

*The Old Time Radio Club*

Established 1975

# THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS

Number 290

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## THE *Shadow's* *Revenge*

Who knows what  
evil lurks in the  
hearts of men...?  
The Shadow  
knows!

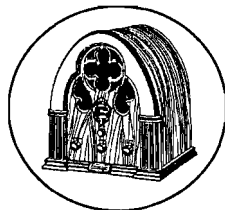


**Membership Information**

New member processing, \$5 plus club membership of \$17.50 per year from January 1 to December 31. Members receive a tape library listing, reference library listing and a monthly newsletter. Memberships are as follows: if you join January-March, \$17.50; April-June, \$14; July-September, \$10; October-December, \$7. All renewals should be sent in as soon as possible to avoid missing issues. Please be sure to notify us if you have a change of address. The *Old Time Radio Club* meets the first Monday of every month at 7:30 PM during the months of September to June at 393 George Urban Blvd., Cheektowaga, NY 14225. The club meets informally during the months of July and August at the same address. Anyone interested in the Golden Age of Radio is welcome. The *Old Time Radio Club* is affiliated with The Old Time Radio Network.

**Club Mailing Address**

Old Time Radio Club  
56 Christen Ct.  
Lancaster, NY 14086



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## "HERE'S MRS. NUSSBAUM!"

**Millions of Radio Fans know little about Minerva Pious. One of the Best Comediennes to emerge in radio in years.**

It is hard to determine the high point of a radio program that moves so swiftly and so evenly as Fred Allen's Sunday night comedy show. For Fred, master craftsman and coordinator, keeps all the component parts of his show moving one against the other until the result is one of the sleekest, most successful comedy programs that has ever been heard on radio.

For millions of tuners-in, however, this disputed high point comes about mid-way in the program when Allen, as the grand impresario, goes visiting down Allen's Alley and knocks on the door of Pansy Nussbaum. "Nu?" comes the quizzical reply. "Ah, Mrs. Nussbaum," Fred replies, and this is the signal for the listeners to stars rolling the floor for several minutes of the best dialect comedy that is available to mortal ears at the moment.

"Where in the world did Allen ever discover this funny woman?" is a thought that must have occurred to many of Allen's listeners when this barrage of priceless comedy is finally over and they are a little lump from laughing. The answer is an unexpected one—at a piano.

It was a warm spring day in 1932 when Harry Tugend, now one of Paramount Pictures top executives but then an aspiring singer, asked Minerva Pious to be his accompanist, for an audition with a bright new radio comedian named Fred Allen. Minerva balked a little—she had played the piano and entertained with her monologues at small, intimate parties, but never before professionals. But Tugend, even then the persuasive businessman, finally convinced her, and a little shy and awkward, Minerva tickled the ivories while Harry tried to sell his songs to Allen. He didn't quite succeed, but, after his audition, Tugend mentioned to Allen that Minerva Pious' dialect sketches were just about the funniest things that he had heard anywhere. Allen, who needed another character actress to round out his radio company, was interested, took a quick listen, and signed Minerva Pious to an exclusive contract.

It would be a wonderful thing to say that the characterization of Pansy Nussbaum originated right then and there. Unfortunately, it didn't quite happen that way. For the next eight years or so Minerva stayed with Fred Allen, playing bit parts and learning something about Allen's trigger-like comedy technique by watching quietly from the sidelines. Then one day Allen decided to incorporate his various stooges into an organized ten



minute spot and call it, "Allen's Alley." Of all the countless characterizations that Minerva, had created, one stood out—a dry, acid immigrant woman who mutilated the English language to the point where it became a strange, haunting cacophony of sound and fury. Why not take this character, name her Pansy Nussbaum, and make her a regular of "Allen's Alley"? The idea caught on so quickly that in just a few months Mrs. Nussbaum became the most famous inhabitant of the Alley, and was moved up to choice spot in the ten-minute routine—the highly sought after next-to-the-closing act. This season the character has become so well-known that for the first time Minerva Pious gets featured billing on the show—an almost unprecedented feat for a radio stooge.

In private life, Minerva Pious, like most of the radio comediennes, is completely unlike the characterization she creates on the radio. A small, quiet, cultured woman, she spends a lot of her spare time collecting antiques in the Second and Third Avenue furniture shops that are located just a few blocks away from her East River Manhattan apartment. She is delighted with the fame that has greeted her characterization of Mrs. Nussbaum, is happier in radio than she has ever been anywhere before.

As a matter of fact, she divides her life into two periods, B.A. (Before Allen) and A.A. (After Allen). The B.A.

period she dismisses with a shrug of her shoulder—she was born in Russia, grew up in Bridgeport, Conn., got bored with Bridgeport, Conn., and came to New York. In New York she handled some of the countless fantastic jobs that are the lot of bright, young career girls who come in from the sticks—she wrote promotion copy for King Features Syndicate, wrote the trailer copy for the movies shown in Loew's New York theaters, during the depression even ghost-wrote the business letters of the illiterate executives of a large Fifth Avenue department store. She never in her life went to dramatic school, is the daughter of a wholesale candy merchant and has no tradition of the theater to back her up. The A.A. period of her life, however, has convinced her that her future lies in radio.

So enthusiastic is Minerva Pious about radio, as a matter of fact, that unlike most radio actresses she has no aspirations for the movies or the theater. Two years ago she appeared with Fred Allen in one of the most successful bits in his not very successful movie, "It's in the Bag." She sums up Hollywood in a phrase: "I was damn glad to get back to New York." The theater, too, doesn't quite fit into her scheme of things: "It takes too much out of you, and doesn't give you enough in return."

"Radio is the most challenging of all mediums," the comedienne continues in this vein, "because you have to project your material through only one medium—the ear. The particular kind of comedy that I do is essentially auditory, and radio is the perfect instrument for it."

Every once in a while, however, Minerva breaks down and succumbs to the actress' need for a live audience. She spent most of last summer with a U.S.O. Camp Show company that toured Pan-American bases. As is to be expected, hers was the kind of sketch that gave servicemen something to write home about. Written by Fred Allen, and titled "4-F WAC," the sketch described the attempt of a young lady of dubious abilities to get into the women's branch of the Army. This failing, she next tries the WAVES. When even the WAVES won't take her (a line that always got a laugh from the Army boys), she next tries the WICS—a completely imaginary outfit that finally admits the patriotic heroine as one of their members.

When the A.A. shenanigans make for rather tough going, the creator of Mrs. Nussbaum has also been known to take a busman's holiday, has appeared on the shows of Alan Young, Ed Wynn and Jack Benny. Her favorite guest spot, however, was on a show that her friend, Norman Corwin, wrote especially for her, "A Very Nice-Type Girl." In it Minerva played a younger, unmarried Pansy Nussbaum, who, with typical Corwin dexterity, brought love and rehabilitation into the life of a wounded serviceman.

To continue to work with Fred Allen is still Minerva Pious' greatest desire, however. When the character of Mrs. Nussbaum began to click so sensationally on the air, she was swamped with calls from the networks and the advertising agencies, all asking her if she would be interested in starting a program of her own. Her answer was a blanket, "No!" She considers Fred Allen the greatest living comedian, and to work with him about one of the most exciting jobs in the world.

*February, 1946*

## *The 15th Annual Old Time Radio and Nostalgia Convention*

Cincinnati, Ohio, 2001

by **Jerry Collins**

Spring means baseball, softball, warm weather, flowers and attractive women in their lovely spring outfits. Spring also means the annual trek to Cincinnati for their radio and nostalgia convention.

The trip and the arrival are always more relaxing, than the trek to Newark. Bob Burchett's greetings and friendly and witty comments are always a memorable part of the convention. Bob Newman, Don Ramlow and Mary Ramlow also played key roles during the convention. It is easier to appreciate the role that Mary plays at a radio convention when she is a little more relaxed and subdued as she was at the recent Cincinnati convention.

Like most collectors, I headed right to the dealer's room that Friday morning. I was not disappointed. Tom Monroe and Ted Davenport (Radio Memories), Gary and La Donna Kramer (Great American Radio), Leo Gawroniak, Martin Grams, the missing Andy Blatt (Vintage Broadcasts); Gordon Payton Fred Birney (Satellite Video Productions) and many others were in attendance with a wide variety of shows.

The Cincinnati convention has never been able to attract a large number of radio stars. This could have been their best convention, with Peg Lynch, Bob Hastings, Rosemary Rice, Tyler McVey and Esther Geddes in attendance. Unfortunately Peg Lynch and Bob Hastings were unable to attend for personal reasons. The convention also suffered because of the lack of a good amateur dramatic company such as the Gotham City Players that perform at Newark.

Although Rosemary Rice, Tyler McVey and Esther Geddes performed very well, most of the amateur performers gave average performances. The announcers were only fair, while the sound effect people made some mistakes. Don Ramlow's rendition of the Wildroot song saved the day on the *Sam Spade Show*.

An episode of the *Michael Shayne Show* might have been the best of the re-creations. Episodes from the *Fatman*, *Sam Spade* and *Casey, Crime Photographer* were also re-created.

The Boogie Woogie Girls, resplendent in their new outfits, did another excellent job with their rendition of songs from the 1940s and 1950s. ED Clute, supported by his wife Nana, was marvelous as he supplied the music for the radio shows and the Boogie Woogie Girls. He also provided music by request. Ed Clute is a walking encyclopedia of music. I do not understand why someone has not asked him to be part of a panel on music.

The atmosphere is very relaxed, people are friendly and the dealer room is almost as good as the one in Newark. Still something needs to be done to improve the re-creations. With Peg Lynch and Bob Hastings returning next year, the enthusiasm level will pick up. See you in Cincy in 2002.

## Superman in Radio

Clark Kent, star reporter of the Daily Planet, and Jimmy Olsen, the paper's red-headed copy boy, were in strange surroundings. Editor Perry White had arranged for them to vacation in a friend's North Woods logging camp. Leaving the train at Montville, they stepped into another world—a world of the deep, snow-bound forests of the frozen North where strong men battle the unyielding elements so—that there may be wood for ships and houses—wood for tables and toys. A world where the ring of axe-blades is sharp and clear and the lusty cry of "TIMBER!" heralds the crashing to earth of another forest grant.

Day in and day out, fair weather and foul, men pour out of logging camps to pit their strength against the mammoth trees that tower above them, afraid of nothing that lives and breathes. Afraid of nothing but the mysterious legend of the North Woods—the legend of the White Plague.

It was dark when Clark and Jimmy reached the cabin of Fred Harmon the camp boss and his daughter, Nancy, where—Superman found all was not as peaceful and

serene as it had seemed when he and Jimmy had set out on their trip. Hesitantly Nancy told them the story:

"We've had some mysterious accidents at the camp, Mr. Kent. About a week ago one of our loggers disappeared into thin air. A searching party combed the woods for him and the logging boss, Bill Dawson, finally found him frozen to death up in the crotch of a tall tree. A tree he couldn't have climbed without spikes—and he had no spikes on. How did he get up there? No one knows. The next night, a big Swedish logger, strong as an ox, vanished. Mr. Dawson found him frozen solid in the river ice? And then, the night before last, Gaston came in to talk to Dad. He wanted to quit because of the White Plague."



"Loggers have a strange superstition, Mr. Kent. They believe that when the snow is deep enough to cover all the roots of a tree and the bottom of the trunk, that no trees should be felled, They think it's nature's way of protecting the trees until spring and no man has a right to go against Nature. Of course, it's silly—but some loggers will swear that if trees are felled when snow covers the roots the White Plague visits the camp!"

"They say it punishes men who go against Nature, That's why Gaston came to see Dad—he wanted to quit before it got him. He left this cabin that night. A few minutes later we heard a horrible scream. Dad rushed out—Gaston was gone. We found him last night—he got as far as our door, then died—frozen."

"Now," Superman said, "I suppose all the loggers want to quit." "Yes—and it's terrible because we've been cutting wood for the government and it's needed badly. Dad's been out of his mind for days."

The next morning Superman and Jimmy awoke to feel, almost as if it were a live thing, a dangerous undercurrent of fear running through the camp. The loggers went about their work uneasily, waiting and wondering where the White Plague would strike next. Fred Harmon was beside himself with anxiety, But Bill Dawson, tough, broad-shouldered boss of the logging crew, drove his men on despite their unrest. Superman and Jimmy joined him a few miles from camp to watch a crew of a dozen burly lumberjacks chop their way through a stand of towering oak. The ring of axe-blade

against live wood was sharp and clear on the frosty air. Then the men stopped for lunch. Their voices sounded relaxed and happy for the first time when suddenly one logger, sitting on a stump, fell over. Half-eaten sandwich still tightly clutched in his hand, he doubled up. Superman reached his side first but before he could touch him, the lumberjack was dead!

Frightened cries of "The White Plague!" replaced the laughter and jokes. Dawson pushed his way to Superman's side: "Will you and Jimmy take the chuck sled and carry the body back to camp? I'll be able to quiet the men better that way. I don't know what killed Jean—but I know it wasn't the White Plague!"

Quickly Superman was on his way. They had reached, that part of the trail flanked with thick trees on each



side, bordered with deep snow drifts. Without warning, the quiet of the woods was broken by the sharp "PING"! of a high-powered rifle shot. Superman felt the bullet hit his back. He smiled to himself as the steel jacket flattened itself against him

and slipped off. "Drop down, Jimmy. Somebody's shooting at us. I think I know who it is and it isn't the White Plague!"

Jimmy, crouched down low, didn't see the bullets which hit his companion—and fell from the invincible form of the Man of Tomorrow. He knew only that by some miracle they reached camp, unharmed.

The rest of the day passed uneventfully. When Superman went to the office after Jimmy was in bed, he found a stranger waiting there. The tall broad-shouldered man with warm, gray eyes, introduced himself as Father Malone, priest of the North Woods. He'd devoted his life to the loggers and, as he and the reporter talked, Superman's suspicions were confirmed:

"I've been waiting for something like this, Kent. This White Plague legend has been haunting me ever since I started working among the lumberjacks. Like any legend, it passes from mouth to mouth, and the miracles created by it are manifold. But sooner or later we discover the legend is being put to bad use by some misguided human." "Yes, Father, I think every death here boils down to a case of systematic murder. I know that

man who died eating his sandwich today was poisoned. And Jimmy and I were shot at on our way back. Somebody is trying to create terror and fear of the Plague. He probably thinks I'm spying—" But he got no further. Sudden, frightening cries of "Fire! Fire!" were heard in the lonely night outside. Big Bill Dawson flung open the door—"Curt Travers" cabin is on fire!"

The three men rushed to the scene. The cabin, by now, was a roaring inferno. Quickly running to the rear, hidden from sight, Superman dropped the guise of Clark Kent. With one leap, he broke through the timbered wall.



Ignoring the flames that laid their searing, blazing fingers on him, he scooped up the figure of Travers. In seconds he had the limp figure outside. But it was too late. Travers died as the priest breathed a last prayer for him.

Dawson and Superman, after the fire had burned itself out, went back to look at the cabin. The reporter stooped suddenly, picked up a piece of wood.

"Dawson, this clinches it! This wood is soaked in kerosene. The fire was set deliberately. Let's head back for the office and settle this thing."

Father Malone was sitting beside the body, stretched out on the couch when they came in. As the door slammed behind them, they heard a stirring in the small bedroom off the office. Fred Harmon came out, sleepily rubbing his eyes "Kent—what happened—why is Travers lying there like that?" "He was caught in a burning cabin." "Dawson—is that true?" "Yes—didn't you hear nothin'?" "Not a sound. I woke up suddenly and walked out here and saw Travers stretched out. Is he—is he—?" "Yes," the reporter said solemnly—then: "Say, what's that puddle near the couch?" Dawson answered: "Jes' snow meltin' off Mr. Harmon's shoes. What do you think Mr. Harmon?" "What can I think, Bill? This is too much. I'm going to wire the owners and tell them we're closing up."

"Just a minute, Mr. Harmon"—Superman's tone was sternly serious "I don't think you'll have to do that. I have the answer to the mystery of the White Plague—I know who killed those five men!" A hush of startled

expectancy settled on the room. No one even stirred in his seat until Superman continued:

"Everything started with the news of our coming. That I know now. So Jimmy and I were responsible, indirectly, for everything that's happened here. And this is the reason the person responsible for it all thought I had been sent here by the owners to spy on him. He had a guilty conscience because of something he had done—something he had to hide at any cost. He used the legend to terrify the camp, hoping the loggers would quit, the camp be disbanded and his crimes hidden forever. He was the one who shot at Jimmy and me because he saw me pick up the sandwich that killed Jean today.

That sandwich was loaded with rat poison! And then Curt Travers' death tonight—by that crime, the murderer exposed himself!"

"Kent, what in the world are you driving at?" Harmon asked harshly. "Just this, Mr. Harmon. Remember—you said you'd been asleep when you saw Travers' body. Well, that little puddle of water gave you away. It came from the snow you'd gotten on your feet when you walked around pouring kerosene on Travers' cabin! You—" He could say no more. Harmon, grabbing one of the rifles leaning against the wall, threatened the men:

"Stand back, all of you. I knew Kent was one of the owners' spies. Yes, I did it. Did it so no one would ever know that I'd stolen—stolen so I could get enough money to bring my daughter up like a lady—to take her out of logging camps!"

The men stood speechless. Before they could make a move, the rifle thundered its message of death. But Harmon had turned it upon himself.

Once again the Man of Tomorrow had fulfilled his pledge to mankind—Justice and Truth for all.

## MEMBER'S MIKE



Dear Ken:

As a collector of old time radio programs, I am always on the look out for new sources of material. I have found a new source for radio programs at a very reasonable price. (I am only in my second year as a Club member but I have not seen this source mentioned.)

This source is:

**Mr. Charlie Garant**  
**P.O. Box 331**  
**Greenville, TN 37744**

Charlie uses top quality C-60 cassettes. 2-30 minute or 1-60 minute show per cassette. Cost: \$1.50 for a 30-minute program or \$3.00 for 60-minute program.

Shipping is \$2.00

Charlie offers 1 free program for each 10 you purchase. Catalog costs \$1.00 (lists several hundred programs). I have purchased programs from Charlie and have been very satisfied with both the speed in which he fills the orders as well as the quality of the tapes.

I thought this information might be of interest to other club members.

Sincerely yours,  
M. Frances Merrifield



Ken,

Thanks for doing a great job on the newsletter. Every month is a quality issue. Keep up the good work.

Frank Roma

## Why I Say "It Pays to be Ignorant"

by TOM HOWARD

I have been asked time and time again, totaling twice in all, what I mean by the brash and unqualified statement, "It Pays To Be Ignorant." I have decided to tell my secret at last for all the world to hear and take heed, or better still, take cover.

My story begins many years ago in Africa, or was it India? No, I think it was Brooklyn. At any rate, there I was, far from civilization with only my trusty rifle, for protection against the many savage beasts and hostile natives that roamed the jungle. My only companion was my guide, Leo Durocher. I was hunting for a secret formula which miraculously transformed tired, old jokes into frisky, new ones quicker than you can say Joe Miller. Many radio comics tried to find this amazing formula, which had been buried over fifty years ago by a discouraged vaudevillian, little knowing that I was in possession of the only map in existence which would lead me to the exact spot. Now I was ready for my dangerous mission.

Day after day I trudged deeper and deeper into the jungle, with my only companion and guide, Bob Benchley, beside me. One early morning I heard the fearful sound of drums beating their relentless rhythm, accompanied by warlike shrieks and yells. Was it the natives preparing to attack us? No, it was Gene Krupa playing at the Capitol and sending the bobby-soxers into ecstasies. With a sigh of relief I turned to my sole companion and guide, Major Bowes, and asked him how close we were to our hidden treasure. He looked startled and replied, in his native tongue, "Are you kidding?"



This was not a question I could answer off-hand, so I retired to a little farm in Connecticut for two years to think the thing out. When I emerged, my faithful guide and companion, Monty Woolley, was still waiting for my answer. I looked him squarely in the eyebrows and answered, in a clear ringing tone of finality, "No!" This took him by complete surprise, so he retired to a little fishing village up in Maine for two years to ponder my strange answer.

I grew impatient. I also grew a beard. I decided to continue my journey alone. I carved out of an old oak tree a sturdy little vessel and set sail up the turbulent waters of the Shrewsbury River. Night after night I walked the deck of my ship trying to sight land. Day after day I crawled along the desert sands trying to sight water. One day my sled dogs set up a terrific howl. I knew something was wrong so, slipping into skis, I started down the mountainside. At the bottom of the steep, white incline was my faithful guide and companion, Patsy Kelly, standing under a snow-laden tree in a sarong. Her eyes were dancing with excitement. Not to be outdone, my eyes stepped out on the floor and danced with each other. Then the master of ceremonies stepped out on the floor and announced the floor show. It was then my devoted servant told me she had found

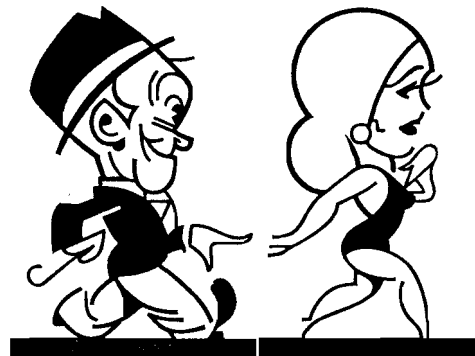
the hidden treasure. Not wishing to betray my excitement, I executed a very intricate polka, most difficult to perform on skis, before I asked her where she had located the long-lost formula. She hesitated and for a moment I thought she was going to retire to Columbia Playhouse Number Three to wrestle with her conscience, but instead, she decided to wrestle with me. This I liked. When the referee stopped, the match because I was using loaded dice, Patsy agreed to show me where the formula was hidden. "Follow me," she said. Thinking her a great improvement over Durocher, Woolley and Bowes, I climbed back on my camel and followed.

As we crept deeper and deeper into the cave it grew dark and very damp. Water trickled down along the jagged rocks. It wasn't until a Paterson, New Jersey, bus whizzed by me that I realized I was in the Holland Tunnel. Halfway through, my devoted guide and companion, Deems Taylor, took his pick and started to hack his way through the stony ceiling. When, at last, we surfaced upon the Hudson River we were picked up by a Staten Island ferry boat, whereupon Mr. Taylor left me to act as commentator for the three musicians in the bow of the boat.

And so, alone once more, I rode my weary pony across the plains of Texas, determined to catch the cattle rustlers single-handed. And as the golden sun sinks slowly into the sea, making a hell of a splash, we bid a fond farewell to dear old Lake Hopatcong, which in turn, bid four spades in the face of our double.

There is my story. It is not a pretty one but you must not judge me too harshly. Now that I have bared my sole (that long trek had worn out my shoes) I feel refreshed and uplifted. I feel that my experience will serve as a lesson to all humanity. A lesson we all must learn someday, no matter how bitterly—that "It Pays to be Ignorant"

*be Ignorant"*







**AMBASSADOR OF  
GOOD WILL  
ETHEL SMITH**

Ethel Smith is one of the shining reasons why the CBS *Saturday night Hit Parade*, WABC, 9:00 PM EWT, deserves that name. As American as her name, Ethel Smith is considered the leading exponent of rhumbas, sambas and other Latin rhythms, on the electric organ.

Born in Pittsburgh, Pa., Miss Smith was educated at the Carnegie Tech Institute where she studied German, Spanish and French as well as the organ and piano. After graduation, she got a job in an orchestra that traveled with a touring road company of "The Student Prince."

It wasn't until she reached California on a personal appearance tour that she once again took up the study of the organ. Until this time there was no organ that could be adapted to the style she wanted to perform. It seems that one day she had been asked to accompany a singer at one of the Hollywood studios and she noticed an electric organ, one of the first of its kind. She was fascinated by it and managed to visit the studio daily to practice.

Her knowledge of classical music and her fine understanding of the instrument convinced her that the exotic music was best interpreted on an organ, because of its depth and tone. She decided to make a study of it.

Touring Cuba and the South American republics, she lived among the people of those countries for eight months, studying their customs and their music. Then followed recognition with an engagement at the famous Copacabana in Rio de Janeiro. There she earned the reputation of being South America's own artist because of her understanding of their music.

It was while appearing at the Copacabana in Rio that an executive of a tobacco company talked to her about returning to New York for a commercial radio program.

Before the arrangements could be consummated, she left South America. The tobacco company executive was disappointed, but when he returned to this country was informed that a girl who played the same type of music was now appearing at the Hotel St. Regis' Iridium Room. Upon investigation, it was discovered that both were the same person . . . Ethel Smith.

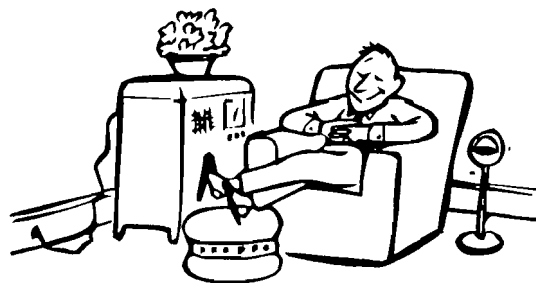
She is responsible for introducing the popular samba, "Brazil," to this country. She is definitely an ambassador of good will, for music is the language that all nations understand and Ethel Smith is really making Americans love the rhythms of our Latin cousins.

September 1943

**Wild, Wild West**

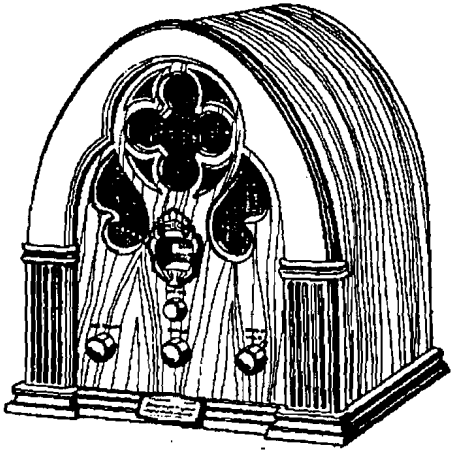
There were so many heroes riding the range in the Old West that the bad guys didn't stand a chance. It's a wonder they didn't all pack their saddlebags and head for New York. Each of these heroes had something special going for him. He either wore a mask, or used a rifle instead of a trusty six-shooter, or preferred to shoot a bow and arrow rather than a gun. Why anyone would trust his life to a bow and arrow in the land of bullets is a question best left to the shrinks, or the scriptwriters of those good old days. Here's how *Straight Arrow*, which starred Howard Culver as the fabulous bow slinger began:

"Nabisco Shredded Wheat presents *Straight Arrow*, a new and thrilling adventure story from the exciting days of the Old West. To friends and neighbors alike, Steve Adams appeared to be nothing more than the young owner of the Broken Bow cattle spread. But when danger threatened innocent people and when evildoers plotted against justice, then Steve Adams, rancher, disappeared and . . . in his place . . . came a mysterious, stalwart Indian wearing the dress and warpaint of a Comanche, riding the great golden palomino Fury. Galloping out of the darkness to take up the cause of law and order throughout the West comes the legendary figure of . . . Straight Arrow!"



*Old Time Radio Club*

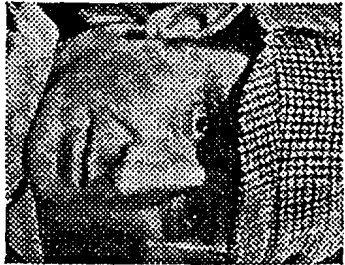
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**FIRST CLASS MAIL**

**SHERLOCK HOLMES**

Starring **BASIL RATHBONE and NIGEL BRUCE**



In "THE STOCK-  
BROKER'S CLERK"  
**SUNDAY**  
10:30 P.M. EST  
**WTAM**



Sponsored by  
Bromo Quinine Cold Tablets

**HELEN HAYES**

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**SUNDAY AT 8:00 P.M. EST**

**WJR**

**THE HELEN HAYES THEATRE**

Starring Miss Hayes in plays she loves the  
best—every Sunday night at 8 P. M. EST

**PRESENTED BY LIPTON'S TEA**