
ILLUSTRATED PRESS

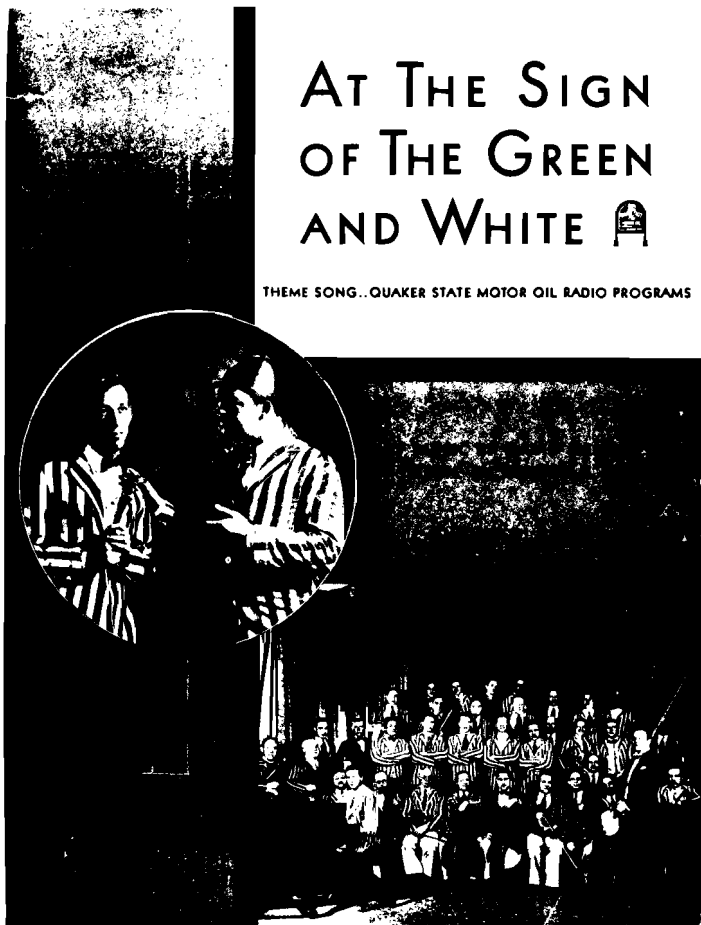
EST. 1975

NOVEMBER, 1988

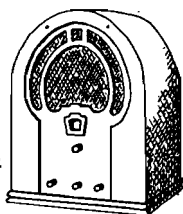
ISSUE # 146

AT THE SIGN OF THE GREEN AND WHITE

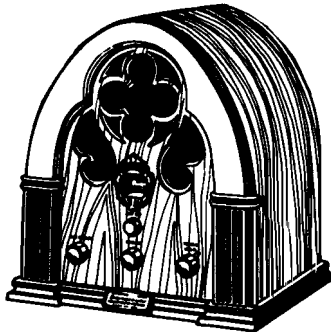
THEME SONG..QUAKER STATE MOTOR OIL RADIO PROGRAMS



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, 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 \$13.00 per year and includes all the benefits of a regular membership. Regular membership dues are as follows: If you join in January-March dues are \$17.50 for the year; April-June, \$14.00; July-September, \$10.00; October-December, \$7. **ALL renewals are due by January 2!** 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 \$29.75. Publications will be airmailed.

The Old Time Radio Club meets the **FIRST** Monday of the month (August through June) at 393 George Urban Blvd., Cheektowaga, NY. Anyone interested in the "Golden Age of Radio" is welcome. Meetings start 7:30 pm.

THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS is a monthly newsletter of **THE OLD TIME RADIO CLUB** headquartered in Buffalo, NY. Contents except where noted, are copyright 1988 by the OTRC. All rights are hereby assigned to the contributors. Editor: Richard Olday; Production: Arlene Olday. Published since 1975. Printed in U.S.A. Cover designed by Eileen Curtin.

DEALINE FOR I.P.: 10th of each month prior to the month of publication.

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

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

ILLUSTRATED PRESS: Letters, columns, etc.) & **OTHER CLUB BUSINESS:**
Richard A. Olday
100 Harvey Drive
Lancaster, NY 14086
(716) 684-1604

REFERENCE LIBRARY:
Ed Wanat
393 George Urban Blvd.
Cheektowaga, NY 14225

MEMBERSHIP RENEWALS, CHANGE OF ADDRESS, MAILING OF PUBLICATIONS
Pete Bellanca
1620 Ferry Road
Grand Island, NY 14072
(716) 773-2485

TAPE LIBRARIES: REELS 1-600
James R. Steg
1741 Kensington, Avenue
Cheektowaga, NY 14215

REELS 600 and up
Thomas Harris
9565 Wehrle Drive
Clarence, NY 14031
(716) 759-8401

CANADIAN BRANCH:
Richard Simpson
960 - 16 Rd., R.R.3
Fenwick, Ontario LOS 1C0

CASSETTES-VIDEO & AUDIO, RECORDS
Dominic Parisi
38 Ardmore Place
Buffalo, NY 14213
(716) 884-2004

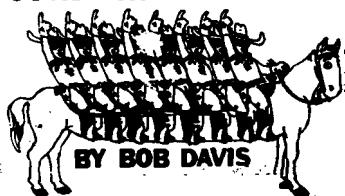
BACK ISSUES: All **MEMORIES** and **I.P.s** are \$1.50 each, postpaid. Out of print issues may be borrowed from the reference library.

Dominic Parisi
38 Ardmore Pl.
Buffalo, NY 14213

ADVERTISING RATES FOR MEMORIES:
\$60.00 for a full page (**ALL ADS MUST BE CAMERA READY**)
\$40.00 for a half page
SPECIAL: OTR Club members may take **50%** off these rates.
Advertising Deadline - September 1

SAY!

WHO WAS THAT MASKED MAN?



Good new boys and girls! Your ol' Uncle Bob knows that all of you are constantly looking for a way to express yourselves and let people know exactly what is on your mind. And if you can make a fast couple of bucks while doing it...well, so much the better.

All you aspiring writers are invited to submit articles on collecting **ANYTHING** to a reputable magazine called **ANTIQUES & COLLECTING HOBBIES**. This Chicago based, high quality magazine is actively recruiting articles from the world of collecting. The articles do not have to be about OTR collecting but can be about anything connected with collecting any sort of thing.

The best part of all this is that if your article is accepted they will pay you for it. Honest to gosh legal U.S. tender, the lean green, the stuff dreams are made of..That's money to us common folks who are always willing to supplement our incomes. I don't know what the going rate is but, hey, anything helps.

So what can I say? Write your article (at least 4 or 5 pages double spaced) and sent it to:

Dave Trout, Dir. Public Affairs
Antiques & Collecting Hobbies
1006 S. Michigan Avenue
Chicago, IL 60605

Mention that you read about their article in the I.P. (it can't hurt!) and good luck to you all.

In a few months there will be a drastic change in the I.P. but not to worry, it will only be for one month. Frank Boncore and I have come up with an idea that we are going to try out. It's not the kind of thing that could go on month after month but as a one-shot we believe it will fill the bill and provide a much needed something to our readers.

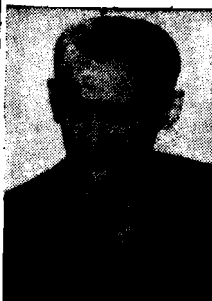
We cannot "spill the beans" about it now. All we can say is that for that one issue there will be no columns, no letters, no photographs, and no Nick Carter/Shadow reprints. Can't say much

more except to say you'll either love it or hate it. We hope it's the former.

The reason Frank and I are doing this is frankly, to give the regular I.P. people a chance to catch their breath and take a break from their normal duties.. Besides, we wanted to see if we could do it! After all, just how hard can it be? (Whoops, I'm afraid we're already finding out. Neither Frank or I can spell worth a darn!)

Chuck Seeley and I are back doing our trivia radio show again after a couple of months lay-off. Funny thing, we are now back at the very same radio station that we started at y-e-a-r-s ago. I guess Thomas Wolfe was wrong, you **CAN** go home again. It's a local show but who knows, maybe some network executive will hear it and....Nah, we've been saying that for years. If you've ever heard the show you'll know that we're even lucky to be local!!!!

See ya next time.



HARRY JAMES at 6:15 p.m.

His trumpet calls jive fans from coast to coast for a quarter-hour that's packed with music that tickles the toes...makes you want to roll back the rugs and dance, each Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday at this same time.

SAMMY KAYE at 7:00 p.m.

Sammy Kaye brings you that swing and sway music from "Everybody's Inn"...a grand collection of entertainment and fun highlighted by the swing interpretations of this famous band.



CBS Network - Radio's Finest



WMAZ

940 on your dial

See the radio page of this newspaper for full WMAZ schedule



JAMES LEHNHARD

Do you remember the CBS RADIO MYSTERY THEATER, the Himan Brown radio series that ran from 1974 through 1982? This was an experiment at returning drama to commercial radio. It was initially so successful that it spawned several other series, SEARS RADIO THEATER, and the MUTUAL RADIO THEATER, to name a couple. Well, Himan Brown has been successful in syndicating his original show under the new name of MYSTERY THEATER. It appeared on one of my local stations early in September, and the hour long dramas are now appearing in the 10:00 pm slot, five nights a week. I am not clear as to whether these are reruns of the old series, or new shows. They still have E.G. Marshall as the host, but his introduction is completely new, anyway. It also appears to have at least one national sponsor. I always felt that this was a really excellent series, and you might want to check with your local stations to see if they are carrying it, and if not, to encourage them to do so.

George Burns has written a new book, GRACIE, A LOVE STORY. He starts by saying, "Forty years my life consisted of one joke. And then she died." This is his fond biography of Gracie Allen. It is published by Putnam and is available at your local bookstore for \$16.95.

I have received a two page ad for another new book, FROM OUT OF THE PAST: A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE LONE RANGER, from Holland House, 17142 Index Street, Granada Hills, CA 91344. It carries a pretty hefty price of \$40.00 plus \$3.50 shipping and nowhere in the ad does it mention the number of pages or size of the book. If you are interested, you can get further information from them by calling (818) 363-4497.



Broadway columnist Earl Wilson turns actor in WOR's "Boston Blackie." Dick Kollmar (right), who portrays the colorful adventurer in the popular series, shows Earl how to "punch" lines.

THE NIAGARA FALLS GAZETTE

Starring Mrs. Roosevelt



One of the calmest of radio's commentators, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt is shown at the microphone just before beginning another of her Wednesday evening broadcasts over NBC.

WASHINGTON, May 6. — Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt is one of the calmest of radio's regular broadcast-ers.

She writes her own script, dictating it to her secretary, later revising it by hand. She usually arrives at the studios about three quarters of an hour before time for the broadcast—heard each Wednesday over the NBC-Blue network at 7:18 p. m., EDT.

Almost every week she has some guest with her on the program—an expert on the subject of the broadcast. One week it was her personal secretary, Mrs. Malvina Thompson Scheider.

There is a reading of the script for timing and often Mrs. Roosevelt

thinks of some anecdote that would illustrate a point and pencils it in between the lines of her script. "Tommy," as she calls Mrs. Scheider, her secretary, is always at hand with the famous "little black book" which has a schedule of Mrs. Roosevelt's appointments and makes sure that the First Lady doesn't stop and chat too long with the people in the studio after the broadcast is over.

At most broadcasts, Mrs. Roosevelt wears evening dress, sometimes with an orchid at her shoulder. After the program her usual destination is dinner at the White House.

In one talk she said that the first rule of the White House was that the President must never be kept waiting.

5/6/37

MORE SCRIPT QUIPS

Miss Shay: Spike, there's something I can't understand. Your saxophonist reads from a saxophone part and your pianist reads from a piano part. But when you play the washboard, what do you read from?

Spike: A laundry list! —"Spotlight Revue"

DeVol: Nobody likes me ... even my wife didn't like me. She used to sit at home night after night and read that magazine, Better Homes and Gardens. Then she ran away.

Carson: Who'd she run away with?

DeVol: Some guy with a better home and garden!

—"Jack Carson Show" ★ END

This is a report to all my OTR associates all over the country on an old time radio concert that I directed at Le Petit Theatre in New Orleans one of the country's oldest community theatre.

I approached Le Petit Theatre on the project in June. Some scripts were given to David Albers to read and decide which to use. The Board of Directors read the scripts that David selected and they gave the OK sign. They had decided to use the occasion as a fund-raiser for the purpose of raising funds for the sound system. The old system came from a radio station some 40 years ago. Then, I discovered that WRBH, the radio station for the blind and print handicapped, would like to broadcast the show and earn some of the ticket money. I was overjoyed. We held auditions. Some of the best "radio" actors that I picked for the show were too young to remember it first hand. We received a great deal of publicity from the local newspapers. We had a few rehearsals and then, a few technical run-throughs before the show. I know now that we should have had technical rehearsals first.

At the show we had 88 payers at \$20 per ticket. Local businessmen supported with free food, etc. which was an inducement to come. The money was split between WRBH and Le Petit Theatre.

We never received a review, so I'll tell a bit about the show. We did three shows, a Thin Man show, a Fred Allen show and a Shadow show. The bulletin will give details. The audience was enthusiastic. There was applause when Peter Lorre came on, as local actor Larry Hesdorffer, and I wondered who they were really applauding, Peter or Larry. Some of commercials that Charlie Matkin, local announcer, performed were soundly applauded. I wonder if Post Toasties and Blue Coal ever were that enthusiastically received. Even a fluff that occurred on The Fred Allen Show got a great deal of laughter. Despite the errors, the show was good. There was extraneous noises on the broadcast, which, I suppose, was caused by not soundproofing the mike stands. The gunshots were done by pricking balloons with pins. That's good for stage stuff, not for broadcasts. Our sound effects team was superb, rejuvenating an old art form. And our very young organist was outstanding in performing OTR music. Lastly, all of our actors want to do it again. What a tribute! And I hope to do another old radio concert again soon at Le Petit Theatre.

I'd like to expand the use of Old Time Radio in theatre here in New Orleans. Maybe a Christmas show next year. Does anyone have any Christmas OTR scripts? I've also thought about churches. Are they any Greatest Story Ever Told scripts

about? Or some Biblical stories adapted for radio?

One last note, I was on WWL Radio, here in New Orleans, 50,000 big watts, on August 31, to talk about Arthur Godfrey on his birthday. Also, from Boston, was Judy Dawes, the A.G. Fan Club Pres, who's written a not-yet-published bio of A.G. and I brought some tapes of Arthur Godfrey Time.

John A. Barber
Box 70711
New Orleans, LA 70172

* * * * *

For The 11th Consecutive Year
THE TEXAS COMPANY
presents
THE METROPOLITAN OPERA
BROADCASTS
On Saturday Afternoons



Next Saturday, December 30th,
Wagner's Great Music Drama
THE FLYING DUTCHMAN
*with Ljuba Fritsch, Hans Hotter and Siegmund
(Cast subject to change)*

Conductor: *Fritz Reiner* ★ Commentator:
Milton Cross

Enjoy colorful musical commentary by the ever-popular Milton Cross, whose brilliant interpolations bring the world's great operas to vibrant life right in your own living room.

Match your musical knowledge against the experts' in that entertaining intermission feature, The Opera Quiz. Address your questions to: The Opera Quiz, The Texas Company, 135 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York.

Thrill to stimulating interviews with music authorities, and other famous guest stars, during the weekly feature, "Opera News On The Air," with Boris Goldovsky.



THE TEXAS COMPANY

Over a coast-to-coast network in the U.S. and the Dominion of Canada. WJZ in New York City.

NEW ADDITIONS TO LIBRARY

RECORD ALBUM: D-101 Golden Days of Radio
by Frank Bresse

CASSETTES:

- C-918 - Charlotte Greenwood Show "Mixed Up Boy." 9/45
"Offer From Hollywood" 10/45
- C-919 - Charlotte Greenwood Show with Agnes Mocrehead 10/14/45.
With Hedda Hopper 10/21/45
- C-920 - Charlotte Greenwood Show "Halloween 10/28/45
With Lionel Barrymore 11/4/45
- C-921 - Charlotte Greenwood Show
With Edward Arnold 11/11/45
With Edward Arnold 11/18/45
- C-922 - Charlotte Greenwood Show with Donald Crisp 11/25/45
Jack Carson Show 5/6/49
- C-923 - Charlotte Greenwood Show with Veronica Lake 12/2/45
With Freddie Bartholomew 12/9/45
- C-924 - Whatever Became of -- Al Hodge (Green Hornet)
Bill Adams (Let's Pretend)
- C-925 - Whatever Became of -- Jim Ameche (Jack Armstrong)
Julie Stevens (Helen Trent)
- C-926 - Whatever Became of -- Leo Gorcey (Dead End Kid)
Billy Halop (Dead End Kid)
- C-927 - Whatever Became of -- Mary Jane Higby (Nora Drake)
Mason Adams (Pepper Young)
- C-928 - Whatever Became of -- Darla Hood (Our Gang)
Milo Boulton (We the People)
- C-929 - MGM Theatre - "Stamboul Quest"
with Angelia Lansbury

ALL FOLLOWING: GOOD NEWS OF 1940

- C-930 - 11/2/39
- C-931 - 11/9/39
- C-932 - 11/16/39
- C-933 - 11/23/39
- C-934 - 11/30/39
- C-935 - 12/7/39
- C-936 - 12/14/39
- C-937 - 12/21/39

That's this month's additions. More coming in future IPs. Keep tuned in. The following cassettes are being **REMOVED** from our library:
C-261, C-418, C-663.


Don't forget! Anyone having copies of deleted cassettes are being asked to dub copies for the library. We will appreciate it very much. Thanks to Hy Daley and Jack Mandik for the donations. And thanks to all who I may have overlooked.

Dom Parisi

* * * * *


WGR

BLUE NETWORK
550 ON YOUR DIAL



Fred Waring ★
7:00 P. M. The brilliant maestro of the World-famous PENNSYLVANIANS presents his outstanding musical aggregation in the second of a series of delightful half-hour programs.

Lou Holtz ★
7:40 P. M. America's master of dialect comedy tells another side-splitting story about his mythical friend, Lapitus.



Town Meeting of the Air ★ **8:30 P. M.**
GEORGE V. DENNY JR., moderator of Town Meeting of the Air, presents another capable board of authorities in a discussion of "Can We Trust Japan to Keep Peace Without Prolonged Military Occupation?"

For other WGR programs, see complete listings elsewhere on this page.

Jackie Kerk makes like Homer



CBS

Tuesday
10:00 pm

HIT THE JACKPOT



About the bottom of the giveaway pile.

Bill Cullen

THE SHADOW

COPYRIGHT:
STREET & SMITH

DECEMBER 15, 1942

by WALTER GIBSON

"THE MONEY MASTER"

"The Money Master"

CHAPTER VII

Lure of Greed

Police Commissioner Ralph Weston finished with the report sheets and picked up the notebook that had been found in Emmart's cab. There wasn't a question as to its authenticity. Headquarters had many samples of Emmart's careful handwriting in the form of other notes.

"It's all there, commissioner," spoke Bert Cowder, from across the desk. "All except what Wip Jandle would have told us, if he'd lived a couple of minutes longer. Wip was trying to blab the name of the big-shot who double-crossed him."

Inspector Joe Cardona gave a glum nod. He'd taken Bert's story at face value, since it tallied with everything in Emmart's notebook. Naturally, Joe knew nothing about the missing sheet that covered Wip's actual confession. Hence Cardona hadn't an idea that Shep Ficklin, recently quite inactive, could be linked with the murders of Elvor Brune and Gregg Emmart.

There was another person present who could have cracked the case wide open. His name, or at least the name he went by, was Lamont Cranston. A millionaire clubman, friend of Commissioner Weston, Cranston was called in whenever crime occurred involving great wealth.

Calm-faced, leisurely of manner, Cranston usually showed a marked indifference to the commissioner's problems. His pose was characteristic this afternoon.

This man who called himself Lamont Cranston was actually The Shadow. He had reason for being silent on the Shep Ficklin question. To pin the crime on the former racketeer, the law would have to find him.

The easiest way to find Shep was not to name him as the criminal. For The Shadow's keen brain, working behind the mask-like countenance of Cranston, held an excellent theory as to the person who would lead him to Shep Ficklin.

The Shadow was thinking in terms of Bert Cowder.

To the police, the private dick's story sounded letter-perfect. It began with the Brune incident, carried to Wip's hide-out, then to the Apex Discount Office. Bert was of the opinion that friends of Wip Jandle must have picked up the trail from the hide-out. By following Bert and Emmart, they could have seen the pair appear with the suitcase full of cash.

Naturally, such crooks had gone after Emmart, since he had the bag when he took a cab. Bert had advised against Emmart's lone trip to headquarters, but to no avail.

It happened that The Shadow knew the flaw in Bert's story. No one had tagged anybody from Wip's hide-out. The Shadow had arrived there soon enough to be sure of that. He'd missed Bert and Emmart by a very few minutes, and would have certainly spotted any trailers who might have

started after the pair.

To The Shadow, Bert's whole testimony marked itself graphically as a double cross. In fact, Bert's mention of a double cross as applied to Wip Jandle was an index to the situation. If Wip had lived long enough to blab about Shep Picklin, either Bert or Emmart could have pumped him by using such a term. Hence Bert could readily have contacted Shep later, when a million dollar prize loomed into the case.

Another point was Bert's personal theory regarding the cash that Emmart had lost. Bert covered that very smoothly.

"The stuff was queer," Bert insisted. "Gregg and I could tell that when we looked it over. He didn't want to put it in his report, because he figured experts ought to say whether it was counterfeit or not. But I've seen enough of the phony stuff to know."

"I'd say that bunch at the Apex office were simply shoving out the queer. The joint looked like a blind - and it would be a smart stunt, using refugees like Brune to pass the goods along. That explains why Brune hired me, then pulled so many duck-outs. He wanted to see how well he could dodge if government agents began to tag him."

Again, Bert was playing smart. He was putting the law on a hunt for counterfeit cash instead of genuine, thus drawing the trail in a false direction.

It happened that an expert on counterfeit money was present in the person of Vic Marquette, a government agent. Vic was a stolid, darkish man, whose face looked overly serious because of its droopy mustache. He had brought samples of recent counterfeits with him and he wanted Bert to look them over.

Bert did. There weren't any thousand-dollar bills in the lot, but Bert saw some specimens of hundreds. From those, he picked some that were painstakingly done, and announced that they resembled that fine work of the lot that came from the Apex office.

Marquette became quite enthused.

"Old Ike Grandlen did those centuries," he said. "He's an eccentric engraver whose fault was trying to improve on genuine designs. That was always the give-away. Ike missed a jail sentence by an insanity plea, but

he escaped from the place where they sent him. So Ike is at it again, on a bigger scale. Gone in for the real big notes this time. It would be like him, all right."

Again, Bert Cowder had scored. Apparently helpful to the law, he was actually helpful to himself - and Shep Picklin. Weston and Cardona were pleased by the turn of events, for indications were that unknown killers had robbed Gregg Emmart of something worthless that would lead to their own undoing.

The real undoing was Bert's.

Hours later, The Shadow was busy in his sanctum, culling through his private archives. Among his documents were reports on Ike Grandlen, the missing counterfeiter. According to The Shadow's evidence, Ike would be missing permanently. A derelict answering his description had died under another name in a Midwestern home for indigents.

The Shadow filed that data for future reference. It proved conclusively that thousand-dollar bills were not being initiated in the style that Bert Cowder claimed. Having resolved to give Bert leeway, The Shadow preferred to let the information keep until his own campaign was fairly underway. Then the facts on Ike Grandlen would reach the proper authorities, in this case represented by Vic Marquette.

The wall light blinked a call from Burbank. Answering it, The Shadow heard what he expected. Bert Cowder had at last detached himself from the company of Cardona and Marquette. Apparently, Bert had called it a night, for Clyde Burke reported that the private dick had returned to the small hotel where he lived.

A laugh stirred the sanctum. The click of the bluish lamp left utter darkness. The swish of a cloak marked The Shadow's departure, off to gain a trail that he knew would come.

When Bert Cowder strolled from his hotel, a half-hour later, an unseen figure kept pace with him along the street. Manhattan under dimout conditions was much to Bert's liking, but it was even more suited to The Shadow. Where Bert was able to make himself reasonable obscure, The Shadow became quite invisible amid the surrounding gloom.

Reaching a well-kept apartment house, Bert rang a bell

and entered when the door clicked. From outside darkness, The Shadow checked the apartment number and took his own route to the goal. It wasn't long before a stretch of darkness spread along the floor of a gaudily furnished living room where Bert Crowder was seated with Shep Ficklin.

Neither of those partners was particularly worried, considering that Bert was sure he hadn't been followed. Confident that the police hadn't linked him with the recent crime, Shep had no lookouts stationed. The Shadow's entry through the window of another room had been a matter of the utmost ease.

The only thing that bothered Shep was a newspaper, a late copy of the Classic.

"This story of Burke's," expressed Shep, in hard-toned style, "it says the dough we grabbed was phony. How come?"

With a broad smile, Bert explained his mode of dusting the eyes of the law.

"That cash is real," assured Bert. "If I didn't think so, Shep, I wouldn't have brought along my receipt for half a million bucks."

Bert handed over the receipt. It proved to be the missing page from Emmart's notebook, containing Wip's confession.

"Keep it, Bert," said Shep. "I've stashed the dough in my pet hide-away. You can collect your half later. Meanwhile, let's have the real lowdown on Elvor Brune."

"I figured you'd give it," returned Bert. "You were the guy who went after Burne. How did you manage to pick him?"

Shep shrugged.

"That apartment belonged to another refugee," he said. "I guess Brune rented it from the fellow we were really after."

"Was the other job big?"

"Chicken feed compared to this," returned Shep. "We figured on bagging about ten grand's worth of sparklers. You steered us into something really big. But what's in back of it?"

Bert pondered.

"I don't know," he admitted slowly. "Why a thing called Ten Tarka should be worth a million bucks beats me. If that Apex outfit hadn't staged the slip—"

"We'd be sitting pretty," put in Shep. "That dough we did get, I wouldn't want to cash it yet. Paper worth a grand a throw

is kind of strong. Of course, we could call it quits and wait."

The Shadow saw Bert's expression change. He could tell that the private dick was clinging to a resolution that involved a single clean-up. But the lure of greed was too much for Bert Crowder.

"We're partners, Shep," Bert reminded. "I'm game to see this thing through, if you are. There's a brain behind that Apex racket, and our job is to reach him. We know he has plenty besides what we took from his stooges."

"Yeah, but who is he?"

"Call him the Money Master," rejoined Bert. "That tag is good enough. We know he's paying off to birds like Brune. Let's find another and make him talk."

Shep's stony gaze fairly glittered.

"Now you're talking, Bert! Say - do you know what I was doing? I'd been giving guys like Brune the go-by because I figured them too much trouble."

"You mean you have others?"

"Sure!" Shep pulled a wallet from his pocket, drew out some calling cards. "Here's a candidate. His name is Ildon Cassette. A funny moniker for a funny guy. Slippery, just like Elvor Brune. Only, he wasn't keeping a watchdog on his pay roll, the way Brune kept you."

"I like to see the dough before I go after it. Brune never flashed any; it was just luck that Wip ran into him the other night. Bad luck, I'd have called it, if I hadn't heard from you. This Cassette never shows a bank roll, either, so I'd marked him as a washout. But it looks like he's somebody we really want to meet."

Full agreement registered on Bert's crafty face. He could picture Ildon Cassette as another holder of the mysterious Tarkon notes. As such, he could prove the key to wealth beyond the most avaricious dreams. Greed had taken its full grip on Bert Crowder.

"You've got to find Cassette," insisted Bert. "How soon can you do it, Shep?"

"Maybe by tomorrow night."

"You'll let me handle him?"

"Why not?" Shep's query carried a practical tone. "You worked for Brune and Cassette probably knows it. He'd give you a hearing, anyway. That's all the wedge I need."

"If he won't talk," nodded Bert, "I'll call on you for persuasion. It's a deal, Shep."

"Between two partners," Shep agreed, extending his hand. "Sit tight until you hear from me."

The interview was over. Blackness was receding into the thick gloom of the other room. If crooks could bide their time, so could The Shadow. He considered Bert Cowder as an excellent wedge for his own campaign. For The Shadow, too, was anxious to meet a certain man

of fabulous wealth known as the Money Master.

More important than the wealth itself was the way in which the Money Master had acquired it. Already, The Shadow was thinking in terms of international finance as Eric Zorva handled it. Behind the vast fortune of the Money Master could lie schemes involving the affairs of entire continents, the future of the world itself.

The Shadow knew!

PEOPLE

SATURDAY

SEPT. 24, 1988 **C8**
The Saginaw **NEWS**

At 70, broadcasting and living are still fun for busy Paul Harvey

CHICAGO (AP) — At age 70, news commentator Paul Harvey is about to become a museum piece, but he isn't letting that interfere with his three daily radio shows, his newspaper column or his speaking tours.

"Tomorrow's the most exciting day in world to me," Harvey said recently, and he has plenty of tomorrows planned — new directions for his syndicated television program, a new second home and studio in Phoenix and adding a helicopter rating to his aviation licenses.

Today he is to be inducted into Chicago's Museum of Broadcast Communications.

"I won't retire until I find something that's more fun to do," Harvey said, gesturing around his office-studio, decorated with civic awards, keys to cities and cartoons.

Harvey got his start at 15 with radio station KVOO in his native Tulsa, Okla. His name was Paul H. Aueradt back then, and it remained so through stints in Kansas, St. Louis and Kalamazoo. He changed it on taking his first Chicago job in 1944.

Now, when he says "Good morning, Americans, this is Paul Harvey," he speaks to an estimated 22 million listeners on 1,348 radio stations, but Harvey tries to concentrate on one person.

"I'm usually talking to my wife's sister," Harvey said. "She seems to epitomize grass-roots America to me. I keep asking myself, 'Would Aunt Betty really care? Would Aunt Betty really understand?' A lot of stories get rewritten or discarded because of that."

Harvey shrugs off such adjectives as "cornball" and criticism of his format, in which ominous headlines are often juxtaposed with cute animal stories and Harvey's comments.

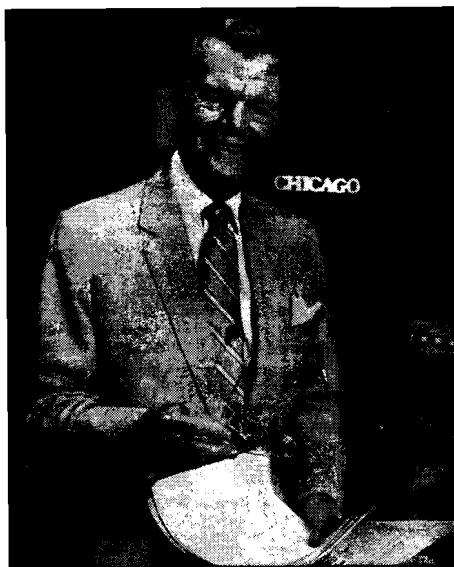
"Hard, cold facts have to be made palatable with some leavening — but you can't use too much of that leavening. No one wants to listen to just good news, after all — it's been tried and it doesn't work."

He also does his own commercials, delivering them in the same tone of voice as the news itself. The practice is a Harvey trademark — and he defends it, saying, "I use the products myself and I can vouch for them."

Interviewer and Pulitzer prize-winning author Studs Terkel, who has been on Chicago radio since 1945, says he understands Harvey's popularity, but does not necessarily approve of the reasons.

"At a certain point in the New Deal and a certain point in the war, Paul said the usual, expected things," Terkel said. "Paul was offering pretty simplistic views, and they caught on like a house on fire. I guess they were what some people wanted to hear."

"He's a nice guy, a very honest guy and a very fair-minded



Paul Harvey in the control room of ABC Radio in Chicago **AP**

guy," said Terkel. "I like him very much personally, but I don't have much in common with his views. In some ways, he's confined his mind to the 12th century — and it's not the 12th century anymore."

Harvey's family — he and wife Lynne have been married 47 years — has sometimes influenced his broadcasts, as when he reversed himself on the Vietnam War. He signaled the shift in a broadcast that opened: "I love you, Mr. President, but you're wrong . . ."

"I changed my mind about Vietnam after a painful period of several months of soul-searching and discussions — often around our own dinner table," he said.

It was the Cold War that brought Harvey to national prominence. Working as an ABC radio commentator in 1951, he was arrested on orders of the Atomic Energy Commission for scaling a fence and surreptitiously entering Argonne National Laboratory, west of Chicago.

Harvey said it was investigative journalism and proved that security was lax at the AEC's nuclear facilities; the AEC called it breaking and entering.

Radio Pioneer Is Honored With UGA Facility

By Michele Greppi
Television Editor

With the dedication of the Himan Brown Audio Production Center at 3:30 p.m. Thursday, the University of Georgia College of Journalism and Mass Communication joins the man who created the "Inner Sanctum Mysteries" creaking door on his mission to revive the joy of listening.

For the school, it is a sign of affectionate respect for this radio drama pioneer with whom it has worked on and off for the past 10 years and to whom it first awarded a George Foster Peabody Award in 1948. For Himan Brown, it bestows a university imprimatur that should help his ambitious plan to usher more people back into the "theater of the mind."

"The most effective theater," he calls it. He tosses aside television as "a hypnotic nothing," but storytelling to Mr. Brown is an emotional thing, a visceral transaction in which the listener must meet the storyteller halfway. The payoff is that "if you listen, I touch you."

So good is the New Yorker at touching people, he was among the first 12 inductees into the Emerson Radio Hall of Fame in the spring — and he was, he said with his ready smile, one of only two inductees still living.

He was in high school when he first acted on radio, and in 1929, he packaged and sold to NBC "The Rise of the Goldbergs" with Gertrude Berg. He graduated from Brooklyn College in 1933, and by the next year, he was off on a long list of collaborations with such fabled names-to-be as Irwin Shaw, Mercedes McCambridge, Frank Lovejoy.

And Orson Welles. His name comes up frequently, as does an almost sputtering incomprehension that anyone would feel the need to "redo" Mr. Welles's legendary radio adaptation of H.G. Wells's "War of the

Worlds" on this year's 50th anniversary.

Mr. Brown is a raconteur and gallant charmer but is not chary with assessments that may bite. "I'm senior enough in the industry to criticize," he said wryly. He said he felt senior enough to criticize "the day I started."

From the '30s through the '50s, his productions included such hit radio staples as "The Shadow," "The Thin Man," "Bulldog Drummond," and "Joyce Jordan, M.D." Or, as he says it, "Joyce Jordan Comma M.D." (Joyce Jordan spent nine years as an intern until a new sponsor suggested it might be time to upgrade her professionally.) There also was "Flash Gordon," in which "we blew up Earth every week."

Always there were the actors' actors... and his beloved sounds, many of which became part of pop culture — from "Calling all cars" in "Dick Tracy" to the wrong-but-distinctive train whistle for "Grand Central Station" and "Nero Wolfe's" introductory fat man's laugh that rattled the paper cones in old radio speakers.

The creaking "Inner Sanctum" door that to this day means "Come in... Welcome... Pull up a tombstone" is one of only two sounds that have been legally trademarked, he said. The other is the old NBC chimes.

In early 1974, he ended a hiatus — not vacation — of nearly 15 years when he brought "CBS Radio Mystery Theater" to the air. Before long, it was drawing about 5 million listeners a week on several hundred stations. It also marked the beginning of his mission to bring people back to listening.

While still to be defined, the five-studio Himan Brown Audio Center will probably start as a circulation clearinghouse for the thousands of hours that are its namesake's oeuvre. In the future, there will be the development and sale of docudrama and drama for radio. "We will do what NPR (National Public Radio) is not doing," Mr. Brown said succinctly.

ATLANTA JOURNAL / CONSTITUTION 10/12/88

11/5/37

Ken Murray Views the News



Murray

GROUCHO and Harpo Marx getting fined \$1,000 only goes to show that being a radio comedian is now a hazardous profession like steplejacking and pedestrianism.

The whole trouble is that there are only 36 basic jokes in the world and a radio program needs 75. That is why every good joke has been used so often, you sometimes can't recognize it through the callouses and barnacles.

And say, if Joe Miller ever came back to earth, he could slap ever radio comedian into jail and then you folks would have to listen to symphony programs.

Every comic from Sandy Hook to San Diego is looking for a new gag. And once a really good one is invented, watch the boys pounce on it and give it more twists than a gross of corkscrews.

Well, that's all I've got time for now. I've got to get busy thinking up a new and snappy answer to "Who was that lady I seen you with last night?"

Copyright, 1937

New singing discovery Lois Butler (left) gets some hints from beautiful Jeanette MacDonald.





EDITOR

Due to a variety of reasons, Linda resigned as editor of the I.P. effective with the September issue. Arlene and I have assumed editorial duties for the I.P. on an interim basis until a new editor can be found. Assisting us will be Pete Bellanca's son who will be typing The Shadow chapter for each issue. Frank Boncore and Bob Davis have agreed to be guest editors for the January and July issues to give us a little vacation from the I.P. every 6 months. Anyone who is interested in assuming editorial duties of the I.P. on a permanent basis should contact me for details.

Arlene and I have just returned from the 13th Annual Friends of Old Time Radio convention in Newark, NJ. Jay Hickerson, Anthony Tollin and numerous others did a super job of arranging a super convention. I have attended numerous conventions for other organizations but nowhere is the atmosphere friendlier or more festive than this convention. One of the highlights of my year is greeting our many friends and acquaintances from all over North America and even England. This year even the food was greatly improved. If you don't want to miss out on the festivities next year, set aside October 19-21 for the 14th Annual Friends of Old Time Radio Convention at Holiday Inn North, Newark International Airport, NJ.....See You There!

Edgar Bergen and Charlie make final radio appearance with Dan Ameye and Bob Hope.



TAPE LIBRARY RATES: 2400' reel - \$1.50 per month; 1800' reel - \$1.25 per month; 1200' reel - \$1.00 per month; cassette and records - \$.50 per month; video cassette - \$1.25 per month. Postage must be included with all orders and here are the rates: For the U.S.A. and APO, \$.60 for one reel, \$.35 for each cassette and record; \$.75 for each video tape.

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

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

LETTERS



I would like to compliment the O'Donnels and Frank Boncore on the most recent issue of MEMORIES, the one featuring "GUNSMOKE". I have just finished reading it and consider it to be the best of all the 22 issues of MEMORIES published since 1975. An awful lot of work went into this one and I found it to be thoroughly interesting and worth while. I might add to what they have written, that present day Dodge City has capitalized on its fame from the radio (and television) series. They have restored two blocks of the "historic Front Street" featuring numerous displays of the 1870's. This is open year round, and then during the summer months they also feature gunfights on the street, a chuck wagon dinner, and a variety show in the Long Branch Saloon. This is worth an evening's stop for people traveling through southern Kansas.

Jim Snyder

A rebuttal to a lie:

I will prove in one letter that Hal Widdison is a liar and ask James Snyder to say it's not true.

Jim in 1985 you wrote a column about my material and so on.. I tried to have it squashed due to trying to get a grant from one local oil company to start a N.Y.C. club. Jim did delay the article. I was most happy, but failed to get the grant. The article appeared. It did no harm. Yes I was p..... and did mention bodily harm. How would anyone else from NY have reacted. He would have been dead already. I just wanted the article delayed. He did. I did call Jim and apologize, right JIM!!! At the same time Hal Widdison wrote him a letter dated May 5, 1985!! Got that Letter JIM?? Look for it. If not I enclosed a copy. And I quote "I have received hundreds of reels from Thom and, with few exceptions, I have been pleased with their quality. When I did find materials that had problems of any type, Thom has always been very willing to replace them. I have a fairly extensive collection of old radio shows drawn from many parts of the country. The materials I obtained from Thom have been generally superior to those I obtained from other sources including large dealers. As a matter of fact, I have been able to upgrade the sound of a number of series through the help of Thom.

Thom has the knack for locating materials that are quite rare and in very limited circulation. Some of this material is not in the best of sound but I doubt that better can be found. Thom has clearly informed me of the condition of the recordings, so I would be forewarned. If the quality of the materials were less than desirable, his policy of satisfaction guaranteed always resulted in my receiving materials that were entirely satisfactory".

The letter goes on. But??? **ALWAYS A BUT.....RIGHT MR. DAVIS...** Shooting your mouth off again without the real facts...Ask Jim. What about it Jim???

Now Mr. Widdison you can't have it both ways...What's the story?

It's okay for me to fly you out here at my expense to enjoy the show and let you copy from my collection. But it not okay for me to do it!!!! Sounds like double talk to me!!!! Sounds pretty cheesy....and greedy.

Also Mr. Davis..

These reels were donated to the club (both Colorado & Buffalo) by me...I didn't hear you say no I don't want them because they are supposedly stolen. Since when is anything stolen. Did I fly 3000 miles sneak into his house record 100 reels (where would I put 100 reels without him seeing them anyway) and run to the airport with them??? Granted I lied

to protect him. My agreement was not to release them until they were in general circulation!! They were, David Seigel advertised them in HELLO Again (which I sent Hal). They were advertised in RADIO SHOWCASE (which I sent Hal) and a company on the west coast had most of them already. (It's okay folks for the bigger dealers to trade them, but us small collectors shouldn't have them... B.S.!!!!) I would do it again so they can be released to the general public. These are the people who keep this hobby together. As for pressuring Jay Hicker-son... and I quote again..."Thom, there are two dealers who do not appreciate the way you sell your wares..."

Mr. Davis, list some names...how come everybody writes articles but never a name is listed???? I guess 100,000 collectors are afraid I will break their legs...has anyone out there ever seen me get physical???? Words never hurt anyone!!!!

Always dealers shooting their mouths off...as for the convention...I personally bring 10-20 new people a year, I have 5 tables...tables which were empty for years until I came along...I buy several collectors dinner each and every year and until Hal Widdison shot his mouth off, I would pick a customer and fly them in for the experience (a note here.. Hal's collection consists of reels also donated to NARA...). And yes, I will bring legal action against the committee if they decide to ban me!!!! That is my god given right besides having the law back me up. So where as you see the bad things, how about stating some of the good things like it adds color to the proceedings and can in itself, be a show worth watching...etc...if more of the dealers were more animated in their sales pitches they might do better than they do...

You see Bob, there is a little bit of madness in me..but I give the public what they want good cheap material and a guarantee that others can't give. I sell 3000 cassettes and 1000 reels every year with less than 4 cassettes returned last year and 1 reel. Where are all these complaints you get? How come you don't come to me? As for the cassettes, my labels state guaranteed by Thom Salome, 196 Lawrence Avenue...etc. Why in the world did you buy it if I stated it wasn't on the cassette supposedly. Yes, I label many many reels and cassettes and I am entitled to mistakes. How come every time you have a problem it's printed instead of letting me know first like my guarantee states?

Also, all this madness come from issue #144, September 1988. Which I never received and had to ask for. I wonder why...club printers (issue was

late due to editor change...Ed). You

all know how to come to my table at the end of each convention to solicit reels and cassettes, but nobody knows what to do for a rebuttal article the same time a bad one is to be printed. I believe you got a big mouth and can only complain when others do...Supposedly. As for Hal's complaint..this one paragraph states it all. I stood by my agreement and released the material (which by the way has surfaced in other discs by other collectors on the east and west coast). Also one note here...Hal Widdison is receiving this material supposedly from Bingham Young University under the table without the knowledge of the head dean. It's supposedly research material. Is it okay for him to research for his collection but nobody elses????????!!!! Come on here, what's right and what's wrong? Who give you the right to print this trash?

As for the trading community, ain't it funny the same people I have been dealing with, except Had Widdison, still do!!!And they call claim to not have any complaints and I almost never ask for anything in return!????!!!! I give them my masters to copy. How many others do that....???

As for your opinion!!!!If you have had a problem before (two reels) and you never received the compensation, you never wrote me stating you didn't. But, I quote again, your words...

"I received a package with a tape but no letter or label." Quote unquote. Which is it Bob??? I believe I do a good turn to the general public and I few bad apples (me included supposedly) do pop up here and there. But I sell out each and every year, even if I sell for cost. And the same people buy each and every year!!!!Including you supposedly!!!

Next time I would like a chance for a rebuttal at the same time you print!!!

THAT IS WHAT FAIR IS, NOT THIS STABBING IN THE BACK WHICH IS WHAT YOU SEEM TO ME GOOD AT....

TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC, IF YOU BELIEVE THIS TRASH WITHOUT DEALING WITH ME FIRST, I OFFER YOU A FREE CASSETTE OR REEL TO SEE THAT, THAT IS WHAT IT REALLY IS TRASH, SHOOTING FROM THE LIP.....

Thom Salome

Beautiful Debarrah Kerr and Van Heflin polish lines for Lux Theatre show.



For CBS Programs

TONIGHT

WMAZ

940 on your dial



DR. CHRISTIAN at 7:30 p. m.

Jan Hersholt's brilliant portrayal of one of America's finest, most beloved characters, the country doctor—friend of all mankind. With his young nurse, Judy Price, Dr. Christian looks after the health and welfare of a typical American town: River's End, U.S.A.

MA PERKINS at 1:45 p.m.

Ma (Virginia Payne), kindly, penetrating, full of humor, is a fountain of homespun wisdom and a rock in time of trouble. Warm, wholesome, hearty, her story is the satisfying story of all women who are "Ma" to family and friends alike.



A young Bergen honed his talent on a Michigan farm

Eight-year-old Edgar Bergren sat in the kitchen of the family farmhouse near Decatur in Van Buren County watching his mother bake pies.

Suddenly, a muffled old man's voice cried, "Hello, hello in there." Nellie Bergren opened the kitchen door, but no one was there.

"I was sure I heard somebody" she mumbled.

"So did I," said Edgar.

Then from the oven came, "...ello. Hello." Mrs. Bergren swung open the oven door and peered inside.

At that her son broke out laughing and confessed, "I did it, mother. I played a joke on you."

Little did Mrs. Bergren realize then, but her young prankster would parlay his special gift into a career as America's most famous ventriloquist.

Born in Chicago in 1903 to immigrants from Sweden, Bergren moved with his family to the Decatur area at the age of 5. There he spent the next 11 years.

Mrs. Arthur Howe, his fourth-grade teacher, later recalled that he demonstrated particular skill in art but not as an entertainer. But Harley Smith, a childhood chum, remembered the ventriloquist act Bergren put on without a dummy at a school picnic held at Eagle Lake.

Bergren's first exposure to the world of entertainment came through a job at the Decatur opera house — sweeping the floor. But the proprietor, Gertrude Metzger, also let him pretend to play the player piano there during intermission.

As a teen-ager Bergren worked in the local onion fields. He bought a camera with the proceeds and used it to take pictures of departing doughboys which he sold to their families.

Bergren's father died soon after World War I began. Following the war, the family moved back to Chicago. There Bergren continued to hone his natural ability as a ventriloquist by studying a mail-order guide he had purchased for 25 cents.

Whenever possible he also attended the performances of Harry Lester, a famous ventriloquist then playing in Chicago. Lester took the youth under his wing and gave him three months of free daily lessons.

Bergren was attending high school when he got the idea for Charlie McCarthy. One day, he noticed a tough Irish newsboy standing on a street corner. Bergren sketched him and turned the drawing over to Theodore Mack, a skilled woodcarver. The wooden head Mack carved so delighted Bergren that he dubbed the dummy Charlie McCarthy, a Celtic version of the artisan's name.

One of Charlie's first feats was to help Bergren get out of high school. His grades were too low for graduation. But Charlie's witty repartee during school assemblies so impressed faculty members that they gave him special tutoring which enabled him to graduate.

After two years at Northwestern University, Bergren quit college to take his act on the Orpheum vaudeville circuit. About that time he dropped the "r" in his name to become Edgar Bergen.

For 10 years Bergen and Charlie McCarthy toured America and much of the world. When the popularity of vaudeville waned with the emergence of talking pictures, Bergen converted his routine into a nightclub act.

In his most successful skit, called "The Operation," Charlie played the nervous patient and Bergen the inept doctor.

Bergren's big break came during a celeb-

Larry
Massie



NEWS SPECIAL COLUMNIST

party in 1936. Charlie's saucy dialogue so impressed playwright Noel Coward that he got the team a booking on the Rudy Vallee radio show. Radio was an unlikely medium for a ventriloquist, but the act became an instant success.

In May 1937 Bergen got his own radio program with Chase & Sanborn coffee as the sponsor. At a time when radio was America's dominant source of entertainment, Bergen's show soon became one of the highest-rated programs on the airwaves.

Bergren got a long list of prominent personalities to appear on his show for a merciless lampooning by McCarthy, the "magnificent splinter." Charlie asked portly Orson Wells, for example, "Why don't you release a blimp for active service?"

Bergren eventually added two other dummies to his act, bashful yokel Mortimer Snerd and Miss Effie Klinker, a man-hungry old maid. But Charlie remained his mainstay. The wisecracking 14-year-old puppet became a real personality to millions of Americans. Bergen wrote most of the jokes himself, but on stage he simply acted as a foil to Charlie, the real star.

Charlie, in fact, had his own luxurious dressing room and his own stationery inscribed with his motto, "E Pluribus Mow 'Em Downus." Sixty percent of the act's voluminous mail came addressed to Char-

lie McCarthy.

In the 1940s folks in Decatur campaigned to have a monument erected at the village limits, not to Bergen but to Charlie McCarthy.

Charlie's most memorable banter related to a mock feud of many years standing with W.C. Fields. Charlie would needle the great comedian with a question such as: "Is it true Mr. Fields that when you stood on the corner of Hollywood and Vine, 43 cars waited for your nose to change to green?"

Fields replied: "Go away, you woodpecker's blue-plate, before I take my saw and pedicure your tootsies."

So it went, to the delight of millions of listeners.

In 1938 Bergen and Charlie McCarthy starred in a lavish musical, "Goldwyn Follies" as well as Universal's "A Letter of Introduction." The Motion Picture Academy presented the team with a special wooden Oscar for their achievements that year.

In 1939 they appeared with W.C. Fields in "You Can't Cheat an Honest Man." Foiled in his attempt to assassinate Charlie by feeding him to the lions, Fields' character, Larson E. Whippsnade, eventually cut a balloon's mooring rope to send the whole team aloft.

In 1941, at the height of his popularity, Bergen returned to Decatur to a hero's welcome. A crowd of 25,000 descended on the village for the festivities.

Nearly twice that number of fans showed up when Bergen came to Decatur in 1948 as a special guest at the village's centennial celebration. When the mayor presented him with a key to the city Charlie quipped, "I can remember a time when Bergen wished he had a key to the Decatur jail."



Larry Massie Collection

Edgar Bergen and his wooden sidekick, Charlie McCarthy, during the 1950s.

Bergren's final visit to the town of his youth came during the nation's bicentennial celebration in 1976.

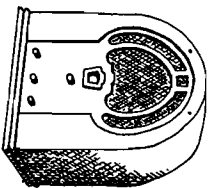
"The man who gave America a dummy for a national idol" died on Sept. 30, 1978, following a performance at Caesar's Palace in Las Vegas. Charlie McCarthy now resides in the Smithsonian Institute.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Larry Massie is a Michigan historian from Allegan who writes stories about the state's past.

FIRST CLASS MAIL

THE OLD TIME

100 HARVEY DRIVE



RADIO CLUB

LANCASTER, N.Y. 14086