

---

---

# ILLUSTRATED PRESS

EST. 1975

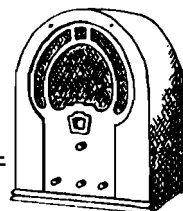
#121  
NOVEMBER, 1986



Mystery programs like "Inner Sanctum" were still popular radio fare in 1949. Vera Allen, Arlene Blackburn and Frank Mellow are shown on an "Inner Sanctum" broadcast.

---

THE OLD TIME



RADIO CLUB

---

# NICK CAR

COPYRIGHT: THE NINE O'CL  
STREET & SMITH

## CHAPTER XII LOST

The light ahead turned aside so that its glare was no longer in their eyes. Nick could now see the details of where they were and what had happened.

Before him stood Killbrook and the chemical tank man. The aide had snatched off his mask, stood breathing with long racking gasps. The veins on his head stood out ready to burst. Nick had a moment of admiration for the doughty fire fighter. For at least the last lap of that trip across the scorching floor he had gone without any air whatsoever.

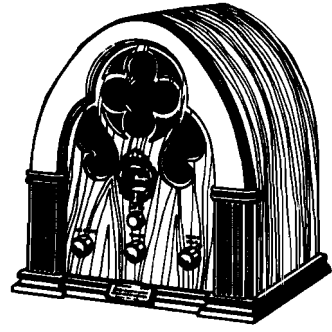
They were in a heavily constructed vault. Behind Nick, swirls of smoke seeped beneath the thick door. But the spirals were thin and lacy. The heavy smoke of the raging room outside was not yet coming in. The door had snapped the telephone and light cables when jerked shut.

About them were shelves and hangers of furs. Nick jerked off a glove, extended fingers to feel the pelts. Cheap fur, all of it. This must be a dying and finishing plant for the raw pelts. The vault was of heavy wooden timbers. Possibly it was encased in brick on the outside. At least it had resisted the fire to now.

Directly before them, a fireman stood upon a window ledge, the light in his hand brightening the room. The shafts of a ladder showed through. It ran across the intervening space, nearly flat, to the roof of the tenement next door. At this corner was where the cut-back and lower portion of the tenement roof were. The smoke eater was giving Killbrook a rapid message. Killbrook had been talking as he moved through the fire, sending back word to the chief. Already foamite hoses had been coupled. The chemical water could be let loose in streams from three sides of the building.

"The chief guessed right," Killbrook was saying to Nick. "These dying plants are loaded with chemicals. They're usually on a lower floor for some reason. There's a lot of volatile fluid up here. It was floating on the water, running down to a floor below."

He pushed out the window, made his way rapidly across the ladder. Chick experienced a peculiar sensation in the pit of his stomach as he crossed behind Nick. There was nothing seemingly difficult about crossing a horizontal ladder. But try and do it! The feet wanted to step between the rungs. At last he caught the knack, slithered his feet across without raising them from the long upright bars. Like sliding on rails. A burst of fire lapped out, early knocked him from the precarious bridge once.



### 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.

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

#### NEW MEMBERSHIP DUES:

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

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

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

#### REFERENCE LIBRARY:

Ed Wanat  
393 George Urban Blvd.  
Cheektowaga, NY 14225

#### MEMBERSHIP RENEWALS; CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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

#### TAPE LIBRARIES: REELS

Francis Edward Bork  
7 Heritage Drive  
Lancaster, NY 14086

#### CASSETTES-VIDEO & AUDIO, RECORDS

Linda DeCecco  
32 Shenandoah Rd.  
Buffalo, NY 14220  
(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

\*\*\*\*\*

The Old Time Radio Club meets the **FIRST** Monday of the month (September through June at 393 George Urban Blvd., 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.

\*\*\*\*\*

**DEADLINE FOR IP #123 - December 2**  
#124 - January 5

\*\*\*\*\*

**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

# NICK CARTER

IN

COPYRIGHT:  
STREET & SMITH

## THE NINE O'CLOCK FIRES

May, 1935

### CHAPTER XII LOST

The light ahead turned aside so that its glare was no longer in their eyes. Nick could now see the details of where they were and what had happened.

Before him stood Killbrook and the chemical tank man. The aide had snatched off his mask, stood breathing with long racking gasps. The veins on his head stood out ready to burst. Nick had a moment of admiration for the doughty fire fighter. For at least the last lap of that trip across the scorching floor he had gone without any air whatsoever.

They were in a heavily constructed vault. Behind Nick, swirls of smoke seeped beneath the thick door. But the spirals were thin and lacy. The heavy smoke of the raging room outside was not yet coming in. The door had snapped the telephone and light cables when jerked shut.

About them were shelves and hangers of furs. Nick jerked off a glove, extended fingers to feel the pelts. Cheap fur, all of it. This must be a dying and finishing plant for the raw pelts. The vault was of heavy wooden timbers. Possibly it was encased in brick on the outside. At least it had resisted the fire to now.

Directly before them, a fireman stood upon a window ledge, the light in his hand brightening the room. The shafts of a ladder showed through. It ran across the intervening space, nearly flat, to the roof of the tenement next door. At this corner was where the cut-back and lower portion of the tenement roof were. The smoke eater was giving Killbrook a rapid message. Killbrook had been talking as he moved through the fire, sending back word to the chief. Already foamite hoses had been coupled. The chemical water could be let loose in streams from three sides of the building.

"The chief guessed right," Killbrook was saying to Nick. "These dying plants are loaded with chemicals. They're usually on a lower floor for some reason. There's a lot of volatile fluid up here. It was floating on the water, running down to a floor below."

He pushed out the window, made his way rapidly across the ladder. Chick experienced a peculiar sensation in the pit of his stomach as he crossed behind Nick. There was nothing seemingly difficult about crossing a horizontal ladder. But try and do it! The feet wanted to step between the rungs. At last he caught the knack, slithered his feet across without raising them from the long upright bars. Like sliding on rails. A burst of fire lapped out, early knocked him from the precarious bridge once.

Killbrook was shouting orders madly by the time Chick reached the tenement. Five hose lines let loose together into the roof hatch. Two crews of firemen worked feverishly in the whirling smoke covering the burning structure. The sound of heavy axes, wrecking bars and pries cut the noise of fire. There was a sharp screech as a sheet of roofing was ripped clear. They were breaking open a section of roof, ventilating.

Nick had disappeared, or was among the masked men performing some duty. In their identical equipment they all looked alike. Chick thought of the scream they had heard. It had come from somewhere below. That was where Nick would be headed for. Chick wondered just where it had come from. How would Nick have figured it?

It had been a scream of terror, like a man suddenly awakening to find himself being blasted by searing flame. Then it had come from the burning loft building. There was no fire in the tenement. The gas explosion and following fire of earlier had been quickly extinguished.

Nick had never heard a fireman scream that way. It sounded like the frantic hysterical shriek of a man utterly unnerved by the sight of flame and approach of death. Somebody trapped in the burning building. Could it be the fire fiend?

He headed down through the building, tripping and staggering over hose lines. Firemen were stationed on each floor, ready to rip out walls and fire tracts, open up or smother according to orders should the fire cross from the next building.

On the fourth floor ladders extended to front windows. Chick turned toward them, glanced out. He saw Nick already nearing the ground below. There could be no doubt about the speed of that masked figure's movement. Chick started down as fast as his legs would carry him.

He expected Nick to dash straight for the opened door of the burning building. Instead he was loosening his mask as he ran toward the chief. There was a second's conversation. Then Nick turned back. Five men grabbed up a hose line, met Nick at the door. He had his mask back on. He grabbed the nozzle, pushed in with the five following. There was a burst of smoke and roar as their water hit fire. They were traveling behind streaming water.

Chick jumped to the ground, landed heavily under the weight of his apparatus. His boss and the men had disappeared. The hose slithered through the doorway, was lost in dense clouds of belching smoke within. Chick started toward the door. He heard the chief yell his name. Two firemen called to him to stop.

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

**NEW MEMBERSHIP DUES:**

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

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

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

**REFERENCE LIBRARY:**

Ed Wanat  
393 George Urban Blvd.  
Cheektowaga, NY 14225

**MEMBERSHIP RENEWALS; CHANGE OF ADDRESS**

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

**TAPE LIBRARIES; REELS**

Francis Edward Bork  
7 Heritage Drive  
Lancaster, NY 14086

**CASSETTES-VIDEO & AUDIO, RECORDS**

Linda DeCecco  
32 Shenandoah Rd.  
Buffalo, NY 14220  
(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

The Old Time Radio Club meets the **FIRST** Monday of the month (September through June at 393 George Urban Blvd., 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.

DEADLINE FOR IP #123 - December 2  
#124 - January 5

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

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

He paid no attention, his mind busy with thoughts of what lay inside, where his own chief was headed. A smoke eater grabbed his arm. Chick shook free, darted in the door following the hose through the blinding smoke. He wanted to catch Nick, be by his side in case he was needed.

The hose ran up three flights of steps. Chick followed it by feeling. It was impossible to see. Everything was shrouded in that impenetrable cloud. Fire broke through at intervals. But was quickly smothered by its own fumes again. There was a continual suck now, the draw of ventilation at the top of the building.

Chick had grabbed up an ax. Somewhere ahead, during lulls in the blast of the fire, he could hear the heavy tramp of feet. The hose stopped moving upward. There was a crash of ax on wood. For a moment he lost the hose. Then he found it again. He was standing on the fourth floor in the midst of a black tumbling river of smoke. Water trickled across his feet. He could feel the movement tickling through the boots.

A door at the end of the hall had been crashed open. Flames licked through the black cloud blowing through the aperture. In there, somewhere in that fiery furnace, would be Nick. Chick stood erect, let go the hose line, rushed down the hall.

The fire as not burning near the door. It was back in the room, snaking its evil way along one side and through the floor. There was a partition ahead. Behind that a strange sound as of men hacking carefully at something. They could not be seen. But the partition could, in the intervals when the black cloud ripped apart with draft and a livid flash of red shot out to light the room. This floor and the next, the fourth and fifth, had the least fire on them.

Chick pushed himself into the smoke cloud, taking clear course in a brilliant flash of orange red flame. His asbestos gloved hand came up with the partition edge. Behind it smoke swirled in eddies. He stumbled though. There were other partitions, tables, bales of goods around which he must feel his way.

Suddenly, he stood with pounding heart. He was lost! In turning he had lost direction. His head swam. It was growing hot beyond endurance. His lungs ached. He had to give himself more oxygen.

A haze came before his eyes. He tried to move, staggered heavily. He could not cry out. The mask held sound tight. The weight upon his back was growing. Distantly there was the sound of an ax. Somewhere ahead was the sound of men talking too. It came quietly, like bees on a hot summer afternoon.

Chick forced himself on. It should

be brilliant light. It wasn't. The pitch cloud shrouded everything. He staggered, forcing himself.

There was a sudden draft beside him. It shot by, pushed him aside like a leaf. The sound of crashing glass came distinctly. The next moment there was a bright flash toward the back of the loft. They were opening up there.

The flash subsided, there was more smoke. A deep darkness like that of planetary voids hung over everything. Then a wall of flame burst through the smoke, hissed and roared beside Chick. He dropped to the floor. The flame burned above it. He could crawl beneath. But it scorched his shoulder.

He heard the voices again, nearer and louder this time. They sounded hoarse and angry, yet oily. He looked ahead. A draft parted the flame in a bent tongue.

Chicks eyes cleared for an instant. His heart froze. No men met his gaze, and he could see that whole section of the room. Tins of alcohol were shining ahead. A large copper still stood in a corner. There was a fire under it leaping and twisting about the spiral screw. But the wall, the floor burned there also. Part of the flame was blue and ran along the floor. Alcohol was running.

This was what the voices had been. The sound of the still and boiling cans of alky. It was ready to go up. Methodically, even at this time, his mind noted the stacks of cans. About five thousand gallons of the inflammable liquid must be there. The sound of the ax had been the bursting of tins.

The blue flame spread across the floor, snaked toward him. He drew back, tried to raise himself. He could not. His body was devoid of strength. He saw the forked tongue of red flame roaring through a space. That must be the window. He turned toward it. He forced himself to crawl. His body shook. It did not want action. He wanted to curl his arms and go to sleep. Still he pulled himself forward.

Suddenly there was another blinding burst of light. A hot breath enveloped Chick's body. It scorched through material. He dripped perspiration. That helped to absorb the heat some. But is held heat, too. Streams of molten fire coursed across his body.

Then he no longer felt. His vision dimmed. A pleasant state of suspension overcame him. He knew he was surrounded by fire. But its angry voice was far away. It could not hurt him now. He was going to sleep.

He saw vaguely, another brilliant flash. Then nothing more. He knew he was lost. It did not matter any longer.

### CHAPTER XIII FRESH CLUE

Chick fluttered his eyes open wearily. His soul came back from some distant place. There was the smell of picric acid and a great noise of water, crackling wood and roaring flame in the background. Somewhere near were men's voices. His vision focused. He saw Nick, his mask hanging about his chest, leaning over him. Beyond, about four feet away, was a groaning body. Nick's jaw was set. He looked relieved as Chicks' eyes fluttered, gave a feeble grin. Somebody stopped pumping Chick's arm.

"You're going to get the inhalator," Nick said. "You're all right."

Chick tried to speak. It pulled his lungs and only a long gasp escaped him. Nick paused with a small mask held just over Chick.

"Alky!" Chick managed to gasp. "Fourth floor rear, Gallons--boiling."

He heard a shouted confusion, then the stentorian roar of Chief Foley. Then the world went black and silent again. The last he knew something soft went over his nose and mouth. The fire in his lung eased. He was suddenly out in the country, breathing tingling clean air. But he could not get enough to satisfy him. His lungs strained for more, drank it in.

The lieutenant of the rescue squad knelt beside the inhalator. He silently watched the small breather lung a moment, twisted the injector valve to give more oxygen. The arrow on a dial jumped forward from five to seven, eight to twelve. The small mechanical lung gave a weird gasping noise, settled down to fast steady inflation.

"He's okay," the lieutenant said to Nick. "Nothing but exhaustion. He was rushing too much in that heavy gear."

Nick glanced at the dial and nodded. Twelve breaths per minute. The normal was seventeen. Chick would be coming around fast enough. The CO2 mixed with the oxygen he was breathing made his lungs hungry for more. A rescue man was standing by with two heavy blankets. Chick would shortly be wrapped warmly as a guard against pneumonia, always a danger after exhaustion. Nick glanced at the ugly but small second degree burn on Chick's arm. A picric acid pad, wet, was laid on. It would take the burn out with its own heat.

There was a special pad handy in case it should be needed over his assistant's heart. Inside that pad was a chemical. A teaspoon full of water was poured in, the flap closed. The water and the chemical began to work. It created an intense heat in the pad. If Chick's heart should be weak or chilled when

his lur  
pad wou  
its con  
Ni  
a safe,  
of reser  
back to  
him to  
The  
"Not or  
until  
It wou  
until i  
The  
ambulan  
number  
The  
Chick  
one arm  
away as  
chick's  
gotten  
His fac  
gone in  
was not  
for fe  
"H  
"O  
the man  
wall le  
out. D  
flocr u  
mister!  
Ni  
Foley H  
now, had  
"We  
a minut  
blows."  
was a  
he said  
save a g  
not to  
start o  
in there  
on the w  
"I  
said. "H  
He  
It was  
working  
their r  
you kn  
impossi  
without  
Chick  
not been  
Both fo  
the fir  
directly  
in after  
have let  
Chi  
been a  
trouble.  
Perhaps  
suffer

sy with  
ere his  
e eater  
d, darted  
through  
o catch  
needed.  
ghts of  
feeling.  
everything  
cloud.  
s. But  
n fumes  
ck now,  
top of  
  
omewhere  
of the  
ramp of  
upward.  
od. For  
he found  
e fourth  
tumbling  
across  
movement  
  
hall had  
through  
he aper-  
it fiery  
k stood  
hed down  
  
near the  
snaking  
through  
n ahead.  
of men  
They  
partition  
he black  
a livid  
the room.  
urth and  
  
he smoke  
brilliant  
asbestos  
partition  
eddies.  
he other  
s around  
  
pounding  
he had  
It was  
His lungs  
oxygen.  
es. He  
ly. He  
ld sound  
back was  
he sound  
the sound  
quietly,  
  
t should

be brilliant light. It wasn't. The pitch cloud shrouded everything. He staggered, forcing himself.

There was a sudden draft beside him. It shot by, pushed him aside like a leaf. The sound of crashing glass came distinctly. The next moment there was a bright flash toward the back of the loft. They were opening up there.

The flash subsided, there was more smoke. A deep darkness like that of planetary voids hung over everything. Then a wall of flame burst through the smoke, hissed and roared beside Chick. He dropped to the floor. The flame burned above it. He could crawl beneath. But it scorched his shoulder.

He heard the voices again, nearer and louder this time. They sounded hoarse and angry, yet oily. He looked ahead. A draft parted the flame in a bent tongue.

Chick's eyes cleared for an instant. His heart froze. No men met his gaze, and he could see that whole section of the room. Tins of alcohol were shining ahead. A large copper still stood in a corner. There was a fire under it leaping and twisting about the spiral screw. But the wall, the floor burned there also. Part of the flame was blue and ran along the floor. Alcohol was running.

This was what the voices had been. The sound of the still and boiling cans of alky. It was ready to go up. Methodically, even at this time, his mind noted the stacks of cans. About five thousand gallons of the inflammable liquid must be there. The sound of the ax had been the bursting of tins.

The blue flame spread across the floor, snaked toward him. He drew back, tried to raise himself. He could not. His body was devoid of strength. He saw the forked tongue of red flame roaring through a space. That must be the window. He turned toward it. He forced himself to crawl. His body shook. It did not want action. He wanted to curl his arms and go to sleep. Still he pulled himself forward.

Suddenly there was another blinding burst of light. A hot breath enveloped Chick's body. It scorched through material. He dripped perspiration. That helped to absorb the heat some. But it held heat, too. Streams of molten fire coursed across his body.

Then he no longer felt. His vision dimmed. A pleasant state of suspension overcame him. He knew he was surrounded by fire. But its angry voice was far away. It could not hurt him now. He was going to sleep.

He saw vaguely, another brilliant flash. Then nothing more. He knew he was lost. It did not matter any longer.

### CHAPTER XIII FRESH CLUE

Chick fluttered his eyes open wearily. His soul came back from some distant place. There was the smell of picric acid and a great noise of water, crackling wood and roaring flame in the background. Somewhere near were men's voices. His vision focused. He saw Nick, his mask hanging about his chest, leaning over him. Beyond, about four feet away, was a groaning body. Nick's jaw was set. He looked relieved as Chick's eyes fluttered, gave a feeble grin. Somebody stopped pumping Chick's arm.

"You're going to get the inhalator," Nick said. "You're all right."

Chick tried to speak. It pulled his lungs and only a long gasp escaped him. Nick paused with a small mask held just over Chick.

"Alky!" Chick managed to gasp. "Fourth floor rear, Gallons--boiling."

He heard a shouted confusion, then the stentorian roar of Chief Foley. Then the world went black and silent again. The last he knew something soft went over his nose and mouth. The fire in his lung eased. He was suddenly out in the country, breathing tingling clean air. But he could not get enough to satisfy him. His lungs strained for more, drank it in.

The lieutenant of the rescue squad knelt beside the inhalator. He silently watched the small breather lung a moment, twisted the injector valve to give more oxygen. The arrow on a dial jumped forward from five to seven, eight to twelve. The small mechanical lung gave a weird gasping noise, settled down to fast steady inflation.

"He's okay," the lieutenant said to Nick. "Nothing but exhaustion. He was rushing too much in that heavy gear."

Nick glanced at the dial and nodded. Twelve breaths per minute. The normal was seventeen. Chick would be coming around fast enough. The CO2 mixed with the oxygen he was breathing made his lungs hungry for more. A rescue man was standing by with two heavy blankets. Chick would shortly be wrapped warmly as a guard against pneumonia, always a danger after exhaustion. Nick glanced at the ugly but small second degree burn on Chick's arm. A picric acid pad, wet, was laid on. It would take the burn out with its own heat.

There was a special pad handy in case it should be needed over his assistant's heart. Inside that pad was a chemical. A teaspoon full of water was poured in, the flap closed. The water and the chemical began to work. It created an intense heat in the pad. If Chick's heart should be weak or chilled when

his lungs had gotten enough oxygen, that pad would be placed over his chest, impart its constant warmth and protection.

Nick turned away, glad that Chick a safe, sure of his safety in the hands of rescue men. On an impulse he turned back to the lieutenant. "Don't give him to an interne!" he said.

The lieutenant looked up and grinned. "Not on your life! He'll stay with us until the department ambulance comes! It wouldn't give a corpse to the 777's until it began to mold!"

The 777's were the public hospital ambulances. It was their preliminary number when called from a fire box.

The fireman who had gone in after Chick had been burned brutally along one arm, the flesh burning and scraping away as he caught his arm while lifting chick's heavy body. He had taken a feed--gotten a lung full of smoke--to boot. His face was black. In the rush he had gone in without a mask. But the flesh was not burned. He would be eyebrowless for few weeks.

"How's it going?" Nick asked. "Okay. I got the kid just in time," the man said with a wry grin. "A partition wall let go the second after we came out. Damned lucky your gang opened the floor up on the way down the fire escape, mister!"

Nick walked over beside the chief. Foley had the fire completely sized up now, had given full orders.

"We'll have her under control in a minute," he said, "unless that alky blows." He paused, embarrassed. "That was a brave rush your assistant made, he said. "Spotting the alky still may save a good many lives. But he was ordered not to go in. You had too much of a start on him, and three hose lines ran in there. Too much chance of his getting on the wrong floor just as he did."

"I'll send him down to you," Nick said. "You give him the Dutch uncle talk."

He understood the chief's feelings. It was difficult enough to have outsiders working on an alarm, having to consider their movements and requests even if you knew where they were. It was impossible if they were running around without any direction.

Chick's infraction of rules had not been fatal. But it might have been. Both for himself and many others. If the first smoke eater had not come out directly, a full company would have gone in after the two of them. The alky might have let go at that moment.

Chick's finding of the alky had been a stroke of luck. But he had caused trouble. A fireman had been burned. Perhaps the muscles of his arm would suffer through the rest of his life.

Nick and his crew had already passed down the outside of chick's floor. It had been them who crashed the window, opened up the floor, that Chick had heard.

Nick turned aside to where rescue men were working over a still figure. The clothes were ripped off. They had been flaming when Nick had seized the man, wound him in an asbestos blanket and dashed across the burning fifth floor for the fire escape.

One of the men working in relay over the prone figure gave his place to another. "He won't come around," he said. "Still alive, but he's got a lung full of flame. Give him twelve hours."

Nick locked down troubled. He contemplated the figure a long time, looked carefully at the blackened chunks of flesh. There was no hope or the man. His body was a mass of puss, great splashes of stripes of third degree burns. Some of them were raw open flesh which quivered and boiled a fetid matter. Others were black, flesh baked and charred with only ditches of raw flesh showing where the skin as cracked and burned. Part of the man's hipbone lay exposed.

Yet if he could be brought to consciousness ever for a moment, they might learn the name of the fire fiend. But it did not look as if that could happen. The man had breathed flame. It was deadly. They seldom came around after that.

He bent over the man's clothes, went through the tattered, burned cloth bit by bit. A small derringer tumbled out. A few fused coins and what had once been a large roll of bills. The outer ones were completely burned. But the inner were only charred along the edges.

Nick grabbed up a roll of gauze from a first aid kit, wrapped the gun. That would come in handy. It would have finger prints. Possibly its history could be traced. He had already taken the man's finger prints.

He looked back at the fire. Admiration for Foley gleamed a moment in his eyes. The pressure had already been taken off, the fire was under control. Excepting for the two top and street floors, flames had not eaten so much of the building. It was possible part of the structure might be saved.

Then, as he looked, the building seemed to bulge outward. There was a deafening explosion. The ground shook. A gigantic piece of stone cornice and sheating crashed. The pall of smoke above was burst asunder by a volcanic blast of air. A new cloud ripped out of the building, broke upward in a black green ball. The roof raised.

The next second the clouds above were sparkling with a thousand eyes. Burst after burst, stream of flying sparks flew up. Ignited pieces of timber sailed through the air. A brilliant light showed the entire block.

No longer did smoke hide the fire within the building. It was completely open, now. Fire tore throughout its dry beams, darted into sound corners, lit up merchandise and building with one solid flame waving a thousand tongues. Flames splashed, spurted and tore throughout the structure. In a second, the ignited alcohol had fallen throughout the building. There was a rending crash. Explosion-torn floors had hung a second, fallen, carrying those beneath.

Engines, men, hose lines moved into new positions with lightening speed. The men had been ordered from the roofs of adjoining tenements. Now they reappeared, farther back, to keep streams flooding across the yet undamaged buildings, to protect them from the raving fire.

The chief was yelling for sappers and miners. There was nothing to do now but blast the structure down, raze it so that it would not act as a huge chimney to send sparks and flames carrying death and destruction throughout the neighborhood.

There was another roar as the first blast of dynamite was hurled. A front section of the building shivered, slid in upon itself. Another section followed. The fire grew furious. Tongues of flame and heat rushed out to beat back the smoke eaters. Under a covering of five streams of water the sappers pushed close to get loads in beneath the building before the alcohol should run to ground level, spread its flames to the bottom of other buildings.

The building was falling in upon itself now as continuous charges of dynamite shook the mad conflagration. Men worked like demons, ran under the very twisting and toppling walls, came away with scorched flesh and gasping lungs. Shocks and concussions rumbled as the gaping mouth of the crashing shell yawned wider.

The houses to its side stood trembling but unharmed. Their wood was scorched, water dripped and ran throughout the halls. But they would be saved from total devastation. Already the maddened flames were lowering, lashing out like a cornered beast but less and less as chemicals hit the blaze. Fire beneath was smothered.

Suddenly, over roar of the blaze, the thump of engines, the crash of the falling building an hiss of water on hot wood, came Nick's voice raised in stentorian roar. "Get that man on the roof tops!"

In a sudden flash of flame he had seen a figure running over the roofs toward the end of the block. He could not fire. The flickering shadows held too many human beings. But a figure, running, crouching, had stood out clearly for a bare instant. It disappeared through the hatch way of a roof.

Nick raced to the house, a detail of headquarters men following in his wake. From top to bottom the tenement was combed. Nothing but frightened laborers and their families could be found.

Updyke came up as the search ended. "We'll hold all these people for questioning, Nick. If your fire bug's not among 'em, the police cordon will get him".

"I doubt that," Nick said. "And there's no use holding these people". He was standing in the cellar and pointed toward a heavy rusted iron plate on one wall. "See the fresh scratch on the catch? It's one of the old Cock tunnels used when they were in the waterfront racket. Nobody ever did know how many tunnels and sewers it connects with and it has automatic blocks its whole length. Before you could trace the tunnel down, this criminal will be safe and sound."

"Get a look at his face?" Updyke asked. "We'll throw out the drag to every crevice in town!"

Nick smiled mirthlessly. "Did I see his face at three hundred yards and seven stories up when he was running away? I wouldn't have seen the man at all if an alky flash hadn't flared!"

Yet privately, Nick was trying to place that figure. He had seen it but an instant, yet it struck him sharply that he had seen those shoulders before. Were they Cook's? Ole's? Kyle's? They might be any of them. To be sure, he would have to see each of those men running in just that flash of light.

The commissioner gave a grunt and look disconsolate.

Nick raced upstairs to a hall telephone, gave Patsy a coded call to hop on Kyle's trail and dig up Cock and Oles through Roxy. Then he turned back to the fire. It was being washing down by then.

Just as he was getting ready to leave, the chief patrolio came up with a small burned piece of business card. He held it out to Nick. "You missed it in running over the stiff's clothes," he said. "Mean anything to you?"

Nick looked at the piece of card, his eyes glinting. It was slightly burned but enough of it was solid to show the imprint of three printed letters. DAW was what Nick saw.

His mind jumped back to the unexpected visit from the industrialist. Dawson! It could easily be that.

"Whc owned the property?" Nick asked the patrolio.

The man gave an abrupt mirthless laugh. "Kyle," he answered as if that might have been expected. "Insured to the hilt. The alky plant wasn't listed in there. But that still doesn't give us evidence."

"Maybe this does," Nick said, gesturing at the piece of card. Carefully,

he i  
He i  
At W  
He i  
evid  
of t

not  
dang  
yet  
with  
mutu  
othe  
\*\* C

E  
I

our  
in a  
Howev  
Frank  
anoth  
tape  
forwa

to c  
(2 ch  
to b  
sure  
this  
new t

from  
MEMOR  
ad in

GIVIN  
\* \* \*

R  
(Pr

WIRX  
(C)

5:00 Tele  
11 Pa  
10 Cir  
15 Tre  
6:00 News  
11 Jack  
10 Comp  
7:00 News  
11 Jack  
10 Comp  
15 Sh

8:00 The  
11 Pa  
10 Cir  
15 Tre  
9:00 The  
11 Pa  
10 Cir  
15 Tre  
10:00 News  
11 Jack  
10 Comp  
15 Sh

11:00 News  
11 Jack  
10 Comp  
15 Sh  
12:00 News  
11 Jack  
10 Comp  
15 Sh





passed or. It window, heard. rescue figure. they had the blanket floor relay place nd," he a lung rs." He time, chunks the man. splashes. Some quivered rs were th only re the part of to cony might nd. But happen. deadl. clothes, d cloth tumbled at had ls. The d. But ing the gauze he gun. Id have history y taken Admira- in his y been control street to much le part building was a shook. ce and smoke volcanic ed out a black above eyes. sparks sailed showed

No longer did smoke hide the fire within the building. It was completely open, now. Fire tore throughout its dry beams, darted into sound corners, lit up merchandise and building with one solid flame waving a thousand tongues. Flames splashed, spurted and tore throughout the structure. In a second, the ignited alcohol had fallen throughout the building. There was a rending crash. Explosion-torn floors had hung a second, fallen, carrying those beneath.

Engines, men, hose lines moved into new positions with lightening speed. The men had been ordered from the roofs of adjoining tenements. Now they reappeared, farther back, to keep streams flooding across the yet undamaged buildings, to protect them from the raving fire.

The chief was yelling for sappers and miners. There was nothing to do now but blast the structure down, raze it so that it would not act as a huge chimney to send sparks and flames carrying death and destruction throughout the neighborhood.

There was another roar as the first blast of dynamite was hurled. A front section of the building shivered, slid in upon itself. Another section followed. The fire grew furious. Tongues of flame and heat rushed out to beat back the smoke eaters. Under a covering of five streams of water the sappers pushed close to get loads in beneath the building before the alcohol should run to ground level, spread its flames to the bottom of other buildings.

The building was falling in upon itself now as continuous charges of dynamite shook the mad conflagration. Men worked like demons, ran under the very twisting and toppling walls, came away with scorched flesh and gasping lungs. Shocks and concussions rumbled as the gaping mouth of the crashing shell yawned wider.

The houses to its side stood trembling but unharmed. Their wood was scorched, water dripped and ran throughout the halls. But they would be saved from total devastation. Already the maddened flames were lowering, lashing out like a cornered beast but less and less as chemicals hit the blaze. Fire beneath was smothered.

Suddenly, over roar of the blaze, the thump of engines, the crash of the falling building a hiss of water on hot wood, came Nick's voice raised in stentorian roar. "Get that man on the roof tops!"

In a sudden flash of flame he had seen a figure running over the roofs toward the end of the block. He could not fire. The flickering shadows held too many human beings. But a figure, running, crouching, had stood out clearly for a bare instant. It disappeared through the hatch way of a roof.

Nick raced to the house, a detail of headquarters men following in his wake. From top to bottom the tenement was combed. Nothing but frightened laborers and their families could be found.

Updyke came up as the search ended. "We'll hold all these people for questioning, Nick. If your fire bug's not among 'em, the police cordon will get him".

"I doubt that," Nick said. "And there's no use holding these people". He was standing in the cellar and pointed toward a heavy rusted iron plate on one wall. "See the fresh scratch on the catch? It's one of the old Cock tunnels used when they were in the waterfront racket. Nobody ever did know how many tunnels and sewers it connects with and it has automatic blocks its whole length. Before you could trace the tunnel down, this criminal will be safe and sound."

"Get a look at his face?" Updyke asked. "We'll throw out the drag to every crevice in town!"

Nick smiled mirthlessly. "Did I see his face at three hundred yards and seven stories up when he was running away? I wouldn't have seen the man at all if an alky flash hadn't flared!"

Yet privately, Nick was trying to place that figure. He had seen it but an instant, yet it struck him sharply that he had seen those shoulders before. Were they Cook's? Ole's? Kyle's? They might be any of them. To be sure, he would have to see each of those men running in just that flash of light.

The commissioner gave a grunt and look disconsolate.

Nick raced upstairs to a hall telephone, gave Patsy a coded call to hop on Kyle's trail and dig up Cock and Oles through Roxy. Then he turned back to the fire. It was being washing down by then.

Just as he was getting ready to leave, the chief patrolio came up with a small burned piece of business card. He held it out to Nick. "You missed it in running over the stiff's clothes," he said. "Mean anything to you?"

Nick looked at the piece of card, his eyes glinting. It was slightly burned but enough of it was solid to show the imprint of three printed letters. DAW was what Nick saw.

His mind jumped back to the unexpected visit from the industrialist. Dawson! It could easily be that.

"Whc owned the property?" Nick asked the patrolio.

The man gave an abrupt mirthless laugh. "Kyle," he answered as if that might have been expected. "Insured to the hilt. The alky plant wasn't listed in there. But that still doesn't give us evidence."

"Maybe this does," Nick said, gesturing at the piece of card. Carefully,

he dropped it into a specimen envelope. He was not feeling particularly cheerful at what he had learned so far that night. He was still stuck with no serviceable evidence and four suspects, now, instead of three.

Something was afoot, but it was not a simple crime ring. Arson was too dangerous a proposition. Men of the daring yet carefulness of the ones he was dealing with would not undertake such a venture mutually. They would not trust each other. There was no honor among thieves.

\*\* CONTINUED NEXT MONTH \*\*



I would like to thank Ken Krug and our tape librarian for the great job in assembling our Tape Supplement #1. However, no sooner do they catch up when Frank Boncore heads to Newark to procure another new supply of programs for our tape library. So I guess we can look forward to Tape Supplement #2 next fall.

Unfortunately, Arlene and I had to cancel our trip to Newark this year (2 children in college \$\$\$) but we expect to be able to attend next year. I'm sure that our members who did attend this year will come back with lots of new tapes and new members for our club.

Members, please remember when ordering from any of the advertisers in this year's MEMORIES, please tell them you saw their ad in our publication.

Thank you and have a HAPPY THANKS-GIVING!

11/9/45

**Radio Programs Tonight**  
(Programs furnished by stations subject to change without notice)

WIBX (1230)	WABC (880)	WGY (810)	WJZ (770)
(CBS)	(CBS)	(NBC)	(Blue Network)
8:00 Tales from 15 Far and Near 30 Cimarron Tavern 15 Texas Rangers	Tales from Far and Near Cimarron Tavern Sparrow & Hawk Quincy Howe	When Girl Marries Fortia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell Tennessee Jed	Terry Pirates Dick Tracy Jack Armstrong Tommy Dorsey's Orchestra
8:00 News: Styles 15 Songs 30 News and Music 15 The World Today	Songs Ezyon Pasen The World Today Jack Kirkwood Jack Smith Show Gino Simms	Supper Club World News FBI in Action	News: Sports Charlie Chan Football Scores Raymond Swing The Lone Ranger Don Detroit
8:00 The Aldrich 15 Family 30 Kate Smith 15 Songs	The Aldrich Family Kate Smith Songs	Highways in Melody WJZ Farm Forum	Blind Date This is Your FBI
8:00 It Pays to 15 Be Ignorant, 30 Those 45 Wonders	It Pays to Be Ignorant, Those Wonders	People Are WJZ Farm Forum	Famous Jury Trials The Sheriff Robert Haag
10:00 Durante-Joore 15 Show 30 Eddie Cantor 15 Program	Durante-Moore Show Eddie Cantor Program	Mystery Theater Bill Stern Talks	Prize Fight Don Dunphy American Sports Page Joe Hazel
11:00 News: Talk 15 Sports: Music 30 Viva 45 America	News: Sports: Music Songs Viva America	News: Music World's Great Novels	News: Gallimor Joe Hazel Tommy Dorsey's Orchestra
12:00 News: Frankie 15 Carie's Orch. 30 Johnny Long's 45 Orchestra	News: Frankie Carie's Orch. Art Mooney's Orchestra	News: Mr. Smith Carie's Orch. Three Suns Trio: News	Johnny Olsen's Rumpus Room Milton Cross Presents

# SAY!

## WHO WAS THAT MASKED MAN?



BY BOB DAVIS

I'm really looking forward to something that is coming up in my near future. As many of your know Chuck Seeley and I do a call-in radio show here in Buffalo with John Otto. We've been doing this for eleven years now and it continues to be both exciting and fun.

A side benefit of this is that every once in a while John has, as a guest, someone really noteworthy in the field of OTR and I have a chance to talk with them. Naturally one doesn't just go into something like this absolutely cold. Research has to be done so the right questions get asked.

Les Tremayne is the upcoming guest and while researching his career I've found out just what an amazing role he has played in that which we hold so dearly...OTR.

His radio credits run from light comedy to high drama with an assortment of shows in between. Probably best known for his starring role as Nick Charles he has also starred as Michael Waring, The Falcon. To list all his credits would take up the rest of this column and quite possibly fill up the rest of the I.P.

I couldn't let some of these credits pass by without a mention. He starred in, or was featured in, The First Nighter, Ma Perkins, One Man's Family, The Romance of Helen Trent, The Second Mrs. Burton, and The Chicago Theater of the Air. That last one had an interesting premise. Operas would be performed with honest-to-gosh opera singers doing the singing and radio performers like Tremayne acting out the dramatic roles. The show was pretty darn good and lasted 15 years.

If you're curious as to what Tremayne looks like, he also had a stab at the movies although his roles were usually that of secondary characters. In George Pal's "War of the Worlds: he was a General that got blasted away by the martians. In a little ditty called "The Slime People" he got eaten up by a monster from the center of the earth. (No Virginia, he wasn't slimed to death!) You can be sure I'm going to ask him about that one!

With a track record like that you can see why I'm anxious to speak with him. It should be a ball.

By the time you read this the 11th Annual OTR Convention in sunny Newark, NJ is history, but as of this writing, it is still three weeks away. I've been preparing for the last week and will be right up until I'm ready to leave for the airport. Why all the preparation? Well, I'll tell you why. For two solid days I'm going to be face to face with Jim Snyder!!!! You cannot just go into that blindly (or on an empty stomach) so I've been practicing conversations with him by sitting and watching paint on the wall dry.

Jim is like an old hunting dog... sooner or later he will get to his point. I guess that's how it is when you get to be THAT old. Rumor has it that when Jim goes to the bathroom only dust comes out!

Seriously, he is a terribly nice guy and I like him a lot and if I pick on him it's only because he deserves it.

I've got to leave now and go pick up my supply of water balloons, whoopie cushions, and hand buzzers...after all, this IS a convention!!!!

See ya next time

\*\*\*\*\*

### OTR SHOWS

Continuing on WEBR Radio 970 Buffalo has a new schedule:

#### SATURDAYS:

Burns & Allen 8:00 p.m.  
Jack Benny 8:30 p.m.

#### SUNDAYS:

Life of Riley 8:00 p.m.  
Sherlock Holmes 8:30 p.m

Monday through Fridays at 8:30 p.m. WEBR Playhouse which consists of BBC novel and short stories.

WECK Buffalo, 1230 AM has a series on Sunday evenings at 10:00 p.m. entitled Radio as it Used to Be.

It is a shame that these shows are on the same time as CHUM FM Toronto and CBC AM 740 Toronto.

CKLW AM Windsor-Detroit 7-8 Sundays "The Golden Age of Radio".

WJR AM 760 AM Detroit 9-10 Sundays Jack Benny, Dragnet

WCAU 1210 AM Philadelphia 8-10 Sunday and any evening when not preempted by sports, Host Gary Hodgson, 50,000 watt signal, Various OTR shows, trivia and occasional interviews.

WHAM 1180 AM 10-11 nightly, 50,000 watt signal, no host combination Golden Age of Radio and other OTR shows Rochester NY

\*\*\*\*\*

### JUST THE FACTS MA'AM

by: Frank Boncore

There are several interesting things going on now. BRC Productions has a new supplement out. Interested in OTR publications? BRC has back issues of "The Old Time Radio Digest", it also has several issue of Collector's Corner, National Radio Theater, and Airwaves available.

Several OTR Logs are also available at reasonable rates. BRC has one of the largest OTR publications around.

Are you a Gunsmoke Fan? BRC has the complete set of Gunsmoke reels, count em 42 reels from masters available for a special package price of \$295.

If you haven't received this new supplement which includes a 1200 ft. reel of SKY KING here's how to do it. Write to:

BRC Productions  
P O Box 39522  
Redford, Michigan 48239-0522

If you are interested in upgrading your Escape Shows, Ed Carr 215 Shanor St., Boyertown, PA 19512 (Phone 215-367-9114 has the entire series available in 2nd generation. Ed has 3 new reels of BBC Science Fiction available including Space Force 2. It is rumored that Frank Bork, our elderly librarian, who is also cheap, is talking about actually spending money on this sine he is a SCI FI fan.

ASTON'S ADVENTURES - 1301 No. Park Avenue, Inglewood CA 90302 Phone 213-674-4455 has the four missing episodes of "Have Gun Will Travel" nos. 19 "Sense of Justice" 3/29/59; 22 "Birds of a Feather" 4/19/59; 32 "Home Coming" 6/28/59 and 35 "Deliver the Body" 7/19/59 on reel and on cassette.

NOSTALGIA CENTRAL Box 528, Mt. Morris MI 48458 recently had a supplement which had a flier which had over 700 cassettes listed. It is unfortunate due to lead time that by the time you read this his offer will have expired. However, if you write him or call him at 313-687-7610 these shows may be still available.

When you contact any of the dealers listed, please tell them that you read about it in the ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

As a service to our readers, the I.P. would be glad to let our readers know what our member dealers have to offer. A two month lead time would be needed. Contact me through the editor.

PERSONAL NOTE TO THE JUDGE: Nostalgia Central's flier also included Bill Stearn's Sports Reel "BABE RUTH 3-22-46, Horsemen on Notre Dame 12-15-39, 12 Anniv. 10-20-50 and Last Show 6-29-51.

\*\*\*\*\*



JUST THE FACTS MA'AM

By: Frank Boncore

With a track record like that you can see why I'm anxious to speak with him. It should be a ball.

By the time you read this the 11th Annual OTR Convention in sunny Newark, NJ is history, but as of this writing, it is still three weeks away. I've been preparing for the last week and will be right up until I'm ready to leave for the airport. Why all the preparation? Well, I'll tell you why. For two solid days I'm going to be face to face with Jim Snyder!!!! You cannot just go into that blindly (or on an empty stomach) so I've been practicing conversations with him by sitting and watching paint on the wall dry.

Jim is like an old hunting dog... sooner or later he will get to his point. I guess that's how it is when you get to be THAT old. Rumor has it that when Jim goes to the bathroom only dust comes out!

Seriously, he is a terribly nice guy and I like him a lot and if I pick on him it's only because he deserves it.

I've got to leave now and go pick up my supply of water balloons, whoopee cushions, and hand buzzers...after all, this IS a convention!!!!

See ya next time

\*\*\*\*\*

OTR SHOWS

Continuing on WEBR Radio 970 Buffalo has a new schedule:

SATURDAYS:

Burns & Allen 8:00 p.m.

Jack Benny 8:30 p.m.

SUNDAYS:

Life of Riley 8:00 p.m.

Sherlock Holmes 8:30 p.m.

Monday through Fridays at 8:30 p.m.

WEBR Playhouse which consists of BBC novel and short stories.

WECK Buffalo, 1230 AM has a series on Sunday evenings at 10:00 p.m. entitled Radio as it Used to Be.

It is a shame that these shows are on the same time as CHUM FM Toronto and CBC AM 740 Toronto.

CKLW AM Windsor-Detroit 7-8 Sundays "The Golden Age of Radio".

WJR AM 760 AM Detroit 9-10 Sundays Jack Benny, Dragnet

WCAU 1210 AM Philadelphia 8-10 Sunday and any evening when not preempted by sports, Host Gary Hodgson, 50,000 watt signal, Various OTR shows, trivia and occasional interviews.

WHAM 1180 AM 10-11 nightly, 50,000 watt signal, no host combination Golden Age of Radio and other OTR shows Rochester NY

\*\*\*\*\*

There are several interesting things going on now. BRC Productions has a new supplement out. Interested in OTR publications? BRC has back issues of "The Old Time Radio Digest", it also has several issue of Collector's Corner, National Radio Theater, and Airwaves available.

Several OTR Logs are also available at reasonable rates. BRC has one of the largest OTR publications around.

Are you a Gunsmoke Fan? BRC has the complete set of Gunsmoke reels, count em 42 reels from masters available for a special package price of \$295.

If you haven't received this new supplement which includes a 1200 ft. reel of SKY KING here's how to do it. Write to:

BRC Productions

P O Box 39522

Redford, Michigan 48239-0522

If you are interested in upgrading your Escape Shows, Ed Carr 215 Shanor St., Boyertown, PA 19512 (Phone 215-367-9114 has the entire series available in 2nd generation. Ed has 3 new reels of BBC Science Fiction available including Space Force 2. It is rumored that Frank Bork, our elderly librarian, who is also cheap, is talking about actually spending money on this sine he is a SCI FI fan.

ASTON'S ADVENTURES - 1301 No. Park

Avenue, Inglewood CA 90302 Phone 213-674-4455 has the four missing episodes of "Have Gun Will Travel" nos. 19 "Sense of Justice" 3/29/59; 22 "Birds of a Feather" 4/19/59; 32 "Home Coming" 6/28/59 and 35 "Deliver the Body" 7/19/59 on reel and on cassette.

NOSTALGIA CENTRAL Box 528, Mt.

Morris MI 48458 recently had a supplement which had a flier which had over 700 cassettes listed. It is unfortunate due to lead time that by the time you read this his offer will have expired. However, if you write him or call him at 313-687-7610 these shows may be still available.

When you contact any of the dealers listed, please tell them that you read about it in the ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

As a service to our readers, the I.P. would be glad to let our readers know what our member dealers have to offer. A two month lead time would be needed. Contact me through the editor.

PERSONAL NOTE TO THE JUDGE: Nostalgia Central's flier also included Bill Stearn's Sports Reel "BABE RUTH 3-22-46, Horsemen on Notre Dame 12-15-39, 12 Anniv. 10-20-50 and Last Show 6-29-51.

\*\*\*\*\*

REMEMBERING FRANK NELSON

By: Frank Boncore

Whenever Jack Benny was in a store, he would walk up to a man whose face was away from the camera. Jack would ask this man a question and the man would then turn around and squeal "Yeeeeeeeeees??" The man would then proceed to insult Jack Benny. The man was Frank Nelson's character who would always have the upper hand on Jack. In addition to being a screwball floor walker he was also Dr. Nelson on Jack's show.

An old time radio veteran, Frank Nelson also played in several other OTR shows. He succeeded Harold Peary, The Great Gildersleeve, as Herb Woodley, the Bumsteads neighbor in Blondie. He was Captain In Top in the Cinnamon Bear. He also played Anthony J. Lyon in Jeff Reagon, Investigator. He also acted in Masie with Ann Southern. He was in the Eddie Cantor show with the Sportsman Quartet. He also had a role in Meet Me at Parkies. In recent years Frank had acted in McDonalds commercials and did voices in cartoon shows. Frank was a "new" friend at the annual Friends of Old Time Radio convention in Newark New Jersey the past two years.

At the convention he was asked what was it like to work for Jack Benny? He replied as a veteran of 38 years on the show that Jack had the final say in everyone and everything but if an actor objected, the star as not inflexible. A warm man, not the viper that his character would lead us to believe, Frank took time to talk to everyone, including those who would stick a microphone under his chin while he was walking in the halls. He even took time to talk to me even though I had no mike.

Frank was not at this years convention and was sadly missed. He died recently at the age of 75 after losing a battle with cancer.

\*\*\*\*\*

TONIGHT AT 8:00
MR. CHAMELEON
-dial CBS .950 • WIBX





NEWS CHATTER

It looks like old Frank Boncore has outdone himself again at this years convention, getting many new reels and cassettes for our club. Frank does such a great job every year at the convention in securing material for the club. I wonder when he's going to open shop himself and become a dealer? Without Frank's help our club libraries wouldn't be in the great shape they're in. And of course we can't forget the rest of our club members who have donated cassettes to the club. Members like Michael Varbanov, Ed Coons, and even our I.P. Editor, Dick Olday have donated quite a number of cassettes since September. I even put a few cassettes into the library myself. I'm glad to see people share their favorite OTR shows with the rest of the club by donating tapes. With winter fast approaching, its nice to have something to listen to while curled up in front of the fire. The shows sure make an evening go pretty fast. What with the wacky encounter of Fibber McGee & Molly and the Great Gildersleeve or the crime filled shows of the Shadow or the Green Hornet. There is something for everyone to listen to and enjoy.

Linda DeCecco

\*\*\*\*\*

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

**FREE REEL-TO-REEL OTR TAPES:** Please remember the December deadline for signing up for the free OTR reels that are going to be given away. You can find full details in Jim Snyder's column in the October **ILLUSTRATED PRESS**.

**WANTED:** I am looking for someone who owns a Commodore 64 Computer and can make me or refer me to "A Program to Make a Disc Catalog". Reward for disc or information.

Thom Salome  
196 Lawrence Avenue  
Brooklyn, N.Y. 11230

**WANTED:** Magazines, books, articles on the Shadow. Also we would like GUNSMOKE shows. Complete reels in dated order. 3 reels for 1 in excellent sound only.

Thom Salome  
196 Lawrence Avenue  
Brooklyn, NY 11230  
(718) 436-3043

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

\*\*\*\*\*

# IT WILL SPILL ON TWO FINGERS!

1932

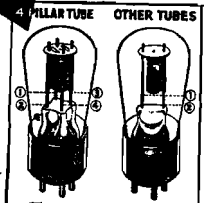


EVER try to balance a pitcher of water on two fingers? Look out for a wetting if you do! You need the support of two other fingers for safety!

no more. Accept no less. Ask your dealer about them!  
**NATIONAL CARBON CO., Inc.**  
General Office: New York, N. Y.  
Units of Eveready and Carbon Union Carbide Corporation

All other radio tubes have only two supports. Thus the vital accuracy of their elements is constantly exposed to becoming unbalanced from jolts, jars and vibrations, inside and outside the set. And once these lose their accuracy, tone spills—just like the water in the pitcher.

In Eveready four-pillar Tubes you get guarded accuracy—uninterrupted true tone, longer life. They cost



**WARNING!** The market is flooded with old, slow-warm-up tubes. Eveready Raytheons are quick-warmers. Modern tubes heat up in 10 seconds or less.

SEE YOUR DEALER FOR A FREE EVEREADY PROGRAM PAD

## EVEREADY RAYTHEON 4-PILLAR RADIO TUBES

### Radio Programs Tomorrow

(Programs furnished by stations subject to change without notice)

WIBX (1250) (CBS)	WABC (880) (CBS)	WGY (810) (NBC)	WJZ (770) (Blue Network)
7:00 Music	Arthur Godfrey	Yawn	News
10:15 Morning Devotions	Recorded Music	Chasers	"Good Morning, America"
11:00 News	Music	News	Music
11:15 Love Notes	Harry Clark	News	News
8:00 World Today	News of World	Morning Devotions	The Fitzgeralds
11:30 Sears' Orch.	Phil Cook Show	Ed. Ed.	Ed. Ed.
12:00 Musical Clock	Missus Show	Market Basket	United Nations
12:15 Fashions	Margaret Arlen	Normal Mood	News Review
9:00 CBS News	News	News: Talk	Breakfast Club
11:15 Garden Gate	Garden Gate	Catholic Program	Don McNeill
12:00 Widespread	Country	Tell Me a Story	Dance Band
12:45 and Witch	Journal	Health Hunters	Varieties
10:00 Give and Take	Give and Take	Home Is What You Make It	Galen Drake
11:15 Mary Lee Taylor	Mary Lee Taylor	Archae	Club Time
11:45 Program	Program	Andrews	Bob Johnson
11:00 News	News	Marathon	Harry Kogen's
11:15 Let's Pretend	Let's Pretend	Smilin' Ed	Songs
11:30 Billie Burke Show	Billie Burke Show	McConnell	Diary Notes
12:00 Theater Station	Theater of Today	News: Music	Piano Playhouse
12:15 of Today	of Today	WGY Farm and Garden	Teen-Agers' Prog.
12:30 News: Farm Market	News: Farm Market	News: Your Home	Senior Home
12:45 Farm Bulletin	Over Hollywood	Paper	and Garden
1:00 Grand Central Station	Grand Central Station	National Farm	Saturday
1:15 Crime	Crime	Musical Matinee	College Spring
1:45 Photographer	Photographer	Photographer	Football
2:00 Football	Football	Football	Football
1:15 Michigan	Michigan	Penn	Michigan
1:45 Navy	Navy	Columbia	Navy
3:00 Football	Football	Football	Football
1:15 Michigan	Michigan	Michigan	Michigan
1:20 Us	Us	Us	Us
1:25 Navy	Navy	Columbin	Navy
4:00 Football	Michigan	Penn vs. Michigan	Michigan
1:15 Michigan	Michigan	Wolfe of Columbia	Duke Ellington
1:20 Us	Elliot Lawrence Orchestra	Orchestra	Orchestra
1:40 Navy	Navy	Navy	Navy

11/10/45

ehnhand

not only in video TR. BRC Redford, they have to tapes. ust have s is the a fairly le, they V shows, and Andy '1), and This is related available.

e annual held in tunately, ation on e editor is kind ke plans consider Society, ion, but r. They er, the ludes a current lending Annual erships through Hollis, 62 \*\*\*\*\*



**DAMON RUNYON THEATER**

One evening along about seven o'clock, I am sitting in Mindy's Restaurant putting on the Gefillte fish, which is a dish I am very fond of. When in comes three parties from Brooklyn wearing caps as follow: Harry the Horse, Little Isadore and Spanish John". Thus begins the famous Damon Runyon Short Story, "Butch Minds the Baby." One easily gets the flavor, right away of what has come to be known as "runyones". The total use of the present tense and slang, filtered by a Brooklyn accent, characterized the prose of the man born as Alfred Damon Runyun (SIC) in Manhattan, Kansas in 1880.

When encountering the stories of Runyon, one almost needs a glossary of "Runyones" to get along. For example, police are "gendarmes", females are "squabs", "dolls" or "judys". Waffles are "non-skid pancakes" and a bank is "a jug." These are just a few of the many examples of the delightful use of slang by the New York City scribe.

Runyon was raised in the west, and although he only received a sixth grade education, he started working as a newspaper reporter while in his teens and finally moved to New York in 1910. During the years from 1910, he worked as a sports and crime reporter, a humorist, a syndicated columnist and a war correspondent. In 1929 his first "Broadway" short story, "Romance in the Roaring 20's" was published and thus began what was to be a series of delightful stories which ended with his death of cancer in 1946.

I doubt that there is one among us who has not stumbled upon a movie on late night TV which had its birth in a Damon Runyon story. "Guys and Dolls", "Pocketfull of Miracles", "Little Miss Marker", "Sorrowful Jones", "The Lemondrop Kid", and "Bloodhounds of Broadway" are only a few of the many films this man's talent touched.

The influence of Mark Twain, Ring Lardner, James Thurber and particularly Bret Harte is reflected in the Runyon stores. To him, the New York gangsters and shady characters were very little different from some of the old wild west gunslingers. The sense of ethics, generosity and charm of the underworld Broadway people was always played against a backdrop of the sometimes startling violent nature of so called ordinary citizens.

The radio show, **THE DAMON RUNYON THEATER**, began on the west coast in 1949 under the tutelage of Alan Ladd's Mayfair Productions. It was directed by Richard Sauville and adapted for radio by writer Russell Hughes. There is no doubt that the stories, themselves are a major attraction of this show. But they must share the billing with the actor who plays

"broadway and narrates these tales. John Brown is a name that is not often mentioned. When devotees of old time radio gather, however, he certainly should be thought of with much appreciation for his talent. His many roles in the 1940's and 50's include *The Life of Riley*, (Digby Odel, Gillis) *My Friend Irma*, (Boyfriend Al) *The Saint*, *Mystery in the Air*, *Beulah*, *Dennis Day Show*, (Willoughby) and *A Date with Judy*. Brown's characterization of "Broadway" contains exactly the right touch. He was ably assisted by many "old pros" including Alan Reed, Eddie Marr, Bill Conrad, Frank Lovejoy and Sheldon Leonard. The show, syndicated by Mayfair moved to the east coast and ran its 52 shows from August 8, 1950 to July 31, 1951.

It is easy to recommend almost any show in this series to one who is not familiar with the material. A particularly delightful introduction would be, "Butch Minds the Baby," where Butch, played by Sheldon Leonard, along with some bad news citizens takes his baby son, John Ignatius, Jr. on a safecracking job.

Good Listening!  
Michael C. O'Donnell  
9904 Greenview Lane  
Manassas, VA 22110

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

**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.

\*\*\*\*\*

**RADIO'S BIGGEST**

WE'S THE RINGO BOYS!

HEAVENLY DAYS, MCGEE - AMOS 'N' ANDY IN FRONT OF US - BOB HOPE BEHIND US. WHAT A NIGHT!

TONIGHT AND EVERY TUESDAY—AMOS 'N' ANDY 9

FRANK MCGEE AND HOLLY

*Tune 'em in*  
HAL KEMP and  
Chesterfield's

music

ALL COLUMBIA STATION

clock,  
putting  
a dish  
three  
aps as  
Isadore  
famous  
Minds  
flavor,  
e known  
of the  
ed by  
d the  
Damon  
as in  
es of  
ary of  
example,  
s are  
affles  
ank is  
of the  
use of  
st, and  
grade  
news-  
ns and  
During  
sports  
yndica-  
ndent.  
story,  
blished  
series  
d with  
among  
movie  
birth  
bolls",  
Miss  
ndrop  
y" are  
man's  
Ring  
ularly  
Runyon  
ngsters  
little  
d west  
erworld  
against  
rtling  
rdinary  
RUNYON  
n 1949  
ayfair  
Richard  
writer  
t that  
ttrac-  
share  
plays

"broadway and narrates these tales. John Brown is a name that is not often mentioned. When devotees of old time radio gather, however, he certainly should be thought of with much appreciation for his talent. His many roles in the 1940's and 50's include *The Life of Riley*, (Digby Odel, Gillis) *My Friend Irma*, (Boyfriend Al) *The Saint*, *Mystery in the Air*, *Beulah*, *Dennis Day Show*, (Willoughby) and *A Date with Judy*. Brown's characterization of "Broadway" contains exactly the right touch. He was ably assisted by many "old pros" including Alan Reed, Eddie Marr, Bill Conrad, Frank Lovejoy and Sheldon Leonard. The show, syndicated by Mayfair moved to the east coast and ran its 52 shows from August 8, 1950 to July 31, 1951.

It is easy to recommend almost any show in this series to one who is not familiar with the material. A particularly delightful introduction would be, "Butch Minds the Baby," where Butch, played by Sheldon Leonard, along with some bad news citizens takes his baby son, John Ignatius, Jr. on a safecracking job.

Good Listening!  
Michael C. O'Donnell  
9904 Greenvue Lane  
Manassas, VA 22110

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*  
**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.

\*\*\*\*\*

### RADIO'S BIGGEST

WE'S THE RINSO BOYS!

HEAVENLY DAYS, MCGEE - AMOS 'N' ANDY IN FRONT OF US - BOB HOPE BEHIND US. WHAT A NIGHT!

THIS IS BOB "TUES. NIGHT" HOPE SAYING TUESDAYS ARE DANDY WITH AMOS 'N' ANDY. LET'S GIVE 'EM A HAND

TONIGHT AND EVERY TUESDAY - AMOS 'N' ANDY 9 P.M. WGY

## Tune 'em in

HAL KEMP and KAY THOMPSON  
Chesterfield's Friday Night Show



ALL COLUMBIA STATIONS 8:30 E.S.T.

Monday, February 24, 1969

COMEDIANS TALK ABOUT COMEDY—VIII

# In the Demanding Art of Comedy Johnny Carson Is a Precision

**F**ROM A JOHNNY CARSON MONOLOGUE:  
If I seem a little pooped, I just got back from Indianapolis. And the flight was a little difficult. Just as I sat down, a man came up to me and said: "Are you Johnny Carson?" I said "Yes!"

He said: "You know I was worried about this flight. I was really scared. But seeing you here . . . a man of your importance . . . gives me the confidence to take this flight."

Which wouldn't have bothered me but he was the pilot.

It upsets you a little when you look into the cabin and the pilot's got a St. Christopher statue on his dashboard and St. Christopher's got his hands over his eyes.

**WILDE:** When the writers submit the jokes each day for the monologue, in addition to their being funny, are there other ingredients that you look for, such as specific subjects or types of construction that you feel more comfortable with, etcetera?  
CARLSON: Yeah . . . when the writers come in and they submit stuff, you have to go with what you feel when you read it. I will edit the material. I'll put it in a certain order that fits — for me.

I may change a line or a joke, I may change the construction of a joke, I may put the specific in rather than the general. Since I do the show every day, I like to talk about things that are going on in the news . . . the political situation . . . whatever is happening.

It is difficult to make jokes about the Vietnam War . . . but it is easier to joke about the politicians. Yeah, I do look for certain constructions, certain phrases that are funny, because a joke does not have to be a joke to get a laugh.

A line can be funny because it sounds funny. It comes out funny. The content of it is strange . . . it's good construction and yet it's not a joke as we look at a joke.

**WILDE:** It's conversational, it has a feeling of believability?  
**CARLSON:** For my style, yeah. I can tell jokes or comment on things. I do both. I don't think you should ever shy away from jokes.

I think Mort Sahl started to do this — and I have a great respect for Mort — when Mort first started, he was very, very funny. And then he started to take himself a little serious and he started to comment on things and become a reporter.

And very quickly the sense of humor leaves you. I wouldn't shy away from jokes. Woody Allen — as casual as Woody looks when he performs — is very well constructed.

He knows exactly where he's going. Even Buddy Hackett, who has a great ability to look like he's creating . . . most of the performers know that Buddy has certain things that he does very well.

**HE MAKES IT SOUND** spontaneous, but he knows exactly where he is going. So construction is very important. Things have to fall together,

Bob Curran is on vacation. His daily columns will resume early in March.

they have to build. You have to keep your audience off-balance.

Woody is probably as well constructed, comedy-wise, as anybody. He's a good writer. But he delivers it not as bang, bang, bang, bang.

He comes out and he says: "Oh, I want to tell you about what happened," and it's a great feeling. The delivery, I think, is as important as the material very often. Your delivery can save you if the material isn't up to par, and your reaction to it.

It always amazes me when I see guys working in front of an audience and they are not going — they don't seem to realize it.

They plunge right on doing the routine, like: "I'm going to do this folks, come hell or high water," rather than change it and going into different areas.

**WILDE:** Sometimes when a joke gets no reaction, or worse a groan from the audience, you get a big laugh by your followup comment, verbal or visual. Do you ever create such a situation purposely?  
**CARLSON:** No. You don't create it purposely because that becomes obvious. There is

nothing I hate worse than somebody on a stage when jokes don't go, to start to use what we call "savers" or "toppers" — and then they have a "topper" for the "topper."

**AN AUDIENCE** doesn't mind seeing you in trouble, if you have fun with it . . . and take the laughs on yourself. But it is altitude again, and how you do it.

**WILDE:** Is it easier to come up with a new topical monologue night after night than to perfect just one as a permanent part of your nightclub act?  
**CARLSON:** It is more difficult for this show because of the demands. Every night you're there. It is difficult to come up with a good monologue if you are out once a week on television.



WOODY "Very Well C

But when you night, five night more difficult you'll be good you'll be so-so.

**WILDE:** A dian working a his act step-b trial and error. work he repla routine is solid.

**CARLSON:** Rig **WILDE:** Since a new show eve you decide if a sketch is funny

**CARLSON:** Ye own judgment. I way. Sometimes wrong, sometimes right, but I thi professional, you right more often be right more off

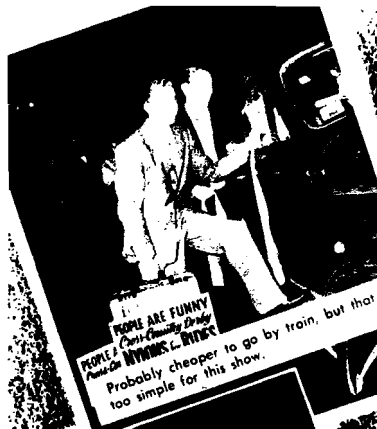
First of all, analyze and as comfortable for you comfortable wit think you can g that will make it

Sometimes you reservations and out. But I thin personal decision

**WILDE:** You to be one of the "take," or Would you define is?

**CARLSON:** I'll know if I can. A completely natu natural thing. aggeration, I sup to probably get Ben Blue . . . w Oliver Hardy.

**ED. WAX**



Art Boker and Art Linkletter prove beyond doubt week after week that "People are Funny."

## PEOPLE ARE FUNNY NBC, 9:00 P.M., E.S.T., Friday



Buddy Twiss, NBC announcer, holds mike for a gob who actually shrinks from lovely Chili Williams.

**PEOPLE ARE FUNNY**  
Curt Conway, Woody Allen, and  
Frankie Laine  
Probably cheaper to go by train, but that's too simple for this show.

Sonny Tufts gets mixed up in the old tri- angle—Art point the mike at her husband.

Once you step on the "People are Funny" stage, you can expect anything you don't expect—see what I mean?

Monday, February 24, 1969

COMEDIANS TALK ABOUT COMEDY—VIII

By Larry Wilde

In the Demanding Art of Making Laughs, Johnny Carson Is a Precise Craftsman

FROM A JOHNNY CARSON MONOLOGUE:

If I seem a little pooped, I just got back from Indianapolis. And the flight was a little difficult. Just as I sat down, a man came up to me and said: "Are you Johnny Carson?" I said "Yes!"

He said: "You know I was worried about this flight. I was really scared. But seeing you here . . . a man of your importance . . . gives me the confidence to take this flight."

Which wouldn't have bothered me but he was the pilot.

It upsets you a little when you look into the cabin and the pilot's got a St. Christopher statue on his dashboard and St. Christopher's got his hands over his eyes.

WILDE: When the writers submit the jokes each day for the monologue, in addition to their being funny, are there other ingredients that you look for, such as specific subjects or types of construction that you feel more comfortable with, etcetera?

CARLSON: Yeah . . . when the writers come in and they submit stuff, you have to go with what you feel when you read it. I will edit the material. I'll put it in a certain order that fits — for me.

I may change a line or a joke, I may change the construction of a joke, I may put the specific in rather than the general. Since I do the show every day, I like to talk about things that are going on in the news . . . the political situation . . . whatever is happening.

It is difficult to make jokes about the Vietnam War . . . but it is easier to joke about the politicians. Yeah, I do look for certain constructions, certain phrases that are funny, because a joke does not have to be a joke to get a laugh. A line can be funny because it sounds funny. It comes out funny. The content of it is strange . . . it's good construction and yet it's not a joke as we look at a joke.

WILDE: It's conversational, it has a feeling of believability? CARLSON: For my style, yeah. I can tell jokes or comment on things. I do both. I don't think you should ever shy away from jokes.

I think Mort Sahl started to do this — and I have a great respect for Mort — when Mort first started, he was very funny. And then he started to take himself a little serious and he started to comment on things and become a reporter.

And very quickly the sense of humor leaves you. I wouldn't shy away from jokes. Woody Allen — as casual as Woody looks when he performs — is very well constructed. He knows exactly where he's going. Even Buddy Hackett, who has a great ability to look like he's creating . . . most of the performers know that Buddy has certain things that he does very well.

HE MAKES IT SOUND spontaneous, but he knows exactly where he is going. So construction is very important. Things have to fall together.

Bob Curran is on vacation. His daily columns will resume early in March.

they have to build. You have to keep your audience off-balance. Woody is probably as well constructed, comedy-wise, as anybody. He's a good writer. But he delivers it not as bang, bang, bang.

He comes out and he says: "Oh, I want to tell you about what happened," and it's a great feeling. The delivery, I think, is as important as the material very often. Your delivery can save you if the material isn't up to par, and your reaction to it.

It always amazes me when I see guys working in front of an audience and they are not going — they don't seem to realize it. They plunge right on doing the routine, like: "I'm going to do this folks, come hell or high water," rather than change it and going into different areas.

WILDE: Sometimes when a joke gets no reaction, or worse a groan from the audience, you get a big laugh by your followup comment, verbal or visual. Do you ever create such a situation purposely?

CARLSON: No. You don't create it purposely because that becomes obvious. There is nothing I hate worse than somebody on a stage when jokes don't go, to start to use what we call "savers" or "toppers" — and then they have a "topper" for the "topper."

AN AUDIENCE doesn't mind seeing you in trouble, if you have fun with it . . . and take the laughs on yourself. But it is attitude again, and how you do it.

WILDE: Is it easier to come up with a new topical monologue night after night than to perfect just one as a permanent part of your nightclub act?

CARLSON: It is more difficult for this show because of the demands. Every night you're there. It is difficult to come up with a good monologue if you are out once a week on television.



WOODY ALLEN "Very Well Constructed"

But when you do it every night, five nights a week, it gets more difficult. Some nights you'll be good, some nights you'll be so-so.

WILDE: A "stand-up" comedian working nightclubs builds his act step-by-step, through trial and error. If a line doesn't work he replaces it, until the routine is solid . . . CARLSON: Right.

WILDE: Since you have to do a new show every night, how do you decide if a joke or a line or a sketch is funny?

CARLSON: You go on your own judgment. There is no other way. Sometimes you may be wrong, sometimes you may be right, but I think if you're a professional, you are going to be right more often . . . you should be right more often.

First of all, you have to analyze and see if it's comfortable for you. Do you feel comfortable with it? Do you think you can give enough to it that will make it funny? Sometimes you go in with reservations and you may pull it out. But I think it becomes a personal decision.

WILDE: You are considered to be one of the masters of the "take," or "non-reaction." Would you define what a "take" is?

CARLSON: I'll try. I don't know if I can. A "take" is not completely natural. It's an exaggeration, I suppose. You have to probably get somebody like Ben Blue . . . we'll go back to Oliver Hardy . . .

THOSE THINGS were not thought of in advance — the long stare into the camera that he did, the frustrated, the anxious, exasperated take. That came out of . . . when they were making a movie, he didn't know what to do, so he did this stare into the camera and found it served as a great device because it gave pacing to their comedy.

It gave the audience a chance to refresh the joke, to laugh, so they didn't overlap into the next laugh. The "tie-twiddle" thing, where he twiddles the tie, it came out of accident.

It worked for them. I've found, over a period of years, certain things work for me. Like, just doing a deadpan, holding-still "take" or just an

"eyebrow" thing . . . I don't know really how you explain it.

BENNY, OF COURSE, is known for his long pauses and looks. Gleason does great, great reactions in his sketches. They're reminiscent of Oliver Hardy or Edgar Buchanan and all the people who do reactions.

In certain instances I am a reaction comedian, because of this kind of a show where I am playing off of people. Very often you get more out of it by your reactions to things than doing jokes. If you get some nutty dance out there, sometimes you can get more out of it by just doing exasperated reactions or takes.

But to explain a take is kind of difficult. I'm not trying to beg the issue. I don't claim to analyze it that much. It's something that I feel and I do and is comfortable and works for me.

Excerpted from "The Great Comedians Talk About Comedy" by Larry Wilde. Copyright © 1969 by Larry Wilde. Published by Citadel Press Inc. NEXT—Jimmy Durante.

TONIGHT AT 9:30



—dial CBS 950 • WIBX

CRIME PHOTOGRAPHER

ED. WANAT CORNER



Art Baker and Art Linkletter prove beyond doubt week after week that "People are Funny."

PEOPLE ARE FUNNY

NBC, 9:00 P.M., E.S.T., Friday



Buddy Twiss, NBC announcer, holds mike for a gob who actually shrinks from lovely Chili Williams.

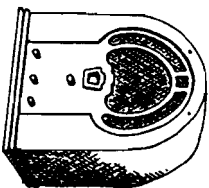
People are Funny? Nothing you don't

# FIRST CLASS MAIL

---

THE OLD TIME

100 HARVEY DRIVE



RADIO CLUB

LANCASTER, N.Y. 14086