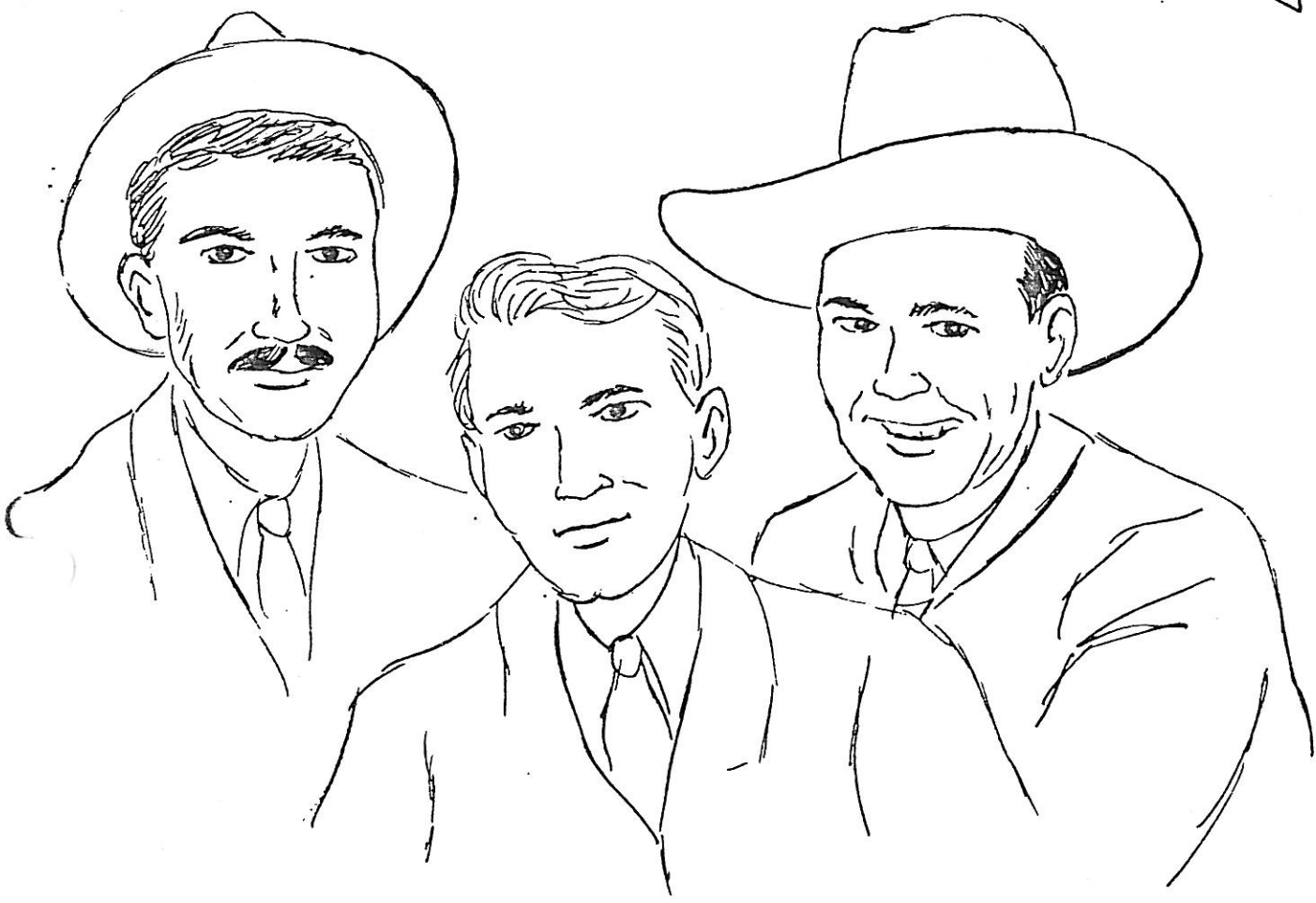




# THIS IS OTRR

VOL. 2 NUMBER 8  
FEBRUARY, 1977



JACK, DOC + REGGIE  
OF "I LOVE A MYSTERY"  
1943



FOR SALE-By Harry Tuft of KFML(321-2998). Sony Model TC 388-4 Quadradiial 3-head tape deck. Features: 4 channel record and play-back, speeds of 7½ and 3 3/4, 4 illuminated vu meters, automatic total mechanism shut-off, pan pots with on-off switch, microphone attenuator switch, non-magnetized record head, sound-on-sound and echo capability, automatic tape lifters, mic/line mixing, tape/ source monitoring, record equalization selection switch, ultra high frequency bias, mic. and aux. inputs, 4-digit tape counter, pause control with lock, record interlock, built in reel locks. List price-\$680.00, Age-2 years, Use-Less than 100 hours, Price-\$380.00

FOR SALE-By Harv Bishop(985-5841). Sony Model 250. Fully reconditioned reel to reel. Asking price-\$75.00

FOR SALE-By Royal Field (423-5664). Realistic equalizer. Brand new. Cost new-\$60.00. Asking price-\$40.00. A must to clear up your tapes and aid in good OTR recording.

MONEY MATTERS-We did very well at the January meeting. According to John Nicholson, our Treasurer, we made about \$25 on the raffle. Thanks to all those who participated and thanks to Jerry Appleman for donating the scripts. Many thanks to one of our new members, Frances Zacek for joining our club and for her donation to the RHAC. We also made \$50 by the sale of a tape deck. This will help to pay back some of the people who have put out their own money to get some things off the ground. We will have another raffle next month. Jack Richards has already given me a reel of tape to raffle and we will have a few other things. Please let me know if you can donate something to raffle off.

A FEW NOTES ON THE FUTURE- I was extremely pleased at the turnout at the January meeting. We received strong support from John Dunning, as we always have. There were 9 new people there and I really hope that they enjoyed themselves and will seriously consider joining us. With increases in local memberships and in mail subscriptions to our newsletter and strong support there may be little reason to increase dues, have raffles or any other way of raising money for some time to come. Please support the library, pay dues promptly and keep looking for good, new members and we will be very successful.

WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM MY FRIENDS- Several members have suggested that we start a tape library of interviews from OTR stars. I have written several stars and believe me, they do answer. It would be a great idea. I would really appreciate it if someone would help us out on this. We can supply cassette tapes to be sent for the stars to tape on. I have a lot of addresses that I can supply you with. It isn't that time consuming. Please pitch in and get involved. A handful of people can't do it all. We have also had requests to have a summer picnic meeting. I like this idea also. All it would take is finding a good place. One of the member's wives could do this project. Don't leave it for the next guy because you are the next guy, and if you don't do it, who will?

## SPOTLIGHT ON THE RHAC COLLECTORS (PART 1)

Mary Nueske-"The club, and everything about OTR is a nostalgia trip for me since I grew up in the radio years. We listened to everything in our family, but if I were to pick a favorite, I would say drama. Comedy ran a close second, especially Fibber McGee and Molly; Easy Aces and Vic and Sade." Mary feels that the club is not only for the big collectors, but for people like her, who just want a small collection of old favorites. Mary would like to see more women join the RHAC, not just as wives. Mary says:"So far, I have not done any taping, but have bought reels and cassettes from Golden Age Radio in Oregon. I collect every book I can find that has anything to do with old time radio."

Mickey Rubin-Mickey is one of our newest members. Her favorites are westerns, mysteries and science fiction and her collection is growing slowly but steadily. Mickey is enjoying the RHAC, being with people who enjoy OTR, learning what is available and the chance to learn better taping techniques. Mickey says that when OTR went off the air she really missed them and found that the RHAC was a good means of obtaining them on tape.

Harral and Mary Peacock- Ah, the founders of the RHAC! Harral and Mary love OTR and their favorites are Escape, Sam Spade, Johnny Dollar, Richard Diamond, Suspense, Lux Radio Theater, Jack Benny and Fibber McGee and Molly. They had about 60 reels when the RHAC was formed and now have about 450 reels. Their interest in collecting OTR started in Japan in 1969 and they taped shows from AFRS. Commenting on the RHAC, Harral says:"It's been a pleasant association with people who have similar interests. I've learned a lot about radio shows and how to obtain them through trades. The information received on equipment and tapes is economically beneficial."

Charles Ford Hansen-The shows that Chuck likes are primarily the thrillers like I Love A Mystery, Adventures by Morse, Escape, Dimension X, X Minus One, Lights Out, and Chandu the Magician. Before joining the RHAC in October, 1976, his collection was limited to some Sherlock Holmes and about 4 or 5 reels that he bought. He is now trying to add all the thrillers available from the RHAC library. About his start in collecting, Chuck says:"As soon as wire recorders became commonly available, I got interested, but it was years before I could afford one. Then tape put wire out of the picture and as soon as possible I bought one to tape radio shows off the air." About the RHAC, Chuck says:"I am much interested in the RHAC as it represents a lot of knowledgeable people as sources of needed information and even more important, as a source of shows at much less than commercial prices and in good sound."

Irving and Joan Hale-Irving joined us last July and his particular favorites are Sherlock Holmes and Sam Spade. His collection has grown marvelously to about 30 Holmes' shows and 16 Spade shows. Irving started taping OTR from KFML even before John Dunning got there. Commenting on the RHAC, Irving states: "The RHAC is a place to exchange tapes, ideas and fellowship. Also, I delight in the speeches of those involved with the OTR industry." Irving wants to mention in particular Herral Peacock for starting the club out on such a firm footing and to Joe Madden and Jack Richards for helping him meet some of his particular needs. Irving also mentions that more people should contribute more meaningfully to the club by participation such as donating tapes to the library and not dwelling on trivial matters during meetings.

John Adams-Our first and second VP. John has been in the RHAC since the very beginning. He has been a collector since 1946 using a home disc recorder. He switched to wire in 1949 and then to tape in 1953. John says about his taping: "I collect one thing at a time until I exhaust that and then work on the next but I am interested in almost any old radio show." Since the RHAC began John's collection has grown by 400 reels, to almost 1000. He does trade with out of town collectors to get new material into Denver. John always tries to upgrade his collection. Says John about our new members: "I am happy to help any new member just starting out with the loan of almost any of my material as long as they respect the reels and treat them like I do." Cleaned and demagnetized machines are a must. Like most collectors he never sells shows as it is a hobby to share with others.

Bob and Marian Elfstrand-Bob joined the RHAC in April, 1976 and likes comedy and documentaries and dance band music. His private collection has grown with better quality recordings. Bob started taping in 1961 from radio and t-----n. He joined a voicespondence tape club in 1969 and has over 23 tape friends in the USA and foreign countries, some of which are blind and handicapped. Bob hopes to further increase his collection with good quality recordings and to meet other collectors and he finds that the RHAC is the best place to do this.

### BITS AND PIECES FROM A FEW LAST MINUTE PHONE CALLS

From John Nicholson-John has a deal for new members. If you are willing to purchase some tape or tapes from a reliable company like Double-R-Radio, John will trade you two hours for every hour you buy. John will pick the tapes from the company. You get to tape the reel, then trade with John 2 for 1. This will be a one time offer for new members. John is also offering to trade the original "The Hobbit" from England. It is from the BBC and is in 8 chapters at  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour each episode. John also advises that if members want, they can buy some shows as a group and donate to the library after taping it for themselves. John thought of this, too...if you find a book, out of print, on OTR why not take it to the CU Medical Center and run it on the copier which shrinks it to two pages on one sheet. I believe it is illegal but you didn't read it here.

From Paul Carrier-Paul is offering his entire collection of cassettes for sale. There are about 150 of them and they are \$1.50 for the C60's and \$2.00 for the C120's. Take any or all. He also has about 15 reels of RCA 1800' that he is trying to sell for \$1.50 each.

From Royal Field-Royal is looking for someone interested in buying 1800' reels of AMPEX. There must be an order of 48 so if anyone wants to go in on it with Royal, give him a call.

From me- Question, what ever happened to Dick Corbett? He moved to Ft. Collins and I would appreciate getting his address if any members are in contact with him.

I found a printer for about \$200 which might be a good thing to have in our future for lists, newsletters and other club needs, but there is no way of getting it now.

Due to the size of this newsletter, I am unable to fit in the story about OTR around the country. I will get it in next month for sure.

I mentioned this elsewhere in this newsletter but I really would like to have a picnic-meeting this summer but I do not have the time to organize it. I really could use your help in getting it going. Some members wife who might have time to get it organized would really be great and contact the other wives to plan it all. A current membership list will be distributed at the February meeting. I had hoped to have all of the questionnaires back to verify addresses and phone numbers but the response has been AWFUL. I will still put it out and let me know if there are any changes and they will be mentioned in the newsletter.

Hope all the readers are enjoying the newsletter. Any comments, whether good or bad are taken into consideration. Watch it though, if they are overly critical, I lose your name from the mailing list.

THE JACK ARMSTRONG MURDER. . . . .BY CHUCK SEELEY OF THE OTR CLUB  
OF BUFFALO

HERE IT IS! THE EXCITING CONCLUSION.....

I was thrown roughly to the floor, next to my friends. We were all under the guns of the guards.

"Ah," hissed Fu Manchu. "Five down and two to go."

Flash was alive, then.

"Once that meddler Gordon is finished," growled Ming, "We can proceed with our plans."

"On the contrary, my dear emporer," said Manchu. "We must proceed at once. Gordon has undoubtedly alerted his friends as to our whereabouts. We must attack at once!"

"Hmmm. Very well."

Ming gave an order and we heard the far-off thunder of the immense rocket fleet taking off.

"What's your target?" Pat Ryan demanded.

Manchu laughed cruelly and Ming chuckled blackly.

"Why, New York City, of course." Manchu's voice was oily.

Terry Lee looked especially defiant.

"You guys don't have a chance," he cried. "Superman will make short work of your rockets."

They laughed again. Manchu gestured to a guard.

"My compliments to the good doctor Luthor. Ask him to bring in our....prisoner."

The guard saluted and marched off.

"Do you really think," Ming began, "That we would be so foolish to attempt our present undertaking while Superman was still at large? Fools! Look here! There is your so-called invincible hero!"

It was a large glass cage. In one end was a ray projector. It emitted an intense green ray. Huddled in the opposite end of the cage was a crumpled figure of red, blue and yellow: Superman! He was being continually subjected to a bath of Kryptonite rays!

The cage was on wheels, and several guards pushed it to the center of the throne room. Walking beside it was a medium sized bald man, dressed in purple coveralls. It was Lex Luthor, Superman's nemesis and all-around arch-criminal. He took his place on the third throne.

"Superman is dying, my friends," he cackled. "A few more hours."

"So you see, fools," Ming said, "Your greatest hero is dying, helpless to save himself, let alone the world. Your world will soon be ours, the first of many."

"We shall let you live," Manchu took up, "To see the destruction of New York City. Then you will die...painfully...slowly. You will all die then except this Kyle Foster. He will live a little longer." Manchu grinned, showing yellowed teeth, and leaned forward on his throne. "We wish to hear more of your world, Kyle Foster. We understand that you have none of the irritating super-powered characters so prevalent in the other worlds."

"None to speak of," I replied evenly. "Though you may be surprised at that. But how would you know? There's only one man in this world that I've spoken to at any length about my world, and he's dead."

They all laughed again. It was beginning to bug me. And then, there was another laugh, a deep, chilling laugh that came from everywhere and nowhere.....

"The Shadow!" I cried.

"Lamont!" Margo nearly screamed. "Lamont!"

Lamont Cranston appeared before me.

"So you are here after all, Foster," he said. "It seems that I went to a great deal of trouble for nothing".

"What do you mean?"

Cranston smiled thinly.

"I meant to bring you here all along. My employers wished to question you."

I couldn't believe it. The Shadow is supposed to be a good guy.

"Lamont, darling," sobbed Margo. "I--I thought you were--- were dead!"

Cranston laughed his grim laugh.

"A necessary deception, my lovely. Ivan Shark would have killed me. It is a pity about you, though."

Spade got mad and took a step towards Cranston. A guard clubbed him down.

"What," I asked, "Could buy out the Shadow? Not mere money?"

Manchu answered.

"Of course not. Mr. Cranston will rule this world, as our vassal. Every man has his price, Mr. Foster. Cranston's was... power."

"Then," I asked, "The whole bit was a put-on, wasn't it? You knew the ship was infiltrated with Si Fan."

"Yes," replied Cranston, lighting a cigarette. "But I hadn't counted on that fool Ivan Shark. By the way, Dr. Manchu, have you dealt with him?"

"Ivan Shark's submarine lies in pieces somewhere on the bottom of the Arctic Ocean," was Fu Manchu's gleeful reply.

"Why did you hire Spade?" I persisted.

"I had to leave you somewhere while I made arrangements with my Si Fan contact," Cranston explained in a mocking voice. "I knew I could dispose of him when the time came."

"Is Collier still alive?" Pat Ryan wanted to know.

"Oh yes," oozed Manchu. "These scientist types, with apologies to the good doctor Luthor, are single minded chaps. Give them a laboratory and unlimited time and they are happy. Who can say what weapons he will create for us?"

"You mean he's working for you willingly?"

"Hardly. The drugs do help."

One other thing puzzled me.



"Who really killed Jack Armstrong?" I asked

The Shadow smiled.

"Why I did, of course. With that pretty little knife."

Just then, a guard ran in and knelt before the thrones.

"My lords," he said, breathlessly. "The fleet is over New York and is being attacked by another fleet of rockets!"

"What? The screen, quickly!"

A picture took form on the huge viewscreen suspended from the ceiling. We were looking at the sky over New York City. It was filled with zooming rocket ships and slower Air Force propeller-driven pursuit ships. A battle royal was taking place.

Zarkov had returned! And with him, the not inconsiderable rocket fleets of Prince Barin, rightful ruler of the planet Mongo, and King Vultan of the Hawkmen. And it looked like the bad guys were taking the worst.

Ming cursed vehemently, damning Flask Gordon to the Seven Hells of Mongo. After all, those were his ships being shot out of the air.

A moment later, the air in the throne room crackled with energy. The cage that held Superman shattered, the Kryptonite ray projector exploded. I looked up. Flask Gordon and Dale Arden stood on the balcony with drawn ray pistols. Their next shots destroyed the giant viewscreen. The guards scattered away from the falling pieces of screen. Ming uttered a single cry: "Gordon!" and disappeared with his cronies. It was time.

I dropped the guard behind me with a knee in the groin and a rabbit punch in the throat. Scooping up his ray pistol, I wheeled around and let fly at Cranston just as he blinked out of sight. He immediately reappeared, clutching his side in pain. My shot had nicked him, breaking his mental hold on us.

Battle raged all around. I was forced to turn my attention to the guards swarming into the room.

"Quick!" yelled Ryan. "Behind the thrones for cover!"

We started to retreat to the questionable safety of the thrones and I saw Margo Lane bent over the now limp form of Lamont Cranston. She held a bloody knife. Cranston was dead.

Grabbing her arm, I pulled her behind the thrones with the rest. Flash and Dale were still firing from the balcony, which was rapidly disintegrating under the fire of the guards. It looked bad. Pat Ryan fell, clutching a badly burned leg. The thrones caught fire.

Just then, there was a whooshing noise and a blur of red and blue. The guards collapsed as the blur swept past them. Superman! Recovered from his terrible Kryptonite bath, he wreaked havoc amidst the enemy. A slight tap from his steel-hard fist put them out for hours. Very soon, we were the only people conscious in the room. Superman flew Flash and Dale down from the balcony and put out the fires with his super-breath.

He did look like Bud Collyer.

Dale treated Pat's wound from a medical kit she carried, with an anxious Terry Lee hovering near. Sam Spade was consoling a weeping Margo Lane. Maybe he would score after all.

"I want to thank you," Superman said, in that low-octave voice, "For saving my life. I couldn't have lasted much longer."

"Thank you," Flash smiled back. "It's a good thing you recovered so quickly."

"Hey," I said. "What about Ming and the rest? And New York?"

Superman got a far away look in his eyes. He was using his super-vision.

"The attack on New York has been repulsed," he announced. "Ming's ships are fleeing. However, I don't see Luthor or Ming anywhere, they must have used a Door. But Clay Collier is several floors below us."

"Good," said Flash. "Let's get him and get out of here."

I agreed one hundred percent.

Two days later, I was the guest of honor at a party held at the palatial estate of Oliver "Daddy" Warbucks. Yes, Little Orphan Annie was there, along with Punjab and the Asp. Captain Midnight put in an appearance, still recovering from wounds received in battle with one of Ming's rockets. Uncle Jim Fairfield was there, apologising for having thought me the murderer of Jack Armstrong. I met Bruce Wayne, Dick Grayson, and Britt Reid. Dick Tracy had to leave early and David Harding arrived late, his intelligence group being responsible for the mop-up in Greenland. I can't begin to list everybody who was there, it was a hell of a party.

I learned that the remainder of Ming's ships had given up or had been destroyed over the North Atlantic. Of Ming, Manchu, and Luthor, no trace could be found. Before the night was over, an agreement was reached among all these good-doers to outfit a special force to hunt them down. They even wanted me to head the group. Well, I declined. I wanted to go home. Though no one would worry over my week's absence, I'd probably lost my job by now.

Before I left, Zarkov gave me a Door device, as well as a ray pistol. The machine he gave me was tied into another device that could detect and pinpoint any space-time disturbances around our own world. They entrusted me with being the "guardian" of our own world. I also kept the neutralising bracelet, which I would have to switch off whenever I used a Door. Zarkov still couldn't explain why I was affected by the Door phenomenon.

Finally, after many farewells, I turned the proper dial on my Door and winked away. I emerged on the back porch of my fishing cabin in Michigan. It was raining very hard. The fish on the hibachi were done. The hot coals under them were sputtering as rain hit them.

It dawned on me that I hadn't been gone long at all.

I looked at myself. I was wearing the clothes that Warbucks

had given me. The Door was under my arm. The bracelet was on my left wrist. And the ray pistol was holstered to my belt.

I guess it happened.

Later that night, warm and dry in my cabin, I sat with a large bourbon and stared at the things I had brought back with me.

Much later, I was drunk.

I could go back, I could- - - - -

THE END

(EDITOR'S NOTE: THIS BRINGS TO AN END THIS GREAT STORY BY CHUCK SEELEY FROM THE OLD TIME RADIO CLUB OF BUFFALO. CHUCK SPENT A GREAT DEAL OF TIME IN WRITING THIS AND BOTH HE AND I REALLY HOPE THAT YOU ENJOYED IT. ANYONE INTERESTED IN WRITING CHUCK TO THANK HIM IS WELCOME TO DROP A LINE TO ME AND I WILL FORWARD IT TO HIM.)

ALL THE RADIO YOU'VE EVER WANTED. . . . .BY TOM DANIELS

Would you like to get some free radio programs from the past? All you'll need is a tape recorder, lots of tape, a good radio and a spaceship that travels faster than light! Science tells us that light and radio waves travel at the same speed which is 186,000 miles per second. Assuming that there is no end to the Universe, then every radio program that was ever broadcast is still traveling through miles of space at the speed of light. If you were on a spaceship that could travel faster than the light waves (so as you could catch up with them) it's fun to explore the possibilities.

Your first stop would be near the Star Altair in the Constellation Aquila. This 16 year (light) location would allow you to still hear *Have Gun, Will Travel*; *Gunsmoke*; *Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar*, and *Suspense* during their final days on the air.

Then you would proceed on to Fomalhaut in Southern Fish. Only 23 light years away, you could still listen to the premier shows of *Bob and Ray*, *Name That Tune*, *Herb Shriner*, *What's My Line*, *On Stage*, *December Bride* and *Gunsmoke*. Now hop on over to the bright star of Vega in Lyra and hear the first *Martin and Lewis Show*, *Lawrence Welk*, *Screen Director's Playhouse*, *Father Knows Best*, *Dragnet*, *Escape* and *Richard Diamond* where 1950 is just reaching.

Your next stop would be Arcturus in Bootes in which 1944 is showing up with the starts of *Groucho Marx*, *Judy Canova*, *Hit Parade*, *Frank Sinatra*, *It Pays To Be Ignorant*, *Life of Riley* and *Nick Carter*. Penetrating further out into space, you could stop at Pollux in Gemini and hear *Abbott and Costello*, *Stage Door Canteen*, *Nelson Eddy*, *People are Funny*, *Counterspy* and *Mr. and Mrs. North* for the first time 34 light years away (1940)

Your last stop would be Capella in Ariga for the 1st *Chase and Sanborn Show* with *Eddie Cantor*, *The Shadow*, *Myrt and Marge*, *Metropolitan Opera* broadcasts, *Little Orphan Annie* and the *Smack-outs* (the first network appearance of *Jim and Marion Jordan*). This stop is 45 light years away where 1931 is just coming into view or sound.

If you are intent on really hearing all the radio ever offered, travel on out to the distant star of Aldebaran in Taurus, a mere 68 light years away. But at that location, 1908 is just approaching the star and the first record of a station broadcasting from Earth was 1909. It's something to think about, isn't it?

VISITING A SOUND-EFFECTS MAN (REPRINTED FROM AN ARTICLE IN SCHOLASTIC SCOPE MAGAZINE, MARCH 20, 1972....BY MARY NUESKE

We watched as the man picked up a volleyball half full of air. He put it against his waist; then he hit it with an open hand--and moaned. Again he hit it, and again he moaned. He put the ball down, then punched his left palm with his right fist.

Next, he scraped an iron bar on the table beside him. With a pin, he burst a balloon. Quickly, he burst two more. He dropped the iron bar to the floor. He began running in place, first using his whole feet, then running on his toes.

Ralph Curtiss is a sound effects man. The punching of the volleyball and his palm were the sounds of a fist fight. The iron bar was a gun on the floor. One of the actors picked it up, shot the other man three times, then dropped the gun and ran away.

Curtiss used to work on the radio series "Casey, Crime Photographer." Now he works part-time, making sound effects for comedy records, TV shows, and commercials.

"The job is mostly using your imagination," he says. "Some sounds are easy to make. Others are really hard to figure out. Then you've got to let your imagination go.

"One time, I was working on a radio commercial for a grass seed company. They wanted me to make the sound of crab grass growing. Having the crab grass come out of the ground was easy. I just broke a pencil in half. It made a nice little 'pop'. But the growing part was harder. I tried rubbing sand, rubbing different kinds of cloth, scraping wood against the grain. Nothing worked."

"I was about to give up when I saw an arrow. It had a feather at the end of the shaft. I tried rubbing the feather the wrong way, but the noise was too loud. But by rubbing it the right way--about two inches from the microphone--I got the perfect 'grrp' sound."

For doors opening and closing, mock-up doors are usually used. One of the favorite sound effects stories is about one of these doors. On the CBS radio program "Inner Sanctum", each program began with the sound of a squeaking door.

It took the sound effects people a long time to get just the right sound. They went all over, listening to doors squeak. When they finally found the right one, they bought the hinges from the owner, took them back to the studio, and put them on a mock-up door.

But the door wouldn't squeak. So they put weights on the door and tried other tricks. Finally, the sound was right. The door squeaked right during rehearsals, but when it was time for the show, the door was silent.

Quickly, the sound effects people looked around and found a squeaky swivel chair. The chair saved the show, and became the new squeaking "door". But after several shows, it stopped squeaking, too.

The mystery was finally solved. An equipment man had oiled the chair and the hinges on the door. He hadn't known what they were for, and thought he was being helpful.

One of the hardest sounds Curtiss had to make was an atom bomb exploding. "No one had heard the bomb then," he explained. "We had dropped it, but no records of the sound had been made."

For this job, Curtiss "built" the effect. This means he used several different sounds to make one sound. He recorded the sounds on a single tape, one on top of another.

"I started with a boiler roar," he says. "Then I went into a deep thunder sound. Then I used a recording of an explosion, but the explosion wasn't loud enough or long enough. So I ended with the sound of compressed air escaping. This sound was on a record, and I played it very loud. I also slowed the turntable down, so the sound was very deep."

"Later, I had a real surprise. An atom bomb was dropped in a test, and the sound was recorded. It didn't sound too different from the sound I had made up!"

#### Some Sound Effects

Horses hoofs-Use suction cups, about four inches across, or coconut shells, or plastic cups. Tap the cups or shells on a wooden floor, or on an open box filled with sand. By tapping two of them at once, you can sound like a running horse. Other running-horse sounds can be made by clicking your tongue against the roof of your mouth, or by slapping your chest or thighs.

Fire-Get a piece of cellophane, fold it in half, and rub it slowly between your fingers. You can add a wood-burning sound by breaking up a wooden berry basket or wooden match sticks. This will sound like wood crackling and splitting.

Wind-Use your own mouth and throat. For a gentle wind, blow lightly into the microphone. For a storm, blow harder and add a "whoo" sound.

Stabbing-A knife and a head of cabbage.

A blow on the head-Hit a melon with a ruler or stick.

Walking through a swamp-Make some Jello, then take a spoon and scoop it out. This will make the "swamp" of footsteps. Or, try suction cups on wet paper towels.

IN NEXT MONTHS NEWSLETTER The first newsletter under our newly named publication will have many interesting features. There will be a good story about the big bands on radio, stories about more of our members (if you get on the ball and send them in), Tom Daniels fine column, a super-duper trivia quiz, some excerpts from old radio magazines and more. Get your friends to join us in this great hobby.

TRIVIA QUIZ-NUMBERS, NUMBERS, NUMBERS. . . . . . BY JACK RICHARDS

- (1.) NBC's recent birthday \_\_\_ (2.) Fibber's address is \_\_\_ Wistful Vista  
(3.) Busiest corner in Wistful Vista is \_\_\_ and Oak (4.) The Fat Man's weight is \_\_\_ pounds (5.) Flavors of JELLO \_\_\_ (6.) Adventure show which centered around the equator was Latitude \_\_\_ (7.) Detective show starring Alan Ladd was Box \_\_\_ (8.) A Jack Benny creation was Life Begins at \_\_\_ (9.) Cops and robbers showed up at the \_\_\_ Precinct  
(10.) Bucky Rogers in the \_\_\_ Century (11.) Is it animal, vegetable or mineral? It's \_\_\_ Questions! (12.) The Little Theater off Times Square was \_\_\_ Nighter (13.) The theme song used by the FBI in Peace and War was the March from "Love for \_\_\_ Oranges (14.) George Moran and Charlie Mack were known as the \_\_\_ Black Crows (15.) Helen Trent proved that life is not over for a woman over \_\_\_ (16.) Jimmy Fidler always gave \_\_\_ bells to big movies (17.) Johnny Madero, Pier \_\_\_ was another Jack Webb production which followed Pat Novak (18.) \_\_\_ Men and a Girl was an obscure show starring Hildegard (19.) Here is a giveaway: Jimmy Stewart starred in the \_\_\_ Shooter (20.) The \_\_\_ Man, featured the Prince of Knaves, Harry Lime.

KRMA-TV 6 PROGRAM SCHEDULE HIGHLIGHTS FOR FEBRUARY

- 2/5/77 8PM-Lowell Thomas Remembers 1967  
2/6/77 9PM-Upstairs, Downstairs  
2/7/77 8PM-Meeting of Minds, Attila the Hun, Dickinson, Galileo  
2/9/77 9PM-Great Performances, Leonard Bernstein  
2/12/77 8PM-Lowell Thomas Remembers 1968  
2/13/77 9PM-Upstairs, Downstairs  
2/15/77 8PM-National Geographic "The New Indians"  
2/19/77 8PM-Lowell Thomas Remembers 1969  
2/26/77 8PM-Lowell Thomas Remembers 1970  
2/27/77 9PM-Upstairs, Downstairs

THE NETWORKS. . . . . . BY TOM DANIELS

History of the American Broadcasting Company (Part 1)

We have already discussed in brief how ABC came about in the previous NBC history, but with your permission, let's do it once more with perhaps a bit more detail. NBC, which had two networks, the red and the blue, had been sending it's best programs over the red network and it's "little brother" network, the blue, handled mostly public service type programs. The red, of course, was the bigger of the two; consequently, it was the most sought after by sponsors. It offered sponsors more major cities, higher-powered stations and a better sampling of the nation. However, the blue's operation wasn't intended to be a disposal unit for second rate programs. The public service features got full network treatment-they were really big time-and they reached a sizable audience.

In 1938, however, the Federal Communications Commission (FCC) began a chain broadcasting investigation-or monopoly probe, which lasted until 1941. At that time the FCC announced new amendments to the communications act and ordered that the reforms be put into effect no later than the following year.

After much protest by NBC, and even CBS (MBS was the only web to welcome this decision), General Sarnoff turned the job of selling NBC blue over to Vice-President Mark Woods.

During 1942-43, NBC red and blue began dividing up stations, transmitters, studios, control equipment, microphones, desks, chairs, wastebaskets, filing cabinets, staff members, and even sound effects. In 1943, a separate corporation under Woods—the blue network—was put on the selling block and Sarnoff approved an asking price of \$8 million.

Woods received an offer of \$7.75 million from the investment house of Dillon, Reed and Company, but then Woods got hold of Sarnoff on the phone, and Sarnoff told Woods that he had just signed a contract with Ed Nobel and James McGraw for the asking price of \$8 million.

Although Edward J. Noble, President of the Lifesaver Candy Company, was the new owner of the blue network, he was not new to radio, for he owned WMCA in New York, a station he would eventually have to sell when he acquired WJZ, the flagship station of the blue network.

COMING NEXT MONTH: THE HISTORY OF ABC (PART 2)

ANSWERS TO TRIVIA QUIZ- 1-50, 2-79, 3-14th, 4-239, 5-6, 6-Zero, 7-13, 8-80, 9-21st, 10-25th, 11-20, 12-1st, 13-3, 14-2, 15-35, 16-4, 17-23, 18-99, 19-Six, 20-3rd.

BOOK CORNER- A JOURNAL OF THE PLAGUE YEARS, by Stephan Kanfer, Atheneum, 1973 . . . . . by Harv Bishop

"Where there's red smoke, there's usually Communist fire."

A quote from Broadcasting Magazine during the "Blacklist" of the 1940's and 50's.

This black period in our nations history is recalled by Time Magazine's contributing editor, Stephan Kanfer, in his book "A Journal of the Plague Years". The scope of Kanfer's study is the devastating effect of the anti-Communist "witch-hunt" on the entertainment industry. Radio is represented along with stage, and motion pictures.

Howard Duff was included in a privately published "Blacklist" entitled "Red Channels", because of his efforts on behalf of the original "Hollywood Ten", (blacklisted writers and directors). He was also associated with the 'tainted' Dashiell Hammett, through his appearance in the "Adventures of Sam Spade".

Says Kanfer of blacklist victim Hammett, "He...was given a prison sentence. He was also banned from the memory of the radio audience. His..."Sam Spade" and "The Thin Man" were broadcast no more, as if they, too, had been involved.

Walter Winchell hyped the publishers of "Red Channels", as former G-men who have names and other data at their finger tips.

"The volume was decorated in red," writes Kanfer. "Below the title a microphone canted to the left. Behind it; a gross crimson hand prepared to seize control."

One of it's authors was Vincent Hartnett, a vigilante Red hunter who had 'worked' for Phillips R. Lord, a company who's product included "Gangbusters", and "This is Your FBI."

"Gangbusters" director, William Sweets, was ruined. Exiled, he opened an antique shop in Vermont.

The publishers of "Red Channels" so buffaloed broadcasters and sponsors, that in 1950, it was decided that everyone of CBS's 2,500 employees should sign an anti-Communist loyalty oath.

The blacklist's many victims are a "Who's Who."

The House Committee on Un-American Activities, and the independent red hunters divided "unfriendly" witnesses into several categories. Communists, Fellow Travelers, Liberals, Dupes, and Opportunists. Producer Norman Corwin was slandered as a Fellow Traveler. This year he produced 'super-patriot' Bob Hope's Bicentennial comedy record.

Kanfer traces the blacklists roots to the Red scare of the 1920's, the left's flirtation with communism during the depression, the anti-fascism movements during the Spanish Civil War, and our alliance with Russia during World War II.

Sam Moore, who authored "The Great Gildersleeve" was one of the highest paid writers of the period. Later, blacklisted, obscure, he became an industrial filmmaker in the east.

The "Blacklist" still arouses bitterness in entertainment circles. Many agreed to be interviewed for the book only after guarantee of secrecy.

The hunters, the hunted, the collaborators, and an apathetic public, all must assume responsibility according to Kanfer.

The late Dalton Trumbo, wrote that in that time, there were "neither saints nor devils...there were only victims."

In hindsight it is incomprehensible that the career of a heavyweight star like John Garfield, could slip into limbo.

Garfield was hounded. He suffered from heart trouble, and died. His last hours were spent trying to clear himself.

"If I can't explain it to myself," said one 'Blacklist' victim. "How can I explain it to others?"

"A Journal of the Plague Years" provides an invaluable historical perspective to an era that is too often overlooked, or ignored. We need to be reminded.

This book is available at the Denver Public Library.

NEWSLETTER INFORMATION- Here are the final selections that were decided on for the name of the newsletter: TUNING BACK, RETURN WITH US NOW, ECHO'S OF THE PAST, YESTERDAY, ON THE AIR, THIS IS OTR-DENVER, YESTERDAY'S RADIO, THIRD SUNDAY, TIME TO SMILE AGAIN, THOSE THRILLING DAYS AND COLORADIO. Any of our out-of-town members may drop me a line and let me know their choice by our next meeting, March 20th. In order to keep expenses down in the future, we will be giving the newsletter out at the meetings. Out of town readers will get their newsletter at about the same time as the meeting since they will be sent early.



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