

# ILLUSTRATED PRESS

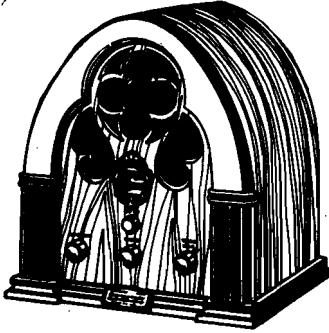
EST. 1975

MR. & MRS. PETER DIXON  
STARS OF NBC'S "RAISING JUNIOR"

SEPTEMBER, 1989  
ISSUE #156



**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.

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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.

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**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.

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**DEADLINE 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  
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393 George Urban Blvd.  
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(716) 634-7021

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Clarence, NY 14031  
(716) 759-8401

**CANADIAN BRANCH:**  
Richard Simpson  
960 - 16 Rd., R.R.3  
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Dominic Parisi  
38 Ardmore Place  
Buffalo, NY 14312  
(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  
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**ADVERTISING RATES FOR MEMORIES:**  
\$60.00 for a full page (**ALL ADS MUST \$40.00 for a half page BE CAMERA READY**)  
**SPECIAL:** OTR Club members may take **50%** off these rates.  
Advertising Deadline - September 1

# THE SHADOW

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STREET & SMITH

DECEMBER 15, 1942

by WALTER GIBSON

## The Money Master

### Chapter Fifteen: Masters of Wealth

Something had happened during Zorva's trip to the vault with the guests who had agreed to become his tools. The Money Master could tell it when he looked at Rymol, for the secretary's face was eager. A slight expression of annoyance crept across Zorva's own features.

When Zorva's hand moved to his vest, his fingers pressed the cloth aside and toyed with the handle of the jeweled dagger that was at present beneath Zorva's belt. Instantly, Rymol's expression stiffened.

"That is better, Rymol," approved Zorva. "It is troublesome, reminding you to retain your composure. Take this" -- his hand shifted from belt to vest pocket and produced the package check -- "and give it to Anton. Tell him to claim the suitcase that it represents."

Taking the check, Rymol nodded. Before the secretary could speak, Zorva curbed him with a gesture.

"Then summon our new guests," added Zorva. "Show them the telephone and have them call some friends of theirs. Men who will prove useful for outside operations. Our present scope is too limited."

Again the secretary nodded, this time more patiently. He waited until Zorva questioned:

"Now Rymol, what is it?"

"Mardith is here," explained Rymol. "He brought a friend with him. A man named Hume."

Zorva's eyebrows lifted.

"Hiram Hume?"

"I think so," replied Rymol. "I took them to your study."

"Very good." There was a glitter in Zorva's eyes. "I am quite anxious to meet Hiram Hume. I shall see him at once."

Zorva's words were a dismissal. When Rymol left the hallway, Zorva crossed to a side passage behind the grand

staircase and beneath it.

As soon as the Money Master disappeared, The Shadow emerged from the curtain and followed. He reached the little passage just as Zorva closed a door at the far end of it.

The passage was gloomy; the door, of deep-stained oak, formed a background of solid blackness because of the dim light. Gliding forward, The Shadow merged with his favorite element. Finding the knob, he turned it with a slow precision that Zorva would have envied.

The door proving unlocked, The Shadow inched it open in the same imperceptible style and gained a narrow view of the magnificent study where James Mardith was introducing Eric Zorva to Hiram Hume.

The Shadow knew why Zorva wanted to meet Hume. Himself a man of wealth, Hume was the controlling factor in huge industries that had gone in for production of war materials. In expanding his factories, Hume had negotiated with bankers as well as investors. Mardith could not have found a man more capable of raising cash than Hiram Hume.

Large of build, with a square-jawed face topped with grizzled hair, Hume looked the part of a big industrialist. His eyes were sharp, his handshake strong, both in keeping with the dynamic personality that he used to dominate board meetings. He was a browbeater, Hume, but he was keen enough to recognize his match.

Hiram Hume saw such in Eric Zorva.

When the two sat down, James Mardith hesitated, then took another chair. Mardith didn't rate in this league, and he knew it. He represented business that was big in its way, but was small compared to Hume's. His pudgy face marked Mardith as a weakling in his present company.

Zorva took it for granted that Mardith had stated preliminary terms to Hume, otherwise the latter wouldn't be here. So Zorva lost no time in declaring what he wanted: namely, American dollars for conversion into Japanese yen.

Quite bluntly, Hume queried: "Why do you need so many dollars?"

"I have already used my main supply," replied Zorva. "That fact should convince others that the investment is sound."

"Unless you have already invested too much."

Zorva smiled and shook his head.

"My yen are going through another turnover," he declared. "A conversion into certain South American currencies which we might define as neutral."

"Why not cash them back into dollars?"

"I intend to do so," replied Zorva, "when the time proves ripe. If it does prove ripe."

There was an ominous note in Zorva's words that intrigued Hume, though it brought a look of alarm from Mardith.

"Let me illustrate," explained Zorva. "I bought heavily into certain European currencies a few years ago. I invested the proceeds with the Axis nations. They used the funds for fifth-column activities and paid me off with large interest from the loot they took from conquered nations. There were indemnities, too" -- Zorva's gaze was reflective -- "that quickened the profit."

Hume nodded. He'd gathered the most of this from Mardith.

"Like every financier," continued Zorva, "I found control of industries a necessary factor. Not at the source of output, but at the point of delivery."

Hume leaned close to the desk, his big jaw resting in his hand. Mardith stared blankly; he hadn't yet caught on.

"At the time of certain military disasters," remarked Zorva, "a curious feature was the amount of war material acquired by certain invading forces. Planes, tanks, munitions, often uncrated --"

He paused. The glitter in Zorva's eyes was matched by Hume's gaze. But Mardith's eyes weren't wide; his mouth was.

"Did it ever occur to you," queried Zorva, "that such shipments were bought and paid for in advance? With the understanding that they would be

delayed or diverted through seemingly unavoidable causes? Odd, wasn't it, that such things should happen whenever a debacle was due?"

The question left Mardith utterly aghast. As for Hume, the man to whom they were directed, he was more intrigued than before. In return, he put an inquiry of his own:

"You will take goods instead of dollars?"

"Certain goods, yes," returned Zorva. "At proper discount, considering that they are being sold twice, making the second sale a complete profit, with delivery already arranged and paid."

"Give me your want list," declared Hume promptly, "and I can plan accordingly. I am beginning to understand things, Mr. Zorva. War goods are your currency."

"My currency is my own," corrected Zorva. "It takes care of all debts. Now about these goods, Mr. Hume. Some will have to be obtained through other persons."

"I shall introduce you to such persons."

"My fund also calls for dollars, at least ten percent of the whole."

Hume stroked his chin.

"A quarter of a billion," he mused. "Rather difficult, under present circumstances. Still, I could arrange loans for factory expansions. But afterward --"

"They could be tied up through priorities," inserted Zorva. "If that should lead to future complications, I could convert my growing South American funds into dollars. A speed-up of the process would not be difficult -- if necessary."

Never had any living human described so vicious a circle. That was, if Eric Zorva could be classed as human. He wasn't in the eyes of James Mardith. The pudgy man was staring at the Money Master as though viewing Lucifer incarnate.

There was even more to come.

"May I ask," inquired Hume, "just what you meant when you specified 'if necessary'?"

Zorva sized Hume with a steady look. Then:

"I mean that as events now stand," declared Zorva, "those neutral currencies would eventually be converted into dollars. But should we increase the scope of our operations, the balance may change in world affairs. In that case, it would

be better to shift back to yen."

With a satisfied nod, Hume arose and extended his hand for a parting grip. Without turning, Hume spoke to Mardith, telling him to come along. The Shadow drew away to let them pass, Hume striding pompously, Mardith following like a dog on a leash. Following, Zorva studied Mardith with narrowed eyes, all the way to the front door.

As soon as the visitors were gone, Zorva called for Rymol. The secretary responded from the stair top. Instead of beckoning him down, Zorva went up.

With servants in the front hallway, where they had arrived to show the guests out, The Shadow's path to the staircase was blocked. that mattered little in The Shadow's calculations. He knew the issue soon to be at stake.

It was an issue named James Mardith.

Gliding away, The Shadow took the back route down through the kitchens, which he found deserted. The rear door was closed, but merely latched, so The Shadow left no evidence of his visit when he opened the door and disappeared through the darkness of the garden.

It was unfortunate that The Shadow failed to witness Zorva's interview with Rymol.

Their talk took the course that The Shadow had expected. Coolly stating his impressions of Mardith, Zorva declared that the go-between had failed to stand the test. It was something that Zorva had foreseen, when talking with Mardith on earlier occasions. Never until this evening had Zorva disclosed the more nefarious phases of his schemes in Mardith's presence.

"The measure of conscience," defined Zorva, "is the weight of its burden. We taxed Mardith too heavily tonight. It was unfortunate ... for Mardith."

Rymol understood. His master was a man who hated crime. To understand that paradox, one had to know Zorva's own definition of crime, which Rymol had filed with the other epigrams. It consisted of three words:

"Crime is weakness."

"You will detail our new workers to the task," continued Zorva. "Have them use whatever helpers they have contacted. You can go along to judge their ability, Rymol. You will need

Zorva gestured to the knife that Rymol had flung through the velvet curtain. Taking the handle, the Money Master gave a firm twist. He withdrew the blade from the engaging woodwork as though pulling a spoon from a bowl of sugar. Handing the dirk to Rymol, Zorva examined the slice in the velvet drape, then lifted the curtain to study the scar in the woodwork.

As he ran his fingers delicately along the polished oak, he paused with a pained expression as he reached the blemish. His other followers had confined their knife throwing to doorways that could be refitted. Rymol had damaged a very fine oaken panel that would be difficult to replace.

For a moment Rymol trembled; then showed relief when Zorva's gaze went sharp and canny. When seized by a conniving mood, Zorva always forgot the shortcomings of his servants.

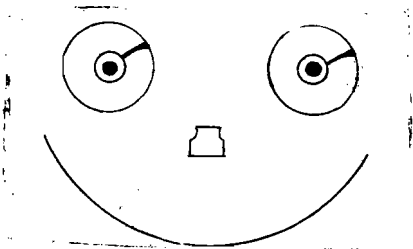
There was reason for Zorva's changed expression. From the slice that the knife had hewn in the oak, the Money Master produced a bit of cloth that the point had impled and wedged there. The cloth wasn't velvet. It was of rougher material and its color was jet-black. The fragment was a remnant from The Shadow's cloak.

"Our other visitor," declared Zorva, his lips forming a V-shaped smile. "The one we hoped would call: The Shadow. He was here after all, but you missed him, Rymol. Still" -- Zorva stepped back to survey the curtain's width -- "we can charge it to his skill; not to any fault of yours, Rymol. You will have another chance tonight. Be prepared for it."

With that cryptic pronouncement, Zorva dismissed Rymol and went downstairs. Starting off to summon Shep and Bert for their new venture, Rymol heard the study door close with a loud slam. At the sound, Rymol began a shudder, which ended when his lips phrased an ugly smile.

When Eric Zorva slammed doors in a hurry, it meant that he was planning disaster for someone. The rule couldn't apply to Rymol, for Zorva had already sent him off to other duties. Aside from Mardith, already slated for doom, Zorva's venom was concentrated upon one person only:

The Shadow!



# REEL-LY SPEAKING

## ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

As part of the upcoming 15th anniversary issue, I'd like to work up an article on what our members favorite programs are. If you'd like to participate, just send me a list of the shows you most enjoy. listening to:

9565 Wehrle Drive  
Clarence, NY 14031

A post card would be fine. I've already surveyed some local members with interesting results. One point that comes up is the difference between best and favorite. Personally one can appreciate the qualities of a show (in my case Escape) but not like to listen to it.

NEW REELS I'd like to thank James Crawford and Tom Monroe for their recent donations. Anyone Else?

Here are some more wish list items.

- |              |                  |
|--------------|------------------|
| Halls of Ivy | Bob Hope         |
| Baby Snooks  | Hopalong Cassidy |
| Lights Out   | I love Adventure |

The current additions to the library contain trios of BBC science fiction and classic comedies and one real mixed reel. Buried in the last is a Little Orphan Annie - our first one I believe. Happy Listening.

- |      |                             |
|------|-----------------------------|
| #762 | BBC Science Fiction         |
|      | Omegapoint                  |
|      | Medwich Cuckoos             |
|      | Before the Screaming Begins |
|      | Hampdenshire Wonder         |
| #763 | BBC Science Fiction         |
|      | Doppleganger                |
|      | Technicolor Time Machine    |
|      | Project Genesis             |
|      | Silver Sky                  |
| #764 | BBC Science Fiction         |
|      | First Men in the Moon       |
|      | Silent Scream               |
|      | Space Force Two.            |
|      | 1. Return of the Sun God    |
|      | 2. Red Planet               |
|      | 3. Great Martian Pyramids   |
|      | 4. Test of Endurance        |
|      | 5. Living with Death        |
|      | 6. Unto Death and Beyond    |

- #765 Misc. Comedy (No titles)  
E. Bergen & C. McCarthy 5/6/56  
Bob Hope 4/49  
Frank Morgan Show  
Jimmy Durante, Fall 1947  
Phil Harris & Alice Faye  
Jack Benny 1953  
Meet Corless Archer, 1953  
Judy Canova Show  
Milton Berle Show  
Red Skelton Show  
Bob Burns Show  
Amos n' Andy 7/48

- #766 All E. Bergen & C. McCarthy  
(No Titles)  
With Judy Garland  
With Roy Rogers  
With Walt Disney  
With Michael Romanoff  
With Jack Benny (1955)  
Four Excerpts

- #767 All Fred Allen (No Titles)  
10/21/45  
11/25/45  
1/20/46  
5/26/46  
2/3/46  
12/28/47

- #768 Miscellaneous  
Shadow - "Prelude to Stakeout"  
"Black Abbott"  
Little Orphan Annie 11/20/40  
Green Hornet - "Hit & Run 1/27/48  
Jack Benny "With Being Crosby"  
3/16/47  
12/45  
Suspense - "Chickens"  
Escape - "The Birds"

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TAPE LIBRARY RATES: All reels and video cassettes - \$1.25 per month; cassettes and records - \$.50 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 tape \$1.50; 3 or 4 tapes \$1.75. Cassettes: 1 or 2 tapes \$.65; for each additional tape and \$.25.

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

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**THE DEALER'S CORNER**

By: Frank Boncore

It's been a while since I've written a column and I have several things to talk about.

First Ron Barnett of Echoes of the Past, Box 9593, Alexandria, VA 22304 has come out with a significant upgrade of Willis Cooper's eerie little brew "Quiet Please." Those of us who are really into OTR collection know that it was Willis Cooper who founded "Lights Out" in late 1934. Quoting "Tune in Yesterday", Quiet Please was cast in the "lights Out" mold but perfected in a subdivision of its own. Presently there is a reel circulating among dealers and collectors, however this NEW reel contains entirely different stories and is upgraded to a (C-C+) rating by Ron Barnett. FOR THE RECORD!!! Ron is a perfectionist and his shows all reflect this. It is my belief that if one were to knock on his door at 4:00 am, Ron would answer it with a smile on his face and not have a hair out of place. From my own dealings for quality I rank Edward J. Carr (Cassettes Now, Reels Also) #1 and Ron Barnett, "Cowboy" Don Astin and Bob Burnham a close 2nd. Getting back on track the following shows are on this reel: 1. "My Son John" 2. "The Little Morning" 3. "If I Should Wake Before I Die" 4. "One for the Books" 5. "Good Ghost" 6. "Shadow of the Wings". Ron is offering this 1200' reel to club members for \$5.00 + \$1.00 shipping and handy ONLY if you mention that you read about it in the I.P. Please contact Ron for the rates if you want this on cassette.

Audio Tapes Inc, Box 9584, Alexandria VA 22304 has a special offer for OTRC members only, 25 reels of Ampex open reel tape, 1800' per reel used once in NEW boxes for \$29.00 plus shipping only if you mention the I.P.

After I contacted a Dealer in Minnesota, I have learned that two more episodes of "Cape Cod Radio Mystery Theater" are available and as soon as I receive them I'll review and write about them.

Edward J. Carr of Cassettes New Reels also has a new flier out. Included in this flier is a reel of 14 20 minute episodes of the BBC Thriller series "A Fatal Inversion" which has some episodes entitled "The Woodland Grave", "A Case of Murder," "The Two Skeletons", "The animal Cemetary" and several more. Also listed in this are 1200' reel of "Paul Temple and the Jonathan Mystery", eight reels of the

"Cisco Kid" starring Jack Mather and Harry Lang, a reel of the "NEW Adventures of Michael Shane" with Jeff Chandler, and several other interesting reels. These shows are available on cassettes. For further information contact Ed Carr at 216 Shaner Street, Boyertown, PA 19512 and be sure to tell him that you read about in the I.P.

Bob and Debbie Burnham of BRC Productions have the following catalogs available for \$2.00 each. Winter 1988/89 classic specials; Fall/Winter 1988 reel/custom cassette update (approximately 60 reels); Summer 1987 Reel/custom cassette catalog (approximately 500 reels); Summer 1988 stock cassette catalog; Shokus Vintage TV video cassette catalog; General Video Cassette catalog.

BRC has also available FOR A SELF ADDRESSED STAMPED ENVELOPE the following:

February 1989 Stock Cassette Flier  
February 1989 "500/800 Classic Video List

Contact BRC Productions at PO Box 2645, Livonia Michigan.

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## A Special Service For Club Members Only

HOP HARRIGAN - 157 consecutive episodes copied from original E.T.'s which I own. PLANET MAN - episodes 2-79. Send S.A.S.E. to:

Thom Salome  
196 Lawrence Avenue  
Brooklyn, NY 11230

Dealers and collectors welcome! Also negotiating for 1192 consecutive episodes of SUPERMAN - 15 minute and 30 minute shows to be available in November. Send S.A.S.E. for further details.

WANTED: Any books based on radio shows including "Tune in Yesterday" by John Dunning and "Radio's Golden Years" by Vincent Terrace. Willing to trade or buy.

Jay Wild  
21-15 22nd Road 11105'  
Astoria, NY  
Ph: (718) 726-8626

JUST THE FACTS MA'AM  
By: Frank Boncore

In my personal collection I have over 20,000 shows most of which are on reel to reel. I have solved my recorder problem since I was fortunate in obtaining six reel to reel recorders that are in pretty good condition. For some time I have suspected that a "new" problem may be arising - the lack or shortage of ampx used 1800' and 2400' government surplus tape. I have spoken to two dealers both of whom share my suspicions.

If there is anyone out there who can confirm or deny this, I would appreciate hearing from them as soon as possible and I will print their replies in a future issue.

Just a reminder: the 14th Annual Friends of Old Time Radio Convention will be held in Newark, New Jersey at the Holiday Inn North on Thursday thru Saturday, October 19-21, 1989. The cost for the three days (including dinner) is \$98.00 per person. For further details contact Jay Hickerson, Box 4321 Hamden, CT 06514. See you at the convention.

FOR THE RECORD!!!!

The Raddisson Inn has opened next to the Holiday Inn North in Newark. I thought it would be different if I made reservations there. So I called and inquired about the room rates. The clerk told me that rooms were available for \$157.00 per night. When I heard that I asked the clerk if that included a broad for the night, and if it did, Maureen would object. The bottom line is that Jay Hickerson has rooms available at the Holiday Inn for \$58. (single) and \$62 (double) for the convention. It's hard to believe that not too long ago the Raddisson Inn was a junkyard!

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, 1989 The Saginaw NEWS

# A walk down radio memory lane

PENTWATER (AP) — If you long for the old days of radio, you'd like Fred Burdett's basement.

There neatly stacked are row after row of vintage pre-transistor era radios. More than 300 of the relics, representing more than 100 brands, sit quietly awaiting a surge of power to come to life.

Some have well-known names like Zenith, RCA or Philco. Others are more obscure: Tru-tone, Midwest, Radiolamp Corp. of America (this one is a lamp that contains a radio).

Several are built into end tables. One came out of a B-29 bomber. There are "portable" radios the size of a suitcase. They required three large batteries to run and some muscle to lug about.

Foreign names abound, but not the Japanese ones of today.

In the "Radio Man's" basement are spiffy German radios such as Grundig Majestic, Telefunken, Blaupunkt, Emud and a SABA dated Nov. 16, 1936. Burdett figures a well-heeled German brought the SABA to the United States just before World War II.

It has row after row of names of European cities instead of channel frequencies. To hear the news coming out of Dresden, for instance, one rolled the dial until the Dresden light came on. Pretty snazzy.

There are Dutch radios, one Polish model — the Rhapsodia — and even a Hungarian affair.

A few radios are not much bigger than a lunchbox, but most are as large or larger than modern portable televisions.

There are "tin box radios" made during the Depression. In these, the receiver is enclosed in tin and the speaker is housed separately. For a few dollars more, one then could buy a cabinet.

The "piano radios" seem as heavy as their namesake and are about the size of another old item: juke boxes.

"This really belongs in a museum," Burdett, 69, says of an RCA Radiola 30 "piano" model.

The monster sold new in 1926 for \$575 — about the same price as two Model T Fords, said Burdett, a retired international troubleshooter for Ex-Cell-O Corp.

What's it worth? "I'm not in it for the money. I don't care what it costs. I just like them," he replies.

He became involved in rehabbing old radios almost by accident.

After he moved to Pentwater from Detroit, he tackled repairing a radio — the guts and the cabinet — he had bought new when he was 20. Once done, he recalled thinking, "That wasn't bad. That was my line. Then I kept going."

His hobby was born. As it grew, he remodeled his basement to accommodate the collection. He finds radios at garage sales, flea markets, auctions, collectors' shows and from friends and others who learn of his interest.

"Sometimes I get a bargain. Sometimes I pay through the nose, but not too often," he said.

Most have needed repair.

"I work harder now than when I was working," he said. "That's about all I do. It's a challenge. You get it beat up and fix it. You feel like you've accomplished something. I can't sit and watch the idiot box."

While he claims to have trouble keeping the different makes and models straight, he rapidly rattles off information about them as he walks through the basement.

And he likes pointing out the finer details of the cabinets, the tuners, antenna or the tubes.

One cabinet has a miniature stage curtain on its front. Another, a Kodak Log-O-Dyne, has scrollwork inside on the tube amplifier.

"Will you look at that? Nice, isn't it? Friends got it for me at an auction for \$1," he says of a 1940s Silvertone radio with a recorder using steel tape.

"Ain't that a beauty? ... Isn't that something?" are other frequent comments as he strolls by the Green Diamonds, Delcos, American Bosch, Kolsters, Crosleys, a Pilot and even a Spartan — a Michigan-made radio.



CONCERNING CASSETTES

By: Dan Marafino

At the June meeting I became the "official keeper of the cassettes". The transfer of the eleven hundred tapes from Dom Parisi's car to mine filled the little Citation to the brim. I was glad I had installed those helper springs the day before. Now it was time to brief me on the do's and dont's of being the keeper, and how to handle the mailing. Now I have a complete OTR library and I still cannot trade with anyone, but I can listen a lot.

At first I thought I could really clean up the sub-par tapes. I could run them through my system and Dolbyize them and equalize them and all that jazz. Then I physically looked at ALL of those tapes. Forget it. There is not enough hours in the day. SO I will adjust. This is the key. I'll develop a system whereas I can do a few at a time. I'll clean up a few at a time, but SLOWLY. I know I'll find some clunkers.

I have already found quite a few holes, meaning missing tapes. I was told to expect this by Dom. These tapes should be made again and there are two ways to do this. First, those of you who made the tape in the first place and secondly - me. Let me explain.

Each club member, and I mean local, would make a copy of what he/she did originally, and if they know what it was. I know, some of you are already saying I don't remember what I did. That's O.K. Dom should have a list of what tapes are missing or bad OR we can check past issue of the I.P. and get them from that. Secondly, some time ago I suffered the AM/FM disease called burnout. A short time later I donated all of the tapes (reel) to the Lancaster Historical Society and they sat there till now. I can borrow back these tapes for the purpose of reproduction on reel or cassette. There are approximately five thousand five hundred to pick from and as is true with every collection, they're not all perfect, but they are available.

By either way listed above we can not only replace any lost tapes but upgrade the quality as well. Libraries are supposed to have the product on hand or at least be able to get it for you. This Library is no different or shouldn't be.

If you care what kind of quality tapes this club lends or rents, much depends on the people in it and I think we're a pretty decent lot.

On the way thru life, one tends to learn from either his own or others misfortunes. I've learned from both when it comes to the use of cassettes. There are a few rules one must follow when doing recording for distribution. What kind of tape and techniques you use for yourself and your personal library, I could care less about but when you record with the idea of donating to an individual or club library, then I care. This club has received cassettes recorded on inferior tape of inferior quality and exceptional tape of exceptional quality. Which do you think is preferred? Recently I bought a few different brands of cheap tape, just to see what it would do. The 3 for \$1.00 brand jammed constantly, the 59¢ special were inaudible AFTER I recorded on them and I had the signal up high. Even some of the \$1.00 tapes weren't that good. Junk is junk, there are no two ways about it.

We are a club with a large library, both cassette and reel. We send tapes out and we accept tapes. We are directly responsible for building an individual or another club's library. We do not want to send out an inferior product nor do we want to receive same. This is one reason the club spent some money and purchased a large amount of Radio Shack Supertape and Concertape. This is a good to very good brand of tape (cassette) and will give quality recordings. We hope to eventually be more quality oriented than quantity and that means good tape to begin with. So if anyone, and I'm not referring to those of you who have constantly given good quality tapes to us, I'm asking those of you who want to donate for the first time to use a good foundation, good tape, and the quality will be there. Then we can really give as good as we receive.

\*\*\*\*\*

Out of Your Loudspeaker

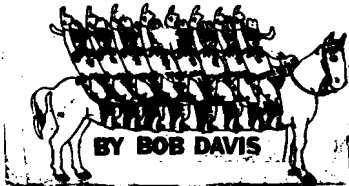
Ralph Edwards' honeymoon party on NBC-WEBN's "Truth or Consequences" Saturday night was excitingly funny, per. Miss Mary Ruth Witzel, 18 Willow Pl, "but he erred in giving a corporal a boutonniere to wear." Correct! No member of the U. S. Armed Forces is permitted to wear flowers.

1944

## ILLUSTRATED PRESS

# SAY!

WHO WAS THAT MASKED MAN?



What would it have been like if horror-master Stephen King had written for OTR? Now you can find out by getting a copy of his story "The Mist", an audio cassette put out by Simon & Schuster's AUDIO-WORKS.

If you like to be frightened then this one is for you. It's chock full of "things" and "stuff" and a deadly gaseous fog that seems to have a mind of it's own.

The story is dramatized and has been recorded in a new kind of stereo that is dramatically different from the usual.

At the start of the tape there are instructions for balancing your player for optimum results. You've gotta love something like this when such obvious pains have been taken.

Rate this one as an A Plus.



One of the reasons I like books-on-tape is that I can get to hear stories that might have been impossible to do on old time radio.

DOVE BOOKS ON TAPE has issued just such a story recently with Terry Sothorn's "The Magic Christian". You may remember the movie.

It's the story of millionaire Guy Grand, out to prove that you can get anyone to do anything for money.

He creates situations that burst pretentious and snobbish attitudes and everyone is fair game for him, everyone!

Read by the author the story is

a dis-jointed series of tricks that often leave the listener wondering whether Guy Grand is playing with a full deck.

This is black humor pushed to it's limits. Underneath it all there is a feeling of nastiness that cannot be denied.

"The Magic Christian" is not for everyone. You may find it brash and disgusting or find it very funny indeed. I liked it.

DOVE has also released Mary Higgins Clark's "Death at the Cape" which I did not like due to the amateurish narration of the reader Carol Higgins Clark.

She tries, but misses badly, in creating the mood necessary to enjoy this mystery story.

Carol, please practice, practice, practice.

If you're a Batman fan, and who isn't these days, you'll be pleased with DOVE's presentation of their version of the hit movie.

Narration is by Roddy McDowall who, without the use of music or sound effects, creates just the proper mood and dramatics that the story calls for to be enjoyed by all. He adds the perfect maniacal touch to the character of The Joker. His voice and crazed laugh are inspired.

All I can say about this one is..See the movie..Listen to the book..enjoy!

One last word about "Batman". This is not the "campy" superhero of the tv series. He is a driven man, driven by...well, hear the tape and find out for yourself. I don't want to spoil the story by telling it here.

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You may have noticed the tone of this column has changed from old time radio to books-on-tape. I believe that this type of column will fit in with old time radio collecting.

After all, words... spoken or acted out, are what it's all about.

Other columns do a good job telling you about what is new about the "old stuff". It's my intent to tell you what's new about the "new stuff".

That way you are informed about the whole spectrum of what is available for your listening enjoyment.

You may try some of these books-on-tape and not enjoy them. That's your choice. But if you try 'em and like 'em then there is a whole new world open to you that you didn't know about before.

I enjoy them, I think you will also.

See ya next time.

ATTENTION: SHERLOCK HOLMES FANS!

It's been a while since the OTR Club has had a contest so let's try this one. Listed below are 20 questions concerning Sherlock Holmes. Answer them and mail your answers in to us. We'll put the correct entries into a container and draw one at the November meeting. That person will win (courtesy of Simon and Schuster Audioworks) a four volume set of newly discovered Sherlock Holmes shows starring Basil Rathbone & Nigel Bruce. These 8 stories are attractively packaged and will fit into anyone's collection nicely. Check the August I.P. for the titles.

Here we go.....

- 1...What was Prof. Moriarty's first name?
- 2...Name the Sherlock Holmes movie in which Nicholas Rowe(???) starred as Holmes.
- 3...What was Dr. Watson's middle name?
- 4...When Rathbone left the Holmes radio series who took over his role?
- 5...In a 1972 tv movie of "The Hounds of the Baskervilles" Holmes was played by Stewart Granger. Who, in a bit of off-beat casting, played Watson?
- 6...What was Mrs. Hudson's first name?
- 7...Besides his Holmes radio series Basil Rathbone had another radio series. Name it.
- 8...Name the actor that for 36(!) years played Sherlock Holmes on stage.
- 9...Which wine company sponsored the Holmes show (with Rathbone)?
- 10...According to Holmes authorities Holmes was born and died on the same date of the same month. Name the date and month.
- 11...In "The Final Problem" Holmes "dies" by falling over which waterfall in what country?
- 12...On the Rathbone/Bruce radio shows Watson always told that week's tale to the announcer. Name the announcer.
- 13...What was the title of the very first Holmes movie that starred Rathbone/Bruce?
- 14...Name two actors that have, in movies, played both Holmes and Watson.
- 15...Name the movie in which Geo. C. Scott played a person who thought he was Holmes.
- 16...In the 1939 movie which breed of dog was "The Hound of the Baskervilles"?
- 17...What was the name of Holmes' brother? (according to Doyle)
- 18...In which movie did Robert Duvall portray Dr. Watson?
- 19...Name the Sherlock Holmes movie that had Michael Caine as an ersatz Sherlock Holmes.
- 20...In which movie was Dr. Watson played by a woman???

There now, those weren't that tough were they? In fact some were downright easy...or were they? Anyway, we'll soon find out.

Entries must be in our hot little hands by Nov. 6th, 1989 as that is the date of our November meeting and the drawing.

The winner will be announced in the Dec. issue of the I.P. along with the answers to the quiz.

Holmes "experts" please don't fault us on discrepancies. We do the best we can.

Mail your entry to...

Holmes Contest  
OTRC  
100 Harvey Drive  
Lancaster, N.Y. 14086

EUROPE

# Radio Days

A shortwave tour of World War II

by John McDonough

Not long ago, while traveling around Europe, I had the extraordinary sensation of walking through a war that began 50 years ago this September, a war that was half over before I was born. Yet I heard it and felt it firsthand.

There was nothing mystical about the experience. It had to do with the fact that World War II was Radio War I, that it produced a new breed of war correspondents whose voices conquered time and distance. Murrow, Collingwood, Sevarcid, Shirer—they and their colleagues laid the cornerstone of modern broadcast news. They turned journalism into literature. They brought remote capitals and faraway battles to the nation's living rooms. They were America's eyes and ears.

It also had to do with the fact that there's a peculiar jolt that comes from standing in a place where history happened. With hindsight and a little imagination, you can leap back in time to conjure the mood of a vanished moment. The Second World War turned on many moments, and some were reported as they happened by this fraternity of broadcasters. When I visited some of those places, I felt that jolt. But I took more than my imagination with me; I carried cassettes of the correspondents' original shortwave transmissions.

I stood where they stood, let their words walk me through the events they witnessed, saw the landscapes and buildings they saw. I heard the sirens and guns that were in the air as they spoke, and the tension in their voices as the world shook before their eyes. I felt the mounting drama of a righteous war as it passed through the airwaves in a series of lightning bolts to America.

I started with the overture: Vienna, 1938.

■ The first thing you notice when you step off the train in Compiègne, 40 miles northeast of Paris, is the smell of pine. A cab driver takes me to the famous glade about four miles from town. Here, in 1918, French Marshal Ferdinand Foch had summoned the Kaiser's generals to his private railroad car and dictated the surrender that became an instant monument to French glory and a degrading humiliation to a generation of Germans. In 1940, with the German knife now at the throat of France, Hitler meant to repeat history. He ordered Foch's old wagon-lit to the precise spot in the Compiègne forest where it had sat 22 years before and staged a reenactment of 1918—with roles reversed.

In a soft, staccato voice as flat as the Midwestern plains where he grew up, CBS's William L. Shirer broadcast his famous eyewitness account.

*"Here, a few feet from where we're standing . . . negotiations to end the present war between France and Germany began at 3:15 P.M. German Summer Time this afternoon*

*. . . Hitler enters first, and takes the place occupied by Marshal Foch the morning the first armistice was signed . . . And in that quaint old wartime wagon-lit car, another armistice is being drawn up as I speak to you now . . ."*

The contrived ironies that ricochet between 1918 and 1940 are like a shadow box inside a shadow box from the perspective of 1989. The immediacy is especially vivid as I hear Shirer describe the movements of actors on a stage where the props are still largely intact. The statue of Foch is there yet; the Alsace-Lorraine monument, too. So are the two rail spurs that bisect the glade, although now coming from nowhere and leading no place. The railroad was destroyed during the war, but a facsimile sits in a small museum at the edge of the clearing.

*" . . . Thus will end the war between Germany and Italy, on the one hand, and France on the other. The war with Great Britain, of course, goes on."*

■ In London it's morning, and people are walking about Trafalgar Square. A couple of derelicts sleep under newspapers on the cement steps of St. Martin. The National Gallery has an exhibit of Watteau and Matisse. And Lord Nelson looks south from his huge column toward Downing Street and Westminster. Much in Trafalgar is unchanged since the black night in 1940 when Ed Murrow shouted above the wail of air-raid sirens as the Luftwaffe approached London. *"And now we take you into the streets of blacked-out London . . ."* says an announcer as I stand at St. Martin. An eerie, wraithlike glissando sings like an evil wind, preceding the dispatch.

*"This is Trafalgar Square. I'm standing here just on the steps of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. A searchlight just burst into action off in the distance—one single beam sweeping the sky above me now . . . More searchlights come into action. You see them reach straight up into the sky, and occasionally they catch a cloud and seem to splash on the bottom of it . . ."*

*"This shelter here, you know, is the crypt underneath this famous old church just on the edge of Trafalgar Square, the crypt where, in days of peace, homeless men and women were able to find a night's lodging . . ."*

That crypt, on the southwest corner of the building, is now a restaurant, bookshop and visitors center. Just inside is a chapel and a floor studded with ancient gravestones.

About 150 miles south of London, on the French side of the English Channel, there are 9,386 grave markers. The bluff they're on overlooks a beach now known as Omaha. It's the most important place of the war, because D-Day—June 6, 1944—was the most important day of the war. In the middle of the night Bob Trout began anchoring "overtime" coverage on CBS. At 3:32 A.M. he cut to London, where an Allied spokesman read a one-sentence announcement, *Communiqué No. 1, announcing the attack. "This means invasion,"* said Trout. He sounded as if he knew he was present at a moment the world would mark for generations to come.

For seven hours, as I walk the 15-mile shoreline of Omaha, I listen to the story unfold. There's a lot of repetition, a lot of time killing. There's high drama, too.

Such as George Hicks in the waters of the Channel:

*"I'm speaking now from the tower above the signal bridge of an American naval flagship. The invasion of Europe has begun. It's now twenty minutes until six, and the landing craft have disembarked from their mother ships and are moving in long irregular lines toward the horizon of France . . ."*

Richard Hottellett in a B-26 bomber over the coast:

*"I watched the first landing barges hit the beach exactly on the minute of 11-hour. I was in a 9th Air Force B-26 bomber flying at 4,500 feet along twenty miles of the invasion coast."*

And from French soil, Charles Collingwood:

*"We are on the beach . . . This place even smells like an invasion . . . it's an odor of oil, and high explosive, and burning things . . . Looking out to sea, we can see the east invasion fleet. It's an absolutely incredible and fantastic sight . . ."*

That's when I feel the awe that must have overwhelmed the first German to peer from his bunker and behold a horizon of 6,000 vessels headed straight for him. Maybe the very word "invasion" should have been retired from the language after this.

Today it's a sunny, quiet July morning. Waves flop onto the sand, and gulls walk in the foam. There are few people about. Above me looms the American Military Cemetery at Normandy. A time capsule on the grounds contains news reports of the landing, and will be opened in 2044. I drive nine miles east along the coast road to Arromanches on Gold Beach.

Here the Allies built a floating port in less than a week. Today topless women bathers lie in the sun beside huge, pitted, iron remnants of 11-hour fortifications embedded in the sand.

What began on such a huge scale at Normandy ended quietly—almost secretly—in Eisenhower's war room at Reims, France. Maybe this is why today the young tourist-information clerk in the Reims station looks puzzled when I ask her about the site of the German surrender. She's never heard of it despite the fact that it lies less than 1,000 feet away, on the Rue Franklin D. Roosevelt, in a drab, two-story brick building that was once a trade school.

If, as political scientist Hannah Arendt wrote, evil is banal, so, too, may be victory. Here, in May 1945, General Jodl uncapped a pen and delivered Germany into the hands of the Allies. Charles Collingwood was one of 17 journalists at the signing. His description is rich in taut, Hemingwayesque detail.

*"Colonel General Gustav Jodl, the German plenipotentiary, is a typical stiff-necked Prussian professional soldier. He is ugly, and his face is creased by what appears to be some kind of skin disease. But he is as straight as a gun barrel, and the embodiment of what we think of as Prussian arrogance . . ."*

*"Over [a Russian general's] shoulder peered the extraordinary head of another Russian—the head was held as a gourd, with fierce unceasing eyes whose bright and sinister gaze did not for an instant leave the frozen face of General Jodl . . . The air is tense, tense, tense . . . Jodl's face is like a death mask, drawn, unnatural looking and with every muscle in it clenched."*

As I stand by myself listening to Collingwood's words today, the room is like a living snapshot of 1945. The walls are plastered with maps. The rickety old rectangular table sits in the center of the floor. There are 14 chairs. Twelve are on one side of the table for the Allies. In the other two sat the Germans facing their worst nightmare.

Wars have a way of double-crossing. They often begin as contests of honor between good and evil. But later, when historians pick through the propaganda and wreckage, the truth comes out. It was all for profit or territory or ego.

Not this war, though. Even as Collingwood watched the surrender at Reims, horrible secrets were emerging in the east—the kind of shock stories propagandists might have made up but never handed out. Who would have believed them? In 1945, though, the world faced realities evil beyond imagination.

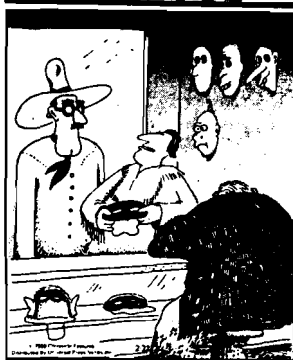
The moral dimensions of the Allied victory have deepened profoundly over the years. Here was a war whose cause ennobled everyone it touched. This is why the music ("God Bless America"), the movies (*Casablanca* and *Foreign Correspondent*) and the journalism that expressed the certainties of wartime purpose were not betrayed. Why they still deliver a catch in the throat and a shiver up the spine. All this came into focus as I walked these sites and listened to these remarkable men report the war.

When America entered the conflict, everything else stopped. The comets raced full speed toward a single goal. I can only imagine what such national singlemindedness must have been like. As I grew up, my parents always used the expressions "before the war" and "after the war." Now I understand why. The war set everything else aside and scared a demarcation line through their lives.

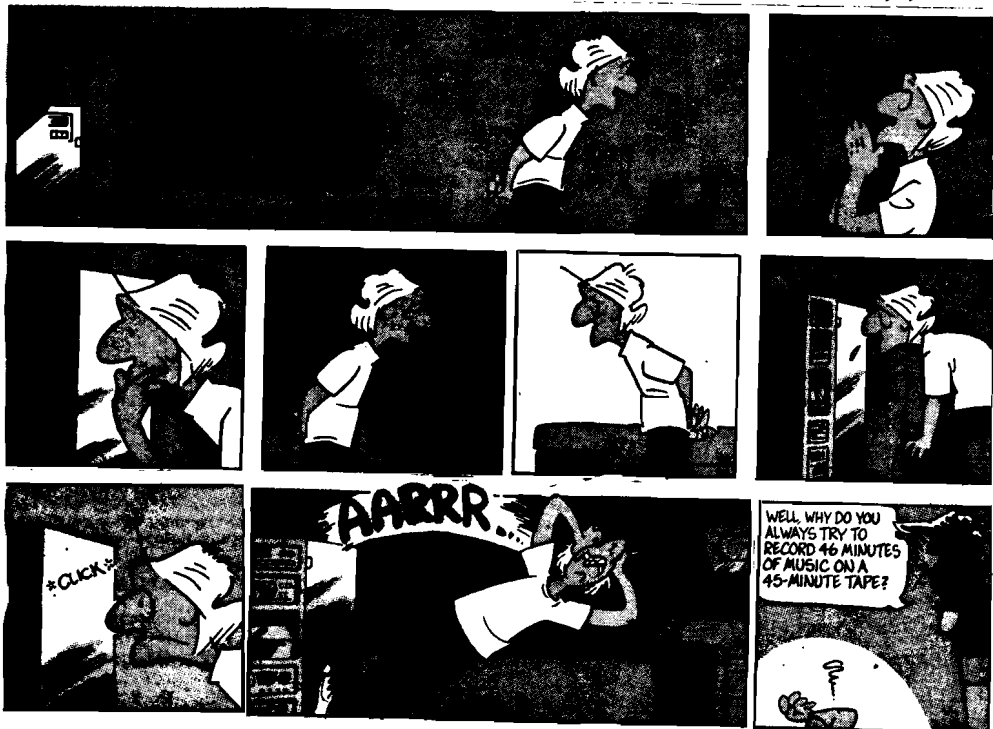
Between now and 1995 a lot of remembering will be done by those who lived through it. Historical distance and personal memory will mingle in a way they never will again. Because when the next big anniversary comes, most of those who were there will be gone. The war will have passed across the time line that lies between nostalgia and history, remembrance and scholarship. But the broadcasts will remain.

Several years ago in London, some of the correspondents who made them got together for a reunion. During a lull in the anecdotes and toasts, Eric Sevareid noted pensively, almost offhandedly, what his colleagues were thinking: "We were a privileged lot, gentlemen." ◀◀

## THE FAR SIDE



"Times . . . not bad, Kamoozabe . . . but this one little better maybe."



# Writer helped create Lone Ranger radio

BY DANIEL PEARS  
*Times Press Staff Writer*

Once upon a time, Tom Dougall was asked to help write stories about a cowboy who roamed the dusty American plains in a black mask.

It wouldn't be easy. This masked man was a good guy, but a bank robber. He also rode a white horse that never seemed to get dirty. And Dougall had to write it so those images carried on radio.



circa 1930s

Tom Dougall

So Mr. Dougall wrote and others acted and still others banged coconut shells to imitate the hooves of a horse running under the Lone Ranger, a character who evolved into a popular series for radio station WXYZ in the 1930s.

Mr. Dougall, 81, of Detroit died of kidney failure at Harper Hospital in Detroit on May 17. In addition to being one of the first writers of "The Lone Ranger," he wrote for "The Green Hornet," "Radio Schoolhouse," "Challenge of the Yukon" and its national spin-off, "Sgt. Preston of the Yukon".

# Lone Ranger radio

In his book, "WYXIE Wonderland," an unauthorized diary of WXYZ radio, author Dick Oggood wrote: "Tom Dougall was a thick, physically hard, blood Irishman. ... Dougall wore his clothes well. In fact, he modeled. ... He looked urbane, sophisticated — even a little blasé."

Oggood was describing Mr. Dougall as he met Joan Vitez, a Hungarian blonde who stunned WXYZ executives with great looks, and more importantly, a great voice.

The executives, who wanted a radio story written around her voice, called in Mr. Dougall, who took her hand, and eventually her attention, while flirting. He wrote "Aln Worth, Housewife," for Vitez.

"He was a very, very bright man," said Mignon Weaver, director of WXYZ-TV's "Kelly and Company" and a former colleague. "He was a very intelligent man, a very dignified guy, a heck of a writer and a good actor."

Mr. Dougall had acted in small parts in "The Lone Ranger" and the original "Shock Theater" on ABC-TV, where he played a glibly old man who at the beginning of the show asked viewers to "draw your curtains, dim your lights, lock your doors ... insulate yourself against shock!" His head then dissolved into a skull.

# dramas in '30s

Mr. Dougall was born and raised in Detroit, but spent much of the summer in Amherstburg, Ontario, where he was a neighbor of actor Vincent Price. He graduated from the University of Michigan in 1928.

He was a public relations officer in the Army during World War II, and landed in Normandy with a small unit after D-Day. After a stay in New York, he returned to WXYZ, worked in television and became assistant dramatic director for Trendle radio dramas.

He received a master's degree in communications in 1961 and a doctorate in 1967 from Wayne State University. He was a member of the Screen Actors Guild, the Writers Guild of America and a former president of the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists.

In 1985, a convention of Friends of Old Time Radio presented him an award recognizing his contribution to the Golden Age of Radio.

He is survived by a niece, Dorothy Anne Benit, and a nephew, William R. Dougall. Memorial services are pending.

# Rudy Vallee left four tons of mementos

The Saginaw **NEWS** SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1989

BY TRACEY KAPLAN  
The Los Angeles Times

**THOUSAND OAKS, Calif.** — Rudy Vallee, the megaphone-carrying crooner and popular radio personality, was a pack rat, say archivists at the Thousand Oaks Library who recently began cataloging the four-ton collection of papers and mementos he gathered for more than 60 years.

Vallee saved X-rays of an impacted wisdom tooth he had extracted in the 1970s, brief notes for his fourth wife left on the refrigerator and a copy of the formula for his golden hair dye.

Fortunately for students of entertainment history, Vallee also kept thousands of fan letters, radio scripts, musical scores and other items that provide an unusually complete record of the popular culture of his day, said Henry Matoon, an archivist hired to catalog the collection.

The material fills about 560 crates and spans Vallee's long career, which began in the 1920s, reached its peak during the next two decades when he became one of the nation's most successful vaudeville and radio personalities, and continued until he was well into his 70s.

The collection will be available to the public by January 1990, Matoon said.

"Thank God Vallee saved all that stuff," said Larry Gassman, president of the Los Angeles-based Society to Preserve and Encourage Radio Drama, Variety and Comedy. "For anyone writing his biography or interested in history, its value is incalculable."

Shortly after Vallee died in 1986 at 84, the Thousand Oaks Library Foundation bought the collection for \$275,000 as part of an ambitious program to establish an archive on the history of radio and early television.

The foundation, which raised the money through private donations

and a \$125,000 grant from the city of Thousand Oaks, located 40 miles north of Los Angeles, outbid the University of Wyoming and several other institutions for the material, said Antoinette Hagopian, the group's president.

By owning the prized Vallee collection, the foundation "is on its way to building a first-class archive," Hagopian said.

Although it is rare for a small city library to embark on such an ambitious endeavor, the foundation believes the role of a library "is to preserve history, not just to provide typical library materials to a community," she said.

In January, the foundation received a \$50,000 grant from California to begin cataloging Vallee's huge collection, which he kept in a three-story building on his Hollywood estate.

Surrounded by pictures of the clean-cut singer and by old newspapers with headlines devoted to his appearances, archivists Matoon and Martin Getzler are sifting through the thousands of newspaper clippings, photographs and financial and other records. While they are working, they sometimes play tapes of Vallee favorites, such as "My Time Is Your Time" and "I'm Just a Vagabond Lover."

Vallee's widow, Eleanor Vallee Husted, owns the copyrights to many of Vallee's personal papers, and researchers who want to publish the materials will have to approach her for permission, library officials said.

The collection contains none of the original megaphones that became Vallee's trademark, said Ruth Leonard, special collections librarian. However, the library does have hundreds of recordings of Vallee's radio shows, which will be copied onto cassette tapes and lent to library patrons, she said.

The archivists say that they have made some interesting discoveries by perusing the collection. For instance, they have come across re-

ords that indicate Vallee hired a detective to follow a woman with whom he was romantically involved.

"In the early days of radio, the fan letters he got from women were on a high romantic plane," Getzler said. "Later, in the '40s, the women were a lot more forward and tried to instigate meetings with Vallee."

From the age of 8, Vallee saved memorabilia from his life because, even as a Maine schoolboy who played the saxophone, he believed he would become famous, said Husted, whom he married in 1949. Vallee knew his collection "would be valuable for posterity, just like Nixon's," she said.

1944

## Bob Hope Returns To the Air Tonight

By DARRRELL MARTIN  
Saginaw Evening News Radio Editor.  
IF ANYBODY knows what it is to "sing in the rain," it's our good friend, Bob Hope.

In his last trip to the South Pacific, Bob played more than 50 shows to a million soldiers and marines—and 30% of those performances in the stormiest weather. This is where our gag man walks in and says: "Well, I guess his agent 'soaked' the usual 10%." Awwh!

Anyhow, the comic star and prince of good fellows returns to NBC-WBEN at 10 o'clock tonight, flanked by Jerry Colonna, Frances Langford and Steinn Einar.

Hope, who insists he "never left home," has traveled a mere 200,000 miles in his four morale-building junkets for men in service.

Bob Hope

### MOTHER GOOSE & GRIMM



# FIRST CLASS MAIL



*The Old Time Radio Club  
100 Harvey Drive  
Lancaster, NC 27606*