



ILLUSTRATED PRESS

#122

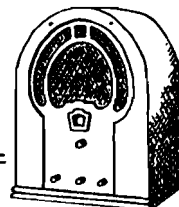
EST. 1975

- DECEMBER, 1986

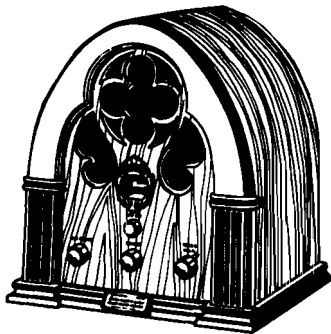


Marie Wilson and Alan Reed as they appeared in the popular situation comedy, "My Friend Irma," in the late 1940's. "Irma" was later a TV favorite, too.

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.

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:

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100 Harvey Drive
Lancaster, NY 14086
(716) 684-1604

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

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Lancaster, NY 14086

CASSETTES-VIDEO & AUDIO, RECORDS

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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.

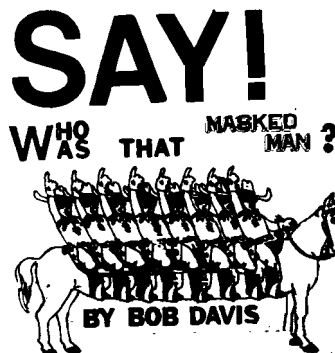
Dominic Parisi
38 Ardmore Pl.
Buffalo, NY 14213

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#124 - January 5
#125 - February 2
#126 - March 2

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



Soapbox Time...

I came home from the OTR convention with an entirely different kind of column in mind. It was to be an upbeat, light thing about what a good time that I had. That column has now been postponed for a while.

One of the main reasons I have for going to the conventions is to pick up a lot of shows from the dealers. Obviously most everyone else there has the same thing in mind. They have a good time and pick up massive amounts of shows to add to their collections. A lot of money is spent and, I'm afraid, a lot of money is mis-spent.

Now don't get me wrong. Many of the dealers take great pains to put out a product that is both listenable and well worth any monies paid for it but a disturbing element has crept into the proceedings...sloppiness!

Granted that it takes a lot of time and effort to make up hundreds or thousands of cassettes or reels but that is no excuse for outright laziness or apathy. Some of these people just don't give a damn! The really sad aspect of it all is that it's so unnecessary.

Reels are sold listing shows that aren't on them. One dealer sold reels with entire tracks missing! How tough is it to just glance at a recording level meter to make sure the shows are being dubbed. I bought reels from this dealer that were from vastly different series and, in all probability, recorded days or weeks apart. The same problem showed up on many of the tapes...no left channel... nothing at all, just tape hiss and that was constant so it wasn't a fault in the tape. Someone just neglected to hit the record button or whatever. Pure sloppiness!!!!

Now don't go thinking that ol' Bob is going off the deep end with this. I'm not. I must admit though that I am really ticked off at this trend that is happening.

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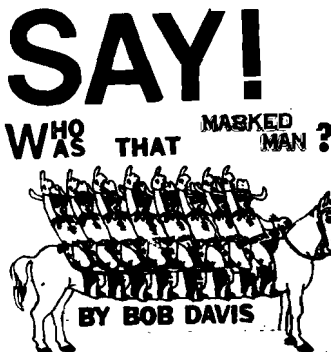
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Another dealer sold me shows that will point out how apathetic a dealer can get. Two shows on C-60 cassette should pose no problem to anyone, right? Wrong!

The first show was fine but ran a little short leaving 4 or 5 minutes left on the cassette. This dealer then started the second story immediately following the first story! Naturally 5 minutes later the tape ran out and the story had to be continued on the other side. This guy must have left the master run while he leisurely flipped the tape over and started recording again, never bothering to recue the tape. I guess that would be too much trouble.

The funny part about all this is that he then puts a fancy sticker on the tape or box advertising his service. Ha, fat chance!!!!

You might say "Well, just send the tapes back to them." or "Write to them and have them make good on their tapes." That's fine, but why should it be? Why, when you buy something in good faith, should you be burned by someone that couldn't care less. Is it going to get to a point where you have to bring playback equipment with you when you go to these dealers so you can check out the tapes before you buy them? If so, include me out!

Keep in mind that I'm not talking about sound quality which can vary greatly but about simple basic recording techniques that should be automatic. The effect on the conventions can be devastating. Someone that has been badly burned by one of these dealers can cause a resentment for all the dealers, for the conventions, and for the hobby in general.

This column is not meant to pick on all the dealers. Most, like Don Astin, Ed Carr, Ron Barnett, and others, take pride in what they sell. They don't slop together shows disregarding all normal steps. The problems mentioned above are by no means the bottom line. They are only the ones I've chose to write about in this column.

If I'm able to make next years convention, I'll have it out with these guys but right now I'm angry enough that I don't even want to acknowledge their existence. I know for a fact that I am going to spread the word about them and the product they put out.

Don't get the wrong idea. I had a tremendous time at the convention and thank all involved for their excellent work. My hard feelings are not with them.

I detest writing columns like this and will try my darndest not to do any more like it but when a hobby stops being fun it soon becomes a former hobby. This is what I fear. I know somewhere

out there dozens(?) of collectors are wondering where their left channels have disappeared to or what happened to a few minutes of a particular story they bought.

It happened to me and logic dictates that it happened to others. The dealers reading this know who they are and there are a bunch of us that know what they are. It's a crying shame!!!!

See ya next time...(in a lighter mood.)

Notice!

ATTENTION ALL RADIO ENTHUSIASTS One of the most valuable radio books in this hobby has been the History of Broadcasting: Radio to Television by Harrison B. Summers. Written in column form, this doctoral dissertation announces year by year listings of show, network, sponsor, ratings and air time from 1926 through 1956. It is invaluable for research purposes. And it has been extremely hard to find. However, Ayer Company Publishers Inc. are considering reprinting the book providing interest is sufficient.

Interest in this case means 200 copies of the book in the form of orders. The initial price is \$19.95 and should more than 200 orders be received, the price would come down.

A special dedication page to old radio lovers will appear in the book should it be reprinted. It is hoped that the book might be available in the fall.

VISA, Mastercard and American Express are acceptable. The same is true if you wish to send a check. The strongest indicator of interest would be a note saying, "Here's my card number, send the book when available." Orders would not be processed until the book has been reprinted. If you are interested in making this valuable research material available once again, send an order to: Ayer Publishers Inc., P.O. Box 958, Salem, New Hampshire 03079, attention Marc Comstock. •

WHEC THE STARS' ADDRESS IN ROCHESTER!

"MUST" LISTENING FOR TODAY!



FBI In PEACE & WAR 8:00 P. M.
Martin Blaine stars in "The Yankee Deller". Listen in!

Don't Miss SUSPENSE 9:00 P. M.
Pat O'Brien stars in "True Report", a hit-run-story!

Plus THESE REGULAR FAVORITES!

6:00—Goodrich—News	8:30—Mr. Keen
6:15—MacMillan—Sports	9:30—Crime Photographer
6:45—Lowell Thomas	10:00—Johnny Deller
7:45—Larry Lesser	10:30—Let's Go To A Party



The Buffalo News/Wednesday, October 8, 1986

Obituaries

Violinist David Rubinoff Dies at 89; Star of Depression-Era Radio Show

COLUMBUS, Ohio (AP) — Violinist David Rubinoff, whose concert music lifted the nation's spirits during the Depression, has died at the age of 89.

Rubinoff, who was a regular from 1931 to 1935 with Eddie Cantor on the "Chase & Sanborn Hour" on NBC radio, died Monday at a hospital here of respiratory arrest.

Rubinoff was born in Grodno, Russia, one of five children of a tobacco factory worker and a laundress. He was 5 when he persuaded his parents to buy him a violin.

He was studying music at the Royal Conservatory of Warsaw in 1911 when he met composer Victor Herbert, who was so impressed he

brought the entire Rubinoff family to Pittsburgh.

Eventually, Rubinoff became a soloist with the Pittsburgh Symphony and went on to guest-conduct orchestras. His big break came when he got a job as a regular conductor and soloist at the Paramount in New York City. Rudy Vallee saw him, and he signed a contract with the Cantor show.

He performed at the White House for Presidents Herbert Hoover, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Dwight D. Eisenhower and John F. Kennedy. But his career also took him to small towns, and he once gave 13 concerts in one day in the Hannibal, Mo., school system.

NICK CAR

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THE NINE O'CLOCK

CHAPTER XIV THE NET

Nick rode home with Chick in the Fire Marshall's car. What his young assistant needed principally now was rest and warmth. He was bundled in blankets in the back. Nick was silent, lost in thought, trying to find some point to start deductions.

There was a definite pattern to these fires, but the tempo was confused, the motive missing. The fires had seemed to start with Kyle's fate lines. Counting other fires of the past two nights, Kyle had owned seventeen burned properties. Not all the fires had caused loss of life, but all had rather completely gutted buildings. Full insurance would have to be paid--unless Kyle could be proven the fire bug.

To sustain that was Roxy's information that he had been trying to raise money for new buildings, but outsiders had insisted on ground being cleared first. The fires had done much to clear the ground. The insurance would take care of other expenses. There was also Kyle's strange behavior over the telephone and his actions at the East Coast.

But the first properties burned had been far under insured. He was a clever man. He might have burned them intentionally so as to throw off suspicion later on. A long shot chance, but one to keep in mind where such daring was evident. It would make it appear that somebody else was burning his properties for revenge or because of some insane streak. Nick discarded the idea of Kyle trying to cover up some crime. The man had never been close enough to the underworld to make it necessary to burn so many buildings.

There was the possibility of revenge. That held more water than at first. Cook and Kyle had fought and were reported bitter enemies. The girl who had died had implicated Cook. At one time or another, Cook had used most of the burned properties and would be familiar with them. He might be trying to pin the blame on Kyle. But that was far fetched for the type of criminal Cook was. In matters of revenge he preferred machine guns to imaginative methods of great daring.

There was the still distant possibility that Cook might be the arsonist to cover past crimes once and for all. Perhaps he was planning on quitting rack-ets, wanted a clean past.

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NICK CARTER

IN

COPYRIGHT: STREET & SMITH

THE NINE O'CLOCK FIRES

May, 1935

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Then there was Oles. The more Nick thought about his telephone warning to lay off Cook and the web of arson, the more likely a suspect Oles became. He had a secret, malicious, complex mind. The idea of indirect revenge, of planting evidence on somebody else, was directly in his line of reasoning. In his youth, he had been a fireman. He would know how to start fires and be most liable to get out of them safely if it was possible. He had had a reported bust-up with Cook and it was possible he had had some sort of run-in with Kyle as well.

If Oles was involved it seemed more likely it would be with a profit or self protective motive. Nick considered that seriously. Oles had been intimately close to both Cook and Kyle in business. He might know of some valuable hidden evidence or papers, was attempting to destroy them to force one or the other to meet demands of his.

Or it might be that one of them had hidden evidence implicating him and not knowing precisely where it was hidden he was making a systematic clean sweep of all their former places of mutual business.

That latter motive, in fact, applied in varying degrees to all three in connection with either or both of the others. Nick threw himself into the character of each and imagined what he would do to destroy evidence of which he knew but the whereabouts of which he was in ignorance of. As Kyle he decided he would buy it and take revenge later. As Cook, he would be more likely to use outright force. As Oles--well, Oles might do either. Or he might resort to arson with the triple motive of covering evidence, pinning the crime on somebody else and clearing the field of business rivals all in one.

But direct attack and murder seemed out of his line. And the arsonist was an outright, cold and daring murderer. First there had been the convict in the empty tenement. Then there had been the woman Nick had seen strangled who died. There had been the two men that night. There had been the attempt on Nick's own life.

As he tooted his horn and drove down the ramp into his cellar garage, Nick turned his thoughts to Dawson. The man's arrival the day of the first stories might have been coincidence. Or it might not. That little piece of card made it look not. But what motive

could he have for taking the risks the arsonist had taken?

Upstairs, with Chick safely under a nurse's watchful eye, Nick paced the room restlessly beneath a cloud of cigarette smoke. Information he wanted would soon be in. In the meantime, he had to make plans. The mounting toll of death and desolate destruction was going beyond the point of ordinary crime. Innocent people were being murdered, plundered of saving and security. It was vital that Nick tap the core of the arson crimes, lay his net to catch the fire bug on the scene of action, learn what the man was up to.

He shook his head wearily. A telephone call came from Roxy at that moment.

"Big Shot Oles just stole into the side door of the Fly High Club," she said, voice low and hurried. "He was a mess. Only caught a glimpse of him in the shadow, but he looked like he'd been dragged through a furnace. His clothes were covered with ashes, his face was black, he left a stink of burned clothes behind him."

"Oles?" Nick asked. His mind leaped to deductions, possible hook-ups. He exhaled a cloud of smoke, spoke excitedly. "I think I've got the tie-up. Where's Cook?"

"Cook's in the building. Been here all night. He owns the club, you know. What's the set-up? Cook and Oles?"

"Yes, but not the way you figure," Nick said. "Keep an eye out for Oles. There's an underground entrance from the club to the Westside Garage. It's a hideout for stolen cars and a fence said to belong to Oles. Get word to Cook that I'm on his tail. I'll be up shortly."

Nick took a few fast turns around the communication room. He might be wrong. But he had a hunch. He was going to play it--going to play the four suspects against each other and all against him. He needed only a few more pieces of information.

The telephone buzzed again. It was Updyke. The two men found in the last fire had been identified. The first one found, the corpse on the top floor was one of Cook's best shadows, a sneak thief and stool pigeon who had for his own reasons remained loyal to the underworld chief. The second man, now dying in the hospital, was a free-lance gunman who held a close position to Cook, sometimes acted as one of his lieutenants on particularly tough jobs.

"That doesn't quite click," Nick said, nettled. "Any chance this second one might be double-crossing Cook?" He was the one who had carried the card with the letters DAW on it.

"I'd hate to be the gorilla who

double-crossed Cook," the commissioner commented. "But this Morelli was a tough babe. If he took it into his head, he might. He had a close tie-up with Oles."

"That's the trick!" Nick said. "Now we're getting somewhere I'll say it was a double cross!"

"Need any help?"

"Only on information. I'll need all my men for covering. I want to find out the full roster of every thug who's ever worked for Cook. And I want all surveillance of Cook, Kyle and Oles from your end pulled off until later."

They ended conversation abruptly. Nick raced to his room, washed in record time, left a note for Patsy to pick up his trail as soon as she located Kyle and dashed off to join the late crowd at the Fly High Club. Before the end of another twenty-four hours there'd be action.

He found Cook checking up in his office, got in by the simple process of laying a guard at the door flat. Cook laid down his cigar with studied care, looked at Nick with a poker face and fish eyes.

"Well, Carter, what are you after this time?" he asked, hands near the drawer of his desk.

"Don't reach for that drawer, Cook," Nick warned. "You were never very fast on the draw." The gangster stared stonily, but moved his hands a few inches higher on his stomach. "What I want to know," Nick went on, "is why you had somebody warn me off the arson cases before the first news stories were even in print."

Cook had been leaning back in his chair. It came down with a crash. His eyes blazed, but his face went white and his thick lips creased out in a straight mean slit.

"So that's the set-up?" he shot. "What is it a frame or on the level? I didn't call you and I didn't know Nellie Lennahan had croaked until tonight."

Nick's face remained impassive. He lit a cigarette slowly. Nellie Lennahan was the girl who had been strangled and Nick had saved too late. Cook spoke of her as an old friend. Perhaps in her younger and more beautiful days she had been his girl.

"You wouldn't have any reason to bump her, would you?" Nick asked. His tone was scathing, purposely accusing.

Cook's sharp beady eyes, wavered, widened with fright, covered quickly. He had been up against law and order all his life and knew the best answer to a cop was nothing. But being up against Nick Carter was not in his everyday line.

"No, I wouldn't have any reason," he said with deliberation. "I haven't seen her for four years. She quit me cold. That's the last time I saw her.

Nellie didn't talk. She was a square kid".

"Maybe she was. But she talked before she died," Nick said. He blew a cloud of smoke, got up to leave. "Some other people have been talking too, Cook. Some of 'em talked plenty. There was a little counterfeiting die found down in a burned house you used to have as a hangout. We're learning things about that. We got some ideas about a fire and an alky plant tonight, too."

He watched Cook closely from the tail of his eye. The man's face was a mask, but the pupils of his eyes were dilating rapidly.

"Your stool-shadow got scorched in the fire tonight. But he was sand-bagged first. A guy named Morelli was scorched too. But he had time to talk before he kicked," Nick went on. "You've been fixing too many double crosses, Cook. And you've fixed yourself proper. We'll have enough evidence and affidavits to put your whole mob on the hotseat by tomorrow. I've got enough to hang you on now. But I just want to see you pull this last fire you've framed. A garage fire won't matter much and it will give me the rest of the evidence I need."

Nick walked out, leaving Cook with wild dark eyes. The gangster was no fool, but he wouldn't know quite how to figure Nick's hints. Nick had dropped plenty of them. But the last one, about a garage fire, would keep Cook guessing. He'd wonder just why Nick Carter happened to let that drop before the fire. And he'd wonder a lot of other things about that visit.

In the night club proper Nick saw Roxy seated with a couple of the town's leading racketeers and a Broadway playboy. Seeing he was in no disguise and making to attempt to hide she signaled him over gayly.

"Nick Carter, meet three of your best personal enemies. Every one of 'em would like to slit your throat on general principles," she laughed.

"You're a menace to successful crime," one of the racketeers grinned. The other scowled. The playboy tried to be patronizing.

Nick sat with them, ordered a heavy meal. The conversation got around to the outcrop of fires. The tougher and more bloody histories of the two racketeers spit disgustedly.

"They ought to burn that guy in one of his own fires!" he announced with a vicious twist to his mouth. "I'd like to get hold of him for thirty minutes!"

The other nodded. Arson and snatching

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double-crossed Cook," the commissioner commented. "But this Morelli was a tough babe. If he took it into his head, he might. He had a close tie-up with Oles."

"That's the trick!" Nick said.

"Now we're getting somewhere I'll say it was a double cross!"

"Need any help?"

"Only on information. I'll need all my men for covering. I want to find out the full roster of every thug who's ever worked for Cook. And I want all surveillance of Cook, Kyle and Oles from your end pulled off until later."

They ended conversation abruptly. Nick raced to his room, washed in record time, left a note for Patsy to pick up his trail as soon as she located Kyle and dashed off to join the late crowd at the Fly High Club. Before the end of another twenty-four hours there'd be action.

He found Cook checking up in his office, got in by the simple process of laying a guard at the door flat. Cook laid down his cigar with studied care, looked at Nick with a poker face and fish eyes.

"Well, Carter, what are you after this time?" he asked, hands near the drawer of his desk.

"Don't reach for that drawer, Cook," Nick warned. "You were never very fast on the draw." The gangster stared stonily, but moved his hands a few inches higher on his stomach. "What I want to know," Nick went on, "is why you had somebody warn me off the arson cases before the first news stories were even in print."

Cook had been leaning back in his chair. It came down with a crash. His eyes blazed, but his face went white and his thick lips creased out in a straight mean slit.

"So that's the set-up?" he shot. "What is it a frame or on the level? I didn't call you and I didn't know Nellie Lennahan had croaked until tonight."

Nick's face remained impassive. He lit a cigarette slowly. Nellie Lennahan was the girl who had been strangled and Nick had saved too late. Cook spoke of her as an old friend. Perhaps in her younger and more beautiful days she had been his girl.

"You wouldn't have any reason to bump her, would you?" Nick asked. His tone was scathing, purposely accusing.

Cook's sharp beady eyes, wavered, widened with fright, covered quickly. He had been up against law and order all his life and knew the best answer to a cop was nothing. But being up against Nick Carter was not in his everyday line.

"No, I wouldn't have any reason", he said with deliberation. "I haven't seen her for four years. She quit me cold. That's the last time I saw her.

Nellie didn't talk. She was a square kid".

"Maybe she was. But she talked before she died," Nick said. He blew a cloud of smoke, got up to leave. "Some other people have been talking too, Cook. Some of 'em talked plenty. There was a little counterfeiting die found down in a burned house you used to have as a hangout. We're learning things about that. We got some ideas about a fire and an alky plant tonight, too."

He watched Cook closely from the tail of his eye. The man's face was a mask, but the pupils of his eyes were dilating rapidly.

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were two crimes even these hard bitten criminals were set against. Nick recollected that in their histories of crime, these two crimes were about the only ones they'd missed.

"It's a set-up," the racketeer went on. "I've been following the case. They can't tell me it's a lunatic! Some guy's lighting up for dough or to cover up. I know half them building myself. But that's one lug I'd squeeze with my own hands."

Nick got the drift. The man was giving him a tip-off that if Nick needed the help of his mob in catching the fire bug he could have it. Most of the racketeers in town had used some of Kyle's buildings at some time on the upward climb.

Oles suddenly appeared, smiling and immaculate in evening clothes. He glanced doubtfully at Nick, seemed to hesitate, then came over and joined the party. He knew all these at the tables. He blanched a little white, Nick thought, when discussion of the fires went on. But he was heavily powdered and it was morning. Most of the faces in that room were white.

"I'll stand for a lot", Oles commented. "But arson's one thing I'd turn stool on my self. I hope they get his bird and tie him to a raft of hot lead!"

"Looks like we're going to," Nick said, acting just tight enough to be a little boastful. He bent his eyes very hard on Oles' hands for a bare instant. "Been hunting?" he asked abruptly.

Oles laughed--too boisterously. "No, as a matter of fact I went out on a bit," he said. "I'm a great fire fan, Nick, and being one of the deputy commissioners, I was interested in seeing this wave of arson stamped out."

He took a long drink of whisky, but made no attempt to hide his blistered hands. They were not badly blistered, but merely in the way of a man with soft hands who has had a sudden dose of hard work. "You said you'd be getting the man soon? I hope you found my telephone comment was correct."

"You mean that the boys had nothing to do with an arson racket? Yes, I guess they're in the clear. Matter of fact, they gave me a good tip-off on a garage job set for tomorrow night. Seemed to amuse 'em."

"A garage job! By----" Oles paled, stopped suddenly. His professionally jovial lips twisted into a red knot of rage. He eyes darted around the room.

"We're going to let it get pulled because there's no danger to life or adjacent property," Nick went on confidentially. "But we really don't need it.

The boys are getting the evidence. Something to do with Morelli's death tonight. He was a friend of yours wasn't he?"

"Morelli? Oh, yes, I knew him," Oles said pulling himself calm with effort. "About this garage job. Wouldn't it be smarter not to let it come off? Never can tell about winds and fire passes."

"Oh, we'll be watching it," Nick said casually. "Couldn't let it get to the gas tanks."

"Yes, that's so, of course," Oles said, relief in his voice. "Same boys tip you off I spoke about?"

"Well, a rather distant part of the same outfit. Sort of like your connection," Nick said. He sat up straight abruptly as if suddenly conscious of talking too much in his cups.

Patsy suddenly appeared across the room. Nick called him openly, spoke in a whisper in his ear. "Oh, Kyle," he repeated once just audible enough to be heard by Oles without letting it appear that he knew he was heard. He excused himself, left the party with the slight stiffness of a tight man holding himself in control.

"That dick talks too much," one of the racketeers grinned. "Guess he had more of a load on than he showed. That's the trouble with liquor. I wouldn't touch it for twenty grand!"

"Yeah, he was talking a lot," Roxy commented. Privately she thought, "Now what the deuce is Nick up to?"

*** CONTINUED NEXT MONTH ***


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.

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6:45—Lowell Thomas—News	9:30—ABC's of Music




Don't Miss Here



8:30 A. M.
Welcome Hollywood
JACK McELROY



9 A. M.
DON McNEILL'S BREAKFAST CLUB



12:30 P. M.
LOCAL NEWS
LINCOLN ROCHESTER TRUST CO.

WARC
950 IN 1980
24 HRS. DAILY

Wireless Wanderings



JIM SNYDER

This article marks the completion of ten years of my writing this column. That means sixty regular columns, every other month, plus several "extra" columns in the "off months". I remember being much more impressed with my completing five years than I am now with ten, but this does seem to be a good time to think back again.

One thing I have learned over this ten year span is not to take myself too seriously. Why should I be the only one? While I frequently get up on my "soapbox", I am always delighted (I really am) to have someone take issue with what I have said. This sort of makes it fun for me, and I love having to defend myself. I have learned to refrain from patting myself on the back for those columns which I think I have done well because, to be fair about it, there have been some real "bombs" and I would have to kick myself for those that don't measure up. To avoid this physical abuse on myself, I have learned to judge them all on a curve: the good ones aren't as good as they seem, and the bad ones could have been worse.

There has been an interesting phenomenon in that those columns that I think will generate the most protest mail are the one that slip quietly into oblivion. Perhaps everyone simply assumes that someone else will tell me off. On the other hand, some columns that have contained absolutely nothing controversial have resulted in letters chastising me for some imagined insult. Actually it is hard to judge what is or isn't the opinion of most people until you've taken a stand. By then it's too late to take it back. Therefore, I have learned to accept criticism in the same spirit as I dish it out. But, if I firmly believe in something, I am not about to back down simply because my position isn't liked. This is perhaps most obvious in the annual column I do which your editor calls "rating the dealers." Advance copies of that column are always sent to the dealers in question and they are invited to issue a rebuttal for print, if they wish to do so. However, you

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have not seen the most interesting rebuttals because they are sent with the direction that they are not for publication. These are often nasty and threatening. My ancestry is frequently brought into question. One dealer said that he was going to come to Saginaw and break by my "----ing legs." Others have me bombarded with letters from "satisfied customers" who tell me how unfair I have been to this dealer. I always respond to these dealers, often with a five or six page letter, explaining my position and discussing their defense of their shoddy practices. While you don't get to read this exchange of letter, copies are sent to your editor and he can verify that this really happens. Then, others accuse me of being biased in favor of dealers no matter how crooked they might be. While I do defend the real service that dealers provide for us, I do not defend all dealers as individuals. I personally take credit for causing two fraudulent ones to go out of business, and for causing a third to completely change his business practices in view of the complaints that I had of his operation. My honesty and integrity are of extreme importance to me. Therefore, I always state the case on individual dealers as I feel I found it. So, I do not give in to the pressure, threats, and arguments, either for or against a dealer. None of these things can change what I actually experienced, and that is what I tell you.

I have noticed that people who suggest a subject for a column always expect me to write it from their viewpoint instead of my own. Apparently they figure that since they brought it to my attention, I owe them the courtesy of changing my beliefs to accommodate theirs. Then I'm supposed to sign my own name to it.

I realize that I don't do satire very well, but I was quite unprepared for the response that I got to the column I did last spring suggesting a new sound grading system for radio shows. This was intended to poke fun at some of the stuffy demands made by some collectors, and was the most complicated, impossible to figure out, pointless system that I could dream up. Imagine my surprise when three people took me seriously, including our club's esteemed intellectual, Bob Davis. These people all wrote to tell me that my system was too complicated. Gee, what a surprise!

When I started doing this column, ten years ago, I had a personal policy of devoting every other column (three a year) to some historical item from radio's past. Somewhere in these last five years I have given up on that practice and have pretty much limited the historical

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10:00 P. M.

New time! And a new sponsor --William Wrigley Jr. Co.

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Bing describes a betting system he figured out at Longchamps, the famous Parisian race-course. Listen in!

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8:30 A. M.
Welcome Hollywood
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9 A. M.
DON McNEILL'S
BREAKFAST CLUB

12:30 P. M.
LOCAL NEWS
LINCOLN ROCHESTER TRUST CO.

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24 HRS. DAILY

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stuff to a column I do in the OLD TIME RADIO DIGEST. While I don't want to tie myself down to that rigid schedule, I do want to get back to some historical columns in the future.

I am interested in some of the preconceived notions that people seem to have about me before they meet me. When people do finally meet me for the first time, they are always impressed with how young I am. I am only 23 years old, and extremely handsome. (That should give Bob Davis something to talk about in a future column). I have been told that I wasn't as old, young, tall, short, thin, or as fat as expected. I understand one person in Buffalo is convinced that I am an eccentric millionaire.

I enjoy doing this column, and I am not really sure why. I guess it is in part because I really enjoy the Old Time Radio club and what it offers to all of us. I think it offers more for the money than anything else in the hobby. So, even in spite of all the nasty, rotten things said about me by Bob Davis and Frank Boncore, I guess I will stick around for a while.

James Snyder
517 North Hamilton Street
Saginaw, MI 48602

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

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
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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.
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Brooklyn, NY 11230
(718) 436-3043

WANTED: John Wayne Material. Books, Posters etc.

John O'Mara
20 E. Union St.
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(716) 638-6221

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DIAL WHEC TODAY!

WENDY WARREN

And The
NEWS

12 Noon
DAILY



DON'T MISS IT—And DON'T MISS...



DIAL WHEC TONIGHT!



AT 8:00

MR. CHAMELEON

Probes

The
"Shocking Marriage
Murder Case"

KARL SWENSON

Plays The
Title Role

DON'T MISS IT—And DON'T MISS...

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6:15 MacMILLAN-SPORTS	9:00 GROUCHO MARX
6:30 JOURNAL of the AIR	9:30 BING CROSBY
6:45 LOWELL THOMAS	10:00 BURNS & ALLEN

Just The Facts Ma'am
by: Frank C. Boncore

This is my annual report on the 11th annual "Friends of Old Time Radio Convention" held in Newark, New Jersey at the Holiday Inn ITJ (in the junkyard). This year Bob Davis and I were assigned a room that did not face the junkyard. Instead of looking out the window and seeing the twin tower of the World Trade Center in New York City over through the junkyard, we faced two new towers. There were guard towers which were part of a new prison which was built on the opposite side of the junkyard. Bob and I figured that this was a warning to us by the hotel management not to pick on the junkyard or we might be guests of the new jail. However, I do have to say that in the five years I've been going to this hotel I still haven't found a maid that speaks English, or maybe they just like to avoid me.

Before I go any farther, I have to tell you what happened with our favorite airline, Peoples Express. Bob Davis called me about six weeks prior to the convention and said Peoples Express was having a sale, \$19 each way from Buffalo to Newark. I immediately made reservations for the both of us. The clerk at the other end of the phone said that I should wait until two weeks before I leave to pick up my tickets. About one week later I went to the travel agency to pick the tickets up. I was informed that the tickets went up to \$29. I called Bob and we decided that we would pay the additional \$10 to lock up the tickets before the price went up any more. Would you believe that the price of the tickets dropped back to \$19 the following week. Bob was so upset about it that he complained to good old Jim Snyder and sent him to collect his \$20 from me.

Getting back to the hotel, I must tell you about the food. Breakfast is like a buffet and if you go away hungry it's your own fault. However, on Saturday coffee is an extra 75¢, on Sunday it's included in the price. (Also included in the price is an automatic 15% gratuity). Lunch however is an experience. This year a salad bar is included and I might add that the salad bar is pretty well stocked. Friday I had lunch with Bob and Jim. I was a little annoyed when by Gazeboburger for \$5.25 looked like Bob's Huntburger for \$4.75. However, I was upset when both the burgers looked like Jim's Club Sandwich. However we both felt better when Jim picked up the tab. On a scale of 1 to 10 the buffet dinner served on Friday night was a minus 8. I must add that the hotel redeemed itself on Saturday with an excellent buffet which brought out the Italian

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in me when they served excellent stuffed shells. If you have a friend who is an alcoholic and wish to help him, send him to the Holiday Inn ITJ. The prices that they charge for drinks will send him scurrying to the nearest AA meeting.

The main reason why one goes to the convention is to enjoy old time radio. This is the place. Once a year one can come here to meet with others who have the same interest. Talk with several different OTR stars and find out how things were done way back when. The different panels and workshops are in various different rooms and one can learn what went on behind the scenes.

In the past I was privileged to see excellent productions of the "Shadow" the "Lone Ranger" "Sorry Wrong Number." This year was no exception. We were treated to recreations of "Henry Aldrich" and an excellent production of both the "Whistler" and "The Great Gildersleeve". These alone make the trip well worth it.

There are several panels and workshops where one can find out what went on behind the scenes. Raymond Edward Johnson, your host from Inner Sanctum, had his reading; he is always interesting to hear.

Now, I have to tell you about my favorite attraction THE DEALERS. Prior to the convention I made up a shopping list of what I was going to look for. I also set a limit of just exactly how much I was going to spend. As soon as I checked in I took off for the dealers room. I took the first right and spotted my good friend Ed Carr, the source of my excellent Whistler collection and my BBC programs. I said hello and proceeded to buy everything in BBC that he offered. Ed's material, one can buy with confidence since it is just about the best quality around. I then grabbed my reels and as I was leaving the room I nearly ran over Bob Davis who was walking in. After storing the reels in my hotel room I went back to the dealers room and ran for Ron Barnett (Echoes of the Past) table, it was empty, no one was there. I panicked and went to Jay Hickerson to find out why (I figured that I had a 50% refund if Ron Barnett did not come. Jay assured me that Ron was coming and I shouldn't panic. I then went to BRC productions table and said hello to Bob Burnham. Bob had six different cassettes of Wild Bill Hickock, a show that I hadn't heard since I was a kid. I bought all six of them. I also bought 3 cassettes of the Shadow that I thought I didn't have. I also bought a copy of the world of yesterday and a book entitled "Ma Perkins, Little Orphan Annie and Heigh Yo Silver!" by Charles K. Stumpf. (I have only glanced at it, I will write a review as soon as I read it and print it in a future

IP) Bob Burnham is a class guy and not only has OTR on cassette and reel he also has several different books and publications relating to OTR. BRC puts out quality cassettes and reels. I only wish that the would bring reels to the convention for the several reel freaks like myself - what do you say, Bob! My next stop was at Vintage Broadcasts to say hello to Andy Blatt. He had some Mysterious Traveler Shows and some Fat Man and another new Shadow which I bought and added to my collection. Does anyone know here I can get more episodes of the Fat Man? (the American version) Please contact me through the editor. Continuing on I went to the back of the room and bought some reels from Ken Mills of Nostalgia Recordings. I also bought some reels from Gary Dudash - AM Treasures and Tom Salome of Shadow Sound of the Past. Finally Ron Barnett surfaced and I had to fight my way through the crowd who also was waiting for him and were also snatching up reels as soon as he opened. I bought approximately 50 reels from him (for the record, Ron Barnett's quality is equal to that of Ed Carr's or Don Aston's of Aston's Adventures). Speaking of Don Aston, he has a catalog available for \$7 - well worth the price. Let's not be cheap like Frank Bork, our elderly librarian, send \$7 to Aston's Adventures, 1301 North Park Avenue, Inglewood, California 90302. You won't regret it. I have one comment on the dealers that I would like to make. I had talked to several people at the convention; (and I also consulted with Bob Davis, 1/3 of Chuck and Bob team) we all agreed that **MORE REEL TO REEL DEALERS SHOULD BE AT THE CONVENTION WITH THEIR PRODUCTS!!!!!!!!!!!!**

There were several regulars missing at this year's convention for various reasons. Terry Salmonson of Audio Classics was home recuperating from recent surgery, we all wish him a speedy recovery. Stuart J. Weiss, "Mr. Quality Cassettes" was there but had no table to sell his shows. Ed Cole of Florida was not there to the disappointment of Bob Davis who wants to buy "Vampirella" from him. Frank Bork, our elderly librarian, was not there because he is cheap and just might have to spend - ough - m-o-n-e-y. For the record his 1948 Kaiser-Frazer is in excellent running condition). Linda DeCicco, our not so elderly cassette librarian, was not there because she wanted to be like her idol, Frank Bork- cheap. Most conspicuously absent were Dick Osgood and Lee Allman of WXYZ. It is always a great pleasure to talk to them. I am assuming that they did not attend because they were going to Spervac Convention which was held two weeks after the Newark Convention.

While I am on that subject, could some arrangement be made so that the East Coast Convention and the West Coast Convention were held approximately six months apart? I would like to see this for two reasons: (1) We all don't have the financial resources of Frank Bork, our elderly librarian and (2) if I took of for a 2nd weekend to attend a 2nd convention two weeks after I spend a small fortune at the 1st convention my clothes would be on the front step or at the curb. Speaking for myself and several others who would like to attend both conventions, we hope that some deal could be worked out.

There were some general comments and observations at the convention which I would like to share with you.

Comment to JIM SNYDER: It takes Jim 2 hours to fly to Newark from Michigan. It takes him 3 hours and 4 phone calls to get from Newark Airport to the Holiday Inn ITJ which is across the street. Perhaps the hotel management is telling you something - like STAY AWAY or perhaps maybe you will go away if they ignore you.

Comment to FRANK BORK, OUR ELDERLY LIBRARIAN: If Raymond Edward Johnson can attend the convention (and he has to be older than you) why don't you break down, spend some of the interest from your World War I Bonds and attend next years convention which by the way is **OCTOBER 23rd and 24th, 1987**. If you are already booked, the following year it is October 21 and 22, 1988.

Observation: It is very easy to find Rudy of Burlington Audio Tapes at the convention, just look for the Canadian flag which he proudly flies over his table; just in case his favorite customer Dick Simpson of St. Catherines Ontario, Canada has a problem finding him.

Observation: On Friday, there was a meeting of the Spervac Board of Directors and anyone interested in attending. Jim Snyder chose to attend with his list of comments and/or suggestions. On Saturday morning, I woke up early and quickly went out to check the trees around the perimeter of the Hotel. Since I did not find good old Jim hanging from any of them, I must assume a peaceful settlement was made. For those interested, on Sunday Jim was out shopping for more Yearbook books. (I still don't know what the hell is the Yearbook Book).

Observation: It was generally thought that someone should take Anthony Tollin's pointer away from him before he pokes someone in the crowd or before someone from the crowd takes it and inserts it in Anthony's alimentary orifice. Anthony should wear his Bret Morrison Cape and hat - it is much safer. The bottom line is **BRING BACK JOE WEBB**.


Observation: It was nice to see

Jay Hickerson finally take some time and enjoy the convention which he works so long and so hard to put on year after year. COMMENT: to Jay Hickerson: Once again **YOU WERE GREAT - THANKS FOR ONE HELL OF A GREAT JOB WELL DONE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**

See you next year at the Convention. In closing, let me take time to wish you and yours a very **MERRY CHRISTMAS** and a very healthy, prosperous and **HAPPY NEW YEAR**.


WHAM FIRST IN RADIO AND TELEVISION

Enjoy them tonight!



RALPH EDWARDS
8:30

"Truth or Consequences"— It's lots of fun either way. Don't miss it! You'll enjoy every minute!



DENNIS DAY
9:30

For a day full of wit, music, and laughter, it's "A Day in the Life of Dennis Day." A great favorite! Hear it tonight!

TOMORROW WALTER HUSTON, ELIZABETH TAYLOR
8:30 P. M. In Thornton Wilder's "OUR TOWN"
THEATER GUILD ON THE AIR



Frank and Ernest



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In closing, let me take time to wish you and yours a very MERRY CHRISTMAS and a very healthy, prosperous and HAPPY NEW YEAR.
 * * * * *



James Lehnhand

Bob Burnham has just published his second book, the LISTENING GUIDE TO CLASSIC RADIO PROGRAMS, which is kind of a sequel to this first one. The new book has some of the same material as his first book, but it has been greatly expanded so that it is now more than twice as long as his original work. The new book is 126 pages long, and contains a wealth of information needed by both the beginner in the hobby, and by the "old timers" Much of the material in this book is completely new, and did not appear in the first volume. In addition to his material, Bob has also called on a number of outside contributors, including several who are members of our club. I consider this to be a basic reference book for the hobby, which should be on all of our bookshelves. Copies may be ordered for \$10 from BRC Productions, P O Box 39522, Redford, MI 48239.


Jay Hickerson has a new address: Box 4321, Hamden, Connecticut 06514. Jay is the publisher of HELLO AGAIN, the oldest of the OTR newsletters. A sample copy can be obtained by sending him a stamped self-address envelope. He is also the organizer of the annual Friends of Old Time Radio convention, which is held in Newark, New Jersey, each year. Next year's convention, by the way, will be held on October 23 and 24, 1987. If you have interest in either of these items you will want to make a note of Jay's new address.

On the subject of conventions, NARA (North American Radio Archives) which is the oldest of the "national" OTR clubs, is planning a convention in Chicago in 1988 or 1989.

A new service that has become available in the COLLECTOR'S NETWORK. This is an outfit designed to help traders contact each other, and to duplicate shows for traders who do not have the equipment to do so themselves. There is an annual membership fee, a fee for shows that are taped for you, and there may be a fee involved with trades. Full information can be obtained from Bradley B. Lewis, P O Box 4982, St. Louis, Missouri 63108.
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THEATER GUILD ON THE AIR



Frank and Ernest



I WASN'T MAKING ANY COMPARISONS, KEMOSABE. I JUST MENTIONED THAT ZORRO'S BLACK OUTFIT LOOKS SHARP.

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The CRYSTAL EGG



HY DALEY

Personally I like to listen to a reel of Dramas from the Playhouse genre of radio programs. You know, where they dramatize famous movies of plays or even short stories.

One of the best was Hallmark Playhouse. Being an English teacher, I enjoy hearing the radio version of the "Devil and Daniel Webster" or Ferber's "Cimarron" or that great classic "Elmer the Great." John Lund's portrayal of the 1948 version of "Arrowsmith" was memorable. Ronald Coleman as Mr. Chips sparks memories from my own teaching career. The show was a Rose Among Many Thorns in the late 40's when radio was waning.

Danger with Granger not found in any of the source books, re: Big Broadcast or Tune In Yesterday, is a lightweight detective series that is worth listening to. Years ago I had one story and I really didn't enjoy it, but recently I picked up a whole reel and after a few shows my ears perked up and I found Granger an interesting character.

I've been teaching one Broadcasting class about the Soap Operas on radio. The Hummerts, a husband and wife writing team, wrote nearly half of the radio soaps on radio. It's hard to believe one office put out 30 or 40 soap scripts a day. How could they possibly remember who was seeing whom or who was jilting whom?

Some of the great(?) soaps were Adopted Daughter (30's), Pepper Young's Family, Against the Storm, Mary Noble, Backstage wife (Or as Bob and Ray Noted: Mary Backstage, Noble wife), Guiding Light (still on tv?). When a Girl Marries, Brighter Day, Carters of Elm Street (we all know what happens on Elm Street!), and Our Gal Sunday.

Most of my class are teenage girls who think soap operas originally came from the old testament. I mean like haven't they always been around?

They're surprised when I tell them "Just Plain Bill" was the first soap.



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Guest star Mildred Bailey

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Elsie, Elmer, Beulah

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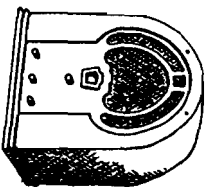
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