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OUR STAFF

PRESIDENT

Ronald Staley
1723 Sumac Street
Longmont, Colorado
80501

VICE-PRESIDENT

Robert Simpson
4565 S.E. 57th Lane
Ocala, Florida
34480

SECRETARY / TREASURER

Don Aston
P.O. Box 1392
Lake Elsinore, California
92531
NARA@linkline.com

MEMBERSHIP DIRECTOR

Gerald Covey
41289 Sterling Valley Road North
Lincoln, Washington
99147

CASSETTE LIBRARY

TEMPORARY
Don Aston
P.O. Box 1392
Lake Elsinore, Ca. 92531

PRINTED MATERIALS

LIB.
Bob Sabon
308 West Oraibi Drive
Phoenix, Arizona 85027
w9did@hotmail.com

NARA NEWS on TAPE

Stephen Jensen
37124 N. Hillside Drive
Lake View, Illinois
60046

STAFF ARTIST

Gene Larson
P.O. BOX 1316
Miles City, Montana
59301

PRESIDENT EMERITUS

Roger Hill
2161 Whitman Way #31
San Bruno, California
94066
Nothingsnewvid@aol.com

VICE-PRESIDENT EMERTUS

Al Inkster
7664 East Golden River Lane
Tucson, Arizona
85715

CONTRIBUTING EDITOR

John Pellatt
47 Stuart Avenue
Willowdale, Ontario
Canada M2N 1B2

EDITOR

TEMPORARY
Don Aston
P.O. Box 1392
Lake Elsinore, Ca. 92531
Aston@linkline.com

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BRAND NEW TO CANADA
The
THIN MAN
1944
MYSTERY * LAUGHS * THRILLS
FRIDAYS 8:30 P.M.
CFRB
and the Dominion Network

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MEMBERSHIP

Membership classifications were established when NARA was organized. These classifications are listed here and are still in effect. NARA has not raised its dues, Active Membership, for several years.

Membership Classification Annual Memberships

| | |
|-------------------|--------------------------------------|
| PATRON | \$2000.00 (includes Life Membership) |
| SPONSOR | \$1000.00 (includes Life Membership) |
| SUPPORTING | \$ 400.00 |
| CONTRIBUTING | \$ 100.00 |
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| JUNIOR (under 18) | \$ 10.00 |
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CHECK the MAILING LABEL on the back cover.. The date in the upper right hand corner is the date to which your dues is paid. It would be most helpful if those that are 1 year behind would bring their dues current. If you have any questions concerning your membership status and the accuracy of this date, contact the Secretary/Treasurer at (888) 332-8776 or E-Mail NARA

Send all dues payments to the Membership Director, Gerald Covey. His address is on the Staff Page inside the front cover.

TRANSCRIBED FROM TORONTO

By John Pellatt

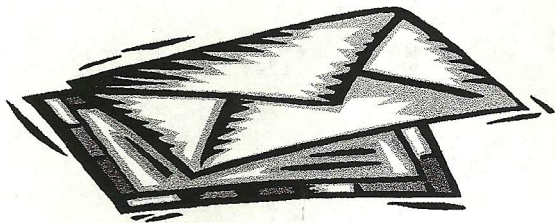
Hello again and welcome back to another issue of the NARA NEWS. Great to see it back in print after a long absence. Kudos to Don for putting it together again while we hopefully await news of a new permanent Editor-in-Chief.

Listening to vintage radio author Jim Harmon on www.yesterdayusa.com the other day, I realized I was all of 13 when I first read his wonderful book THE GREAT RADIO HEROES which began my love affair with dramatized radio. But where do today's youth discover vintage radio if they are not already fans (and seek it out on the net, etc. ?) Without a younger crowd this hobby will surely die out! (Not an original observation I must admit.) And that would not only be a shame but another door closed on our historic and cultural past. So I propose this: Each of us must have kids or grand kids or nieces or nephews... find out what they are already interested in, and make available to them a special tape or CD or MP3 file of a show thematically similar to their interests! A personal story... my niece years ago when still a preteen had never heard a radio drama in her life. When I talked about them, she thought they sounded weird and old fashioned and stupid (Boy, can I ever close a sale, huh?!!) But I knew she liked to read horror stories like Stephen King, so I found her some cassettes featuring contemporary radio adaptations of King's best-known stories. Well, she loved it and wanted to hear more. She had no idea radio could be like that... in her own words, like a movie in her mind! And that's all it takes to open the door a little bit. Some will become more intrigued than others -but if we all brought in one new vintage radio fan, we could guarantee the well-being of this hobby... and maybe even find a trustworthy and devoted custodian for our own beloved collections once we depart for greater frequencies unknown. So I challenge you, dear NARA NEWS reader, to try to sign up a youngster today to this great old hobby that has brought us all so much pleasure and delight Hey! Who knows! They might even think you're KINDA cool after all...! (Well, OK, so maybe not.. that would be expecting too much I know!!!)

It was fascinating to hear THE TWILIGHT ZONE recreated for radio by Carl Amari's production company. I really liked the episode I heard sampled online and wish them all the best in the future. It will be syndicated on radio across the country as well as available for sale on CD and cassettes directly from them via mail order. For more information, check out their website, www.twilightzoneradio.com. Carl is no stranger to most of you, beloved by some, not so beloved by others, but this latest attempt to revitalize contemporary radio audiences with the imagination-charged magic of radio drama is to be applauded (Of course, those of us who remember and love the original b&w TZ series know that nothing will ever come close to capturing the essential soul of that magical classic TV series... but that doesn't mean others shouldn't try!)

On a sad note we report the passing of British radio playwright and novelist Peter Tinniswood. I hope Don will find room to place obituary materials elsewhere in this issue. Peter was to contemporary radio dramas in the UK what a Norman Corwin or an Arch Oboler were to classic American OTR (although their styles were quite different) Peter's dramas were always a delight to hear, the wit and whimsy reigned supreme, and I consider myself fortunate indeed to have heard several lately on line from the BBC. He will be missed by fans of quality radio drama everywhere around the English-speaking world

Since my last column, BBC Radio has moved forward with the times and now offers various radio dramas on demand on line (as well as the comedies previously reported). This is a blessing beyond compare for we fans of contemporary radio drama! Go to their website, www.bbc.co.uk/radio4/ and allow the link to Arts & Drama for all the exciting, mouth-watering, ear-wax melting details.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Don,

I am glad to see NARA News is up and running. I had been concerned that NARA just disappeared. Your first attempt was smaller than what many may have been used to, but the Fall Issue seems to have grown a bit. Hopefully NARA News will be able to expand to its former self. Please keep up the outstanding work you have done all these years for NARA.

Tom J. Elderside
Cleveland, Ohio

Editor Don,

You say your are only temporary. We will see. Your first two attempts have left something to be desired. The Summer 2002 was thin and the Fall did show promise. Your next issue will show much improvement, I hope

H. Roger Strobridge
Boise, Idaho

Don,

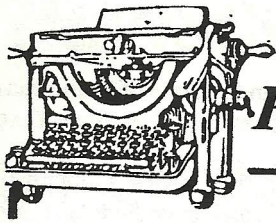
Any hope of getting the Cassette Library up an running. I bet a lot of members would make use of it. The CD Library shows a lot of promise.

Bill Kirks
Grass Valley, California

Dear Don,

Is it possible that logs of more programs could be a regular department in the NARA News. The Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar Log of the 5 part stories was really helpful. Maybe something about Straight Arrow could be included sometime.

John P. Kelly
Sabine, Texas



From The Editor's Desk....

I received very few written communications concerning my first and second efforts at publishing the NARA News. The E-Mail messages were even fewer. Those that I did receive were very positive. The real concern of several members was the "skimpy" size of the SUMMER 2002 Issue. The WINTER 2002 Issue was a bit fatter. I hope the content was appreciated. I also hope that the appreciation is not based on the weight of the paper nor on the number of pages.

Constructive criticism is most welcome. Several did give me ideas on how to produce a better looking publication. Still, this third attempt did have many frustrating moments, or I should say hours.

I still would like to have more members submit articles for publication. Searching for material to be included in the News does take time. I will be reprinting some articles that have appeared in past issues. They may be new to many.

SUBMISSIONS for the SUMMER 2003 ISSUE
should reach me by **May 15, 2003**

NARA is still looking for a CASSETTE LIBRARIAN. If you can help in this area, let me know. It is preferred that the Cassette Library be located in Southern California or close by.

I am working a website for NARA. If things go okay, and text and other files do not vanish abruptly, the site should be up a running before the end of this year.

NARA does have an E-Mail address <nara@linkline.com>

Speaking earlier of enjoying Jim Harmon on YUSA on line, I cannot let the opportunity pass to say how much I've also enjoyed our very own Don Aston hosting his segments weekly on www.yesterdayusa.com! A man of many talents is our Don and radio hosting is yet another! Of course Don always gives a plug to NARA and offers interesting and entertaining backgrounds to the various vintage radio shows he plays. I'm sorry I can't tell you when he's on as I do not have a complete schedule to hand but perhaps elsewhere in this issue he will tell us all. (Kudos as always also to Bill Bragg, the genius behind YUSA, fan of vintage radio, and a great on air personality himself)

Jay Hickerson's latest HELLO AGAIN arrived in the snail mail, proving not all good things are on the net these days! HA is the granddaddy of all OTR publications and is always full of tasty nuggets of info, fact and figures. It's the first stop for trading lists, in my opinion, as well as for convention reports for the annual FRIENDS OF OTR. (Jay Hickerson, Box 4321, Hamden, CT 06514).

Comments, criticisms or critiques? You can contact me by E-mail at jpellatt@hotmail.com

CONVENTIONS and other OLD TIME RADIO EVENTS

CINCINNATI OLD TIME RADIO CONVENTION

April 11 and 12, 2003. The convention site has been moved.

**CONTACT: Bob Burchett at (606) 282-0333 for more information.
10280 Gunpowder Road
Florence, Kentucky 41042
<haradio@hotmail.com>**

RADIO ENTHUSIASTS of PUGET SOUND (REPS)

SHOWCASE XI June 27-28-29, 2003

**CONTACT: Joy Jackson, (206) 632-1653 for more information
3663 Carr Place North
Seattle, Washington 98103**

FRIENDS of OLD TIME RADIO 27th Convention

October 23 - 26, 2003

Holiday Inn - Newark, New Jersey (973) 589 - 1000

Contact Hotel for Reservations

**Contact: Jay Hickerson Box 4321 Hamden, CT 06514 (203) 248-2887
<JayHick@aol.com>**

The Trials and Tribulations of Recording OTR on CDs

by Bob Burnham

Some of us now have a few years of experience under our belt as to what's involved with recording on CD versus what's involved with recording a cassette or open reel tape.

In a future installment of this column I will touch on more specifics as to preferred protocol for copying radio drama (or any type of radio programming) onto the CD format. Notably, it is important to split up the acts of a drama, station breaks, commercials, credits, etc. into separate tracks. This takes a lot more time and attention from a mastering standpoint, but from a LISTENER standpoint, makes that CD far more convenient (and a pleasure) to listen to.

It seems the technology or the NEED to record CDs almost snuck up on us with almost no fanfare. The cost of a blank CD is now less than the cost of a blank cassette. People are still collecting cassettes but only for the reason people still buy VHS video tapes: Certain titles are only available on cassette and at less cost, although that factor has rapidly changed for OTR fans. Hobbyist-dealers are starting to make the CD format as readily available as the cassette format (i.e. "custom" CDs)

Those who are involved in the physical act of trading or offering for sale certain titles on CD are faced with the various idiosyncrasies of recording or in some cases, high speed copying a CD. In the days of cassettes, it was strictly a mechanical and Keep-Your-Heads-Clean-and-Aligned issue. If you did that, chances were pretty good that you could make a fairly good quality cassette recording, that was only SLIGHTLY lower quality than your master.

Now, with no real standards as to what OTR people are using for equipment (and often using a computer as part of the equation) the results of what they obtaining on their CD recordings varies GREATLY. There are, however, some problems they run into that are common regardless of the equipment being used. Some people get highly frustrated with the whole process, but they fail to remember that with digital technology, there is no gray area. NONE! It is either a good copy or a worthless copy. It is also a very precise and finicky technology. If certain parameters "slop" too far out of tolerance, digital will always error on the side of producing WORTHLESS copies.

The physical limitations and design of the CD drives being used combined with how old the equipment is, the type of blank CDs used, the condition and type of CD used for the master, and the type (and condition) of computer (if used), all play a very major role as to success of producing consistent quality CDs. Fortunately, technology and consumer demand, is on the side of the consumer as far as cost and resolving any issues you may encounter. You can buy a brand new audio CD recorder often for the same price or less than fixing your aging equipment.

Unlike your old faithful cassette and reel decks, don't expect your CD writer to have the same long life and perform as consistently for as many years as your old analog equipment! CD drives are basically disposable computer parts -- like it or not -- even if they are part of a pro or semi-pro stand-alone CD audio recorder. Major brands generally have replacement parts available, but don't be surprised if the cost of those parts is on the high side.

There are basically two problems you may run into in making CD recordings either at high speed or in real time (or 1 X speed) as you would in copying analog tapes to CD. The first problem you probably won't find out about until after the CD recording is made. It is a frustrating one and various methods

can be used to avoid them -- IF you encounter them. You may not, and if not, consider yourself lucky.

That problem is random static on the CD copy. It can range from mild to severe, but in both cases, that CD copy is completely unacceptable. The static may only appear at certain points on the CD. I have noticed sometimes it gets worse on the cuts closer to the center or edges of the CD, but not always.

There are two possible solutions. To begin with, nothing can be done with the CD copy to remove the static. On some players, it may be less noticeable, but the static cannot be completely removed. You need to make another CD on a DIFFERENT brand of blank. If you run into this problem, for important audio masters, don't waste your time with "cheapie" CDs. I have had excellent results with Emtec (formerly BASF) mastering grade CDs. These are the absolute best I personally have ever used. Also good are Quantegy (Ampex) with the "gold" colored dye, although I have had an occasional reject Quantegy disc.

The second possible solution is to use a different (newer) CD writer/recorder. As an example, the first generation of CD recorders from Tascam (notably the CDR-5000 model) is more prone to these various issues than the 700 or 2000 series or the most recent Model 402 dual CD deck (which is probably one of Tascam's finest and most versatile CD decks).

As these decks age and get more and more use, however, the laser tends to weaken and/or mechanical parts tend to slip out of alignment which increases the error rate eventually beyond the correction capability of the electronics. The cost of repairing these decks is sometimes prohibitive over the cost of replacing the whole unit, although it MAY be feasible just to replace the entire individual drive transport as a unit. As I said, they are basically just computer parts. For the most part, however, paying strict attention to the quality of your master disc, and finding, and sticking with a brand of disc for copies that yields consistent results -- will be all that is necessary to give you some good years of service out of your CD equipment. It may be you'll have to spend \$3 for a high quality blank CD rather than 25 cents, but if you are having problems like this, the aggravation you will save will be well worth it.

The second most annoying problem people recording CDs run into is "Buffer Underrun" error. This basically results in a CD copy that is unplayable and needs to go immediately in the trash. Sometimes there will be other errors, or the equipment will just "sit there" trying to do something, but still give you a reject CD. Some computer software has a level of "protection" against this type of error. CD copiers such as the CCD-4000 (now discontinued) or the CD-R-402 combination deck are more limited in what they can do.

Here's the technical explanation, and I'll try to keep it in simple terms: Basically, if you are doing a straight copy of the CD, the "master" drive has to always stay somewhat ahead of the recorder or slave drive. Usually, between the two drives, there is a "buffer" which can also reside in a computer, but in a duplicator, is hardware based. The "buffer" is the place where the data or recording is "dumped" from the master, and then gradually spooled out to the recording drive. If the master runs into errors and cannot keep up with the demands OR the recorder simply gets too far ahead and uses up what is in the buffer, an Underrun error results. The CD copy is then worthless. The larger the buffer allocation or (which may be design factor of the hardware) the less chance you will have these kind of problems.

There are various solutions to this problem. The most immediate solution is to try duplicating the disc at a LOWER speed. I usually find going half the speed will give good results. The second solution is to create a new master from scratch from your original analog source. It may help to use a better quality blank disc for the master. You should also try a different brand disc for your copy.

Finally, using a completely different duplicator with newer drives or different configuration or set-up may also give you better results.

CD software such as Roxio's CD Creator (or "Toast" on the Mac platform) allows you the option of copying a CD first to hard drive then back to CD. This in itself, MAY also be a possible solution to either of the above problems. This software, by the way, is highly recommended. Get the "Platinum" version. Don't rely on the free software that came with your CD writer. The software updates alone are worth the small cost.

For this particular column, my references are made strictly to audio CDs. I know there are some collectors who use the MP3 format and are able to fit several shows on a single computer-based CD - a practice which I will always frown upon, but if it helps to PROMOTE interest in OTR (even if it degrades the quality) I cannot find fault with those people. As long as there are enough of us around with studio quality sound and source masters that people can also get access to on regular audio CDs, if they choose.

As always, your comments are welcome either in care of NARA New or platecap@brcradiocom. Until next time, keep your heads clean....oops....keep your hard drives de-fragmented and error free!

Bob Burnham
- 1/18/2003

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BRC Productions, P.O. Box 158, Dearborn Hts., MI 48127-0158 ~ The Trials and Tribulations of Recording OTR on CDs
by Bob Burnham

BOOK SHELF by Hal Stephenson

Pronounced "Stevenson"

Saddle Gals by Steve Turner and Edgar M. Wyatt.
1995, 100 pages. Empire Publishing, Inc., Madison, NC



Its interesting to watch a movie and know *who was in radio*. A few radio personalities are among the 386 listed in this filmography of female players in sound era B-Westerns.

Barbara Jo Allen played the **Vera Vague** character created for *The Pepsodent Show* with Bob Hope. **Vera Vague** was a (now politically incorrect) "woman who tries to do everything a man can do and gets stalled in the process" according to Anthony Slide in *Great Radio Personalities*. After *Pepsodent*, Vera joined *The Jimmy Durante Program* in 1949. She played Beth Holly on *One Man's Family* in the Thirties.

Barbara Jo Allen (1908-1974) was in 30 films including six B-Westerns. She was a leading lady in *Melody Ranch* with Gene Autry, *Stagecoach Driver* with Whip Wilson, *The Homesteaders* with Bill Elliott, *Oklahoma Justice* and *Dead Man's Trail* with Johnny Mack Brown. She starred in *Square Dance Katie* (1950, Monogram studio). There are few pictures and no biographies in *Saddle Gals*. The picture below is from Slide's book.

The book begins with a foreward by Jennifer Holt who was the leading lady in more than 50 movies. However, she never appeared with her father, Jack Holt, or her brother, Jim Holt.

Jennifer observed actresses had to do their own hair and "There were no makeup artists for us."

Barbara Jo Allen who played **Vera Vague** on radio



Did I Ever Tell Ya the One About ...

By Garrett Michael Hayes

"The Chargogagogmanchogagogchabunamungamog Caper

My father, John Michael Hayes, was the writer on a number of radio dramas in the 1940's, before moving on to film work in the 1950's. Among those shows was *The Adventures of Sam Spade*, and he delighted in relating this story about one particular episode.

In Massachusetts, there is a town called Webster, located on the shores of Webster Lake. The Indian name of the lake, *Chargogagogmanchogagogchabunamungamog*, is one of the longest place names in the world. My father said (and I have **not** verified) that the name means, "You fish on your side of the lake, I'll fish on mine, and nobody fishes in the middle."

He decided to use that name in the title of an episode: "*The Chargogagogmanchogagogchabunamungamog Caper*" <<http://www.thrillingdetective.com/spade-sam.html#anchor87103>> (September 25, 1949).

But they went further...

The announcer on that show was a man named Dick Joy. (If my memory serves, he was later a regular on *You Are There*.) He was **legendary** for being completely unflappable and able to pronounce anything. So Dad and the crew decided to play a joke on him. When they rehearsed the show, they contrived to keep the title page of the episode out of Dick Joy's hands until the show was already underway. They took the first commercial break, and then, **just** before he was to do the "And now we return to *The Gold Key Caper*..." sort of introduction, they handed him the title page with this god-awful name on it. All present grinned in silent anticipation of what was to come.

Well, he took the paper, cleared his throat and said, "And now we return to *The Chargogagogmanchogagogchabunamungamog Caper* brought to you by Wildroot Hair Oil."

Letter Perfect. NO stumbling. Not even a BLINK!

Who snitched? HOW did he get hold of the script in advance? Why had their carefully crafted joke fallen to pieces?

What no one in the gang knew was -Dick Joy grew up in Webster, Massachusetts."

Thanks to Garrett ~chael Hayes <<mailto:ghayes@verbalimaging.com>> for ~haring this anecdote with u~.

MISSING OUT on the GOLDEN AGE

By Desiree Grappy

I was listening to the radio one Friday afternoon while driving to work. The station I tuned into was one out of Toledo. After playing a mind-numbing song by one of those icky boy bands, the D.J. announced that he would start taking callers. If a caller was lucky enough to get through, they could then talk to a psychic named Kimmy. Curious, I stayed tuned in to see what this psychic thing was all about.

The first caller was a man. The psychic asked for the date of his birth and what his question was. The man said he was interested in knowing about his love life. The psychic then proceeded to ask him questions about the topic and give her "view" of what was going on in his romance department. Everything seemed to be going ok until the D. J began insulting the man. For seemingly no apparent reason the D.J. verbally attacked the caller. He repeatedly told the caller what an idiot he was and then ended the call, but not before saying that he thought a lot of his listeners were idiots as well.

While listening to unnecessary insults the D.J. lavished upon the caller and the listening audience, I felt my face grow hot. Even though it didn't directly happen to me, I could empathize with how humiliated that caller must have felt. Immediately afterwards I was thoroughly disgusted, so I shut the radio off. Radio sure isn't what it used to be.

"Let the day's troubles sink with the sun, then turn on your Tuska Radio, and be whisked around the world. In those precious hours between work and sleep, you live in Radio Fairyland, where you are master of distance and ruler of a host of entertainers" (Craig, p11-12) .These are words from an ad promoting Tuska radios during the Golden Age. For many, modern day radio has become a type of background noise, but this ad seems to embody how much more radio was valued during the Golden Age. Back then radio was a means of escape from hardships such as the depression and war.

Until taking a class at college about the Golden Age of Radio, I didn't realize how much changed. The typical format for modern radio seems to be that a D.J. plays some music and reads the news and weather.. But there was" a time when radio was so much more than what it is now.

At first the idea of the Golden Age of Radio seemed so far removed to me. To a child of' the 1980's the concept of The. Golden Age of Radio seems like such an antique notion. A bit intrigued by the topic of Old Time Radio, I signed up for a Golden Age of Radio class. Before taking the class I had no idea about the vast

types of programming that radio shows of the golden age actually contained.

This paper is simply my account and perception of some of the ways the Golden Age of Radio outshines many of today forms of media. It is also an attempt to reflect on some of the experiences today's youth has missed out on while being submerged in the information age.

When I was in elementary school I used to love horror movies. I couldn't get enough of them. I had a particular babysitter who would let me pick out horror movies to watch while my little sister was taking naps during the day. I couldn't get enough of the Nightmare on Elm Street movies in which Freddy Krueger slashed his unsuspecting victims to death with his glove made of razor sharp knives when he invaded their dreams. I also had a particular fondness for the Night of the Living Dead Movies. One beautiful sunny afternoon I was watching Return of the Living Dead and I was frightened so much by that movie, that I must have had nightmares for weeks; but it was gruesomely wonderful. The image of the clown that pulls the little boy under the bed and strangles him in the movie Poltergeist haunts me till this day.

As a child it seemed that being strangled by a creepy clown stuffed animal was one of the most terrifying predicaments to find oneself in. Even now that I'm in my twenties, I still become very frightened when I see any type of clown. After elementary school I lost my enthusiasm for horror movies. The older I got, the sillier they became. The blood, guts and violence that used to terrify me, became a thing to scoff at when I realized how fake the special effects in the horror movies I used to love really were; not to mention the fact the horror movies have some of the cheesiest plots known to mankind. I had sworn off horror all together until college.

I was thrilled to discover that mystery and horror shows were included on the programming schedule of old time radio broadcasts. One day in class the Professor played for us an episode of Quiet Please "The Thing on the Fourble Board." I wasn't expecting much in the way of being scared, but to my surprise, "The Thing on the Fourble Board was one of the most frightening things I had heard in a very long time. It wasn't until this experience that I truly began to appreciate how

powerful a medium that radio really is. It seems that most people dismiss radio now a days because it's a medium that only appeals to one sense, where as television appeals to both sight and sound. Television has left behind a trail viewers with weakened imaginations because we no longer have to create for ourselves; the television puts the image right there on the screen for us.

As I listened to the description of the creature in "The Thing on the Fourble Board", my mind conjured up some of the most frightening images I had ever encountered. As the show went on I was consumed by the thought of the horrible creature and the awful screeching sound that it made. Even though the class was conducted in a well-lit

room in which many classmates surrounded me, I started to feel a bit frightened and creped out by my own imagination. The biggest surprise came late that very night while I was sleeping. I had the most terrifying nightmare about the creature in "The Thing on the Fourble Board." In my dream, or should I say nightmare, the creature was coming closer and closer to me, and its mere presence was absolutely mortifying. I woke up before the creature in my dream touched me. Although frightened, I was astonished by the lasting impact the images prompted by that radio show had left on me.

As if having one of the most frightening dreams in a long time wasn't good enough, I also discovered that the voice behind some of the scariest radio shows from the Golden Age was that of Vincent Price. Vincent Price is always noted for his wonderful work and cult followings in horror movies, but one rarely hears about his accomplishments on radio. After all, radio is the medium in which Price first frightened and paralyzed his audience with fear; movies came later. One day in the Golden Age of Radio Class, the Professor played for us an episode of Escape called "Three Skeleton Keys." There was no mistaking the magnificent, eerie, velvet smooth voice of Vincent Price as he told the horrifying tale of man hungry rats salivating for a taste of human flesh. **"...on the dark side of the room, you could not see them. Only their eyes. Thousands of points of blank red light, blinking and twinkling like stars of hell..."** (www.geocities-). I'm telling you, Vincent Price could make the reading of a Mother Goose Fairy Tale sound utterly frightening

Vincent Price wasn't the only star that had his roots in radio. Before Amos 'n' Andy's faces were ever seen on television sets, they enjoyed a long running success with on the radio. The same can be said for such shows as the Lone Ranger, Ozzie and Harriet and Guiding Light. Although many radio shows turned television programs were successful, there were alsomany shows that fell by the waste side when they tried to convert over to television.

One of the most brilliant things about radio programs is the way in which they are timeless. When you watch a television show or movie, as soon as you start watching it you can tell when it was made by the cinematography and clothing. When you're listening to a radio show however, the setting depends all on one's imagination. For example, even though the radio program Our Miss Brooks was created over 50 years ago, when I listen to the shows I picture it in present day. With radio there are no visual limitations and the freedom to play a role in the entertainment experience.

One day in class .the professor had us listen to an episode of the soap opera called Lorenzo Jones. In this episode, Lorenzo and his wife were having a conversation before bedtime. It's fair to say that modern soap operas don't leave much to the imagination. They are jam-packed full of steamy sex scenes, scandals and betrayal. Although

some old time radio shows were more risqué than others, I was struck by how sweet it was that the entire plot of this Lorenzo Jones soap opera, was simply a couple talking before they fell asleep. No one found out that their brother was actually their cousin's, sister's uncle and no one was having an affair with their father's girlfriend. The plot was simple, innocent and something that people could really relate to.

The true shock of that Lorenzo Jones episode came when Lorenzo asked his wife if he could come lay beside her in bed. Up until that point I had naturally assumed that the couple was sleeping in the same bed. Although that episode of Lorenzo Jones wouldn't last a second in modern day soap opera line-ups, I enjoyed the subtlety of the program and found it very refreshing.

One of the most shocking things to someone of my generation is that some of the music heard on radio was performed live. Nowadays, hardly anything is performed live. Some television shows are performed live on tape, but the opportunity of things other than theatre being performed live isn't a frequent occurrence. Although accommodating live musicians and performances was costly, NBC often-times broadcast events from the Metropolitan Opera House and NBC also had its own Symphony Orchestra (Head, p.37) .In 1920 KDKA out of Pittsburgh was the first actual radio station (Head, p.30) .

In retrospect, President Roosevelt's Fireside Chats that took place from 1933 to 1945 must have been such an exciting development (www.rtvf-) . Currently, the most common form of media used by Presidents is the television. Generally the presidents tend to be giving their messages from some type of formal press meeting. It all seems too formal and hard to relate to at times. It was brilliant the way President Roosevelt made himself seem "real" to the people of the United States .There's something so intimate about hearing a voice over the radio. It's coming from somewhere else entirely and ending up, who knew where, but at the time you hear it, it can feel like it was meant just for you. It was with that knowledge that President Roosevelt used the radio to familiarize himself to the American public.

Another aspect of the Golden age of radio that I find very amusing, are the advertisements. I can't think of the last time I was inclined to purchase something because of a television commercial. For the most part commercials come across to me as being deceptive. One of the first old time radio commercials I ever heard was an ad for Wheaties. The ad was being played during a children's show, I think it might have been Jack Armstrong. Whatever the case may be, after hearing the ad in which Wheaties were described over and over again in graphic detail, I couldn't stop thinking about them. I never eat Wheaties, but sometimes my mom purchases them for my dad.

The next day after hearing that Wheaties commercial, I opened the cabinet where the cereal is kept and there was a box of Wheaties. I couldn't resist, I absolutely had to have some. The descriptive language used in the commercial had stayed with me in a way that no

image on television ever had. I had two bowls of Wheaties that day.

The Golden Age of Radio was born in 1906 when Lee de Forest developed his famous "Audion" tube, which made possible the transmission of the human voice (www.oldtime-). "Television's "takeoff year of 1948 marked both a high-water mark and the doom of full service radio network" (Head, p .50). In order to save radio, the format of having mostly music, news and talk programming began. Live music was abandoned and rock and roll music recordings took over in the 1950's. The popularity of rock and roll created a whole new era of radio listeners and took radio in a much different direction from what it had started out to be (Head,p.51). As some may have predicted, was the advent of television, Radio's Frankenstein (Macdonald, p.85)

The end of the Golden age of radio was very upsetting and disappointing to many of the people who had acted in radio shows. During an interview, the late Vincent Price talks about how the end of the Golden Age affected him and other people he knew. "Yes, and when we finally did the last SUSPENSE show in Hollywood, with all the people who had been on every radio show you ever heard from Hollywood in the old days, we were all sitting around and Virginia Gregg, who was one of the great ladies of radio finally looked around and said, "isn't it awful? If only television was going out and radio was coming in." It was true; too, we all felt that way. I still think radio is probably the greatest entertainment medium ever invented. It made the audience work, and I think television audiences don't have to work, that's why they fall asleep half of the time. I really think the commercial people, whomever they are, who say whether we work or don't work, are making a big mistake. In California, you drive enormous distances and I have the radio on all the time and I'd like to hear something good" (<http://meltingpot->).

My mind wanders back to that insulting radio D.J. with his rude comments and awful commercial pop music. I can't help but think of how wonderful it must have been to turn on the radio and hear actual programs with plots and meaning, not to mention live music on occasion. My generation and perhaps the one before that really missed out on a wonderful thing. The Golden Age of Radio leaves a lasting reminder that although the increase in technology throughout the years has been good in many ways, it's made us lose appreciation for some of the more simple, but remarkable things.

Although I can never truly imagine what it must have been like to experience the Golden Age of Radio first hand, I am fortunate to have gotten a taste of it. "We have come to take radio so much for granted that we are probably not conscious of its effects. It has influenced buying and listening habits, and it has made familiar to us the voices of people who in former days would have remained only names and pictures" (Skornia, p. ix) .

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DOC SAVAGE: AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL FICTION

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Kenneth Robeson was the fictional "house name" assigned to author Lester Dent by Street And Smith, publishers of "Doc Savage" magazine. Although impossible to tell from his meek-sounding name, Lester Dent was surprisingly similar to his amazing multi-talented pulp hero.

Dent was born in 1904 in LaPlata, Missouri. In 1929, he was working for the Associated Press in Tulsa, Oklahoma as a telegrapher. A co-worker there had written a story, and sold it to a pulp magazine. At first, Dent was a somewhat amused. Then the co-worker showed him the check he'd received for his purple prose - more than three hundred dollars! At this time, when an apartment could be rented for thirty or forty dollars a month, this was an enormous amount of money. Although he'd never written before, Dent was sure that he could write fiction as well as anyone else, and immediately began writing during his free time at work.

By 1930, he had passed the electrician's exam, plumber's exam, had his First Class Radio Operator's license, and his pilot's license. Although these accomplishments were most probably done to assure some sort of employment during the Depression, they also served to bolster the numerous realistic details in Dent's writing.

In the early '30's he had stories published in "Top-Notch", "Western Trails", "Detective Dragnet", "War Aces", "Air Stories", "Sky Riders", and "Scotland Yard". He also wrote under several pen names, in order to publish more than one story at a time in the same magazines: Cliff Howe, Maxwell Grant, and Tim Ryan. Although these stories amounted to little in the real literary world, they did keep Lester Dent and his wife Norma "in the money".

These stories from their competitor's magazines had not gone unnoticed by the management at Street and Smith, one of the most successful pulp publishers in New York. They requested Dent write a Shadow novel. He quickly turned in the 60,000-word "The Golden Vulture". Most likely, this request was simply a test to find out if Dent could handle a sample pulp-story workload. It took six years for this story to be published, after some revision by Shadow author Walter Gibson.

Dent included with his "Golden Vulture" manuscript a mention of a recent story he had done for "Detective Dragnet" magazine, titled "The Sinister Ray". This was a scientific detective story featuring a gadget-using hero named Lynn Lash. Obviously a precursor to Doc Savage, Lynn Lash was an intelligent, sturdy criminologist who used scientific devices and a small team of interesting cohorts to solve crimes.

Dent had passed his "writing audition" from Street and Smith, and was offered the job of writing Doc Savage. Business manager Henry Ralston and young editor John Nanovic had created a character and plot outline titled "Doc Savage, Supreme Adventurer", which they discussed with Dent, and left with him as the direction in which to create the first Doc Savage novel. It seems that they incorporated much of the Lynn Lash spirit into their outline. Thirteen days later, Dent turned in his 55,000-word novel "The Man Of Bronze". The rest is pulp history - Doc Savage ran from March of 1933 to the summer of 1949.

Dent really cranked out the stories, actually getting almost a year ahead of the publishing schedule. Even on vacation to the West Indies, South Africa, England, and Europe (where he was questioned by the Nazis for taking some unauthorized photographs), Dent would write.

Dent also owned a 40-foot schooner, the "Albatross", which he and his wife lived on for a few years, while he became an excellent deep-sea fisher and swimmer and treasure-hunter. Many of these underwater exploits were filmed by the Dents, and Lester later assembled a complete film "Voyage Of The Albatross", which he would show on some of his later lecture tours. The profits from his lectures were given to the local schools to buy lunches, eye-glasses, and other necessities.

Around 1935, Dent designed a treasure-seeking device based on magnetism, which could locate metal under water or up to six feet underground. He then hired a Florida man to build the device for him. Several years later, that same Florida man aided the U.S. Army in the development of their own magnetic mine detector.

After becoming bored with the sailing life, feeling that he had mastered it, Dent sold his boat, and began prospecting for gold in Death Valley. He never did really strike it big, except for the wealth of real-world adventure he could inject into his Doc Savage novels”

Dent always had a strong sense of right, helping out others in need whenever he could. Dent helped raise \$1200 for an Ohio ha, radio operator who needed an operation desperately, then he and another man personally flew the paralytic man to Kansas City for the surgical procedure. He was a staunch supporter of the Boy Scouts organization, helping with donations of cash and his personal time. He sponsored a writing contest at the high school in which the winner would accompany him on a treasure hunt in the Caribbean. He coached many students in photography and knot-tying, gave tuition money to promising youths who could not otherwise afford top go to college and was a very active member of the LaPlata community

The Doc Savage radio show ran from February to August of 1934. Dent wrote these episodes himself (the agreement he had signed with Street and Smith gave him the rights to all radio and film versions of Doc Savage), but found that the necessary economy of radio writing was far removed from the expansive word-heavy pulp jungle he was used to. And on top of that, Doc Savage always had been the “strong silent type” which didn’t translate very easily to radio.

Dent had a description of Doc’s mysterious “trill”: “This is an important characteristic of the hero of these episodes. It is not an ordinary or common sound. It is very mellow and soft, difficult of description.” “Notice particularly that this is not the sound of an ordinary canary trill.”

This trill would be listed by Dent in the sound effects list (Dent titled the sound effects list “Business”), and after being used so often in the first several episodes, it became the single effect that would open every show. It’s a real shame that none of the 1934 recordings exist, because we Doc Savage fans would be able to hear what the “Lester Dent-approved Doc Savage trill” sounded like. The 1934 series was transcribed, and syndicated in 1935, but none of the transcription discs survive.

There was another radio series in 1943 (WMCA New York) , based on Doc’s comic book adventures. Again, no recordings exist of this series.

The latest (and greatest) radio version of Doc Savage was the NPR version done in 1985. These 13 stereo episodes were superb productions, based on the stories “The Thousand Headed Man” and “Fear Cay”.

Here is a 1934 Doc Savage radio script by Lester Dent:

DOC SAVAGEDeep, cultured voice
MONKSmall, almost ludicrously falsetto voice
JONESHarsh voice, careless English
MIGUEL.....Shrill voice, Spanish accent.
POLLY SANDERSON.....Well-modulated, pleasant voice.
VOICE.....(MAY BE DOUBLED)

BIZ:

- 1--Auto motor.
- 2--Shots.
- 3--Footsteps.
- 4--Bang of window.
- 5--Crash.
- 6--Babble of crowd.
- 7--Rapid footsteps.
- 8--Door opening and closing.
- 9--Knock on door.
- 0--Gong.
- 11--Bird whistle trilling.



12--Dialing of phone number.

13--Plane motor.

Playing Time: 14 minutes.

Script by: Lester Dent (Kenneth Robeson)

EFFECT: (LOW-THROATED BIRD WHISTLE TRILLING)

ANNOUNCER: That sound, ladies and gentlemen, means that Cystex is once more on the air with another episode from the life of Doc Savage, the man who helps others out of trouble.

EFFECT: (LOW-THROATED BIRD WHISTLE TRILLING)

ANNOUNCER: Sometimes it is a little thing that leads Doc Savage to the solution of a crime... By the same token, minor aches or pains in your body are often warnings of a more deep-seated disorder. Do you feel run-down and nervous? Do you have a tendency to take cold easily? Are you troubled by frequent headaches? A common cause of such ailments is faulty kidney elimination. What to do about it? Cystex, ladies and gentlemen, is the answer to that... Cystex. Cystex is a gentle aid to the kidneys in their work of eliminating poisonous waste matters. Cystex is a doctor's prescription. Cystex contains no habit-forming drugs. Cystex soothes and tones raw and inflamed membranes. And Cystex starts work within fifteen minutes after taking. Ask your druggist for Cystex, spelled C-Y-S-T-E-X--and see how much younger, stronger and better you will feel by simply cleaning out your kidneys.

EFFECT: (LOW-THROATED BIRD WHISTLE TRILLING)

ANNOUNCER: Again, the sound of Doc Savage! As tonight's drama opens we find Doc Savage in his headquarters on the top floor of a New York skyscraper... With him is one of who looks surprisingly like a gorilla, but who is a renowned chemist. They are not expecting trouble... but a sudden uproar in the street below comes to their ears.

BIZ: (DISTANT AUTO MOTOR) (DISTANT SHOTS)

MONK: Hey, Doc! Hear that?

DOC: Yes, Monk. Shooting!

MONK: It's down in the street!

DOC: The window--

BIZ: (RAPID FOOTSTEPS)

MONK: Look! Daggone!

DOC: I'll get the window up.

BIZ: (BANG OF WINDOW RAISING) (DISTANT AUTO ROAR) (DISTANT SHOTS)

MONK: Look at that... right under our window!

DOC: A man in a car!

BIZ: (SHOTS)

MONK: Lookit! That guy across the street! He's shootin' at the bird in the car.

BIZ: (DISTANT MOTOR ROAR)

DOC: The man had parked his car when the shooting started.

MONK: Yeah. He's tryin' to get out.

BIZ: (MOTOR ROAR) (GEAR SHIFT)

DOC: There he goes!

BIZ: (DISTANT SHOTS)
MONK: Oh, oh! That got him!
DOC: He's hit, all right.
MONK: His car's rockin'--it's gonna hit--
BIZ: (DISTANT CRASH)
DOC: Struck a lamp post!
MONK: Lookit! The guy who shot him is runnin'.
DOC: There's a girl running away from the car, too.
MONK: A girl! I didn't see her.
DOC: She jumped out of the car after it crashed. Come on, Monk!
MONK: Goin' down, Doc?
BIZ: (RAPID FOOTSTEPS)
DOC: (RECEDING FROM MIKE) Sure we're going down!
EFFECT: (PAUSE)
BIZ: (BABBLE OF CROWD) (TRAFFIC NOISE)
DOC: (CALLING OUT OVER CROWD AS HE APPROACHES MIKE) Let me through,
please. Stand aside...Pardon me... Will you move to one side, please.
JONES: (YELLS) Is there a doctor in the crowd? Somebody call an ambulance.
MONK: Say, that guy looks like he got his, Doc.
DOC: Yes, Monk. I'm going to look at him. You see if you can catch the
girl we saw running away from the car.
MONK: Okay, Doc.
JONES: Call an ambulance, somebody.
DOC: (RAISING VOICE) Never mind the ambulance. Let me look at him.
JONES: He's hurt bad.
DOC: Let's see I'll turn him over.
JONES: He's pretty bad, isn't he?
DOC: Worse than that.
JONES: Say, he ain't--?
DOC: Yes. He's dead.
JONES: Maybe you're mistaken.
DOC: I think not.
JONES: But if you ain't a doctor--
DOC: I am a doctor, among other things.
JONES: Say! You don't happen to be Doc Savage, do you?
DOC: That's right.
JONES: What a coincidence!
DOC: What do you mean?
JONES: My name is Jones-- Henry Jones. I was the first man to reach this
fellow after he was shot. The poor guy was mumbling. He wanted to
give Doc Savage a message.
DOC: A message?
JONES: Yeah.
DOC: Tell me exactly what he said.
JONES: He said, "Tell Doc Savage to sail on the liner Manhattan which leaves
for Europe tonight. When the Manhattan is at sea, a man who is in
trouble will come to Doc Savage for help."
DOC: Was that all of it, Jones?
JONES: Yes, all of the message. He just wanted you to sail on the Manhattan.
DOC: What did he say besides the message?

JONES: Not much. Something about it meanin' life or death to somebody if you didn't catch the Manhattan.

DOC: (RAMBLING TALK AS EXAMINATION OF BODY PROCEEDS) Hm-m-m. Strange. Well, let's examine the fellow. He's a chauffeur, judging from his uniform... Age about thirty... Let's look in his pockets... Well, nothing there... I say, Jones, did he give you his name?... (PAUSE)... (LOUDLY) Jones! Where's that man Jones? He was here a moment ago. (PAUSE)... Jones! Hm-m-m, Jones didn't stick around very long... Now, I wonder why he left in such a hurry.

BIZ: (BABBLE OF CROWD)

EFFECT: (GONG)

BIZ: (KNOCK ON DOOR) (PAUSE) (KNOCK ON DOOR)

JONES: Come on! Open up!

MIGUEL: Who she ees?

JONES: Let me in, Miguel!

MIGUEL: Who ees eet?

JONES: Jones is the name I'm using now... Henry Jones.

MIGUEL: Oh, she ees you, boss. Bueno! I not recognize yo' voice, boss.

BIZ: (DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE QUICKLY)

JONES: What's the idea of not letting me in?

MIGUEL: I think mebbe you poleechman.

JONES: You made a bad move. Shouldn't have run for your hotel.

MIGUEL: Where else I go, boss?

JONES: Aw, it's all right, I guess. Nobody suspects us of the shooting.

MIGUEL: You t'ink nobody know?

JONES: We're safe enough, Miguel.

MIGUEL: Thees hombre we shoot... he talk?

JONES: Not a word. (LAUGHS) But I told Doc Savage he did.

MIGUEL: You what?

JONES: I told Savage I was a bystander named Jones.

MIGUEL: Why you do that?

JONES: A nice little trick, Miguel. I told Doc Savage a man wanted him to sail on the liner Manhattan. That was the message the dyin' man gave me, see?

MIGUEL: I thought you say hombre we shoot no talk!

JONES: He didn't! Listen, you dumbbell! I made it up! It was a lie... a pretty smooth one, if I do say so myself.

MIGUEL: No savvy.

JONES: To trick Doc Savage! Don't you get it?... Now he'll sail on the Manhattan. The girl won't get to him.

MIGUEL: (LAUGHS) Ha, ha. Miguel, hees dumb, eh? He not see treeck. Pretty good, boss!

JONES: Yeah, if it works.

MIGUEL: What you mean, boss?

JONES: The girl may get to Savage before he sails.

MIGUEL: Naw. Gal, she plentee scare!. You see her run away from that car when you shoot.

JONES: Yeah. . . she's scared, all right. Too scared to come near Doc Savage's office again.

MIGUEL: We go to work on girl now, eh?

JONES: Not right now.

MIGUEL: Why not?

his assistants, Monk, a huge fellow JONES: We gotta play safe. Doc Savage isn't out of the way yet.

MIGUEL: How we know if he sail on boat?

JONES: We gotta watch him. Come on.

MIGUEL: I dunno. Maybe better we hide. Polecchman see us, say them two feller shoot man... Grab us.

JONES: Oh, shut up! Come on, get a move on. (RECEDING FROM MIKE) If Doc Savage don't fall for my trick we'll have to get him some other way.

EFFECT: (GONG)

BIZ: (DOOR CLOSE)

MONK: Take it easy, sister. This is Doc's office.

POLLY: Are we safe here?

MONK: Sure! Just take it easy.

POLLY: (HYSTERICAL) Take it easy! Would you be calm if somebody just took a shot at you?

MONK: Nope. But getting excited don't help. We can't do anything until Doc gets here.

POLLY: I wish he'd hurry. It's getting late. I wonder if Carson is all right.

MONK: You mean your chauffeur?

POLLY: Yes! I'm afraid he was shot. I should have stayed to see, but when the car crashed all I could think of was to get away, so I ran.

MONK: You ran, all right! And you put up some fight when I caught you.

POLLY: I thought you were the man who shot at us. Oh, why doesn't Doc Savage come!

EFFECT: (LOW-THROATED BIRD WHISTLE TRILLING)

POLLY: What's that noise?

MONK: Why, that's Doc. He must be back.

BIZ: (DOOR CLOSE)

DOC: Hello, Monk. (PAUSE) Well, who's this?

MONK: She's the girl we saw runnin' away from the car, Doc. I followed her--caught up with her.

POLLY: (HURRIED, EXCITED) Mr. Savage! Mr. Savage! Did you see Carson? Is he all right?

DOC: Just a minute, please. Who are you?

POLLY: I'm Polly Sanderson.

DOC: Your home?

POLLY: I have an estate in southern New Jersey.

DOC: I see. And who is Carson?

POLLY: My chauffeur. He was driving the car when the shooting started. Is he all right, Mr. Savage?

DOC: I'm sorry he's dead.

POLLY: (LOW VOICE) Dead! Poor Carson.

DOC: But before he died, he gave a message to a man in the street--a Henry Jones... or so Jones said.

POLLY: What was the message?

DOC: Jones said that Carson said to tell me to sail on the Manhattan at once--that the life of someone on board the ship depended on my doing so.

POLLY: Carson told you that! But I don't understand!

DOC: You have no idea what Carson meant, Miss Sanderson?

POLLY: Why, no! It does not make sense.

DOC: Then the message was faked. I knew it must be, but I wanted to be sure.

MONK: How'd'ya know it was faked, Doc?

DOC: You didn't get a close look at the body, did you, Monk?

MONK: No.

DOC: Well, the chauffeur was shot through the heart. He probably died instantly.

MONK: Then the fellow couldn't have talked. For the love of Mikel!... That fellow, Jones... he tried to pull a fast one?

DOC: Yes. Unfortunately, he got away before I discovered the victim had been shot in the heart.

POLLY: But I still don't see why he should give you that message.

DOC: Just one possible reason, Miss Sanderson.

POLLY: What?

DOC: He wanted to get me out of town... out of his way.

POLLY: It's all to keep me from seeing you!

MONK: That fellow is a quick thinker, Doc.

DOC: Yes, it was pretty clever.

POLLY: He is clever--and desperate. I know! Oh, Mr. Savage, I don't know what to do!

DOC: Let's hear your story, Miss Sanderson.

POLLY: They want a hundred thousand dollars! If I don't give it to them, they'll kill me!

DOC: Just a minute Suppose you begin at the beginning.

POLLY: Well, my father died a year ago.

DOC: Yes.

POLLY: He left me his entire fortune--several millions.

MONK: Whe-e-ew!

DOC: Go on, Miss Sanderson.

POLLY: Well, lately, I've been getting letters.

DOC: Letters?

POLLY: Yes, anonymous letters, demanding money.

DOC: How much do they want?

POLLY: A hundred thousand dollars. They say they'll kill me if I don't pay.

MONK: For the love of Mike! Didn't you go to the police?

POLLY: Oh, yes. And then I got a letter from these extortionists saying that my having gone to the police would not help. The letter was so--well, confident, that it worried me. So I came to you.

DOC: How do they want the money paid, Miss Sanderson?

POLLY: I'm to drive to a certain spot and leave it for them.

DOC: In cash?

POLLY: Yes. Oh, Mr. Savage, you--you'll do something?

DOC: I'll do all I can... Monk!

MONK: Yes, Doc.

DOC: Get the newspapers on the phone. Tell them to send reporters up.

MONK: Newspapers! Reporters! But Doc, you don't like publicity!

DOC: Usually not, Monk. But this time publicity happens to be part of my

plans. Call every newspaper office in town and hurry!

MONK: Okay, Doc.

BIZ: (DIALING OF PHONE NUMBER)

MONK: Hello, Journal? Send a reporter to Doc Savage's office right away...
Yeah, Doc Savage's office... Yeah! Sure, it's hot... Operator,
operator, gimme the Morning News.

POLLY: What are you going to do, Mr. Savage?

DOC: We're going to fly down to your estate in southern New Jersey
immediately. You'll go ahead in one plane. Monk and I will follow in
another.

MONK: (AWAY FROM MIKE) Yes, operator, the Morning News. (TOWARD MIKE) Say,
Doc, what ya goin' to tell these reporters?

DOC: That we are flying down to Miss Sanderson's place this evening.

MONK: Gosh, Doc, I don't know as I like that! Those cookies! I read the
story and know you didn't fall for that gag about sailing on the
Manhattan!

DOC: That's exactly what I want.

MONK: They may--get tough. You know--try to crook us.

DOC: I hope they do, Monk. I'm going to set a little trap. It may work. It
may not. But it is worth trying.

EFFECT: (GONG)

BIZ: (PLANE MOTOR STARTS, STOPS) (BABBLE OF VOICES)

VOICE: Get that tailskid dolly under her!... Not that plane, you
dumbskull!... This one over here--Doe Savage's plane!

BIZ: (PLANE MOTOR STARTS, STOPS)

VOICE: (AWAY FROM MIKE) Get that Savage
(FARTHER FROM MIKE) Run her along, you grease monkeys. (VERY DISTANT)
Hurry it up!

JONES: (LOW, EXCITED) Miguel!

MIGUEL: Over here, Senor!

JONES: Blazes, it's dark!

MIGUEL: I am behind the oil barrels, Senor.

JONES: They're getting Savage's plane out of the hangar now.

MIGUEL: Si, si! Me ees watch.

BIZ: (DISTANT PLANE MOTOR STARTS)

JONES: The girl's gonna take off.

MIGUEL: You let her go, boss?

JONES: Sure. We can handle her when Doc Savage is out of the way. He's going
to follow the girl.

MIGUEL: Si, si!

JONES: Everything set, Miguel?

MIGUEL: I t'ink so, boss. I do good job.

JONES: You hid the bomb in Doc Savage's plane?

MIGUEL: Si, si, boss. Bomb, she ees in back of plane.

JONES: Out of sight, eh?

MIGUEL: Nobody ees find heem, boss.

JONES: Then we're set. There's an altimeter in the bomb, fixed up with electric contacts.
When the plane gets up to a thousand feet, the bomb will go off

MIGUEL: Beeg boom, eh, boss?

JONES: Big boom is right. It'll blow'em to pieces.

MIGUEL: The everything, she be bueno, eh?

JONES: Mucho bueno! It's lucky the newspapers printed a story about Doc Savage going to Polly Sanderson's place. (LAUGHS) Ha, Ha! They even furnished us with the name of the airport and described his plane.

MIGUEL: Swell job we do, eh, Senor?

JONES: The first part wasn't so swell.

MIGUEL: We ees do good job when we kill that feller.

JONES: Pipe down, you fool.

MIGUEL: Nobody around here, Senor.

JONES: Well, don't brag about killin' people. It's a bad habit.

MIGUEL: Well, we keel heem, anyway. An' you can't say we do not do good job, Senor.

JONES: I didn't mean that. My part, when I tried to fool Doc Savage into sailing on the Manhattan didn't turn out so hot. I wonder how he caught on?...Oh, well, let's get out of here.

BIZ: (FOOTSTEPS)

DOC: That's far enough, gentlemen!

JONES: Doc Savage!

DOC: Get your hands up! Quick!

JONES: Miguel... run for it!

DOC: (SHOUTS) Stop! Monk, the lights! I'll use this tear gas bomb.

JONES: Get back!

DOC: Watch out, Monk. He's got a gun!

BIZ: (SHOT, THEN VOLLEY OF SHOTS)

JONES: (SCREAMS) My eyes! That tear gas!

MONK: Tear gas got 'em both, Doc! They can't see a thing.

DOC: Miss Sanderson!

POLLY: Yes!

DOC: Come here. See if you know these two.

POLLY: Why... yes!... I know them!

DOC: Who are they?

POLLY: That is Miguel, one of my gardeners.

DOC: Who is the other?

POLLY: A chauffeur named Spence, whom I discharged several months ago.

DOC: The pair fell into our trap much easier that I expected.

MONK: Yeah, they was dumb. They never thought the newspaper story was just a decoy to get 'em to make an attempt on our life.

DOC: I was afraid for a while that they would find some of the microphones we planted around the field.

MONK: Yeah... for instance, the one behind them oil barrels where they were hidin'. I thought sure they'd find that one. But they didn't.

DOC: No. And we heard their talk... the admission that they killed the man in front of my office. That's evidence enough to convict them.

MONK: I'll say. (SHOUTS) Here you! Lay still!

BIZ: (BLOW)

MIGUEL: Ah, yo' ees keeck me!

MONK: Lay still, guy, or I'll put my foot in your mouth, grab your ears, and pull you on like a boot!

EFFECT: (GONG)

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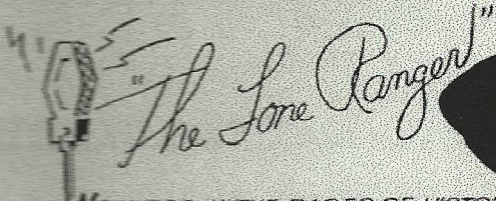
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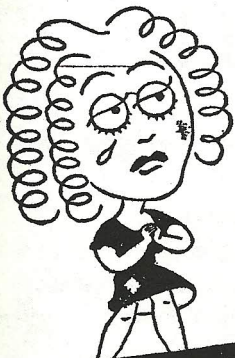
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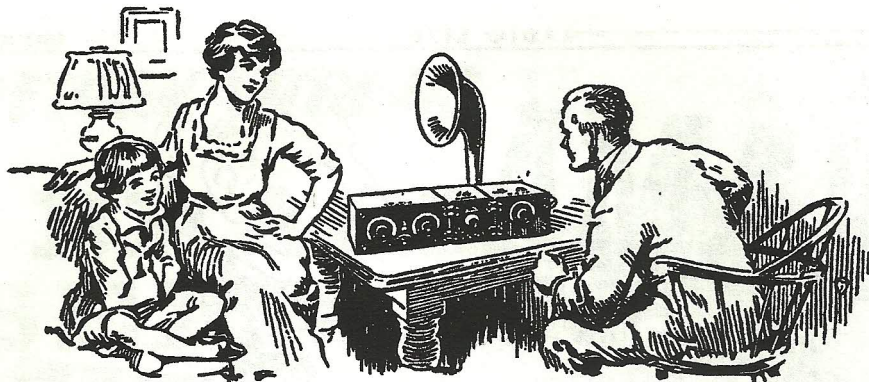
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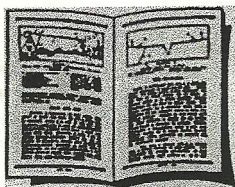
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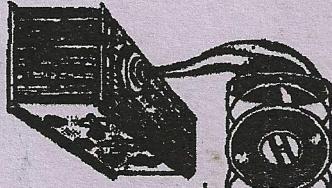
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