

The Illustrated Press

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*Good Luck
from
Hoppy*

Bond Bread
Hoppy's Favorite

© WM. BOYD

Hopping Cassidy



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THE SHADOW

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MAY 15 1938

by WALTER GIBSON

THE HAND SMASHING MYSTERY NOVEL

CHAPTER XV

CARDONA TAKES ADVICE

The next morning, crooks had more cause to congratulate them selves. According to the newspapers the death of Roy Parrington was something of a mystery. The gun battle that had occurred downstairs in the apartment house, had merely served further to confuse the facts.

A few thugs had been captured; but they couldn't have told much, even if they had been willing to squeal. Those hoodlums who formed the core of Bugs Hopton's outfit, had all managed to get away in the second car. The rest were recruits, who didn't even know who commanded them.

Why had Roy Parrington died?

Even that was a mystery; for the man ho no underworld connections nor was he wealthy. There were persons, of course, who had engineered shady deals through Parrington, but they were keeping strict silence.

All that news unquestionably had its effect upon Lewis Bron. When the auditor visited the offices of the world Oil Interests, he certified the books just as they stood.

That pleased Giles Jondran, the grayhaired president of the oil company, when Bron stopped in to see him. Jondran always prided himself on the efficiency of his own staff; and he left that the auditor's unqualified approval was a tribute to the entire organization.

Despite the comfortable quiet of Jondan's office, Bron felt ill at ease, and was glad to get away. Not only was he conscience-stricken when he received Jondran's commendation; but there was a visitor present whose eyes worried Bron.

Jondran introduced that hawk-faced stranger as Lamont Cranston, one of the stockholders

of World Oil. Bron had heard of Cranston; knew that he was reputedly a millionaire.

Therefore, it bothered Bron badly, when his mind went skipping back to his homeward ride from Pinkey's hideout.

Why he kept thinking of Joey, the thug who had driven the car, Bron couldn't guess. He certainly did not link Joey with Cranston.

Afterward, Bron was inclined to believe that his own imagination had been responsible for his nervousness. But he was confident that he had covered all traces of the jitters.

Bron received a telephone call after he reached his office. When he reported that everything had gone as ordered, he heard a gloating chuckle from the receiver.

That piece of news was all that Pinkey Findllen wanted to know.

The big-shot was confident that The Shadow knew nothing of last night's factors. Pinkey assumed that The Shadow, hard up for atrail, had merely tagged along with Joe Cardona. As for Joe's arrival at the apartment house, that was easily explained.

Some one in another apartment must have heard the shot that Bugs fired, and put in a call to head quarters. Probably that caller had been uncertain about the affair; hence Cardona had decided to make it a matter of personal investigation.

Pinkey hadn't the remotest idea that PARRINGTON HAD made the call. In Pinkey's opinion, the fellow would have been to scared to do so. Slick had certainly put the heat on him, with that old stunt of passing himself as Quaine.

Perhaps it was The Shadow's own lack of information regarding Parrinton, that caused him to suppose that the man had actually called Cardona.

The Shadow had encountered no clues to the five-thousand-

dollar shakedown that had been staged in Ondrey's office. All he had to work on was the fact that Bron had gone to Parrington's apartment.

That indicated that Roy Parrington had suspected coming crime. Therefore, The Shadow regarded a call to Cardona as the one logical explanation for the ace, inspector's arrival. Calculating further, The Shadow saw that Cardona might have facts that he had not revealed to the newspapers.

That was why, at noon, a reporter named Clyde Burke made an unexpected visit to Cardona's office Clyde, though he worked for a tabloid newspaper called the CLASSIC was also an agent of The Shadow.

Clyde's arrival was highly opportune.

The reporter found Cardona going over a batch of papers, that the inspector shoved aside the moment he saw Clyde. Hunching back in his chair, Cardona became poker faced. Clyde only grinned.

"I thought you'd have something, Joe," he said wisely. "What is it; new dope on the Parrington murder?"

"No. Talk to homicide squad about that." Cardona spoke buntly, at first; then suddenly changed tone: "Say, Burke, you get around a lot. Tell me--do think any rackets are starting up again?"

Clyde shook his head. He hadn't heard of any.

"I'm supposed to look into it," remarked Cardona, as if annoyed by a new assignment. "What I need is some good men. Here's one fellow who helped a lot in the clean-up"--Joe lifted the papers from the desk "so I've been going over his record. You've heard of him; Bill Quaine."

Clyde agreed that Quaine had a real reputation as a racket-smasher. Secretly, the reporter was elated. Facts pieced perfectly. Cardona had certainly received a call from Parrington: what was more, the man had mentioned Quaine by name.

Though Cardona didn't know it, he was getting close to unsuspected facts. With more to go on, he might learn the details of the clever impersonation staged by Slick Thurley.

Working under orders from The Shadow, Clyde was prepared for such a situation. That was why he suggested:

"Why don't you talk to Quaine, Joe?"

"Quaine is out of town," returned Cardona, "On a long vacation. Anyway, he'd say he was

I want somebody else's opinion."

Clyde jotted down several names, passed them across the desk to Cardona with the comment: "Why don't you talk to these fellows?"

The list contained the names of managers of various clubs. The Bubble Club was not included. That was one place where The Shadow didn't want Cardona to drop in.

"They all knew Quaine," insisted Clyde. "Maybe they can tell you how much he really did toward smashing the night-club racket. When you make the rounds, Joe, stick to the bunch that I have listed. They're the sort who won't stall"

It was nearly five o'clock when Cardona completed his tour, for he had to sit around in several night clubs waiting for the managers to arrive. The whole job, however, was worth the trouble. Cardona was in a state of mental ferment when he arrived back in his office.

Detective Sergeant Markham was there; and Cardona could not help bursting loose with what he had learned.

"I've found out plenty about Bill Quaine!" expressed the inspector. "He's been running a racket of his own! All during that night-club mess, he was walking in on places, getting what he called 'evidence'; but that wasn't what he was after!"

"He was making trouble for those night clubs. Every manager that confided too much in Quaine, began to find the clamps coming down on him from the racket ring. Quaine always had analibi for it, so no one man thought he was phoney."

"But when you get the same hints from a dozen of them, you know what lies behind it. If those fellows had talked together, they'd have seen through the racket themselves; but night-club managers don't get too chummy with each other. It took an outsider, like myself, to get the real lowdown."

Cardona yanked open a desk drawer, brought out the file that he found there. He studied it with angry eyes, then flung the papers on the desk.

"Who took that stuff about Bill Quaine?" he demanded. "This isn't the data I had before. Who's been in here, Markham?"

Markham hadn't seen anyone; but he admitted that he had not been in the office all along. Cardona went to the office door; in the hallway he saw astoopish droopy-faced janitor, busy with

mop and brush.

"Come in here, Fritz!" gruffed Cardona, "I want to talk to you."

The janitor shambled into the office, Cardona shook the papers on the desk.

"Did you see anybody in this office?" he roared. "Anybody who went out with a batch of papers like these?"

Fritz shook his head. His eyes were listless, dull.

"You've been around here all along, Fritz?"

"Yah," Fritz nodded, "Not all along. Only a little while."

Cardona slapped the papers on the desk. Fritz wasn't of any use he knew as little as Markham. In fact, Joe wasn't even annoyed when Fritz began to paw the papers, looking at them curiously.

"I know him," grunted Fritz, suddenly, "Yah. Bill Quaine."

Cardona swung about. Fritz was pointing to a photograph that had come loose from the papers. It was Quaine's picture, all right, but what it was doing in this batch of records. Cardona didn't know, until he looked more closely.

He started to snatch the photo from Fritz's hands; the janitor dropped it. The picture fell face downward on the desk.

Fritz was shambling away, back to his mop and bucket, while Cardona was staring at the name on the back of the photo. That name wasn't Bill Quaine; it was Slick Thurly.

Cardona scanned the papers, Amazement took control of his poker face. Here were records of a sort the police didn't have. although they were backed with certain official data, that had never yet been properly linked.

"Slick Thurley!" exclaimed Cardona, to Markham. "Say--he's a dead ringer for Bill Quaine, but we never knew it! I've heard of Slick Thurley; he's been in some jams, too, but he always managed to get out of them."

"That's because we never guessed his real racket. He's been doubling for Quaine! With this mug of his, he could get away with it. by talking like Bill and acting like him. But that's something he wouldn't do, if he was standing in a line up."

"Bill Quaine is O.K.: the guy we've got to find is Slick Thurley. When we get him, we'll know who murdered Parrington; and I've got a hunch, Markham, that we'll learn a lot besides!"

The telephone bell jangled. Cardona answered. When he heard a

whispered voice across the wire, he didn't have to be told who had put the new papers in his desk drawer. Joe Cardona was listening to The Shadow.

All during that call, Cardona nodded/ When he hung up, he pulled a telegraph blank from the desk drawer and began to write a wire.

"Forget all that's happened." Cardona told Markham. "We're keeping this business to ourselves. I've found out the best way to handle it."

Downstairs Fritz, the janitor, was hanging up the receiver of a pay telephone. Hoisting his mop and bucket, he wnet to an obscure locker. Putting down the implements, he opened the locker and drew out a black cloak and slouch hat.

As those garments settled over the head and shoulders of the prented Fritz, a whispered laugh came from obsured lips. Though only an echo, that mirth identified its owner.

It was the laught of The Shadow!

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Letters



Dear Editor;

It has recently come to my attention that Jim Syder is planning to discontinue writing for the I.P. This greatly saddens me as Jim's articles & contributions to the I.P., the Old Time Radio Club and OTR fandom have become almost legendary. Although I have not always agreed with Jim's opinions (then again, what 2 people are always in agreement), I have always eagerly anticipated reading Jim's column. Please reconsider Jim, for the hobby would greatly miss your contribution.

As as aside to this, neither editor Linda nor myself have ever discouraged anyone from writing articles for the I.P. In fact, quite the contrary, we have begged pleaded and cojoked people to contribute regardless of their viewpoints. In fact, I have done everything short of kidnapping Kean Crowe to get him to attend a meeting. Dean & former editor Dan Manafino claim that second jobs have prevented them from attending. In fact, this was the reason Dan gave for relinquishing his duties as editor. If these gentlemen wish to attend a meeting or contribute I'm sure I speak for the majority of the club in wishing them a welcome back, I do not intentionally leave anyone out as anyone who is interested in the hobby is more than welcome to attend our meetings & contribute to our publications.

Sincerely,
Former Editor
Richard A. Olday.

11:15 PM—Show Business Ch. 7
Eddie Cantor, Joan Davis, Nancy Kelly. A cavalcade of show business of a generation ago and the people who were in it.—1944

World Mourns the Death Of Comedian Eddie Cantor

Private Services Are Held in Hollywood;
Entertainer, 72, Had Been Sick for 10 Years

By United Press International
HOLLYWOOD, Oct. 12 — Private funeral services were held today for Eddie Cantor, mourned by the millions of persons he entertained in nearly a half-century of show business. At his bedside when he died Saturday night of a heart seizure

Picture on the Picture Page

were two of the five daughters he made famous during his years on radio. He was 72.

An invalid for past 10 years, the banjo-eyed song and dance man of yesteryear had been bedridden and living in virtual seclusion since the death of his beloved wife, Ida, two years ago.

Entertained Servicemen

A series of heart seizures since 1953 had forced his gradual retirement from the spotlight he loved so well.

Off stage he dedicated himself to good works, charity and fund-raising. He sold bonds during two world wars and tirelessly entertained wounded servicemen during World War II.

He helped found the March of Dimes and worked ceaselessly in the fight against infantile paralysis. He also helped raise millions of dollars for Israel.

Those were his contributions off stage.

But to millions of Americans he was the brash buffoon, the showstopper in night clubs, vaudeville, Broadway, movies, radio and television.

Pennies From Passerby

The echoes of "we want Cantor," his old radio theme, best express his success story. They wanted him almost from the time he was old enough to sing and dance.

Born Edward Iskowitz in 1892 above a Russian tearoom on New York's East Side, Cantor was orphaned at the age of 2 and raised by a grandmother. He learned early how to do impersonations of popular stage stars and thus get a few pennies that might be tossed by passerby.

Summers he spent at a lake camp run for street urchins such as himself. Because he was able to entertain, they occasionally let him stay six weeks instead of the usual two.

He became a professional in a burlesque house where he did impersonations and told jokes in 1907.

Hired by Gus Edwards

He worked Coney Island as a singing waiter in a beer garden where the piano player was Jimmy Durante who was to become a lifelong friend.

In 1912 Gus Edwards hired Cantor for "Kid Kabaret" in the same cast with George Jessel, Eddie Buzzell, George Price, Walter Winchell, Lila Lee and Gregory Kelly.



EDDIE CANTOR
Brought Laughter to Millions

By World War I Eddie had toured in vaudeville and appeared abroad and signed with Florenz Ziegfeld for the Follies. He shared billing with Will Rogers and W. C. Fields, later becoming a star in his own right in such Schubert productions as "Make It Snappy." His biggest theatrical hits were "Kid Boots" and "Whoopie."

Lost \$2 Million

Often working in blackface, he would deliver his song in a ringing voice, tapping his hands together and roaming the stage with a rhythmic skip. He frequently added another trademark — rolling his eyes at a phenomenal speed.

He was brought to Hollywood by Sam Goldwyn and starred in a silent version of "Whoopie" before embarking on a series of hit talks.

Among his movie successes were "Roman Scandals," "Palmly Days" and "The Kid From Spain." He invested and lost \$2 million in the stock market.

Discovered Eddie Fisher

In later life he wrote a book about the depression, "Yoo Hoo, Prosperity" and his autobiography, "My Life Is in Your Hands."

He married Ida Tobias in 1914 and made a national celebrity of his wife by singing "Ida" on his radio shows and making jokes about their five daughters, four of whom the star leaves: Mrs. Natalie Metzger and Mrs. Edna McHugh, both of Los Angeles; and Marilyn Cantor and Mrs. Janet Gari of New York.

A fifth daughter, Marjorie, died in 1959.

Among his discoveries were Dinah Shore, Eddie Fisher, Deanna Durbin and Bobby Breen.

ED WANAT'S CORNER

From the Buffalo News

Song, Dance Man**Eddie Cantor Dies;
Stage, Screen Star**

BEVERLY HILLS, Calif. (U.S.)—Song and dance man Eddie Cantor, 71, died of a coronary occlusion Saturday at his home in Beverly Hills.



CANTOR

At his side were two of his daughters, Mrs. Natalie Metzger and Mrs. Edna McHugh, a nurse and a doctor. Cantor, wealthy and virtually retired from show business, had been plagued with a heart ailment for several years. In 1953 he was lost to a television series for four months after a heart attack.

Much of his later life was spent quietly in his Beverly Hills home, writing books and articles reminiscing on his long career and philosophizing about life. He also was active in numerous charities.

Cantor made his professional debut in 1907 in New York's old Edison Music Hall. A few years later he hit Broadway with a burst of energy that was to become his trademark. He made up for his small size with an electric personality that was infectious.

Often working in blackface, he would deliver his songs in a ringing voice, tapping his hands together and roaming the stage with a rhythmic skip. He frequently added another trademark: Rolling his eyes at a phenomenal speed.

Cantor soon was a Ziegfeld Follies star appearing in such stage hits as "Whoopie" and "Kid Boots." Ziegfeld billed him as the "Apostle of Pep."

Made 2 Fortunes

A millionaire in 1929, he was broke a few months later. But the benjo-eyed funnyman wrote a book about his losses and made enough to lay the foundation for another fortune.

The 1930s were big years for Cantor as he switched to radio and movies.

Cantor headlined the early years of television, relying heavily on his standard techniques—the jokes about wife Ida and his five daughters, the endless "fend" with George Jessel and the songs that were identified with him, "If You Knew Suzy," "Ida" and others.

Born Izzy Iskowitz on New York's East Side, he was orphaned when one year old. A widowed grandmother, Esther Cantor, reared him.

As a ragged kid on Hester St. he learned early how to do impersonations of popular stage stars and thus get a few pennies that might be tossed by passersby.

Summers he spent at a lake camp run for street urchins such as himself. Because he was able to entertain, they occasionally let him stay six weeks instead of the usual two.

**As the World Remembers Him**

He hit Broadway with a bang back before World War I, rose to stardom with Ziegfeld Follies, won movie, radio, TV fame. Death came Saturday to a legend in the entertainment world—Eddie Cantor. (UPI)

Eddie Cantor Returns to Radio

By JOSEPH FINNEGAN

Eddie Cantor has turned from laughter to tears. He helps solve the woes of love-lorn couples in a five-minute radio show which has been on the air five days a week for nine months.

Eddie has been so successful that he's going to ten programs a week and will broadcast every day.

"We have about 1000 stations and hope to have 1200 by the end of the year,"

said Eddie. "I tape the program at my home in Beverly Hills and the tape is sent to each station."

Cantor, who suffers from a heart condition, stays away from the more strenuous television. But his interest in radio matches that of any young TV cowboy in a successful series.

"People have a mistaken idea that radio is a dead issue," he said. "There are more radio sets sold every day now than TV sets. Eighty-five per cent of all

automobiles have radios, so you get people coming and going to work."

The name of the show, Ask Eddie Cantor, means just that, and the bulb-eyed comic is quizzed on all sorts of subjects. Eddie is questioned via mail, about 150 letters a day addressed to his office at the Beverly House in Beverly Hills.

"I've been around long enough to answer some questions," he said. "In my 69 years I've run across most of the answers."—UPI

Fantastic Four on radio -- 1

Rich Harvey
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"The Fantastic Four on Radio"

by Rich W. Harvey

While numerous comic book heroes are converging on the silver screen in movie theatres, The Fantastic Four has been attacking a different medium -- radio. The flagship Marvel Comics characters, who first appeared in their own magazine in 1961, started off their 30th anniversary with a revival of their short-lived radio dramas from the 70s. The radio dramas are currently being broadcast throughout the Atlantic City area on WLFR 91.7 FM, the Stockton State College radio station in Pomona, NJ, and just may end up on college radio in your area.

In his West Coast office at Marvel Productions, Stan Lee probes his brain for those long-since faded memories of the radio drams in question. The origins of the Fantastic Four's radio series began while he was still editor-in-chief at the Marvel Comics offices in New York City.

"Somebody involved in local radio, on Long Island, came to me and asked if he could do a Fantastic Four radio show," Lee recalls. "I don't remember his name, though. He'd love to do it, and he had a cast and so forth, and I thought it was a great idea.

Fantastic Four on radio -- 2

Lee's memories are hazy, but with his workload, it's a small miracle he can remember anything. He's the co-creator of just about every major Marvel Comics character prior to 1969 -- including *The Amazing Spider-Man*, *The Incredible Hulk*, *The Avengers*, *The Mighty Thor* -- and almost single-handedly wrote the entire Marvel magazine line-up, an amazing workload which set a record for a writer's output. Now he spends his time in Hollywood, at Marvel Productions on the West Coast, taking a major part in the development of every Marvel Comics-based movie and television series.

"For years," Lee says, "I had thought it would be a terrific idea to dramatize our stories on the radio or to make records of them. But that's not our business, and I never really got into it. So, when this fellow called and made the offer, I said 'Let's do it.'"

The Fantastic Four follows the monthly exploits of four adventures, endowed with super-human powers after a space flight exposes them to "cosmic rays." The group is led by Reed Richards, aka Mister Fantastic, a brilliant scientist with elastic stretching powers; Sue Storm, his fiance, with the ability to turn invisible or project force fields; The Human Torch, also known as Johnny Storm, younger brother to Sue Storm; and Ben Grimm, who becomes the grotesque, rock-like Thing, endowed with incredible strength.

Created by Stan Lee and artist Jack Kirby in 1961, *The Fantastic Four* set a precedent among comic books with its realistic portrayal of the adventurous quartet. The characters often fought amongst themselves as often as they fought super-villains. They had no secret identities, and worked together to overcome their character flaws, unlike the two-dimensional comic characters before them.

It's this chemistry, Stan Lee figures, which has kept The Fantastic Four so popular over the past three decades. "Everything is personality," he says, "and apparently we were successful in giving them good personalities. They worked well together, and it was interesting to read about their relationships and how they reacted to each other."

Fantastic Four on radio -- 3

After a year had passed, Stan Lee realized that he had created a winner with The Fantastic Four when unprecedented fan-mail started arriving. Before the publication of the first issue, things had never been quite so cheerful in the offices.

"We had never gotten fan-mail before that. Maybe an occasional letter complaining because a staple was missing in a magazine, and they wanted their dime back. And I would treasure *those* letters. I'd say, 'Look, we got a letter from a reader!'

"But after *The Fantastic Four*, we began getting mail that really said something. Y'know, 'I liked your story, I liked the artwork, I liked this but didn't like that.' They were *real* letters, and we realized that we were onto something, because the people were responding."

With such credentials, it was inevitable that the quartet would be chosen to lead the intended Marvel invasion of radio drama in 1975. But, why would that be enough to make them the stars of their own radio drama? As fans of Classic Radio know, it is vital to keep everything clear so that the action is understandable to the listener. Characters such as Marvel's cosmic quartet are so visual, bringing them across on radio was a constant challenge.

"They were our best-selling book at the time, and they *were* our first magazine," Lee theorizes. "I would think the main reason is because, in doing a radio show, you have a little repertory company, and *The Fantastic Four* had four continuing characters. So, it was easier to do as a radio show rather than Spider-Man, in which case there aren't as many characters. These guys were always together. If I were doing the radio show, I'd pick a team, also."

The Fantastic Four radio program was syndicated and broadcast nationally in 1975 over the FM airwaves. The format consisted of five-minute episodes, five days each week. Listeners would hear Part One of a story on Monday, and were expected to listen each day until a story had been completed on Friday. Lee served as narrator for the series, which is only fitting since all the scripts were merely adaptations of his original comic book stories.

Fantastic Four on radio -- 4

"I think I just did all of the narrations at one time, and then they were probably put together -- Y'know, spliced into the tape. I don't recall ever seeing the actors."

The cast included Bob Maxwell (Dr. Reed Richards/Mr. Fantastic), Cynthia Adler (Sue Storm/The Invisible Girl), Jim Pappus (Ben Grimm/The Thing), and Jerry Terheyden as *all* of the villains. A young Bill Murray -- who went on to star in NBC's *Saturday Night Live* and this last summer's hit movie, *What About Bob?* -- played Johnny Storm, The Human Torch.

"Had I known how famous some of them would become," Lee laughs, "I would have made it a point to be there."

The format, however, proved too difficult for most listeners to follow -- the episode had barely commenced before the final commercial break concluded the show. Listeners frequently had trouble finding the program, losing track of it amidst commercials and music programming. Though short humor pieces on FM-radio were successful, *The Fantastic Four* were unable to defeat The Menace of the Restrictive Time-Slot.

After its cancellation, The Fantastic Four's only venture outside their monthly Marvel comic was a short-lived cartoon series on NBC (1975-76). This animated feature was faithful to the comic books in nearly every respect but one -- a new character, Herbie the Robot, appeared because another producer had an option on The Human Torch, and would not allow him to be used in the cartoon.

Long forgotten, the radio series became the property of radio-station staff members, who kept the disks, and individual collectors who managed to obtain the episodes on cassette. Always searching for a new item to exploit, certain collectible-dealers have begun selling copies of The Fantastic Four radio program for *ten dollars per episode*.

By chance, Chuck Juzek -- associate editor of the pulp fanzine *Golden Perils* -- discovered copies of the program through an advertisement in *Comic Buyer's Guide*.

"I remember trying to listen to the show on my way to school back in '75," says Juzek. "It was being played on some Rock & Roll station on Long Island, which was hard

Fantastic Four on radio -- 5

to pick up. I had been looking all over for the shows, and when I saw the advertisement, I immediately jumped on the telephone to order them."

With a great deal of coaxing from Rich Harvey -- Me, I'm one of the disc jockeys at WLFR-FM -- Juzek made copies of the shows while the WLFR staff went to work obtaining permission from Marvel for the broadcast rights. At first, the legal department were puzzled over the request -- Most people at Marvel don't even remember the series, and the company no longer had their own copies.

Permission was finally granted in January 1991, and the show played on a once-per-month schedule. But now the frequency has been returned to its original weekly schedule, thanks to Mike Kanterovich, a collector from New Hampshire. He provided WLFR with five episodes from his own collection, giving WLFR a total of ten weeks worth of episodes.

"Nothing would please me more," says Kanterovich, "than to get the shows which still exist back into circulation! I've no desire to hog all the fun for myself."

But, since there is no data to be found on the program, who can say if good, crystal clear copies of the episodes still exist? With Juzek and Kanterovich's help, WLFR now has nine episodes for broadcast -- what of the remaining four?

When this article first appeared, during the months of February and March in the pages of numerous publications, it was believed that there was a mysterious fourteenth episode, "The Fantastic Four Meet The Watcher." It seems that radio station WBCN Boston, Massachusetts did not play the episodes in chronological order after a few weeks. Thus, the episode in question was really "The Menace of The Red Ghost" [episode #7] played *after* "The Super-Skrull Walks Among Us" [episode #13].

Announcer and series producer Peter B. Lewis said -- at the end of The Super Skrull Walks Among Us -- that the second season, consisting of another thirteen episodes, was already in production for broadcast in the spring of 1976. Sadly, those thirteen

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episodes were not produced -- at least, they weren't distributed -- and The Fantastic Four ended their radio adventures.

Now that the programs have been discovered again, Chuck Juzek is hoping -- once all copies are given to Marvel -- that *The Fantastic Four* will be distributed to college radio stations across the country, making the episodes available to fans once more for the first time in fifteen years. Paul Curtis, in the New Products and Development department of Marvel Comics, has made numerous suggestions for new radio adventures adapting some of the Marvel characters, to no avail.

"People say to me, 'Oh, we tried that back in '75, and it didn't work,'" Curtis says. "They have a point, but that was a different time period. I think it would fly if we tried it again."

Curtis would like to attempt a series of dramas based on the popular comic book, *The Silver Surfer*, while other staffers have suggested *Daredevil*. There is no word, however, on whether these shows will ever come to pass. Marvel Comics is, after all, in business to produce comic books first.

While the revival takes place on WLFR, there are much bigger events pending for Marvel's quartet. A big-budget motion picture is currently in the works, and the man in charge is Bernd Eichinger, the producer of *The Name of The Rose* and *The Never-Ending Story*.

"Bernd just did a movie called *The Last Exit to Brooklyn*," Lee says. "He's a good producer -- he's the largest German distributor in Europe -- and he's been a fan of *The Fantastic Four* for years. He's had the rights to do it for five years now, but he's been doing other movies, and now he's finally starting on *The Fantastic Four*."

"He wants to make this the biggest movie ever made," Lee adds with a laugh. "In fact, the reason Bernd was having such trouble getting a script is because he wanted to put

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The Fantastic Four, The Silver Surfer, Galactus, and Doctor Doom in *one* movie. I said, 'You're crazy, that's too much!'

"I finally talked him out of that, and now he has a writer working up a script treatment, and I think the treatment is supposed to be finished sometime in February [1991]. We'll all get together and look at it, and if we like it, we'll see about getting a script, and then we'll be off and running. So, with a little luck, this movie could be out in two years."

Most fans, however, can't imagine how a cast of live actors can possibly emulate their super-human abilities. But Lee dismisses any skepticism, placing full confidence in Hollywood wizardry.

"You can believe it or not," Lee says, "but I think the special effects are the *easiest* things. They won't delay anything. There are companies like Industrial Light & Magic which, I swear, can do anything. I don't care what it is, they can do it!"

Even Mister Fantastic's stretching power?

"Did you see *The Abyss*?" he asks. "Remember how the water-creature stretched? I mean, my God, I tell you they can do *anything*."

And, apparently, so can The Fantastic Four and Stan Lee.

The Fantastic Four airs every Monday through Friday at Noon and 6 p.m. on WLFM 91.7 FM, Stockton State College, Pomona, NJ -- in the Atlantic City area. Anyone interested in hearing the radio program in their area should write letters to Marvel Comics, care of *The Fantastic Four* comic book.

The Fantastic Four episode guide

- 1) *The Fantastic Four Meet the Moleman* (origin story)
- 2) *The Menace of the Miracle Man*
- 3) *The Coming of the Sub-Mariner*
- 4) *Prisoners of Doctor Doom*
- 5) *Pawns of the Puppet Master*
- 6) *The Fantastic Four Meet The Incredible Hulk*
- 7) *The Menace of The Red Ghost*
- 8) *The Sub-Mariner and The Puppet Master*
- 9) *The Micro-World of Doctor Doom* (with Ant-Man)
- 10) *In the Clutches of Doctor Doom*
- 11) *The Hate Monger* (with Nick Fury, Agent of Shield)
- 12) *Prisoners of Rama-Tut, Pharaoh from the Future*
- 13) *The Super-Skrull Walks Among Us*

IT HAPPENED IN—
Truth Is Funnier than Fiction

TREVISO, ITALY—Jacopo Bastianetto, charged with drunkenness, pleaded with carabinieri to take him to jail instead of getting him fined, so that he might avoid facing an angry wife.

The carabinieri complied. They took him to the city jail and locked him in a large cell. The cell contained the wife, Maria, herself charged with intoxication.



SOFIA, BULGARIA—A teacher asked a pupil in her geography class to name the largest river in the United States of America. After some thought the child replied, "Mississimpson."

Johnny Wideawake
« changes his mind »



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The Movie Scene



Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald in Sigmund Romberg's operetta *Maytime*.

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Vox Pop

CARDS AND THE CALENDAR

MEMPHIS, TENN.—Card players, do you suppose that the French peasant alleged to have created a deck of cards for the amusement of an old French king used the calendar in his invention? Consider these striking similarities.

There are four seasons in the year—spring, summer, fall, and winter. There are *four suits in the deck*.

Each season contains thirteen weeks—each suit contains thirteen cards.

Fifty-two cards make a deck—fifty-two weeks make a year.

There are 365 days in the year—and 365 spots on the cards.

Also, do you think he might have used hearts to represent love, diamonds wealth, spades labor, and clubs social life?

And I've wondered about the colors he chose. Could red have been selected for the Red Sea and black for the great Black Plague?

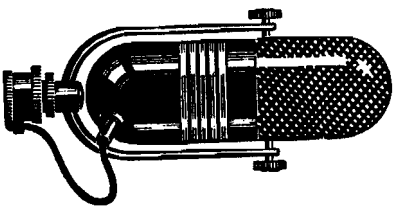
At any rate, the unknown peasant created a perfect thing in his pack of cards—it's never been improved upon.—Clarence M. Fleece.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

Sign on a New Jersey theater:
"Singer's Midgots, Bigger and Beter Than Ever."

Sign in a small hotel in New Mexico:
"Yes, we know this place is on the bum. But how about yourself?"

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