIGHT:
STREET & SMITH

THE NINE O'CLOCK FIRES

May, 1935

CHAPTER X THE FIEND LEAPS

The aide rushed toward a roof ladder as fast as his boots would let him. His men were not as hardened. Nick and Chick fell in between. Killbrook had a heavy wrecking bar and flash. He passed the bar to Nick, sprang up the iron ladder leading to the roof. His light showed the trap nailed solidly shut.

Killbrook threw his flash down. "All there, you kink chasers?" There was a yell in the affirmative. "Get ready to spread your wings." He muttered something to Nick lost in the sound of a nearby explosion. But Nick knew what he wanted. He lowered the wrecking bar, crashed it upward with all his might.

Once. Twice. Three times. The trap-door crashed up and outward. Killbrook went through like an arrow. There was a weird murmur behind them, a gathering sucking noise. The draft tried to claw Nick downward. He pulled up a step. Killbrook grabbed his collar, heaved him over the edge.

Fast as Nick was, Killbrook had jerked four men out when he sprang to his feet. Chick and three firemen. The murmur had grown to a shrill shriek. Five firemen were out. There was a deafening blast below, a roar. The last two firemen sailed out of the hatch, blown clear. A burst of flame leaped high on their tail.

The roof shook. Flame seemed to burst through the roofing. There was a moment of blinding glare. Then only the one flame, leaping higher and higher, belching smoke, sucking fire after it with mad, hideous laughter. Freedom! The building was opened up. The fire had a vent.

A blast of flame shot up to their right. It came from a small mound in the roof. The elevator cable house. Nick raced to examine it. Killbrook was already at the front of the roof sending a message with his flash to the chief below.

The elevator cable had stopped winding. They had the fire fiend cornered! They would get him this time, either charred or in the flesh.

Nick raced to the edge of the roof. The slowness of movement in his heavy equipment galled him. It cut down his speed, dragged time endlessly. He peered over the drain, threw his light below. There was the fire escape, but nobody on it.

He bolted across the roof. Firemen shouted on all sides now. A hose stream cut loose, hit the center of the roof. From the back came the sound of crashing glass. The fire had gone too far.

They were opening up, going to let it blast the most inflammable stuffs up in smoke, clear the fumes and pressure before going in.

Nick noted the firemen on surrounding roofs. The fire bug couldn't barge through that cordon.

A cold grim wave suddenly deluged his brain. At the back of the next tenement was a small lower roof. A dark figure had cut the shadow, landed with a clatter atop a fire escape. He was already descending sliding down, his legs straddling the perpendicular ladder.

Nick's guns were useless. The shadows below might be full of men. A ricochet might spatter some belated leaver of a flat. He could barely see more than a blot against the shadow. His heavy rubber coat was hooked tight, would delay his draw.

The next instant Nick leaped through the air. It was a long jump, twelve foot higher than the other man had made. Nick could not see the fire escape platform clearly. Smoke belched across the space. Something sticking out from the building glittered fully. He leaped for that.

It was an unattached piece of pipe, came loose in his grasp. Nick missed the platform. His heavy gear had shortened his jump. He was falling, almost straight now!

He reached forward, threw his body in an aerial twist. His hand clamped over something smooth and round. His body slapped against the iron ladder. His hand slipped, caught on the second rung beneath, held.

A moment he hung whirling, suspended by one hand. The slap of his body against the braced ladder from such a height had left him groggy. It was a bare second before he shook his head clear, twitched his wrist, slung himself around and onto the ladder.

But it was enough. He looked down, saw a dark shadow crash through a lighted window beneath. There was a scream. The next instant a crash and moan. Nick landed on the platform outside the window.

A long, scorching tongue of flame lapped out from the adjoining building. It came straight across, tore in the shattered window. The curtain blazed. Nick felt a terrific shove, was hurled

onto his face across the room. There was a terrific stench of gas. The room was loaded with it. One breath nearly knocked him out.

Before the flame receded his keen eyes caught the scene. It was the kitchen. Five children were huddled unconscious in a corner. The door to the front room was locked. As Nick had come through the window, the hall door had closed, a key had grated on the outside.

In the corner he now picked out the figure of a woman sprawled on the floor. A stream of scarlet trickled across her lips. Her head rested against the leg of the stove. She was moaning, but only semi-conscious. One tap of the gas stove was part open. A gas jet threw a sickly yellow light.

Nick jumped up, snapped the tap shut, hurled a chair through the other window in a single twist. The gas would ventilate quickly. He kicked the door into the front room open as he spe. past. One kick carried the hall door outwards.

In the hall below there was commotion, excited voices mixed with curt commands. Others were being shouted up above. Two hose lines moved rapidly along the floor. Both were charged. The roar of water came from above. A hysterical woman with tremendous lungs screamed so loudly downstairs, Nick's shouted warning was lost.

Madly, now, he leaped toward the stairway. In the confusion of emptying the house, the man might get away. The fat figure of a small woman tore past him from below, almost knocked his legs from under him. She shot past before he could grab her, muttering prayers mixed with sobs and a hysterical reiteration about some treasure. She ran down the hall with remarkable speed, up to the next floor. Let her. The hose crews would catch her.

Nick was already three steps down the stairway. The hair at the back of his head suddenly crept wildly. He came up short in the midst of a leap. A sound to his left and behind had caught his ear. It was the opening of a balky window.

Directly across from the flat from which he had come, jammed behind the stairs, was a small two-room flat. The door had been closed. Had the fire bug headed in there? He could probably climb directly to the fire escape again.

In a split second Nick decided there would be fire lines and questioning. All those exiting below would be closely watched. But in back, the man had an entire block of impenetrable darkness, of back alleys, fences, cellar entrances to escape through.

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held. He drew back for another.

The next instant he was sailing through the air. His arms were clenched to strike the door. He came up across the narrow room head on.

His head hit the wall. Plaster puffed. Behind him there had been a sudden flash. Like a smashing egg, the wall buckled, burst outward. The floor shivered. Nick had been lifted on an invisible wave hurtled through door and room. He heard his neck crack and the swish of his rubber coat as he landed. There was a moment of deathly silence. Myriad lights coursed through his head. Then the hall was in an uproar.

Groggily, not quite sure who or where he was for the moment, Nick picked himself up. A fire officer dashed in. Nick's eyes focused on the other's face, saw a brilliant blasting sheet of flame behind him. The man was talking.

"Gas gathered and caught--ignited in the front rooms," the man was saying. "Nobody in there, thank goodness!"

Nick's head cleared. Nobody in there! They hadn't seen the kitchen. Five unconscious children and a woman! A burst of flames caused the officer to turn and bawl out a command for the roof crews. Flames already rippled across the grease soaked floorboards of the rooms behind the crashed walls.

Nick jumped through the door. The front rooms were bright enough, the floors, furniture, what was left of the walls already blazing. Nobody was in there. The gas light in the kitchen had been blown out by the explosion. He flicked the valve off automatically as he passed. He was acting mechanically, still befuddled. The room was lit only by a dancing red light.

The woman was still lying where he had left her, groaning, in the shadow. She looked like a heap of disordered clothes. The children in the corner were completely hidden. Nick grabbed four. As he jumped over a stretch of flame suddenly eating between him and the door, Killbrook pushed heavy shoulders through the window. He took a swift look at Nick, picked up the other child, heaved the woman over a stout shoulder and followed. They passed the survivors to firemen to be relayed down the stair. Water was already hitting the fire.

Nick's ears were buzzing. He had the distinct feeling he should be doing something very important. But he could not remember just what it was. Automatically, his mind reconstructed the gas scene. Peculiar, that, too. The house gas should have been shut off an hour before.

He knew perfectly well what had happened. The woman had heard the engineers, seen fire, become panic-stricken. She had instinctively feared her children

might get loose in their frenzy. They had probably been asleep. She had blown out the lights in the front room, left the four gas jets wide open. It had taken but a few seconds to fill the room. The children slept. Now she could carry them safely out two by two. The others would be there when she returned.

She was a foreign woman, probably did not speak English. She had carried the children first to the kitchen. The jets had hissed their gas into the closed front rooms. She had started to carry two children out from the kitchen. The first hose line was going to the roof. The men had raced past. Behind them came a man clearing the house of tenants. He had seen her doing the wise thing, ordered her gruffly to the street and not to return for any thing.

Other firemen were coming by then. She grew more panic-stricken. She was the silent sort. The man had said she could not return for anything. How about her other three children? These men were all over the house. they would not let her back. She turned, raced back to the kitchen with her offspring and put them in a corner. she was walking the kitchen in a frenzy wondering what to do when the fire fiend--That was it! He was after the fire fiend!

Nick spun about, catapulted the surprised Killbrook out of the way, raced for the back room. His searchlight, undamaged, was on the floor. He jumped to the window, threw its beam down the fire escape.

Darkness stared back. No sign of anyone. He searched out the yard. Nothing moved excepting the excited dwellers in their back windows across the way. in the other direction the middle of the block was combed with firemen.

Head cleared now, he turned to the front of the house, leaped clear of a window to a ladder passing up to the roof, and climbed to the ground. The man could not be far away. They would throw a cordon around five surrounding locks, sift every cranny until they smoked him out.

As he jumped to the ground a siren stopped. A huge truck with immense search lights wound its way through engines, over hose, pulled up before the fur loft. Nick looked at it in amazement. Usually a called engine arrived within three minutes at the latest. This had been hours! No other search lights were on the scene.

"Where'd he get lost," Nick shot at the pump engineer. "Guess he stopped for an ice cream cone," the man said. "Three minutes on a fifty second run! Somebody'll get 42'd tomorrow!"

Form forty-two was the disciplinary investigation form when firemen were tried for laxness and conduct before the Deputy Fire Commissioner.

Nick batted running eyes as he raced toward the chief to arrange to have the surrounding block cordoned. Three minutes from call, plus two minutes from the original preliminary signal--not over five minutes at the outside! His sense of time had been knocked cockeyed.

"Cordon's ordered, Nick", the chief roared almost before Nick had spoken. "I saw you take that jump over the lower roof. Figured you had him, but he might slip through."

From every direction, now, the sound of screaming sirens neared. Not fire sirens, but police. they screamed over the crackle of fire and thud of falling timbers; over the thump of hard working pumps and shout of orders; over the screams of nearby tenants and hacking of glass and wood.

Nick thanked his stars to be working with an officer like Battalion Chief Foley.

** CONTINUED NEXT MONTH **

TAPESPENDENTS: Send in your wants and we'll run them here for at least 2 months.

WANTED: 1 reel of Sears Radio Theatre, 1 reel of Danger with Granger episodes. Any shows of Sears or Granger okay. Will trade equal time from my catalog of over 700 reels. Cassettes considered but prefer reels.

Ed Cole
P O Box 3509
Lakeland, FL 33802

WANTED: Any of the "Three Sheets to the Wind" shows with John Wayne (1943), "Horatio Hornblower: and the "Six Shooter" Series. Please send list of shows to:

Mike O'Donnell
9904 Greenview Lane
Manassas, VA. 22110

WANTED: Any Brooklyn Dodger baseball game broadcast by Red Barber; Any broadcast of Warm-Up Time, a show that preceded the Dodger games; Any broadcast of Sports Extra, a show that followed all Brooklyn Dodger baseball games.

Shel Wallman
70 W. 95 St.
#276
New York, NY 10025

WANTED: I am looking for photos of Clayton Moore and Jay Silverheels as the Lone Ranger & Tonto. I am also looking for photos of Basil Rathbone & Nigel Bruce as Sherlock Holmes & Dr. Watson.

Linda DeCecco
32 Shenandoah Rd.
Buffalo, NY 14220

TAPESPENDENTS is a free service to all members of the Old Time Radio Club

As you might know, Arthur Godfrey's birthday is August 31st. May I submit a small remembrance?

SEEMS LIKE OLD TIMES

Seems Like Old Times, sang the freckled guy.

I remember him, as I peer into the twilight sky.

He brought joy to our hearts and our souls, as he spoke of Lipton Tea and of his foals.

Seems Like Old Times! Now, a tearful tune.

Many a time, in those hours before noon. I sat in front of my Philco, a smile on my face, Hoping that one day, I might take his place.

Seems Like Old Times, I heard a distant bird sing.

Those memories of Arthur, my old heart, do sting.

goodbye, old comrade, whom I've never met.

May you always ride high in your heavenly jet.

I hope it's not too silly. He influenced my semi-show biz career. I'm talking with several radio people here in New Orleans to do a salute on August 31st.

John A. Barber
1807 1/2 Burgundy Street
New Orleans, LA, 70116

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 U.S.A. and APO, \$.60 for one 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.

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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Nick batted running eyes as he raced toward the chief to arrange to have the surrounding block cordoned. Three minutes from call, plus two minutes from the original preliminary signal--not over five minutes at the outside! His sense of time had been knocked cockeyed.

"Cordon's ordered, Nick", the chief roared almost before Nick had spoken. "I saw you take that jump over the lower roof. Figured you had him, but he might slip through."

From every direction, now, the sound of screaming sirens neared. Not fire sirens, but police. They screamed over the crackle of fire and thud of falling timbers; over the thump of hard working pumps and shout of orders; over the screams of nearby tenants and hacking of glass and wood.

Nick thanked his stars to be working with an officer like Battalion Chief Foley.

** CONTINUED NEXT MONTH **

TAPESPONDENTS: Send in your wants and we'll run them here for at least 2 months.

WANTED: 1 reel of Sears Radio Theatre, 1 reel of Danger with Granger episodes. Any shows of Sears or Granger okay. Will trade equal time from my catalog of over 700 reels. Cassettes considered but prefer reels.

Ed Cole
P O Box 3509
Lakeland, FL 33802

WANTED: Any of the "Three Sheets to the Wind" shows with John Wayne (1943), "Horatio Hornblower" and the "Six Shooter" Series. Please send list of shows to:

Mike O'Donnell
9904 Greenview Lane
Manassas, VA. 22110

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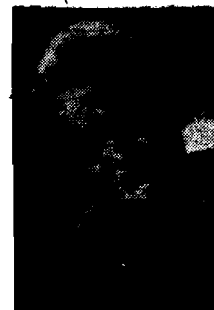
THEATRE OF TODAY
at 12:00 noon

"Theatre of Today" brings you the stories of people today...the romance of their lives at home, or as they fight in all parts of the world. Fielden Farrington opens each broadcast with five minutes of late news reports. Top screen and stage personalities are starred in the complete three-act plays each Saturday.



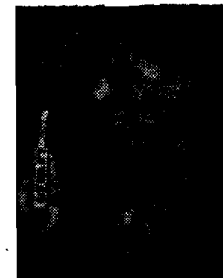
LET'S PRETEND
at 11:05 a.m.

The genius of Nila Mack takes young and old on her magic carpet to the Land of Make-Believe. Talented young artists interpret favorite fairy tales with naive charm, capturing the listener in pure fantasy.



BOB HAWK
at 7:30 p.m.

Quick-witted Bob Hawk leads a rollicking half hour of quips and quizes. Members of the audience are subjects for his brain teasers...and winners can name servicemen to receive welcome gifts from the sponsor. It's a double-barreled "Thanks to the Yanks".



CBS Network - Radio's Finest



WIBX

1230 on your dial

See the radio page of this newspaper for full WIBX schedule

Radio, that magical theater of the mind, has inspired the imaginations of millions. Countless hours surely must have been spent listening to the adventures and perils of favorite crime fighters. Now many days have been brought to a happier conclusion by the hilarious antics of friends like Jack Benny and Edgar Bergen? These questions, and all others whose answers might measure the spectrum of contributions made by radio, cannot yet be answered.

The entertainment offered by radio is still being enjoyed. New imaginations are being stimulated. Those classic jokes are getting new laughs. The reason is simple. Thanks to the generosity of people who call themselves "dealers", new generations are allowed to share in the magic of "old" radio shows.

Everyone can appreciate the importance of dealers. However, the fruits of their labor is especially sweet to those of us too young to remember the golden age of the family Philco. Nothing could compare with the righteous indignation of Jack Benny when circumstances threatened to force an all to painful deduction from his wallet! Without dealers it would have been impossible to experience the spine chilling horror of classics like "Sorry Wrong Number". Without dealers the national panic created in 1938 by "War of the Worlds" would have meant nothing more than a couple of paragraphs in a history book.

Much has been written on behalf of OTR dealers. Just for the record I would like to express - on behalf of younger OTR audiences - the gratitude and appreciation shared by all collectors. Thank guys, we couldn't do it without you.

John Shores
4489 Tech Dr.
Macon, GA 31206

BUY, BUY WAR BONDS
ON EYE, EYE FREEDOM

TONIGHT 7:15 WIBX

"Music that Satisfies"

JOHNNIE
JOHNSTON

Your Singing Host
for Chesterfield

MONICA LEWIS

A New Chesterfield
Singing Star

PAUL BARON'S
Great Orchestra

BILL SLATER
Famous Sports Announcer

Today's Favorite Tunes *plus*
Previews of Tomorrow's Hits
Presented by

Chesterfield



Listen in Tonight
AND EVERY
TUES · WED · THURS

ALL
CBS
STATIONS

WHAM ROCHESTER'S
NO. 1 STATION

Tonight's Star Attractions
on **WHAM dial 1180**



**CAVALCADE
OF AMERICA**

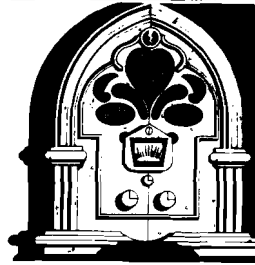
dramatizes *The Fields Are Green* with Audie Murphy,
Rosemary Rice and Robert
Hastings

at **8:00**



LIFE CAN BE
BEAUTIFUL
at 1:00 p.m.

Lovable Chichi and the
Papa David who adopted her
years ago are trusting and inno-
cent of the city's pitfalls. They
know only the world of David's
bookshop, and it is worldly
Stephen who saves them from
disaster. Alice Reinhart (left).



11th Annual
FRIENDS of OLD TIME

OCT. 24, 25, 1986 / HOLIDAY INN NORTH / N

COST

Reserve your spot as soon as possible.
Prepaid tickets are held at the door.

Friday, October 24th, daytime only,
(up to 6 pm) \$7.00 per person.

Friday, October 24th, daytime and
evening including buffet diner (12 noon
to 11 pm) \$26.00 per person.

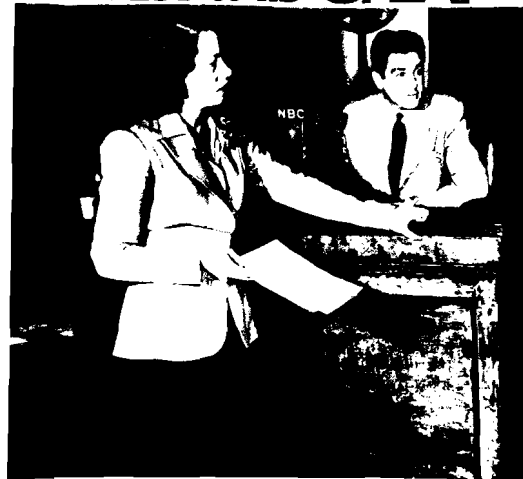
Saturday, October 25th, daytime
only (9 am to 6 pm) \$8.00 for adult;
\$6.00 for child under 16 and senior
citizen.

Saturday, October 25th, daytime
and evening including buffet dinner (9
am to 11pm) \$35.00 for adult; \$33.00
for child under 16 and senior citizen.

HOTEL: \$55.00 for single, \$60.00
for double. Reserve rooms when you send
in convention registration. Pay for rooms
upon arrival. Rooms should be reserved
by October 15th. Give details (names,
nights, etc.) with registration (send
no money for hotel).

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**MAKE YOUR PLANS
MISS THIS GREAT**



BUY, BUY WAR BONDS
OR BYE, BYE FREEDOM

TONIGHT 7:15 WIBX

Music that Satisfies

JOHNNIE
JOHNSTON

Your Singing Host
for Chesterfield

MONICA LEWIS

A New Chesterfield
Singing Star

PAUL BARON'S
Great Orchestra

BILL SLATER
Famous Sports Announcer

Today's Favorite Tunes *plus*
Previews of Tomorrow's Hits
Presented by

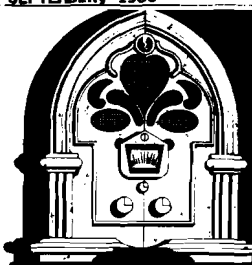


Listen in Tonight
AND EVERY
TUES · WED · THURS



LIFE CAN BE
BEAUTIFUL
at 1:00 p.m.

Lovable Chichi and the
Papa David who adopted her
years ago are trusting and innocent
of the city's pitfalls. They
know only the world of David's
bookshop, and it is worldly
Stephen who saves them from
disaster. Alice Reinhart (left).



11th ANNUAL

FRIENDS OF OLD TIME RADIO CONVENTION

OCT. 24, 25, 1986 / HOLIDAY INN NORTH / NEWARK INTERNAL AIRPORT, NJ

COST

Reserve your spot as soon as possible.
Prepaid tickets are held at the door.

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upon arrival. Rooms should be reserved
by October 15th. Give details (names,
nights, etc.) with registration (send
no money for hotel).

Advance dinner reservations must be made.
Reservations are limited. (Friday 200;
Saturday 350). Make checks out to:
Jay Hickerson,
Box C
Orange, CT 06477
(203) 248-2887. 795-6261

Full tables (10) can be reserved
in advance for Friday and Saturday night
dinner.

Be sure to cast your pre-convention
vote for the Allen Rockford award for
the collector or fan who has made the
extra effort to make our hobby more
enjoyable. Past recipients include Pen
Piletic, John Dunning, Charlie Ingersoll,
Charles Stumpf, Roger Hill, Ray Stanich,
Bob Burnham, Jim Snyder, Dick Osgood.

MAKE YOUR PLANS NOW & DON'T MISS THIS GREAT WEEKEND!



Alice Wall starred as the
sine of "Portia Faces
Life," NBC's popular
time serial.

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HOW TO TELL A BAD RADIO SHOW FROM A GOOD RADIO SHOW (Or Vice Versa)

By: Bob Burnham

When I first started collecting radio shows, I always figured all radio shows were worth having. The REALLY good shows aren't being produced anymore, so shouldn't that be reason enough to save them? Also, I didn't know there were as many people out there collecting, so I thought MY copy was perhaps one of the very few copies in existence. Of course, there are probably hundreds of copies of most radio shows (at least the more popular ones) being circulated, but I didn't know that. Also, back then, there probably weren't as many copies around simply because there weren't as many collectors--but MY copy wasn't as rare and valuable as I thought it might be. But I didn't know any or MANY other sources for programs back then around 15 or so years ago, so as far as I was concerned, it was a rare gem and I was a rare person to possess a copy. Because of that, I decided I would collect every radio show I could get my hands on, with particular emphasis on the shows that I really enjoyed. But if I stumbled on a long run of Pepper Young's Family...even if it wasn't one of my favorite shows--I would still jump at the chance to get it! As my collection slowly evolved, I soon discovered the many people out there who had some of the same shows as I had (and they didn't get them from me, for cryin' out loud!). I quickly realized that my radio shows didn't have that value of being extremely rare. I had some shows that others didn't of course, but I found A LOT of other people who had a LOT of shows I had never even heard of!. I began to feel very very small. In later years, however, I soon found myself in a position where I would get letters form collectors requesting a trade who were a few steps behind me in their collection careers--so I started feeling instead of like a small guy, more like a medium guy. I had the time back then to trade with almost anyone who asked me--even if the other guy didn't have much of what I wanted, I would usually swap a few tapes anyway. I no longer was trading for the purpose of getting a rare copy--just primarily for material I didn't already have, or in some cases, to help a fellow collector.

Today, I find my collecting habits and equipment taking up far more space than me, my bed, furniture, refrigerator and all those other less vital things for human existence (I left out the bathroom fixtures--although I do have speakers

mounted in each bathroom). Because of all this, I've had to become a little more selective in picking the new material to add. No longer will I assign it a "master" number as soon as it arrives at my door. It has to pass several tests, before I stick it on the shelf. Some of these tests it's allowed to fail, and still be allowed in the collection. I think these tests would be useful for any collector.

1. Do I want the show? Is it half way enjoyable for me to listen to? Does it fit into a gap in my collection (maybe a Gunsmoke reel I don't already have--just an example-I have all the Gunsmokes now!). If it fails this test, no problem. Go onto the next one.

2. Would someone else I know want the show? If I hate it, I KNOW my wife will absolutely DESPISE it...but that still doesn't disqualify it. There are a lot of STRANGE collector out there who will put anything in their collections if I tell them I have it..

3. Is it reasonable sound quality? If the whole reel is muffled, badly overmodulated, full of something ultra annoying, the tape usually is treated with a quick pass of the bulk eraser. (a really LONG bulk erasing session if I really hate the reel). If the reel has something on it I can salvage, (hopefully, the entire reel), I will run it through equalizers in slow speed, track by track, and the improved copy is THEN put on my shelf, and the original erased. If there's any speed problems, I can correct that at this stage, too.

The most difficult test for a show to pass is the last one. Many of the reels I collected during the first 10 years of being in the hobby later were victims of failure to test #3. Some even failed the fourth test.

4. Is it recorded on tape that will hold up over a period of several years? If not, and the recording quality is still acceptable, the shows will still survive the overall exam, but the tape itself will just be disposed of. It won't even be bulk erased. Why bother? Let the garbage man toss it into the dump, or burn it in an incinerator..as long as I'm able to copy the valuable radio shows onto a GOOD tape which has just become my master. One example of this type if situation is my Escape collection. Back in 1976-77, I obtained a BEAUTIFUL sounding set of Escape reels, all in dated order from a collector in Canada who is not longer active in the hobby. A couple of years ago, I discovered probably a third of those reels had developed a squeal that could be heard about 3 blocks away when played. What's a collector to do? As we all know, Escape was one of the finest shows produced in its time.

But now this set of reels was failing test #4. Well, all you need is ONE good playing of the reel in question and you've saved it. If the alcohol-soaked-blotter-in-the-reel-box trick doesn't work, get yourself a supply of head lubricant, and a large supply of Q tips (head cleaner will also work, although not as well), and prepare to seat yourself at the tape deck a LONG time. This is a great time to listen to the shows, and if you love tinkering with the sound, and equalizing and processing this is the best time. A constant application of lubricant applied to the tape just before it passes through the first set of tape guides and heads, should get you just one more playing of the tape. Be careful not to use too much. An excess could create a gap between the heads and the tape itself and cause loss of quality..muffle.

Now the final test, which really isn't any cause for serious consideration, at least in my case--is to play the radio show just before you to to bed. If you want to listen to the show in bed, that's fine too, but if you do, the show has a better chance of failing test #5.

5. Does the show put you to sleep, when listening in a relaxed atmosphere? In my case, I have listened to and fallen asleep to virtually every series I've ever heard, but that's only because I have a habit of using old time radio to put me to sleep--don't worry, I usually pick bad shows for that purpose, anyway..but not always. The best time for listening for me is while doing some of the less exciting tasks like sticking labels on cassettes, snipping out inserts for reels, etc. If you find yourself concentrating more on the label sticking, or reel wrapping-up than the radio show being played, you know the show has failed step 5, but that's OK, if it passes test #1 or #2.

So to sum this whole mess up, a BAD BAD show will fail all 5 tests. If the show fails 1 and/or 2 and/or 3, it is simply a BAD show. An OK or even a good or great show can fail both 4 & 5 if it passes the other 3 with flying colors. A show which you proudly point to as part of your collection should pass tests 1 through 4..well at least 2 through 4. Some of us are not proud of certain shows we have, but if they're nice sound, and popular among traders, it's not too bad of an idea to have them around, is it?

The whole question of what's a good show and what isn't is one that is explored in a great deal of depth in the book I'm currently working on, although the approaches taken in the book are considerably different than what I mentioned in this article. In one chapter,

for ex... collect... question... radio... show... agree... the mem... on rad... most po... and Mys... written... TIME RA... you are... certain... during... of writ... pleased... to the... column... discuss... Anyway... a comm... it's co... to get... because... other q... Bear wi... Friends... see me... If not... time ra... list, or... as soon... The... first b... I hope... Bob... BR... P... Red... P.S. I... adverti... Museum... who hav... enough... service... to take... BAND CL... the be... between... program... their... (or nea... ****

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for example, I assembled a group of collectors and had them fill out detailed questionnaires on several hundred different radio shows, and actually Grade each show in terms of listening enjoyment. The results are fascinating. We all agree on certain shows overwhelmingly, but the interesting differences are among the members of the panel who missed out on radio while growing up. One of the most popular areas of shows is Detective and Mystery types, and a special article written by one of the columnists in OLD TIME RADIO DIGEST appears. As many of you are aware, I have been involved in certain controversial issues in our hobby during the past year. I am pretty tired of writing about it myself, but I'm very pleased to have a major contribution to the book from one of the regular columnists in the ILLUSTRATED PRESS to discuss this "pet" topic in detail. Anyway I'm not trying to turn this into a commercial for the new book (even though it's coming out that way), but just wanted to get some of this information out, because I'm frequently asked. The only other question is "WHEN CAN I GET A COPY?" Bear with me on that! If you go to the Friends of OTR Convention in Newark, see me at my table in the Dealers room. If not, and you receive any of the old time radio publications, are on my mailing list, or whatever, you'll have the details as soon as thing are firmed up.

Thanks to everyone for making my first book nearly a complete sell out. I hope you like the new one too.

Bob Burnham
BRC Productions
P O Box 39522
Redford, MI 48239

P.S. I noticed your inclusion of the advertisement about the National Broadcast Museum Superstation. For those of you who have satellite dishes, or are lucky enough to have a station carrying this service in your area, this is worthwhile to take a listen to. My own program BIG BAND CLASSICS, which I produce, features the best of the Big Bands, sandwiched between radio shows I play and discuss..My program is heard daily--or nightly, as the case may be, and has been part of their format since the station began (or nearly so).

2/10/43

**"The Best Tunes of All -
Move to Carnegie Hall"**

Lincoln's Birthday, Friday, Feb. 12

Editor's DESK



As we prepare to start another year of meetings, I find myself looking back to last year. First of all, I find that I neglected to mention the increase of our back issues to \$1.25. This change was authorized by our board when we noticed that increases of our production costs and mailing had not been reflected in our back issue pricing. I'm sorry if this oversight caused any of our members any inconvenience.

While on the subject of increases, our ad rates are going up for 1987. A full page ad for MEMORIES will cost \$50 and a half page will cost \$34. OTR Club members may still deduct 50% off these rates. The high production and mailing costs for MEMORIES are the reason for the increase.

Now that I've told you the bad news, the good news is that the dues for 1987 will remain \$17.50 a year. The club is in good shape financially and the above changes were made to keep us in the black. Our membership renewal for 1986 was very high and our membership is approximately 200.

Rich Simpson picked a beautiful day for our summer picnic this year. The members who came had a great time and we all thank Rich and Rosemary for arranging our picnic at Queenston Hts. Park in Canada. The arrangements, the weather and the fellowship were all just "Great"!

Well, that brings me up to the present. I'm looking forward to another great year for our club and I hope to see many of you at our meetings or in Newark at the OTR Convention in October.

Hi, Richard

I trust that all is well. The article below appeared in the local paper a week ago. And Joan, my ex, sent a small note re the reunion. Charles Kuralt, according to her, was supposed to have covered the story for CBS's SUNDAY MORNING. You may want to confirm it, since you're closer to New York than I am. And since it relates to OTR, you may want to have an article in the ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Also, I'm doing a 55 minute radio show for WSMB Radio in New Orleans, featuring old time radio, every week. For the records, it's Wednesdays at 7:05pm. I do my own commercials, Rich Little style, for radio cassettes. It's really a kick.

My best to all the OTR gang,

NEW ORLEANS 8/3/86

TIMES PICAYUNE

Former Orleanian Joan Bishop, now a resident of Jackson Heights, N.Y., and one of radio's original Quin Kix, says she's due to appear on an upcoming CBS "Sunday Journal" along with other alumni of the famous show, which was first aired nationally 48 years ago. Joan, former wife of local actor John Barber, is now a professional singer-pianist, and staunch advocate of animal rights.

TONIGHT!
AWARD-WINNING
COMEDY HIT!

"Father knows best"

STARRING
ROBERT YOUNG

Tonight and every Thursday night—

WHAM-8:30 P.M.

Thursday, September 14, 1950



Presented by
MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

Tonight's Star Attractions
on **WHAM** dial **1180**



THE BIG SHOW

Tallulah Bankhead back from London and Paris, presents these famous guests tonight...
Fred Allen, Jimmy Durante, Portland Hoffa, Ethel Merman, George Sanders and Meredith Willson

at **6:30**

8/10/86

BREAKFAST CLUB

Sam "Sam's Fiction" & "Foot Anatomies" Cowling

Jack Cowan, the Crabbing Crusader

THE 13th YEAR
BY **HOONOSE**

ABC Monday thru Saturday 9:

NEW ORLEANS 8/3/86
TIMES PICAYNE

Former Orleanian Joan Bishop, now a resident of Jackson Heights, N.Y., and one of radio's original Quiz Kids, says she's due to appear on an upcoming CBS "Sunday Journal" along with other alumni of the famous show, which was first aired nationally 46 years ago. Joan, former wife of local actor John Barber, is now a professional singer-pianist, and staunch advocate of animal rights.

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The article below appeared in the local paper, sent a small note re the reunion. Charles proposed to have covered the story for CES's confirmation, since you're closer to New York to OTR, you may want to have an article in

the radio show for WSMB Radio in New Orleans, week. For the records, it's Wednesdays at Rich Little style, for radio cassettes.

OTR gang, [signature]

BREAKFAST CLUB

ABC Monday thru Saturday 9:00 A.M. Eastern Time

Ted Knight Is Dead Played 'Ted Baxter'

LOS ANGELES — Actor Ted Knight, who won two Emmy awards for his portrayal of pompous and dimwitted newscaster Ted Baxter on "The Mary Tyler Moore Show," died of cancer Tuesday. He was 61.

Knight, who also starred in "Too Close for Comfort," was hospitalized last year for removal of a cancerous growth from his urinary tract. Earlier this month, he returned to the hospital for treatment of complications from that surgery.

His doctors ordered him not to return to work because he was not fully recovered from the surgery, spokesman Hart Bollinger said. Bollinger said Knight died Tuesday afternoon at his home in Pacific Palisades of cancer. He said the actor's wife, Dorothy, and three children were with him when he died.

Knight won Emmys in 1977 and 1978 for outstanding performance by an actor in a supporting role in 1978 for outstanding performance by an actor in "The Mary Tyler Moore Show."

Knight played Roger Deam, owner of a New York City escort service, in "The Ted Knight Show," which started from 1980-83 on ABC's "Too Close for Comfort" as a middle-aged illustrator living in the same apartment house. The comedy now in production, had been scheduled to resume filming this month.

Bollinger said episodes already filmed for the new season would air through the spring.

Knight was best known for his portrayal of Baxter, the arrogant, pompous character in productions of "The Mary Tyler Moore Show" from 1970 to 1977.

But it was an image he built up over the years that charmed the world. "I've really wanted to see Ted Baxter," Knight said in 1984. "I want to see that character give the whole world a forty complex."

He said one of the reasons he took the role in "Too Close for Comfort" was to shed the "Ted Knight" image.

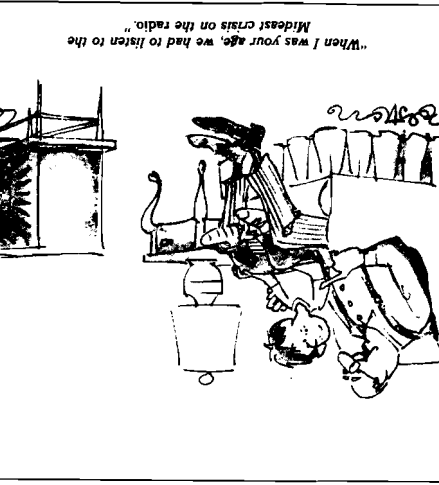
"I would have an opportunity to do something more the one-dimensional character I do," he said.

But he didn't have any idea that he would have one of the best of all time. "I need to worry about a move or a threat to anybody. One of his charms was that he was always the butt of the jokes. He was limited in that he was never display any intelligence."

Of the first "Ted Knight Show" which began immediately after his death, he said, "I played a month, he said, 'The Mary Tyler Moore,' and he considered a little steady."

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THE JACK HALEY SHOW

From L. to r.: Sharon Douglas, Jean Carrole, Bob Radd, and Jack Haley.

From L. to r.: Verna "Blissom Blind" Felton, Sharon "Penny Cartright" Douglas, Jack Haley, and Bob Radd, producer.

VILLAGE STORE

NEW OWNER

Jack Haley

NBC Thursdays 9:30 to 10:00 P. M. Eastern Time

The Buffalo News/Wednesday, August 27, 1986

Ted Knight Is Dead; Played 'Ted Baxter'

Associated Press

LOS ANGELES — Actor Ted Knight, who won two Emmy awards for his portrayal of pompous and dimwitted newscaster Ted Baxter on "The Mary Tyler Moore Show," died of cancer Tuesday. He was 62.

Knight, who also starred in "Too Close for Comfort," was hospitalized last year for removal of a cancerous growth from his urinary tract. Earlier this month, he returned to the hospital for treatment of complications from that surgery.

His doctors ordered him not to return to work because he was not fully recovered from the surgery, spokesman Henri Bollinger said. Bollinger said Knight died Tuesday afternoon at his home in Pacific Palisades of cancer. He said the actor's wife, Dorothy, and three children were with him when he died.

Knight won Emmys in 1973 and 1976 for outstanding performance by an actor in a supporting role in comedy for "The Mary Tyler Moore Show."

Knight played Roger Dennis, owner of a New York City escort service, in "The Ted Knight Show," in the spring of 1978 on CBS.

He also starred from 1969-83 on ABC's "Too Close for Comfort" as a middle-aged illustrator and father of two daughters living in the same apartment house. The comedy, now in syndication, had been scheduled to resume filming this month.

Bollinger said episodes already filmed for the new season would air through the spring.

Knight was best known for his portrayal of Baxter, the arrogant, vain sitcom cop on "The Mary Tyler Moore Show" from 1970 to 1977.

But it was an image he wanted to dump.

"I've really wanted to shake Ted Baxter," Knight said in 1981. "People want to see that character. Ted Baxter gave the whole world a superiority complex."

He said one of the reasons he took the role in "Too Close For Comfort" was to shed the Ted Baxter image.

"I would have an opportunity to do something more than the one-dimensional character that Ted was. He was limited in that he could never display any intelligence. He was always the butt of the jokes. One of his charms was that he was never a threat to anybody."

"I used to worry about what effect that would have on my children, being the butt of all the jokes. But it didn't have any effect."

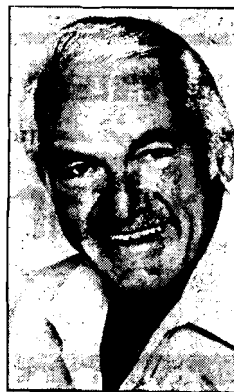
Of the first "Ted Knight Show," which began immediately after "Mary Tyler Moore," and folded after a month, he said, "That came too soon after Mary and it showed my character as someone the brass considered a little shady."

"I played the owner of an escort service. It smacked too much of night life and the seamy side. It wasn't in keeping with the image I wanted to project."

Next he bombed on Broadway in "Some of My Best Friends."

"We thought we had a major hit until the reviews came in," he said.

Knight was born Tadous Windyshaw Komopia on Dec. 7, 1923, in Terryville, Conn., where he was raised. He launched his acting career at the Randall School of Dramatic Arts in Hartford, Conn., performing in productions of "Lilium," "Grand Hotel," "Antigone" and "Time of Your Life."



Ted Knight

He became a disc jockey, announcer, singer, master of ceremonies, ventriloquist, puppeteer and pantomimist in North Carolina, Rhode Island and New York before moving to New York City for further training at The American Theater Wing.

Between classes, he appeared on radio and television shows such as "Big Town," "Suspense" and "Lux Video Theater." During his career he had more than 200 television roles.

He also provided voices for hundreds of radio and TV commercials and cartoon shows, and appeared in night club routines as a mimic and impersonator.

ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH 8/17/86

Deaths Elsewhere

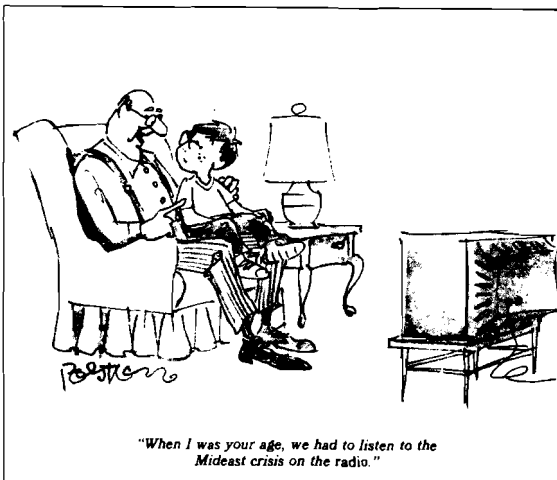
HELEN MACK, 72, a child actress in silent films who grew up to appear in movies such as "Son of Kong" and "The Lemon Drop Kid," died of cancer Wednesday in her home in Beverly Hills, Calif.



Helen Mack 1937 photo

As a child, Miss Mack attended the Professional Children's School in New York City, where she was chosen for parts in several Broadway plays. She also played bit roles in silent films as a girl, among them "The Little Red School House," "Grill" and "Pied Piper Malone."

In 1931, she obtained a feature role in Hollywood's "The Struggle," and for the next 15 years was seen in almost 30 movies. She also directed and produced two long-running radio shows, "A Date With Judy" and "Meet Corliss Archer."



"When I was your age, we had to listen to the Mideast crisis on the radio."

SHARON DOUGLAS, JEAN CARROLE, BOB REDD, and JACK HALEY SHOW

From l. to r. Sharon Douglas, Jean Carrole, Bob Redd, and Jack Haley.

WALLAGRA STORE

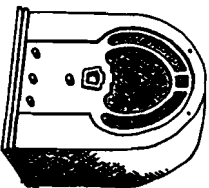
Owner Jack Haley

0 to 10:00 P. M. Eastern Time

FIRST CLASS MAIL

THE OLD TIME

100 HARVEY DRIVE



RADIO CLUB

LANCASTER, N.Y. 14086