

PRESENTING

Happy
Holidays

THE GREAT RADIO SHOWS

VOL.1 NO.4

COLLECTOR'S ISSUE

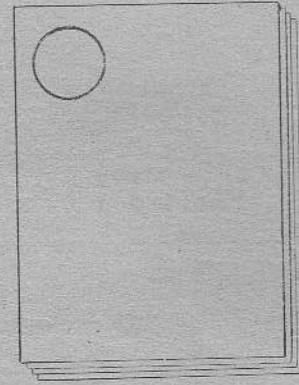
WINTER - 1976



GANGBUSTERS



A Merry Christmas to all!



LONE RANGER STATIONERY

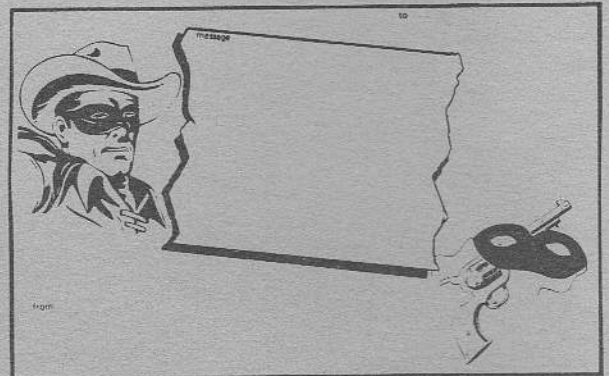
25 sheets of Lone Ranger Stationery only 99¢

LONE RANGER MAILING ENVELOPES

12 Mailing Envelopes with The Lone Ranger's picture on face of envelope only 99¢



Large 11 x 17 Poster of the (radio) Lone Ranger Brace Beemer only 99¢



Send messages to your friends, boys and girls, with a Lone Ranger message pad only 99¢

FREE

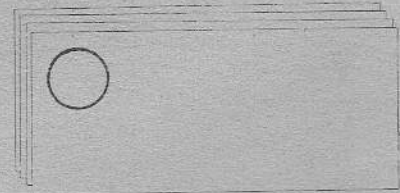
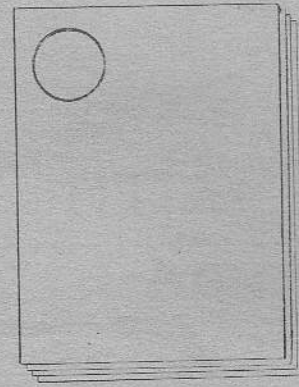
The Lone Ranger

Send for FREE Lone Ranger Giveaway
Send two (2) 13¢ stamps to cover mailing and handling, to:
Thomas Riggs, Box 23-LR,
Vauxhall, N. J. 07088

THOMAS RIGGS BOX 23 - VAUXHALL, N. J. 07088

- I enclose 99¢ for L.R. Poster
- I enclose 99¢ for L.R. Message Pad
- I enclose 99¢ for L.R. Stationery
- I enclose 99¢ for L.R. Envelopes
- I enclose \$3.50 Send all four items

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____



LONE RANGER STATIONERY

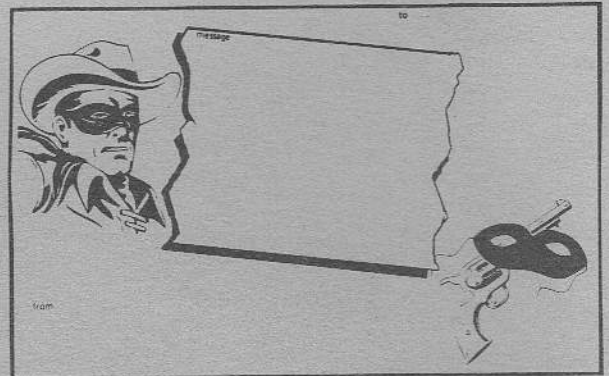
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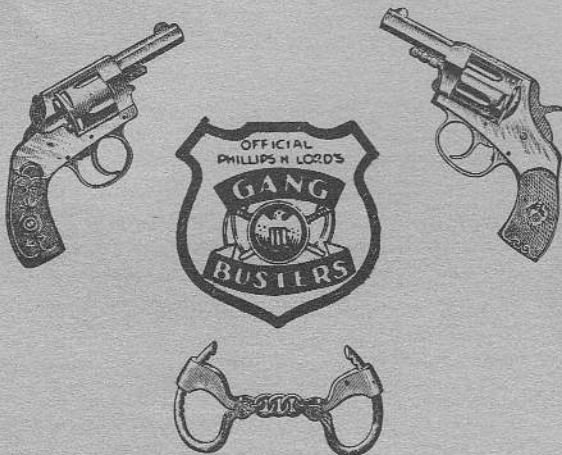
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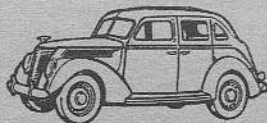
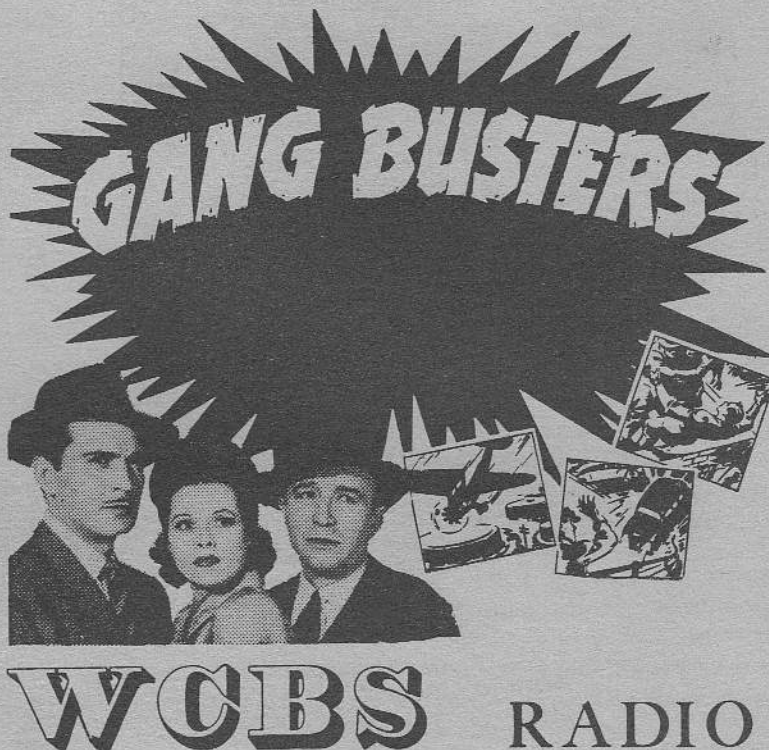
MARCHING FEET, MACHINE GUN FIRE,
SIREN WAIL

Calling the police! Calling the G-men!
Calling all Americans to war on the under-
world!

Gangbusters! With the co-operation of
leading law enforcement officials of the
United States, Gangbusters presents facts
in the relentless war of the police on the
underworld...Authentic case histories that
show the never-ending activity of the po-
lice in their work of protecting our citi-
zens.



YOUR FAVORITE RADIO ACTION-SHOW



When you heard the shrill blast of a policeman's
whistle, the screeching halt of a radio patrol
car, the roaring rattle of a deadly Thomson
sub-machine gun and a thousand captured
con's marching off to their cell's, . . .
then you knew that it was time
for our minion's of the law to
really come on like

GANGBUSTERS

Television has presented us with a ver-rrrry
wide assortment of law and order fodder for young
mind's to grow on. — In fact, there's been so many
varied version's of the modern day 'boy in blue',
that even the immortal Gainsborough must be blush-
ing pure lavender with envy. — But, there is one t.v.
offering that even the late, great J. Edgar Hoover

would gladly present a golden Emmy Award to, in
admiration. And this dramatic, t.v. pearl was titled —
"The F.B.I." — Some may consider it . . . casting
a 'pearl' before teenage swine, when showing this
government-approved drama to all of the anti-estab-
lishment kids of today. — But, . . . I don't agree with
this line of limited thinking. You see, I've heard
many hippie guy's n' gal's say that they did dig the
show, and that they did get the message. Just as we
former lost teenage sheep once needed mature
leadership and a dramatic hand to mold our future
outlook's on life, so also is it with the confused
rebel's of today. — Modern day young swinger's
may have show's like "The F.B.I." — but, . . . what
was the dramatic yardstick by which we once mea-
sured our national values??? — Now, the true story
can be told at last.

As entertaining, informative and realistic as
"The F.B.I." is, . . . it is merely the official 'off-
spring'. — And what, you may ask, was the original
'parent' of this dramatic child of John Law? Well,
over thirty year's before "The F.B.I." was ever a
twinkle in station ABC's cathoid glass eye — we
had . . . GANG BUSTERS. This nostalgic piece of
early radio drama didn't follow . . . it created the
realistic foremat used by "The F.B.I." and other
similar programs. GANG BUSTERS offered it's
eager listener's realistic, absorbing dramatization's
about criminal's whose name's and mis-adventure's
were still not news items. At the end of each pro-
gram, they gave a detailed description of law-break-

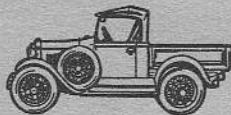


er's who were still wanted by the 'F.B.I.' and local officials. Yes, GANG BUSTERS was their respected name — and busting up gang's was their thespian game. Everyone, from New York City's Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia to President Franklin D. Roosevelt, commended GANG BUSTERS for its public-minded service. This show was no police farce — but a virile force to be taken dead serious. (Many a neighborhood punk found this out — when he tried to 'impress' the other kids.) Like the law enforcement institution's of its day — GANG BUSTERS didn't beg for respect. — It DEMANDED — and got it.

This golden-age radio drama was so popular with young n' old alike, that it appeared through many commercialized mediums. Kid's read GANG BUSTERS comic books, while their older counterpart's poured over it in far more serious form. The show was so much of a big household word, that it was even made into a motion picture serial. — And now, for the sake of YOUR personal pleasure and enlightenment, here is the hot-as-lead history of the immortal . . . GANG BUSTERS.

Phillips H. Lord's first offerings to radio-land was folksy, fictional soap operas, such as — SETH PARKER and A WOMAN IN LOVE. But, being a diehard realist, he began introducing real stories dealing with the lives of real people? because he knew that people could relate to this. His first real-life radio presentations were WE, THE PEOPLE (starring Milo Bolton) and true aviation adventure's such as SKY BLAZERS. As good as this format was, he still felt that there was something missing in the way of dramatic radio perfection. — He needed a winning gimmick that would be a real audience-getter.

In the meanwhile, the first opening guns in the war on the underworld was sounded by Hollywood. Cinema City gave us such bullet-ridden sagas as — PUBLIC ENEMY (Jimmy Cagney), LITTLE CAESAR (Edward G. Robinson), DEAD END (Humphrey Bogart), THE ROARING TWENTIES (Jimmy Cagney), SAN QUENTIN (Humphrey Bogart), FUGITIVE FROM A CHAIN GANG (Paul



Muni) etc. etc. — Yes, these were the first infantile, tottering steps that show business took in its march on gangland. Although Hollywood preached up a moralistic blue storm on the silver screen . . . it made on capitol-sized boo-boo in its presentation. — It did not name names. — A good example of this was SCARFACE, starring Paul Muni and George Raft. Even though SCARFACE was supposed to portray the life and criminal career of Al Capone . . . nowhere in the picture is Muni fully identified as Capone. Like the old man charging at wind mills, . . . Hollywood avoided the real nitty-gritty of our nation's worst issue. They dressed up real-life wolves — in fictional sheep's clothing. — They just didn't have the spiritual guts to name real names. — Here was the winning gimmick that Phillips H. Lord was secretly searching for.

Lord suddenly realized that if the police blotters of the nation were placed end to end . . . he'd have the Bluebook of Crime. It is from this listing of the lawless, that he drew his star attractions. — The pendulum of fate was beginning to swing back in favor of law and order, and time was ticking away for the kingpin's of corruption. The eleventh hour finally struck for America's ersatz-supermen of the sewer . . . with the radio introduction of — G-MEN. (This program later went on to become more well-known as GANG BUSTERS.) By portraying our nation's sub-human lice in their true light, never again could highly impressionable youngster's view them through rose-colored glasses, (and no longer being a cross between Jessie James and Robinhood, they lost their savage nobility.) — Heading the cast of Lord's radio crusade against crime, were such 'notable's' as . . . John Dillinger, 'Baby Face' Nelson, Machine Gun Kelly, 'Pretty Boy' Floyd, Bonnie and Clyde, Dutch Schultz, 'Mad Dog' Coll, 'Little Arnie' Rothstien, Ma Barker and Her Boy's, Leg's Diamond, 'Two-Gun' Crowley, Bug's Moran, etc. etc. — Everyone, from Eliot Ness to J. Edgar Hoover, must have noticed the results of Lord's efforts. Thanks to this new innovation, . . . the crime rate amongst the young was actually going down. In order to add a sense of relevance to this 1935 innovation, Lord performed another service that was new to the listener's of radioland. — He took the Post Office wanted-posters . . . and read them over the radio, after each episode. (So, you see, . . . Lord added true realism to drama — three decades before the present 'method' cult was ever dreamed of.) — Since one success should always follow up another, four years later (1939), he presented us with MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY; starring Dwight Weist. (Strange to tell, Jay Jostyn played a small-time crook on this first offering. He only got the coveted role of Mr. D.A. much later on.) Just like GANG BUSTERS, this drama also portrayed con' men, gang leaders and brutal, power-crazed punks and mobsters in their true colors. (Muscus-Green, to be sure.) On Lord's show's, nobody was stereotyped, but played true to life; no matter how ugly. — When the Second World War broke out, Lord proved what a durable genre this format was by giving us — DAVID HARDING, COUNTERSPY. — From national to international gangs — law and order always won out.



TUNE IN AND TURN ON WITH GANG BUSTERS

According to the countless connoisseurs of crime culture, the wages of organized sin did for Phillips H. Lord, . . . what the Second World War did for the comic book industry. — It gave him REAL villain:s upon which to voice dramatic radio's verdict. It was the old 'law' of supply and demand. — Long before GANG BUSTERS ever came on the scene, . . . the general public was secretly longing for real life villain's to hissss. And, by quickly grabbing this piece of the action before his competitor's could conceive of it, . . . Lord thus became the real life HERO that the listening public cheered. So, if religion be the opium of the people, . . . then Phillips H. Lord's Gang Busting 'gospel' was the audio cause of young and old alike 'turning on' to law and established order. — Ever wonder what an evening with GANG BUSTERS was like ??? — The following should give you a rough idea.

(The opening 'warm-up' was usually given by GANG BUSTERS narrator, Phillips H. Lord).

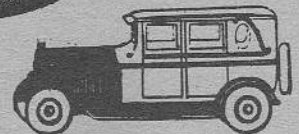
NARRATOR: "The Police officer in charge of the Peru, Indiana, police station at night was impressed with the scholarly young man. He had identified himself as a writer for an Eastern detective magazine, preparing an artical on how the constabulary of small towns and villages were protecting it's citizenry from the rampaging John Dillinger gang. The two men spent a leisurely hour discussing cutoff's, road-blocks, nightly patrols, and the general emergency routine of a small-town police force."

WRITER: "What about machine guns? — The state police and the FBI have been using them."

OFFICER: "We not only have machine guns — but also bullet-proof vests. Come on and I'll show you our locker."

WRITER: (Giving out with a low whistle) "Mind if I look at one? — I really never handled one."

NARRATOR: "The policeman picked up one of the weapon's and let the writer hold it; . . . apparently he didn't notice that the young amateur balanced the gun and slid back the breech like an expert."

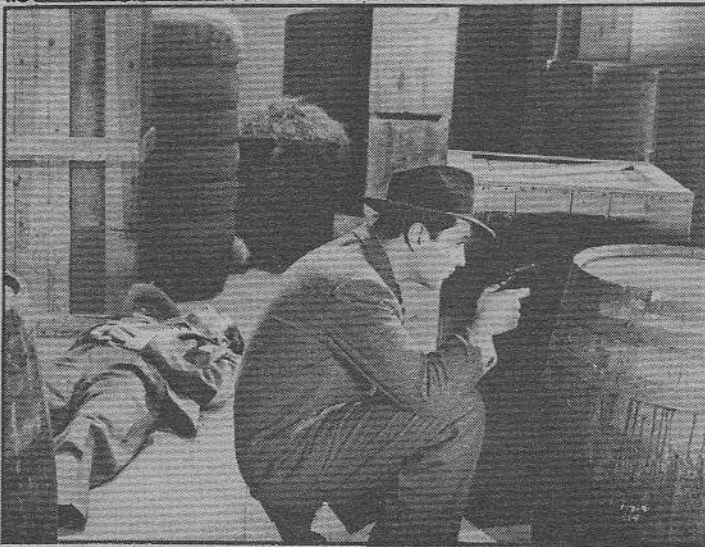


WRITER: "Quite an arsenal you fellows have." (He quickly made written notes on everything he saw — as part of his artical.) "You're to be congratulated." (The policeman smiled and nodded rather proudly — as he then proceeded to show the young man to door.)

OFFICER: "Come back any time, young fella. — We're always ready to help the gentlemen of the press."

WRITER: "Thank you officer, I will. In fact, if it's alright with you, I'll return tomorrow with my co-author; . . . in order to do a more complete job of it."

NARRATOR: "The next day, the 'writer' did return. With the able help of his co-author, Homer Van Meter, he cleaned out the police arsenal and used it's content's to hold up the Peru, Indiana State Bank. — John Dillinger had struck again. — But, Johnny's days were numbered. — On a hot, humid Sunday evening, (July 22nd, 1934), Dillinger calmly strolled into the Biograph Theatre (in Chicago, Ill.) to see "MANHATTAN MELODRAMA"; starring Clark Gable and Myrna Loy. (Dillinger admitted that he was a big Gable fan.) With him, was a lady in a red dress, named Mrs. Anna Sage and her friend Polly Hamilton. Waiting outside the theatre, armed to the teeth, was FBI agent Melvin Purvis. Dillinger was well disguised (he grew a moustache and wore dark glasses. He was dressed in summer pants, a sleeveless shirt and wore a straw hat.) — But the disguise was of no use to him. — Anna Sage had already agreed to point him out to the FBI agent. As soon as they emerged from the movie house, Anna Sage, the lady in red, pointed Dillinger out with a secret nod of her head. "John", yelled the other lady, as Purvis leaped from the car with his gun drawn. Dillinger spun around in a crouch, went for his gun, and fell dead



TELEVISION TAKES A CUE

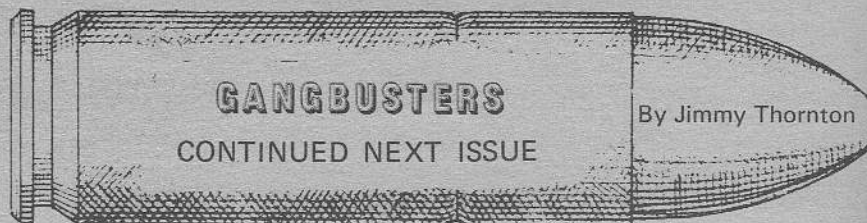
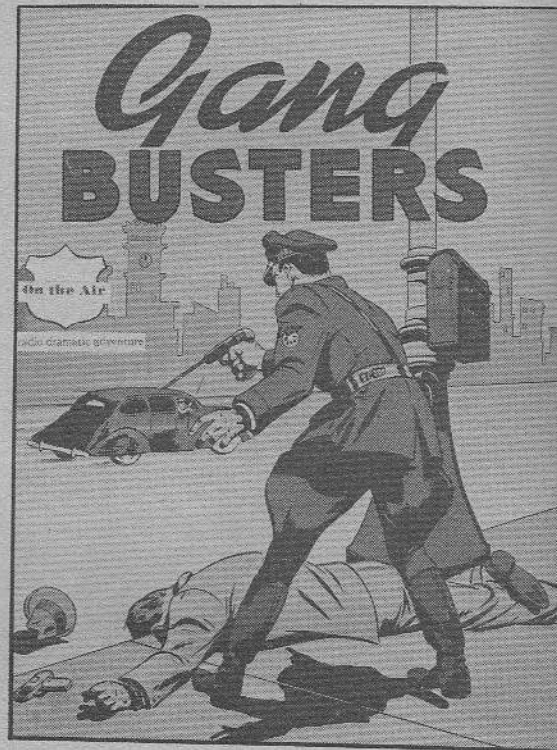
I'm sure that you remember such television thriller's as — SUPERMAN (George Reeves), THE GREEN HORNET (Van Williams), CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT (Richard Webb), BATMAN (Adam West), SHERLOCK HOLMES (Basil Rathbone), DRAGNET (Jack Webb), THE LONE RANGER (Clayton Moore), GUN SMOKE (James Arness) etc., etc., not to mention such t.v. space opera's as BUCK ROGERS and FLASH GORDON. — But, . . . do YOU know what they ALL had in common ??? In the beginning, both these character's and their original star's were first presented on golden-age radio. (During television's infancy, there were very few original plot's, script's n' concepts. So, . . . they were compelled to 'borrow' from established radio drama.) — As it was with these other characterizations, . . . so also was it with the works of Phillips H. Lord. Out of sheer desperation (and not pure admiration), t.v. transferred two of Lord's best program's from radio to the boob tube. These were — MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY and GANG BUSTERS. And, in their desire to improve upon perfection, television retitled GANG BUSTERS. In it's visual form, it was called CAPTURED. — But, since a rose is a rose (no matter what one may retile it), Lord's lawmen were still dedicated to ". . . defend the right's and privilege's of all citizens" — whether on radio or television.

within seconds in a hail of bullets. — Homer Van Meter (Dillingers pal and partner in crime) was now Number One on our governments wanted list. — On August 23rd, 1934, (only one month after the death of Dillinger), Van Meter died as his leader had, . . . when a woman led him into a police trap. — The messiah of murder and mayhem, and his chief disciple, were now just subject's for history books."



A MAN OF A THOUSAND TALENTS

Like his dramatic counterpart, George W. Trendle, the now immortal Phillips H. Lord was a man of fantastic ambition, energy and multiple talents. Heaven only knows why television never used said gifts to it's full advantage. For GANG BUSTERS alone, he will forevermore hold an honored place in radio's Hall of Fame. — But, . . . GANG BUSTERS was not Mr. Lord's only contribution to the audio treasury of golden-age radio. He also presented us with the following exciting gem's: MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY, — G-MEN, — DAVID HARDING, COUNTERSPY etc. etc. (It must be noted here that G-MEN was merely a secret euphemism for GANG BUSTERS, which it later became. The Counterspies show was also a secret tribute to the F.B.I.) He also brought us the adventure's of SETH PARKER, a character whose life style and folksy wisdom reminded one of Andy Griffith. — But, . . . like Trendle, mostly all of Lord's radio masterpiece's were dedicated to the crime-crushing adventure's of our top law officials.



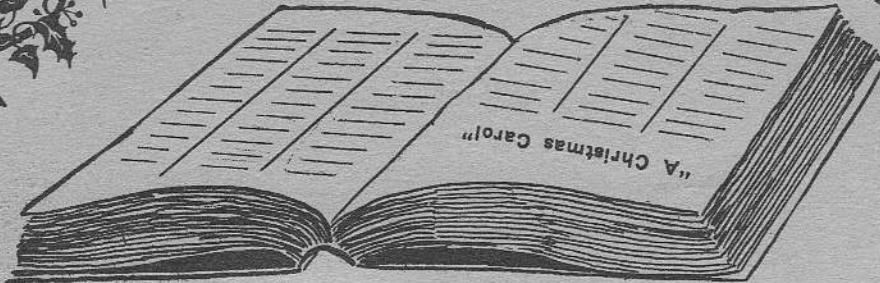
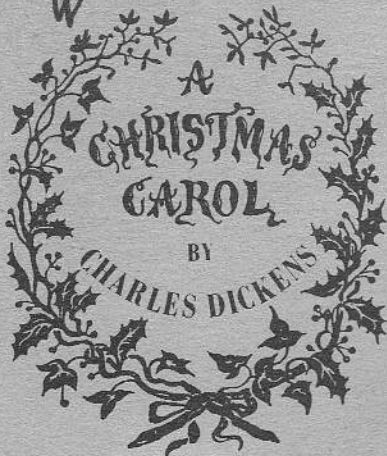
A CHRISTMAS CAROL

by
Charles Dickens



SCROOGE as portrayed by Lionel Barrymore
(above) in radio version of "A Christmas Carol"





AFTER that first great Christmas the world waited nineteen centuries for its second-best-known and best-loved Christmas story.

In 1843, in England, appeared a short story in book form, beautifully printed and produced, called "A Christmas Carol—A Ghost Story of Christmas," by Charles Dickens. On account of its wholesome human interest, its true and deep-rooted characterization, its superb mingling of pathos and humor and, perhaps most of all, its very breathing of the Christmas spirit, the little book met with immediate success, putting Dickens on a new pedestal in the public eye and endearing him to new thousands of readers.

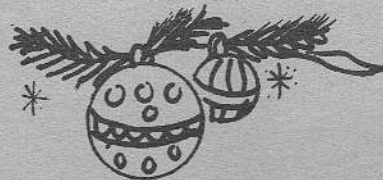
Those were times not entirely unlike our own. Europe was recovering from the Napoleonic chaos and was flirting, as usual, with other crises. Louis Philippe was maintaining his regime in France by hard-fisted villainy. Germany was slowly becoming unified from a loose confederacy of states. Queen Victoria had just begun her long reign in England, and Conservatives and Liberals were crossing swords. The United States was still expanding, and political parties were becoming confused over the slavery issue. All the nations were awakening to the industrial revolution. And both human greed and human charity were in the hearts of people.

Dickens himself called his story "the ghost of an idea," and wished that it might haunt many houses pleasantly. For a century it has haunted the world with increasing delight.

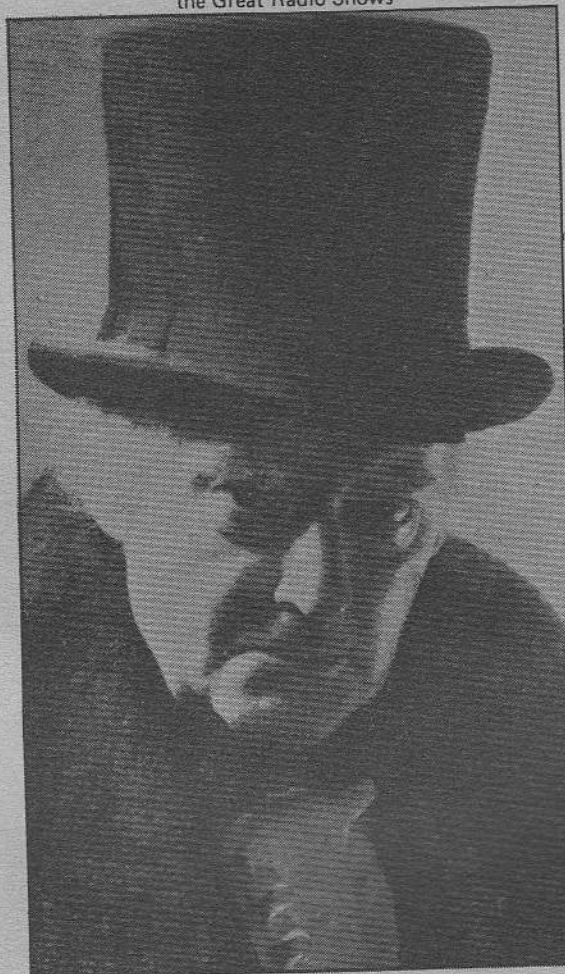
Whether or not the events of history repeat themselves, there still are Scrooges, Tiny Tims and Ghosts of Marleys; and Santa Claus will continue to be an evergreen visitor.

So we present, in condensed form, Charles Dickens' immortal Christmas story.

"Marley was dead to begin with. There is no doubt, whatever, about that. Old Marley was as dead as a door-nail.



the Great Radio Shows



"Scrooge knew he was dead? Of course he did. Scrooge and he were partners for I don't know how many years. Scrooge was his sole administrator, his sole assign, his sole residuary legatee, his sole friend and sole mourner. And even Scrooge was not so dreadfully cut up by the sad event, but that he was an excellent man of business on the very day of the funeral, and solemnized it with an undoubted bargain.

"Scrooge never painted out Old Marley's name. There it stood, years afterwards, above the warehouse door: Scrooge and Marley. Sometimes people new to the business called Scrooge, and sometimes Marley, but he answered to both names; it was all the same to him.

"Oh! But he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge!—a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever struck out generous fires; secret, and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster. The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his

pointed nose, shriveled his cheek, stiffened his gait, made his eyes red, his thin lips blue, and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. A frosty rime was on his head, and on his eyebrows, and his wiry chin. He carried his own low temperature always about with him. No wind that blew was bitterer than he, no falling snow was more intent upon its purpose, no pelting rain less open to entreaty. The heaviest rain, and snow, and hail, and sleet, could boast of the advantage over him in only one respect. They often 'came down' handsomely, and Scrooge never did.

"To edge his way along the crowded paths of life, warning all human sympathy to keep its distance, was what the knowing ones call 'nuts' to Scrooge.



SCROOGE MEETS MARLEY

25



"ONCE upon a time—of all the good days in the year, on Christmas Eve—old Scrooge sat busy in his counting-house. It was cold, bleak, biting weather—foggy withal—and he could hear the people in the court outside go wheezing up and down, beating their hands upon their breasts and stamping their feet upon the pavement-stones to warm them. The fog came pouring in at every chink and keyhole, and was so dense without that, although the court was of the narrowest, the houses opposite were mere phantoms. To see the dingy cloud come drooping down, obscuring everything, one might have thought that Nature lived hard by and was brewing on a large scale.

"'A merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!' cried a cheerful voice. It

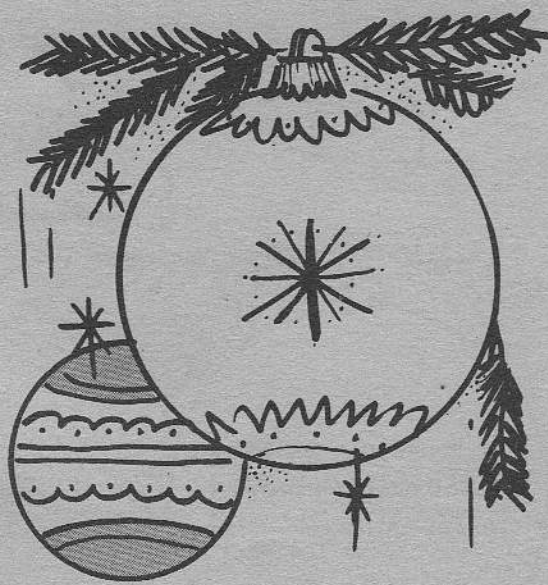
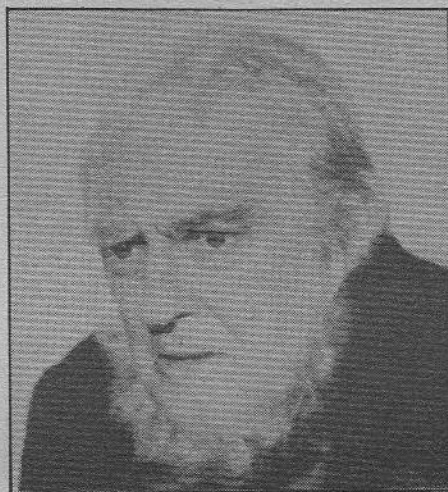
was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, who came upon him so quickly that this was the first intimation he had of his approach.

"'Bah!' said Scrooge. 'Humbug!'"

In that retort old Scrooge described himself quite completely. Characteristically, he angrily chided his nephew for being merry on Christmas, refused his invitation to Christmas dinner, and jeered at his long-suffering clerk for bidding his nephew "Merry Christmas!" Shortly afterward he turned his cold, bony shoulder in rebuff to two gentlemen who came soliciting charity for the poor.

Foggier and colder became the evening. Finally, the hour for closing arrived and, after grumbling about the clerk's having the whole day off on the morrow, Scrooge grudgingly departed for home.

As he opened the door to his sordid little suite of rooms that once had been Marley's, looking at the giant metal knocker on his door with no more awareness than usual, he saw—not the knocker but—Marley's face. Marley, dead seven years this night! Then it was a knocker again. Scrooge paused irresolutely and looked cautiously about before entering and closing the door. He double-locked himself in, which was not his custom.



"After several turns, he sat down again. As he threw his head back in the chair, his glance happened to rest upon a bell—a disused bell—which hung in the room. It was with great astonishment, and with a strange, inexplicable dread, that as he looked he saw this bell begin to swing, and then it rang out loudly. Soon the bell ceased ringing. It was succeeded by a clanking noise, deep down below. Scrooge then remembered to have heard that ghosts in haunted houses were described as dragging chains.

"The cellar door flew open with a booming sound, and then he heard the noise much louder on the floors below; then coming up the stairs; then coming straight towards his door. Without a pause, it came on through the heavy door and passed into the room before his eyes. Upon its coming in, the dying flame leaped up as though it cried, 'I know him! Marley's Ghost!' and fell again.

"'How, now!' said Scrooge, caustic and cold as ever. 'What do you want with me?'"

"'Much!'—Marley's voice, no doubt about it.

"'Why do spirits walk the earth, and why do they come to me?' Scrooge asked the spirit.

"'It is required of every man,' the Ghost returned, 'that the spirit within him should walk abroad among his fellow men, and if that spirit goes not forth in life, it is condemned to do so after death. At this time of the rolling year I suffer most. I am here tonight to warn you that you have yet a chance and hope of escaping my fate. You will be haunted by three spirits. Expect the first tomorrow when the bell tolls one.'

"'As Marley's Ghost disappeared, Scrooge started to mutter, 'Humbug!' but his voice stuck on the first syllable."

(Scrooge goes to bed and after he falls asleep the first visitation appears as the Ghost of Christmas Past. This spirit takes him on an observation tour of Christmases that Scrooge has known in the past. Soon he awakens in his bedroom to the visit of the second spirit, the Ghost of Christmas Present.

This ghost takes him invisibly on Christmas day through the merry throngs to the humble home of Bob Cratchit, Scrooge's clerk, to watch the proceedings.)

"Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim (poor crippled tot!) beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves. At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it into the breast; but when she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all around the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife and feebly cried 'Hurrah!'

"At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. Apples and oranges were put upon the table and a shovelful of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass; two tumblers and a custard-cup without a handle. These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done, and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and crackled noisily. Then Bob proposed:

"A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!"

"Which all the family re-echoed.

"God bless us, every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all."

(SCROOGE has gradually been undergoing a transformation as he has witnessed all these visions, and now as he absorbs the intense humanness of this scene he comes more nearly than ever a new man. Especially is he stirred when the family drink a slightly grudging toast to Scrooge himself. Then the spirit shows him other Christmas scenes: In a miner's hut, in a light-house, on ship, and at his nephew's gay party. Finally, the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come, a speechless phantom, takes the other's place as guide and proceeds to show Scrooge the gruesome, fruitless and utterly lonely end of his own life unless its course is altered. It is also shown him that Tiny Tim will die unless he receives assistance. As Scrooge agonizes over his own unkempt grave he awakens to find the phantom is his own bedpost. His supreme lesson is learned well, and he goes wild with joy at the consciousness of his new self. He becomes as extremely prodigal with his money and lavish with his kindness as he was miserly with both before. It is still Christmas day, and the new Scrooge



proceeds to make the most of it, wishing everybody Merry Christmas, scattering money, visiting his nephew in the delirium of his awakening.)

The day after Christmas Bob Cratchit came to work late, which was just what Scrooge had hoped for.

"A merry Christmas, Bob!" said Scrooge, with an earnestness that could not be mistaken, as he clapped him on the back. 'A merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, than I have given you for many a year! I'll raise your salary and endeavor to assist your struggling

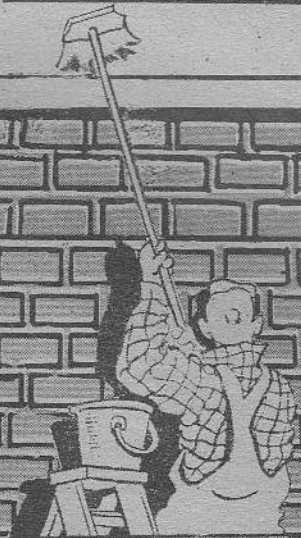
family, and we will discuss your affairs this very afternoon, over a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop, Bob! Make up the fires and buy another coal-scuttle before you dot another i, Bob Cratchit!"

"Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all, and infinitely more; and to Tiny Tim, who did not die, he was a second father. He became as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man as the good old city knew, or any other good old city, town, or borough in the good old world.

"He had no further intercourse with spirits, but lived upon the total-abstinence principle ever afterwards; and it was always said of him that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us, and all of us! And so, as Tiny Tim observed, 'God Bless Us, Every One!'"

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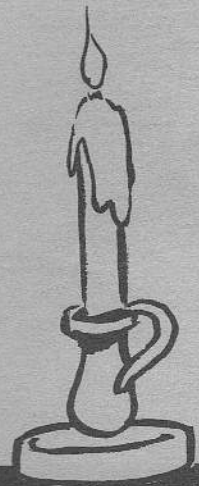
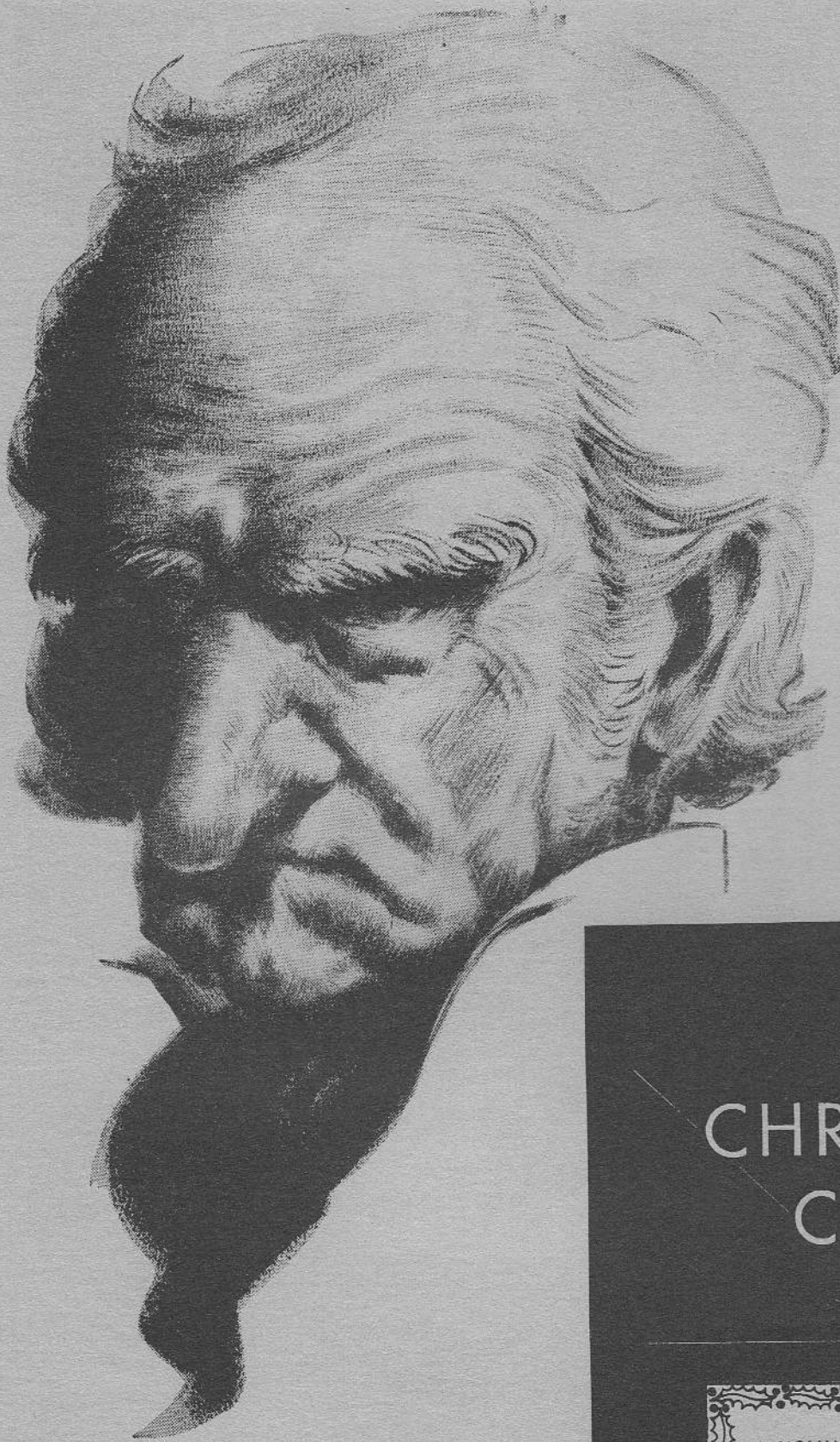
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