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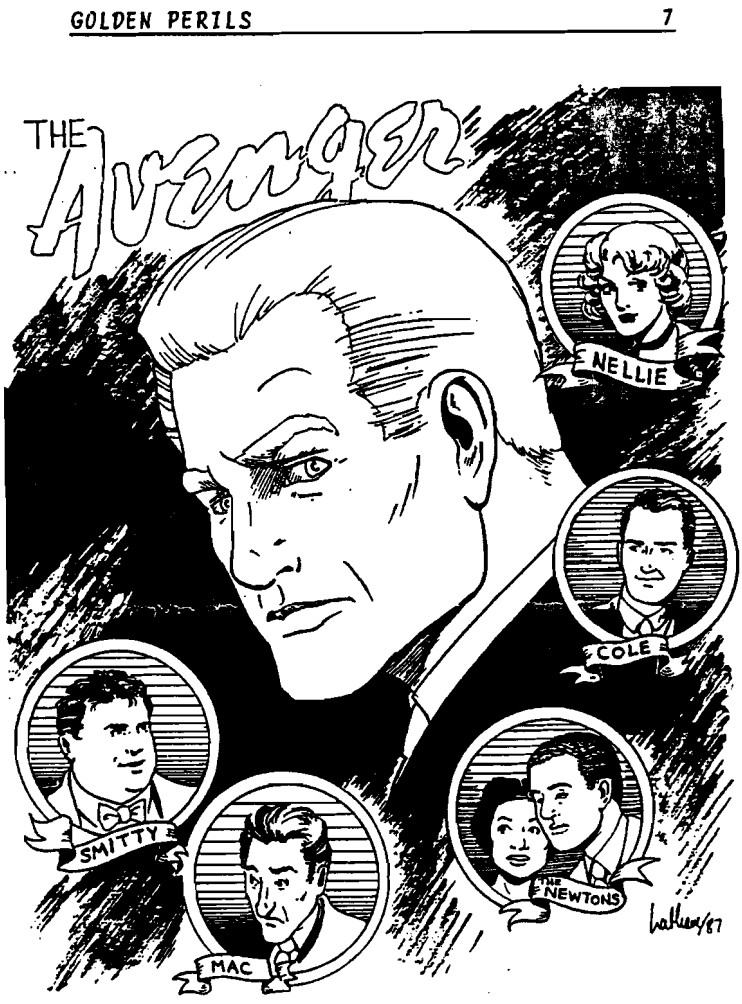

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# Son Writes the Final Chapter To Lone Ranger Creator's Story

Feb 2, 1986

The Buffalo News

**By JOHN CORR**
*Knight-Ridder*

Return with us now to those thrilling days of yesteryear ... out of the East comes the thundering typewriter of the amazing Fran Striker, creator of the daring and resourceful masked rider of the plains, the Lone Ranger, not to mention his great horse Silver and his faithful Indian companion Tonto.

The late Fran Striker, who grew up in Buffalo and lived in his later years in nearby Arcade, N.Y., was the author of 3,000 Lone Ranger radio scripts, writer for "The Green Hornet" and "Sgt. Preston of the Yukon" radio series, author of 18 novels and an unknown number of television shows. Now he may be on the verge of one more literary venture, this time posthumously.

His son, Fran Striker Jr., has dug out his father's last novel, polished it up and written a final chapter based on the original outline. As soon as he finds a publisher, "One More River," the last creation of the creator of the Lone Ranger, will finally see the light of day.

In addition to that, Fran Striker Jr. wants to re-release his father's eight Tom Quest novels because, he says, "young people now need some real heroes."

The Masters of the Universe, Spider-Man and the other superheroes that infest Saturday morning television are all very well, he says, but they are not real, not like the Lone Ranger or Tom Quest, a youthful adventurer and explorer with a flair for scientific gadgets.

"Kids need heroes they can emulate," he said, "How can you emulate Aquaman?"

**FOR THAT** matter, how can you emulate the late Fran Striker — writer, chemist, carpenter, saxophonist, photographer and maker of elaborate fireworks extravaganzas?

"He was amazing," says his son and biographer, a 48-year-old computer programmer from Runnemeade, N.J. "At the height of the popularity of the Lone Ranger radio series, he was writing three scripts a week, plus two Green Hornet scripts a week, and his novels.

"He also was writing the plots and dialogue for all of the Lone Ranger comic strips, and every time the Lone Ranger made a public appearance — even if only to open a shopping center — he scripted the appearance."

The elder Striker became a professional writer in 1915 at the age of 12 when he sold a short story to a Buffalo newspaper. He was paid $1, a small fortune for a 12-year-old at a time when you could buy a hot dog for a nickel.

He studied chemistry at the University of Buffalo, but never worked in the field. The lure of the typewriter was too strong.

In 1928, after a fling at producing stage shows, he took a job with a Buffalo radio station WEBR, where he had previously earned some money playing his saxophone. His titles at the station included announcer, musician, studio manager, writer, actor and program director.

**IT WAS** at this time that he began writing radio dramas, including a western series called "Covered Wagon Days." In the years before the Lone Ranger rode into his life, Striker wrote 41 series of radio dramas ranging from science fiction to what would now be called "sitcoms."

He free-lanced the scripts to stations all over the country, earning about $2 per script. By the middle of 1932, 92 stations had used Striker's scripts.

Then along came George W. Trendle.

Trendle had taken over station WXYZ in Detroit and had severed the station's relationship with the CBS network. His idea was that a local station could produce local programming and find local sponsorship without being tied to a network. He had heard of Striker's work and, on Dec. 28, 1932, he sent a letter reading, in part:

"Will you please write up three or four Wild West thrillers, including all the hokum of masked rider, rustler, killer Pete, heroine on the train tracks, fight on top of the boxcars, Indian bad men, two-gun bank robbers, etc."

Striker, according to his son, dug out a script he had previously written for "Covered Wagon Days," a script that began:

"In the small communities of the West, gambling and gunfighting were everyday affairs, and a man never left his house without being prepared to shoot in defense of his life. Throughout the entire West, in those turbulent days, were circulated stories of a masked rider, a modern Robin Hood, seen by few, known by none. Few men dared to defy this man, and those that did ... lost."

**FROM THIS,** the character named the Lone Ranger evolved. After a few scripts, Striker decided that his hero needed somebody to converse with to move the plots along. Thus, Tonto was born.

The first show aired on Jan. 31, 1933.

The Detroit station paid $4 for each script, and Striker was also selling the same scripts to stations in Buffalo and Omaha for similar amounts. A year or so later, Trendle hired Striker as a staff writer and bought the rights to the Lone Ranger from him for $10.

(In the late 1950s, Fran Striker Jr. says, Trendle sold the rights to the Lone Ranger to Lone Ranger Television Inc., a subsidiary of the Wrather Corp., for $3 million.)

For the same $10, Striker also gave up the rights to two other series he had created, "Manhunters" and "Thrills of the Secret Service."

"Dad figured he had been treated with legal fairness," Striker said. "In spite of all of his achievements, he was essentially a humble person."

He was also a cheerful, friendly and sentimental person who liked parties.

"He was a good father, but he had kind of weird working habits. He would get up about noon and go down to the station (WXYZ). He would come home for dinner and afterward fall asleep on the sofa listening to Lowell Thomas.

"He would wake up about 10 p.m. and go into the room he used as an office, and he would write until 4 or 5 in the morning. If he wandered out of his office while we four kids were still awake, we knew that it was no use trying to talk with him. He just wasn't with us. His mind was full of plots and gunfights and bank robbers."

**DURING THE** 1950s, Striker wrote or edited all of the Lone Ranger television scripts and the Lone Ranger film "serials," in addition to writing his Tom Quest books and his adult western, "One More River."

He was killed in an automobile accident in 1962 at the age of 58.

"I had thought of writing Dad's story for many years, but never got around to it," Fran Striker Jr. said. "Then, as 1983 approached, the 50th anniversary of the Lone Ranger, I decided to go ahead and do it." By that time, he said, his own three children had reached adulthood, and he had more time to devote to writing.

The result was "His Typewriter Grew Spurs," a 143-page biography put together from old scripts, letters, notes, conversations and memories.

"The job was made a lot easier by the fact that Dad was a saver. He kept everything."

So does his son. Fran Striker Jr. has a vast collection of scripts, letters, posters and placards, photographs — and one genuine silver bullet given to his father by an admirer.

**ADMIRERS ABOUND,** even to this day.

"They ask about when Tonto came along, which stations carried the first episodes, when the Lone Ranger first appeared.

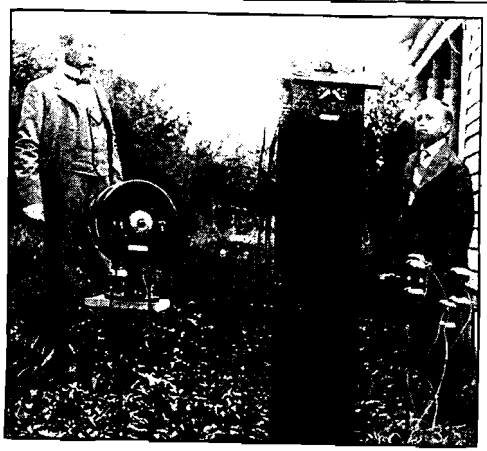
Striker published the paperback "His Typewriter Grew Spurs" himself and sold it "by word of mouth. I sold enough copies to cover the publishing costs, and that is all I was interested in."

But he will seek to have "One More River" published commercially. The same goes for the Tom Quest books.

In the meantime, he keeps busy answering fan mail from Lone Ranger buffs seeking information, trying to answer that old question:

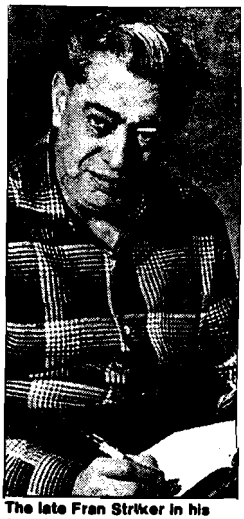
"Who was that masked man?"

The Saginaw *NEWS* FRIDAY, MAY 24, 1991



Associated Press

Nathan B. Stubblefield, left, poses with his invention, a radio transmitter, outside his Murray, Ky., home in their circa 1892 file photo. Stubblefield's son, Bernard, is at right. Some believe his was the first radio and Stubblefield's grandson, pop singer Keith Stubblefield, alias Troy Cory, is on a crusade to get his ancestor recognized as the "father of radio."



**The late Fran Striker in his Arcade home.** BFLO News

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# Singer disputes radio's inventor

## *Says grandfather developed idea*

PIKEVILLE, Ky. (AP) – The history books say Italian physicist Guglielmo Marconi invented wireless telegraphy – the forerunner of radio. But a pop singer is out to prove his grandfather developed the concept first.

So far, however, few people are tuning in to the arguments of Keith Stubblefield that Nathan B. Stubblefield is radio's true inventor.

A Smithsonian Institution expert dismisses Stubblefield's contributions, and even in Kentucky, the elder Stubblefield's home state, the broadcasting association has refused to recognize him as radio's inventor.

Marconi is credited with developing wireless telegraphy in 1896.

In 1892, Stubblefield amazed onlookers in Murray, his eastern Kentucky hometown, when he transmitted the human voice using what he called "wireless telephony," says Stubblefield's grandson, who uses the name Troy Cory in his singing career.

Stubblefield never got a patent for the device, although he did patent improvements to wireless telephone equipment in 1908. He died a pauper in 1928.

Now, almost 100 years later, Cory, 47, says he is nearly obsessed with having his grandfather recognized.

"We want to educate the public, we want to educate the people to show them how he did it," Cory said. "The children are being educated that the wrong person invented the radio, and they don't know that it was an American ... They've been defrauded by some teacher, by some book."

To change that, Cory has designed a poster honoring Stubblefield, and his Television International Magazine is editing a history of radio that cites Stubblefield as its inventor.

Cory has some supporters. Kentucky Gov. Wallace Wilkinson signed a resolution last month declaring Stubblefield the inventor of radio.

But at a meeting here Thursday, the Kentucky Broadcasters Association amended the resolution so that it only recognized Stubblefield's "contribution to the early development of wireless transmissions."

Cory was furious. Outside the meeting, he confronted Francis Nash, who was commissioned by the group to write a history of Kentucky broadcasting and who urged that the resolution be amended.

Stubblefield's invention used amplitude modulation, the basis of AM radio, Cory told Nash.

"Now if that's not radio, I'll eat my hat," he said.

Nash, a 25-year broadcasting veteran, said there was no evidence that Stubblefield's device used modulation. "He was using methods other people had already abandoned. It wasn't really radio."

Elliot Sivowitch, a specialist in radio and television history with the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, said there were dozens of experiments similar to Stubblefield's between 1865 and 1900.

But Cory called Nash a "pseudo-intellect," accused him of fraud for altering the resolution and vowed to sue.

"It's not a joke, this is serious to me," he said.

He said he also may sue the National Association of Broadcasters, which failed to recognize his grandfather at its convention in Las Vegas last month.

Saginaw News



2/24/47

# THE SHADOW



MAY 15, 1938

by WALTER GIBSON

## THE HAND

SMASHING MYSTERY NOVEL

### CHAPTER SEVEN:

### THE MEETING PLACE

It required only ten minutes for Lamont Craston to make arrangements for a banquet to be held at the Bubble Club. He named the date as ten days in the future; and Claude Onrey was more than pleased to learn that Craston intended to invite the police commissioner to the affair.

That was the sort of news that Ondrey knew would go over well with Pinkey Findlen.

However, Ondrey's beaming smile began to fade, when Craston continued the discussion further. For some reason, he wanted to settle many matters, including such details as the banquet menu. Thus he prolonged his interview with Ondrey until nearly half an hour passed.

During the first ten minutes, The Shadow sensed that Ondrey had something on his mind. He foresaw that subtle stalling tactics might reveal more; and the system worked.

Toward the end of the half hour, Ondrey's fingers were itching to get at the telephone; and his constant glances in that direction flashed the fact that he had an important call to make.

Ondrey was at last relieved to see Craston arise, ready for a leisurely departure. Ondrey bowed the visitor out to the night club: then, after a quick hand shake, the protly man hurried back to the office.

Ondrey would have been startled had he taken time to look over his own shoulder.

Idly, Craston turned about, as if he had forgotten something in the office. His easy action attracted no attention from the waiters. But once he was within the little passage leading to the office, Cranston disappeared.

In fact, as he stopped within a darkened corner of the passage, he seemed to draw blackness all about him.

That phenomenon was explained by the fact that The Shadow had planted his cloak and hat in that particular corner. He had entered the night club by a side door, carrying the garments over his arm. Starting first for Ondrey's office, he had left his garb in that convenient spot; then had stepped into the night club to find someone who would announce his arrival to Ondrey.

Cloaked in black, The Shadow made quick strides to the office. The door was unlocked, as he expected, for Ondrey hadn't wasted time in getting to the telephone.

The night club owner had just managed to get his number, when the Shadow peered in upon him.

Through the crack of the door, The Shadow could see Ondrey at the desk; and every word that the man uttered was plain.

"Hello.... That you, Maude?" Ondrey was smiling when he recognized the voice. "Yes this Ondrey....Yes, Pinkey was here; be he didn;t have time to call you...Yes He'll meet you. At the usual place...."

There must have been a flow of talk across the wire, for Ondrey fidgeted for the next two minutes. At momemts. he opened his mouth as if to say something, but he couldn't manage to insert a word. When his chance finally came, Ondrey spoke peadingly.

"Don't be angry, Maude.." he insisted "It was actually my fault that you weren't called sooner.... I know you don't like the Hayrick, but it's one of the few places where Pinkey can go...."

"Here? Certainly he comes here; but he always stays in the offie.... No, he never goes into the night club,... No, it wouldn't be safe, At least, that's what he says. Pinkey's supposed to be on the lam....."

"You'll meet him? That's good! But you better hurry....Yes, he'll be at the Hayrick within the next half hour....."

The call finished, Ondrey mopped his forhead, shaking his head as if in testimony that the ways of women baffled him. He came out to the night club proper. Ondrey saw no sign of The Shadow in the passage.

The cloaked intruder had stepped to that blackened corner where he had formerly placed his cloak and hat.

Moving into Ondrey's office, the Shadow began a rapid search of the desk. He found nothing in the way of evidence that linked Ondrey with Pinkey Finlen.

In fact, the Shadow wasn't at all certain that Ondrey knew the details of Pinkey's present racket. The only was to settle that point would be to accost Ondrey and question him. But with the chances to the contrary, it was preferable to leave Ondrey alone, particularly because he might prove useful later.

Moreover, The Shadow saw an excellent chance to meet Pinkey himself, when the racketeer reached the Hayrick. Mention of the place by name was all that the Shadow had needed. The Hayrick was well-known as a night club in Greenwich Village.

Finishing his short search of Ondrey's desk, The Shadow tried the panelled wall. He found the hidden catch, opened the panel and looked into the elevator shaft. There he saw a switch and pressed it to bring the car downward.

The elevator hadn't quite reached th bottom, when The Shadow heard muffled footsteps beyond the door of Ondrey's office. He waited coolly, calculating that the car might arrive before Ondrey entered. It did.

The Shadow WAS aboard and closing the panel when Ondrey opened the office door. He caught a glimpse of the portly man speaking to some one in the hall. The panel went shut while Ondrey was turning about. The fellow did not notice its motion.

This time, the silence of Ondrey's private elevator worked against its owner. The Shadow made the slow trip to the top of the shaft. He found himself in the deserted fourth floor of a building that had once been a privat residence.

There was a door that led into an adjoining house; it was probably the route used by Pinkey and other secret visitors. There was another exit, however. that pleased the Shadow better.

It was a fire escape, outside the window at the end of the hall. It had a metal ladder leading to the roof; and The Shadow raided his head above the edge, to learn facts for future reference.

One thing that he saw was a trapdoor that evidently topped the hidden elevator shaft. That was something that could prove useful latter. His inspection finished, The Shadow descended by the fire escape.

Twenty minutes later, The Shadow was in Greenwich Village, near an alley way that afforded entrance to the side door of the Hayrick. Looking along the street, he saw a man loafting near the corner; another, shambling along in aimless fashion.

These were agents of the Shadow. He had summoned them through a shortwave radio call to Burbank. With his agents on watch, The Shadow could later receive reports on any outside developments.

Entering the side door, The Shadow stopped for a view of the Hayrick.

The place formed one big barnlike raftered room, with stacks of hay around the sides. There were about forty table, half of them were occupied by customers. In the center was a dance floor; an orchestra dressed as farm hands occupied the far end of the room.

To his right, The Shadow saw a little stairway that led up to a gloomy balcony. Beyond the rail were the doors of small private dining rooms, which explained why Pinkey had chosen to meet Maude here. By using the side door, Pinkey could reach one of those little unnoticed by the patrons on the main floor.
The Shadow took the stairway to the balcony. He entered the first empty room and closed Using a tiny flashlight, he decided that this room was probably unused, for its table and chairs were stacked in a corner.

There was a connecting door to the next little room. It was locked, but The Shadow opened it with a skelton key. Again he found a littled-used room; so he took another door into the third room in the row. There, the gleam of his flash light showed a table set for two.

Positive that this was where Pinkey intended to dine with Maude. The Shadow approached the table, his flashlight cleaving a path before him. He hadn't taken five steps before there was a click from beside the partly closed door that led to the balcony passage.

The room was filled with light. Just inside the doorway stood a striking blonde, whose large blue eyes were fixed upon the center of the room. The girl was Maude Revelle.

She wasn't the type that The Shadow expected her to be. She was attractively attired in a black velvet evening gown, that sparkled with a line of small rhine-stones from neck to hem. That decoration was tasteful; quite different from the cheap finery worn by the usual reacketeer's moll.

There wasn't any question, though, regarding Maude's identity. She recognized The Shadow when she saw him, and the sudden narrowing of her eyes told that she knew him to be the arch-foe of crooks like PInkey Findlen.

Whatever else happened, Maude intended to make sure that Pinkey didn't

walk into a surprise meeting with The Shadow in this room.

Nervily, the girl ignored the gun that The Shadow whipped from his cloak. Yanking the door fully open, she made a dive to the balcony, at an angle which took her from The Shadow's range. As she went, Maude delivered a long warning scream.

The Shadow reached the same doorway, hoping that his arrival would cause the girl to end her tactics. His move proved a bad one. Hardly had he leaped out to the balcony, when someone turned on another string of lights.

Those bulbs glimmered along the balcony, revealing The Shadow where he stood. Tough faces bobbed suddenly among the patrons of hte Hayrick, while quick fists went for guns. As The Shadow wheeled to find cover, he faced along the balcony toward the stairs. There, he saw another menace.

On the stairs stood Pinkey Findlen a revolver gleaming from his lifting fist.

Luck had reversed the trap. Pinkey had attained an advantage over the Shadow!

**********

## CHAPTER EIGHT

### MAUDE FINDS A FRIEND

The next two seconds provided The Shadow with one of the tightest pinches in his long career. By all the laws of ordinary chance, that interval should have produced his doom. This predicament, however, was the sort that urged The Shadow to extraordinary measures. In the emergency, he took a long-shot method.

The Shadow didn't halt to beat Pinkey in a gun duel. That would have be suicidal, with other revolvers coming up to aim. Nor did he wheel away to make himself a more difficult target. That would have worked with the more distant crooks, but not with Pinkey.

The Shadow took the one direction tnat offered sure surprise. He drove straight for the spot where Pinkey awaited him. By the very swiftness of his lunge, he accomplished the unexpected. He arrived by the time that PInkey's gun was leveled at him.

Not Pinkey, but the rising gun muzzled, was the Shadow's focal point. At the last instant, he gave a twist that preceded the blast of Pinkey's gun. The bullet scorched through the Shadow's cloak, so close to his body that Pinkey thought he had scored a hit.

Pinkey's trimphant shout made others believe the same. So did the Shadow's own course. He didn't slacken as he reached the steps. Shoulder first. he took a plunge straight downward. To the enemy, that topple indicated that Pinkey's shot had reached the Shadow.

Even PInkey didn't realize that The Shadow's fall would be broken. It was Pinkey, himself, who became the buffer when the black-clad fighter hit him shoulder first. The two went rolling down the steps together; and with the finish of Pinkey's raucous shout came the sudden burst of The Shadow's mocking laugh.

A gun blow settled Pinkey for a while to come. That stroke was swung for the racketeer's skull; through sheer luck, Pinkey partly warded it with upraised arm. He flattened, groggy at the bottom of the steps, and the Shadow promptly forgot him, to wage battle with others.

They were coming across the floor---half a dozen mobbies planted here by "Bugs" Hopton, Pinkey's strong-arm crew leader. They expected victory through that rush; instead, they put themselves in trouble. By deserting the tables, they came clear of innocent patrons. That gave The Shadow full opportunity to fire.

Two automatics in his fists, the black-clocked battler sent shots through the stairway rail. Crocks began to spill; their fire was belated when the tried to return flying lead.

Two of them reached the balcony, jumped up, and hauled themselves over its high rail. Maude was in their path, trying to stop the conflict; they hurled the girl aside and started for The Shadow.

He was up the steps to meet them. Instead of wasting bullets that might be needed, he came like a living avalanche, before the pair could aim. The foremost thug took a hard stroke on the head; his companion made a desperate grapple with The Shadow.

Bold patrons who peeked from beneath tables saw a mass of blackness heave upward, hoisting a struggling thug above. The crook took a long, sprawly dive over the balcony rail; the jolt that the floor gave him left his senseless.

By this time, new fighters had arrived. Bugs Hopton and a trio of picked gorillas had dashed in through the side entrance. They aimed for The Shadow as they snatched up Pinkey, to haul the big-shot out of danger. Guns spoke anew, The Shadow's quick shots hurring the crooks in their aim.

Amid that preliminary barrage, a new attack from the side door. The Shadow's agents had closed in, to surprise Bugs and his crew with a rear attack.

Mobsters turned, hoping to reach the door. Into the melee cam a batch of waiters thinking they could drive out the trouble makers.

The Shadow waited, watching the struggle. He couldn't risk shots at the moment; he was depending upon his agents to handle themselves in their usual competent style. Probably they would have done so, if the waiters hadn't mixed in it. As it was, the fight beacme a free-for-all.

Bugs and two pals dragged Pinkey out through the side door, the brawling figures shielding them against The Shadow's aim. That get-away made the waiters realize that the real trouble-makers were in flight.

They took up the chase, out through the alleyway, leaving The Shadow's agents in control, with one man of Bugs Hopton's crew lying limp and helpless.

The Shadow saw that further pursuit would be useless. Bugs had managed to escape, and had taken Pinkey with him. Probaby they had a waiting car in readiness.

It was time for The Shadow to make his own departure, taking his agents with him; and the best route would be through a window of one the little dineing rooms. That was why the Shadow's sibilant tone gave quick command for his agents to join him on the balcony.

As they arrived, the Shadow observed a forgotten figure. Maude Revelle lay dazed upon the floor. The Shadow told the agents to take her with them, and added brief instructions. They hurried through a little room, just as a squad of police arrived at the front entrance to the Hayrick.

The officers saw The Shadow fading into a doorway. They shouted for him to halt, and followed the order with a rapid volley. Those shots were wide of their mark. With their echoes came the trailing tone of the Shadow's parting laugh.

Outside the Hayrick, Pinkey and his carriers had vanished. Police whistles were sounding everywhere. The Shadow's agents found themselves confronted with a difficult task, for they had to make their own departure and carry Maude with them.

They were aided, though, by shots that took the police in the wrong direction. The Shadow had provided those shots, knowing that they would draw the officers away. By the time the police reached the spot where the shots had been fired, The Shadow was gone.

Two blocks away, a pair of The Shadow's agents crept through the darkness, taking Maude with them. The girl had recovered her wits' she supposed that these men were two of Pinkey's followers. They reached the street, to hear the sound of a police siren. Maude srank back.

One of the men nudged the girl, pointing to a limousine parked near the curb. Mauded nodded; then made a dash for it. She reached th limonusine, yanked the door open and scrambled aboard. The chauffeur didn't notice her; he was looking across the street toward a little cigar store.

A tall man strode from the store and entered the limousine. He spoke quietly through the speaking tube; the big car started forward. Then, lighting a cigarette, the owner of the limousine turned to look beside him. For the first time , apparently, he noticed Maude.

The girl became breathless. She felt that she could trust this calm-faced stranger whose well-tailored evening clothes gave him the mark of a gentleman. Maude griped the man's arm.

"You've got to trust me," she pleaded. "Honest--I'm on the level! My name is Maude Revelle. I was in the Hayrick, when a lot of shooting started."

"I am quite pleased to know you, Miss Revelle." returned the owner of the limousine, "Let me introduce myself. My name is Lamont Cranston. You are quite welcome to share my limousine"-- he broke off, suddenly, to utter through the speaking tube: "Come Stanley! What is the delay?"

The big car had jolted to a stop. Stanley didn't have to explain why. A heavy-jowled patrolman was opening the door, to poke a flashlight inside.

"Wht is the trouble, officer?"

Cranston's quiet query brought the flashlight in his own direction. The cop grumbled that there had been a riot; that they were looking for a girl who had helped start it. he threw the flashlight toward Maude; eyed her suspiciously as she strank away.

"Don't be frightened, Maude," soothed Cranston. He tendered a card to the patrolman. "My name is Lamont Cranston. I am a friend of Police Commissioner Weston."

"And this lady?"

"She is Miss Maude Revelle. Please do not delay us, office. You see these tickets?" Cranston held them in the light. "I am taking Miss Revelle to the opera, and we are anxious to reach there before curtain time."

A minute later, the limosusine was rolling clear of the olice cordon. Maude's big eyes were full of admiration, as they turned toward Cranston.

"Gee, you're swell!" exclaimed the girl. "Helping me out of a jam, the way you did! Maybe I'd be a lot better off if I'd met up with real guys like you, instead of some of the mugs I've known."

Cranston's gaze showed a sympathetic interest that caused Maude to say more.

"I tried to help a fellow out tonight" Maude's tone was bitter; she was thinking of Pinkey--"and he left me to scramble for myself. Maybe he's a right guy; but he's in the wrong racket, whatever it is. Only, I'm not the sort that blabs."

The car had stopped at a traffic light, Maude reached for the door, intending to alignt. Cranston's hand restrained her; his voice was persuasive.

"I told the officer that I was taking you to the opera. I might have to prove that story."

Maude settled back in the cushions; her eyes were eager.

"You mean that?" she exclaimed. "You'll take me to the opera with all the other swells?"

The Shadow nodded. The limousine

rolled ahead; Maude felt herself riding in air. She didn't realize that keen eyes were watching her, grasping the thoughts that she betrayed by her facial expressions.

Maude was getting something that she really wanted; a chance to appear among fashionable people, as one of them. She wasn't a selfish sort; but the joy of that triumph made her so, for the present. She wanted to feel that Cranstohad invited her to the opera because he liked her.

Maude made that plain, as they stepped from the limousine in front of theopera.

"If I go with you," she remarked,"I won't be cutting out someone else, will I?"

From her tone, The Shadow knew that Maude hoped she was doing just that. He gave her the slight smile that was typical Cranston.

"I was to meet a lady here," he said, "but she can go with other friends, who asked to join their party. I would prefer your company, Miss REvelle."

"Do you see this lady you're telling me about?"

"Yes. Over there."

The girl that The Shadow pointed out was the most attractive young woman in sight; and that was quite a distinction, for the lobby thronged with beautiful femininity. She was waiting for some one, and it could very well have been Cranston. Maude certainly thought that it was Cranston.

Penning a note, The Shadow showed it to Maude. She was pleased when she read: "Sorry, Eleanor. I am escorting another lady this evening. Lamont."

Folding the note, The Shadow gave it to an attendant. Adding a dollar bill as tip, he pointed out the lady to whom the note was to be delivered. Maude saw all that: what she didn't observe was the note itself.

The Shadow held it losely,so that air reached the drying ink. The message faded fore he gave it a final fold. The Shadow had used speical ink that he employed when sending orders to his agents.

The girl across the lobby looked puzzled when she opened the message. For a mement, her gaze became a blank as the paper itself. Then, supposing that some one had played a practical joke, she crumpled the paper and threw it away, staring about angerily as she did so.

By that time, The Shadow was escorting Maude into the opera house. Maude had seen the other girl's piqued expression, and it had pleased here. Maude was smiling triumphantly when she and her escort reached the Golden Horseshoe.

When the opera house lights went dim, The shadow indulged in a smile of his own. Unlike PInkey Findlen, The Shadow knew the ways of women. That was going to make a great difference with Maude Revelle, in the future.

Tonight, though Maude did not guess it, she had become an ally of The Shadow in his campaign against crime.

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## CHAPTER NINE

### Moves Through The Dark

The next evening, Maude REvelle dined with Lamont Cranston in a little resturant off Fifth Avenue. The place was both quiet and exclusive; the type of cafe where Maude had often wanted Pinkey to take her, only to have him claim that "ritzy joints" were the bunk.

Being with Cranston improved Maude's style. She liked his perfect manner, his excellent usage of the English lanuage. She did her best to copy it, with very good results.

There were times, though, when she lapsed. Those came when she referred to the "boyfriend" who had deserted her the night before.

Maude knew plenty about Pinkey; but there was much that she wouldn't tell. She would have been amazed, though, had she realized how much Cranston learned from the remarks that she dropped. Among that well-gleaned information, The Shadow obtained two important points.

One was that Maude did not know what Pinkey's present racket was. The other was that she had no idea as to the location of Pinkey's present hideout.

"He's supposed to be on the lam, if you know what I mean." confided Maude. "In other words, he's had to put himself where the police won't find him. But it wasn't on account of what he did. I guess he covered that pretty good."

"It's what he's up to, that makes him stay out of sight. He doesn't want to be seen around town for fear they'll ask him down to headquarters. If he spends his time answering a lot of questions they might wise up to what he's doing now."

Cranston smiled, as though amused by the adventures of Maude's boyfriend. His gaze, however, made Maude feel that he did not approve of Pinkey.

I"m dropping the guy," declared Maude. "But can't do it in a hurry. His kind wouldn't understand it. Give him time, he'll get an interest in some other dame. Then I can step out of the picture without an arguement."

When the conversation again turned to Pinkey, Maude remembered taht she was suppose to telephone him. There was a booth in the hall way outside the little room where she and Cranston were dining privately. Maude decided to make the call.

Hardly had she stepped from the room, before The Shadow reached beneath the table and drew out a single earphone. Placing it to his ear, heard the plunk of Maude's nickel when she placed it in the pay box. This wire was connected with the telephone booth.

From Maude's first words, The Shadow learned that she had called the Bubble Club and was talking to Claude Ondrey.

Pinkey wasn't there; but he was expected by ten o'clock.

"Ten o'clock is when I'll call him," announced Maude..."Yes. Tell him I'll be at the apartment, if you hear from him before then.... Yes, and listen, Ondrey. You can tell him that he's going to find out where he gets off...."

"Sure,I"m sore.... Yes, Pinkey knows why....You want to know where I am right now? Out with a swell guy, who took me to the opera last night..."

There was a pause, while Ondrey spoke a piece; then came Maude's sharp laugh.

"I'm not telling you who the guy is," she said. "I don't spill Pinkey's name to anybody do I?.... All right it works two ways. I'm keeping this fellow's name to myself Sure! Tell Pinkey if you like...."

The earphone was parked from sight when Maude returned to the little ding room. They had dined: lateMaude was suddenly surprised to notice her wrist watch said half past nine. She didn't realize that she looked at the watch, because Craston's gaze had been idly resting in the direction of her hands and arms.

I've got to go back to the apartment." decided Maude. "Don't worry about taking me there, Mr. Cranston. I can go alone."

Cranston wouldn't alow that; but he finally agreed to ride the subway, instead of taking the limousine. It was when they came up from the subway, a block from Maude's apartment, that the girl expressed real alarm.

"You mustn't come farther," she insisted. "It--well, it mightn't be safe!"

"Not safe?" interposed Cranston. "If this neighbor hood is as dangerous as all that, I certainly cannot allow you to go the rest of the way alone."

Maude tightened her attractive lips. Her land gripped Cranston's arm, with the sincere clutch that here fingers had displayed the night before.

"The boyfriend's jealous," she declared "He knows I've met you; that is, somebody may have told him. But I didn't say who you were. That is why I didn't want you to bring your car."

"And the same goes for you, Mr. Cranston. Maybe PInk-- I mean, maybe this guy that thinks he's got a corner on me, will be tough enough to have a couple of gorillas around here. By "gorillas", I don't mean monkeys from the zoo. I mean sluggers."

Cranston chuckled. Then he took Maude's arm and started her in the direction of the apartment house. ignoring the girl's continued protests.

Maude's arguments sibsided. She became watchful, particularly when they passed the side door of the apartment house. It was dark along that portion of the street, especially in the service alley. Maude feared that there were lurkers present.

She was right. Two figures were crouched in waiting. When Maude and Cranston had passed, the pair exchanged growls. They decided they'd get Cranston on the way back.

"THats what Bugs told us," argued one. "He says to let the dame get upstairs, so she won't know what happened. Then we can handle the stuffed shirt."

"Suppose he don"t come back right away?" querried the other "Whatta we do? Wait here, maybe all night?"

"Don't worry. He'll be back. We gotta keep an eye peeled, though, to see he don't hop no cab."

The apartment house was an old one, with a large, but desereted, foyer. AS he conducted Maude toward the elevator, The Shadow spoke in a lower tone than usual, but in Cranston's style.

"Go to the side door," he told here. "Wait there, and watch what happens in the street."

Maude's eyes were wide, startled But when Crantson turned and strode out through the front, she could do nothing but obey his instructions.

What Maude witnessed a few minutes later, was something that left her even more astounded.

She saw Cranston come along the side street, pausing to look over his shoulder for a cab. He spotted one coming from a few blocks away: but instead of halting, he did the one thing that Maude feared He stepped deliberately toward the darkness of the service entrance.

Husky shapes launched from the gloom. Maude gave a scream; tried to yank open the heavy side door. She couldn't have reached Cranston in time to warn him; but it wasn't necessary.

A sweatered arm swung toward Cranston's head; the fist at the end of it tried to sap him with a blackjack. That arm stopped short as Cranston's hand clamped it. Whipping back into the light, he flayed the thug with a terrific sideward heave; then snapped the rowdy full about.

Lashed like a human whip, the husky took a long dive toward the curb. The Shadow had chosen the right direction for the fling, for he had pointed the fellow for a suitable target; a large fire plug. The thug rammed that metal object with his skull.

The quick reverse of The Shadow's fling served an additional purpose. It took him from the path of a second attacker, who was wielding a chunk of lead pipe. The fellow took a swing at Cranston, only to miss him by a foot and a half. He didn't have a chance to try another wallop.

Spinning in, The Shadow took a square punch at the footpad's chin. The jolt lifted the slugger off his feet; his head went back with a terrific snap. He didn't have far to travel, for he was almost against the wall.

Maude yanked the door open wide jsut in time to hear the impact of the second rowdy's skull against the side of the apartment house.

It had all happened with such suddeness, that Maude hadn't judged the rapidity of Cranston's action. She saw him smoothing his clothes in leisurely fashion, as if he had scarcely exerted himself. Stepping to the curb, he waved to the approaching cab.

By the time the taxi stopped, Maude saw Cranston lifting the two limp thugs, a hand clamped tight to the sweatered neck of each. He bundled the pair into the cab. Opening a wallet, he extracted a five dollar bill from it.

"Drop them somewhere in Central Park," he told the driver, "and keep the change. They'll be more comfortable sleeping it off in the open, than they would in the alley."

"A couple of drunks, huh?" grunted the driver, "Well, suit yourself. You've said it with five bucks, mister, and that clinches it."

As the cab wheeled away, The Shadow joined Mauded in the apartment house. Her admiration for Cranston had received another boost. He rode up with her in the elevator, while she expressed her enthusiasm.

Outside Maude's apartment, Cranston spoke a quiet goodby; then paused long enough to smoke a cigarette, while Maude continued to relate her recollections of the fight.

"Say!" she exclaimed. "The way that bird hit the fire plug! You'd have thought that was what it had been put there for! And when you handled the other guy, I thought the wall wouldn't stand the strain. I'm going to take a look at the bricks tomorrow, just to see"

A telephone bell began to ring It was coming from Maude's apartment. Cranston said good night again and turned toward the elevator. He heard the apartment door go shut, and stepped back quickly to listen in on Maude's conversation.

Through the thin door, every word was plain.

"Oh hello, Pinkey," Maude's tone was scornful. "So you called the Bubble Club. Couldn't wait, could you, to find out if anything happened here?... Listen, if my new friend is a creampuff, they mixed in TNT when they made him."

"Those gorillas of yours looked like baboons when he was through with them! He used jujutsu stuff and how it worked!... Get this, Pinkey. If you want to keep in good with me, don't try any more rough stuff on my friends..."

"You won't see me tonight? That doesn't bother me. Go on over to the Bubble Club, since you have to. Maybe you'll get some sympathy from old Baldy Ondrey."

When Maude hung up, she looked out into the hall, hoping that Cranston had not yet gone. The hall was empty. Maude was disappointed. Since she didn't expect to see Pinkey, she would have liked to go out with Cranston.

It didn't occur to Maude that since Pinkey had business at the Bubble Club, Cranston whould have reason to be there also.

The Shadow had learned that a conference of crooks was due. When Pinkey and his pals discussed their

next plans, they would be favored with the presence of an unseen listener.

He would be The Shadow.

CONTINUED NEXT MONTH.

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## Wireless Wanderings

## JIM SNYDER

When we were kids, many of us listened to the fifteen minute "kiddie serials" on radio. IN northern Michigan community where I grew up, all we could get on our radios was one local station affiliated with the Mutual Broadcasting System. But even so, we could always get, five days a week, SUPERMAN and TOM MIX. The time period from five to six o'clock in the afternoon was filled with two other series but frankly I don't remember what they were. Later on, the format changed to half hour shows, such as MARK TRAIL, STRAIGHT ARROW, AND WILD BIIL. But really, I remember most fondly those fifteen minute things that ran five days a week.

Rather lengthly runs of many of these serials appear in many of our collections. For example. I have long runs of the AIR ADVENTURES OF JIMMY ALLEN, SKY KING, JACK ARMSTRONG, and CHANDU THE MAGICIAN. Now many of you remember hearing those when you were young. I don't. They weren't carried on WTCM, the only station we could pick up clearly on a regular basis. However, I still enjoy listening to them now. In addition to these well known shows, there were also a number of syndicated series that follow this same fifteen minute format. They don't seem to be familiar to most people I talk to, but lengthly chunks are available through trading circles. I would like to mention three of these.

The first is MAGIC ISLAND. I assume that this was from the 1930's This is probably the best known and most widely circulated of these syndicated shows. Frankly, it is just awful. I obtained something like 84 hours of this thing for my collection, and I erased all the tapes and never listed the thing in my catalog because it was so awful. First, I found the plot to be utterly stupid, but most of all the acting was just awful, both by the intent of the writers and then by the actors themselves. For example, we have a ship's captain who speaks only in a monosyllabic format. Imagine the captain of a ship who only gives out one word commands and will answer all questions with only one word. I suppose this was supposed to be "cute" to the small fry, but I find it just awful, and that is really one of the better points of the series. Anyway, this series does seem to be widely available through trading circles.

Next, in my collection, is about thirty hours of a series called FIREFIGHTERS. I believe this series is also from the 30's and is considerably better than MAGIC ISLAND. The one really annoying feature is a firebell ringing in the start of each episode. After listening to a few episodes in a row, this really begins to grate on the nerves. Others who have traded for this series from me have mentioned the same thing. The hero is a young (his voice sounds like he is about 15) rookie firefighter who immediatly has the ear of the fire chief of this large metropolitan fire department. The chief, who appears to be playing with something less than a full deck, listens to this green kid all the time instead of his more experienced firefighters, and the kid keeps solving and saving the situations. Most of the story lines only run through three or four episodes so you don't get bogged down in a long situation. Some of these story lines are quite silly and pointless but some really are attention grabbers. I would say that most who have traded for this series from my collection have expressed a general pleasure with it.

The final one that I would like to mention is a totally obsure series from the 30's, or perhaps the very early forties, called ANNE OF THE AIRLINES. I have thirteen and a quarter hours of this show (starting with chapter 7- I could never find the first six chapters). This series, which I have in good to excellent sound is loosely based on a girl who wants to become an airline steardess. That has almost nothing

to do with the story however. Mine is the complete yarn of chasing diamond smugglers from the United States to Africa. The story is logical, interesting, and the acting is excellent. This series was in my trading catalog for many years and only one person ever asked for it. Perhaps the title turned people off. I have to admit that the title isn't a real "grabber." Anyway, after I sent off the tapes to that one trader, he wrote back and said, "Hey this is really great stuff." I agree. We are the only two people that I know of with this series. I no longer trade, and I don't remember who I sent it to, but if you do see this listed in someone's catalog, give it a try.

On a scale of 1 to 10, I would rate MAGIC ISLAND as a minus 52, FIREFIGHTERS as a plus 6, and ANNE OF THE AIRLINES as a plus 9. Give them a try and see what you think.

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The new tape library catalog is now available for all members who want a copy of it. Please contact Jerry Collins for your copy and please state whether you want a printed copy or a computer disk copy of the catalog.

And speaking of the catalog. A few minor problems have cropped up with it. It seems like a number of the cassettes titles have been omitted from the catalog by accident. So I am running the titles here. Pleased cut these out and attach them to your new catalog. We apologize for the inconvience this has caused.

Thanks,

The Staff

C-954-Mr. Keen-"Telephone Book Case 1/26/50
"Jewel Thief" 2/9/50
C-955-Mr. Keen-"The Country Club" 4/20/50
"Skull & Crossbones" 5/25/50
C-956-Mr. Keen-"Broken Window" 6/2/50
"Quicksand Murder Case 6/9/50
C-957-Mr. Keen-"Star of Death" 6/9/49
"Silver Dagger" 10/13/49
C-958-Mr. Keen-"Silver Candlestick" 3/13/52
"Poisoned Sandwich"
C-959-Mr. Keen-"Mother's Plea Case"
Whatever became of Ezra Stone--(Henry Aldrich)

C-960 THEATRE FIVE-Little Piece of Candle"
"Publish or Perish
C-961 THEATRE FIVE-"The Avenger"
"The Contract Maker
C-962-THEATRE FIVE "The Neighbor"
"There's one born every Minute"
C-963-THEATRE FIVE-"Any port in the Storm"
If the Spirit Moves You"
C-964- Adv. of HARRY NILE-"Seattle Blues"
"Neptune Trading Co."
C-965- ADV. OF HARRY NILE-"Photo' Finish
"It's A Crime Mr. Collins"
"Yellow Streak:
C-966- Sealed Book-"Escape by Death"
Standby for Crime-"Mr. Bugsby's Romance"
C-967-Commuter's Tales-"Tale of CO. Director"
Short Studay"Skeleton Coast Incident

C-1000-Squad Cars "Jewel Robbery, "Kill One"
C-1001-Rin-Tin-Tin "Rip, the Ambassadore 11/13/55
"The White Buffalo 11/27/55
C-1002-Kojak "Question of Honor
Five Star Final "Tourist Trap"
Kojak "Prodigal Son"
Shazam "Mighty Dr. Illusion"
The Flash "Three Faces of Mr. Big"
C-1003 Hercule Poirot
"Money Mad Ghour" 9/13/45
"The Trail led to Death 11/16/45
C-1004 Hercule Poirot
"Murder is a Private Affair 11/23/45
"The Bride Wore Fright" 11/30/45
C-1005 Nero Wolfe
"Shakespeare Folio 12/15/45
"Careworn Cuff" 10/27/50

C-1064 Bold Venture "Rhoda Gonzoles"
"Joe Ryan"
C-1065 The Falcon
"Vanishing Visa" 6/52
The Hammer Guy
"Sophisticated Lady" 1953

1481 Escape
"Ambassador of Poker 4/07/50
"Wild Jacl Rhett 12/17/50

1482 Escape
"Journey Into Fear 11/19/50
"Funeral Fires 11/26/50

1483 Escape
"Red Wine 2/26/49
"Orient Express 2/19/49

1484 Escape
"Pass To Berlin 5/19/50
"The Rim of Terror 5/12/50

1485 Escape
"The Pistol 1/03/50
"Shark Bait 7/14/50

1486 Escape
"Confidential Agent 4/02/49
"When The Man Comes Follow Him 4/09/49

1487 Escape
"Present Tense 1/31/50
"Command 5/26/50

1488 Suspense
"Copper Tea Strainer w/Betty Grable 4/21/49
"Death Has A Shadow W/Bob Hope 5/05/49

1489 Suspense
"Albi Me
"Catch Me If You Can 2/17/49

1490 Suspense
"A Murder Of Necessity 3/24/49
"The Face is Familiar 1/18/54

1491 Suspense
"Muddy Track 11/11/48
"The Bullet 12/29/49

1492 It Pays To Be Ignorant
"What Is Love 9/07/45
"What Is A Window 10/05/

1493 "New Edgar Bergen Hour
"Diet Exper: Adele Davis 2/05/56

1494 Bob Hope Show
"W/Claudette Colbert 5/05/42
"W/Victor Mature 11/06/45

1495 Mysterious Traveler
"The Man Who Knew Everything 11/11/52
"Death Has A Cold Breath

1496 Death Valley Days
"Story of Sam Bass 3/08/38
"Burro With No Name

1497 Crime Does Not Pay
"Operation Payroll 1949
"Kid With A Gun 1949

1498 Murder By Experts
"Two Coffins To Fill 7/02/49
"Conspiracy 1949

1499 Molle Mystery Theater
"Close Shave 5/14/48
"Solo Performance 5/21/48

1500 Hermit's Cave
"Professor's Elixir
"Crimson Hand

1501 Vic & Sade
"Five Men From Maine 5/30/41
"Grand Old Lady 6/04/41
"The Hammock
"Fletcher's Shoe Laces 6/07/41
"Mr. Gumpox Eyes
"Skulkers In The Alley
"Meeting Vic's Train
"Tearing Up Lee Street

1502 Nero Wolfe
"Case of the Lost Heir 4/20/51
"Case in Room 304 4/21/51

1503 (cont'd)
"Silks Bergen

1504 Jack Benny Show
"Grand Opening of Jack's Pool 4/18/43
"W/Eddie Cantor

1505 Great Gildersleave
"Burglar in the Area 4/27/49
"Gild. Sues Bullard for Defam-ation of Character 5/25/49

45

1506 Fred Allen Show
"Chas McCarthy Sues Fred & Takes Him To Court 10/28/45
"Brooklyn Pinafore W/Leo Durocher 11/25/45

1507 Jimmy Durante Show
"Pirates W/Victure Moore 10/23/47
"Vice Pres W/Victure Moore 12/17/47

1508 Night Beat W/Frank Lovejoy
"Death of Mr Riley 5/15/52
"Marvelous Machine 6/05/56

1509 Screen Director's Playhouse
"A Foreign Affair NBC 60 min.

1510 Screen Director's Playhouse
"Night Has a Thousand Eyes 2/27/49
"You Were Meant For Me 3/13/49 NBC

1511 Columbia Workshop
"Soliloquy To Balance The Budget 6/15/41
"Double Concerto 7/20/41

1512 Columbia Workshop
"Higher Than A Kite 12/38/39
"Odyssey of Runyon Jones 6/08/48

1513 Srgt Preston
"Heart of a Killer 12/23/50
"Dead Man's Whistle 10/25/50

1514 Srgt Preston
"Red Coated Crook 8/31/51
"Boy Alone 9/02/51

1515 Srgt Preston
"Dog Crazy 9/29/50
"The Malaca Cane 10/02/50

1516 Escape
"Leinengen vs the Ants 1/14/48
"Papa Benjamin (East Coast) 1/21/48

1517 Escape
"Finger of Doom 3/19/49
"Country of the Blind 3/20/49

1518 (cont'd)
"Visiting Vultures 9/27/49

1519 Counterspy
"Murdering Messenger 8/25/49
"Arrogant Arsonist 9/06/49

1520 Counterspy
"Cold Blooded Professor 8/30/49 60 min.

1521 Counterspy
"Stolen Car Racketeers 7/28/46 (Rehersal)
"Case of the Mexican Rancho 2/22/49

1522 Counterspy
"Washington Woman Spy 6/13/45
"Case of the Explosive Dog 6/20/45

1523 Counterspy
"Case of the Desert Explosion 8/18/49
"Case of the Bouncing Bank Robber 8/23/49

1524 Counterspy
"Case of the Postal Pirates 9/20/49 60 min.

1525 Counterspy
"Case of the Poison Peddlar 2/24/49
"Case of the Blackmailed Hijackers 8/09/49

1526 Mysterious Traveler
"Murder in Jazztime
"Haunted Trailer

1527 Mysterious Traveler
"Change of Address 1/22/52
"Stranger in the House

1528 Mysterious Traveler
"Last Survivor 1949
"Lady in Red 5/23/50

1529 Continuous Broadcasting
"News From the Pacific ;Music Room 8/10/45
"World News W/Mary Marg. McBride 8/10/45

1530 Top Secret W/Iona Massey
"Church With Out a Cross 8/20/50
"(No Title) Rehersal 8/25/50 NBC

1531 Quiet Please ABC
"Valentine 2/13/49
And Jeanie Dreamish Me

1532 Calling All Cars
"Knives of the Barbary Coast 2/05/36
"Young Dillinger 2/12/36

1533 Police Headquarters NBC 1932
(15 Minutes Each)
#17 "Telephone Suicide
#18 "Boxing Match Death
#19 "$80,000. Robbery
#20 "Infiltrating the Mob

1534 Tales of the Texas Rangers
"Alibi 9/07/52
"Misplaced Person 8/31/52

1535 Adv. of Sherlock Holmes MUTUAL
"The Copper Beaches 10/06/40
"The Missing Bloodstains 5/15/44

1536 Adventure Ahead (circa 1942)
"The Green Mantle
"A Tooth for Paul Revere

1537 Philip Marlowe
"Deep Shadow 3/21/50
"Sword of Cebu

1538 Cloak and Dagger
#7 "Kachin Story 6/18/50
#8 "Direct Line To Bombers 6/25/50

1539 Sky King (15 Min.)
"The Dwarf Barow
"A Message in Code 12/04/47

1540 Gunsmoke
"Wrong Man 5/08/60
"Tall Trapper 5/15/60

1541 Dangerous Assignment NBC
"Assignment: Latin America 9/27/50
"Assignment: South America 7/03/51

1542 Dangerous Assignment
"Assignment: Murdered Shiek 3/27/50
"Assignment: Alaska 4/24/50

1543 Dangerous Assignment W/Brian Donlevy
"Assignment: Brazil 10/22/52
"Assignment: Havanna 10/29/52

1544 Counterspy
"Case of the Murdered Millions 8/11/49
"Case of the Statue of Death 8/16/49

1545 Obsession
"Question of Personality
"Summer Evening

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1546 Yours Truly Johnny Dollar
"Wayward Fireman Matter 2/11/61
"Morning After Matter 3/04/61

1547 Yours Truly Johnny Dollar
"Ring of Death Matter 3/11/61
"Informer Matter 3/18/61

1548 Yours Truly Johnny Dollar
"Plant Agent Matter 3/05/56 > 3/09/56

1549 Yours Truly Johnny Dollar
"Simple Simon Matter 5/13/61
"The Lone World Matter 5/20/61

1550 Yours Truly Johnny Dollar
"Mad Hatter Matter
"Kirby Will Matter

1551 Lightning Jim
#32 "Devil's Dishpan
#33 "Meets Belle Starr

1552 Lightning Jim
#25 "Marshall Morgan
#27 "Pony Express

1553 Lightning Jim
#15 "Dope Smugglers
#16 "Lightning Jim - Texas Lil

1554 Lightning Jim
#19 "Good Luck Robberies
#20 "L J Helps Kansas Kate

1555 Lightning Jim
#21 "L J Meets Little Bear
#22 "Little Bear Repays a Debt

1556 Captain Midnight
#175 & #176
##181 & #182

1557 Captain Midnight
#171 "Terro 10/23/39 > #172
#173 "Zollinger 10/25/39 > #174

1558 Captain Midnight
#23 "Photography / #40 "Tornado
#63 "Crash of Red Roberts/ #64

1559 The Chase
"Murder Row 3/29/53
"Bank Robbery, Kidnapping 4/05/53

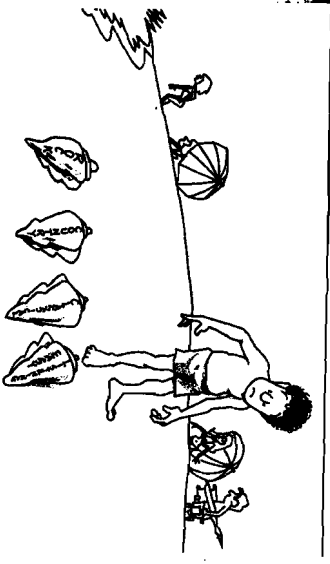
1560 The Chase
"Tiger Lily 5/24/53
"Evil Puppet 5/31/53

1561 Vic & Sade
"Ladies Auxilary 7/04/46
"L. Vogel Drum 8/01/46

1562 Through 1565 A Sci-Fi series
"The Secret of Dominion", [illegible] complete on four cassettes
There are seven installments

1562 #1 & 2
1563 #3 & 4
1564 #5 & #6
1565 Finish of the Secret of Dominion
"Theatre Five - A Presence of Mind

1566 BBC Plays 90 min.
"Fallen Idol
"Creeps By Night: The Hunt



HOWARD HOPKINS
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Editor/Publisher
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GOLDEN PERILS
*** THE HERO PULP FANZINE! ***

CHUCK JUZEK
57 Hutton Avenue
Nanuet, NY. 10954
******
Associate Editor
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Dear Linda:

Thank you for defending the reprinting of pulp magazine novels such as The Shadow and Nick Carter against such vinegary and pointless attacks as put forth in the 6/91 issue of the IP by Jack Palmer. Such attitudes and the obvious lack of understanding and appreciation for the relationship of pulp fiction with OTR programs just turn my stomach.

I have written to the IP concerning this apparently "controversial" issue before and have adequaately expressed my opinion on the subject. Please check out my letters in the 3/90 & 6/90 issues of the IP for not only additional but also more cognizable reasons for including and maintaining pulp reprints in the IP than the rather simplistic one of insufficient OTR material to fill an issue.

I would also like to point out to Mr. Palmer and others of his ilk that the inclusion of pulp reprints of the Shadow or any other pulp character who may have had his own long-running radio show does not in any way obligate him to read them. He is more that free to exercise his right to skip over such "offensive" material by merely turning the page. However, I most strongly object to and resent the attitude which would interfere with and take away my right to read and enjoy those reprints in the pages of the ILLUSTRATED PRESS. I pay my yearly dues as does he.

As you can see from our letterhead, I co-edit GOLDEN PERILS, a pulp related fanzine. One of our frequent features is a radio round-up column in which we decribe and comment on a specific old time radio show which adapted a pulp character to those magical airwaves.

I am enclosing one such article from the #10, Spring '88 issue of GP to give you an idea of the flavor of this column. If you think this is something the IP readership might be interested in, you are free to use it, or not, as you see fit. Perhaps a column such as this could be incorporated into the IP. if other people- contributors- were to write about their favorite radio shows. In any event, you need not return the article, and thank you for listening.

Sincerely,

Chuck Juzek.

**********

## RADIO ROUNDUP

BY Chuck Juzek

THE SHADOW was without a doubt one of the most popular characters ever on the radio. So much so that imitations were inevitable. One such was THE AVENGER. Unfortunately for Richard Henry Benson, and for us fans, it was apparently decided some changes were in order and by the time The Avenger actually took to the airways, he was a totally different character --The Avenger in name only. Even his identity was changed and he became, much to the chagrin of the pulp addicted listeners, a mediocre, carbon copy of the radio Shadow. But, he did have a short run in the mid-forties and managed to thrill a few youngsters with his Lamont Cranston-like escapades nevertheless.

Whenever the wrong people get their hands on what has already proven itself long before their misguided efforts, for some inexplicable reason, the original product just isn't good enough for them and in their frenzy to prove they can improve upon it, they descrate and reduce to mediocrity that which was already great. Consider the 1974 DOC SAVAGE movie.

I understand, however, that it was Walter Gibson himself who adapted The Avenger to radio. Shades of pulpiana! What I don't understand is why he turned The Avenger into just another radio Shadow mimic. Perhaps the powers that be insisted he stay with a formula similar to The Shadow. If so, why then use the name of The Avenger? On the other hand, if it was The Avenger that was being brought to radio, why then change him so completely into an altogether different character? I do not know the story behind this, so if anyone out there can clarify the issue, it would be much appreciated.

However, let me hasten to clarify my own position here. I do not think The Avenger was bad as a radio character. Had there been no Shadow to serve as predecessor and the idol for millions, he would have been great in his own right. Well, almost, for he did lack the sinister laugh of The Shadow. Unfortunately, The Avenger began with two strikes against him to many fans. One could not help but compare him to The Shadow, and he was not The Avenger of the pulps. With that in mind, let us take a brief trip into yesteryear and turn that dial to hear an introduction which went as follows:

"The Avenger! The road to crime ends in a trap that justice sets. Crime does not pay! The Avenger, sworn enemy of evil is actually Jim Brandon, a famous bio-chemist. Through his numerous scientific experiments, Brandon has perfected two inventions to aid him in his crusade against crime, as The Avenger. The telepathic Indicator, by which he is able to pick up thought flashes, and the Secret Diffusion Capsules, which cloak him in the black light of invisibility. Brandon's assistant, the beautiful Fern Collier is the only one who shares his secrets, and knows that he is the man the underworld fears as, The Avenger!"

I chose to report on an episode entitled: "The Mystery of Dead Man's Rock", which I thought was one of the better Avenger programs available on audio tape today. As the story begins, Pierre, a fur trapper, and Simon, foreman at the Spencer Sawmill, are found arguing over the sale of furs near Dead Man's Rock. Having just come in from setting the traps, they discover a dead body belonging to Jenkins, the Game Warden. A knife was sticking in his back.

Matt Spencer, owner of the Logging Co. and Sawmill, comes upon them and declares that Pierre needs an alibi because he and the game warden hadn't been getting on well lately. A similar murder had been committed

there the previous month. The same modus operandi seemed apparent as both the knives used in the slayings had rubber-ringed handles and were exceptionally well balanced, similar to those used by professional knife throwers. Spencer notifies the Sheriff.

Later, Jim Brandon and Fern Collier, having been summoned by the Sheriff to aid in solving the mysterious murders, discuss the strange Indian legend surrounding Dead Man's Rock as they admire the beauty of Silver Falls. Two Indian chiefs were said to have fought it out to the death by that rock. The pool beneath the waterfall was both deep and treacherous. The Indians feared it and called it something which the white man translated as the Devil's Pool.

As they head for Spencer's Sawmill to meet the Sheriff and to have a talk with Matt Spencer, Brandon, a good friend of Jenkins, tells Fern he used to spend many a hunting season trampling through the hills and woods with him. Spencer offers his cooperation and goes off to locate Pierre and Simon for Brandon to question. Brandon and Fern decide to look around the area.

Meanwhile, we find Pierre and Simon still arguing over the furs. Simon continues to push by saying that it would be easy now for Pierre to sell him half his furs since the new game warden wouldn't know how many furs Pierre usually declares. Pierre refuses to sell him any furs and accuses Simon of being involved in crooked schemes of which he wants no part. Further, he tells Simon that he will inform Spencer of his illegal dealings if he doesn't leave him alone. Simon, one of Spencer's roughneck foremen, threatens to have Spencer throw Pierre off his land, thereby ending his livelihood as a trapper and fur dealer. Pierre retaliates by swearing he would kill Simon beneath Dead Man's Rock, just like the others that have been killed there, if that ever happened. Suddenly, Simon shouts out and collapses with a knife protruding from his back.

Just then, Brandon and Fern come upon the scene and the frightened Pierre babbles his innocence. Brandon asks him to come along to see the Sheriff and tell his story, but Pierre, scared beyond his wits, runs off into the woods. Brandon notices the knife used in the slaying is identical to the other two, and that it was either wielded by a very strong man or hurled with great force from a distance. Pierre, being a slight man, would seem an unlikely suspect. Brandon decides it is time they look for a motive to the killings. He sends Fern to find Spencer to have him contact the Sheriff while he goes off to make a few inquires as The Avenger!

As The Avenger, Jim Brandon confronts two loggers who are overheard talking about their insufficient cut for all their work in smuggling the furs down river in hollowed-out logs. With a popping sound and a swish, The Avenger announces his invisible presence to the frightened loggers and demands to know who they are working for. When they reveal Simon as their boss, The Avenger informs them that Simon is dead from a knife in his back. He tells them to carry on as if nothing happened.

Accompanyied by the Sheriff, Brandon and Fern go looking for Pierre into the woods. Finding one of his traps sprung, they wonder why a man in hiding should still be making his rounds inspecting his traps. A shot rings out and Pierre threatens to shoot them all before allowing himself to be arrested. But, Brandon convinces him to come along peacefully with them back to Silver Falls as part of a plan to ferret out the real murderer.

Later, back at Spencer's office, Brandon informs Spencer that Pierre has been found, but that the case is far from solved. Apparently Pierre

not only continues to maintain his innocence, but he also claims he can proove it because he knows the motive for all three killings. The dead foreman, Simon, supposedly gave him some valuable information before he died which Pierre will reveal to the Sheriff to save his own skin.

Brandon asks to use Spencer's phone to call the Sheriff and set up a meeting with Pierre at Dead Man's Rock. Pierre is to meet the Sheriff in half an hour, unarmed. Brandon and Fern then ask to tour the Sawmill. Spencer tells them to go ahead but declines to go around with them under the pretext of having much to attend to.

Brandon and Fern go up to the river where logs have been piled over the falls. When Pierre shows up at the rock, Brandon intends to release the logs over the falls. The Sheriff, meanwhile, had his men surround the area thereby trapping the killer between the log jam and the woods. All hell suddenly breaks loose and Spencer, hiding behind the waterfall, is forced out under threat of having a dozen guns fire into the falls. A knife if found imbedded in one of the logs and Brandon finds a special gun behind the falls capable of firing knives. Spencer is then revealed as the brains behind the fur smuggling racket.

All Avenger programs made use of the secret diffusion capsules which bestowed invisibility on our hero, but only occasionally was the telepathic indicator utilized. The result of experiments with thought transference, the device was able to pick up thought flashes usually from people in distress which provided Brandon with a clue that something was amiss. However, after the first few programs, it was no longer mentioned. Even the introduction was changed slightly and later went as follows:

"...Through his numerous scientific experiments, Brandon perfected several inventions to aid him in his crusade against crime, as The Avenger. Most remarkable of these inventions is the highly secret Diffusion Capsule which cloaks him in the black light of invisibility...etc."

As near as I can tell, there seem to be some 26 Avenger programs available in audio tape today and the foregoing episode is about as representative of the series as any. It was produced by the same people which produced The Shadow in much the same way. Following are the 26 Avenger programs:

LOG OF THE AVENGER

# 1 - The High Tide Murders. - 10/25/45.
# 2 - The Mystery of The Giant Brain. - 11/1/45.
# 3 - Rendezvous With Murder. - 11/8/45.
# 4 - The Eyes of Shiva. - 11/15/45.
# 5 - The Coins of Death. - 11/22/45.
# 6 - The Mystery of Dead Man's Rock. - 11/29/45.
# 7 - The Tunnel of Disaster. - 12/6/45.
# 8 - The Crypt of Thot. - 12/13/45.
# 9 - The Melody of Murder. - 12/20/45.
# 10 - The Fiery Death. - 12/27/45.
# 11 - The Ghost Murder. - 1/3/46.
# 12 - The Blue Pearls. - 1/10/46.
# 13 - The Wingate Heirs. - 1/17/46.
# 14 - The Thoroughbred Murder. - 1/24/46.
# 15 - The Department of Death. - 1/31/46.
# 16 - The Keys to The City. - 2/7/46.
# 17 - Death in Mid-Air. - 2/14/46.
# 18 - The Hooded Circle. - 2/21/46.
# 19 - Death Rings The Bell. - 2/28/46.
# 20 - The Subway Ghost. - 3/7/46.

# 21 - The Cradle of Doom. - 3/14/46.
# 22 - Death Meets the Boat. - 3/21/46.
# 23 - Murder Hits the Jackpot. - 3/28/46.
# 24 - The Diploma of Death. - 4/4/46.
# 25 - The Shot in the Dark. - 4/11/46.
# 26 - Death Counts Ten. - 4/18/46.

**********

ED WANT'S CORNER

The Andrews Sisters — from left, Maxene, Patty and Laverne — in 1940.

# Andrews Sisters Top Miller, Hope At World War II Troop Reunion

ATLANTIC CITY, N.J. (UPI) — The Andrews Sisters, America's sweethearts in World War II for their renditions of "Beer Barrel Polka" and "Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree," have been voted the top entertainers of the wartime era by some of the troops they sang for.

The 600 veterans attending a 40th reunion dubbed "Camp Boardwalk Revisited" voted the Andrews Sisters ahead of second-place Glen Miller and his orchestra. Comedian Bob Hope finished third.

"I'm overwhelmed," Patty Andrews said Tuesday. "Gosh, they have every gigantic star that's in the business and I won first place. I couldn't believe it."

Andrews, dancer and screen star Donald O'Connor and street singer Arthur Tracy — who all performed in the seaside resort during the war years when Atlantic City was transformed into a military town — returned to perform at the reunion.

They were among 20 performers inducted into the newly created "G.I.'s Choice Entertainer's Hall of Fame" during the event.

# Colony Theater Hosts Glenn Miller Orchestra

One of the most successful and well-known organizations in musical history, the legendary Glenn Miller Orchestra, returns to the Southwest community this week for another appearance at the Colony Theater, 59th and Kedzie, the pioneer movie house which has been renovated and turned into a live entertainment center.

The Miller band is scheduled to present two concerts at the Colony on Saturday evening, with the first performance at 6 p.m. and the second to be staged at 8:30 p.m.

Tickets for either show are $10 per person and are available at the theater box office or at Ticketron outlets in the Chicago area. Dinner packages are also available, and special discounts of 20 per cent are offered to groups of 20 or more. The theater's five adjoining free parking lots have space for more than 300 cars.

The Glenn Miller Orchestra has been by far the greatest attraction at the Colony since it reopened several years ago. In its first appearance the famous band drew a capacity crowd of 1,500, marking the first time that every seat in the theater had been filled in more than 50 years.

The first orchestra formed by Glenn Miller in the early 1930's was an economic failure. However, Glenn knew what he wanted and organized a second band in 1938. This is the one that still lives on today to carry on the traditions of its founder.

During the 1930's and 1940's the Glenn Miller Orchestra became the most successful of all dance bands with a matchless string of hit records, radio broadcasts and appearances in theaters, hotels and dance pavilions.

Miller disbanded his group in 1942 at the height of its popularity and volunteered for military service in World War II, then rose to fame again with his Glenn Miller Army Air Force Band.

The group went overseas to entertain U.S. servicemen stationed in Europe. On Dec. 15, 1944, Major Miller took off in a single-engine airplane from England to precede his band to France.

The plane disappeared without a trace and Miller was never seen again. The Army officially declared him dead a year later and members of his famous band decided to keep it going.

Though more than 40 years have passed since then, the band that carries on the Glenn Miller legend ranks as one of the busiest musical organizations in the world. It is "on the road" 50 weeks a year and plays more than 300 shows, performing before audiences that total more than half a million people annually.

Current leader of the band is Dick Gerhart, a saxophonist who joined the group in 1968 and is the only leader who has risen solely through the ranks to become the conductor.

His 17-year record makes him the longest-standing member with more years of service with the group than even Glenn Miller himself.

Gerhart says the band's repertoire exceeds more than 1,700 compositions, adding that "we play mostly the old songs familiar to our fans, inserting only new ones which lend themselves to the Miller sounds."

Further information on ticket reservations and group orders can be obtained by calling the Colony at 925-9561.

ONE OF THE WORLD'S most famous musical organizations, the Glenn Miller Orchestra, returns this week for another appearance at the Colony Theater, 59th and Kedzie, the pioneer movie house which was renovated and turned into a live entertainment center. The legendary band will present two concerts Saturday evening with performances at 6 p.m. and 8:30 p.m.

ED WANAT'S CORNER

AS I REMEMBER THEM—VI

By EDDIE CANTOR

# Buffalo, Mr. Shea Gave Cantor First Big Boost Up the Ladder

THERE'S something psychological about a dressing room. When you're in a hit show, you can hardly wait to get to it, you take more time with your make-up, and you can hardly wait for intermission to have friends come backstage to visit.

Mr. Cantor

No matter how cold and hare or dingy it appeared that first day, once the show's a hit, your dressing room instantly becomes the most glamorous spot on earth.

But let a show flop or be just so-so and the most plush, lush dressing room is dreary and dreaded.

One dressing room I recall with a warm glow, even now after all these years. My very first job in show business was with the juggling team of Bedini and Arthur. They were considered a standard comedy act.

* * *

**PART OF THE SHOW** included the juggling of plates. As the stooge in this act, I had the job of going to the local five and ten and getting the best crockery plates they had. I would crack them just enough so they would smash to pieces when they were accidentally-on-purpose dropped by the comedian.

It was a full-stage act, which means that they occupied the entire stage when they were on. But if another full-stage act was to follow theirs, they had to do something "in one" (the limited area between the curtain and the orchestra).

Bedini and Arthur had worked up a comic bit of two or three minutes to be played in front of the curtain while the stagehands behind it were cleaning up the mess of broken dishes. On several occasions, the stagehands just barely made it in the few minutes allotted time and there was always the worry that sometime they just wouldn't finish in time.

* * *

**I SUGGESTED TO** Bedini, who owned the act, that I do a song which would take up enough time so there'd never be any danger of the stagehands not making it.

Bedini, with tongue-in-cheek, said, "By all means, Eddie, learn a song and each time we open in a new place, rehearse it, just in case."

Just in case took months, but I finally got to sing the song — one of Irving Berlin's first big hits, "Ragtime Violin."

It was in Shea's Theater in Buffalo, and I walked onstage with a regulation-size violin case opened it, and brought out a toy violin. Scraping a few sounds, I used a line then considered a better crack than any of those in the plates, "You wouldn't believe this, but two weeks ago I couldn't play this at all."

* * *

**THE SONG** was a riot. I took half a dozen encores and the applause was the most beautiful sound I'd ever heard. Roy Arthur, half of the team, and I dressed together in a room next door to Bedini.

My feet didn't touch the ground as I flew back to the dressing room, and my ears were so full of the applause that I hardly heard the words bounding loud and clear over the partitioned wall from Bedini's room. Mike Shea and Bedini were arguing about something.

I didn't know or care what until I heard Mike bellow, "I've got news for you! Give that skinny guy in blackface five more minutes and we could do without you, without Arthur, and without those five-and-ten cracked plates!"

* * *

**I WASHED UP FAST** and rushed quickly to Bedini's room. Shea had gone. "Mr. Bedini," I said, "I've got to have a raise —now."

He looked at me scornfully. "What makes you think . . ."

I stopped him short. "Listen, I just heard what Mike Shea said in here about 'that skinny guy in blackface.' That's me, remember?"

In that dressing room I got a $5 raise and with it the feeling that at last I was on my way.



*NEXT SATURDAY—Al Jolson.*


7/6/77

# Inside Stuff-Radio-TV

Remember "War of the Worlds," the Orson Welles (Mercury Theatre) CBS show which panicked Americans in 1938? Britons got a similar fright last week from a television drama titled "Alternative 3," dealing with deadly changes in the earth's atmosphere and a resultant Russian-American plan to colonize the moon with the best scientific brains they could save. The realistic documentary-style meller lit up switchboards at newspaper offices and at independent stations around the country carrying the show. Was it true, they wanted to know. A surprised spokesman said, "We thought people were more sophisticated."

# Robert Merrill, 27-Year-Old Met Baritone, Hailed as a New Vocalizing Find in Radio

Robert Merrill

Ten years ago a Brooklyn schoolboy had a burning ambition: he wanted to sing like Bing Crosby. He practiced hard and since has wound up as a leading Metropolitan Opera baritone as well as one of radio's better young classical singers. Robert Merrill, star of the RCA Victor show, at 27, a vocalizing find of the year wins a PIC *Double E* for Ether Excellence.

Merrill has soared high in the air waves. On Sunday afternoons dial-twisters tune in on his rich baritone. RCA Victor has clinched the singer to a long-time radio contract and hides a corporate grin as other sponsors kneel and plead for guest appearances. Although Merrill still likes to hear "Der Bingle" latch his larynx onto a popular cadenza, he prefers for himself operatic arias.

After signing with the Met in 1945, Bob did a series of guest shots on the RCA Victor show where he clicked so loudly he was nabbed for 13 weeks with Kenny Delmar and Deems Taylor. In June the baritone took over the entire show with Frank Black's orchestra. He must be a success—he even turned down a movie offer.

For the Department of Vital Statistics, this new radio sensation is unmarried, has brown curly hair, brown eyes and a 1946 De Soto. He gets ruffled when reminded that once he was a remarkable boy soprano.

SEPTEMBER, 1946

AS I REMEMBER THEM—XVIII

By Eddie Cantor

# *Will Rogers—A Top Performer, He Never Put on Airs*

A WHILE AGO, watching television, I was startled to hear something that Rogers had ad-libbed back in the summer of 1917. Standing together in the wings of the New Amsterdam Theatre watching the Ziegfield girls, Will whispered:

"Eddie, it's too bad that those gorgeous gals, 20 years from now, will all be five years older."

More than 40 years later that line was still good.

I first met Will Rogers back in 1912. We were on the same vaudeville bill at the Orpheum Theatre in Winnipeg. Right away, I knew he was like no other actor I'd ever met. He actually enjoyed listening to you talk as much as talking himself.

The Oklahoma cowboy liked me, I could tell, and the day was to come when I would love him more than any man I'd ever known, with the kind of feeling I might have had for a father or an older brother.

There was complete understanding between us, yet no two people were ever such opposites. When I was trying to muster up enough nerve to make a radical change in my act, I was encouraged by his casual, "Why not go out on a limb. That's where the fruit is."

His success as a performer and as a man was the result of a lifetime spent "out on a limb." He never hesitated when instinct impelled action.

He always said what he thought, but always with gum in cheek. I cannot recall anyone taking offense at anything he ever said or wrote.

No performer, before or since, reached the summit Rogers did with his daily column in hundreds of newspapers read by millions of people, his stage appearances, motion pictures, and radio performances.

* * *

**WILL HAD** enough success to swell any man's head to three times the size of his ten-gallon hat, but Rogers' remained quarter-size. Despite enormous earnings, he continued to wear a wrinkled store-bought suit, and a ready-to-wear shirt. He couldn't be bothered with tailors or the monogrammed shirts usually accompanying success in show business.

He used his time and money for things more important. During World War I, part of his weekly salary went to the Red Cross. He had indigent actors on his payroll. Some of these actors refused to accept small parts in pictures and plays because it would mean less than they were getting from Rogers.

As a much-in-demand speaker he demanded and received hefty fees which he turned over to various charities, and he was the only person I ever knew who never used these contributions as tax deductions.

* * *

**OF ALL THE THINGS** he did, he enjoyed most getting out his daily column. The words he wrote then are applicable now, almost half a century later.

"I believe in being neighborly," he wrote in one column, "but you take those countries this country is lending money to—boy, how they hate us. If someone gets a bad cold, it is laid to the grasping nature of money-loving America. So we seem to be in Dutch with all the natives we were so rude as to lend money to. It's the old gag. You loan a man money and you lose his friendship, and the nations are not different from individuals."

He never had a written contract with the great Ziegfield. In

WILL ROGERS

1915 they just shook hands and that was it.

Rogers had three great loves in his life—his family, America, and flying. He flew everywhere, in any kind of plane, and with pilots unknown and known.

* * *

**I BELIEVE IT WAS I** who sold him on radio. "Will, think of it," I said, "every Sunday night in one hour I can reach 40 million people."

He commented, "Yup, and aren't you lucky they can't reach you."

When he finally signed to do some broadcasts, he insisted that his salary checks be made payable to the Salvation Army.

I have been asked many times what got Rogers into the gum-chewing habit. He picked it up from his pals in the major leagues, and one matinee he walked onstage still chewing.

The audience tittered, then burst into laughter as Will parked the gum on the proscenium arch. When he'd taken his last bow and was about to walk offstage, he found another laugh by picking up the wad and saying:

"It ain't that I'm stingy, but there's a lot of mileage left in this."

* * *

**ONE NOON HOUR,** walking through the dining room of the Hotel Astor, a group of people seated at a table stopped him. A well-known critic who had often taken Will to task about his bad grammar, invited him to sit down and join them for lunch.

"No thanks," Will said, "I already et."

The critic corrected him. "You mean you've already eaten."

Will grinned. "I know a lot of fellers who say 'have eaten' who ain't et."

I can recall going to San Francisco for the opening of the Eugene O'Neil play "Ah, Wilderness!" His performance had the audience throwing their hats in the air and the critics their adjectives even higher.

* * *

**DURING THE RUN** of the play, something happened which indirectly caused his death. Will received a letter from a clergyman which read:

"Relying on you to give the public nothing that could bring the blush of shame to the cheeks of a Christian, I attended your performance with my 14-year-old daughter.

"But when you gave the scene in which the father visits the son in his bedroom and lectures him on the subject of his relations with an immoral woman, I took my daughter by the hand and we left the theater. I have not been able to look her in the eyes since."

This so disturbed Rogers that he found himself unable to sleep nights. Finally, he went to Henry Duffy, the producer, and resigned. But he was also committed to do the screen version for Metro-Golwyn-Mayer.

* * *

**AS PERSUASIVE** as L. B. Mayer was, he couldn't budge Rogers' decision to withdraw from the picture. Finally Mayer said:

"All right, you won't have to do "Ah, Wilderness!" but remember you do owe us a picture."

"Rogers agreed and promised that as soon as a suitable script was found, he would report for work.

While waiting, Will accepted the invitation from Wiley Post to fly around the world—the trip that ended in that tragic crash in 1935.

I've always believed that if Will had not received that letter which prompted him to close the play and quit the picture, he might be alive today.



*THE END*



**Saturday, February 15, 1969**

COMEDIANS TALK ABOUT COMEDY--I

By Larry Wilde

# *How Jack Benny Became a Comedian: The Violin Took Some Funny Bounces*

**This is the first in a series of 12 daily articles excerpted from a new book in which a group of the funniest people of our time tell what they personally find funny.**

PERHAPS Jack Benny's most famous comedy moment has him walking down a dark street. Suddenly a holdup man appears from out of the darkness and shoves a gun in his ribs, saying: "Your money or your life!"

Because he is notorious for pennypinching, there is what seems like an interminable pause, during which the audienre is convulsed with laughter. Then at the very last split-second, Jack says, "I'm thinking it over!"

As a guest on Fred Allen's radio program, on which the comedians carried on their hilarious "feud" to the delight of millions of listeners, Fred Allen got off a particularly funny ad-lib, which practically stopped the show. Jack Benny, not to be outdone, came back with: "Hmmm, you wouldn't say that if my writers were here!"

* * *

**JACK BENNY** was born Benny Kubelsky on February 14, 1894, in Chicago, but he grew up in Waukegan, Illinois. He spent the early part of his career touring the vaudeville circuits, eventually doing Broadway musicals for Earl Carroll and the Shuberts. He entered the new medium of radio in 1932, and switched to television in

*Benny prepares for special. Page 10, TV Topics*

1950, where he proceeded to win eight "Emmy" awards for the excellence of his program.

Jack's latest enthusiasm is performing as violin soloist with the top symphony orchestras in America, with all proceeds going to charitable causes.

* * *

**THIS MEETING** took place in Mr. Benny's Beverly Hills office. The walls of each room were decorated with plaques, pictures, awards, tributes, citations, copies of newspaper and magazine articles — even a photograph of Salishury and Benny, his first act. Fifteen minutes passed while Mr. Benny worked on some material with his writer for an upcoming Lake Tahoe appearance. As we chatted, it became increasingly difficult for me to believe that the man sitting behind the desk was in his 70s. He looked 55.

WILDE: To kind of get started, Mr. Car . . . eh . . . Mr. Benny, I would —

BENNY: As long as you're gonna make a mistake with my name, call me Jack!

**JACK BENNY**
**Still Borrowing Violins**

WILDE: All right, Jack! How many years did you play the violin before you decided to become a comedian?

* * *

**BENNY: WE-E-ELL** . . . when I was about fourteen, fifteen years old in Waukegan, I used to play with dance orchestras. We would play in stores on Saturdays and maybe get a dollar and a half for the day. Then I studied and I went into vaudeville as a violinist. There was a woman pianologist, or whatever they called them, who sang and did talking, comedy songs. Her name was Cora Salisbury. She took me with her on the road. We did a violin and piano act — Salisbury and Benny.

WILDE: Did you do any comedy?

BENNY: No, only a little bit of kidding with the violin, but I never talked.

WILDE: What happened to make you give up being a musician and become a comedian?

BENNY: Well, Cora's mother became very, very ill and she had to give up the stage. Sooooooooh . . . I found another partner, a fellow by the name of Woods and I called the act Benny and Woods. That's how I have Benny as my last name — Benny is my right first name. We stayed together doing a violin and piano act until the First World War and then I joined the Navy.

WILDE: Until then, you still had not done any comedy?

BENNY: No comedy at all. Then in the Navy at Great Lakes, David Wolfe, who became a very dear friend of mine later, was the author of a couple of sailor shows for Navy Relief. And in this show I did my violin and piano act with Zez Confrey. But David Wolfe needed somebody to play the part of an admiral's orderly, who only had one or two comedy lines. He happened to see me and said: "Hey, young fella, come over here!" (I was a young fella then.) And I read a couple of lines and he liked it, because the next day he added lines for me and by the time the show opened in Chicago, I had practically the comedy part of the show. Then I realized I could talk and get laughs. When I went into vaudeville again, I went back as a single act. But I always held the violin . . . did a lot of violin playing and just a little bit of talk. And then gradually I kept talking and less violin, until finally I dropped the violin entirely. If I wanted to have a finish for my act I borrowed a violin from the orchestra.

WILDE: How long was your spiel?

* * *

**BENNY:** Around fifteen minutes.

WILDE: Where did you get the material you used?

BENNY: I would get help occasionally from writers and I would pay them for that particular routine — thirty-five or fifty dollars — but I wrote a lot for myself. In those days I was able to write because I had to. The only trouble . . . I was always walking down the street staring and people would pass me and say hello and I would not even know who they were. I was always thinking of jokes.

WILDE: Was your delivery basically the same as it is today — that is, leisurely, unhurried?

* * *

**BENNY:** Basically the same, but I was always nervous, the first few years, when I talked. I wouldn't gesticulate enough . . . and though I work easy and smoothly now and I put something into it, in the old days I was afraid to.

WILDE: In the beginning of your career, did you sit with other comedians and discuss jokes and audiences and comedy in general?

BENNY: YES. Most comedians, strangely enough, are very good friends. It doesn't always happen in other branches of our business . . . for some reason or otther, actors . . . although I do think in our business people are very very close, and even though there is competition and you have rivals or you try to reach a point where a friend of yours has already reached. Like Phil Baker never thought I would get any place. He thought I worked too blahh But we were all pretty good friends. Maybe some of them in their hearts would not like to see others do well, but . . . comedy is not the easiest form of entertainment. That is, to reach a point in your career where you become a star or an institution or a household word, there just has to be something more than just getting laughs. Laughs are NOT everything. People can scream at a comedian and yet can't remember anything afterward.

WILDE: What qualities are required?

* * *

**BENNY:** In the first place, to become a real successful they must like you very much on the stage. They must have a feeling like: "Gee, I like this fella"—"I wish he was a very good friend of mine" — "I wish he was a relative." You see, it's like a television show — if they like you, you may think sometimes you are doing a bad show and you're not at all. But if they don't like you, you cannot do a good show. Of course, we had great schools in those days — vaudeville and burlesque, which they haven't got today. That's why I give all the new comedians a lot of credit for making it as quickly as they do and actually getting big laughs. For instance, I can walk on stage and if I want to be secure I can open up with a stingy joke and everybody screams. Well, a lot of comedians who haven't got those characterizations have to actually make good as comedians, not as institutions or household words. Not that I'm bragging that I'm an institution, I'm just trying to explain . . .

* * *

**WILDE:** When you started, were there any comedians you admired or patterned yourself after? You said Phil Baker was your idol —

BENNY: It was not so much that Phil Baker was a great comedian — he was a great personality. One of the handsomest fellas you have ever seen and people loved him. He would always have somebody working with him to get the laughs, like I do on television. I used to like Frank Fay very much. Al Jolson was the world's greatest entertainer. I don't think there's been anybody since then that had his magnetism, and particularly when he was in black-face. He had a sympathetic quality. I have always thought Ed Wynn was the world's greatest comedian, and I still think there is nobody that has ever been as funny, or will be in my time, as he was in his heyday.



*NEXT—More talk with Jack Benny.*

ED WANAT CORNER:

COMEDIANS TALK ABOUT COMEDY—VI

By Larry Wilde

# *Secret for a Successful Comedian: You Start Out Just Being Yourself*

MORE on my interview with George Burns on what makes people laugh.

WILDE: Do people laugh more readily today than they did 40 years ago?

BURNS: If something makes you laugh, I think you will laugh as loudly as you did 40 years ago. I don't think there is any difference between the volume of laughter.

WILDE: Are the comedians today—?

BURNS: I think people are funny today and everybody has somebody that's funny. I don't know . . . maybe you are funny to somebody. . . like, I can do anything to Jack Benny and make him laugh, and there are a lot of people that can do anything to me and make me laugh.

I've gone to all the night clubs and watched different fellas work. Shecky Greene — it's impossible not to laugh at Shecky Greene.

• • •

**HE CAN DANCE** and he can sing and he's wild and he can take falls, but he's basically funny.

You see, there are comedians that are very good but they are not funny — to me. There are guys, I look at them and say, "Great mechanic."

Ke knows his exits and entrances and knows music and how to build it up and bring it down, knows how to quiet an audience, knows all the tricks, but he's not funny.

WILDE: How is the man with the mechanical delivery different from the comedian who is essentially funny?

BURNS: The guy that sticks exactly to the words. Does it exactly. Recites it. What I call a mechanic comedian. The fellow you give him directions: "Go to the bar and pick up the drinks."

• • •

**YOU WATCH HIM** rehearse it, and after he rehearses it once, you can bet your bottom dollar that he will start on his right foot, pick up the drink with his right hand, turn to his left, and put the drink down with his left hand.

But there are fellows that just start to walk. It's either their turn to the left or right, or they will pick up the drink, or they will read the line after the drink.

But the fellow that is the mechanical comic or entertainer or performer — he finally gets to the point where he can't think of the line unless he takes the drink.

WILDE: Was Gracie like that?

BURNS: Oh, no, just the opposite. You couldn't underline a word for Gracie.

**SHE NEVER READ** anything the same way twice. Jack Benny once came down — we were playing Newark.

She did some joke and he says to Gracie: "This is the third time I've been in the wings watching you. I always come down for that joke." We had to take the joke out after that, because she didn't know why it was so good.

She didn't read it the same way. When we told the joke, she couldn't get a laugh — she was pressing to please Jack Benny. So we finally had to take the joke out.

WILDE: Both Jack Benny and George Jessel said that in your early vaudeville career you refused to do any material unless every word was just right and you had it rehearsed letter-perfect and then broke it in several times.

• • •

**BURNS: WELL,** that went for them too. I remember when Jack Benny went to play on the road and left his violin here. He got on the stage, did the first two jokes, and he didn't get his first two laughs.

He took the orchestra leader's violin and held it. He was frightened if he didn't hold on to something he would fall down.

With us, all we had was seventeen minutes, and if you had to do a new joke in the act, you would take it to Wilkes-Barre or Scranton and break it in and then bring it back, because you couldn't afford to take out a good joke and put in a new one in case it didn't get a laugh.

• • •

**WILDE:** When you break in a line in Wilkes-Barre for the purpose of eventually using it in New York, if they don't laugh at it, does that necessarily mean they don't laugh at it in New York?

**BURNS:** No, it doesn't mean that at all. You know your own delivery. You know if the thing is funny and you know if you say it funny . . . you feel it . . . if your attitude is right.

There are certain jokes I tell that I don't think anybody else could get a laugh with, but it fits me. If we went to Wilkes-Barre and did a joke, whether it got a laugh or not wasn't the point.

We wanted to know the joke and know the line so that when we got to New York we could tell it and get a fair reaction. We had a joke where I said to Gracie: "What are you doing tonight?" and she says: "I can't see you tonight, I expect a headache."

Jessel Hackett

• • •

**SHE DIDN'T** think the joke was funny. I said: "Let's try it." And for two months in every theater we played, I would say to Gracie, "What are you doing tonight?" She would never answer me.

Finally, two months later in New Orleans, she says all right . . . she said, "I can't see you tonight, I expect a headache." It got a very big laugh and from then on the joke was in. But then it worked the other way too.

Gracie and I played the Palace — they called us up and said we would like to keep you over if Gracie can be mistress of ceremonies, and can you do a new act? Which we did. So you see, we didn't always go to Wilkes-Barre or Scranton.

When they want to hold you over and they say will you do a new act, the pressure forces you to come up with it and you do it.

• • •

**THE INTERESTING** thing is we did an act called "Sixty-Forty." Nobody knew what that meant, but I did — Gracie was sixty per cent of the act and I was forty per cent.

We had a finish that didn't go, so we had to take it out and put in another finish . . . and then when we were held over the second week at the Palace, we put in the finish that was a flop and it was a riot.

WILDE: Does a man's intelligence have anything to do with his being a successful comedian?

BURNS: I think so. You don't have to analyze your delivery, but you do have to analyze your attitude. You say to yourself, "What's funny about this joke?"

I don't mean the wording, but what's the attitude? What's my feeling? If you can't analyze, then you are just reciting — Just telling a joke. I hated a pointed joke . . . that's right on the nose.

• • •

**WILDE: YOU** once said: "Comedians have no place to be lousy anymore." What did you mean?

BURNS: I've changed my mind about that. It's a very good thing there aren't a lot of places to be lousy anymore, because if there are places to be lousy, you stay lousy.

Comedians have to be good, fast today. And the kids make it and you don't have to play all the little towns.

In the old days, there was no such thing like Bobby Darin coming into show business, a kid of twenty-two, and being a star . . . or Ann-Margret.

It happened in pictures — Mary Pickford. You went through it step-by-step. It took seven or eight years. Nobody made it overnight.

WILDE: Do you consider a comedian funny as long as he makes you laugh?

BURNS: I like comedians that don't sweat. I like guys who take it easy, who look like they're not getting paid. Shecky Greene does it easy.

• • •

**I DON'T EVEN** know him very well, but I go out and see him. I think Buddy Hackett is a very funny guy. Joey Bishop is funny.

WILDE: Many comedians just startig out are bewildered about which way to turn. Can you suggest anything to make a struggle a little easier?

BURNS: I'm a believer in honesty. The biggest mistake you can make if you are eighteen or nineteen . . . you can take Jack Benny's delivery but don't take his words, because his words are for a seventy-year-old man.

First you have to have something yourself. You gotta take . . . a little bit of Bob Hope — the way he looks at an audience after telling a joke — or Durante's turns, or Jack Benny's folding his arms, or whatever you want to take, but only if you can do it — so it fits you — it gives you something new — the combination.

But you don't finish the way they do. Don't open the way they do. Have your own way.

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

*NEXT—Johnny Carson.*

Bob Curran is on vacation. His daily columns will resume early in March.

ED'S WANAT CORNER

REMEMBER BACK IN 1969 WHEN YOU COULD PICK UP YOUR NEWS PAPER AND READ ABOUT YOUR FAVORITE COMEDIANS, RETURN WITH US BACK TO YESTERYEAR

READ "COMEDIANS TALK ABOUT COMEDY"

**Friday, February 21, 1969**

Saturday, February 22, 1969 ED's WANAT CORNER

COMEDIANS TALK ABOUT COMEDY—VII

By Larry Wilde

# The Great Carsoni Wove a Magic Spell But Never Let Up as Student of Comedy

FROM A JOHNNY CARSON MONOLOGUE:

(After introduction by Ed McMahon.) I would have let the applause run longer but what profit a man if he gain the whole audience and lose a commercial.

You people who wrote for tickets six months ago, was the thrill you just had worth the wait?

I'd come out now and shake your hands personally but I don't do custom work.

I'm Johnny Carson . . . known to the Indian braves in Nebraska — to whom I used to loan money as a youngster—as great straight arrow. Ah, that's really a translation. What they called me was: Big Shaft.

This is the "Tonight" show. Listed as event number one twenty-seven on the eight-dollar guided tour of New York.

• • •

**ANOTHER GOOD** audience. We've had great audiences recently. Ever since we put that line at the bottom of the tickets: Bring Your Own Bottle.

But seriously, folks, we have a real holiday show for you tonight. And tonight's holiday is the massacre at Bull Run.

Johnny Carson was born in Corning, Ia., on Oct. 23, 1925. At fourteen, he began entertaining for the Elks and Rotarians in his hometown of Norfolk, Neb., performing card tricks and magic as "The Great Carsoni."

After two years in the Navy and four years at the University of Nebraska, Johnny moved to Hollywood and hosted a television show called "Carson's Cellar."

• • •

**IN 1954,** while writing jokes for Red Skelton, he took over the show one evening when Skelton was injured and as a result of his performance won the "Johnny Carson Show" on CBS.

> Bob Curran is on vacation. His daily columns will resume early in March.

Later, he became host of the daytime quiz show "Who Do You Trust?" and made personal appearances on the Dinah Shore, Perry Como, and Ed Sullivan shows.

He also became a regular guest panelist on "What's My Line?" and "To Tell the Truth," as well as doing feature acting roles on "Playhouse 90", and the "U. S. Steel Hour."

Johnny became a national institution when he succeeded Jack Paar as host of NBC's "Tonight" show.

You can forget that "Carson is cocky, complacent, and cantankerous" myth the magazines and newspapers insist on feeding the public.

• • •

**JOHNNY SAT** on his NBC office sofa sipping coffee, and conversing with all the warmth and geniality that can be expected from a man who for years has been the late-night darling of television. He spoke quickly, emphatically, rarely hesitating to answer a question.

• • •

**WILDE:** You started doing it a magician. I believe there are three types of magic acts. First, straight serious magic. Second, straight magic but with jokes and funny comments interspersed. And third, the out-and-out burlesquing of magic, a la Ballantine.

CARSON: Right.

WILDE: Which type did you start doing?

CARSON: I started out doing straight tricks, to fool people, and then very quickly it came into comedy magic — magic to entertain rather than to fool somebody.

• • •

**WILDE:** You started doing it at about 14, for money?

CARSON: Yeah, in school — three dollars a show — the Rotary Clubs, Ladies' Aid, church groups . . .

WILDE: Great experience.

CARSON: Greatest in the world. Little by little it became centered around the audience participation type of magic . . . jokes . . . tricks would occasionally go wrong. So it was essentially comedy-magic.

WILDE: At what point did you eliminate the magic and concentrate completely on comedy?

CARSON: I did the magic along with the comedy — all throughout the service. I also did straight "stand-up" in the service.

I was probably one of the few officers in the Navy that entertained the enlisted men. It's usually reversed.

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**I WAS AN ENSIGN,** and I remember performing on troop ships going over with mainly enlisted men audiences. Any time you did jokes about the officers, as an officer, you had something else going for you. So the magic was really through school — I didn't do it much after I got out of the service. I went into radio then. I keep it as a hobby now. I don't do much with it anymore.

WILDE: Approximately how many years was that, John?

CARSON: I did magic for about 10 years — where I was quite active in it. Like any kid, I was writing the column for the school paper in humor, in junior high school. Magic was actually just an interest that I picked up along the way.

• • •

**BUT PEOPLE ASK:** "Where did you start to become funny?" No one can really pinpoint it, if you ask any comic.

You find out that you can get laughs, when you're a kid . . . either by doing silly sounds or impressions or acting up or whatever it is. The magic actually came after you found out that you could be amusing in other areas.

JOHNNY CARSON
It's All in the Telling

It just became a hobby. But because of the desire, I guess, to get laughs, or finding out that you could get laughs, the magic was a good adjunct thing to have, because you could tie it in very easily.

WILDE: Where did you get the jokes that you used during that period?

CARSON: I think you steal, mainly, when you first start, like everybody does. You listen.

• • •

**YOU SUBSCRIBE** — I suppose like everybody did at one time — to Billy Gleason. You read all the gag files.

You know you can go to the libraries and find jokes that they are still using today. You watch Rowan and Martin in their "Laugh-In" and they are doing stuff to a new audience that hasn't heart it before.

Then you finally reach a point where you find you can construct your own or you can make them up or you can find topical things and switch them around. It's mainly construction anyway.

• • •

**WILDE:** Later you became a comedy writer. What made you turn from performing to writing?

CARSON: I was doing both at the same time, actually, Larry. Even when I was in radio in Omaha, I wrote most of my stuff as a disk jockey. I did a show for an hour and a half every morning . . . you write your own stuff.

You pull it out of the papers. I never actually gave up the performing for writing. It was just something that I was doing while I was on the West Coast. I wrote for Red Skelton for about 20 weeks.

• • •

**WILDE:** Comedy writers, in discussing their craft, use phrases like "cadence," "rhythm," "formula jokes," "non-sequiturs," — the basic tools of the profession. How did you learn the technique of joke construction?

CARSON: I think, by observing, by listening and watching somebody else's work. I grew up, probably like you did, listening to the comedians on the radio —the late thirties and forties.

As a matter of fact, in college I did a thesis on comedy. I taped excerpts from the various radio shows and then tried to break them down and explain what kind of construction they were using.

But I think you learn construction by reading . . . watching . . . listening.

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**PRETTY SOON** you find the formula for jokes, you learn the construction of jokes — whether they are two-way jokes, single jokes, topping jokes, running gag jokes, change of pace jokes. That's all formula stuff.

Most discussions of comedy are very dull, I find. Because once you try to explain comedy, it loses the magic that it is supposed to have.

WILDE: John, you mentioned the thesis you did on comedy writing, in college. Were you fairly sure then that comedy was going to be your life's work?

CARSON: No, I can't say that. Again, when people ask: "Where did you make the transition?" I don't think you really know. It happens! It's a gradual changeover.

As you work, you feel comfortable with certain things, but I don't think you say — maybe some people do — "I'm going to be a comedian." I knew I was going to be an entertainer.

• • •

**I DIDN'T KNOW** for sure if it was going to be "stand-up" comedy but I realized that if you have an ability to get laughs, or if you can write funny things, it's gonna take a direction, and whatever happens, usually kicks you off into the next thing.

WILDE: Was it in the service that you first began doing a stand-up act — without the magic?

CARSON: Well, I had done that in college, even in high school. You know you're involved in school plays . . . they called them skits then. I was always involved in that type of thing.

WILDE: Were there any comedians, when you were getting started that you admired?

CARSON: Yeah, practically all of them on the radio. Fibber McGee and Molly, Don Quinn, who just died a couple of months ago, I admired tremendously because he could write comedy so well.

The Benny show, the Hope show, Fred Allen — all of the comedy shows that were on the radio at that time — you had to learn from them.



*NEXT—More talk with Johnny Carson.*

COMEDIANS TALK ABOUT COMEDY—VIII

By Larry Wilde

# *In the Demanding Art of Making Laughs, Johnny Carson Is a Precise Craftsman*

FROM A JOHNNY CARSON MONOLOGUE:

If I seem a little pooped, I just got back from Indianapolis. And the flight was a little difficult. Just as I sat down, a man came up to me and said: "Are you Johnny Carson?" I said "Yes!"

He said: "You know I was worried about this flight. I was really scared. But seeing you here . . . a man of your importance . . . gives me the confidence to take this flight."

Which wouldn't have bothered me but he was the pilot.

It upsets you a little when you look into the cabin and the pilot's got a St. Christopher statue on his dashboard and St. Christopher's got his hands over his eyes . . .

WILDE: When the writers submit the jokes each day for the monologue, in addition to their being funny, are there other ingredients that you look for, such as specific subjects or types of construction that you feel more comfortable with, etcetera?

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**CARLSON:** Yeah . . . when the writers come in and they submit stuff, you have to go with what you feel when you read it. I will edit the material. I'll put it in a certain order that fits — for me.

I may change a line or a joke, I may change the construction of a joke, I may put the specific in rather than the general . Since I do the show every day, I like to talk about things that are going on in the news . . . the political situation . . . whatever is happening.

It is difficult to make jokes about the Vietnam War . . . but it is easier to joke about the politicians. Yeah, I do look for certain constructions, certain phrasings that are funny, because a joke does not have to be a joke to get a laugh.

A line can be funny because it sounds funny. It comes out funny. The content of it is strange . . . it's good construction and yet it's not a joke as we look at a joke.

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**WILDE:** It's conversational, it has a feeling of believability?

CARSON: For my style, yeah. I can tell jokes or comment on things. I do both. I don't think you should ever shy away from jokes.

I think Mort Sahl started to do this — and I have a great respect for Mort — when Mort first atarted, he was very, very funny. And then he started to take himself a little serious and he started to comment on things and become a reporter.

And very quickly the sense of humor leaves you. I wouldn't shy away from jokes. Woody Allen — as casual as Woody looks when he performs — is very well constructed.

He knows exactly where he's going. Even Buddy Hackett, who has a great ability to look like he's creating . . . most of the performers know that Buddy has certain things that he does very well.

**HE MAKES IT SOUND** spontaneous, but he knows exactly where he is going. So construction is very important. Things have to fall together,

> Bob Curran is on vacation. His daily columns will resume early in March.

they have to build. You have to keep your audience off-balance.

Woody is probably as well constructed, comedy-wise, as anybody. He's a good writer. But he delivers it not as bang, bang, bang, bang.

He comes out and he says: "Oh, I want to tell you about what happened," and it's a great feeling. The delivery, I think, is as important as the material very often. Your delivery can save you if the material isn't up to par, and your reaction to it.

It always amazes me when I see guys working in front of an audience and they are not going — they don't seem to realize it.

They plunge right on doing the routine, like: "I'm going to do this folks, come hell or high water," rather than change it and going into different areas.

WILDE: Sometimes when a joke gets no reaction, or worse a groan from the audience, you get a big laugh by your followup comment, verbal or visual. Do you ever create auch a situation purposely?

CARSON: No. You don't create it purposely because that becomes obvious. There is nothing I hate worse than somebody on a stage when jokes don't go, to start to use what wa call "savers" or "toppers" — and then they have a "topper" for the "topper."

• • •

**AN AUDIENCE** doesn't mind seeing you in trouble, if you have fun with it . . . and take the laughs on yourself. But it is attitude again, and how you do it.

WILDE: Is it easier to come up with a new topical monologue night after night than to perfect just one as a permanent part of your nightclub act?

CARSON: It is more difficult for this show because of the demands. Every night you're there. It is difficult to come up with a good monologue if you are out once a week on television.

WOODY ALLEN
"Very Well Constructed"

But when you do it every night, five nights a week, it gets more difficult. Some nights you'll be good, some nights you'll be so-so.

WILDE: A "stand-up" comedian working nightclubs builds his act step-by-step, through trial and error. If a line doesn't work he replaces it, until the routine is solid . . .

CARSON: Right.

WILDE: Since you have to do a new show every night, how do you decide if a joke or a line or a sketch is funny?

• • •

**CARSON:** You go on your own judgment. There is no other way. Sometimes you may be wrong, sometimes you may be right, but I think if you're a professional, you are going to be right more often . . . you should be right more often.

First of all, you have to analyze and see if it's comfortable for you. Do you feel comfortable with it? Do you think you can give enough to it that will make it funny?

Sometimes you go in with reservations and you may pull it out. But I think it becomes a personal decision.

WILDE: You are considered to be one of the masters of the "take," or "non-reaction." Would you define what a "take" is?

CARSON: I'll try. I don't know if I can. A "take" is not completely natural. It's an unnatural thing. It's an exaggeration, I suppose. You have to probably get somebody like Ben Blue . . . we'll go back to Oliver Hardy.

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**THOSE THINGS** were not thought of in advance —the long stare into the camera that he did, the frustrated, the anxious, exasperated take. That came out of . . . when they were making a movie, he didn't know what to do, so he did this stare into the camera and found it served as a great device because it gave pacing to their comedy.

It gave the audience a chance to relish the joke, to laugh, so they didn't overlap into the next laugh. The "tie-twiddle" thing, where he twiddles the tie, it came out of accident.

It worked for them. I've found, over a period of years, certain things work for me. Like, just doing a deadpan, holding-still "take" or just an "eyebrow" thing . . . I don't know really how you explain it.

• • •

**BENNY, OF COURSE,** is known for his long pauses and looks. Gleason does great, great reactions in his sketches. They're reminiscent of Oliver Hardy or Edgar Buchanan and all the peopla who do reactions.

In certain instances I am a reaction comedian, because of this kind of a show where I am playing off of people. Very often you get more out of it by your reactions to things than doing jokes. If you get some nutty dame out there, sometimes you can get more out of it by just doing exasperated reactions or takes.

But to explain a take is kind of difficult. I'm not trying to beg the issue, I don't claim to analyze it that much. It's something that I feel and I do and is comfortable and works for me.



*NEXT—Jimmy Durante.*



Monday, February 24, 1969

COMEDIANS TALK ABOUT COMEDY—IX

By Larry Wilde

# *Durante Tells of Hard Early Years— And Then the Breaks Began Coming*

JAMES FRANCIS DURANTE was born in New York City on Feb. 10, 1893. As a youngster, he took piano lessons and soon began playing in the neighborhood saloons.

While working at the Club Alamo in Harlem in 1915, he met singer Eddie Jackson (who is still his partner and close friend) and then later, when Jimmy opened his Club Durant in 1923, Lou Clayton joined them and the legendary Clayton, Jackson and Durante comedy team was formed.

It was Clayton who coined Jimmy's world-famous nickname, Schnozzola, and later became Durante's business manager, until his death in 1950.

On Broadway, Mr. Durante appeared in Cole Porter's The New Yorkers (1930), and in Strike Me Pink (1934), Jumbo (1935), and Red, Hot, and Blue (1937), the latter with Ethel Merman and a new comic named Bob Hope.

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**HIS EARLIER** screen credits include: Roadhouse Nights (1929), Get Rich Quick, Wallingford (1931), Her Cardboard Lover (1933), The Passionate Plumber (1932), and the Phantom President (1933), with his idol, George M. Cohan—the only film Mr. Cohan ever made.

After years as a radio headliner on NBC with Garry Moore, Jimmy entered television in 1950. He starred on All-Star Revue, Colgate Comedy Hour, Texaco Star Theater and Hollywood Palace. In 1960, Mr. Durante married Margie Little. They have an adopted daughter, CeCe Alicia, born in 1961. The Durantes live in Beverly Hills, California.

To paraphrase Will Rogers, there's never been a man who met Jimmy Durante that didn't like him. After four and a half hours with the indestructible Schnozz, I left knowing I had been with one of the great human beings of our time.

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**AT THE HOLLYWOOD** Palace Theater, Mr. Durante opened the door to his expensively decorated duplex dressing room. He greeted me warmly, and said: "You came all the way from New York, justa talk ta me?"

"Yes, sir!" I answered. He shook his head, removed the ubiquitous gray felt hat and said, "Okeh, wot d'ya wanna know?"

WILDE: When your were a boy, how much piano training did you have?

DURANTE: Well, I started to take lessons when I was about twelve years old — ten or twelve — I can't remember. And you know you had one of those professors who wants you to be an opera piano player. But I was crazy about the piano and I wanted to be a great, great ragtime piano player.

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**WILDE:** Which was the style of the times?

DURANTE: Yes, yes. Sure, and in my neighborhood — I was born on the East Side of New York, on Catherine Street — that starts Chinatown, goes down to the East River. And they used to have clubs to run dances every week, every Saturday night and finally I got to play in them for two dollars.

After two, three years of piano playing, I marveled at the piano players that played in the other joints. I'd take a walk up to Chinatown and look underneath the pushing doors — they used to have concert halls then — and I'd say: "Geeze, if I could only be like that," you know? George M. Cohan's tunes at that time were so great. Give My Regards to Broadway, I Was Born in Virginia . . ."

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**WILDE:** You were just a teenager then?

DURANTE: Oh, yeah, about fifteen.

WILDE: And all this time you had been practicing the piano?

DURANTE: Practicing, yeah . . . but not what that teacher gives you (chuckling) . . .

WILDE: You had your own ideas.

DURANTE: That's right. And many a time, I'd be, you know, going around to publishers trying to get some professional copies . . . the music publishers then was around Fifteenth Street, you know?

WILDE: Which was then considered uptown?

DURANTE: That was uptown, that's right . . . then it moved up to Twenty-fourth and then went up to the forties and fifties.

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**WILDE:** How old were you when you began playing the piano professionally?

DURANTE: Seventeen.

WILDE: So you had about five years of training?

DURANTE: Yeah, yeah.

WILDE: Did you have an act then?

DURANTE: No, no, I was a piano player. Just a piano player.

WILDE: Did you sing a little?

DURANTE: No, no, I used to sing later on. I did a lot of singing. You know, my first job was down at Coney Island . . . at seventeen . . . just a kid.

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**DURANTE:** A year later, yeah. Because at that time, there was no dancing in cafes, you know, just entertainers. In some joints you'd go into there'd be singing waiters and a couple of regular singers . . . they'd all have a cue — "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning" . . . and you'd play for them.

WILDE: Were you able to play in any key they sang in? Suppose Eddie Cantor wanted to sing?

DURANTE: Transpose? No! That baffled me at the beginning. Yeah. It was a terror when a guy came up there and I had to play in his key. To this day, I only play in C, D flat . . . B . . . give me anything in A natural, you know.

WILDE: When you and Eddie Cantor worked together at that time did you have any idea that one day you would both become internationally known?

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**DURANTE:** (Chuckling) No, no. I wanted to be a great piano player and Eddie wanted to be a great actor, you know. He really wanted to be a great actor. But he was a comedian then, you know? I liked him . . . both of us sure had some fun.

We'd make up something if a guy asked for a song we didn't know. Eddie'd make up the words and I'd make up the music to a song as we went along. Sometimes it'd work, sometimes not.

When the customer'd shout: "That ain't 'South Nebraska Blues,'" we'd answer innocently: "You mean there's two 'South Nebraska Blues'?"

Eddie never played a cafe after that. No, he went with an act called, oh, Geeze, a big, big act . . . Bedini and Arthur.

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**WILDE:** Then how long did you work in Coney Island?

DURANTE: Well, Coney Island was just the summer. Then the next year I went to Chinatown at the Chatham Club. Then back to the Island—that's when I met Cantor, we used to play after hours. They closed the doors, took away the chairs, and then they used to dance, nice and soft . . . just you alone playing the piano.

WILDE: At this time you still had no ideal of doing a act?

DURANTE: Noooo. Then I went to Chinatown and that was a great experience. Chinatown at that time was like Broadway and 42d Street — at three in the mornin' . . .

WILDE: Was it during this period you found you were able to get laughs?

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**DURANTE:** No, no . . . I went years after that. Irving Berlin used to come around . . . he used to sing his own songs . . . And the song pluggers used to come around . . . they'd come in sing their songs and leave . . . boy, that used to be a shame to go back to the piano after they played — geeze, I wanted to be a great pianist.

So now, I went back to the Island, like I told you, and after that year, I went up to Harlem, place called The Alamo. Now, instead of being alone, at that time . . . the Dixieland Jazz Band came out in Rizenwebers . . . so I went to New Orleans and I got myself a band — what a clarinet player, oh, great jazz men.

And now, that's where I thought everybody loved me . . . I used to get up, while they're dancing to this dixieland . . . and while they were dancing you'd kid around with the people . . .

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**WILDE:** You're putting on a show . . .

DURANTE: (Tapping foot, singing, and snapping fingers) "Somebody wants my gal . . . Sing it, Jimmy boy!" — while they're dancing, never nuthin' alone, you know.

And Eddie Jackson was working up there . . . and from then on every place I worked I took Eddie . . . I worked up there for seven, about, eight years . . . and the first break came when — that's when I first knew people loved me — I went down to the Nightingale on Broadway, my first job on Broadway, with a six-piece band.

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**WILDE:** By then you must have been in your twenties?

DURANTE: Easy. Yeah, oh yeah. I think I was twenty-eight. I brought Jackson in there and that's when we had the fun with the customers . . . I used to get up and announce the balloon game and I used to kid around . . .

WILDE: How long did you stay there?

DURANTE: Three years. Then we opened up our own joint. That's the break.

WILDE: Was that the Club Durant?

DURANTE: That's right. I didn't want to go in it, I said, I'm doing all right, I'm making enough money — a hundred and a quarter — what do you want off me?" They said, "You're very popular, Jimmy. . . ." Then Jackson got to be a partner in the Club Durant, then Clayton come in.

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**WILDE:** Did Clayton do an act?

DURANTE: Clayton was one of the big acts of his day. Clayton and Edwards . . . remember Ukulele Ike? He was headlining in vsudeville and every show, I think, that Shubert ever put on.

WILDE: Was he basically a dancer?

DURANTE: Basically a dancer. And a great straight man.

WILDE: So he became a partner in the club?

DURANTE: Yeah, after we had opened a couple of months. And that was the turning point of the whole thing.



*NEXT: More talk with Jimmy Durante.*

Tuesday, February 25, 1969

Wednesday, February 26, 1969

ED WANAT'S CORNER

COMEDIANS TALK ABOUT COMEDY—X

By Larry Wilde

# Jimmy Wasn't Led By Nose to Success— His Motivation Was Fun, Not Insecurity

MORE on my interview with Jimmy Durante on his views of comedy:

WILDE: Has the comedy form—what people laugh at—has it changed much since you first began entertaining?

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DURANTE: Well, it's changed a little . . . but comedy is the same. Just bringing it up to date and change in locales and . . comedy never changes . . . it's the same, I think, for the last hundred years.

WILDE: People laugh at the same things?

DURANT: Yes, yes . . . but there's a different kind of comic coming up today — in the last few years — the stand-up comedian . . . not the "physical comedian . . . a guy who talks mostly. But I advise any comi . . . they never get anywhere imitating anybody. There's never been an imitator that ever got to be a big star — that I know of.

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WILDE: I once saw you at Copa City in Miami Beach and toward the end of your act you were smoking a cigar. You took a deep puff, looked directly at the audience and blew smoke at them It got a tremendous laugh.

Bob Curran is on vacation. His daily columns will resume early in March.

How do you explain something like that seemingly simple piece of business getting such a big reaction?

DURANTE: Well, I think I must've made some kind of a cute face with it, you know, laughed as the smoke went out . . . or maybe I imitated on aristocratic guy. But it had something to do with the face. You know, I'd grimace or do something like this (looks shy) Now that would get a laugh.

WILDE: You made a facia expression?

DURANTE: Afterwards, yeah.

Sophie Tucker Guy Lombardo

WILDE: When you decide to do a comedy song, what are the ingredients you look for?

DURANTE: Now, here's where your jokes come in. I never use a comedy song that I don't stop and put jokes in . . . put funny lines in . . .because there's no comedy song that's strong enough by itself because you keep going on and the audience loses the lines. I was the first one to do that. Take for instance, "Who Will Be With You When I'm Far Away?" I'm singing along and then it goes out . . . and I'm telling a joke. Now as soon as the catch line comes —" . . . the manager!" — the band comes right in on top of that joke. And if the joke don't go — you haven't been hurt.

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(A TELEPHONE call comes from a Boston reporter asking Durante to comment on a night club fire. Durante says: "That was a wonderful spot . . . you felt at home in that place. I don't think the kitchen would be right unless Blinstraub was in there cooking French fried potatoes. He's a wonderful man . . . That was a catastrophe . . . that fire . . . I lost six valises of costumes and music . . . I wouldn't go to work for anybody else up there if they gave me ten thousand dollars more than he was giving . . . Give that guy a hug and a kiss for me. Thanks for calling.")

WILDE: We were talking about comedy songs . . .

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DURANTE: Yeah, if it's good — if the lines are good, and the verse, you know, if it's a good song, then we have the writers put in jokes —not jokes, lines — but it's got to be related to the song.

WILDE: When you get a song you like, how many performances do you try it out before you decide to keep it in?

DURANTE: Well, if you use it, and try it seven or eight performances — you keep it in . . . but you better it. You better it.

WILDE: You've never tried a number that didn't work?

DURANTE: Oh, certainly. But that's very seldom. You get the number and I like it and you put a better joke in . . . that's been my experience.

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WILDE: You've been referred to as a clown, an entertainer, a comedian — which title do you prefer?

DURANTE: Oh, I don't know. I like "Portrayer of Songs." It's nice to be known as a comedian and called a comedian, 'cause a comedian makes people laugh and that's one of the greatest things anyone can do for his fellow beings . . .

People laugh, they forget their troubles. When you're out there and you see two thousand people laugh — like at Blinstraub's or the Latin Casino — you pray to God it never ends. It's wonderful.

WILDE: You were the contemporary of another great entertainer — Al Jolson. Audiences have the same love for you they had for him Are you and Jolson the same in any way?

DURANTE: Well, I think we are, a little bit. He's a portrayer of songs. He put over a song . . . a lot of heart . . . and that's my forte, too, I think, songs.

WILDE: Through the years you've built up a love relationship with your audience Is that quality essential for a comedian to maintain?

DURANTE: Yes, definitely. The audience today can—through television — spot a phony in a minute. The minute they look at him they know if he's sincere . . . if he's not sincere.

And if people are not sincere that television set sure brings it out. They know right away. It's like D. W. Griffith said to me once: "The minute a performer comes out on the floor, they either got it or they ain't."

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WILDE: The critics say your enormous popularity comes from an emotional rapport with your audience. They talk about the magic that happens between a performer and the audience. Is it possible to explain what that magic is?

DURANTE: I don't know. You come out with the band playing and try to get the feeling on the floor that it's a party . . . You try to make them feel they're sitting in their own homes, having a lot of fun . . . and they're part of it . . . and you like to get intimate.

And I can tell you we're having as much fun as the audience. It's no phony . . . and the audience is with you a hundred per cent.

WILDE: Do you think the audience can sense that you're having a good time?

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DURANTE: That's the first thing they always say — "You seem to enjoy yourself as much as we do." And you know something?

We never get a heckler . . . never get a heckler. The only kind of hecklers we get yell: "Hey, Jimmy, sing it there. Come on, Jimmy."

WILDE: Most comedians came from poor families and had unhappy childhoods. Do you think these emotional and psychological scars were the reasons they became comedians?

DURANTE: No. Let's place bets. Now, I was born in back of the barbershop on the East Side of New York . . . washroom is out in the yard . . . my dad owned a barbershop.

But we wasn't what you call poverty-stricken. My dad made a nice living . . . we never wanted for bread or a meal. I went to work when I was a kid, selling papers —I worked after school.

But that don't mean we were poverty-stricken, that we didn't eat. And I don't think Jolson or Cantor . . . they didn't have riches, but I think Eddie's grandmother made a nice living.

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WILDE: Some psychologists believe that we are all motivated by feelings of inferiority. They say, for example, that Eddie Cantor was driven into show business because he was short and because he felt terribly insecure.

Or that Sophie Tucker — because she was fat. Or W. C. Fields, because he was unattractive. Is it possible that you became a comedian because as a boy you suffered humiliation and torment over your nose?

DURANTE: No. No, when I was a kid, naturally they made fun of your nose and had many a fight over it, and busted my nose . . . you wouldn't call that . . . my ambition, like I told ya, was to be a great piano player — a ragtime piano player.

And I'd have become a great orchestra leader, like Harry James — I repeat — or Guy Lombardo or any of them.

WILDE: You don't feel there's any psychological reason for having . . .?

DURANTE: No, there's no psychological . . . I like to have fun. I love people. I had fun playing the piano, you understand? Since I been a kid . . .



*NEXT: A talk with Bob Hope.*

COMEDIANS TALK ABOUT COMEDY—XI

By Larry Wilde

# *Bob Hope Fondly Looks Back on the Road To Becoming All-Time Comedy Great*

FROM a Bob Hope monologue:

In my family, we were seven boys and one girl. She died young. She never had a chance at the table.

I like to see politicians with religion—it keeps their hands out where we can see them.

Once I was flying in a plane that was hit by lightning. A little old lady sitting across the aisle said: "Do something religious." So I did—I took up a collection.

On champagne flights, some stewardesses serve too much. Once I got on as a passenger and got off as luggage.

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**LESLIE TOWNS HOPE** was born on May 29, 1903, in Eltham, England. When Hope was four, his father, a stonemason, brought his wife and seven sons to Cleveland (which Bob now considers his home town). In 1933, after several years of vaudeville, doing a black-face act, dancing, and doubling as a saxaphone player and scenery mover, Hope hit Broadway, where he starred in "Roberta," with Fred MacMurray and George Murphy. This was offlowed by Ballyhoo, Ziegfeld Follies, and Red Hot and Blue, with Ethel Merman and Jimmy Durante. In 1938, Mr. Hope began his own radio program and in the same year played in his first motion picture, The Big Broadcast of 1938. (This is the movie in which Hope sang "Thanks for the Memory" — later to become his theme song — to Shirley Ross.)

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**BOB HOPE** made his first appearance on television in June, 1950. He has been a regular ever since.

Aside from the "Road" pictures with Bing Crosby and Dorothy Lamour, Hope's biggest hits were: Monsieur Beaucaire, The Paleface, Sorrowful Jones, My Favoite Brunette, and The Seven Little Foys.

Bob and Dolores (Reade) were married in 1934 and have four adopted children: Linda, Tony, Nora and William Kelly Francis.

Bob Hope has received over 300 awards and citations for his humanitarian and professional activites. He started entertaining the troops during World War M and has since traveled more than a million miles, playing to more than ten million troops in every corner of the globe.

Bob Curran is on vacation. His daily columns will resume early in March.

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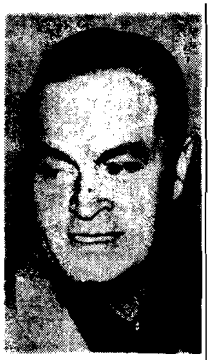
**ALAN KALMUS,** Mr. Hope's public relations director, arranged this interview and was present in the NBC Studios dressing room where it took place. Bob had come to New York to tape a television segment at the Rockefeller Center studios. In preparation for his television appearance, he wore a midnight blue suit, light blue shirt, and dark blue tie.

WILDE: Mr.Hope . . . when did you first become aware that you could make people laugh?

HOPE: "I think when I was here in New York . . . I was doing a dancing act and one day I went down in the subway and stuck my head out to look for the train . . . and that was the first laugh I got and I've been funny ever since.



**BOB HOPE**
**300 Awards Say We Love Him**

WILDE: Did you really start doing comedy by accident?

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**HOPE:** No, not really. I did a dancing act with a girl in Cleveland and we used to do little jokes in between dances . . . and that's how I started. Then the first tab show I was in — a musical comedy which was very popular back in those days— I did blackface comedy . . . I did all styles of comedy.

I did everything on the stage — singing, dancing — and that's actually how I started. I think what you're referring to is the incident in New Castle, Pennsylvania, when the manager of tha theater asked me to announce the show that was coming in and I went out and started doing a monologue . . .

I'd add a joke or two every time and finally the manager said: "That's the kind of act you should do. This dancing act doesn't compare with those laughs you get standing up." That gave me the idea to do my single act. So I broke up the double and I started doing comedy.

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**WILDE:** From that point, how long did it take you to become aware of the kind of jokes that fitted you and your personality best?

HOPE: Oh, that was developed in the next three, four, five years . . .

WILDE: What did you do for material?

HOPE: Well, I was master of ceremonies at the Stratford Theatre in Chicago and they used to change the show in midweek so I did two shows a week and I needed a lot of material . . . So if a vaudeville act would come in I'd say: "Do you have any jokes? You know any jokes I could tell?"

WILDE: How long were you there?

HOPE: I was at the Stratford Theatre about six months and the audience got to know me . . .

WILDE: That seems to be a very important aspect in the development of a comedian — being able to stay in one place, one club for a long . . .

HOPE: I don't think that's important. I think just work for a comedian is important, that you go on . . .

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**WILDE:** Don't you believe that having an American institution and having so many millions of people see you, that when you walk out on stage they're laughing before you get . . .

HOPE: Yes, you've got a head start but you've still got to come up with it. How long are they going to applaud for you? They like you, that's fine— but then you've got to prove yourself.

WILDE: Jack Benny made a similar point when he —

HOPE: Oh, sure, because you have to satisfy them. They're expecting a certain quality and you have to come up with it. And Jack Benny, by the way, don't mention his name to me cause he's the biggest ham in our business.

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**WILDE:** He loves you . . .

HOPE: Well, that's a mutual thing. Jack's been one of my great friends for years. He said something the other day that tickled me. He called to ask me about his playing in a college and I said: "You'll do marvelous in a college!" He said: "Can I do my night club material?"

I said: "You can do anything."

Because you know he's never been really in bad taste. He does a couple of nude jokes . . . but I said, "I'm going over to London for the Command Performace."

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**AND HE SAID:** "No kidding. I'm going over to the West End and rent a theater and do a one-man show!" I said: "Why?" He said: "Well, I just want to show off!" . . . and to me that's a marvelous expression for people, they want to show off.

WILDE: In the beginning did you study other comedians?

HOPE: Oh, yes, I studied a lot of people. Jack Benny . . . and I studied Frank Fay a lot . . .

WILDE: Were there specific elements that you looked for when you watched them work?

HOPE: No, not really. I think you have to be gifted with a certain sense of timing and if you have any sense of comedy, you absorb different things just watching.



*NEXT: More talk with Bob Hope.*

Ed
WANAT'S
CORNER

Thursday, February 27, 1969

Old Time Radio Club
Box 426
Lancaster, NY 14086

FIRST CLASS MAIL