



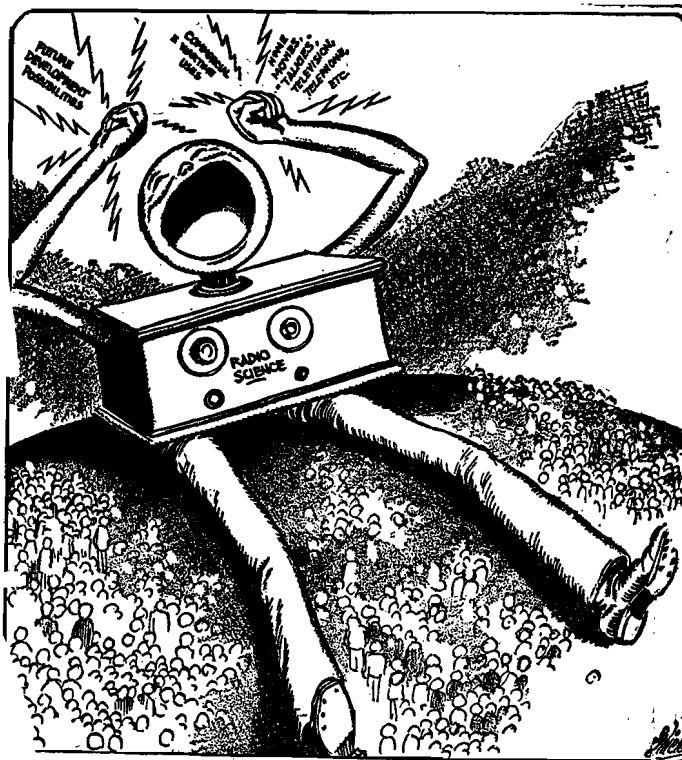
ILLUSTRATED PRESS

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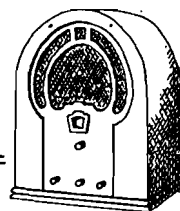
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The Awakening Giant

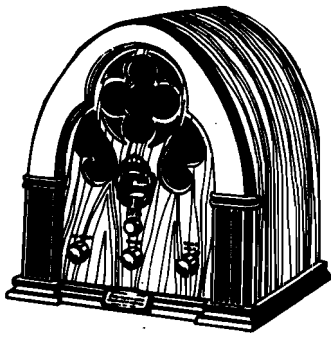
August 17, 1928



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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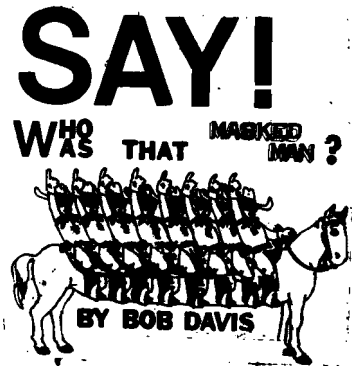
Dominic Parisi
38 Ardmore Pl.
Buffalo, NY 14213

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

ADVERTISING RATES FOR MEMORIES:
\$50.00 for a full page (ALL ADS MUST BE CAMERA READY)
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Advertising Deadline - September 1.



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After his release he drifted south to get morally rehabilitated from his old friends Jim & Tammy Faye but left after a few weeks saying something about "needing a rest."

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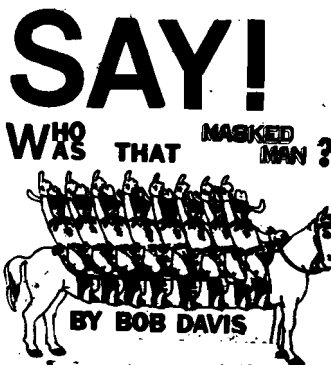
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building but by that time the A.M. was far away.

Denver, Colorado was his next stop where he started an organization called "Piece Through Progress". He didn't promote much progress but he sure did promote a lot of... well, you can guesse. Six days later the state of Colorado tossed him out barring him from ever returning.

Where is the A.M. now??? Who is he.. I mean, what is he doing and how is he doing it? Should we all run for cover?? HEAVEN knows!

Spades last report informs us that the A.M. was last seen down around the Texas/Mexico border trying to sell towels to wetbacks, opening a couple of fast food Taco stands, and trying to sell a process to get oil out of armadillo doo to Texaco.

Since Spades report I have received a letter from the A.M. in which he tells me to get the party hats ready because he's coming back to town for a visit and to form a girls basketball team. I've already notified the local authorities and they promise to keep an eye on him.

Let's hope they do!!! For those of you that might complain that this column should be about old time radio shows-- On radio Sam Spade (no relation to our own Philip Spade) was played by Howard Duff and Steve Dunne. There, now I've brought OTR into the column and those purists should be happy.

See ya next time.

ELIZABETH RELLER

ALTHOUGH she has always wanted to be a Broadway star, "Lady Lib" was sidetracked by the call of the microphone after her drama studies in London. She was referred to the agency handling "Amos 'n' Andy," and that very same day Elizabeth Reller started to read the commercials. Two months later, in an audition with twenty-four other girls, she won the lead in "Betty and Bob." After two and a half years of handling the role of Betty, Lib resigned to try Broadway. But again she found herself right in front of a mike doing "Carol Kennedy's Romance." However, she did appear as an extra in the Broadway production, "Abe Lincoln in Illinois." Although Elizabeth has for the present given up her main ambition, she is well compensated by her role as Ann in "Young Doctor Malone."

July 10, 1909.

NICK CARTER COPYRIGHT: STREET & SMITH**The Mystery of a Hotel Room****CHAPTER FIVE****THE MYSTERY OF A HOTEL ROOM**

Chauncy Graeme, John Turner, proprietor Pinckney, and Nick Carter were the only persons who entered that room at the time.

The detective had had a distinct reason in giving the invitation to Chauncy Graeme to remain near at hand, and to assist him in any work there might be to do, connected with a further investigation of the death of Spaulding.

It would not be correct to say that the detective was entirely uninfluenced by the things that Reuben Cross had said that morning, respecting the darkly handsome young man whom the rector had at first supposed to be his daughter's companion in the elopement.

Nick had watched Graeme narrowly all that morning, and he had seen nothing about him to criticise very sharply.

The young man's manner might be described as unfeeling, in some respects, and yet, was it so?

He had certainly shown consideration for Mrs. Cross, at the doorway of the house, when he had led her away toward the dining room, and he had conducted himself throughout all the occurrences of that morning with unmistakable self-possession, courtesy, and good breeding.

Yet, there was an indefinable something about him which jarred upon the senses of the detective.

What it was Nick Carter could not have told himself. It was rather an instinctive distaste for the character of the young man, than a dislike for anything that pertained openly to him.

The occurrences of the preceding night were now more mysterious than ever.

Sally Cross had disappeared, and the evidences left in her room pointed to the suggestion that she had gone away willingly, and perhaps gladly.

Two young men had been suspected of eloping with her. One

by the father of the girl, and the other by the detective, who was his guest.

Now, one of those young men was dead, and his body had been found in the room previously engaged by him at the village hotel; the other was present in that room, assisting Nick Carter in the investigation, he had undertaken.

It was a most complex condition of affairs.

Sally Cross could not have eloped with either of them.

The appearance and condition of the body of Benjamin Spaulding had indicated that he had been dead many hours when it was discovered in the aforesaid room. The story told by Chauncy Graeme related that he had passed the entire night in playing cards with certain unnamed and unknown friends.

It would be necessary, in order to connect the disappearance of Sally Cross with the death of Spaulding, or with the card playing of Graeme, to fix upon the hours when each incident had occurred.

Sally had gone to her room at ten o'clock Sunday night. Nick Carter had gone to his room and retired, half an hour later, and it was not supposable that Sally had left the house, or had been taken from it (if by any stretch of the imagination the latter theory could be adopted), before eleven o'clock, and probably not until after, or at least near, midnight.

Graeme had created the assumption that his card game began some time after half-past ten, or at about that time. He had stated in his conversation with the minister that they had played cards a little more than an hour, on Sunday, which would mean that they began the game before eleven o'clock Sunday night.

The detective had turned all these considerations over in his mind, carefully, while on the way from the parsonage to the hotel, and it was because of them, because of the several mysteries created by them, and because of the inscrutable nature of Graeme's character, that the detective had invited the young man to remain near him. Deep down in his heart, Nick Carter could not deny himself the

sensation of feeling that time would develop a deeper knowledge on the part of Chauncy Graeme, concerning the mysteries of the past night, than now appeared.

The detective left his three companions standing in the centre of the room while he went about it, from end to end, making a quick examination of its condition.

We have already described what that was, and that the detective found nothing whatever in his search.

"Mr. Pinckney," he said, presently, to the proprietor, "when did you last see Benjamin Spaulding alive?"

"About half-past five yesterday afternoon," was the reply.

"Do you mean that that was positively the last time you saw him?"

"I do."

"Who saw him when he returned to the hotel after that time?"

"No one saw him, for he didn't return to the hotel."

"But I have been informed that he paid for and relinquished the room he had engaged, and that he did it after he left the parsonage; and he did not leave there until ten o'clock."

"He did Mr. Carter. He gave up his room and sent for his grip, which was downstairs in the office awaiting his return from the parsonage. But he didn't do it himself. He sent a messenger to do it for him."

"Indeed. I did not so understand it. Who was the messenger?"

"Tom Tinker."

"Who is Tom Tinker?"

"Don't you know who Tom Tinker is, Mr. Carter?"

"If I did, I wouldn't ask you."

"Why Tom is a sort of a character in this town. He is regarded as half foolish, by some, and I guess they ain't far wrong. He is sort of man-of-all work; a doer of odd jobs and runner of errands; an assistant hostler at my stables; in sort, he is the handy man of Westerly."

"Tell me what time he came to the hotel, and what he said about Mr. Spaulding when the room was given up."

"It was about half-past ten, or a quarter to eleven, when Tom entered the hotel office. I was behind the desk, and he told me the Ben had sent for his satchel. I asked what for, being rather surprised, and he said that Ben was suddenly called away, and had sent him to pay whatever bill there might be against him, and to take the satchel to him. I asked Tom where Ben was at the time, and he said that they were to meet down at the corner. Ben didn't owe me anything, only for his dinner, and Tom paid that out of a dollar bill he handed to me, saying that the change belonged to him. I gave him the satchel, and he went away."

"Was there nothing about the circumstance to excite your suspicion, Mr. Pinckney?"

CARTER

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"Was there nothing about the circumstance to excite your suspicion, Mr. Pinckney?"

"I didn't think of such a thing." "You have known Ben Spaulding all his life?"

"Ever since he was born."

"Mr. Turner told me that you used the expression that Spaulding had killed himself, at the time when you found the body. Is that true?"

"I guess it is. That was my idea."

"Had you any reason for entertaining that idea, other than the one created by the incident itself?"

"No; I don't think I had."

"Why, then, did you jump at such a conclusion?"

"Simply because there wasn't any other explanation to give to it."

"Do you now think that, that was a reasonable explanation?"

"I think it is the most reasonable one I could find."

"You say you saw him here, at the hotel, at half-past five?"

"Yes; thereabouts."

"He did not take supper here?"

"No. He was invited out to supper, so he said."

"Where?"

"At Dr. Green's."

Nick remembered that he had seen Spaulding in Dr. Green's pew, at the church, during service the preceding evening, and that they had all gone together to the parsonage, from there.

"His dead body having been found in the room he had engaged," said the detective, after a pause, "indicates that Spaulding did return to this hotel, after you saw him about half-past five, doesn't it?"

"I suppose it does."

"You had not heard of his presence at the hotel, or near it, during that interval, Mr. Pinckney?"

"No, sir."

"If he had been seen in the hotel, do you think you would have known about it?"

"Mr. Carter, if anybody had seen him anywhere near this hotel last evening, I would know about it now, after what has occurred. Any resident of this town would have tumbled over himself to get here and tell me. It's the gossipiest place you ever saw."

"Tell me how the body was discovered."

"Why, a man drove here with a horse and buggy this morning, put his horse in the stable, and engaged a room for the day and night. I roomed him myself, and gave him the one Spaulding had taken. It is the best room in the house. I then took the key from the rack, and led the stranger to the room. I opened the door—"

"Was the door locked, Pinckney?"

"It certainly was. I hadn't thought of that before."

"You opened it with the key?"

"I did."

"Is there another key to that door?"

"There's a pass key in the office, and another pass key which the chambermaid carries on her ring, but that's all."

"There is not another regular key?"

"No; but the lock isn't a difficult one."

"Go on, please, with what you were telling me."

"Well, that's about all. I opened the door, and stepped inside to usher the stranger into the room, and I discovered the body lying on the bed. Of course, I was shocked. Who wouldn't be? So was the stranger. But he came forward with me to the bedside, and, after convincing ourselves that Ben was dead, we went out of the room again. That is the whole story as far as I know it. You can't blame me for losing no time in getting the body out of that room, and out of the hotel. I've got my business to look after, and hotel guests don't like to occupy rooms where dead bodies have been found."

"How, in your opinion, did Ben Spaulding enter this room without being seen?"

"I'll have to give that up, Mr. Carter."

"Have you made no effort to explain the circumstance in your own mind?"

"No; I have not. I had not really thought of it before."

"What suggestion have you to offer about it, Graeme?" asked Nick, turning suddenly upon the young man.

"I'm afraid I'll have to do as Pinckney did; give it up," was the reply, although it was not said unfeelingly.

"Have you any opinion about it, Turner?" asked Nick, turning to the other man.

"No sir; I don't think I have. It seems a great puzzle to me. I cannot help thinking that somebody must have seen Ben when he came back here--if he did come back."

The suggestion conveyed by the last five words uttered by Turner, was exactly in line with a theory that had already occurred to the detective, and Nick gave a warning glance at the man, to indicate that he wished him to say no more on the subject at that moment, while Pinckney exclaimed:

"Well, he did come back, didn't he? The fact that we found him here proves that."

"Yes," said Turner, taking note of the detective's glance. "I was about to suggest to Mr. Carter that it would be a good idea to find Tom Tinker, and interview him."

"I think so myself," said Nick, "if someone will find him for me. I do not know the man by sight."

"He might be somewhere around the stables of the hotel," suggested Pinckney.

"Or at the harness shop down the street, which is his favorite resort," said Graeme.

"Suppose, then," remarked Nick, "that

you, Graeme, go to the harness shop, and if you find him there, bring him to me here; and you, Pinckney, will please ascertain if he is anywhere in the vicinity of the hotel. In the meantime, Mr. Turner and I will await you here."

"You want him brought to this room?" Pinckney asked.

"Yes please."

The two men went out together, leaving Turner and the detective alone together.

"I don't know whether I made a fool of my self or not," said Turner, the moment they were alone. "But the fact that that door was locked when Pinckney and the stranger came to the room this morning, and the other fact that there was no key to it anywhere about, seemed mighty strange to me. I don't suppose it occurred to you to search poor Ben's pockets, did it?"

"Yes," said Nick. "I examined the contents of his pockets. I always do that in any case of this sort."

Turner stepped to the room door, secured the key of it, and returned, passing it to Nick.

"Did you find any such key as that in any of his pockets?" he asked.

"No, Turner, I did not. I knew that, already, before you brought the key to me."

"Then, doesn't the whole circumstance strike you strike you just as mysteriously as it did me?"

"Yes, Turner, it does."

"Well, Mr. Carter, that explains why I used those last five words which made you shoot me that warning glance."

"I understand."

"You don't suppose, do you, that he came back here purposely to kill himself, and that he managed to somehow to climb in through the window?" asked Turner.

Nick was silent a moment; then he

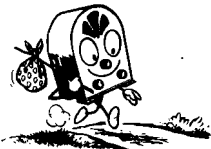
"I am rather inclined to the opinion that however Benjamin Spaulding met his death, he returned to the room through one of the two windows it contains. That is a point which I mean to investigate thoroughly."

*****CONTINUED NEXT MONTH*****



OUR MISS BROOKS
6:30 P. M.
The Arden as "Miss Brooks" creates a minor "all scandal" in an effort to help Madelon fight!

Wireless Wanderings



JIM SNYDER

SPERDVAC! This is the west coast organization that has been the center of controversy for several years. I have been greatly opposed to many of their policies and methods of operation for this same number of years. I think the time has come for me to share, with you, my thoughts on the current state of affairs in this organization.

Let's start with a little background. I have been accused by at least two former officers of SPERDVAC of spreading "misinformation (about the organization) in various publications." First, I have not written about SPERDVAC in "various publications." I have never even mentioned them in any publication other than the ILLUSTRATED PRESS. And, I have not said anything at all about them in this publication since August of 1984, more than three years ago. So, I don't think I have been on their case as much as had been implied by those people.

The things that displeased me were matters of policy, not only governing their own organization but the hobby in general; their offering absolutely nothing to their membership outside of the Los Angeles area other than their tape libraries; and their total lack of response to questions or suggestions that were sent to them. Since I couldn't get any answers from them, any misinformation on my part was understandable. I am a member of SPERDVAC, and will have been for ten years this coming January. As a member, I wrote constant letters to officers in the organization and to the editor of their newsletter. These letters questioned policy decisions, financial matters, personal viewpoints, whatever. My letters were completely ignored. I never received replies of any kind. Now I certainly didn't insist that my viewpoint be adopted, but as a member, I did insist that I had the right to be heard. Instead, I was simply ignored. That was when I

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you, Graeme, go to the harness shop, and if you find him there, bring him to me here; and you, Pinckney, will please ascertain if he is anywhere in the vicinity of the hotel. In the meantime. Mr. Turner and I will await you here."

"You want him brought to this room?" Pinckney asked.

"Yes please."

The two men went out together, leaving Turner and the detective alone together.

"I don't know whether I made a fool of myself or not," said Turner, the moment they were alone. "But the fact that that door was locked when Pinckney and the stranger came to the room this morning, and the other fact that there was no key to it anywhere about, seemed mighty strange to me. I don't suppose it occurred to you to search poor Ben's pockets, did it?"

"Yes," said Nick. "I examined the contents of his pockets. I always do that in any case of this sort."

Turner stepped to the room door, secured the key of it, and returned, passing it to Nick.

"Did you find any such key as that in any of his pockets?" he asked.

"No, Turner, I did not. I knew that, already, before you brought the key to me."

"Then, doesn't the whole circumstance strike you just as mysteriously as it did me?"

"Yes, Turner, it does."

"Well, Mr. Carter, that explains why I used those last five words which made you shoot me that warning glance."

"I understand."

"You don't suppose, do you, that he came back here purposely to kill himself, and that he managed to somehow to climb in through the window?" asked Turner.

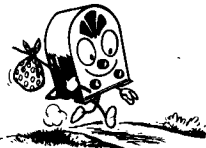
Nick was silent a moment; then he "I am rather inclined to the opinion that however Benjamin Spaulding met his death, he returned to the room through one of the two windows it contains. That is a point which I mean to investigate thoroughly."

*****CONTINUED NEXT MONTH*****



OUR MISS BROOKS
6:30 P. M.
The Aiken as "Miss Brooks" creates a minor "oil scandal" in an effort to help Medicine Night!

Wireless Wanderings



JIM SNYDER

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finally started talking about the organization in my column. That did get a response, but on a personality basis, without any substantive response on the issues I was raising. That was when I adopted a moratorium on my writing about them, three years ago.

At about that same time, I did find one change in the organization for the better. That was when Barbara Watkins took over as editor of their newsletter. Up to that point it offered nothing to those of us who did not live in the Los Angeles area, as it dealt only with local events. Barbara quickly changed that and turned it into what was truly an interesting magazine of national focus. For the first time I felt that I was indeed receiving something for my money. Unfortunately, Barbara has recently given up as editor, but I am pleased to see that she is continuing to write an interesting and thought provoking column.

The second change came a year or so after that with the election of Larry Gassman as president of the organization. I had tangled with Larry prior to his becoming president, and it appeared to me, at the start of his tenure, that it would be business as usual under his leadership. The first indication that I was wrong was last October at the OTR convention in Newark, NJ. Larry called a late night meeting of SPERDVAC members to discuss whatever any member wanted to discuss. Frankly, I wasn't very enthusiastic about going. In fact, I had more or less decided not to go when someone kind of shoved me in the right direction. Larry, and the other SPERDVAC board members present, conducted a completely open give and take session. Every opinion was heard. It didn't matter to me whether my opinion was followed or not. But, it appeared to me that this was the first time that I was listened to, and I can't emphasize enough how much I was impressed with that change. Not only were they honestly listening to me, but I also felt that my ideas were at least given serious consideration, whether they would be followed or not.

While many issues of concern were thrashed out, the main discussion seemed to center of two issues. One was the attack by SPERDVAC's board of directors on dealers of old time radio. This has often been vitriolic on their part, starting in July of 1981. It has caused dissention in the

hobby, both with hobbyists and with dealers. The Newark session brought agreement, from the board of directors, that this pursuit of dealers would cease. While the directors may not approve of what some, or perhaps all, dealers are doing, they have agreed that they are not "policemen" for the hobby, and they will discontinue their attacks on dealers on a blanket basis. I personally consider this to be a 180° CHANGE OF POLICY.

The second issue was over the club's "archives" tape library. A moratorium had been placed on any additions (the moratorium has now been lifted) to this library because members had been trading this material and it had fallen into the hands of dealers. Some of this material had been accepted on a restricted basis, and so when dealers wound up with some of it there were repercussions. It was stated at the Newark meeting that no further restricted material would be placed in the lending library. While members would be asked not to trade it or sell it, it was agreed that active policing of this issue would not be possible. The rental form that members have had to sign to receive these archives tapes states that the member may not trade or provide this material to ANYONE, even other SPERDVAC members. If they did so they were subject to "civil and criminal penalties." This is the only organization that I know of that has continually threatened to sue its own members. I brought this up, and we were told that this rental agreement would be changed. The change would indicate that members would be asked not to distribute this material to others, but the lawsuit portion would be discontinued. As I write this, almost a year has passed, and this change has still not been made. Mr. Gassman does tell me that they feel they have a legal problem because of agreements that were made to previous contributors of materials to the library. Actually I fail to understand this. It appears to me that all they need to do is contact those donors, explain the situation to them, and give them the opportunity to remove their donations. If that was done, there would no longer be any restricted material to worry about. I expressed this view in Newark, and have done so since then, but for some reason they apparently feel this won't solve the problem. So, as of this point, they are

still constantly threatening lawsuits against their members.

Mr. Gassman has reversed the previous complaints that I had. My views have been listened to, and have been acknowledged. SPERDVAC's newsletter had carried letters critical of the organization. In preparing to write this column I requested a copy of the tape of the Newark meeting. Much to my surprise, and completely contrary to previous experience, the tape was provided to me promptly and without question.

While I will continue to watch future events with interest, I am at this point impressed with the trend that SPERDVAC seems to be following. I opened this column with negative issues, but I would like to remind you that I was only giving "background." It is the present and future that we need to be concerned with. If this apparent openness continues, I will no longer find it necessary to write about SPERDVAC in these pages. I congratulate Mr. Gassman on what he has accomplished so far, and wish him only the best in his efforts. He has made me cautiously optimistic, and those who know me will recognize that as a great "about face" on my part.



ANTHONY PALUMBO



JAMES LENHAND

The new book HEAVENLY DAYS! by Charles Stumph and Tom Price is now out. This is the story of Fibber McGee and Molly, and includes short biographies of other personalities related to their long running show. The book, in paper back, is 334 pages long, half of which are pictures from the careers of Marion (Molly) and Jim (Fibber) Jordan. Price is \$16.95 post paid, and can be ordered from The World Of Yesterday, Route 3, Box 263-H, Wanesville, North Carolina 28786.

We have mentioned before the availability of replicas of the old cathedral radios. A new offer has been made in this regard by Royal Promotions, 4114 Montgomery Road, Cincinnati, Ohio 54212. These are the people who publish the OLD TIME RADIO DIGEST. They are offering one of these replicas with a wood case, AM/FM radio with cassette player, and which stands over a foot high. They are also including, with the order, three one hour cassettes of old radio shows. You can pick which cassettes you want from a list of about two hundred. Price for the whole package is \$94.50, including shipping. Write directly to them for further information.

BLIGHT'S CORNER !!

TAPE LIBRARIANS....
DeCECCO & SKEG

It has come to my attention that a number of tapes in the tapes libraries are in very bad shape and need to be replaced. If anyone out there has a good copy of any of the tapes we list and would like to donate a copy to the club libraries we would really appreciate it. The following tapes are on this month's hit parade to be replaced;

- C 181--Tarzan- The Stranger
- Arab Vengeance

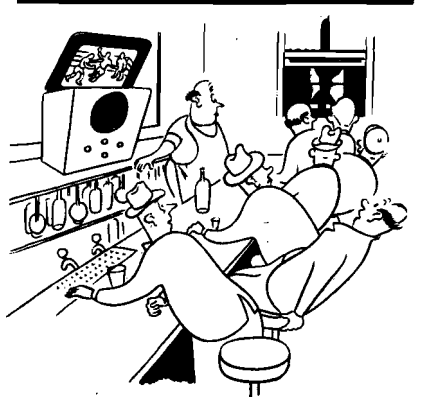
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- C-183- Tarzan- The Killer Jungle Legacy
- C-184-TArzan- Jungle Smoke Evidence Destroyed
- C-186-Tarzan- Jungle Orchards Life or Death
- C-187-Tarzan- Lake of Blood Jungle Heat
- C-188-Tarzan- None So Blind Two In The Bush
- C-189-Tarzan- Missing Element New Death

With your help our club will have an excellent quality tape library both in reels and cassettes that everyone can enjoy for years to come. Many times the tape libraries receive donations from members that are not very good quality, we don't get a chance to listen to those tapes before the tapes are loaned out. So we need to rely on your help in telling us whats good and whats not good. Your assistance in this matter will greatly help. If you do have a bad quality tape please put a note in with your returned order on what tape is bad and what is wrong with it.

THANKS.

Actress Bernadine Hayes Dies

LOS ANGELES (AP) — Bernadine Hayes, the "Queen of Radio" after World War II, died of a heart attack Tuesday. She was 75. Hayes, who later landed film roles opposite Clark Gable and Gene Kelly, has died of a heart attack, her daughter, Madrine Molen, said Tuesday. She was 75. She died in her sleep Aug. 29 and was buried last week after a funeral in Saint Jerome's Catholic Church, Mrs. Molen said. Miss Hayes came to Los Angeles from Chicago as a band vocalist at the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel. "She was voted the most beautiful redhead in radio, and everyone

One happy respite while working at the Ch 17 Auction for the past several years was having my ear bent by those old time radio devotees, Frank Boncore and Joe O'Donnell, volunteers for Ch 17 for many, many years. And naturally the topic always brought up was those good old days of radio. Eventually they brought me a couple of old shows on tape... and I was hooked.

It's sad to think that such talent, such great performances, are practically a dead issue. With the exception of WEBR Radio, our current generation would never know the joys of listening to those great artists. And thanks to organizations like yours, old time radio will be kept alive. Hopefully through your efforts, radio stations around the country may one day devote a block of airtime to those old favorites.

My tombstone shaped Detrola radio from the 1930's still belts out a few stations in remarkable stereo-like tones. And when I sit in my den and play some of the oldies on my tape recorder next to the Detrola, it's de-ja vu. What therapy. I can still recall, very vividly, as a youngster listening to Charlie McCarthey on that Detrola, and then switching over to a second station during a commercial break only to be frightened out of my wits. Yes, you guessed it. I was listening to Orson Wells' "War Of The Worlds" and had missed the disclaimer.

In the early 1960's I was listening to Inner Sanctum on my Detrola, thanks to the CBS commitment at the time, when my four oldest children walked in on me and asked what I was doing. They couldn't believe anyone could listen to a mystery without video. I told them to sit tight for a few moments and listen. Within minutes they were spellbound, staring at the radio...totally involved. This I said...is your theater of the mind.

And thanks to people like Frank Boncore, Joe O'Donnell and members of--old time radio clubs throughout the country, the theater of the mind is being kept alive for generations to come.

Fran Lucca
News Producer/Reporter
WNEB ? WNEQ RADIO
Buffalo, New York

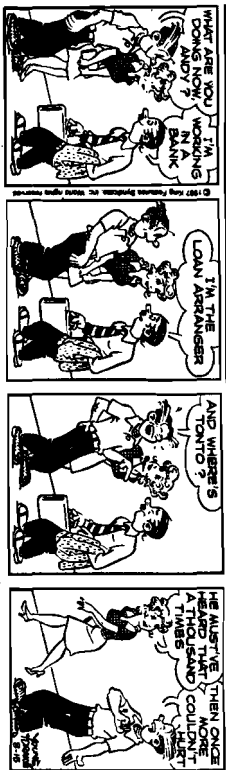
A Special Service For Club Members Only

WANTED: I am looking for the summer replacement series called "SOMEBODY KNOWS" by writer Jack Johnstone. It was done in the 1950 summer season. I am interested in the entire 8 show run.

Dick Olday
100 Harvey Dr
Lancaster NY 14086

WANTED: I am looking for a copy of "TUNE IN YEATERDAY" by John Dunning.

Linda DeCecco
32 Sheandoah Rd.
Buffalo, NY 14220



Blondie

Friday, February 26, 1969

COMEDIANS TALK ABOUT COMEDY—XII

Hope Doesn't Need to W About 'Laugh Climate'—

FROM A BOB HOPE MONOLOGUE:
Last year I received the Humanitarian Award and this year "Doctor of Humane Relations" . . . If I can just stay human for one more year I get to keep 'em. There's a dangerous side to these honorary doctorates. The last time I was sick I took two aspirins and called myself in the morning.

But I want to tell you ladies and gentlemen, some friends of mine had a very exclusive wedding. They threw a Chinaman with every grain of rice.

WILDE: What are the circumstances or conditions that cause a comedian not to get laughs on one particular night?

HOPE: Well, there'd be a lot of reasons for that. I died a lot of times. . . . For instance, I was forced down in Australia in 1944 in a place called Lorryton and these people had seen all my pictures.

I was doing a routine that I'd been doing for the troops down there I knew was sure-fire. I

Bob Curran is on vacation. His daily columns on this page will resume next week.

walked out to do this show for about five hundred of these people and they looked up and just smiled at me — they just smiled me right out of town. I finally said to myself: "I gotta do something broad here," and I did a broad joke . . . the oldest joke in the world.

I SAID: "I was in Brisbane and it was raining and this woman was standing with her dress up over her head and I said: "Lady, you're getting your legs all wet," and she said: "I don't care, my legs are fifty years old but the hat's brand new."

And they liked that and they laughed and I said: "Well, here's Frances Langford," and got off. That'll give you an idea how much of a hero I am.

WILDE: At a personal appearance, do you have definite opening lines that you use to establish a laugh climate or your character before going into any routine you're going to start with?

HOPE: No, you got a head start as you said before . . . they recognize you and they know you. You don't have to establish any laugh climate, all you have to do is come up and say something they're going to laugh at.

I USED TO challenge an audience when I first started. I used to just look at them. I told a joke about going into a restaurant, and when I got up to

the cash register I said: "Sorry, I left my money in my other clothes in the theater."

And she said: "That's all right, we'll just put your name on the wall and you can pay it the next time you come in." And I said: "But wait a minute, I don't want people to see my name on the wall." She said: "That's all right, your coat will be hanging over it."

I used to just look at the audience for maybe twenty seconds and wait till they all got together and decided that that was pretty funny. I'd just look at them and stare and that was how I established my laugh climate back in those days.

WILDE: Wasn't that after a number of years, after you had developed the courage and the confidence to wait?

HOPE: Yes, I should say — after I had a little bread money.

WILDE: In a TV Guide story by Melvin Dursing, he quoted an associate of yours saying that one of the maxims you were guided by was that you felt no audience was an audience as such but a jury. Could you explain that, please?

HOPE: (Laughing) Well, I think that's one of Mel's conclusions . . . that isn't my idea at all. I don't look upon it that way, in fact, I don't even worry about it. . . . There's only one audience that bothers me and that's a Command Performance in London where you might have to change the material and switch around. I just experienced that.

NOW, I'M A little concerned at the Academy Awards — it's a long show, like an hour and a half, two hours — I'm concerned, but I'm not nervous. . . . But the other night at the Palladium in London I was going on as the last act, the sixteenth act, and there were four or five comedians on, doing every joke in the world . . . and I found myself scrounging around for an act. . . . They had done every subject, every topic, and there was nothing left. Backstage I walked up and down and I said to myself: "Well, I can do the joke about that and I can do this routine and I can do that one . . ."

When I finally got on it was 11:30, the Queen was still there and I said: "I've been waiting — I've been made up since breakfast" and I got a big laugh.

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Blondie

Friday, February 28, 1969

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By Larry Wilde

Hope Doesn't Need to Worry Anymore About 'Laugh Climate'—His Is Perfect

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BOB HOPE
In a Familiar Role

HOPE: Well, Mel's a pretty smart fella . . . maybe he means this: I don't think a comedian should feel secure. Whenever you get the feeling that you're the greatest around and you stop being objective, then I think you're in danger . . . and I think that's what Mel is talking about.

WILDE: One last question. Are there any words of encouragement you can give to a beginning comedian?

HOPE: Yeah, forget it! We've got enough and stay out of our

racket. No . . . they've just got to study and try to get a lot of work. What we discussed before is the most important thing — getting out and working and applying different techniques.

The greatest thing is to come up with a fresh approach.

For instance, Mort Sahl came in with something different . . . Jonathan Winters did . . . that's the thing that will grab immediate attention.

Nice seeing you.
Excerpted from "The Great Comedians Talk About Comedy," by Larry Wilde. Copyright 1968 by Larry Wilde. Published by Citadel Press, Inc.

THE END.

WILDE: How do you decide which jokes to use?
HOPE: Well, that depends on

your taste and what you want. That's the whole story.

WILDE: What is the difference in the reaction of an audience composed of armed forces personnel, a TV studio group, and the people who see you at a paid personal appearance?

HOPE: There's a different routine for all of them. You see, when we do shows offshore for a GI group, we try to point it a little more their way but they laugh at the same things that the TV audiences do.

WILDE: Common denominator material.

HOPE: Yes . . . right, right. With a GI audience, every place we play we steer it more to local jokes.

WILDE: In that article by Melvin Durslag, he said that you believe that no comedian was secure. What did you mean by that?

HOPE: He said that?

WILDE: Yes.

HOPE: What do you mean by secure?

WILDE: Having the courage and confidence to continue in spite of setbacks, had ratings, bad notices . . .

WILDE: Wasn't that after a number of years, after you had developed the courage and the confidence to wait?

HOPE: Yes, I should say — after I had a little bread money.

WILDE: In a TV Guide story by Melvin Durslag, he quoted an associate of yours saying that one of the maxims you were guided by was that you felt an audience was an audience as such but a jury. Could you explain that, please?

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There's only one audience that bothers me and that's a Command Performance in London where you might have to change the material and switch around. I just experienced that.

NOW, I'M A little concerned at the Academy Awards — it's a long show, like an hour and a half, two hours — I'm concerned, but I'm not nervous.

But the other night at the Palladium in London I was going on as the last act, the sixteenth act, and there were four or five comedians on, doing every joke in the world . . . and I found myself scrounging around for an act.

They had done every subject, every topic, and there was nothing left. Backstage I walked up and down and I said to myself: "Well, I can do the joke about that and I can do that routine and I can do that one . . ."

I finally got on it was 11:30, the Queen was still there and I said: "I've been waiting — I've been made up since breakfast" and I got a big laugh.



Ed Gardner puts in a call direct from Duffy's Tavern.

By MICHAEL G. AMES

PIC's Award to Comedian Ed Gardner is Recorded by a Pal at Duffy's—Archie



Even if any of you objects, Archie is gonna win a award from this here magazine. It is me ill-considered opinion that this 40-year-old guy is one of radio's outstanding comedians and should be the recipiary of a epithet—the PIC Double E for Either Excellence.

Doubtless most of you at some time or another has bent your ear to NBC on your wireless set and tuned in while Archie spreads his personal maggotism around Duffy's Tavern. Some of his vengeless enemies sneer at him on account of what he commits a little mayhem on our glorious language. But without stirring up no amity, we gotta admit he has brought so much joy and distraction to the listening audience that it becomes unconscionable to pay him this fitting tribute. Archie is the gliding spirit of the program and brandies around plenty of brusque repartee. And it was Archie's brain which incinerated the germ to Duffy's Tavern when Duffy didn't know where his next pig's feet was coming from. It is a accepted tour de force that his managerial instincts gives the joint such elegant airs and makes it a night spot where the hot monde can rub elbows in mutual aversion.

Me subject had rough going before he worked himself up to his current job with Duffy. He was born in a neat but gaudy tenement house in the shadows of the Brooklyn Bridge. His humble birthing brings tears to me peepers and his struggle to egg out a existence sends the red corporals pounding through me veins. It is fetching to recall that at the youthful maturity of 14, Archie was thumping a piano in a local saloon. After ignoring Harvard, he became a train dispatcher, typewriter salesman, baseball player and a host of other ends and odds until lo and get, hold, he found himself on a WPA theatrical project as a producer-director. This led to a job as a radio producer. One of his proudest bereavements is that he introduced John Barrymore to the either on the first Rudy Vallee series.

The bud had given way to the flower and the tall gangling mug became a big shot in Duffy's Tavern. Here he knocks off a cool fifteen bucks every week. Although I suspect Duffy, realizing the mediocrity of his importance to the joint, must have privately stipended him with a raise. How else could he afford that Hollywood mansion with a swimming pool which strictly between nous, on him it don't look so good! On account of what in personal life Archie is still Archie—splitting his participles, dangling his infinitives and malpropping all over the lot. But you can count on him to bring a breath of aqua pura to any conversation just like he does on the radio, or as it is technically known, summa cum laude.

Vicious rumor-mangers are spreading the gospel that Archie's real name is Ed Gardner. It ain't even his maiden name. He just uses it as a pomme de terre.

PIC

DAVE CAMERER in the Locker Room



ENJOYING ITS FIRST meeting since the war, Saratoga remains THE spot for thoroughbreds. The old paddock, historic elms, sprawling frame hotels plus the arsenic and lavender setting somehow defies anything as current as the twentieth century. . . . A better than good two-year old at Saratoga is Useless (Star Pilot-Movie Lass), Colin MacLeod's chestnut gelding that proved himself a hard hitter around New York with \$1,000 earned including seconds to Jet Pilot in the Travers and to L Will in the Great American and Wakefield stakes. MacLeod, ex-Darlington and a transplanted Middleburg, Virginian, gave the lowdown re the gelding's handle. "He was thinking of a name for him the morning the papers headlined the racing ban. . . . Useless, that's what he is," muttered MacLeod, Sr. . . . The name stuck. WATCHING JOE LOUIS go seven rounds, six days before the Conn thing.

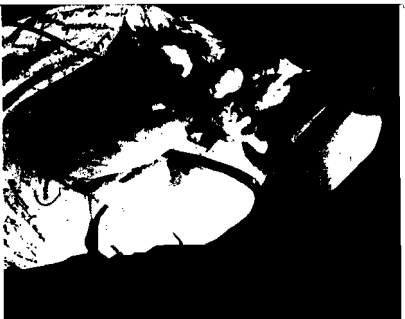
Comes mid-August and colleges are corralling and earing their grid-beef for hell-month, September conditioning. PIC is fixing to bring you solid block and tackle reading plus Sam Andre's pic-art pegging it right.



De Witt Coulter

Concerning the pros, 1946 figures the wild-cattiest, cut-throated year professional football has weathered since its birth 26 years ago at Canton, O. . . . with the new All-America loop battling the old National League for patronage. Large Steve Owen, N. Y. Giants coach, with a heavy assist from John Mara's bankroll, landed a tremendous plum by signing 225-pound DeWitt "Tex" Coulter, Army's All-Everything left tackle. Coulter should inject more thud in that Giant line than anybody short of Garbanua. Jimmy Crowley's league couldn't sign Gargantua but did land his ex-trainer, Dick Erdlitz, (Northwestern '42) for a halfback role with Jack Meagher's Miami Seahawks. . . . Coulter, who "can balloon to 240 for football or lean out to 215 for boxing without hurting myself," expects to study commercial art in New York.

CAUGHT ON THE FLY: Watching the Dodgers give the Cards that "River Stay 'Way From My Door" treatment on a late June nite. . . . Hugh Casey's mellow right arm being sustained by the greatest Brook fielding we ever saw plus keen hitting and fielding by third baseman, Cookie Lavagotto, our favorite Dodger. . . . Back in '38 when we were traveling with Brooklyn, Cookie was the best man on the club and could hammer that long ball. . . . But he had more than his arm.



in a call direct from Duffy's Tavern.

MICHAEL G. AMES

Comedian Ed Gardner is a Pal at Duffy's—Archie

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Cookie Lavagetto



Jack Cranford

ENJOYING ITS FIRST meeting since the war, Saratoga remains THE spot for thoroughbreds. . . . The old paddock, historic elms, sprawling frame hotels plus the arsenic and lavender setting somehow defies anything as current as the twentieth century. . . . A better than good two-year old at Saratoga is Useless (Star Pilot-Movie Lass), Colin MacLeod's chestnut gelding that proved himself a hard hitter around New York with \$14,000 earned including seconds to Jet Pilot in the Travers and to I Will in the Great American and Wakefield stakes.

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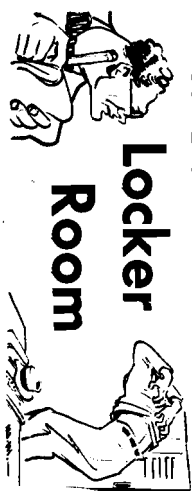
"Dad named the horse," he said. "He was thinking of a name for him the morning the papers headlined the racing ban. . . . "Useless, that's what he is!" muttered MacLeod, Sr. . . . The name stuck.

WATCHING JOE LOUIS go seven rounds, six days before the Conn thing, you sensed he had it—in clubs. . . . That was the first time we'd seen Joe since the afternoon in August 1944 he visited the 464th Bomb Group in Italy. . . . One of those dog days over Ploesti our B-24 losses were high. . . . To his credit, the great Negro took the men's minds off their misery—for two hours. We can't forget Joe's remark when asked how he felt re the age break between Conn and himself.

"The way I see it, it ain't how old a man is; it's how he lives that counts."

Concerning this month's fite piece, page 78, one "white hope" now looming may be ex-Coast Guardsman, Jackie Cranford, the Macon, Ga., boy, now fighting out of Washington, D. C. . . . Great piece of Americana "writing" on a heavyweight fight: Jimmy (N. Y. Post) Cannon's day-after, *Lightning Hits Conn* piece.

SEPTEMBER, 1946



DAVE CAMERER in the

Young Men of the Month

33-Year-Old Louis Petri is a Power in the Wine Industry

Well before the turn of the century, the Petri Wine Company of San Francisco rolled out its first barrel. For some 60 years the reins have remained in family hands but, for a time, it seemed that Louis Petri, the third generation, had more interest in medicine than *amontillado*. In 1933, however, young Petri left med school and joined the family business. Now 33, he has been president of the company for two years and treasurer of the Wine Institute for the past six. He not only runs the largest independent winery in America but is a foremost spokesman for the industry.

Born within a bottle's throw of the winery, Petri was a connoisseur of fine wines by the time he was ready for college. Meantime, though, prohibition had padlocked the industry and Petri packed off to the University of St. Louis med school. He had, however, never lost his inherent liking for the business and, when bottles came back on the tables, Petri returned to the family enterprise.

Petri literally worked up from the basement

to be one of the brass. His first job was washing wine barrels in the cellar and, reportedly, he racked up some kind of a record for the chore. His initial promotion came through his own resourcefulness. Noting that outside chemists did the wine sampling, Petri took a six week's course in wine chemistry at the University of California (Berkeley), demonstrated how the firm could do its own testing, and graduated to the laboratories. From then on he's been identified with many plans making for company progress.

Petri devotes all his time to the job, and is in constant touch with the overall operation. During the crushing season he is as apt to be at one of the wineries in Escalon or Tulare as at his office in San Francisco. He is now developing a group of choice wines to be marketed under his father's signature, Angelo Petri.

Dark, wiry, usually puffing a cigarette, Petri is a kingpin in the city's Italian colony and was grand marshal of the Columbus Day parade in 1945. He has a fondness for fast cars and horses, a racy combination with or without a bottle of burgundy, his favorite. He keeps a string of horses in his stable at Tulare and he whips down there from San Francisco in record time.



Petri carries on in the family tradition.

Present dispute over the propriety of the Davis Sustained Involvement with an entity calling itself "TV Critics Circle," which plans an awards show for airing on CBS-TV, is not without a precedent during radio's heyday. There existed briefly, circa 1940, a "Radio Critics of America" with an office in New York City. While essentially a gimmick to promote clients for Tom Fitzdale, it was then contemplated per trade rumor, to hand out prizes. Not least of this aspect developed since the "Radio Critics of America" vanished pronto after disclosure in Variety of its purposes and personnel.

Fitzdale was a former Chicago photographer who entered talent publicity upon transfer to Manhattan. He was a contemporary and rival of Earle Ferris. Both men promoted clients at set fees, then running \$100 to \$250 a week. Both became very prosperous for press agents of that period. Fitzdale was famed for the brilliance of his attire and embossed Italian shirts.

Fitzdale hired Joseph E. (Dinky) Doyle as office front. Doyle had been radio critic of the late N.Y. Journal (Hears) and was a witty and popular personality. He died at 52 in 1946. Separate from the "Radio Critics of America," which lasted a dozen-odd reviewers or editors of program repertoire in principal dailies on its letter head, Fitzdale's own toukey represented a buy-out of the late Bob Taplinger business, at a time when Taplinger was beginning his very successful career as a chief publicist for various show business organizations, including CBS and Warner Bros. Fitzdale's own staffers included at various times Marge Kerr, Fran O'Brien, Ed Lee, Vanilla La Hay and Al Rylander, who was later supervisor over all publicity-promotion at NBC under the Niles Trammell regime and later went on to parent RCA corporate chores. Fitzdale died in a freak mishap. He fell asleep on a Caribbean beach and days later his body was found burned to a crisp from the tropical sun.

Recall The 'Radio Critics Of America?' 3/16/77

By ROBERT J. LANDRY



Mitchell is known for merchandising magic.

Big Don G. Mitchell Heads Sylvania Electric Products

When Don G. Mitchell went to work for McGraw-Hill publications some years back, vice-president Edgar Kobak (now chief of Mutual Broadcasting) made him a proposition: he would start at \$35 a week and, within three years, he would either be collecting a good-sized pay check or he would have been fired in the meantime. Mitchell went along with this and, at the end of the three-year period, he was still around and, of course, in a good spot. Since then several other companies have benefited from his talents and recently he capped the presidency of giant Sylvania Electric Products, Inc.

Big and broad-shouldered, Mitchell has had a hand in some of the most spectacular merchandising programs of the times. He put over the use of paper containers for milk, was a sparkplug in the cascading rise of Pepsi-Cola, popularized beer in cans and, with Sylvania, came up with the scheme to sell electric light bulbs in egg cartons.

A Bayonne, New Jersey, boy, Mitchell was one of the best basketball centers in a fast scholastic league, and he continued to star in collegiate circles. At the University of Florida, however, he is principally remembered as the 20-year-old junior who made seeds of money in the real estate boom and had nothing to show for it when he graduated the next year.

After a short fling at teaching in Montclair,

New Jersey, Mitchell left pedagogy for the publishing field. With McGraw-Hill his main coup was promoting industrial development advertising. Mitchell's job was to attract ads from cities and towns which wanted new industries to settle in their vicinities. To better push this program, he wrote *Fundamentals of Community Industrial Development*.

This book brought him to the attention of

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SUNDAY, FROM WHO AT YOU HARBORER THE QUEST WEST FIND...

VIVIAN SINGLE AND KARL ONE PLAYED SUNG AND LORD HENRY.

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Floyd Carlisle of Niagara-Hudson Power who straightway snagged Mitchell's services. Here he became intrigued in one of Carlisle's other interests, a patent for paper milk bottles, which had never been properly exploited. He formed his own concept of putting the containers across and began shopping around to find backers for his plan. The depression was on but American Can, which had the setup to manufacture and deliver paper containers directly to dairies, went for the idea and Mitchell tied up with them as advertising manager.

After putting milk in containers, Mitchell got American Can busy on selling beer in cans and moved on to new triumphs with Marshall Field and Company. Next he was pyramiding sales for Pepsi-Cola, where he hiked the outlets in New York City alone from 15,000 to 85,000.

Mitchell came with Sylvania as vice-president in charge of sales in 1942. Sylvania and its subsidiaries had enough different products to sell to keep even Mitchell happy. These include radio tubes, fluorescent lamps, photoflash bulbs, etc. Mitchell makes much of continuing consumer studies in promoting these products and the egg carton idea was one result.

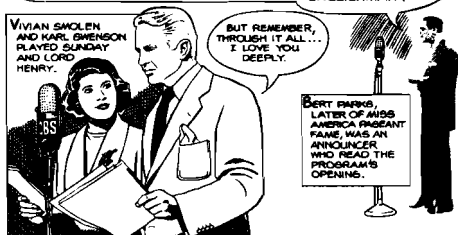
Mitchell likes to putter around in his garden and he has some fine horses, including a couple of jumpers that he trots out for local shows. He also likes golf, but that's as far as it goes. In signing with a new company he played a round with one of the executives. Back at the clubhouse the latter remarked cheerfully, "This guy must be a good salesman. He certainly doesn't spend much time at golf."

RETURN WITH US TO... by Bill Owen

Our Gal Sunday

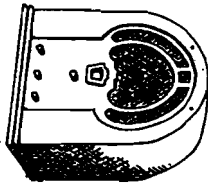


OUR GAL SUNDAY... THE STORY OF AN ORPHAN GIRL NAMED SUNDAY, FROM THE LITTLE MINING TOWN OF SILVER CREEK, COLORADO, WHO IN YOUNG WOMANHOOD MARRIED ENGLAND'S RICHEST, MOST HANDSOME LORD, LORD HENRY BARNTHORPE. THE STORY ASKS THE QUESTION... CAN THIS GIRL FROM A MINING TOWN IN THE WEST FIND HAPPINESS AS THE WIFE OF A WEALTHY AND TITLED ENGLISHMAN?



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