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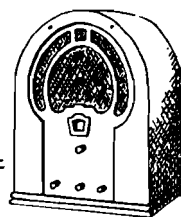
# ILLUSTRATED PRESS

EST. 1975

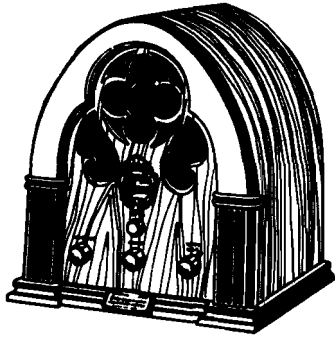
SEPTEMBER 1987



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 list, a monthly newsletter (THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS), an annual magazine (MEMORIES), and various special items. Additional family members living in the same household as a regular member may join the club for \$5.00 per year. These members have all the privileges of regular members but do not receive the publications. A junior membership is available to persons 15 years of age or younger who do not live in the household of a regular member. This membership is \$12.00 per year and includes all the benefits of a regular membership. Regular membership dues are as follows: If you join in January, dues are \$17.50 for the year; February, \$17.50; March, \$15.00; April, \$14.00; May, \$13.00; June, \$12.00; July, \$10.00; August, \$9.00; September, \$8.00; October \$7.00; November \$6.00; and December, \$5.00. The numbers after your name on the address label are the month and year your renewal is due. Reminder notes will be sent. Your renewal should be sent in as soon as possible to avoid missing issues. Please be certain to notify us if you change your address.

**OVERSEAS MEMBERSHIPS** are now available Annual dues are \$29.50. Publications will be air mailed.  
\*\*\*\*\*

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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 7:30 p.m.  
\*\*\*\*\*

**DEADLINE FOR IP:** 10th of each month prior to the month of publication.  
\*\*\*\*\*

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Advertising Deadline - September 1.

July 10, 1909. **NICK CARTER**  
**The Mystery of a**

**CHAPTER IV**

**THE ODOR OF PRUSSIC ACID**

Reuben Cross had also approached the window, and he, too, saw the object which the approaching men carried between them, and recognized what it must be.

Nick, after one glance through the window, turned quickly to look toward Chauncy Graeme.

The latter was standing, as already described, and although his attitude had stiffened, the expression of his face did not materially change save to give expression to that amazement which any person must have felt under like circumstances.

The minister uttered a loud cry and sprang toward the doorway which communicated with the hallway, and from thence to the piazza, but Nick Carter sprang before him, seized him and stopped him,

"Control yourself, Mr. Cross. Remember that we do not know what it is yet," he said rapidly.

Then he passed quickly from the house; so quickly that he met the men who bore the stretcher halfway between the gate and the front steps, and he stopped them there.

"Wait a moment," he commanded them; and when they stopped he reached forward and lifted one end of the sheet from the recumbent figure beneath it.

The thrill of utter surprise which passed through the detective then when he saw whose body it was, lying upon that stretcher, was such that he never forgot it. He had confidently expected to look down upon the still, dead face of Sally Cross, but instead he saw the unmistakable features of Benjamin Spaulding; but no less still, and dead, than he had thought to discover the other.

The face of the dead young man was almost in repose, but yet not quite so. There was an expression of pain still lingering about the lips as if the shock of death had come suddenly and the features had had no time to compose themselves

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afterward.

There was no mark visible any where upon the body. There was no indication of violence that the detective could see in that first glance, for he quickly replaced the sheet over the dead face and turned to meet the minister, who was already staggering down the piazza steps.

Nick seized him and held him. "It is not Sally," he exclaimed and the man so stricken an instant before staggered backward with a cry that was almost glad in its vehemence. It did not occur to him then to wonder who it was, or why the body had been brought to his house.

It was not Sally. He was assured of that. For the instant it was all that he cared to know.

But that revulsion of feeling lasted only a moment, then he reached out and seized Nick Carter's arm in a convulsive grasp.

"Who is it?" he demanded hoarsely.

"Brace yourself," said Nick. "Control yourself, Mr. Cross. The knowledge will be a blow to you, although not as great a one as you anticipated. The young man is dead. He died suddenly. I don't know how or why, but I will find out."

"Who is it?" demanded the minister.

"It is the body of Benjamin Spaulding."

"He is dead?"

"Yes."

"You are sure?"

"Quite sure."

"He was murdered?"

"We don't know that."

"You suspect it?"

"I do not even suspect it, Mr.

Cross. I know that he was alive last night, and that he is here now, quite dead. There are no marks upon him that I could determine in that one glance. Calm yourself, and after a little we will investigate. But first, shall I have the body taken into the parlor of your house?"

"Yes" if you please, Mr. Carter," replied the old man brokenly.

"And in the meantime will you do as I ask of you?"

"Yes"

"Go back to your study then; remain there until I come for you. Leave everything to me."

Mrs. Cross had appeared from somewhere at the rear of the house, by this time, and she seized upon Graeme, who was in the doorway, and demanded of him what had happened and what was on the stretcher.

She was almost beside herself with fright, and the detective saw Graeme put one arm about her shoulders, and heard him say in a low tone that was distinctly kind and considerate:

"It isn't Sally. Don't be alarmed."

"Who is it?" she demanded; and Graeme replied in the same kindly tone of voice, still with his arm about her:

"Mr. Carter has just said that it is Benjamin Spaulding. I am afraid that he has been badly injured. Let me take you into the house."

He turned her around then, and half led, half forced her across the threshold again, and so took her through a door at the end of the hallway, and closed it after them.

Nick Carter had watched this proceeding from interested motives, and he confessed himself greatly surprised by it. It was not the sort of conduct he expected from Chauncy Graeme.

But it was above reproach, and quite worthy of entire commendation.

The directed the men to carry the body into the parlor. He told another to communicate with a physician and with an undertaker, over the telephone; and then having excluded all persons from that room, he stood guard at the door himself until proper officials should arrive to take charge of affairs.

In the meantime the men who had brought the body to the minister's home, half filled the hallway and the piazza outside.

One of these men was John Turner, a native of the village, whom Nick Carter had occasion to know quite well, and the detective turned to him for information.

"Where was the body found, Turner?" he asked.

"In his room at the hotel," was the astounding reply.

"In his room at the hotel?" the detective repeated after him.

"Yes." said Turner. "He was supposed to have given up his room, and have gone away. It was not supposed that he occupied his room last night, but as he had not disturbed it at all since engaging it, the room was not visited by the servants of the hotel until a little while ago, when a guest arrived to whom it was allotted. It was the guest who found the body there, lying upon the bed."

"Fully dressed, as it is now?"

"Certainly; it has not been disturbed."

"But why was it taken out of the hotel and brought here? Did any one pass judgment upon it? Was the coroner summoned? Or a physician?"

"You ask your questions too rapidly for me, Mr. Carter. I don't know just why it was brought away from the hotel and fetched here. All that I know is I was called from the other side of the street to help carry it."

"Isn't there a coroner in this village, Turner?"

"Certainly. The doctor you have summoned is also the coroner."

"Doesn't he insist that permission shall be given before the body of a person who has died suddenly shall be disturbed?"

"Oh, I suppose that is the law, but it wasn't deemed necessary in this case."

"Why not?"

"The facts about it were too apparent."

"What do you mean by that?"

"What is the use of going through a lot of rigmarole and red tape when one already knows the whys and wherefores of the circumstance? Ben Spaulding has killed himself. That goes without saying, it seems to me."

"But how? I saw no marks upon him," said Nick.

"Poison."

"How do you know that?"

"Pinckney, the hotel proprietor, found the empty bottle beside him on the bed. He didn't want the body there, and he knew that the minister would receive it here. I suppose the thing was done a little bit hastily, and before any of us stopped to think much about it. Anyhow, it's here now, and so is the coroner, for there he comes."

Dr. Green was a middle-aged man with shrewd, keen eyes and energetic manner. He was one of the guests who had been present at the parsonage the preceding evening,

and he hurried forward to make himself known to Nick Carter again. The two disappeared together inside the room where the body had been taken.

Nick, who felt the responsibility of such a case and who always had a wholesome regard for the observance of the law, had been content to await the arrival of the coroner before going more deeply into the mystery; and now he stood a few feet distant, while the doctor, who was also the coroner, removed the concealing sheet from the body of the young man, who only last night was so full of life and the joy of living, and who now was dead, and who would soon be, in part forgotten.

The doctor examined the half-closed eyes of the dead man, raising the lids and then closing them again to remain so forevermore. He smelled at the lips, and then he raised himself instantly and pronounced the two words:

"Prussic acid."

Indeed the odor of it in the room, confined as it was, had become plainly apparent, for the deadly drug possesses an unmistakable aroma which is exactly like that which arises from a box of bitter almonds, newly opened.

There was no necessity to make a further examination as to the cause of death; it was only too plainly apparent.

The undertaker arrived at that moment, and Mrs. Cross came into the room with him; also the minister himself, and Nick Carter left them and the body, while he passed outside, and finding John Turner, again asked the man to accompany him to the hotel.

The detective felt the impulse to continue the investigation without delay, and suggested that they should proceed at once to the hotel. Turner willingly acquiesced in this request, and they had gone as far as the gate when hasty footsteps behind them and a softly spoken "I will go with you gentlemen," announced the arrival of Chauncy Graeme.

"Terrible, isn't it, Mr. Carter?" he said, as the three walked along side by side, hastening their steps in the directions of the village hotel.

"It is inexplicable," replied the detective non-committally.

"Suicide?" asked Graeme, a moment later.

"It would appear so at first glance, Graeme, but it is

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impossible to be clear about anything just yet."

"What killed him? Was he shot, or stabbed, or knocked on the head? I didn't see the body yet, you know."

"The coroner has made no report upon it," replied the detective evasively.

"But you saw the body, didn't you? You were present with the coroner when he examined it, weren't you?"

"Yes."

"Haven't you discovered what killed him?"

"Yes."

"Don't you want to tell me about it?"

"I have not the proper authority to tell anybody about it, Mr. Graeme, until the coroner has made public his own conclusions."

"Oh, I see. All that is rather far-fetched, don't you think? Just a little bit too particular in a case of this kind. That's my opinion, Mr. Carter."

"Possibly," said Nick.

There was nothing further said until they reached the hotel entrance, and in the meantime the detective had been going over in his mind all the occurrences of that morning, from the moment of the discovery of Sally's absence from her home, to the interrupted conversation between the minister and Graeme and himself in the study.

As they were about to ascend the hotel steps, Nick turned to Graeme and said, in a low tone:

"Was your dislike for Spaulding so pronounced that you would hesitate to assist me in solving this mystery, Mr. Graeme?"

"Not at all, sir. I should be only too glad to help you if I can do so."

"In that case, I will ask you to remain beside me for a time. I may need you."

"All right, Mr. Carter. I won't be far away."

They found that a considerable number of people had gathered in and around the hotel, for the news of the discovery had flown like wildfire around the village, and, like a conflagration, it had called out everybody who was not prevented from coming.

Pinckney, the proprietor of the hotel, more from selfish motives than because of any desire to assist justice, had rigorously excluded all these curious ones from the room in which the body

had been found. He did not want his carpets trampled upon and his furniture abused. It was because of this fact that Nick Carter found the room that had been engaged, but, supposedly, not made use of by Benjamin Spaulding, almost in the same condition as when the dead body was discovered stretched upon the bed within it.

The imprint of Spaulding's body could be seen on the counterpane of the bed.

The small vial, which Turner had described as being a bottle found by Pinkey beside the corpse, was now on the bureau where the landlord had tossed it.

It was of the size which will hold an ounce of fluid, and the odor of bitter almonds still clung about it. The towels which hung on the rack, above the wash stand, had not been disturbed; apparently not one of them had been used. The pitcher, standing inside the bowl, was filled to the ears with water. Chairs were as they had doubtless been arranged by a careful housemaid and the room presented the appearance of having been used not at all.

CONTINUED NEXT MONTH

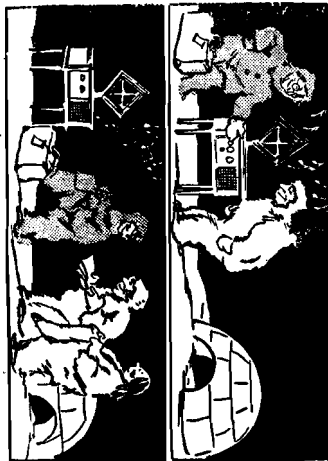
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**CANADIAN BRANCH:** Rental rates are the same as above, but in Canadian funds. Postage: Reels 1 Or 2 tapes \$1.50; 3 or 4 tapes \$1.75. Cassettes: 1 or 2 tapes \$.65; for each additional tape add \$.25.

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**REFERENCE LIBRARY:** A reference library exists for members. Members should have received a library list of materials with their membership. Only two items can be borrowed at one time, for a one month period. Please use the proper designations for materials to be borrowed. When ordering books include \$2.00 to cover rental, postage, and packaging. Please include \$1.00 for other items. If you wish to contribute to the library, the OTRC will copy materials and return the originals to you. See address on page 2.

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Radiofics

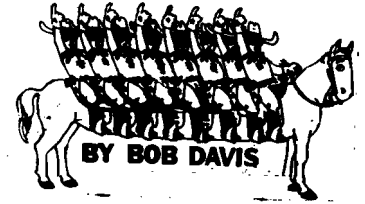
By King



Agnes Moorehead, one of radio's most accomplished actresses, appeared frequently on the "Columbia Workshop" and on Orson Welles' "Mercury Theatre on the Air." A personal triumph for her was her broadcast of the chilling "Sorry, Wrong Number."

# SAY!

WHO WAS THAT MASKED MAN?



IT has come to my attention that a few of our club members are not playing fair with us. Apparently these few members believe that by getting a tape or tapes from the club library entitles them to keep those tapes as their own. Our library works just like the Public Library. You take an item out and, within a reasonable time, return it. Simple as that.

I'm not going to give all the obvious reasons why the tape library shouldn't be abused as they are apparent to all. The one reason you should deal fairly with the library is one that you might not think of.

The OTR community is large and the grapevine if far reaching. Word of mouth, because of the very nature of the hobby, carries a lot of weight. Many collectors and tapes and things get mentioned that might not get printed in the various newsletters or magazines.

Frequently "deadbeats" are a prime topic. Who shafted who, who reneged on a trade, who is very slow in returning trades, who can not be trusted,.... the grapevine covers them all.

BY taking material out of the library you are honor-bound to return that material. Some think that it's being really sly to get tapes, dubb them, and then return the dubb to the library, keeping the originals. Well guys, we're on to that too. The only one you're fooling in yourselves.

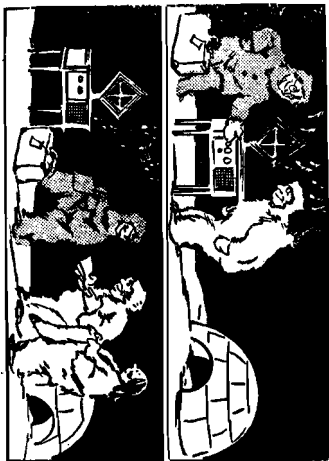
Whenever possible we try to replace these tapes lost, strayed, stolen or "counterfeit" tapes so they are available for others. Fortunately this is not a big problem as of yet. The majority of our members are reliable and honest people that are not trying to pull something on us and we are

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By King

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I'm not going to give all the obvious reasons why the tape library shouldn't be abused as they are apparent to all. The one reason you should deal fairly with the library is one that you might not think of.

The OTR community is large and the grapevine is far reaching. Word of mouth, because of the very nature of the hobby, carries a lot of weight. Many collectors and tapes and things get mentioned that might not get printed in the various newsletters or magazines.

Frequently "deadbeats" are a prime topic. Who shafted who, who reneged on a trade, who is very slow in returning trades, who can not be trusted,.... the grapevine covers them all.

BY taking material out of the library you are honor-bound to return that material. Some think that it's being really sly to get tapes, dubb them, and then return the dubb to the library, keeping the originals. Well guys, we're on to that too. The only one you're fooling in yourselves.

Whenever possible we try to replace these tapes lost, strayed, stolen or "counterfeit" tapes so they are available for others. Fortunately this is not a big problem as of yet. The majority of our members are reliable and honest people that are not trying to pull something on us and we are

proud to have them with us. Our library is wide open to them any time.

The few who insist on abusing the tape library will soon find themselves cut off completely AND the grapevine will have some new names. Like many aspects of life your reputation rides on your word. If you word is no good, so is your reputation.

If you have tapes from the library that are overdue please return them. It's your reputation you're fooling around with!!!!

The above portion of this column is strictly for those few members that think they are getting away with something. They fail to understand that the few reels they might hustle out of us will cost them in name value and in future dealings with this club or other traders. It just isn't worth it! Stay fair with us and we'll be more fair with you.

As this is being written it is the end of July and I still haven't heard anything from THE ANSWER MAN. In fact I haven't seen him since the convention last October when he was running down the hallway holding a towel around him and clutching a large jar of peanut butter (crunchy). I don't even think I want to know what he was up to. Talk about a party animal!!!!

See ya next time.

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"PBS pledge collection agency."

### HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE A FIELD REPORTER

You can! Just write an article on a place, event, show, etc., dealing with old time radio that you think others would like to read. The article must be typewritten. Include a black and white photograph (no color, please).

Any magazine or newspaper articles or cartoons of interest, or a L.O.C. would also be welcome.



Agnes Moorehead, one of radio's most accomplished actresses, appeared frequently on the Columbia Workshop and on Orson Welles' Mercury Theatre on the Air. A personal triumph for her was her broadcast of the chilling "Sorry, Wrong Number."

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# Radio Days

by Jackson Beck



As a kid I was always performing, so when a famous actor named Jack Norton said, "You know, kid, you ought to turn pro," that was all I needed.

I always listened to the radio, thinking, "Gee I can do that." One day I read an ad in the newspaper that said, "You, too, can be a radio actor." So I answered it, auditioning for two guys in the Bond Building in Times Square who told me I was good but needed lessons: I should go to a school around the corner, it would cost \$50. "Buddy," I said, "if I had 50 bucks I wouldn't be here." I offered to let them manage me for 20% instead of 10% if they'd forego the tuition. They said, no, I'd have to study at the school, which consisted of a studio, a microphone and lots of sadsack people.

Since I had no money, they made me an instructor working on commission. After two weeks I got disgusted, but the experience gave me an idea of where to go and I ended up at WINS on 58th Street, where I made friends with some of the announcers and the producer, who started using me for \$2 a show. This was in 1934 when New York had 27 radio stations. Eventually I worked at all of them.

I was the first to use the file card and a map for job hunting. I'd go from 57th Street where the ad agencies, recording studios and producers were located, down to 38th Street where there were more ad agencies. It took about ten days to complete the circuit. I walked the route

Jackson Beck grew up in New York City. His father was an actor in silent pictures and Jackson was not to be discouraged. Jackson's career as an announcer, actor, spokesperson spans five decades, and his credits defy listing: "It's a bird, it's a plane, it's Superman!" was one of millions of lines he convincingly delivered. Mr. Beck portrayed Joseph Stalin — and everybody else — on The March of Time, had leading roles on literally scores of popular shows. Today Mr. Beck is a leading spokesman and narrator, a member of AFTRA's National Board and New York Local Board, former National First Vice President, and New York Local President, winner of the AFTRA George Heller Memorial Gold Card Award in 1980.

*Some New York radio actors with heavy bookings had ambulances waiting to rush them from one broadcast to another.*

religiously until people in the offices got to know and hire me.

The first network show I did was *Death Valley Days* on NBC. All the actors had to dress formally. The audience of 300 was also in black-tie and was seated in the same room as the actors, separated by no more than ten feet. Audiences in those days were absolutely quiet. They would never think of behaving any differently in a radio studio than at the opera or the theatre.

If we had two shows close together and couldn't make both rehearsal schedules, we paid someone to be our stand-in right up to dress rehearsal. I always had a cab waiting for me, but some actors used ambulances because they got through traffic better; also, we would tip the elevator starters at the stations on a weekly basis to be sure an elevator was always waiting for us.

Actors learned to "play" a mike. If I was doing a deep voice, for example, I would move close; if I was doing a high voice, I moved away. You had to know where the mike's magnetic field was and how to use it. Sometimes I played five characters on one show.

Today when you go into a studio to record, there's no one there except you, the engineer and someone from the agency. In those days, there was the director, secretary, assistant director — all with stop watches, red pencils and

clipboards — plus four people from the agency and two from the sponsor. There could be as many as 15 useless people in the control room.

But the shows were meticulously produced. Most had live music — organ or orchestra. *Man Behind the Gun*, an hour show, had two days of rehearsal, 17 sound tables and the Columbia Orchestra.

Most of us did every dialect known to man. When you walked into a studio you never knew who you were going to play, but as soon as you saw the script you got a clue to your character: the heroine was Mary Noble, the villain was Mr. Blackwood, and Mr. Gray was neutral.

Also, we never knew how much we would get paid. I did 15-minute shows that paid \$15, and others that paid \$20.

One agency created a factory of soap operas and continued stories, and produced them on an assembly line basis. You went in for two hours and walked out with \$11.88 after taxes — unless you played the lead. The "queen of the hill" at that time was Bess Johnson who got \$1,750 a week — a huge sum in those days. Women got most of the soap opera money because the heroine was always the heart of the show and the leads were actors from the theatre who had agents to negotiate for them.

About this time, Equity decided we should be unionized and we decided we wanted to be. We were proselytized primarily by Equity actors who were doing some radio work. The real thrust came from the stars, all of whom were accustomed to being in a union.

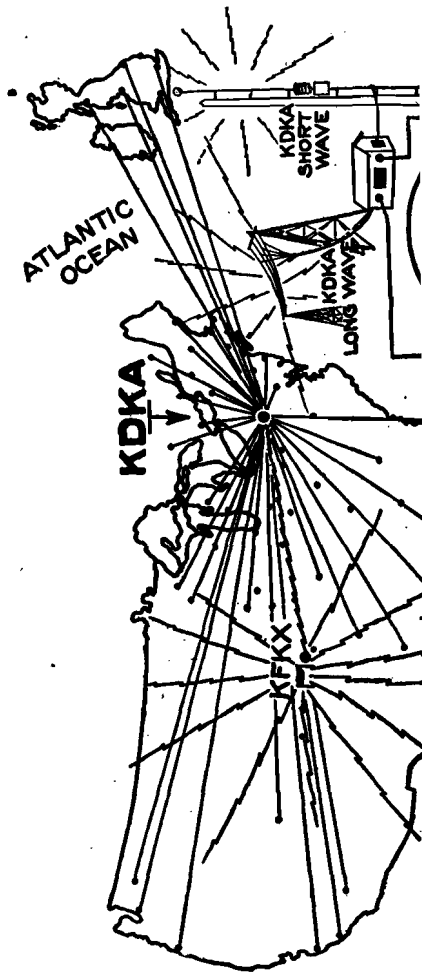
I was very independent, and I fought the union. I really thought I could manage for myself. Then I met George Heller and became a convert. George was a fantastic man. AFRA wouldn't have happened without him.

When we started to organize the American Federation of Radio Artists I was completely gung-ho — and have been ever since.

Our first negotiation and settlement was with CBS, which always was a classy network. CBS was in favor of the union because it did what a union always does: it took a chaotic business and stabilized it. It meant that the shows and the actors would no longer be competing unfairly with each other and it gave the producers the means to help them better calculate their costs.

THE NIAGARA FALLS GAZETTE

Heinz International Radio Banquet to Be Broadcast by Westinghouse Tonight



Air Teacher







New York radio with heavy... gances waiting... them from one... east to another.

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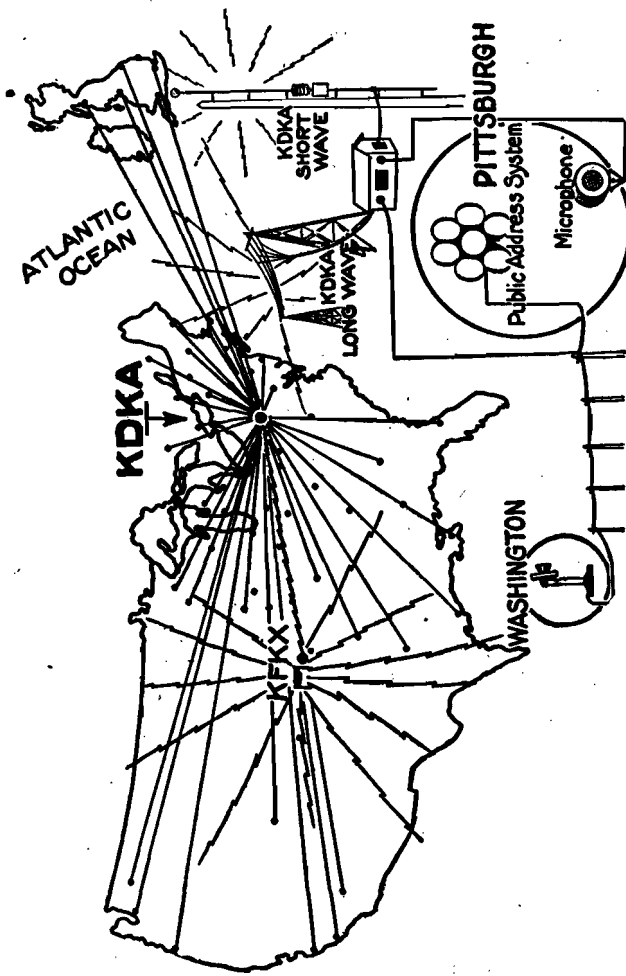
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THE NIAGARA FALLS GAZETTE Heinz International Radio Banquet to Be Broadcast by Westinghouse Tonight



The map shows how short and long wave signals broadcasted from KDKA, world's pioneer station of the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, will tie together as one unit of cities of the United States, Canada and Great Britain for the President's Day banquet of the Heinz International Radio Banquet. The President will speak into the telephone receiver at Washington, his voice will be carried direct to a public address system at the Heinz plant in Pittsburgh and simultaneously to the transmitting station at KDKA. The other speakers who will be at the banquet hall in the Heinz plant will speak directly into the microphones, so marked, and their voices carried direct to KDKA and there broadcasted. The signals will be transmitted through the Atlantic Ocean to the Westinghouse station KFKX at Hazlet, Neb., KVV at Chicago and WBZ at Springfield, Mass., will also repeat KDKA's signals.

Air Teacher



The good diction, pronunciation and tone used by announcers in the Pacific studios of the NBC at San Francisco, is due to devices at minutes a week to the announcers for instruction in voice. She is head of the speech arts department of the California State Teachers' College in San Francisco.

### "CONQUERORS OF THE CLOUDS" PROGRAM ENTERS SECOND YEAR

By ROBERT OLDS  
Public and Internal Relations Department  
Curtiss-Ohio Plant



Photos by Robert Ellis

IT'S Thursday night in Ohio. An air-crazy kid in Bellefontaine tells his sister to go to blazes and changes the station on the radio. A girl in Springfield whose boy friend is in the Army Air Forces moves the dial on her little set. A gray-haired man and his wife living on a Southern Ohio farm go inside to turn on the radio. A weekly half-hour program of dramatized aviation news known as "Conquerors of the Clouds" is coming on the air over WHKC Columbus. The Curtiss-Wright Players of the Ohio Plant are on the air.

The average life of an amateur radio show is measured. Usually there is much fanfare at the beginning, a burst of enthusiasm and then languishment and finally ignominious death. But "Conquerors of the Clouds" has proved different. Despite the fact that it is probably the most difficult type of radio show to produce, plus the fact that green-as-grass amateurs have done the dramatic work,

PAGE TWENTY-SIX



Prior to rehearsal of a new show, Curtiss players listen to a transcription (above) of last week's program. Producer John Moses (seated, right) points out errors. Left, Bill Arthur, deep-voiced narrator of "Conquerors of the Clouds."

the Curtiss-Ohio radio show already has passed the one-year mark on the airwaves.

The initial group of 52 weekly shows was completed in March with more than 130 different Ohio employees appearing in dramatic roles. Keynote of the show from the first has been air power and action. Scarcely a single

major event in the air war of World War II has escaped dramatization on "Conquerors of the Clouds."

There have been and still are plenty of complications in trying to mix warplane building with radio dramatics. After a full day's work building Helldiver dive bombers and Seagull scouting planes, employees are inclined to be extremely uninterested in agitating the emotions.

But again the Curtiss-Wright Players are different. At first they spent six full nights a week rehearsing for their program. That time has been reduced now to two nights. The show is transcribed so that the players can sit at home and hear their own performance.

W. A. (Bud) Butterfield, Larry Bott and Max Graf are three reasons why the show has become a success. They love it. All three have appeared in more than 30 of the first 52 shows. And for all three "Conquerors of the Clouds" was their first venture in radio. Butterfield is a youthful-looking 43-year-old tool control man who formerly was a motion picture projection operator. He is generally conceded to be the top star. Bott, a rivet control expert and the father of five children, first appeared on the second show in the series because he wanted to improve his voice. He is a former salesman. Graf is an ex-army tank driver and cavalryman and motion picture stunt man.

John Moses, production manager of Station WHKC and producer of "Conquerors of the Clouds," has found the show to be a first-class laboratory experiment in working with amateurs. Ohio plant employees who have appeared on the show fall into three groups, according to Moses. The largest group is composed of those without previous radio or dramatic experience. A small group has



Methyl Nelf, instructor at the Ohio plant training school, is a feminine star of the show. She once had a children's program over WING, Dayton.

When the script calls for a small boy or girl role, Bruce Butterfield, 10, fills the bill. Here he is with his father, W. A. (Bud) Butterfield, who handles many dialect parts.



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### "CONQUERORS OF THE CLOUDS" PROGRAM ENTERS SECOND YEAR

by ROBERT OLDS  
Internal Relations Department  
Curtiss-Ohio Plant



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had some stage work, mostly amateur. The third group includes those who have been before the microphone before.

The latter group is easiest to develop, according to the producer of this unusual radio offering. Next is the large group without previous training of any kind. Most difficult of all to indoctrinate is the man or woman who has had some stage work. The "stage" actor being converted to radio must eliminate his "stage voice." He must forget the visible audience and stage manners forget all about turning his head toward another member of the cast during a dialogue.

Curtiss players have discovered that their job is to be as natural as possible no matter what the role may be. All dramatized scenes on the show are taken from the news in aviation on the home front or the war fronts. It is the job of the Curtiss players to say to himself: "Now, I wonder just how a Britisher would say this line?" Would a Nazi colonel say 'Heil, Hitler' in a very matter-of-fact



When the script calls for a small boy or girl role, Bruce Butterfield, 10, fills the bill. Here he is with his father, W. A. (Bud) Butterfield, who handles many dialect parts.



Methvl Neff, instructor at the Ohio plant training school, is a feminine star of the show. She once had a children's program over WING, Dayton.



When Italian and French figures are to be dramatized, John Catenacci and Patsy Cipriani (above) are on hand. Red-haired Kathryn Ogden going over British dialects with English-tutored Paul Dille.

tone, or would he shout it? I'm supposed to be a fighter pilot in this scene. Do I talk over my radiophone in a normal voice, or do I get so excited they can scarcely understand me?"

Current narrator for "Conquerors of the Clouds" (there have been five to date) is Bill Arthurs, a precision grinder in the machine shop. His is the important assignment of carrying the audience from scene to scene and also of injecting himself into the scene to describe the action. Frank Kuhnel, a jovial, heavy set ex-painter, appears on many weekly shows. A dialect specialist, studio trained, he is extremely versatile. Hal Thomas, former Chicago business machine salesman, is another good performer. In as many cases as is possible the "Conquerors of the Clouds" audience is given the "real McCoy" so far as the type of character to be portrayed.

For a British pilot, they call on Paul Dilley, who was raised in Northern China and tutored by Britishers. His mother was held prisoner by the Japs until last fall when she returned home aboard the exchange ship Gripsholm. Dilley speaks Chinese.

On several shows last year nasty, anti-German roles were played by a man who had been held in a Nazi concentration camp for 10 days.

John Catenacci and Patsy Cipriani, Press and Machine Shop workers, both brought to the Curtiss Players a knowledge of Italian. Graf, as a boy, spent the last World War in Germany, unable to get back home until after the Armistice. Carolyn Neff, first woman hired at the Ohio plant, is a specialist at high-powered dramatic roles. A few weeks ago, she gave such a gripping portrayal of a mother who had lost her child aboard a sinking torpedoed vessel that the rest of the cast sobbed unashamed throughout the rehearsals. She plays her parts so convincingly that after one touching scene she left the microphone with tears streaming down her face.

Kathryn Ogden and Virginia Donovan, ex-college students, and Methyl Neff, who had a musical program over a Dayton station, are the feminine mainstays of the cast. Perhaps the best linguist among the players is Marshall Spangler, a time study man, who once worked on Ellis Island. He speaks German and Chinese fluently and can converse in Italian, French, Russian and half a dozen other languages. The writer is co-producer of "Conquerors of the Clouds."

Because of its unusual nature, the show has produced considerable comment in the radio industry and government circles. The Office of War Information has termed it an "excellent program." The Curtiss Players believe they can make their show even better as it swings into its second year.

*Editor's Note—Robert Olds, author of this article and of all scripts for "Conquerors of the Clouds" since it began in March, 1932, has been cited by the OWI as one of the best script writers in the nation.*



An ex-Army tank driver and cavalryman and motion picture stunt man, Max Graf excels in nasty Axis characters on the Curtiss-Ohio radio program.



The cast dramatizes humorous highlight in aviation news. Left to right: Bud Butterfield, Larry Bott, Carolyn Neff, John Catenacci, Frank Kuhnel, Max Graf, Paul Dilley, Bill Arthurs, Varney Heeth and Eugene Brewer.

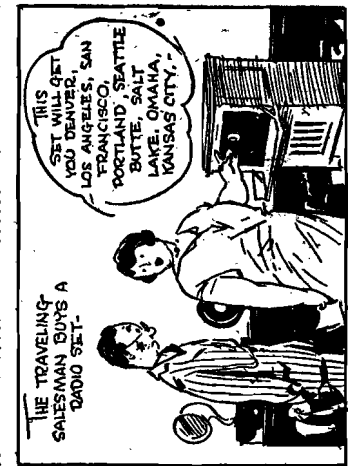
By Joe King

Radiomania



By King

Radiotics



Cowboy Life

BY ADAMS & CALKINS



Introduction

Hobbies were necessary equipment for the old-time cowboy. He didn't need 'em when workin' at the home ranch because then, if not placed in a corral, the horse was turned loose to graze. When out on the range at travelin' time, the cowboy had to have his horse shod with iron shoes. The cowboy had to have his horse shod with iron shoes. The cowboy had to have his horse shod with iron shoes.

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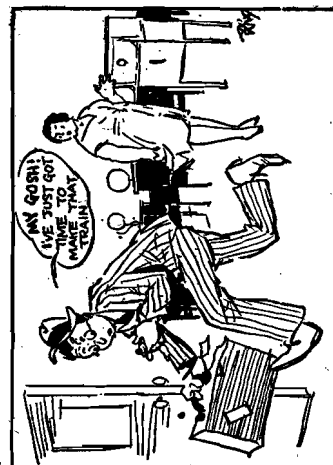
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Cowboy Life

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Hobbies were necessary equipment for a cowboy. He didn't need 'em when working at the ranch because then, if not placed in a corral, his horse was turned loose to be rounded up when needed. But when out on the range or travelin' through the country, he needed 'em to fetter his horse while campin' so he'd have a horse to ride next mornin'. He'd still have the animal enough freedom to graze. When the horse be carried his hobbles on the saddle or looped about the horse's neck where they'd be handy when needed. When workin' with the roundup he'd toss 'em into the wagon. There're several different kinds of hobbles and I'll tell you about 'em as we go.

Tomorrow: Styles.

# Golden Era of Radio Still Gilt-Edged

NEW YORK — Himan Brown, producer and director of such old-time radio shows as "Inner Sanctum" and "Bulldog Drummond," had been saying it for years. So had Charles Michelson, distributor of the "Shadow" programs of the 30s and 40s. But hardly anybody listened.

Now, they're listening — beyond the wildest dreams of Brown and Michelson. Radio networks, local stations, advertisers and even the government's Corp. for Public Broadcasting are lending an ear. More important, so is the public.

What men such as Brown and Michelson were saying was that there is lots of gold left in what had been considered the depleted golden era of radio. Michelson approached it one way and Brown another, spawning a radio renaissance that made its biggest breakthrough about six months ago.

In December, the Mutual Network launched a five-day-a-week, half-hour radio suspense series called "Zero Hour," with Rod Serling as host. In January, the CBS network upped the ante, going ahead with Broin's seven-night-a-week series, the "CBS Radio Mystery Theater." Each episode, with E. G. Marshall as host, runs almost an hour. Both series use original scripts.

IN THE NEW York area, where the CBS affiliate is an all-news station, the mystery theater is aired every evening over WOR-AM. Mutual's "Zero Hour" is not heard in the New York area, but the network reportedly is negotiating with stations here to carry it.

A nationwide poll of radio listening is expected within a few weeks from Radar, radio audience researchers. Mutual is awaiting the results with confidence. CBS, which happily announced recently that it had sold all the commercial time on its series, decided not to wait for the Radar report and ordered its own limited poll of certain big cities by Arbitron, another research organization.

The results, as quoted by a CBS spokesman, show an average audience increase of 85 per cent during the past year in the cities surveyed. The largest figure is for the network's Washington, D.C., affiliate, WTOF, where the suspense-and-murder series

has attracted 19,900 listeners — a 665 per cent increase over the 2,000 listeners it had at the outset. The poll also showed greater audiences for the show in Cleveland, up 129 per cent; New York, 104 per cent; Chicago, 81 per cent; Boston, 45 per cent, and Los Angeles, 27 per cent. Inspired by the results, CBS Radio has expanded its plans and is expected to make what a spokesman calls "a blockbuster announcement" within a month.

THE IMPACT of radio make-believe, circa 1974, has not been limited to suspense shows. Following the Mutual and CBS moves, Quaker Oats decided to back what is described as radio's first black soap opera, "Sounds of the City," which made its debut April 29 on the nation's 28 top black-oriented stations. It runs 15 minutes, five days a week.

Byron Lewis, the president of Uniworld Group, the Manhattan-based communications organization that is producing the series, said the early reaction has been good. Producer Raymond League said that the series is about "lower-middle-class people striving every day to become middle class. There's never been too much done on them."

The resurgence of radio theater also has touched National Public Radio, an affiliation of 163 public radio stations that receive federal aid. The drama mecca is the University of Wisconsin's radio station, WHA, in Madison. So far, 11 one-hour radio plays have been produced but are not expected to start airing before this summer.

Karl Schmidt, the professor of educational communications who is supervising the series, called "Earplay," takes a different view of radio drama from that of the commercial producers. His goal is to produce what he calls a radio literature in the tradition of countries such as England and Germany.

He pointed out that such celebrated playwrights as Harold Pinter and Tom Stoppard received their first recognition with BBC radio plays. "Ingmar Bergmann (the Swedish filmmaker) still writes radio plays," Schmidt said. "The most exciting play in our package right now is 'The Sellout' by Friedrich Durrenmatt (the Swiss play-

wright). It was just released in Europe."

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The man in charge is Robert Michelson, who, with his father, Charles Michelson, had a hand in the reawakening of radio theater. The National Lampoon, in fact, got the jump on CBS and Mutual, making its debut Nov. 17. Michelson said Lampoon's satirical show is now aired on 137 stations, most of them FM.

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THE MAN who knows all about that is Charles Michelson, now a TV-show distributor who started selling radio shows, including "The Shadow," in 1938.

"Around 1967 or '68," he recalled, "we were supposed to get a paint job done in my office (in Manhattan). We had a lot of these old 'Shadow' 16-inch transcription records in a file, and some of the girls in the office said, 'Let's get rid of them. I got a little sentimental, I said, 'Let's see if we can get some radio stations to schedule them.'"

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AFTER THAT it was just a matter of time before Sam Cook Digges, head of the CBS radio division and an old friend of Michelson's cleared the way for Himan Brown, another old friend, to do his thing. And as CBS soars in the ratings, Michelson, who said he has acquired exclusive access to CBS and NBC radio-show morgues, is doing well with the independent stations. The reruns are playing in 385 markets, he said.

Brown's reaction to the current excitement over radio plays is a combination of enthusiasm and cynicism. "It's way beyond anything I expected," he said. "There's been such an overwhelming acceptance by a bright audience. It (CBS Radio Mystery Theater) has aroused a lot of interest among high school teachers and professors. Young people are getting interested in creating their own radio shows at their schools."

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(The L.A. Times Staff Pool Service)



Meet Sonny Boy AL JOLSON'S tune trade-mark for years now he thinks of his own sonny boy, Al Jolson, Jr., above. Sonny's dad when Al, Sr., arrived on the West Coast to broadcast his Tuesday variety program. He is the adopted son of Al and his ex-wife, Ruby!



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ASBURY PARK SUNDAY PRESS, Sun., June 30, 1974

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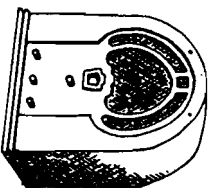
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