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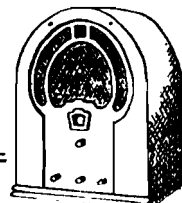
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#123 - JANUARY, 1987

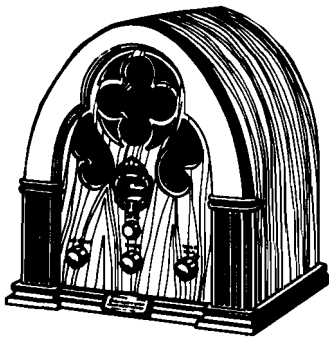


Jerry Colonna, for years associated with the Bob Hope Show. (1938)

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:

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

REFERENCE LIBRARY:

Ed Wanat
393 George Urban Blvd.
Cheektowaga, NY 14225

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Pete Bellanca
1620 Ferry Road
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James R. Steg
1741 Kensington Avenue
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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 L0S 1C0

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

Dominic Parisi
38 Ardmore Pl.
Buffalo, NY 14213

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DEADLINE FOR IP#125 - February 2
#126 - March 2
#127 - April 6

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

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TOTAL ORDERS

% of customers ordering cassettes = 71.2%
% of customers ordering reels = 28.8%

TOTAL GROSS INCOME

From customers ordering cassettes = 42.46%
From customers ordering reels = 57.54%

While these figures do not reflect actual dollar amounts, a significant factor emerges. The vast majority of old time radio enthusiasts and buyers now order cassettes, but the reel-to-reel customer, though fewer in number, make much larger orders. I now charge \$25 to put one six hour reel onto cassettes. The same \$25 will buy you about eighteen hours on reel-to-reel. People have written and asked why this is because cassettes are lighter and are cheaper to mail than reels. Without being too technical, let me say that cassettes must be done in real time while reels can be high-speed copied with excellent results. With the varying length of shows on the reels, putting a reel onto cassettes is much more difficult and time consuming. Some dealers use C-90's and put three 30 minute shows on each cassette but this necessitates breaking the second show in the middle and turning the cassette over. For this reason I rarely use C-90's. It may be no problem to the cassette customer to receive his shows this way, but when running two cassette decks at once when copying a reel (one for the left channel and one for the right) it is easy to see how inconvenient this can be. As dealers, the idea is to give the customer high quality copies of all shows and to do so in the least amount of invested time. If we charged for our time we would quickly be out of business!

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manufacturing the decks, reel-to-reel will be around for a good many years yet even though it appears we may sooner or later have to go to professional studio machines, of which literally thousands are in use in broadcast stations alone. The question arises here as to whether we want to spend the big bucks for professional decks. And I think I can speak for at least three major dealers that I know in saying we would do so if we had to. Quality certainly wouldn't suffer!

I don't presume to say right or wrong regarding Gary's decision to make the conversion to cassettes. I have known Gary for many years and he has a very good product and good service. What works for one dealer may not work for another and with his many years experience in the hobby he would know what suits him more than I would. But for my part, I am still doing a good reel-to-reel business and have no future plans of abandoning that format, although of course I will also always offer cassettes. In closing let me say that the promotion of youth interest in this hobby IS VITAL! Advertising has failed to reach many youth because most of them don't even understand what we're offering. The answer is not in advertising or promotion. It is in education and exposing the youth to this marvelous entertainment form. I would like to see more people work to get some of the radio stations in their area to air some of these shows. While each station pretty well keeps its steady listeners and their aren't as may "dial twisters" as there used to be, a station running OTR and advertising that it is going to be on will nonetheless attract a few people who will tune in to see what it's all about. And that is the first step in the education process. John Shores, a good friend of mine and a member of the OTRC of Buffalo has been instrumental in getting some of these shows on the air in the good sized market of Macon, Georgia. While now only 19 he is an avid fan of OTR and sees it as a medium through which the generation gap can be or would be partially bridged. Following is the text of his article that appeared in a recent Macon newspaper. This is reprinted with John's permission.

Editors: "Much as been written recently about the quality of entertainment in Macon. While I agree that Macon could benefit economically from concerts, there are several options available for entertainment. Today there are alternatives out there that simply did not exist in times past. The one entertainment option that we seem to have abandoned is radio. In the past, radio was the chief source of entertainment

for the family. Radio shows thrilled millions across the country. The conversation in the workplace covered recent broadcasts of popular programs. Radio inspired the imagination in a way that television could never match. Tapes of these shows currently are being sold and collected all over the country. This seems to be an excellent opportunity to share these great programs with youngsters who haven't had a chance to share in the magic offered by the family Philco. Many of those who remember the "golden age" of radio claim that young people have no interest in these shows. If this is true, it's because we haven't been given the chance to hear what radio offered. A good solution would be to have local radio stations air rebroadcasts of shows such as The Shadow, Inner Sanctum and Amos & Andy. These shows would be welcomed by older members of the listening audience, while exposing members of my generation to an entirely new concept in entertainment. These radio programs might pave the way to improved family relations between young and old. A change of this type in local radio programming would stimulate new interest in an old -- but precious -- art form, as well as alleviating the mediocrity of the standard music/news format observed by most stations".

Ed Cole
P O Box 3509
Lakeland, FL 33802

Scatman Crothers, Actor, Dies at 76

By JEFF WILSON
Associated Press

LOS ANGELES — Actor Scatman Crothers, whose roles ranged from a telepathist in "The Shining" to a magical senior citizen in "Twilight Zone: the Movie," died of cancer Saturday, his publicist said. He was 76.

Benjamin Sherman "Scatman" Crothers, also known for his television role as Louie on "Chico and the Man," died in his sleep with his wife of 40 years, Helen, at his bedside, publicist Jerry Zelenka said.

Crothers had been bedridden for weeks at his home in Van Nuys, and had slipped in and out of a mild coma for the past few days, Zelenka said.

Crothers learned last year that he had an inoperable cancerous tumor behind the left lung and the cancer recently spread to his esophagus, Zelenka said, adding that the actor was in and out of the hospital for radiation therapy.

Crothers picked the nickname Scatman in 1952 when, tripling as a drummer, singer and guitarist, he was auditioning for a radio show in Dayton, Ohio. The show director said he needed a name with a snapper sound.

"I told him to call me Scatman because I do a lot of scat singing," Crothers said back in 1932. Scat singing involves improvising nonsense syllables to a melody, an art mastered by Crothers and singer Ella Fitzgerald.

Crothers was hospitalized for three days in April for flu-like symptoms but returned to work on the canceled CBS-TV series "Morningstar, Eveningstar." In the series, he played Excell Dennis, an old actor working as a lounge pianist.

Besides his regular role on NBC's "Chico and the Man" from 1974 to 1978, he also appeared on "Hill Street Blues," "Hotel," "McMillan and Wife" and the miniseries "Roots."

His better-known recent roles were in Stanley Kubrick's 1980 film "The Shining," and Steven Spielberg's "The Twilight Zone" in 1983. He also appeared in "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest," "The Shootist," "Hello, Dolly" and "Bronco Billy."

Born in Terre Haute, Ind., Crothers began his show-business career at age 14 when he learned to sing and taught himself to play the drums and guitar in local speakeasies while still in high school.



NEWS CHATTER

Well the holidays are finally over and the parties have done their damage to our waistlines. Now the depressing time of the year has started in earnest with trying to pay off all the charges we've accumulated over the past month. Winter does seem to drag on and on with trying to pay those interesting little things. I have finally cataloged all those tapes that old Prof. Windbag Boncore has brought back from the convention. He's a great talker and con artist but a lousy speller. I guess we'll have to send Frank back to 2nd grade to learn how to spell all over again, especially when it comes to spelling peoples names wrong. I'd like to say something in reference to Bob Davis' column in last months I.P. I have to agree in part with him about some of the dealers. I was listening to some of the tapes from this years convention and I was a bit disappointed in the quality of the sound of the tapes. Some of the tapes were so poor that I had to put the sound on my stereo on very high to be able to listen to the shows. That is very disappointing to say the least because I expected to listen to some fine quality sounding shows. Hopefully we'll have better sounding tapes at next years convention. And as for the dealers who do a great job of taping hours of great shows, keep up the great work.

Linda DeCecco



Scatman Crothers

In the mid-1930s, Crothers formed his own band and traveled throughout the Midwest playing in some places where a black man had never been seen before.

In 1948, he brought his combo to Los Angeles. His next big break came when he co-starred with Dan Dailey in "Meet Me at the Fair," a Universal release that quickly led to countless appearances on television and in film.

NICK CAR

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THE NINE O'C

CHAPTER XV FLAMES LEAP AGAIN

The sun was already up as Nick and Patsy jumped into a taxi before the Fly High, headed southward toward Nick's house. Patsy told of finding Kyle's trail. He had headed over to the financier's apartment, found that he had been in earlier that night but gone back out in something of a rush.

On a hunch, Patsy had driven to a lumber yard owned by Kyle and often used as an office for contacts he did not wish to see at his formal downtown office. The yards had been dark, only the night lights and light in the watchman's shack showing. But as Patsy was about to jump down from the shed top from which he was reconnoitering, the small gate in the larger front gates had opened, a figure had scurried through the dark into the main office.

Lights flashed on in the brick building. Patsy investigated, saw Kyle stripped down and taking a brisk shower in the rear. He had lathered himself heavily, bathed in warm water which barely steamed the washroom windows or mirror. Finished with his shower he had given himself an oil rubdown, wiped it off carefully, syringed his nose and applied some ointment to his hands.

Nick listened to the details carefully a frown puckering his brow. From Patsy's description it sounded as if Kyle must have been present at a fire and rushed to the lumber yards to clean up. Could it have been Kyle Nick saw running over the roof tops?

Kyle spent some minutes cleaning up, Patsy went on. Then jumped into a fast dark car in the yard, sped uptown. Patsy had lost the car, but picked it up again before Kyle's apartment, found the man and retired for the night. He had returned to Nick's, found the note, checked on fires of the last two hours and hurried up to the Fly High.

"It's got me puzzled," Patsy said. "There were two more fires on property owned by Kyle while I was shadowing him. He couldn't have set them on the way home. I sent out a query on origins of fire. They may have been timed or fire trains".

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NICK CARTER

IN

COPYRIGHT: STREET & SMITH

THE NINE O'CLOCK FIRES

May, 1935

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"It's got me puzzled, too," Nick said. "If Kyle started those fires tonight, it may throw a monkey wrench in my hunch. But we've got to have him

tonight anyway just to clear up the cross currents. Make up like a race track tout, get in to see Kyle at his office this morning and spill the works to him that he's good for holding the bag at the Westside Garage tonight if there's a fire. Make it cost him money, then spill the story that you heard me talking with an assistant last night. You couldn't make out all I said, but you got the dope that the Westside would burn tonight, something about Oles, Cook and a lug named Morelli who got bumped last night."

"I get it. Kyle's going to be framed tonight on a setup fire that will leave him holding the bag for all of the past ones. Why the elaborate setting?" Patsy asked.

"If my hunch is right, it's one place all four suspects might have reason to burn, but none of them would. But they'll all be there to find out who's trying to frame them. They'll risk a lot to know that and all have alibis of sorts for being there." Nick had left a short note to Patsy on the DAW card. It was a policy of his to always keep assistants informed of actual evidence as it turned up or was eliminated.

"I don't figure the Dawson angle," Patsy said as they mounted the steps to Nick's house. "It's too neat. Looks like planted evidence."

Nick nodded. "It does on the face of it. The point is, if it was planted evidence Dawson could help us nail the right guy. He came here the day after the first death fire because he was scared he might be subject to arson by enemies, he said. It may be that he was scared he might be framed by enemies but didn't want to say that. In any event, if he falls for the setup tonight he's in on the mess from some angle and the quicker we know about him, the better."

There were reports waiting for Nick at his office. The two last Kyle fires Patsy had spoken about had been designated arson by timed means. The first was a streamer touch off, row of rags saturated with volatile liquid carrying the fire. The second had been started by means of flashlight powder trains and a slow heating electric pad.

"That's not hot," Nick said. "I want to see this Kyle guy cleared out of the picture. Maybe I miss my guess. But he doesn't belong. He's holding the bag too much and there hasn't been enough evidence to throw suspicion on

others."

He picked up the roster of the Cook mob sent up a few minutes earlier by Commissioner Updyke. It gave thorough listings of all Cook gangsters who were known for the last fifteen years. There were over two thousand on the list, but many of them had been beer barrel wrestlers, bartenders, beer drivers, muscle men, the host of smaller fry of the underworld. Nick tossed those names aside. The ones which interested him were those who had shown signs of resourcefulness, daring and brains. There were not so many. Thirty at the outside. Fourteen were dead, nine in penitentiaries, three still working for Cook, three had their own mobs but were friendly, and Cook himself.

Nick's brows knitted as he read over the list. All ex-Cook brains present and accounted for. He had expected to find one, perhaps two, whose disappearance was doubtful. "I wonder," Nick mused, "if Kyle is capable of figuring out a quadruple racket running to millions? It would be a neat trick. But it would take immense criminal conception."

"A little blackmail frame-up warning to Dawson?" Patsy queried.

Nick nodded. "That would take crust!" Patsy said. "Clear his own old properties, get paid, blackmail Dawson and frame Oles and Cook! Boy, what a plot!"

"Well, off for you," Nick said. "Pick up Kyle when he leaves his house and don't lose him until tonight. Have Oles covered. Tell Roxy to watch Cook. All of you report here at six."

Nick sat down to morning coffee and called Dawson at his home. He invited the capitalist in for breakfast. Shortly after, Nick was laying two objects carefully on the living room table, arranging them to look as if hastily covered, but allowing them to show.

One was the burned business card with the three initials. The other was a crudely scrawled message reading, "If you want the fire bug be at the Westside Garage at eight tonight. Bring plenty of dough". It was signed, "Somebody who knows."

When Dawson came in, Nick made a fast motion with his hand as if putting the two objects beneath a magazine. He watched Dawson covertly. The man was looking tired as if from a late night, but his eyes were as quick as Nick's hand. He talked cheerfully over coffee, asked about the arson case.

"Oh, we'll crack it within a few hours," Nick said airily. "The human torch couldn't expect to get away with it indefinitely. But we've got to watch

our step. Word came that a frameup was being fixed. More underworld business. There's been a triangular feud on between a broker, a gangster and a politician. I guess they all wanted the gravy in this. How are your affairs?"

"I was glad you called," Dawson said. "Matter of fact, I had some crazy threat of arson yesterday unless I kicked through with a hundred thousand. The idea was that they'd just light a small fire the first time to show they were serious. Then they'd call and see how I felt about the matter. I said you were handling my protection and the man laughed!"

He hung up the phone before I could have the call traced."

"What did he sound like?" Nick asked. They moved back to the living room to finish a last cup of coffee.

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Chick was still recovering from his ordeal of he previous night. Nick had to order him to stay abed. For which his young assistant was not grateful although the bare movement of sitting up caused his lungs to heave.

Nick spent the early morning with Commissioner Updyke and Fire Chief Drew. The plans for the night's work were detailed. For Nick's plan to be successful required close cooperation from both Fire and Police departments. What he was about to do was strictly against all precedent. But it was essential that the arson fiend be caught with the goods. In less influential people it would have been possible to merely seize them in possession of fire making materials. But dealing with this crowd, all of whom could afford the best legal advice and all that money and knowledge of the underworld could buy, more than that was necessary.

Updyke sat with knitted brows through the interview. "I don't like it Nick," he said at length. "I'd feel safe if we seized the whole caboodle on suspicion."

"And they'd be out on habeas corpus within an hour," Nick spit savagely. "There isn't a shred of evidence. Cross questioning wouldn't get to first base with these men."

"Why is it necessary to pick a garage as the prospective fire location?" asked Drew.

"It's the one place I'm sure is of common interest to all," Nick said. "It's the one spot which immediately impresses each one that he's being framed by any or all of the others--if my hunch is correct. Don't forget, chief, there's more behind this than ordinary arson. We're not sure that even if we nab the fire bug the fires will cease. Somebody else might carry them on unless we know the whole story and what's at the bottom of the business."

The commissioner and chief finally pledged grudging cooperation. Their departments would be ready to act at the first sign of fire. It would be ticklish business as it was essential that all fire an police department men be out of sight before then.

Nick arranged the final details, ran upstairs to don his guns and raced out to Dawson's factory. Dawson, looking serious and secretive, met him in the office. Nick mentioned nothing about noticing the loss of the card. But Dawson was full of surprise. He produced the piece of card, handling it gingerly by the edges so as to leave no finger prints.

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our step. Word came that a frameup was being fixed. More underworld business. There's been a triangular feud on between a broker, a gangster and a politician. I guess they all wanted the gravy in this. How are your affairs?

"I was glad you called," Dawson said. "Matter of fact, I had some crazy threat of arson yesterday unless I kicked through with a hundred thousand. The idea was that they'd just light a small fire the first time to show they were serious. Then they'd call and see how I felt about the matter. I said you were handling my protection and the man laughed!

He hung up the phone before I could have the call traced."

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"It happened to see this and removed it for closer examination," He said without apology. "It happens to be one of my

own cards." He handed the specimen back to the astonished Nick.

"It was found on a charred body in one of the arson fires," Nick said. If the game was to be one of outright surprise, he could play at that also.

"I can tell you about it," Dawson said frankly. "I give out very few cards and I'm sure I know about this one. A man, a gangster, named Morelli came to see me in New York. He was trying to blackmail me. I wanted to talk with him further and gave him this card to come out here. He must have suspected a plant for he communicated over the telephone thereafter. I refused to give in to the blackmail and he threatened to frame me. But this was the same as the telephone call I told you about. First they were simply going to give me a small taste of what they could do. Enough to embarrass me, but not enough to cause real trouble."

"They could embarrass you quite easily with your approaching marriage," Nick commented. "Why didn't you tell me about this before?"

"I had no idea it had anything to do with the fires until I saw the burned piece of card. The letters are a peculiar type and I recognized them. The less known about my past, Mr. Carter, the better. I've dropped it, finished it, and I don't wish it hauled up. Whatever people may think, nobody knows anything about it and they never will. That I say frankly and include you. This Morelli knew nothing, incidentally. His plant was an outright frame-up."

"How do you account for his death?" Nick asked.

Dawson shrugged muscular shoulders. "It doesn't interest me. That's the job of the Police or Fire Marshall. My interests begin and end with myself and what's mine."

Nick was studying the man, marveling at his iron control of emotion. There was no trace on his face that what was buried in the past might be of any importance or that current events worried him beyond what he had said.

"You keep your cars at the Westside Garage, don't you?" Nick asked.

"Some of them. I saw the note beside the card if that's what you want to know." He paused and considered for a space of time. "I don't suppose you'd deputize me to go along tonight?"

"That would be rather difficult," Nick said. "However, if you happen to be there you have an alibi which I imagine will hold water. But if they've framed you cleverly, Dawson, and yours is the name I learn tonight, I'll have to investigate your movements and past carefully before releasing you."

"Neither would stand investigation," Dawson announced blandly. He smiled

suddenly, the outright smile of one clever daring man challenging another. "It looks as if for my purposes, you were on the side of this gang, doesn't it?"

"It may," Nick admitted. "Of course I don't know what tonight may bring forth. We have several suspects and you didn't come into the case until I found the piece of card. Matter of fact, you're not actually in it yet. What you've told me as more than I knew."

"You wouldn't have been far behind," Dawson said. "But please believe me. When I came to you it was merely to protect my plants and factories and my own name. They're rather heavily insured. It occurred to me that this Morelli might light up one of them and the following investigation would be somewhat embarrassing for me if it were an inside job."

There was a sudden shrieking blast of a whistle. One long, one short, two longs. Dawson leaped to his feet.

"There it is," he shouted. "Plant three fire, Ammonia." He was running toward a corner cupboard. A moment later he tossed out rubber pants and coats, and helmets. Wet ammonia coming into contact with the skin would cause serious blistering.

"Don't know what this proves," he shouted while getting into gear, "but it looks like that telephone call yesterday was on the level."

A moment later they were racing through corridors, out a side door, down railroad tracks toward plant three. There was the sound of bells and sirens as the plant fire company stretched into the chemical works. Around a corner they tore. A heavy spurting column of dense gray smoke burst into view. Men ran and shouted over the roar of the fire. Hoses were already siamesed. The first hose line let loose a powerful stream of chemical water.

"Volunteers!" the chief of the local private company called. Three men stepped forward. He needed six. Dawson and Nick raced into the group. The chief himself made up the other man. Masks and rubber gloves and litmus paper and electric torches were being broken out.

Nick climbed into his mask, took a roll of litmus. He knew what was needed. Litmus paper turned red over direct ammonia fumes when wetted first. He grabbed up a can of sulphur water. In direct contact with ammonia it would cloud and steam.

The main ammonia flow had already been turned off, but the important thing was to find local leaks, bind them until the fire could be brought under control. Almost automatically, Nick set the fire down to the fire bug of the city. In seconds, the fire had swept throughout the entire building.

Led by the chief and following a hand rope, the small company headed into the roaring pall. Chemicals were burning with an intense heat. They rushed through to the main flow pipe, followed it to intersections. At each joint a man dropped off, made his way along the joint pipe, working with sulphur water or litmus.

The pipes were a twisting jumble. The heat terrific. Nick had to work slowly, crawl along feeling his way foot by foot. He had no idea of time, but he must have been in the building fully thirty minutes. At the other end, some sort of storage space, he heard a rapid series of explosions, the chemical streams striking the fire. He found the end of the pipe and no leaks, worked his way back.

Even in the intense heat, the danger and excitement of the moment, his mind was probing, trying to find cause for the fire. Some clue, he felt sure, would turn up. He came back outside, found three leaks had been located and taped, the fire was under control. Two men had been injured, already sent off in ambulances.

Then a crew came out bearing a charred body in an asbestos blanket. The foreman of the plant checked up. All of his men were accounted for. The corpse was that of an unknown person. Nick carefully removed the charred wallet. Most of the papers inside were burned. But there were remnants of identification.

The man who had been burned was an employee of Carlton Kyle!

"Where's Dawson?" Nick suddenly shouted at the chief.

"Hurt by an exploding pipe. He went off to the hospital!"

"In his own car?" Nick shot. There were ambulances on hand and a hospital for all the plants.

The chief nodded. Nick's mouth was grim. Another life had been sacrificed to the arson plot. He now knew his man definitely. But the charred corpse was not worth while evidence. As the case stood, it would simply close the case with the blame on an insane employee and leave Kyle under a dark cloud, or it proved nothing whatever.

Nick ripped out of his suit, sped for his car. With wide open siren he cut through the river tunnel, swinging in and out of cars, breaking every regulation enforced for traffic.

CONTINUED NEXT MONTH

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On a personal level it meant cutting the after school ball game short so you could get in the house to listen to Tom Mix or Capt. Midnight or the Lone Ranger. At supper time there were newscasters with styles and voices so familiar that they made news come alive much better than today's TV. In the evening the wonderful comedy, drama and music shows could take all your time if you didn't have homework or other chores to do, and the families gathered around radio then just like they do TV now, except with radio you could thumb through a magazine or evening paper or mom could be the sewing. It was relaxed and entertaining." "We had nothing to compare with it except the movies, and of course we did not know that it was ever going to end."

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large portions of dialogue from almost every show was nothing extraordinary. Watching that much television quickly stimulates the need for originality and creativity. After the medical situation cleared up, I immediately started looking for other interests. Radio was the only answer. Radio has a way of including the audience in the creative process, via the imagination; whereas television leaves the audience out in the cold by presenting only the finished product. (A product that often leaves me wondering whether or not the insult to my intelligence was deliberate. What can I say? I have experienced both mediums, and the election was over before it began. Radio won by the biggest majority in the history of democracy! (I counted the votes myself!))

My interest in OTR began with an assignment given several years ago by a High School English teacher. To make a long story short, the teacher played radio shows in class after reading the "radio plays" written by her students. It was a case of love at first sound. I'm hooked and have no desire to kick the habit! If you really want to understand the need to educate people under 25, try asking them to "write a radio show".

The experience in this article may or may not be typical. They are intended as examples from which the insight necessary to preserve our hobby may be gained.

John Shores
4489 Tech Dr.
Macon, GA 31206

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.



HY DALEY

The detective series Philip Marlowe didn't skip a beat when it went from Van Heflin to Gerald Mohr as the head sleuth. Although there was a year from its summer run in 1947 until its CBS run in 1948 the show lost nothing because of actor changes.

The actor playing the man lead means a lot in sustaining interest. When Steve Dunne replaced Howard Duff as Sam Spade, that show was definitely hurt. Sometimes new actors bring to a character as with Bob Bailey's treatment of Johnny Dollar. Of the five men who played Johnny, Charles Russell, Edward O'Brien, Bob Readick and Mandel Kramer, I like Bailey the best. His voice is more sincere. Edward O'Brien acts like he's playing a hard boiled city cop.

Even though Bret Morrison played the longest run of Shadow programs, he never had the sinister voice of Orson Welles who solves crimes like he was playing parlor games. Orson Welles scared the listener as well as the criminal. My mother tells me my grandfather forbid his children to listen to The Shadow because it was too scary and violent.

Back to Philip Marlowe, a minute. A great reel can be had from BRC Productions from Michigan. It has Three Van Heflin shows from the summer of 1947 then 9 shows from the fall of 1948 and early winter of 1949. Compare.

I recently relistened to the Captain Midnight serial concerning Ivan Shark's kidnapping of Chuck Ramsey. Even better than some of the scripts are the far out Skelly Oil commercials.

Trying to get Dad to use Skelly oil was the number theme of each commercial. The variations were endless. The secret Captain Midnight map was a good lure to get Dad to stop at a Skelly Station. Is Skelly still around? I never saw one in Pennsylvania.

Sinclair Minstrels—August 29—8:25 p. m.
—WLS:
Gene: "I hear you expect a blessed event at your house soon."
MacCloud: "Yes, my mother-in-law is going home for good."

Jerry Colonna Dies; Entertainer Was 82

United Press International

LOS ANGELES — Comedian Jerry Colonna, whose walrus mustache and googly eyes became his trademarks as he toured the world entertaining troops with Bob Hope, has died of kidney failure. He was 82.

Born in Boston, Colonna died Friday in the Motion Picture and Television Hospital in Woodland Hills after a long illness, said Ken Kantor, a spokesman for Hope.

"He was a dear friend. A great entertainer whom I traveled all over the world with for 25 years," Hope said.

Hope recalled how Colonna traveled with him to entertain American troops in three wars.

"He provided millions of laughs for millions of people and delighted the entire world with his unique style of comedy," Hope said. "It's a great loss to the entertainment industry. I'll miss him."

Hope will preside over the funeral, Kantor said, which was being arranged by the Lorencen Mortuary in Remeda. Colonna is survived by his wife of 36 years, Florence, who lives in Woodland Hills, and their son, Robert, who operates a Shakespearean theater in Providence, R.I.

Born to Italian immigrant parents, Colonna began his career as a trombonist and went on to play, sing and do comedy bits with big bands led by Benny Goodman and Artie Shaw.

He made his motion picture debut in 1937 in "32nd Street," a film that revealed his comedic touch — swiveling eyes, elastic face and a tear voice that could hold a single note in a rebel yell for a full 72 seconds.

Known for his ability to make his saucer-shaped eyes bulge out or roll

around, Colonna logged more than 4 million miles and performed at more than 1,500 shows around the globe since he joined Hope on the tours in 1941.

The Air Force honored him with its highest civilian honor, the Air Force Scroll of Appreciation.

In later years, Colonna was frequently in and out of the entertainment industry hospital. He was admitted in a coma in May 1979 and remained there until he died, Kantor said.

Colonna's movie credits included "College Spring," "Little Miss Broadway," "Road to Singapore," "Sis Hopkins," "True to the Army," "Star Spangled Rhythm," "Ice Capades," "Atlantic City," "It's in the Bag," "Road to Rio," "Kentucky Jubilee," "Meet Me in Las Vegas," and "Andy Hardy Comes Home."

SAY! WHO WAS THAT MASKED MAN?



HISSES and KISSES...OTR Convention, 1986.

KISSES to Frank Boncore for his whirlwind activities on the club's behalf during the convention. Just watching him in action was enough to tire me out. He didn't seem to run out of gas until late Sunday morning. Way to go guy!

KISSES to (Gosh, I hate to say this) Jim Snyder. He was another one that went out of his way to promote and strengthen the club. Although I pick on him a lot, I'm awfully glad he's a club member and a friend.

HISSES to Ezra Stone. A few of us were watching the Henry Aldrich rehearsal and not bothering anyone. Somewhere a woman took his picture and obviously angered Stone whereupon he told Anthony Tollin to clear us out. Many of us are very interested in the work that goes into putting on a show and were disappointed by Stone's obviously short fuse. Not the way to go guy!

KISSES to Willard Waterman. He provided us with one of the biggest laughs of the weekend. Jay Hickerson and his magic eleven fingers was doing his trivia bit by playing theme songs and having the audience guess what show it was from. A song was played and Waterman, who was sitting next to me, seriously said "No, I don't know that one." Naturally it turned out to be his own theme song. The crowd roared with laughter and "Gildy" ended up with an embarrassed expression on his face. Later he was heard to say "I swear. I never recognized it!" A charming guy that, like us all, is sometimes a little forgetful.

HISSES to Anthony Tollin. That pointer that seemed attached to your hand has to go! I felt like I was back in grade school. No offense Anthony but if that pointer went where everyone said it should go you would have perfect posture!

HISSES to a general trend. Open reels has always been the backbone of OTR collecting but to see the dealers tables it would seem that cassettes are

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Jerry Colonna Dies; Entertainer Was 82

United Press International

LOS ANGELES — Comedian Jerry Colonna, whose walrus mustache and googly eyes became his trademarks as he toured the world entertaining troops with Bob Hope, has died of kidney failure. He was 82.

Born in Boston, Colonna died Friday in the Motion Picture and Television Hospital in Woodland Hills after a long illness, said Ken Kantor, a spokesman for Hope.

"He was a dear friend. A great entertainer whom I traveled all over the world with for 25 years," Hope said.

Hope recalled how Colonna traveled with him to entertain American troops in three wars.

"He provided millions of laughs for millions of people and delighted the entire world with his unique style of comedy," Hope said. "It's a great loss to the entertainment industry. I'll miss him."

Hope will preside over the funeral, Kantor said, which was being arranged by the Lorenzen Mortuary in Reseda. Colonna is survived by his wife of 56 years, Florence, who lives in Woodland Hills, and their son, Robert, who operates a Shakespearean theater in Providence, R.I.

Born to Italian immigrant parents, Colonna began his career as a trombonist and went on to play, sing and do comedy bits with big bands led by Benny Goodman and Artie Shaw.

He made his motion picture debut in 1937 in "32nd Street," a film that revealed his comedic touch — swiveling eyes, elastic face and a tenor voice that could hold a single note in a rebel yell for a full 72 seconds.

Known for his ability to make his saucer-shaped eyes bulge out or roll

around, Colonna logged more than 4 million miles and performed at more than 1,500 shows around the globe since he joined Hope on the tours in 1941.

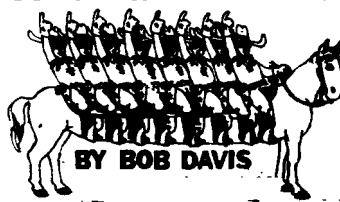
The Air Force honored him with its highest civilian honor, the Air Force Scroll of Appreciation.

In later years, Colonna was frequently in and out of the entertainment industry hospital. He was admitted in a coma in May 1979 and remained there until he died, Kantor said.

Colonna's movie credits included "College Spring," "Little Miss Broadway," "Road to Singapore," "Sis Hopkins," "True to the Army," "Star Spangled Rhythm," "Ice Capades," "Atlantic City," "It's in the Bag," "Road to Rio," "Kentucky Jubilee," "Meet Me in Las Vegas," and "Andy Hardy Comes Home."

SAY!

WHO WAS THAT MASKED MAN?



HISSES and KISSES...OTR Convention, 1986.

KISSES to Frank Boncore for his whirlwind activities on the club's behalf during the convention. Just watching him in action was enough to tire me out. He didn't seem to run out of gas until late Sunday morning. Way to go guy!

KISSES to (Gosh, I hate to say this) Jim Snyder. He was another one that went out of his way to promote and strengthen the club. Although I pick on him a lot, I'm awfully glad he's a club member and a friend.

HISSES to Ezra Stone. A few of us were watching the Henry Aldrich rehearsal and not bothering anyone. Somewhere a woman took his picture and obviously angered Stone whereupon he told Anthony Tollin to clear us out. Many of us are very interested in the work that goes into putting on a show and were disappointed by Stone's obviously short fuse. Not the way to go guy!

KISSES to Willard Waterman. He provided us with one of the biggest laughs of the weekend. Jay Hickerson and his magic eleven fingers was doing his trivia bit by playing theme songs and having the audience guess what show it was from. A song was played and Waterman, who was sitting next to me, seriously said "No, I don't know that one." Naturally it turned out to be his own theme song. The crowd roared with laughter and "Gildy" ended up with an embarrassed expression on his face. Later he was heard to say "I swear. I never recognized it!" A charming guy that, like us all, is sometimes a little forgetful.

HISSES to Anthony Tollin. That pointer that seemed attached to your hand has to go! I felt like I was back in grade school. No offense Anthony but if that pointer went where everyone said it should go you would have perfect posture!

HISSES to a general trend. Open reels has always been the backbone of OTR collecting but to see the dealers tables it would seem that cassettes are

taking over. Many of the dealers dealt exclusively in cassettes, others had some reels but mainly cassettes. Only a couple had a large reel assortment to pick from. I see this as a sort of handwriting on the wall and, truthfully, am not too thrilled with it all. More on this in a future column.

KISSES to Shirley Mitchell. She's an arresting lady whose looks belie her years. She is gorgeous and when she, with her honey-laced, southern belle voice says "Throckmorton" well, it gets my juices flowing again and I wasn't alone. The audience response to her was terrific. I hope she comes back again. Whatta doll!

KISSES to Peg Lynch. A voice familiar to us all from the "Ethel and Albert" series. It's nice to know that she's as nice to meet as you could ask for. Another charmer that makes me glad I'm in the hobby.

KISSES to the planners of the convention. We appreciate the fact that you no longer schedule many activities at the same time. This way we can see all the things we want without having to give up on one to see another. Keep it that way if you can.

The Kisses in this column greatly outweigh the Hisses and so it was with the convention itself. I had a ball and enjoyed meeting a lot of you readers. In fact, I was surprised to find out there were so many of you that actually read these words of wisdom. It doesn't matter that once again I didn't win the "Rocky" award (grrr), there's always next year (hint-hint-hint). Jim Snyder offered to take me up to his room and show me his. I assume he meant his "Rocky" award. I HOPE he meant his "Rocky" award!!

About last month's column. I wrote to the worst offender dealer about the missing tracks on the tapes I bought from him and he promptly sent me those missing tracks. I think he might have been little angry because there was no note of explanation and none of the shows on the tracks was listed. It was just a tape in a box, nothing else. Oh well, I guess that I should be happy with what I got. I still say it would have been easier to do it right the first time.

Elsewhere in this issue of the I.P. you will find another piece by me. Please read it and give us your opinion. We need it as a guide for future club projects.

See ya next time.

Ed Wynn—August 9-7:30 p. m.—WOW: "A stuffed olive is a pickle with a tail. Right."

LETTERS



Dear Frank, Joseph and Phyllis,
MEMORIES (The Soaps 1986) is a delight from cover to cover. Whoever designed the soapy cover deserves a round of applause.

The entire magazine, as designed, brought back so many memories. In spite of an active career in OTR in Detroit at WXYZ, and free-lancing at the other stations there, I managed to find time hear many of the "soaps" that filled the airways at that time.

I was surprised at the number of shows that were broadcast. Some of them I had not heard of, but the 30 or more music themes were all familiar ones in my radio world.

We at WXYZ had our own "soap opera", "Ann Worth Housewife" which didn't make the national scene, but we had a lot of fun with it. I was, I guess, typecast as the stupid housemaid Tilly who worked for Ann Worth. It was fun while it lasted - the role, I mean. The writers finally married off Tilly (to get rid of her...they ordinarily didn't kill characters in those days to get rid of them). So, that ended my soap opera career.

Thank you for my copy of **MEMORIES**, I really appreciate it. I'm sorry I had to miss the convention this year. I missed seeing everyone.

As ever,
 Lee Allman

Dear Jerry: Just returned from L.A. last night to realize I owe you a thank you for making me member of your club. **I DO THANK YOU!**

I particularly enjoyed the copy of **MEMORIES**. I saw some really old pictures of some really old friends.

As you said, I really will enjoy the tape of Hal's last show and my first, all on one cassette.

It was nice seeing you in Newark and hope to see you again soon.

Thanks again,
 Willard Waterman

Horace Heidt, Bandleader, Dies

LOS ANGELES (AP) — Bandleader Horace Heidt, who helped launch the careers of such stars as Art Carney and Gordon MacRae with his radio talent shows, has died at the age of 85.

Heidt died Monday in Barlow Hospital after a long bout with pneumonia that began with a heart attack June 5, said Barbara Jackson, his manager. He had retired from the big-band circuit in 1955.

WHEN RADIO WAS

As of January 7, 1987 I will broadcast **WHEN RADIO WAS...** on KAPR, Douglas, Arizona. We intend to syndicate same. The program will consist of OTR programs... especially humor, i.e. Edgar Bergen/Charley McCarthy... Fibber McGee and Molly... Fred Allen (Linit Bath Review, Town Hall Tonight, etc.), Jack Benny to name a few. Some programs will consist of broadcasts of National Barn Dance from WLS in Chicago, some from Grand Ole Opry from WSM Nashville, et al. The third hour...yes, it is a 3 hour program...will have Inner Sanctum, Lights Out, The Shadow...

M-Y-S-T-E-R-Y. Each of the above is approximately 1/2 hr. in length...we will play recordings from 1907 (Uncle Josh)...even I'm surprised at the quality, considering they were taken from cylinder records...Happiness Boys (Jones and Hare... Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson and C/W Music from Vernon Dalhart era..Happy Pickard Family...and mostly music up thru the 1950's. We will insert (from much research) bits of information about blacksmiths...outhouses...(we even have poems and records about same...buggies... buggy whip manufacturers and buggy manufacturers (they still make both) and much more.

I use the name **BOB CARROLL** on the air.

Robert G. Cone
 P O Box 1541
 Douglas, AZ 85608

As leader of the Musical Knights, Heidt, for 25 years, was the host of talent shows on radio and television. Besides MacRae and Carney, he was credited with starting the careers of clarinetist Pete Fountain, accordionist Dick Contino, trumpeter Al Hirt, actors Ken Berry and Polly Bergen, and the singing King Sisters.

He is also credited with devising the first radio show to conduct ad-lib interviews with an audience, called "Answers by the Dancers." It got started in 1932 by accident, when a microphone from the bandstand fell to the dance floor. An embarrassed Heidt jumped down, grabbed the mike and began chatting with the audience.

His band recorded such hits as "I Don't Want to Set the World on Fire," "Deep in the Heart of Texas," "Tippy Tippy Tia," "The Hut Sut Song," "Little Sir Echo," "The Pennsylvania Polka" and "Hi Ho."

Born in Alameda, Calif., Heidt was headed toward a career in sports when he broke his back while playing football for the University of California in 1921. He decided to enter the music field while in the hospital after hearing the Guy Lombardo and Fred Waring orchestras.

In recent years, his son, Horace Jr., ran Horace Heidt Productions while he concentrated on running a chain of resort complexes in the San Fernando Valley. Heidt was married and divorced four times.

THE ARGUMENT AGAINST

By: Bob Davis

Recently, at one of the club meetings, a representative of a local radio station showed up and offered the Old Time Radio Club an opportunity to be one of the sponsors of a syndicated OTR show they are carrying. The money for this sponsorship would have to come out of club funds.

Three plans were offered. One of them that would have...well, never mind all the little details...let's get right to the bottom line. The plan was for (8) 30 second commercials in a 4 week period.

The second was for (4) 1 minute commercials in a 4 week period.

The third was for (13) 1 minute commercials in a 13 week period.

The respective costs for these plans were \$192, \$120 and \$370.50 for the last.

I feel that his kind of expenditure out of club funds is totally out of line. The station is a low wattage one that does not carry much beyond the Buffalo area and the program itself is so over-commercialized that an ad would just get lost in the shuffle. To me it just isn't worth the money and would be of no benefit to the club at all.

While I was at the OTR convention in Newark I brought this matter up with some members from other areas of the country and their response was generally the same. They felt that the club is no longer a local one and if a local project is considered, it should be paid for out of local funds, not out of the club's treasury.

They also feel that if we can do it...so can they. If we can use club money in that way why can't they make donations to their local PBS station for instance, in the club's name and out of the club's funds? Surely they are as much members as anyone else in the club. Why can't a member that lives in Tulsa, OK, have as much right to use the club's money for a local project as the members in Buffalo?

Elsewhere in this issue of the I.P. you will read the opposing arguments. They will say that if the local ads bring in more members than the club has benefited. That may be true but couldn't a member in Los Angeles use the same argument for their use of club funds to sponsor something in their area?

This is where I am asking for your help. I know that writing into us can be a pain at times but this time we really need the input. Please write to us and let us know your feelings on this matter. No letters mean no interest and no interest means that you don't care how your dues are spent. Many of us will be very disappointed if this is the case.

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Advertising on something that is nationwide is one thing, it can reach the bulk of our membership and a vast audience. Local is so limited in it's scope that the chance of success with it is slight, so slight as to make it a waste of time and money...club money!

I could drag this argument on for pages and pages but it would all come down to one point. Should club funds be spent on strictly local projects???

It would be nice if we could put everything up to a vote from the membership but that takes an extraordinary amount of time and is, for all intents and purposes, impossible. A guide line is the way and this is my plea to you to help us with a guideline on this matter.

Please send your card or letters to Dick Olday. His address is listed on page 2. By the way, Dick is the leader of the opposition view and his side of the argument should be read before forming an opinion. Who knows??? Maybe he's right...but I don't think so!

THE OTHER SIDE

By: Dick Olday

I will not call myself the opposition because both Bob and I have the club's best interests at heart. I would agree with Bob IF the expenditure of club funds was to be utilized for a "local" event. Our club made this mistake once and it almost caused the demise of our organization. However, I do not consider advertising for new members as a benefit only to the "locals".

In the past, our club has donated many memberships to local public radio station WEBR in Buffalo. If this was considered a "local" function only and we had not donated the memberships, we probably would not have had some of our most active members join the club. Specifically, I am referring to Frank Boncore and the O'Donnells.

Bob mentions the costs for the various plans presented to us but has neglected to mention the fact that the radio station was willing to consider free memberships as part of the cost of the ads.

Also, Bob feels that our ads would "get lost in the shuffle." I do not agree! If the people listening to OTR programs on the radio are not the type of people we are trying to reach, I guess I don't know who we would be trying to entice into our club.

Bob evidently feels that advertising is OK if done on a national level but not on a local level. Are we better off with a new member in Los Angeles rather than one in Buffalo...or do they

Continued on Page 14

THE DEALER'S CORNER

I received the following letter from Gary Dudash of AM Treasures recently. With the hope of keeping our readers informed and with Gary's blessing, I am sharing it now with our readers.

Dear Customer: I'm printing this form letter in hope that it will make clear why AM Treasure raised its prices three time in 1986 on "reel to reel" tapes, and discontinued them on this date of 11/5/86. Many questions are also answered by reading the main price sheet.

The pre 1986 prices of \$8.50 and \$6.50, with liberal free reels, was in effect for many years. Original prices by the first dealers in 1970 were \$8 and \$6, so I bucked cost for 15 years! Old radio dealers don't make much. It is a love for the preservation of golden age radio, and a way of reimbursement for the costs of collection. Up to 1986, I was selling for much less than many other dealers, and not making much more than my expenses. In 1986 this had to stop. This old radio hobby became a many faceted expense I was beginning to dislike. It was making a slave of me! I have other business interests that put the bread on the table, and also put me in a high tax bracket. Between that and putting a value on my personal time at this point in my life, prices in 1986 became more comparative to other dealers while also adjusted fairly for my circumstances.

Reel to reel decks, parts (when you can find them), and repair labor have increased at least four times the original cost that they were when I started the \$8.50 and \$6.50 prices. Advertising costs are up drastically. Printing the catalog has blown out of sight \$.

Also reel to reel is now commercially dead for popular home listening. The cold facts are there are none to be had in electronic stores outside of a possible one or two near \$1,000 studio models. There are no reel to reel music tapes to be found anywhere. Certainly not on commercial record labels: RCA, Capital, and Columbia record don't even mention them.

It's a small circle of old time radio reel to reel collectors that is getting smaller with age. It is just too impractical for me to cater to this situation any longer. Many reel to reelers are converting to cassettes for reasons I've explained, or simply because their decks have died! Why you can even find a cassette player or a walkman for under \$20 in many stationary stores these days! Cassette equipment and software is abundant and competitively priced. By eliminating reel to reel my overhead is greatly

lowered, and I can sell cassettes at low prices. Reels are actually a luxury now.

Let's put it this way: If in over 15 years of the hobby, original golden age listeners have not discovered old time radio dealers, they never will, or they are not interested. Or they are no longer with us in one way or another. The original listening market has long been exploited. Any future of this market will be mostly with newcomers (youth), and that market is with cassettes, the audio tape they have been conditioned to in today's commercial market.

Golden age radio is going to need a big commercial push, and a lot of advertising in the future. And it's no longer the old radio shows (a negative), it's the great radio shows. Today's audiences are spoiled. They want sound, picture, and color. Major advertisers find that today's audience prefer not to watch black and white movies on television, so we now have the "colorization" process. Twenty years ago there was a large following of silent movie collectors. Where are they today? No one wants to even rent a silent movie for a mere \$1 at the video store now! What is the future for great radio shows???

Gary Dudash
AM Treasures
P O Box 192
Babylon, NY 11702

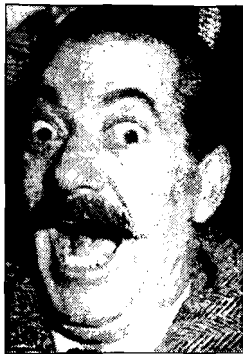
Continued from Page 13

both have an equal impact on the club.

Also, IF we had the money to advertise nationally, what would we advertise on radio that would target people interested in old time radio programs on a national level?

Since we are NOT planning to proceed with an advertising program in the immediate

future, we would welcome your comments, pro or con, sent c/o the I.P. to the address listed on page 2. Thank you for your time and patience in reading these arguments.



Jerry Colonna 1955 Photo

JUST THE FACTS MA'AM

By: Frank C. Boncore

In last month's column, I neglected to mention the generosity of several different old time radio dealers who contributed to our library at this year's Friends of Old Time Radio Convention in Newark.

104 cassettes were added to our library this year. Would you believe that only five of them were duplicates? (The duplicates were sent to our Canadian division to take some strain off Dick Simpson).

I would like to thank the following dealers for their contributions to our cassette library.

Ed Carr, 216 Shaner St., Boyertown, PA 19512; BRC PRODUCTIONS, Box 39522, Redford, MI. 48239; Vintage Broadcasts 42 Bowling Green, Staten Island, NY 10314; AM Treasures, P O Box 192, Babylon, NY 11702; Echoes of the Past, Box 9593, Alexandria, VA 22304; Great American Radio (formerly Nostalgia Central) P O Box 528, Mt. Morris, MI 48458; Shadow Sounds of the Past, 196 Lawrence St., Brooklyn, NY 11230.

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Our reel library has increased by (9) reels. Could it be that Gary Dudash of AM Treasure is right? (Please read the Dealer's Corner in this issue).

There are several dealers who did not attend the convention this year for various reasons. The OTRC would greatly appreciate their donations to keep our Library strong and to offer more and better selections to our members.

You don't have to be a dealer to donate to the OTRC library. YOU can help by donating a reel(s) or cassette(s) to our library. Even if you see it listed you can still donate so we can keep building our Canadian Library.

Please help keep an "Old Man" off the street. (the winters get pretty cold in Buffalo). Frank Bork, our Elderly Librarian, would just love to hear from you. Old ladies have Bingo to keep them off the street, old Frank has the library. Now, really, you would not want to see Frank catch a cold, would you?

Send reel donations to:
Frank Bork, 7 Heritage Drive, Lancaster, NY 14086. Send Cassettes (audio & video) and records to: Linda DeCecco, 32 Shenandoah Rd., Buffalo, NY 14220.

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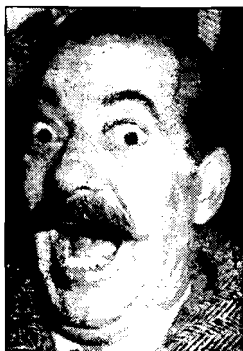
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Please help keep an "Old Man" off the street. (the winters get pretty cold in Buffalo). Frank Bork, our Elderly Librarian, would just love to hear from you. Old ladies have Bingo to keep them off the street, old Frank has the library. Now, really, you would not want to see Frank catch a cold, would you?

Send reel donations to:
Frank Bork, 7 Heritage Drive, Lancaster, NY 14086. Send Cassettes (audio & video) and records to: Linda DeCecco, 32 Shenandoah Rd., Buffalo, NY 14220.

In closing, please note that Ed Carr, a dealer has donated 2 additional reels of Escape to the Library. (in addition to his donation at the convention) and I, a non dealer, am donating 5 reels of Have Gun Will Travel to the library. HOW ABOUT YOU?????



"Ain't we got fun!" This is what Ozzie and Harriet do in the good old summertime.

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

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

WANTED: John Wayne Material. Books, Posters etc. John O'Mara 20 E. Union St. Holley, NY 14470 (716) 638-6221

WANTED: Extended runs of adventure serials on cassette (Hop Harrigan, Terry & the Pirates, etc.) Also articles about Fred Allen.

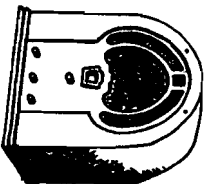
Ken Weigel 7011 Lennox Ave. #126 Van Nuys, CA 91405

Tapesondents is a free service to all members.

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